

*Presents  
W. H. M. as for  
43 Remuier St  
Madison, Tenn.*

# THE REMUERIAN



BEING A SOUVENIR OF THE  
**38<sup>TH</sup> REINFORCEMENTS**  
EN VOYAGE

*Small circular stamp or mark at the bottom center of the page.*

PRESENTED  
to the  
AUCKLAND INSTITUTE  
by

Mr. W. Jones.

AUCKLAND INSTITUTE  
AND MUSEUM  
LIBRARY

CLASS NO.

# THE REMUERIAN



*Being a Record of the  
Voyage en route of the  
38th Reinforcements.*

**MAGAZINE STAFF:**

EDITOR:

**Lance-Corporal Owen Cardston**

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

**Sergeant-Major W. A. Whitlock.**

**Lance-Corporal A. C. Robinson**

ARTIST:

**Gunner Don Croll**



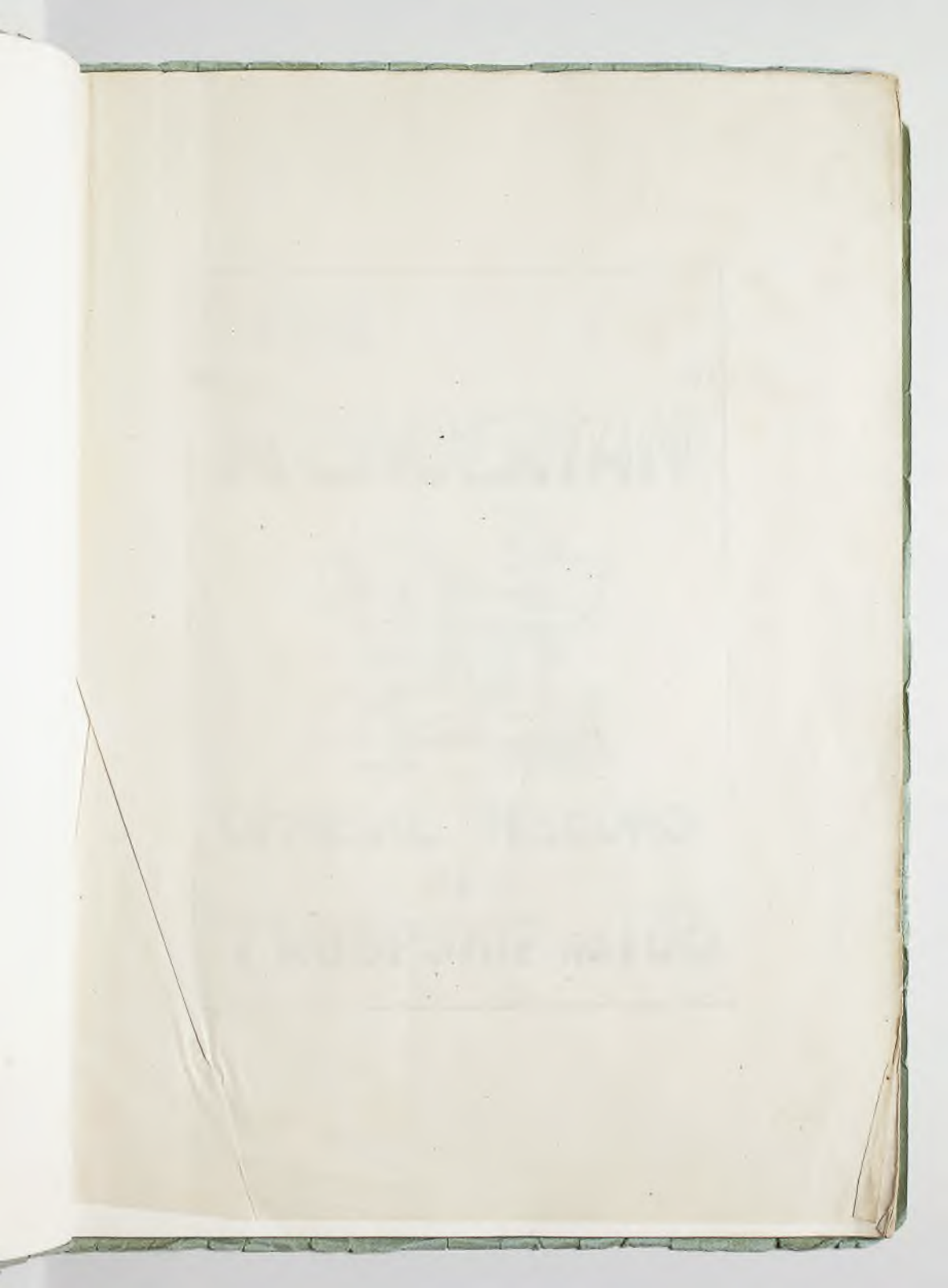
AT SEA, JUNE—JULY, 1918

To *Mr. W. B. ...*

From *... ..*

**38th REINFORCEMENTS**







THE  
66 REMUERIAN 99



OFFICIAL RECORD  
OF  
TROOPSHIP NO. 105

## "THE REMUERIAN"



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. H. SAUNDERS.

Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Saunders, Commanding the 38th Reinforcements, entered camp at Awapuni in the earliest stages of the war, August, 1914. With the rank of Major he assumed command of the 17th (Ruahine) Company, Wellington Battalion. Leaving with the main body on the troopship "Arawa" Major Saunders went direct to Headquarters, Egypt. His first brush was on the Suez Canal at El Kubra. In command of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, he next took part in the landing at Gallipoli. He next moved on to Kitchra a part of the southern peninsula, where the next attack was made. At Kitchra Major Saunders was wounded, necessitating his return to Egypt and straight into hospital at Alexandria. On his recovery the peninsula again held out its attractions, but his return there this time was of short duration, reaching there in July and leaving again in August, once more for Egypt. On 8-10-15 Major Saunders received his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and left for England. In command of the New Zealand Division at the General Base, France, Lieut.-Colonel Saunders was an extremely busy man, and here he would meet

all the lads from his own country, arriving for the initial taste of warfare, passing through to the firing line. In all twenty reinforcements passed through the base while Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders was in command. Transferred to Siting Camp to command the 4th Battalion Wellington Infantry was the next move, and in February this year he received orders to return on duty travelling out on the troopship "Willochra". After the usual three weeks furlough Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders was appointed Officer Commanding the 33th Reinforcements. A strict disciplinarian, yet fully alive to the well-being of the men under him, Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders' past experience in handling so many troops, makes the voyage of the 38th's a memorable one. A happier band of fellows would be hard to locate, every encouragement is given by their C. O., whether it be sports or concerts, in order to make the same absolutely successful from the boys' point of view. The genial and tactful manner of Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders makes him universally liked by both the whole ship's company and the men of his reinforcement.

## "THE REMUERIAN"



CAPT. R. E. J. MARTIN, Ship's Adjutant & Q. M.

At the age of 15 Captain R. E. J. Martin, Ship's Adjutant—commenced his military career as bugler to the Zealandia Rifles—then renowned as one of the crack corps of the Dominion.

Through his unflagging industry Bugler Martin rose to Lance Corporal, Corporal and Sergeant, being the senior Sergeant of his Company in 1909-10. Joining the Defence Dept. again his strict and zealous attention to duty stood him in good stead. After spending two years in the Ordnance Department, we find him Sergeant Major in Group 5, Wellington Defence Area. A little later he became Regimental Sergeant Major to the 5th Wellington Regiment.

About a year after the declaration of war he was recommended for his commission and received that promotion with the appointment of Q. M. on the good old "Aparima," then in command of the late Captain Macdonald of Christchurch.

Later in 1917, Lieutenant Martin was promoted to Captain Q. M. on the same ship where he remained until his accident.

This occurred during a voyage to England while the ship was under the command of Captain Dourley, and in a submarine area. Answering the call one stormy evening Captain Martin collided with a cabin ventilator, badly smashing his knee-cap, which eventuated in his removal to shore on the return journey.

Although at the time he regarded this accident as a stroke of bad luck, it proved to be quite the reverse, for, after the Aparima returned to England and while she was crossing to America she was torpedoed with—we are very sorry to say—considerable loss of life.

The Featherston Headquarters Staff now claimed the Captain, who after doing eight

months duty there was appointed Ship's Adjutant and Q. M. of the "Remuera" and here we find him, still young in spirit and unbroken in body, after sixteen years of service as his ribbon testifies.

A keen sportsman? Rather. As a lad he represented the Wellington South school at football for a number of years and later the Wednesday reps. He is satisfied and pleased with the sporting spirit of our soldiers.

Knowing, from his own varied experiences, how many opportunities fall to an ambitious soldier's lot this Captain is ever ready to lend a helping hand, or tender valuable advice to those who seek it.

Ever a good disciplinarian, he strives to inculcate the finest qualities in those who come under his supervision—spurring them on to greater effort and better results—be it work or sport, as is very obvious in the daily round on board this ship. His wise and kind concern for all ranks and his dispatch for probing out wrongs and quickly righting them, has won the hearts of all, and the respect and admiration of all on board.

The 38th Reinforcements are indeed fortunate in securing Captain Martin's services as Adjutant on board; he was only released from Headquarters Staff at Featherston to take up Transport duty, owing to his previous successful administration in that branch of the service.

Captain Martin's only other brother Frank Martin, is a main body man, having seen strenuous service at Gallipoli and France. After three years service he returned to New Zealand with wounds and shell shock. Captain Martin is a married man and his wife and two children reside in Wellington, N. Z.

## FOREWORD

To all the complement on Troopship 105, both young and old to those who shortly will be face to face with sterner things, our 'Remuerian' brings greetings—greetings to all of you, all the eight hundred. We hope that the 'Remuerian' will be a joy and pleasant reminder in time to come of happy days spent on Troopship 105.

Knowing that the trip you are at present taking is not of your own seeking but of a graver seeking, one that every member of the ship's company knows only too well how necessary the seeking is. Seeking out Huns naturally must be your ambition, seeking them out until their last sausage is trussed and fizzling in fat and roasting where it should be.

But what of the 'Remuerian' and why?

It owes its origin to the initiative and energy of Adjutant-Captain R. E. Martin who has not only encouraged the editorial staff but done all possible to make the 'Remuerian' the success we feel it will be. To Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders for his kindly consideration and help at all times; his interest in the welfare of his men was always manifest through his co-operation in the 'Remuerian'. For the drawings we are indebted to Gunner Don Croll; to Sergeant-Major Whitlock and Lance Corporal Robinson for their generous help and guidance apparent to all; to Sister E. McB. Goldsmith who spared neither time nor trouble in her desire to make th 'Remuerian' a united and interesting edition. To these benefactors and

many others of the ship's company who, skilled with pen or pencil, have helped in various ways, our thanks are due for the time and trouble they have taken and for the results of their labours on behalf of the 'Remuerian.'

Its purpose is not to contribute to the store of national literature or art, but to give voice to the thoughts and feelings of the 38th Reinforcements and to keep them in touch with one another. To that end a list of all members is appended.

It is hoped that a tolerant public will accept this book and find some pleasure in the reproduction and letter-press all of which are from the brush or pen of the soldiers on board Troopship No. 105.

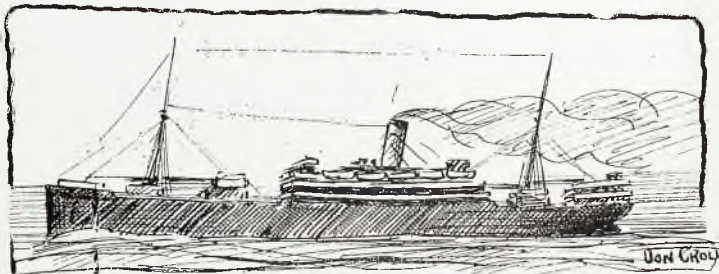
When a glorious and assured peace descends on the war-wearied world and our associations with Troopship No. 105 become a retrospect the subject of recollection—tender, humorous, pathetic—if this book helps to revive old memories, recall old comradeships and as a souvenir, bring us back again to the days incense sweetened by a sense of duty done and of efforts made to pass on a heritage of liberty to those coming after, the promoters will feel their work amply rewarded.

On their behalf,

OWEN CARDSTON,

Lance-Corporal 38th Specialists.

Editor.



## As it Was in The Beginning, Thus Came The 38th's

Some time during the early days of March, 1918, there came to Trentham Camp a motley crowd from all parts of little N. Z. Some had pushed pens or clicked typewriters in the queen or empire cities, or helped to turn the wheels of commerce in southern Dunedin, or the city of the plains. Others had picked fruit in sunny Hawke's Bay or rattled the milk cans in the morning mists at the foot of Egmont. Some had helped to gather the silver fleece or garner the golden grain, or make giant ship-loads of frozen meat. Nearly all had done something to keep New Zealand's horn of plenty full. Their occupations were legion. Their costumes were varied and their hair and whiskers of divers length and hue. None knew exactly to what they came and none knew how far each would go. Most of this strange crowd were travel-stained and weary, but they quickened their halting footsteps as they passed the portals of the camp to the tune of a well-known song about getting rid of troubles. They gazed with curious eyes on their strange surroundings. Behind these eyes were many different thoughts—thoughts and memories which the army could never take from them. Nearly all were philosophical, and said to themselves: "I am here because the King, Country, Bill Massey, Jimmy Allen or somebody needed me, and now I am going to make the best of things till the job's finished; with decent luck some day I'll be free again." But it mattered little what each one thought, for always handy was some one trained to make soldiers of them all, irrespective of thoughts or creeds. Long days of squad drill and heartless N. C. O.'s metaphorically "biting lumps out of them," soon stopped any dreary ones minds from wandering far. A week's work and each was content to do as he was bid, to pray for Smoke-oh, or dismiss and to live for the day when leave would give him a brief spell wherein his own convenience could once again be his chief consideration. Thus came into being the 38th. Their coming differed little from that of previous reinforcements, but for each man those early days make a page in his life's history to which he can always turn with interest.

Transfers to other branches or classes and the subsequent weeks of hard training wherein many plucky fellows struggled hard to overcome physical defects only to eventually cry enough, and take the count as unfit, saw a considerable dwindling of the many who, with the present 38th first stood open-mouthed in the Quartermaster's Stores and heard the N.C.O. rattle, "You have there one great coat, one hat, one pallasso, one kit bag, three blankets, two pair of boots, two pair of drawers, two working shirts, two undershirts, one denim suit, three pair of socks, one jersey, one knife, fork, spoon and mug, two towels, W. P. sheet—sign here." And now, with stronger bodies and keener perception the 38th's await the next stage of their military career with its

wider fields of chance and fate, with the same lofty ideals that inspired the many brave chaps who since 1914 have kept the N. Z. Division an honorable and worthy fighting force.

"NEMO."

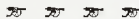


"To Our Womenfolk in New Zealand."

To all you good women folk of our Dominion, whether you are members of our Patriotic Societies, the Red Cross, the Red Triangle, or the Red Jersey, or the Mothers, wives, sisters or sweethearts of our lads on board this Troopship. For all the little luxuries, the comforts, the reading matter, the home made cakes, sweets, preserves that our lads have been able to enjoy on this long trip, accept this our added tribute that we know has gone forward from them.

LIEUT.-COL. E. H. SAUNDERS,  
O. C. Troops

CAPTAIN R. E. MARTIN,  
Adjutant.



PTE. 'ERBET 'IGGINS'S DILEMMA.

With apologies to the third class galley,  
In sailin' 'ome third class saloon,  
Dilemmas I 'ave met  
Concernin' victuallation,  
That is, things I've 'et.

I can't decide when grace is said  
When table groans with "eats"  
I says I never can decide  
Between the different meats.

First of all there's 'am and Heggies  
And bacon fricasee  
An' pork an' lamb an' strawberry jam  
And chicken broth and "tea".

The poultry too has many brands  
As cause a cove to think  
There's turkey fowl and albatross  
And parrot out of clink.

But yet with all these tasty foods  
This soldiers paradise  
I can't decide which one to choose  
I 'ave to 'ave hadvice.

With this in mind I asks a cove  
Wot knows the kinds of meat  
E merely say "Aw, take a pill"  
An' curses me a treat.

I 'ums an' 'ahs at this an' that  
Goes nearly off me dot  
Then looks around an' sees me mates  
'As polished off the lot

So next time when I'm scrannin' 'up  
On bread and strawberry jam  
I s'pose I'd best give hup the ghost  
An' 'ave some heggies an' 'am.

A. H. 38th Specialists.

pany who, skilled  
d in various ways,  
time and trouble  
e results of this  
murderian.'

'bute to the state  
but to give rate  
of the 38th Bde  
in touch with us  
t of all member

it public will  
e pleasure to be  
all of which are  
soldiers on hand

d peace describ  
our associations  
me a retrospec  
dor, humorous,  
to revive old  
ships and as a  
to the days in-  
luty done and of  
'tage of liberty  
moters will fel

ARDSTON.

h Specialists.



## MEMORIES

### THE LARK—Trentham

#### DAWN.

The first faint flush of new born day,  
Spread softly o'er the sky in fine array.  
One twinkling star peeped down between  
the hills.  
As tho' to listen to a lark's sweet trills

A whirr of wings—and one sweet voice  
Made all the world around rejoice.  
Beneath that star—beneath that sky.  
Spellbound by rapturous song was I.

#### DAY.

The scene was changed—the race-course  
rang  
With bugle-calls and rifles bang.  
Shouts of command—the tramp of feet  
Until the band led their retreat.

#### DUSK.

Then oft again—until the dark—  
With whirring wings that frail sweet lark.  
Beneath a sky all red and gold.  
And one clear star—his song retold.  
E. McB. GOLDSMITH.



### THE BEST YET AND THE REASON THEREOF.

#### "The Perfect 38th"

It has been suggested and we have every reason to believe that the 38th reinforcement is the best that has ever left New Zealand—the perfect 38th. We do not wish to take O's flattering unctious to ourselves without a reason. We must consider that the war has been going on for some little time, and the men have been burning with zeal to take their place along with comrades at the front. The men have also recognized that it was their duty to fit themselves physically before coming into camp, so as to make the work of the instructors as light as possible. This meant a considerable amount of sacrifice on the part of the men. Not only did they devote the week-end and evenings to long trips in the country, but they put aside part of their working hours (with or without the boss' consent) for the practice of physical culture exercises. Many have got into a bad style for want of proper tuition, but after all it is the spirit that counts. Naught but stern determination could make us give wine, women and song a 'miss in baulk' and make the Empire's need paramount.

Without wishing to detract from the merits of any previous reinforcements, but with this knowledge in our hearts, we must accept with becoming modesty the judgment of those competent to judge. When we consider that

platoon drill, rifle exercises, etc., have been our constant companions for years we do not wonder or take any credit to ourselves for our proficiency. Our officers have all had their baptism of fire and are in every sense fit to command the fine body of men placed in their charge.

In conclusion we can only look down from our high pinnacle of excellence and pity the poor deluded Hun who would have the temerity to oppose us.

R. H. VANEY,  
B. Coy.



### FULSOME FLATTERY

Our Q. M. Sergeants are reputed to get more kicks than ha'pence but the morning the nursing sisters accompanied the C. O. on his tour of inspection they blushed charmingly at the delicate compliment paid them.

As the party passed them standing to attention, with their neatly brushed hair, shining faces, and spotless uniforms one of the sisters was heard to remark, "Don't the quarters look nice when they have been freshly scrubbed."



### GETTING THE WIND-UP.

Like Gordon hemmed by Mahdist hordes;  
Like Townshend at El Kut,  
While closer creep the heathen swords  
Longing with blood to glut;  
Like a seer who scours th' empyrean,  
Or reads the horoscope;  
Like Cortez when on Darien,  
He saw the Pacific Slope;  
Like one who watches for a sign,  
Or wonder from the skies;  
I gaze out o'er the foaming brine  
With longing in mine eyes.  
Like them I watch, but unlike them  
I want not what I await.  
If come it must—well let it come—  
But let it come too late.  
What then the portent I await  
That may not yet be seen;  
I want it not. Oh no I'd hate  
To spot a submarine.

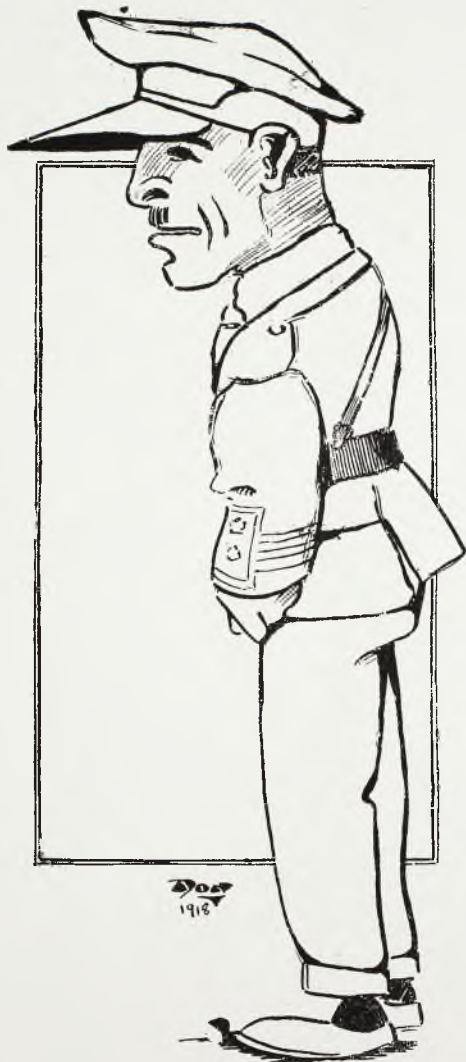
A. C. R.



According to the first letter in the following names of countries and if warring nations do not cease they may all become—

Belgium  
England  
Greece  
Germany  
Austria  
Russia  
Serbia.

"THE REMUERIAN"



THE C. O.

son, etc., have but  
or years we do not  
to ourselves for we  
have all had this  
in every sense fit  
men placed in them  
ily look down long  
lence and pity the  
ld have the same

H. VANEY.  
B. Coy.

CTERY  
reputed to go  
t the morning the  
the C. O. on his  
ished charmingly  
paid them.  
n standing to a  
ushed hair, abn  
orms one of us  
"Don't the que  
ave been fresh

ND-UP.  
hdlist hordes:  
n swords  
iporean.

ign,  
"ne  
them  
ome—

A. C. R.  
er in the job  
if warring ab  
become—

"THE REMUERIAN"

**"THERE NEVER WAS A TIME WHEN I GAINED A DAY BEFORE."**

In the history of the world, when counting every day, is such a necessity as it is now, every day brings us nearer and nearer, to the end of the war. Every day it means an added personal sacrifice means also another step towards peace and universal brotherhood.

Thursday the sixth of June, 1918, began the era of my gaining my first day. By order of Commander I. A. Sutcliffe of Troopship 105 and by his steering that same good ship across Meridan 180, I found myself the possessor of a second Thursday, June the sixth, 1918, following consecutively on my first Thursday, June the sixth, 1918.

I hailed this gain with all the joy of a covetous pocket, thinking of an extra dollar and twenty cents, I may be permitted to spend, (who knows) perhaps in some distant cabaret.

The arrival of that first pay day at sea, was a long looked for joy.

To receive payment for my first weeks pay at the rate of eight days to that week was a boon that can only happen to Bill Massey's soldiers once in a lifetime.

That pay day came and with it, all the wailing and gnashings of teeth usual in a disappointment of huge dimensions. Although I had two Thursdays forced upon me and I paraded on both those Thursdays I was only paid for one, the paymaster either knowingly forgot about that second day or else Bill Massey decided that a War Tax from his soldiers in peril on the sea, a necessity in these hard times.

Often I am reminded that bad luck like the poor is often with us, not wishing any of my comrades, (those who may follow in other troopships) any harm, I take this opportunity of advising them in order to avoid having extra payless days thrust upon them to see that they avoid those directions responsible for extra payless days. Meatless and sugarless days are expected in the course of sacrifice but an extra day given unasked for and that extra day a payless day—well I ask you?

OWEN CARDSTON,  
38th Specialists.

**A PLATOON COMMANDERS TEN  
COMMANDMENTS**

1. Thou shalt love honour and obey thy senior officers, that it may go well with thee in the regiment wherein thou servest.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of thy seniors in vain.
3. Thou shalt not get rattled.
4. Thou shalt not grouse.
5. Thou shalt love thy men as thyself, and thou shalt see that they are well fed, clothed in fitting raiment, efficient and cheerful.

6. Thou shalt be keen on all that thou layest thine hand to that thine enthusiasm may infect thy subordinates so that thou prosper in the day of battle and sore trial.
7. Thou shalt hold thy liquor like a gentlemen.
8. Thou shalt not be familiar with thy subordinates for familiarity verily breedeth contempt.
9. Thou shalt exalt cheerful and prompt obedience from thy subordinates for verily an army without discipline is likened unto a fan in hell.
10. Thou shalt not fear the enemy's wiles, nor his gas, nor his shells, nor anything that is his, thou canst not save thy life by worry.



A FEATURE OF THE SPECIALISTS

## Pictures by the Way

### No. 1—SICK PARADE.

Forlorn-looking private, sitting on wooden form inside hospital, holding his ankle.  
Troop's M. O. bending over him.  
"Well, Digger, what's the matter?"

### No. 2—THE BUGLER.

9 a.m.—Troop Deck.  
Left foot forward.  
Right heel raised.  
Left arm raised with bugle.  
Body thrown slightly forward.  
"Officers' wives have puddings and pies,  
Soldiers' wives have skilly."

### No. 3—THE TRIO.

Promenading Boat Deck.  
No. 1—Khaki suit, brown woolly cap.  
No. 2—Blue suit, red bands.  
No. 3—Tiny black and khaki suit.

### No. 4—THE DEBATE.

Lunch time—Skipper's table.  
Is it wrong to risk 6d. a hundred at bridge?  
Sister Chalmers—(Fyes front, expression keen and alert, thumbs up.)  
(Warns with the subject and wipes the floor with the C. O. and the Ship's Doctor.)

### No. 5—THE CARD SHARPERS.

The lounge.  
Two Sisters.  
Subaltern No. 1.  
Subaltern No. 2—Each with a pack of shuffled cards in hands—keen as mustard.  
"Sister, Sister, pick a card—  
Pick any card you like."

### No. 6—TO JERK OR NOT TO JERK.

7.30 a.m.  
Steward's head protruding from corridor into Pill's cabin.  
"7.30, sir."

Pills, yawning, stretching and rubbing his eyes, exclaims: "Hang those jerks."  
(Turns over and 40 winks.)

7.50 a.m.—Boat Deck.

Five shivering sisters, gasping.

"Why did I leave my cosy, wee bed?"

That chap is a \_\_\_\_\_ Head.

Has this cat and dog life on board the ship any thing to do with the camouflage on the medico's face?

### No. 7—THE VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

Skipper's table.  
Dinner time.  
Ship's Doctor second seat on right.  
Body slightly turned to right. Face flushed.

Eyes right—alert and confident—riveted on skipper's face.

Knife and fork in hand.

Fish freezing.

Skipper startled, but interested and attentive, with wrinkled eyes and a cunning shake of his wise old head, he is sure that the discomfort would be too great.

Food might have to be Albatross.

### No. 8—LATE FOR PARADE.

C. E. or No. C.E.

In the Orderly room, speaketh the C. O.

"O Fitz, my boy, why did you wait?"

It was a cert you would be late,

You knew the ship would sail at one,

Great was the risk you dared to run.

"We know that parting gives one pain,

Please don't let it occur again—

I'lletyouff—but Oh, dear Fitz,

I simply ought to give you Fitz!"

### KIT INSPECTION—No. 3 DECK.

The dish towels sat on the hot water pipes  
And shook their red sides at the diggers and stripes

Who stood at the tables, piled high up with kit,  
The diggers' eyes dancing with merriest wit.

Their O. C. stood stiff at the foot of the stairs  
And bawled out the goods as tho' selling his wares,

Saying "two undershirts and one denim trow,  
One house-wife, one tooth brush. Cut out that row."

The sergeants then put up the wind with their might,  
No good, for the diggers were game and stood tight

While they juggled their socks, while they dangled their shirts

Till they made the lights blush in their brown paper skirts.

"No. 3 all correct, sir," This from the stripes,  
And the towels pinched hard on the hot water pipes.

No. 2 all correct, ditto 1, ditto four.  
The O. C. looked glum as he bawled out once more.

On a grey Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane  
I have watched a scene so ilke—again and again.

War life is a chapter of panics, O dear!  
Yet the diggers just kid it's all skittles and beer.

O diggers, with bands on your round khaki hats,  
And eyes full of fun—you are wicked young brats,

You are just the K-nuts and you'll settle Bill's pate  
If you crumple it up like you do your tin plate.

Land him some of the biff that you give your old kit,  
And I'll bet when you've done he won't feel over fit.

To

The glowing orb of Phoebus springs  
From out the azure sea,  
And to my heart meseems it brings  
Sweet thoughts, my love, of thee.  
Would that I were in Maoriland;  
And, seated thee beside,  
Would that I held thy precious hand,  
Contented there to bide.  
High as the heights of heaven,  
Deep as the depths of hell,  
This is the love I have given;  
Wilt thou accept it, ma belle?  
Speak! say you love me, truly,  
My little guiding star.  
Brush back that curl so unruly,  
Beckoning me from afar.  
Farewell till I return again,  
With eager arms;  
I come once more across the main  
To claim thy charms.  
Should in malignant humour Atropos,  
With cruel shears the thread of life dis sever,  
So that I come no more back whence I fared,  
Mourn not your loss.  
Nay, rather be your great endeavour  
To believe this; thy darling he has dared  
To pass the pearly portals, through the gates  
Of Eden; up the glorious golden trail  
To Paradise; and there he patient waits,  
His duty done, till named by the fates,  
Thou, too, shalt cross the vale.

—Alwyn.



A STORY IN TWO LETTERS.

Whenever I mention the word blanket, my "cobber" closes up like an oyster. I didn't do it, anyhow. He foamed as downing his tools he rushed from the lower deck up to the troop — as though his precious life depended on the speed of his feet (feat).

Impatiently I awaited his return and explanation, vain were my expectations for all I could drag out of him as he gaspingly scribbled on a bit of cardboard, was 13 multiplied by 3 equals 39-26 from 39 leaves 13. Thank goodness, his back's broken.



NOTES BY THE SHIP'S POLICE

6 a. m.—Now then you fellows do you want the deck all day, put those seats away, where you found them; that's right Corporal, leave his blankets away.

6.30 a. m.—Parade; shun, stand at ease.  
Smith, Here Sergt.  
Jones, Here Sergt.

Atkins, Here Sergt.

(Fancy that thirteen times a day.)

Reveille troop deck.

. P.—To sleepy head Digger. Now then Hop it.

(Then they say the police don't work.)

NOTES ON INFANTRY TRAINING

Definitions.

- Right dress:—Shorts worn not unduly reefed.  
Left dress:—The march to bathing parade.  
Drill:—The stuff out of which 'shorts' are made.  
Inner flank:—The port side of the body.  
Outer flank:—The starboard side of the same object.  
Position, change of:—Equivalent in the N. Z. E. P. to standing to attention.  
Eyes front:—Move all parts of your body except your eyes.  
Right close:—In strict accordance with your clothing card.  
Headquarters:—A place to be avoided.  
C. B.:—Caught bending.  
Frontage:—A variable quantity closely allied to corporations.  
Reveille:—An objectionable noise made in the middle of the night.  
Light out:—Get another cigarette fairly started.  
M. O.:—A mixture of iodine and No. 9.  
Arf a M. O.:—A brand of cigarettes used in France.  
C. O.:—A conscientious objector to long hair bugs and cigarette butts.  
O. C.:—The above reversed, only, conditional.  
Rifle:—A thing to lean against when tired or a new pattern walking-stick.  
Gas drill:—A lecture on discipline.  
Respirator drill:—A new form of masked ball.  
M. P's.:—Members of parliament and other meddling persons.  
C. S. M.:—Chief stage manager.  
2nd Lieut.:—May be an O. C. but ranks as a lance-corporal.  
Lance-corporal:—Next in rank to a Field Marshal.



BEWARE OF THE DOG.  
SHIP'S POLICE POSTS.

1. Howitzer, forward.
2. 6" L. Art.
3. Foot of second-class main deck-stairs
4. First saloon, door.
5. Steps leading on to promenade deck.
6. Regulating traffic on 4 and 5 troop deck.
7. Third-class deck.
8. Foot of stairs leading to orderly room.
9. Promenade deck.
10. Canteen deck.
11. Roving commission.
12. Second-class saloon stairs.



"A WET DAY SYLLABUS."

Camp Sergeant-Major (coming upon sentry who has left his beat, to sit under Guard Room Verandah.)

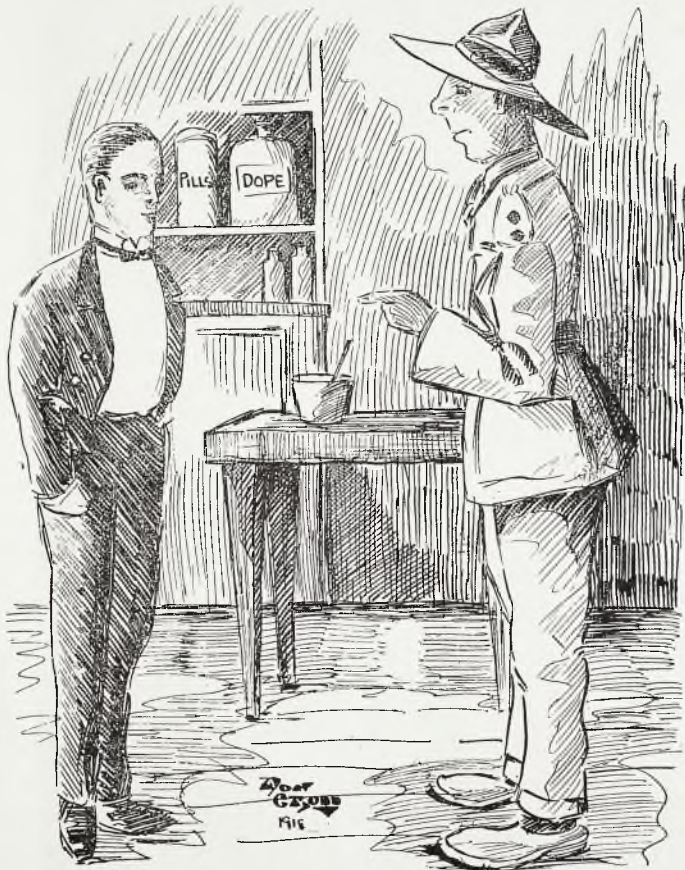
"Why aren't you on your beat?"

Sentry—"It's raining."

Camp S. M.—"Why didn't you go in the sentry box?"

Sentry—"Oh, there was no seat in there."

"THE REMUERIAN"



Dr. Wishart: (to steward with bad throat) "Your throat is in a very bad state, have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"

Steward: "Yes sir, I've been torpedoes six times."

**New Books in the Library of  
No. 4 Platoon.**

- "Midnight Trips With a Sergeant-Major," or  
Twenty-One in a Side Car, by Corporal  
Dandy.
- "Architecture and Masonry," by C. E. Griffiths.
- "Adjustment and Use of a S. B. R.," by  
Corporal Blandford.
- "Chalk and Water," by R. Greer.
- "Supper at Palmer's", by Lt.-Cpl. Mattingley.
- "Comfort in Footwear", by E. C. Graham.
- "Semaphore Made Easy", Lance Corporal J. E.  
Campbell.
- "The Waybacks", by A. C. Gordon.
- "How I Dodged the Barber", by Lance-Corpl.  
Gregory.
- "Partners in Crime", by Groube and Kerrisk.
- "From Bandmaster to Barber," Lance-Corporal  
Wright.
- "First Come, First Served", by W. J. Goade.
- "Belles in Invercargill", W. I. Aitken.
- "The Platoon's Only Hope", by W. F.
- "The Aristocratic Butcher", by J. Bryson.
- "The Mascot", by J. Hastie.
- "A Trentham Police Episode", by W. E. Bar-  
ram.
- "Darwin's Theory Expounded", by J. Hanifen.
- "Reminiscences of Kaitoke", by B. T. Barnes.
- "On Our Selection", by E. W. Hayman.
- "The Poor Parson", by G. Bleakin.
- "Better Late Than Never", by C. B. Hodgson.
- "The Anvil and The Sword", by T. W. Carr.
- "A Sea Voyage for Health", by R. H. Leslie.
- "Oulls", by M. J. Counihan.
- "Shorn at Sea", by W. Lamb.
- "Hypnotic Suggestions", by R. H. Dry.
- "Never Say Die", by J. W. McEwan.
- "Shavings V. Shrapnel", by D. Esther.
- "Silence is Golden", by C. A. Fricker.
- "A Night in a Loose Box", by J. A. McIntyre.
- "The One Who Knows", by J. Fitzsimmons.
- "What We did in the 36th's", by C. D. Mc-  
Callum.
- "My Combat With the S. B. R.," by J. Galagher.
- "Fruits for Messes", by T. H. Maineson.
- "Buttons, Belts and Boots and How to Clean",  
by C. N. Geale.
- "From Leaden Weights to Leaden Bullets,"  
by R. S. Pagel.
- "A Royal Routine," by J. S. Robertson.
- "The Duties of a Mess Orderly", by M. J.  
Ruthe.
- "Debating and Alone I Did It", by Professor  
A. Ross.
- "How to Keep Fit", by J. Shearer (the imagi-  
nary pet.)
- "109's Defender, or How I Lost My Pyjamas",  
by D. H. Scott.
- "Tales for Soldiers", by T. Squire.

- "How I Sailed With the 38th's", by E. H.  
Smith.
- "Saddlery to Soldiery", by J. G. Shanagan.
- "Local Leave and Abrasions", by W. J. Skin-  
ner.
- "The Benefits of Physical Drill", by A. G.  
Smith.
- "Special Leave", by E. F. Timperney.
- "Garden Pests", by H. Wilson.



**Physical Drill**

"As it is spoke."

- "Class—tschon".
- "Very woolly. Let's try it again. Stand at  
ease; 'tschon'".
- "That's beter".
- "Fingers stretch".
- "Let footsideways and hips firm. Two  
motions of the feet and two of the hands."
- "One", "Two".
- "Oh! that's not very good. Not for this  
company. We'll try it again".
- "Class—left foot in and hands down."
- "One," Two"—Too slow. Too slow.  
Pay attention in rear."
- "Left foot sideways and hips firm. "One  
Two."
- "That's pretly good."
- "Now, forward and full downward bend".
- "One—wait for it, Charlie".
- "Two—seats well to the rear".
- "Get down to it, Uncle. What are you  
trying to do, Horace?"
- "As you were. Try it again".
- "One", "Two".
- "That's better. Not bad at all".
- "Class—Upward stretch. One".
- "Two".
- "Left foot in and hands down".
- "One", "Two".
- "As you were. We'll do it again for the  
benefit of Horace."
- "Good. That's pretty good".
- "Awright now, we'll do some hopping on  
alternate feet".
- "Right oh. Here it is. Rear leg well  
braced".
- "The record for this hop is five feet".
- "Right. On alternate feet, hop".
- "Oh, come on, that's nothing like five feet,  
not even four foot six".
- "Try it again. On alternate feet, hop".
- "Charlie got four feet. Well, we can't ex-  
pect too much".
- "Stand at ease." "Stand easy."

# "Le Bon Voyage"

Notes by the Way.

By Nemo.

## We Go Down to the Sea.

The last farewells are being said and the usual merry faces are changed to a deep seriousness as the departing ones gaze into the eyes of their dear ones, eyes that are bravely smiling through the tears. Firm, but kindly advice hold back those anxious ones straining for a final glimpse of the ruddy faced soldier boy leaving so much behind and going out to take his place along with the many who have gone before.

"No lady, you can't pass here," and Digger with his kit bag rolling on his shoulders walks on through the iron gates and past the sentries with fixed bayonets, a feeling of intense loneliness in his heart. No matter how light hearted each may be or how many merry comrades there are, each, at this moment feels that he stands alone. So we left the old world and entered our new.

Standing on the wharf with harbour buildings shutting off the last view of those behind we gazed up at the huge sides of our transport and home for several weeks to come.

"How do you like the look of her, lad, said an officer.

"She's a stunner" was the reply.

"She'll be a nice home for a while—steady as a rock too."

This officer knew the ship and as he had never been known to falsely raise hopes all within hearing accepted his words with thanks and had visions of a voyage free from the discomforts so often attendant upon a journey over seas.

A few bantering remarks flung lightly from one to another and smiles are again lighting up their faces.

As each man's name is called he steps forward and one by one they stagger with their kit bags up the steep gangway steps.

### CASTING OFF.

A few officers shaking hands with fellow officers staying behind were the last to step aboard.

Like a swarm of bees the khaki figures covered the decks and rigging of the ship. Down below on the wharf stood the old Trentham Band, the band that had played us into camp was now playing us off to the big war. The same old tunes that heartened us then

were heartening us now. Yes, we had packed up our troubles in our old kit bags.

Standing there also were a few of our comrades, mostly officers and N. C. O.'s left behind for later drafts.

They were good chaps and we were sorry to lose them with their soldierly and comradely qualities.

They were shouting their last farewell jokes and messages with voices that showed they too felt the parting.

On another wharf a little distance away and facing the bow a number of civilians were crowded. Picking up the tune the band was playing a woman sang "Pack Up" in a clear musical voice and then a younger woman sang "Over There." The rich full notes came across the waters clear and bell like to those standing on the bow.

"Over there! over there!

Send the word, send the word over there  
That the 38th are coming, the 38th are coming over there.

We are coming over

We are coming over

And we won't come back

Till its over, over there.

The band was playing another air now, an air that brought a hush to the cheering and shouting. The gangways were in.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot

"And never brought to mind

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot

"And the days of auld lang Syne."

Then came "The King" and there was a widening strip of water between us and the wharf. The last note died away and roar of voices took its place. A "cock a doodle do" on the siren and we were quickly slipping away. As we cleared the buildings we could see on adjoining wharves crowds frantically waving arms, hats and handkerchiefs and over the water we could faintly hear their cheering.

An hour or two in the stream during which time we had our first meal on board enabled all to locate their birtths which consisted of 1st, 2nd or 3rd class cabins, or a pair of hammock hooks on the troop deck according to the rank or good fortune of each.

The little tender "Janie Seddon" drew alongside to take ashore the records clerk and staff officers.

It is now that the last farewell telegrams and postcards are hastily scribbled for the Postal Department have left a man aboard until the last minute. The ever ready Y.M.C.A. man is handy with a supply of postcards.

The last of the Red tab and Blue tab officers go down the steps and the little tender fusses away and our big steamer's engines begin to beat.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

As we near the heads we stop again and far behind the little tender is again seen, this time ploughing madly through the water and belching forth a column of black smoke. As she draws alongside a "Jacob's" ladder is dropped down and up this amidst cheers scrambles an officer who had found "parting such sweet sorrow" that he had made a mistake in the time of departure. Once again the little "Janie" chugs away and the big ship swings out to sea.

### NIGHT FALL.

Land was still within sight when night drew her veil across the sea, shutting from our vision the last of Aotea-te-Roa.

All lights on and the decks alive with khaki figures made a bright and happy scene.

Away on our port quarter a revolving light steadily winked its bright eye at us. The war seemed very far away as we merrily chatted and smoked our cigarettes. Even as we spoke though the lights went out with a flick, leaving us to grope our way below. Yes it was war alright. Never again were we to experience the pleasure of brilliantly lighted decks. Later on we were even to be deprived of lights in the cabins and sleeping quarters.

### THE HOPELESS DAWN.

Next day there is a steady swell and a strong stern wind. During the night many a poor Digger has hung wearily to the railing or lay huddled on the deck. "Cookhouse" call meets with a poor response. Sick parade is of no avail. Time alone will steady the dizzy head and bring back the desire to eat and live again.

### PARCELS AND MAILS.

On following days when the first ill effects are passing away huge loads of parcels are brought up from the holds and distributed. The parcels are eagerly opened and the messages of hope and love contained therein are read. Stock is taken of the contents and a

store of delicacies put on one side for future use. These gift parcels are magnificent. In addition to the individual private stores there are the numerous gifts from various patriotic societies. No words can ever express our appreciation of these.

The last mail from those at home is also now delivered. How gladdening and cheering these letters are only each man knows.

### THE CANTEEN.

Though a somewhat crowded and dingy little box the canteen is always a scene of brightness and bustle. Anything that Digger may want during the voyage is here retailed at bedrock prices. He pays no duty now and gets his cigarettes and lots of other things ridiculously cheap. Although the shop is small the stock is large, for down in the holds are dozens of cases which will not be touched till near the end of the voyage.

### EVENING.

Digger loves his evenings on board. Physical drill and gas respirators and all other like abominations of the devil are soon forgotten. All have their favorite little haunts. Some consistently follow the lure of the cards although it may be said only matches are ever staked on any hand. Some in quiet solitude enjoy the smoke of the seductive weed.

The tinkle of a piano attracts soldiers as a lamp attracts moths. Every evening the piano on the promenade deck is the centre of an army of instrumentalists and choristers. Now and then all will pause while some clear voiced soloist sings "The Old Fashioned Street," "Mother Machree" or "Coming Home" always these songs are of home or the folks at home. In another part of the deck with the lights screened off by canvas are two champion boxers giving all who like the benefit of their experience in the roped ring.

And so the evenings quickly pass and the good ship ploughs steadily on drawing us nearer the time when with the tried and trusty comrades who have gone before us we can show "the mettle of our pasture."



"THE REMUERIAN"

le for future  
significant. In  
stores there  
ous patriotic  
ress our ap-  
home is also  
and cheering  
knows.

d and ding  
a scene of  
that Digger  
ere retail  
uty now and  
other things  
he shop is  
in the hold  
be touched

board. Phy-  
d all other  
e soon fati-  
gale haun-  
of the ears  
hos are ever  
dlet solitude  
wood.

soldiers as  
evening the  
he centre of  
choristen.  
some clear  
Fashioned  
ing Home"  
or the folk  
deck with  
as are two  
the benefi-  
ring.  
ase and the  
drawing us  
l and fruit  
us we ca



## UBIQUE

Who, when reveille's hateful blare,  
Unknts my ravelled sleeve of care  
Growls at me like a wounded bear?  
The Sergeant.

And when at "Full knees bend" I strain,  
And "upward stretch" who mocks my pain  
And makes me do the thing again?  
The Sergeant.

Who bays behind my shrinking shanks  
And bellows at me from the flanks  
When I am talking in the ranks?  
The Sergeant.

Who, as I flag my lonely beat  
Beseeches me to lift my feet  
And calls me names I can't repeat?  
The Sergeant.

Who sees that all my buttons shine,  
That I preserve a rigid spine  
And go to bed at half-past nine?  
The Sergeant.

Who watches when I clean my swill,  
Parades me when I need a pill  
And takes my name for extra drill?  
The Sergeant.

Who, when after hours I have a drink  
Threatens me with "mat" and "clink"  
Who is the bally missing link?  
The Sergeant.

And when the pearly gates I spy  
And try to pass the sentry by,  
Who'll shout "quick march," lef' right, lef'  
right"?"  
The Sergeant.

〰 〰 〰

### POSTAL NOTES

The staff of our G. P. O. on board comprises two sturdy youths, from the N. Z. Post and Telegraph Dept., namely, Sergeant G. Christensen, late Telegraphist, Waipu, and Lance-Corporal Mattingley, Letter Carrier G P. O. from the King City. These young men, supply anything from stamp edging, to a marriage certificate, or a registration card. After strenuous battles, with the Army Pay Corps, these lads took possession of their present quarters and managed to eject the penny jugglers, who left, behind them a litter of pay books, etc., no quids tho'.

To gain access to the G. P. O. you must struggle up to the promenade deck, dodge the crowd lined up for the early doors, then scramble through the pile of boxes, bottles, etc., (kindly left there by the canteen professors) probably to give the G. P. O. boys practice for the little troubles to be dished out in Fogland, then give the counter sign on the door.

A description of the office is appended, a perfect cube, eight feet square, and the same height, Turkish carpets, easy chairs, etc.

This show was evidently a strong room, as no ventilation was provided. The hours for business, are from Reveille till Last Post.

### THE ARMY PAY CORPS DEFENCE

Most of the soldiers of the 38th Reinforcements are, no doubt, wondering when and where took place this violent struggle, between the Army Pay Dept., and the Army Postal Dept., so widely advertised by the latter as resulting in a magnificent victory for them. So great was their acclamation, that for a few days, soldiers in quest of the Army Pay Department would naturally enough, walk straight into the Ship's Hospital, confidently expecting to find the mangled remains of the two Pay Clerks there. The reader can imagine the surprise however, when, having been re-directed by the Ships Medical Officer, these searchers eventually strolled into the Ship's Orderly Room, there to find the two Pay Clerks in their shirt sleeves, surrounded by Pay Books, Ledger Cards, Cash Books and all the paraphernalia usually found in a pay office—working after the manner of Class "A" men.

Looking up one of the Pay Clerks would say, "Well soldier, what's the trouble."

The soldier by this time had forgotten his business and could only grasp "Struth, accord in' to what the Post Office chaps tell me, you two d ggers are supposed to be dead. What is the strength of it?"

Surely it was time for the Pay Department to take action. As a matter of fact, owing to the confined space into which the Pay and Post Office Staff had originally been crammed, the Pay Office was shifted into the Orderly Room by order of the Adjutant, and their exit was a quiet and peaceable one.

It is hardly surprising then, that from that day the Pay Dept., has put up a challenge, to meet the Postal Dept., anywhere, at any time to give them an opportunity to substantiate their mythical victory.

But let it be known among the boys of the 38th, though the Postal Department can no doubt do wonders in speech, (even as the Huns can do), they have not yet accepted the challenge.



### D COMPANY, 38TH.

We were the Glaxo Babies  
The lame, the blind, the halt;  
Rheumaticee and crippled we  
But that was not our fault;  
And when we got to Trentham  
With Glaxo in our veins  
Each swelled his chest and did his best  
To forget his bloomin pains.  
They fed us up and drilled us  
And swore to us that they  
Would make us or they'd break us  
And that without delay.  
But when it came to finals  
The Chingford Cup we won  
"D" Company for evermore will be  
"A. 1." and not "C.1."

TUNE—"The Anzac Army."

The "D" Company referred to above is "D" Company, 38th Reinforcements aboard Transport No. 105 all fit A.

DEFENCE

8th Reinforc-  
ing when a  
struggle was  
and the Army  
led by the  
out victory  
clamation, the  
t of the Army  
enough, with  
al, confidently  
remains of the  
er can imagine  
iving been re-  
Officer, then  
o the ship's  
two Pay Clerks  
nded by Pay  
ks and all the  
pay offices—  
lass "A" men.  
Clerks would  
trouble."  
forgotten in  
"Struck, several  
tell me, you  
dead. War  
Department  
of fact, owing  
the Pay and  
been examined  
o the Order  
s, and there  
one.  
that from the  
challenge, to  
s, at any time  
o substantial  
he boys of the  
ment can be  
n as the Hun  
pted the ab-  
t.  
alt;  
we  
ham  
did his best  
s.  
us  
ask us  
l  
will be  
ty."  
to above  
ents aboard

"THE REMUERIAN"

OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS ON  
PRIVATE SCADDEN.

On Sunday, June 24th, the ship's company was grieved to hear that one of the happy family was seriously ill with appendicitis, the M.O.'s immediately decided to have everything ready for the operation, and the padres very kindly lent their room, for the operating theatre.

The symptoms subsided somewhat on Sunday evening, but the patient grew worse on Monday morning, and an immediate operation was then decided upon, and was performed by Lieut. Wishart.

The proceedings were very satisfactory, and every one was very relieved when it was over. Private Scadden, so we are informed by the M.O.'s, was an ideal patient, pluckily taking his huge quota of pain, with a smile. Thank heavens we had the sisters on board—without their help we should—like the turtle—have been in the soup.

1898 1898 1898 1898



A GUNNER

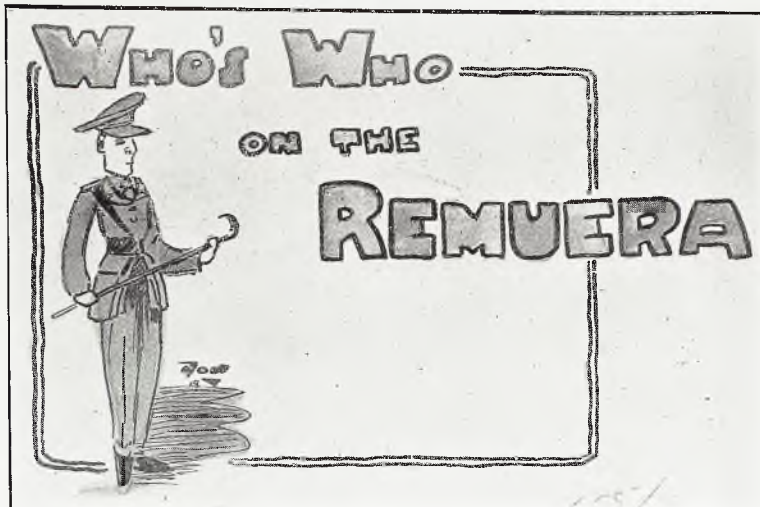
SHIP'S ALPHABET.

- A is our Adjutant, he's hard I don't think.
- B is for Beer, the stuff we won't drink.
- C is our Colonel, one red and three blues.
- D is the word we say when we lose.
- E stands for Each of us, the ship's crew and all.
- F for the Forces who answered the call.
- G for the Guns on the stern and the bow.
- H for the Hit on the U-boat, the cow.
- I is the Inspection at 10.30 each day.
- J for the Jar if things aren't O.K.
- K's for the Kiss we will get when we land.
- L for the Ladies; God bless them, they're grand.
- M is the Master distinguished and tall.
- N's Navigation of which he knows all.
- O's for Oscar who never gets 'Wild'.
- P's for his parrot whose language is mild.
- Q's for the Quarter but we've got him in A.
- R for our Route, we can't tell you to-day.
- S for the Sisters, who must dress alike.
- T for their Twins—hope they won't get the spike.
- U's for the U-boat—we've slaughtered a few.
- V for the vermin they carry as crew.
- W's the Water, don't waste it for naught.
- X equals the C.B. you'll get if you're caught.
- Y's for the young subs all in the pink.
- Z's the Zeal they display, I don't think.

1898 1898 1898 1898

TEN LITTLE McKONIKIE BOYS

- Ten wee McKonikies drilling in a line;
- One sawncy moved his head and then there were nine.
- Nine wee McKonikies laughing at their mate;
- One donkey formed fours and then there were eight.
- Eight wee McKonikies kid they were eleven;
- One made a blanky-file, leaving only seven.
- Seven wee McKonikies thought they know the tricks;
- A digger let his muscles jerk and that left only six.
- Six wee McKonikies listening all alive;
- One pulled a button through and that left number five.
- Five wee McKonikies sprinting all galore;
- One doesn't stop in time, making only four.
- Four wee McKonikies gazing out to sea;
- One staggers just a mo, and then they're only three.
- Three wee McKon'kies thought they'd see it through;
- One does a quick right turn, and that left only two.
- Two wee McKonikies burst themselves with pride;
- Both made the same mistake and fell right off the side.



LIEUTENANT R. W. WISHART.

It is not Lieut. Wishart's fault that he hails from Dunedin. After a good term at the Otago Boys' High School, followed by a course of medicine at the Otago Varsity, he took his degree P.M.D. For eight months he was attached to the Dunedin Public Hospital. Entering camp on April the 8th, Lieut. Wishart was attached to Awapuni camp. Later he was duly attached to Featherston and Tauherenikau. When free from the duties of vaccinating, swabbing, and parades of all kinds, Lieutenant Wishart aspires to writing plays, etc., rumour hath it that in his school days he was foremost in some deadly original tricks on his teachers at both kinds of day schools.

2ND LIEUTENANT M. R. STEWART.

Lieut. Stewart left on the Maunganui with the fifth reinforcements going to Egypt. From there on to Gallipoli. Every body by now is well acquainted with the doings of the fifths, the record of their work is already down in history. After some months spent on Gallipoli Lieut. Stewart, fascinated with the charms of enteric was forced to return to Alexandria, and on to Ponte-de-Koubek Hospital. On his recovery Lieut. Stewart rejoined his company with the battalion in Moascar on the Canal, remaining there until April the 15th, when the whole division moved over to France. On arriving in France Lieut. Stewart received his

sergeant's stripes, and later, on the Somme several wounds that kept him at Reading hospital for 7 months. Cambridge University claimed Lieut. Stewart for the next three months, and after gaining his commission he returned to New Zealand, aboard the same good ship Remuera. The usual furlough and appointment first to the 36th, N. C. O.'s, then 37th, Reinforcement, on to the 42nd, Reinforcement, and at his own request and knowing the qualities of the 38th, he was again transferred and is now quite satisfied that this reinforcement was meant for him. On the athletic field Lieut. Stewart has distinguished himself with honours. From his early school days he has been in the front rank of the Dominion's foremost men. With his permission part of his record is included here simply because so many men will be glad to learn that so prominent a representative of the Dominion is a fellow member of the 38th's. While at Wellington College he captured the first fifteen and won championships, one year junior and three years senior. In the inter-collegiate championships Lieut. Stewart was unbeaten over the sticks in the 120 and 440 yards three years running. At the Auckland University Athletic meeting he held both the 120 and 440 yard championships and lowered the record winning 4 out of 5 hurdle events. In 1913 and 1914 when the American party of athletes, Messrs Parker, Kembleton, Power and Caughey, visited the Dominion, Lieut. Stewart upheld the honour of the homeland by

## "THE REMUERIAN"

defeating them. As a rugby player he represented Wanganui in 1910-11, Auckland in 1912, and while at Cambridge University captained the rowing crew. While serving on Gallipoli Lieut. Stewart had the distinction of being served with a summons for failure to attend Territorial parade in Auckland.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT L. G. HILL.

First as second in command, and now as O. C. B. Coy. Mr. Hill has revelled in the work of teaching the "Rookie" the way that he should go. His keen perception and knowledge of the weaknesses and strength, of soldierymen has put him in close sympathy, with those under him.

New Plymouth is his home town, but being in Auckland, when war broke out, he enlisted with the Auckland battalion, and left with the Main Body. He first heard the whistle of bullets, when Jacko Turk, tried to reach the canal.

On his way to Gallipoli, he received his first stripe, and was wounded, while on the Peninsula.

Subsequently he saw continuous service, with the division in France, until March 1917, when he left for the officers training school in England, and at the end of July, received his commission. In September of the same year, acting as S.M.P.'s Adjutant, during the voyage he returned to New Zealand on the Remuera. In the field of sport he has earned some distinction, representing Wanganui at rugby, in the years 1904-6. Moving with the times and going north to Taranaki, he again came to the fore as a rugbyite, and represented the land of "Cow and Oil" in 1909 to 11 and 13.

Nor did he despise good old cricket, in 1903-4 and again in 1908 to 1913. Lieut. Hill represented Taranaki, on the cricket pitch, truly a sporting record.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT L. A. MORISON.

Lieut. Morison, from Dunedin, enlisted in the early stages of the war, eventually sailing on the Warrimoo with the seventh reinforcements for Egypt, and after a sojourn there, went on to France, in the steamer Liandover Castle. He did all the stunts in France and gained his commission, on the field at the Somme.

Received a knockout on the fifteenth of September, 1916, and invalidated home, travelled on our very own Maheno. Lieut. Morison was discharged unfit in April 1917, but after a few months spell, he again enlisted, passing fit A. in November last year. Entering Trentham camp, and after doing duty, with the 46th, N. C. O.'s. Lieut. Morison was appointed O. C., D. Coy. 37th's, but at a later date, he was transferred to C. Coy. 38th's.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT F. D. BARRON.

Lieutenant Barron enlisted in Dunedin, as a private, and when the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade was formed, he was transferred immediately. Left New Zealand in October, 1915,

as a Lance Jack aboard the Maunganui for Egypt, and on route, secured his Corporal's stripes. After doing the Pyramids, and Cairo, Lieut. Barron went with the Brigade to Mersa Matruh, on the western frontier of Egypt, and had a couple of scraps at Senussi, the beauty of these brushes being that they were carried out in Extended Order and strictly in accordance with the Drill Book, finishing up with a magnificent bayonet charge (See N. Z. Press) that participants didn't happen to notice. Lieutenant Barron next went on to France and, as a Sergeant there, answered the "Order of the Mal", strange to say—the only time he ever did so—and under the judgment of our own worthy C. O.

(Note crime—Pinching a blanket.)

(Note judgment.—Got off.)

Lieutenant Barron then rejoined his Company as Sergeant-Major, and in March, 1917, with Lieutenants Hill and Pettit, left for O. T. C. Wadham College. Returned to Noo Zee on the same good ship that he returns on as O. C. "D." Coy., a bonny crowd of Glaxottes formed up at C. I. Camp.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT R. G. CHRISTOPHERS.

Entered camp in June 1917, joining the 34th N. C. O. class. From October to January, he had charge of a platoon, in the 34th Rifs. Early in February, he was appointed officer commanding the 38th Specialists Coy. Under his direction the Specialists have acquitted themselves with more than a usual credit. Both at musketry and machine gun practice at Papawai, the 38th Spees. under this officer, established records.

In the latter practice the high standard of 98 p. c. was reached by his company. Lieut. Christophers comes from a family, who have indeed answered the call, three brothers having paid the extreme sacrifice, in their country's cause. Gunner V. J. Christophers machine gun section was the first of this fighting family to fall, he being killed at Gallipoli.

Next Capt. H. H. Christophers, of the rifle brigade 2nd Battalion, was killed at Armentieres. Private J. A. Christophers, of the 1st Canterbury Battalion was killed in Flanders. Owing to the latter's death Lieut. Christophers' departure, was delayed from the 34th's until the 38th.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT E. R. FITZSIMMONS.

Lieut. E. R. Fitzsimmons, hails from Chech, and left as a private with the main body. Present at the landing at Gallipoli, he remained there until August 1915, when he was smacked out; this was severe enough to keep him at Lemnos, five weeks. Returning to Gallipoli, he remained there until the evacuation. Left Egypt on the transport Nile for England, and of course on to France, from there to Cambridge, for four months, back to Noo Zee, aboard the R. M. S. Tainui. Appointed in January to C. Coy. 38th Rifs., good fortune still smiling on him, he was transferred to C. Coy, 38th Reinforcements.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT D. A. RAEBURN.

At the outbreak of war, Lieut. Raeburn was a member of the King Edward's horse, a Colonial regiment in London.

Refusing the offer of a commission, and on the formation of a New Zealand Coy. in England, Lieut. Raeburn was transferred to the British section, of New Zealanders.

This company sailed for Egypt, on December 4th, 1914, arriving at Zeitoun, on Xmas Eve, to join the main body.

Half of the Company, joined up with the engineers, the other half, being attached to the Divisional train.

Leaving for the Dardanelles on April 12th, reached Lemnos on April 16th, Lieut. Raeburn saw the landing at Cape Helles, on April 25th. For the next eight months, and up to evacuation he did duty on the Peninsula, going right through without receiving a scratch. He returned to Egypt, via Lemnos, and as a corporal sailed for France.

The latter country entertained Lieut. Raeburn until June 25th, 1917, and on his again being recommended for a commission, he left for Balliol College, Oxford, remaining there until Oct. 31st. While at Oxford, Lieut. Raeburn, took part in all games there, following his Dominion interests in soccer and aquatic sports, and had the honor of being the only New Zealander playing in, as well as captaining the college soccer team. Returning to New Zealand on the R. M. S. Ruahine, and after the usual furlough, was attached to the 38th Regts.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT H. PETTIT.

Lieutenant Pettit enlisted as a private with the Medical Corps, leaving with the 4th contingent for Egypt. Among his earlier experiences was to be stationed on the ill-fated Marquette, when that steamer received the count at the hand of the Hun and his company. After this early introduction into the ways and means of warfare, Lieutenant Pettit did duty for some months on the Salonika front, later returning to Egypt, where he did duty on the Suez Canal for the three months following. From Egypt he went on to France via Havre, going up to the Somme front, where he remained for the next eleven months, when he was sent to Oxford to study for his commission at Wadham College. Three months later having gained his commission, he returned to New Zealand on duty and was attached to the 37th reinforcement draft. Before that draft sailed he was transferred to the good old 38th draft, and here we find him with us on our present tour round the globe.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT G. I. PARKER.

Coming from the ranks of the 9th H. B. Coy., Wellington battalion Mr. Parker is an officer who has seen considerable service. His home is in Gisborne, and he is an old boy of Nelson College. He enlisted in June 1915 in the 7th Reinforcement and left N. Z. as a Q. M. S. On 26th, May 1917 he left France for England and attended an officer's train-

ing class until the 25th September, when he was given his commission. At the beginning of September he sailed for New Zealand on the Tainui. On reporting for duty again at the end of February 1918 he was attached to "B" 38th., and No. 6 Platoon has been his chief pride and joy ever since. In sports he was chiefly interested in rowing and rifle shooting.

It was in the Somme in September 1916 that Lieut. Parker received the "smack" entitling him to wear the gold bar on his arm, after this he was 2½ months away from France before rejoining his old unit.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT F. M. JENKINS, D.C.M.

Lieut. Jenkins came to New Zealand, from Eng and, when the war broke out, he enlisted at Auckland, leaving with the main body. Took part in the landing at Gallipoli went right through the Dardanelles campaign, after the evacuation his health got the best of him and on the hospital ship Islandvery Castle left for England. Upon his recovery he went back to France for fifteen months; from there he left for Balliol College Oxford to sit for his commission. In November last year Lieut. Jenkins left on the S. S. Ruahine for New Zealand. Being granted furlough he next visited Sydney, N. S. W. Returning to the Dominion he was appointed to "A" Company 38th Rfts. As a well known figure on the English American, and now on the Australian stage possibly accounts for his many entertaining qualities. Lieut. Jenkins assists with all amusements on board, his style suiting the boys fine.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT POUNTNEY.

Lieut Pountney, an old Auckland boy, answered the call in the earliest stages of the war, being one of that happy band who journeyed to Samoa on the 'Mouowai'. As a sergeant in the Divisional Signallers he had quite an interesting time in the land of kava and tapa. Returning to N. Z. in March as Sergeant Pountney he went direct to camp. With the 7th reinforcements he reached Egypt in November just too late to go to the Peninsula as the evacuation had then been decided upon. With the N. Z. Division he left for France, travelling on the steamer 'Franconia' (since torpedoed.) After doing Armentieres, Somme, Fleurbaix and other stunts up till December, as a sort of Christmas box he left the trenches on Christmas day for the O. T. C. Cambridge. While at Cambridge Lieut Pountney represented that university in the good old game of rugby against Oxford and in the heavyweight boxing competition he won the battalion championship. Receiving his commission he reported for duty in London in April and was instructed to return to N. Z., arriving there in September last year. After the usual three weeks furlough Lieut. Pountney reported for duty and was posted to the 34th reinforcements and later owing to his experience as a signaller was transferred as signalling officer to the 38th Specialists.

"THE REMUERIAN"

2ND-LIEUTENANT S. D. RICE, M. M.

Lieut. Rice started his career in the Land and Deeds Office Auckland, enlisting with Auckland section in April 1915, entering camp in May of that year. Leaving as a private with the seventh contingent, on the Aparima, he proceeded first to Egypt.

Four months with the Pyramids, and a further sea trip to France, on the Cunard liner 'Ascania' doing the Somme and all other places of live interest, Lieut. Rice managed his Cooks Tours without receiving a scratch, until February 1917. His next postal address, was Trinity College, Cambridge, and gaining his commission there, was seconded for duty and returned to New Zealand, on the R. M. S. Ionic. After three weeks' furlough Lieut. Rice was posted to the 36th Infantry, but after one month's duty there, was transferred to the machine gun section, 38ths.

Lieut. Rice possesses the military medal.

Under Lieut. Rice's direction the 38th Specialist's Costume party, toured the Wairaparapa, with great success, and considerably helped all the patriotic funds, in that district.

2ND-LIEUTENANT V. R. BERNARD.

Mr. Bernard is a native of Wellington and was a member of the N. Z. Advance Party which so successfully effected the capture of Samoa. On his return to N. Z. he left with the 11th. Rfcs., and on arrival at Egypt was transferred to the Wellington mounted rifles with whom he saw service at Suez and on the Sinai Peninsula. In April 1917 he went to the officers' training class in England and was granted his commission in September 1917. In November he left for N. Z. in the Tainui. On being attached to B 38th's, he took charge of No. 7 Platoon guiding its members with a kindly hand past the many pitfalls that beset the path of the new soldier. He was educated at Wellington College and was a keen athlete representing Wellington in football and athletics.

2ND-LIEUTENANT FLOOD.

From the Bay of Plenty, with school days spent in Auckland and Tassy, Lieut Flood, enlisted as a private in England.

Joining the British section of the New Zealanders in London, in January 1915, his first move was towards Egypt.

From there on to the Dardanelles, Lieut. Flood was attached for duty with the Divisional Train, landing on May 19th. Recalled to England, on August 22nd, from there back to Egypt, and again marching orders received, with luggage label endorsed, France. After a year in France Lieut. Flood, was next sent to Oxford, receiving his commission, in October. Returning to the Dominion, he was appointed to the 41st reinforcements, later being transferred to A. Coy., 38th, and at present controls that part of the ship, famous for its cheap cigarettes, and evil smelling cigars.

2ND-LIEUTENANT A. J. LEYLAND.

Lieut. Leyland is attached to the first Taranaki Coy. Wellington Battalion, enlisted at New Plymouth 1914, leaving with the main body as a lance jack.

Took part in the first skirmish on the Suez Canal, and went through the Gallipoli campaign, and was wounded at the evacuation. On the hospital ship Scotia, left for England, contracting enteric en route. After a severe illness in England, Lieut. Leyland, on recovering went over to France, on August 16th 1916, remaining there, until June 25th, 1917. Promoted on the field Lieut. Leyland, was sent to Balliol College Oxford, Returning to New Zealand on the Ruahine, he was granted the usual furlough, then reported for duty, and was immediately attached to the good old 38ths.

2ND-LIEUTENANT J. V. CURTIS.

A native of old Blighly, Lieut. Curtis has spent the last ten years in Wellington, receiving his commission in the D Battery, Wellington, in 1916, joining up as a driver and with the 28th Army Service Corps he gained three stripes, after two months duty. It was not long ere he sat and passed his examination for a commission and received appointment as O. C. 32nd Army Service Corps.

Two months later, Lieut. Curtis, was detailed as O. C. of the 34th's, and when the reinforcements were reduced, and the 34th's became a washout, he found he had to part with his men, as all were transferred to other units. His regret on losing boys he had trained in that branch of the work they were interested in, was seconded only by that of the boys themselves. Although not immediately under his direction, many of his old boys are on board with him, and proud to be members of the same reinforcement. Lieut. Curtis comes in contact a lot with the men on board, especially when distributing the gifts donated by the societies in New Zealand, this being one of the pleasant duties allotted to him on board.



ONE AND A QUARTER

SISTER M. CHALMER, R. R. C.

Sister Chalmer has had as much war work as any of our New Zealand Sisters, leaving the Dominion with the first contingent of Sisters, fifty in all, under Miss McLean, for England.

Awaiting transport in England two weeks, Sister embarked on the English transport Scotia for Egypt. Arriving there, twenty-six of the Sisters, with Miss McLean, were sent to Cairo, forming the 1st N.Z. Hospital, the remaining twenty-six being attached and to help at the English hospital at Alexandria.

Sister Chalmer was then appointed Sister in charge, Surgical Ward, in No. 15 General. After trying times here, Sister became so run down, that in November, 1915, she was sent aboard the Indian hospital ship "Glengorm Castle," with dual purpose of trying to regain her health and nurse sick as well. The Glengorm Castle was employed carrying English wounded and sick from Egypt to England, then would sail to Boulogne and Marseilles, to pick up Indian wounded, for transport to Indian hospitals in Egypt. In May, 1916, Sister was again transferred to No. 17 General, Alexandria. Here she had charge of what we would call Canvas-town, as all her patients were nursed in tents.

In October, 1916, Sister was recalled to England to do duty with New Zealanders; after two months at Mt. Felix, Walton-On-Thames, was sent to take charge of Sectional Hospital just opened at Oklands Park, remaining there until October, last year. Sister was then granted sick leave and returned to New Zealand.

All aboard Transport 105 will wish Sister Chalmer a speedy return to health, and allow her to take up her calling again absolutely fit A.

Among her treasured mementoes of this war is the decoration conferred on her personally by His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace; Sister Chalmer is an Associate of the Royal Red Cross.

SISTER E. McB. GOLDSMITH.

Sister Goldsmith received her training at the public hospital Wellington. Leaving New Zealand with the 7th Contingent in charge of the hospital duties on board, for Egypt, commenced duties at Pont-de-Koubber and remained there till March, 1916. Sister's wide experience in her calling was responsible for her being selected to return to the Dominion, in charge of the massage treatment of our returned heroes aboard the "Ulmaroa." After one week spent in God's Own, Sister reported for duty and left again with the 12th Reinforcements, on May 1st, 1916. On arrival at Egypt Sister immediately joined No. 27 General Imperial Hospital, Abbasia, Cairo.

In December 1916, with 25 other Sisters, Sister Goldsmith left on our own Hospital Ship "Marama," for England, going direct to Walton-on-Thames Hospital.

On August 18th, 1917, once more Sister received her "Pack up your Troubles in your old kit bag" order, and in charge of hospital duties on board transport "Tofua," returned to New Zealand.

After enjoying two months' furlough, Trentham Hospital claimed Sister's attention, and during her stay there, found the duties of nursing C. Esses Emma and Measie patients a labor of love. Sister's personality is felt everywhere, and her ever willing to help disposition, is responsible for the esteem the boys on board hold for her.

SISTER J. M. MERCER.

Leaving the Dominion on January 20th, 1915, Sister Mercer went direct to England, and commenced duties at Reading No. 1 War Hospital, remaining there four months.

Her next move (Sisters on active service remind me of those people who think it cheaper to move than pay rent, generally speaking they are generally moving) found her on active service address, Walton-on-Thames, where, for fourteen months dozens of our pals had the good fortune to be nursed under her care and devotion. Hazelbrook, France, was the next luggage label marking for a period of six weeks, when Sister moved out to St. Omer, and, likened to the ever necessary umbrella on a wet day, was loaned to No. 7 English General Hospital for four weeks. Sister's next move allowed her correspondence to be a little less disfigured, for the next four months she did duty with No. 2 English Clearing Casualty Station. During this latter part of her service for her Empire, Sister Mercer was severely put to the test. This station for the worst cases only comprised six dug-outs, other patients being nursed in tents and huts. To hear how the former was fitted up speaks volumes for the administration of the heads "Over There." Not only electrically heated and lighted, these dug-outs had every possible convenience. Absolutely shell-proof, yet hidden from view by gardens and grass topped plots. While on duty there, needless to write Sister heard strange and weird noises, that we have yet to learn the meaning of. Sister then left Otestine for England to join up with the big ship "Arawa," leaving the Homeland on January 10th for New Zealand, being on duty throughout the voyage. Arriving in New Zealand Sister received the customary three weeks leave, then reported for duty at Featherston Camp, remaining there until good fortune ever following the Thirty-eights, the members of the latter reinforcement found the light of her countenance acting as guide, philosopher and friend, for the term of this voyage anyway.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

### THE BABES IN THE WOOD GENERALLY KNOWN AS SISTERS M. A. JACKSON AND E. L. BAKER.

Sister Jackson is quite proud to state that like the cow, petroleum and Egmont she belongs to Taranaki, receiving her training in the New Plymouth hospital. She is making her maiden voyage across the seas and despite all rumours to the contrary she really is a splendid sailor. Her weaknesses are music, violin solos by Sergeant Poole, 38th Specialists, and a disliking for ship's tea. All the boys on Troopship 105 sincerely wish Sister Jackson could always remain with them, this being an impossibility they all hope that if they require nursing Sister Jackson will at least be there to do her share.

The other babe in the wood, or correctly speaking on the sea, is Sister Baker and very quietly (lest she be listening) she hails from Wairoa. Of the two evils she chose the lesser one to plant her brightness on this land, and will tell you without any shame whatever it is Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, and not Wairoa, Auckland she means. Receiving her training at the public hospital, Christchurch, Sister, like her chum, the other babe, is a novice where sea trips are concerned and, of course, she is a splendid sailor.

Coming aboard Troopship 105 Sister Baker was determined to keep a diary as faithful as a woman's letter in the Bulletin; after five days at sea, not including that one pushed on to everybody unwelcome and unasked for, Sister managed to write in the diary, "I have not been seasick yet." She is really a splendid sailor now, but, of course, I must tell you we have been at sea days and days, and then it is always beautifully calm. Among her many weaknesses are music, ragtime, under no circumstances is she a wower, and above all she applauded ALL the concerted items at the first Specialists' concert and that's writing a lot.

#### CHAPLAIN MAJOR E. C. W. POWELL.

Chaplain Major Powell, volunteered for service soon after the outbreak of war, finally leaving with the 19th Reinforcements. After a month at Sling, he was ordered to France, and worked at the base camp, when the division was attached to the No. 1 Field Ambulance, and also for duty with the A. S. C. Towards the end of 1917, owing to sickness, he was transferred to England, and finally sent to New Zealand with invalids, arriving there in March.

After a short spell was passed as fit again and returns with us. In January 1917, the Padre completed 25 years continuous service, and was awarded the Colonial and Auxiliary decoration otherwise known as the T.D. Eleven years of his service was in the Blenheim rifles, of which he was for some time chaplain.

#### CHAPLAIN-CAPTAIN E. D. RICE.

Chaplain-Captain Eric D. Rice was born in Auckland in 1876, the son of Vincent Rice,

of the Auckland Education Board; he attended the Auckland Grammar School. After seven years in an Auckland business he gave up splendid prospects to study for Holy Orders. He entered Canterbury College in 1900 and four years later gained his M.A. degree. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1905. He was well known in athletic circles, winning the school cup in his last year at the Grammar School, and also captained the first fifteen which was unbeaten. For the following six years he played "soccer," and his team won the Auckland senior championship every year. He was in every Auckland representative team, which was unbeaten for the six years. On going to Christchurch he went back to Rugby, and his team (Christchurch) won the senior championship. He was picked in the Canterbury representatives for four years, and finished up by being chosen for the famous "All Blacks," but he had to refuse the tour. He and another student were the founders of the annual inter-Varsity tournaments, which have become so popular. He has won many events himself, chiefly hurdles and long jump. At tennis he was champion of Auckland in 1904, and for several years was University champion of New Zealand, only being beaten by the famous Anthony Wilding.

#### STAFF SERGEANT-MAJOR F. E. B. IVIMEY.

Born in London 1880, our Staff Sergeant-major arrived in "God's Own" in 1886.

Boyhood days were spent in and around Dunedin, the Dour City. Leaving school he was engaged in duties as a clerk. Had distinction of being selected as a member of the Federal Contingent to visit the Commonwealth in 1901.

On return from Australia, Sergt-major volunteered for service in South Africa and went through that campaign. Returning to New Zealand the R. N. Z. Artillery claimed his attention and after seven years service there was transferred to the N.Z. Permanent Staff to which he is still attached. Throughout his career he has taken active part in all athletics, particularly running and football. In the latter he represented Wellington, Otago, Southland, South Island and New Zealand. In all he was playing the game of games 12 years. Sergt-Major Ivimey was under orders to leave with the Main Body but at the last moment was detained for administrative and instructional duties. After repeated applications to get away to the front, leave was at last granted him to embark with the 33ths. Coming from a grand old fighting stock, and with his own record of seventeen years, he is the last of four brothers to go to the front. Of his brothers Sid is with the 12th Reinforcements, Ist Cyclist Corps from N. Z., Ernest is with a machine-gun section, Australian Forces, and the eldest brother Henry left from England with Kitobener's first 100,000.

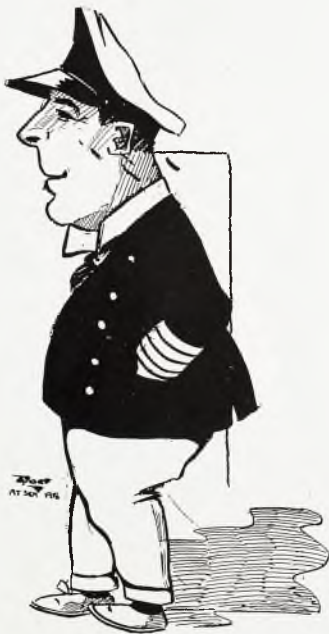
## "THE REMUERIAN"

### COMMANDER I. A. SUTCLIFFE.

Captain I. A. Sutcliffe, Commander of H. M. T. Remuera and Commodore of the fleet was born in Northamptonshire in 1855. In 1870 he joined the training ship H. M. S. Worcester and two years later became midshipman in the firm of D. Currie and company, where he remained until 1884, in sail and steam occupying various positions.

He then joined the N. Z. Shipping company. In 1886 he took over the command of the R. M. S. Aorangi, and since that date has had charge of most ships in the fleet, having completed eighty voyages round the world. In March 1917, while in command of R. M. S. Rotorua he was torpedoed in the English Channel, after which he took command of this ship. Captain Sutcliffe is a first class rifle shot, a keen cricketer, with a good record and an energetic athlete.

Having made many voyages to and from New Zealand carrying many passengers, his name is almost a household word.



CHIEF OFFICER

### SUB. LIEUTENANT H. WILDE.

Sub. Lieutenant Wilde, came from the industrial town of Birmingham. Leaving school, he decided on a seafaring career, a rather singular decision, when he had not set eyes on the sea or a ship, until arriving at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to join the ship Ladstock. After five and a half years apprenticeship on this barque of 700 tons, he returned to Newcastle to sit for his second mate's ticket. Successful in this, the tramp Newstead, claimed him for the next thirteen months, when an examination for his first mate ticket, sent him ashore again. Securing this ticket, Sub-Lieutenant Wilde served as second mate on the steamers, Waddon and Nutsford, for a period of three years.

In 1907, being successful in gaining his Masters certificate, he joined the New Zealand Shipping company, as 3rd and 2nd Officer on the Wakanui, and Papanui, as 3rd on the Kalkoura, 3rd and 2nd on the Whakatane, as 2nd on the Paparoa, and as chief on the Kaipara.

On the latter steamer, he came in conflict with a German raider, which ended the Kaipara's career. Taken a prisoner by the Germans, he was detained for twelve days, until the advent of the Highflyer; this gallant ship soon accounted for the raider, and the collier, on which our Sub. was detained sailed for Las Palmas.

At the latter town, he was released, and sailed for England. Joining the Remuera in 1914, he has found time to study photography and rear parrots, most successfully.



### CHIEF ENGINEER W. R. SNEDDON

Born in Christchurch, New Zealand, 1870. In 1894 first went to sea in the sailing ship Tarakina as 2nd Freezer. Did two trips in sailing ship and then joined the old S. S. Ruahine. Transferred then to the S. S. Mataura in 1897 and shipwrecked in 1898. Joined the New Zealand Shipping company in 1898 and did service on cargo tramps for two years. Then joined the S. S. Tongariro and did five voyages in her. Then transferred to the S. S. Kalkoura and did twelve voyages in her. Then transferred to new S. S. Ruahine as 2nd Engineer. Later transferred to the S. S. Orari as Chief Engineer. Thence to the present boat the S. S. Remuera and is now on his 13th trip on her. He took a great interest in swimming sports, won the 100 yards championship of New Zealand in 1890 and the one mile championship the same year. In 1892 won plunging championship for North Scotland. He is a congenial soul and is very popular with all the boys on board.

"THE REMUERIAN"



The Man who makes the wheels go round

MR. P. BOWEN, Steward in Charge.

The man behind the gun, or rather the Lord Rhonda of Troopship 105, hails from that part of England renowned for its beauties and also its hops. (Glorious Kent). A very genial personality, always ready to help everybody on board, assist the boys with decorations, etc., for concerts. Mr. Bowen is immensely popular. So often has he been across the "Pond" that he could almost find his way between "Noo Zee" and England blindfolded. Going to sea in 1883, Mr. Bowen has spent 35 years on the deep, has all sorts of stories to relate, and one or two rare experiences. He was on the "Kaipara", owned by the N. Z. S. Coy., when she went ashore at Rangitoto, Auckland. On the Remuera, Mr. Bowen has made fourteen trips, has had our returned men to look after on three outward trips, but this

is the first time any of the troops going to the front have travelled with him. He is more than satisfied with the 38th's. In his own words, "If any later reinforcements travel on this ship I will be quite satisfied if they come up to the standard of the —, you know." His chief hobbies are smokes and more smokes, and his presence is felt everywhere usually a most pleasant odour preceding the popular "Pere" everywhere.

FIELD SECRETARY WALTER EGLIN.

Field Secretary Walter Eglin, first saw the light of day in Greenock on the Clyde. After a brief stint to the Emerald Isle when in pinafores emigrated with his parents (without the option) in a sailing ship to Dunedin. Settling in the suburb of Roslyn, he received his education at the Kaikorai School—under Dominic McLaughlin—one of the whitest men, he says that ever lived. Commencing commercial life in a hardware house, he rose to a branch managership. He believes in healthy recreation, and has enjoyed many a game of rugby cricket and hockey. In local affairs, in the Capital City, he at present is President of the Wellington Boys' Cricket League, and Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A. Offering his services to Red Triangle, as a Field-Secretary, he was accepted, and is out to do his little bit.

LET'S

If your Officer is crusty,  
And roars! you didn't shave,  
Keep standing at Attention,  
And try his wrath to brave.

If the Sergeant Major blasts you  
And growls! your up to snuff,  
Remember he's no better  
And only there to bluff.

If your Sergeant starts to bless you  
When you cannot do your drill  
Remember he was a private too  
And might have been worse still.

Smithy, C. Coy.

Physical jerks.—Forward part of ship, sea little rough. Wave from over the side, drenches several jerkers, much to their loud expressed indignation. Officer standing by—"Surely you are not afraid of a little drop of water. What will you do when its lead?" Digger.—"Swing it Sir!"

Just quietly—

We have a school boy Sergeant  
In old "D" Thirty-eight  
Who is teaching everyone of us  
To sing the hymn of hate  
Of course he cannot help it  
It's just his weakest spot,  
A little bit too hot.



38th SPECIALISTS' CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Orchestral selection—Ship's Orchestra.  
Mandalay—Gunner Braithwaite.  
Ladies and Gentlemen, here we are—The Spec.  
Pierrots.  
It's Tulip Time in Holland—L.-Cpl Cardston  
and Pierrots.  
Dear Home Town—Signaller Skam.  
Violin solo—Mazurka (Mynarski)—Sgt. Poole.  
The One Man Band—Pierrots.  
Lightning Sketches—Gunner Croll.  
Pianoforte selection (Carmen) — Signaller  
Worsley.  
Lonesome Melody—Pierrots.  
Parted—Gunner Shepherd.  
Violin Solo (Beethoven Minuet)—Sergt. Poole.  
Another Little Drink—Gunner Croll, Cpl.  
Hopkins and L.-Cpl. Cardston.  
Me and My Gal—Pierrots.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



"A" COMPANY CONCERT.

On Wednesday, June 14th, at 7.45 p.m., all  
roads leading to No. 4 Troop Deck were

thronged with all ranks, making for the scene  
of A Company's concert. Great speculation  
was made as to the merits of the talent in A  
Company, but all attending concert were quite  
satisfied that this Company could hold their  
own with any on the ship. The troop deck  
was packed, and, despite the heating condi-  
tions being more than desired, the merits of  
the performers made up for so trifling a dis-  
comfort.

Major Powell presided, and at the conclu-  
sion of the concert called for three cheers,  
which were readily given by A Company's com-  
rades. To individualise all the items would  
take up too much space. A programme is re-  
printed as a souvenir of one of the best con-  
certs ever presented en route.

Selection—The Ship's Orchestra.  
God Send You Back to Me—Cpl. Blandford.  
Trio (Funnosities)—Lieuts. Jenkins, Flood and  
Raeburn.  
Clarinet Solo—L. Corpl. Wright.  
Comic Song—Private Simpson.  
The Grey North Sea—Mr. Mollison, 3rd En-  
gineer "Troopship 165.  
Selection—The Orchestra.  
In These Hard Times—Private George.  
Sunshine of Your Smile—Corpl. Blandford.  
Selection—The Ragtime Band.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The outstanding features were many. A riot  
of fun was manifest the whole time. Lieut. Jen-  
kins, Flood and Raeburn were on the stage.  
Mr. Mollison received a great reception from  
the boys and the Ragtime Band was a scream  
Altogether a great show.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

### CONCERT BY "B" COMPANY.

The third concert en voyage, that by "B" Company, was in every way as successful as those previously given, attracting a crowded house. There is no doubt, whatever about the popularity of the concerts, the old ship rang with the hearty applause and cheers of the lads, clearly expressing the enjoyment that "B" Company's efforts gave. With "B" Company a distinct novelty was introduced with Private Beaurepaire's hypnotism exhibition. Many were the weird, wonderful, and screamingly funny tricks of those "under the influence."

Bugler Holly gave some good monologue stunts. Private Wilman is certainly a neat step dancer.

Private Cooper has a fine voice, and his Hems were very much enjoyed. It is needless to write about the success of Privates Tiny Vining and Scadden.

The programme given by "B" Company is as follows:—

- Selection by Ship's Orchestra.
- Songs—"Sunshine of Your Smile," "Mother Machree"—Private H. Cooper.
- Recitation, "The Bush Christening"—Private W. Scadden.
- Ragtime offering, "Ipswich and Northwich", "Are You From Dixie?"—Private Tiny Vining.
- Ocarina Duet—L. Corpl. Wright and Private Williams.
- Hypnotism demonstration — Private Beaurepaire.
- Monologue—Bugler Holly.
- Step dance—Ptes. Wilman and Tiny Vining.
- Song—"Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold"—Corporal Ashley.

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

### "C" COMPANY'S CONCERT.

- Selection—Ship's Orchestra.
- Song—Private Drummond.
- Violin solo—Sergeant Poole.
- Sketch—Private Simpson.
- Song—Mr. Mollison.
- Clarinet solo—Lance Corpl. Wright.
- Conjuring exhibition—Private McIver.

"C" Company's concert was a refresher, enjoyed by all those fortunate enough to get within listening space, and the lucky ones were rewarded with a fine show. The conditions of time and travel made the possibilities of holding a concert on the usual troop deck an impossibility. It was a pleasant change for all, when the starboard side of the promenade deck was the chosen spot, for the members of "C" Company to display their excellent efforts.

The programme submitted was enjoyed by all present, and when the concert given by a united ship's company does eventuate, it certainly will be worth seeing. Sergeant Poole's violin solos are in demand all over the ship. Private Simpson's sketch, as usual, has the audience in screams. Private McIver has certainly started opposition to the Subs of the 1st Saloon. His card tricks, under more convenient circumstances, would have shown the master he is at sleight of hand. The singing of Mr. Mollison and Private Drummond was all that could be desired. Well done, "C" Company.

### D. COY'S CONCERT PROGRAMME

- 1.—Song—They all love Jack.  
The Carnival . . . . . Private Leigh
- 2.—Musical Monologue—The Man with the single hair . . . . . Pte. W. Smith
- 3.—Song—Jack Britton . . . . . Sergt. Jones
- 4.—Song—When you wore a Tulip . . . . . Private Wheeler
- 5.—Step-dance—Sailors Hornpipe . . . . . Lance-Cpl. Patterson
- 6.—Song—Somerset  
The village pump . . . . . Lance-Cpl. Morrison
- 7.—Recitation—The Calliope . . . . . Pte. Bradburn
- 8.—Song—My old Shako . . . . . Pte. Kennard
- 9.—Recitation—The Kaiser's Dream  
The things we don't see at the front . . . . . Private Baker
- 10.—Duet—Larboard Watch  
. . . . . Privates Kennard and Fields.

D. Company had a decided novelty to offer the ship's complement—a matinee performance. If our readers have not had the privilege of attending a matinee at sea, just let them accept our advice and do so early; matinees at sea are simply great.

The promenade deck was crowded with spectators clamouring on rails, seats, boxes, anything to catch a glimpse of the performers. It was unfortunate that D. Company should be the last of the quintette to give their concert, as for this reason such excellent vocalists as Sergeant Jones, Private Leigh and Lance-Corporal Morison were not previously heard. The duet of Privates Kennard and Fields, the monologue of Private Smith, and the recitations of Private Baker and Bradburn were real gems. Among the most popular items ever presented on the ship was Lance-Corporal Patterson's hornpipe. Private Willie Simpson of C. Coy. officiated at the piano in his usual best Sunday style.



the some  
speculation  
talent in A  
were quite  
hold their  
troop deck  
ting cond-  
merits of  
lifting a da-

the conclu-  
three cheer-  
pany's com-  
mons would  
amine is re-  
he best con-

Blandford  
s. Flood and

on, 3rd En-

orge,  
Blandford.

G.

many. A riot  
Lieut. Jen-  
on the stage  
ception from  
and a scream

## SHIPBOARD SPORTS

### The First Meeting, An Afternoon of Play.

With only very few exceptions everyone was fit and keen to participate in the first sports meeting, which took place on our first Saturday out, June 8th, 1918. At two o'clock the bugle sounded the ever welcome call "no parade". At this time our "good ship" was running before a strong wind and the chilly bite in the air and frequent showers, made the more exposed portions of the ship not the most desirable, consequently some of the major events had for the time being to be abandoned. Nevertheless, the promenade decks and the lee side of the boat deck provided ample space for the many amusing and exciting games which our officers and padres had provided for us.

For a few moments many men displayed their characteristic sensitiveness, and only by persuasion could entrants be obtained. However, very soon after one of two had laid themselves open to the mirthful approbation of their comrades, it was difficult to give all comers a chance to compete.

Chalking the pig's eye, eating apples or strings, and whistling competitions were games which many thought they had relegated to the limbo of school days, but in the oldest man there is a tremendous amount of boy, and the laughter of the heavy-voiced men was as hearty as the merry chuckle of any lad.

While it is said the army has made men of boys, it must also be said it has made boys of men.

It would do the heart of any mother glad to see her big soldier son, frantically endeavoring to dispose of a biscuit with a minimum of mastication, in order to whistle a few bars, of a well-known melody, in quicker time than his comrades.

The MacConochie squad competition will always be an unending source of merriment. For the benefit of those dear people of ours who know little or nought of the thousand and one things, which go to make up a soldier's life, it may be explained that in this competition a squad is to act only on the orders, preceded by the word MacConochie. The carrying out of any other order puts a man promptly out of the game. In each squad there are usually three or four men, who defy the many subtle ruses of their Commander to catch them, but eventually, like the verse about the ten little nigger boys, the resourceful Commander finishes the remainder off.

On this first sports day, we saw one squad with two men left in, who refused to be caught by the wily devices of Second Lieutenant Barron. Mr. Barron will probably lie in wait for Lance Corporal Dickenson, and Private Miles, on some succeeding sports day.

Entrants for chalking the pig's eye, were numerous, and various were the attempts to place the porker's ocular organ in its right place.

While it lasted the apple eating competition caused great mirth. Private Ward, No. 3 Platoon, A Company, really tried to bite the apple. After a little persuasion he removed his false teeth, leaving only two large fangs to seize the apple with. Only after several men had banged the apple into his mouth, did he succeed in getting it off the string. (He did not win).

The following are the results of the preliminary heats:

### Starboard Section.

Deck Quoits—Pte. Beaurepaire (B Coy), 1st; Pte. Hargreaves (Spec), 2nd.

Whistling Competition—Cpl. Hopkins and Pte. Walker (Specs), 1st; Ptes. Vining and Cooper ("B"), 2nd.

Tug-of-War—"B" Company—No. 5 Platoon beat No. 6; No. 8 Platoon beat No. 7; No. 5 Platoon beat No. 8.

"A" Company V Specialists—After a long and strenuous pull, Specialists beat "A" Coy. Chalking the Pig's Eye—Pte. McLean, "B" Coy, first.

Apple Eating Competition—L. Cpl. Lowe "B" Coy, 1st (first heat); Pte. Shepard, "B" Coy, 1st (second heat).

Macconochie Squad Competition—"B" Coy, L. Cpl. Lowe, 1st.

### Port Section.

Chalking the Pig's Eye—Pte. Towgood, "C" Coy; Pte. Carnahan, "D" Coy; Pte. Just, "C" Coy, winners of heats.

Apple Eating Competition—Pte. Bryson, "A" Coy, 1st.

Whistling Competition—Pte. Smith, E. H., "A" Coy, 1st (first heat); Pte. Smith, L. C. and Drummond, "C" Coy, 1st, (second heat).

Macconochie Squad Competition—"A" Coy (L. Corp. Dickenson, Pte. Miles, tie. Specs—Pte. Marley, A. W., "D" Coy—Pte. Tait and Pte. Walker C. L., tie. "C" Coy, Pte. E. R. Smith and Pte. Harrison, tie.



## THE SECOND MEETING.

### A Glorious Afternoon.

Our second Saturday afternoon sports meeting turned out an unbounded success. Little breezes and tiny billows, and the sun filling the air with a soft warmth made the afternoon an ideal one.

There was not a sick man on board and, crowded round the sports area standing on or hanging to every elevated part of the ship were swarms of merry-faced soldiers. Here and there sprinkled among the khaki shirts appeared the dark navy of a ship's officer or seaman, while every now and then over the rail of the bridge appeared the gold-braided cap of the officer on duty as some loud burst of applause or laughter caused him to cast his eyes upon the scene below.

Here on one of the forward hatches were held the blindfold boxing and swinging beam pillow fighting. Both these competitions were hard and strenuous, but every man was fit and took defeat or knocks with equal good humour. Entrants for both events were numerous. When some of the officers took part in the pillow-fighting bouts enthusiasm reached its highest pitch, each company barking hard for its own man. A yell of delight greeted the ship's doctor as he stepped up to the beam, and challenged Mr. Leyland to a bout. As Mr. Leyland gaily picked up the gauntlet, someone started the cry of

"THE REMUERIAN"

'Army versus Navy.' Of course the army had to win but the little "Doc" stuck to his perch long enough to ruffle his opponent's hair and make his head sing.

In the blindfold boxing some of the competitors made the usual delightful error of mistaking the umpire for their opponent, and the officers acting in that capacity received quite an unwelcome number of blows, somewhat to their discomfiture and to the great amusement of the crowd.

An event watched with breathless interest was the tug-o-war between the officers and senior N. C. O's. Despite their apparent heftiness, the N. C. O's failed to win either the first or second pull. The officers put too much sting into their tugs and the stars came out popular winners over the stripes.

At the conclusion of the event a pleasing little ceremony took place when Sister Chamber with a few felicitous words presented the winners with a prize. Mr. Stewart of A Coy. returned thanks on behalf of his comrades and promised to see each had an equal share. In his haste to arrange for its distribution he opened the parcel on the spot and revealed to sight an entrancing arranged and valuable collection of potatoes.

An event of more than ordinary interest was the chalking of the Pig's Eye by the sisters none of whom placed Piggy's optic where it would have been of any practical use to him. Sister Mercer however made the best attempt.

The following are the winners of the various events:

**BLINDFOLD BOXING**

- Pte. Fraser
- Pte. Smith, E. H., A Coy.
- Pte. Larsen, C. Coy.
- Pte. Hargreaves, Specs.
- Lance-Cpl. Lowe, B Coy.
- Lance-Cpl. Pannell, Specs.
- Pte. McIntyre B Coy.

All the above winning their heat have won a prize.

**Pillow Fighting Competition**—Lance-Cpl. Morrow, "A" Coy., 1st; Pte. George "A" Coy., 2nd.

**Maconochie Squad Competition**—Final: Lance-Cpl. Dickenson, "A" Coy., Pte. Miles "A" Coy.

**Whistling Competition**—Final, Pte. Smith, I. C. and Drummond, C Coy., 1st.

**Chalking Pig's Eye**—Final: Pte. Towgood, C. Coy., 1st; Pte. Just, C. Coy., 2nd.

**Tug-o-war**—After another strenuous pull Specialists beat B. Coy.

**Apple Eating Competition**—Semi-final: Pte. Bryson, A. Coy.; Pte. Cooper, B. Coy.; Pte. Armstrong, Specialists; Lance-Cpl. Lowe, B. Coy.

**Final:** Lance-Cpl. Lowe, B. Coy. 1st; Pte. Armstrong, Specs., 2nd.

**Special Prize**—Pte. Walker, F. Specialist, 1st.

**Tug Quoits**—Semi-final: Lance-Cpl. Weld, Specialists; Pte. Holt, A. Coy.; Pte. Beaurepaire, B. Coy.; Pte. Hargreaves, Specialists.

**Final**—Lance-Cpl. Weld, Specs. (6) 1st.; Pte. Holt, A. Coy. (5) 2nd.



**SAPPER**



AS HE SEES HIMSELF



AS OTHERS SEE HIM

"THE REMUERIAN"

---



MR. P. BOWEN  
Director of Interior Economy

## Star Athletes Aboard

Aboard our transport there are a number of men who, as athletes in the Dominion, gained a pre-eminant position. For the benefit of lovers of sport, a record of their doings in old Noo Zee are reproduced.—Editor.

### LIEUT. M. R. STEWART—

Hurdles—Won championship Auckland, 1912-13; won championship Wanganui, 1911-12. University champion 1914. Records, 120 and 440 hurdles.  
Rugby—Started playing 1906. Represented Wanganui 1910-11; Auckland, 1912-13.  
Cricket—Represented Wanganui 1911-12.

### LIEUT. L. G. HILL—

Rugby—Started playing 1901. Represented Wanganui, 1904-5-6; represented Taranaki, 1910-11-13.  
Cricket—Started playing 1900; represented Taranaki, 1903-8-9-10-11-12.

### LIEUT. E. R. POUNTNEY—

Rugby—Started playing 1909. Represented Auckland 1912.  
Boxing—Won heavyweight championship Cambridge O. T. C. (England).

### S. S. M. (W.O.) F. E. IVIMBY—

Rugby—1899, represented Wellington (Wednesday) 1904-5; rep. Otago, 1906-7-8-9-10; rep. Southland, 1911-12-13; rep. S. Island, 1908; rep. N. Z. 1910 (Australian tour).

### CHAPLAIN CAPTAIN RICE, E. D.—

Soccer—Started playing 1893. Rep. Auckland 1894-5-6-7-8-9.  
Rugby—Started playing 1900. Rep. Canterbury, 1900-1-2-3.

### Q. M. SERGT. F. M. G. WATCHORN—

Cricket—Started playing in 1904. Rep. Manawatu, 1907-8.  
Hockey—Started playing in 1904. Rep. Manawatu, 1908.  
Boxing—Started boxing in 1907. Won Manawatu Provincial championship (welter weight), 1910-11-12; won Manawatu Provincial championship (light weight), 1907-8; won Manawatu Provincial championship (middle weight), 1912; won Wellington Provincial championship (light weight), 1908; won New Zealand championships (welter weight), 1909-10-12; won Australian championships (welter weight), 1909 and 10. Received medal for most scientific boxer at N. Z. championships in 1910.

### SERGT. H. W. SPEAR—

Rugby—Started playing in 1902. Rep. Southland, 1904.

### COY S. M. R. W. WYLIE—

Hockey—Started playing in 1908. Rep. Canterbury 1912-13.

### PTE. A. M. BRADBURN—

Rugby—Started playing in 1903. Rep. Auckland 1911-12-13.

### PTE. W. C. HOLLY—

Soccer—Started playing (England) 1897. Rep. Burton Swift's Club for several years. Played 4 years in N. Z. Rep. Manawatu 1912.

### CORPL. O. TANCRED—

Boxing—Started boxing in 1908. Won Wellington Provincial championship (welter weight) 1909-10-11. Won Wellington Provincial championship (middle weight), 1912; won Manawatu Provincial championship (welter weight), 1909; won Hawke's Bay Provincial championship (welter weight), 1910; won N. Z. Provincial championship (welter weight), 1911.

### COY S. M. G. LUXTON—

Hockey—Started playing in 1902. Rep. Canterbury, 1906-7-8.



## CRICKET

Quite a break in the proceedings en route was an impromptu cricket match arranged at a Port of Call, between the Garrison there and the 38th. A very pleasant afternoon's sport was indulged in. Due to shortness of our stay in that port, the match resulted in a draw, the scores are as follows:

### Garrison vs. 38th Reinforcement

#### 38th Score

Sergt. Dumblenton, c King, b Sergt. Lee . . . . .	43
Pte. Baldwin, b Sergt. Lee . . . . .	48
Capt. Tancred, . . . . .	26
Lt. Hill, b Sergt. Lee . . . . .	0
Q. M. S. Watchorn, b Sergt. Lee . . . . .	4
Pte. Eather, b Sergt. Lee . . . . .	4
Lieut. Flood	
Private Olsen	
Corporal Woods	
Private Crone	
Engin (Y. M. C. A.)	
Byes . . . . .	8
Leg byes . . . . .	2
No balls . . . . .	1
Closed Innings 5 wickets for Total . . . . .	136

#### Garrison

Sergt. Lee, c Cpl. Woods, b Lance-Cpl. Tancred . . . . .	69
Lt. Siredwick b Cpl. Woods . . . . .	3
Sergt. Coke, c Olsen, b Lt. Hill . . . . .	43
Pte. Marshall, b Lt. Hill . . . . .	0
Cpl. Murray, c & b Lt. Hill . . . . .	21
Pte. Young . . . . .	8
Byes . . . . .	3
Total . . . . .	147

"THE REMUERIAN"

THE MENU

With Apologies to 1st Saloon.

They say we're on rations;
Its a puzzle to me
How come and how Frenchified
Rations can be.
The luby old schnapper
Comes up a la grande;
The tang in plain English
We never could stand—
But its pretty and piquant in pale hollandaise,
And its old bones are decked in a dozen sly
ways.

I'm shocked at the murphies,
Those pain Irish spuds.
In silver-lined dishes
And gay Paris duds
Haven't even the manners to take off their
coats,
And they're puffed out like peacocks, the silly
old goats.

Tournedos de boeuf and
A la Bretonne,
And that hardy old upstart
Haunch de mouton
Its quite past a joke and i call it red hot,
And I'm simply fed up when I get through the
lot.

The sweets are the only dear thing I can bear;
I know where I am when I get right down
there.

A tart is a tart, and a pie is a pie;
And you don't have to puzzle and stammer and
sigh;
You can sit like a duke, and speak out like a
beau,
And the stewards can't giggle—because you
don't know.

This war is the limit —
And its rations—oh my!
Tres bon, oh my conscience,
You just have a try;
Why even the cafe is the darkest dark horse,
But it's French, and its rations so I take it, of
course.

App App App App

IT ALL HAPPENED AT GAS HELMET PRACTICE.

In returning evil for evil, or, rather, kick
for kick, or, perhaps, giving as good a kick
back as received, always look before you kick.
Gas helmets are horrible things at the best oft-
times, and when one unfortunate having been
kicked, return his kick, he is surprised to
receive three days C. B.

(By error of judgment he in return kicked
not his assailant, but his O.C.)

ANOTHER SHIP'S ALPHABET

- A. Stands for apples our money can't buy.
B. Stands for beer—I forget the ship's dry.
C. Is just all that we see in the sea.
D. Is the Doctor his hat's all we see.
E. stands for engineers, soldiers and sailors.
F. is for fitting by Bill Massey's tailors.
G. my old gas mask no breathing allows.
H. stands for Howitzers placed at the bows.
I. is the infantry—they capture the trenches.
J. is the joy they have with the wenches.
K. is the Kaiser we all want in—still.
L. is the place where they'll put poor old
Bill.
M. stands for meal time how hungry we are.
N. stands for Nurses so near yet so far.
O. is for Officers they're on a win.
P. is the puttees we have round our shin.
Q. stands for quarter whose right lusty
punches.
R. very unpleasant to feel on our lunches.
S. stands for Specialists gunners and Sigs.
T. is the "tea" we have with our figs.
U. is our uniforms stowed in our kits.
V. stands for victory we want over Fritz.
W. stands for War where we are going.
X. is for extra pay to us owing.
Y. are we here but to answer the call.
Z. stands for zero that's nothing at all.

S S S S S S S S



Sympathiser—"Hello Bill, did you have break-
fast this morning."
Sea Sick One—"For one ——— minute
exactly."

## As in Our Forefathers' Days.

It is many years since men have become aware of the value of song, of the absolute need of it. In fact, song has come back into the lives of a great many who had forgotten all about it.

Already it is evident that song has had a broadening effect upon both the heads and the men of our army in their duties, and has been of practical value in helping the social and artistic stimuli in heightening the morale and efficiency of our fighters.

A striking illustration of this is always apparent in the early stages of camp life. Practically no sooner has the company passed the main guard outward bound from camp, and the order 'March at ease' been given than the Sergeant-Major will say, "Come on, boys, strike up a song and see that you get it in with the step."

The writers take New Zealand camps as an example of what a beneficial effect song has had towards making a recruit's life pass more pleasantly than it might have done without the advent of its cheering influence. Be it Awapuni, Narrow Neck, Tauherenikau, Trentham or Featherston, the institutes allotted for concert programmes are certain of being crowded to the doors long before the arrival of a visiting choral party; or, should the entertainment be given by the soldiers themselves, it is not less popular and the welcome is equally enthusiastic. And on a route march, with full pack up, what passes the time more pleasantly, and makes the march a treat, more than the happy-go-lucky go-as-you-please mob-singing. It matters little the sample of song, be it popular; the witty and at times ill-chosen parodies on well-known airs—all are sung, and with what depth of feeling. And to the mother living in the vicinity of a camp, how cheering it must be to hear in the distance the happy voices coming nearer, and particularly when that mother runs to the garden gate to see the boys pass chanting with one voice the refrain—

"La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.  
"Fishe, fishe, fishe, he ha blowfy."

It may be that the C1 boys, 'way back at Featherston, (who rely so much on marching as a fit A maker) most appreciated the introduction of music into their lives once more. How cheery they sound out on the march, singing a favourite with much gusto, for instance:—

"I'm glad I'm in the army;  
I'm glad I'm going away;  
I'm going to do my darnedest  
For to be passed Pit A.  
Then I'll have week-end passes  
With lots more Irish stew,  
And when I get to Paris, boys,  
What the — am I going to do ?

Fight for my king and country;  
Fight for the girls I love;  
Fight for the dirty wasters  
Who haven't got the — to go.  
And when we get to Berlin,  
The Kaiser he will say,  
Ach hoch, mein gott, what a bally fine lot  
Is the C1 stiff brigade."

The whole world over, where camps abound, music of every description has come into its own. Brass bands, orchestras, choirs, concert parties are encouraged by the heads to such an extent, that for the asking troops are supplied with any instruments desired. To take our readers back to the days when the glaxotties in dear old C1 camp at Tauherenikau, were minus a band and had enough talent among the unfit to make an excellent one. An old warrior then, Chaplain-Captain Carter, of Salvarmy fame, secured permission to go to Wellington with a dozen players. They left camp by the afternoon train one day, returning by the afternoon train next, with a full set of brass instruments. The result of that trip is that C1 camp-to-day possesses the best of our dominion camp bands, and the C1 men are all the better for the daily music they listen and march to. The glaxoitie loves music, he can march to the step, his whole surroundings are the brighter for the innovation. Before C1 possessed its band, twice a week only did it hear music, when the bands from Featherston arrived on a visit and played the glaxo boys on and off parade, and how eagerly those days were looked forward to by all. Nowadays it is music, and music of the best, every day. The boys march better, sing more heartily any song air the band plays, and without any doubt whatever they are happier, better soldiers; and the trait of their forefathers who went into battle to the inspiring accompaniment of drum and fife, singing the while a traditional song, remembered even yet in these latter days, this trait is once more manifested among their progeny.

The weekly route march, renowned at Featherston Camp for the uncertainty of its duration, would be tiring and irksome to the men if music were lacking. A band at the head of the column means a sporty, happy march. And when there is no band all the energy in the world is infused by the officers and the n.c.o.'s to keep the men cheerful, by encouraging them to sing and let it go. The greatest joy in those well-remembered marches occurred when one company passing another en route, sort of got in first with—  
"There's some hard-looking dials over there."

This anthem set to the air of a well-known S. and M. hymn ("We shall meet on the beautiful shore") was followed by happy and boisterous laughter that proved without doubt what mob-singing means to soldiers.

Our friends and allies, the Americans, so near and yet so far, have already discovered the value of mob-singing. Camp



I have break  
— minute



## "THE REMUERIAN"

Devens in Ayr, Mass. is a place for special study, and an officer has been placed on the work of encouraging "mob-singing." The officer in question, Captain Vernon Stiles, describes what he called a thrilling impression of the work he set out to investigate.

"After walking leagues over the bosom of the rolling country in which the camp is spread, I sat me down in a hut with a camp chair in it.

"While I waited there came what I thought at first to be the sound of distant fifes. But in a moment a company of men came marching snappily over the hill, and I saw that they were whistling, every bit as snappily as they were marching, some kind of a fighting tune. It made me want to march too, even after an endless and fruitless morning hike.

"Another company came by in a moment, singing. The tune was 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are Marching.' The text was original. Many of the texts and also the tunes are original at Camp Devens, which is one of the surest and best signs of the real place that music is taking in the daily life of the men. The whistling was glorious.

"Only now are the players and instruments sorted out and apportioned each to his or its place. They look a roster of all available music purveyors in the camp. These were divided into three classes—good, indifferent, and poor. No one was turned away, though, and the result was that every bugler in Camp Devens took to departing into the hills and practising in his hours off duty.

"It was the most horrible sound you ever heard," said the soldier, "for a while. Then it commenced to work out. The players were grouped together, given leaders, and rehearsed. Already, in this camp, two and a half months old, we have bands that march before the troops, and many small bands who enliven their various battalions and divisions with their performances.

"There are a good many musicians among us, also speakers and vaudeville performers. It's astonishing what you find when you set out to look for it. Some of the companies have orchestras of a number of instruments. The bands of drum corps play at the football games. Forty per cent. of the barracks have pianos. The 30th company of the Springfield barracks has had its orchestra play for several dances, the proceeds of which have been devoted to funds for war-purposes. Practically all regiments and even smaller units have brass bands and drum corps. The orchestras may not measure up to the standard of the Boston Symphony, but they certainly make good. They play for singing. And when it comes to dancing they're right there with the jazz-band stuff!"

It is not all ragtime though that interests the bands and the men they play for. The old songs seem to be coming more and more into favor. Such songs as "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Annie Laurie," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," compete with those the fellows are inventing all the time:

"In some regiments prizes have been offered for the best song. Among the most popular songs are 'Where do we go from Ayr, Boys?' 'Glory to New England,' 'Over There'—this not composed at Ayr, but by the distinguished George Cohan—'Into No Man's Land in France.' Some of these have original airs. Others are texts set to airs already known. Local feeling plays a part in some of these songs. A verse follows:

New England will be leading,  
When we're marching down the Rhine.  
New York will be the rear-guard  
And we'll leave her far behind.  
We'll conquer German cities  
And we'll capture Kaiser Bill  
As we go marching on.

The following lines are sung to the tune of "There's a Long, Long Trail":

There's a long, long trail that's winding  
Into No Man's Land in France,  
Where shrapnel shells are bursting,  
And where we must advance.  
There'll be lots of drills and hiking,  
Before our dreams come true,  
But some day we'll show the Kaiser  
What machine-gun boys can do.

So much for our Yankee friends. To return to ourselves, what a pleasure our own ship's concerts have been. Again take our Sunday church parade, especially when the hymns chosen are familiar to the boys, isn't that what might be called mob-singing par excellence. A popular hymn sung in the open air with the sea surrounding is as health-giving a tonic as any headache wafer yet discovered.

Aboard our transport there is certainly one officer who did more than encourage mob-singing. With his company's party of songsters, that officer would go everywhere and to his credit and through his efforts quite a large sum was raised at various concerts for patriotic purposes.

In conclusion, surely men will not leave their music behind them on the ship. It will be carried with them to the trenches, and those that come home—may they be many—will bring with them the airs that sustained hope and courage in the field.

A.C.R. and O.C.

## "THE REMUERIAN"



COMMANDER I. A. SUTCLIFFE

### THE 38th ASSIST THE FUNDS OF THE RED CROSS EN ROUTE

At the request of the Red Cross committee at a port of call, and with the permission of Lieut.-Col. Saunders, the 38th Reinforcement Costume Comedy Company appeared with great success in aid of the local patriotic funds. Something like hustle in earnest followed up the initial arrangements for the appearance of the party. The Red Cross Committee had only interviewed Lieut.-Col. Saunders at 2.30 p. m., and at 3 p. m. all the electric cars, call boys and bell-ringers were used to announce per printed pamphlet and poster the appearance of the boys that evening. The result was that the beautifully-appointed and spacious theatre was thronged with spectators; and the welcome extended

to the performers as they set in Pierrot costume on the stage will ever be remembered. The boys were in excellent nick and never before appeared to such advantage; in fact, the items were cheered again and again.

The dressing of the ladies attending the performance and their hearty appreciation of our efforts was an eye opener to the boys. So successful was the opening performance, and good fortune keeping the 38th an extra day, it was repeated the next evening before a greater assemblage and with even greater success. An impromptu tableau arranged at about a moment's notice, fairly took the house by storm. In all about thirty of the performers, arrayed as nurses, wounded men, and non-coms leading a bayonet charge were so arranged that the whole assisted by excellent lighting arrangements made a great picture, the finest ever presented before an audience at the port.

The concert party was under the direction of Lieut. S. D. Rice and stage-managed by Lance-Corporal O. Cardston.



KIT INSPECTION WITH "B" COMPANY

set in Pierrot  
er be remember  
nick and never  
antage; in fact,  
and again.  
adies attending  
rty appreciatio  
pener to the bo  
ning performan  
the 28th an ext  
ext evening bet  
with even fro  
bleau arrang  
irly took the las  
thirty of the go  
s. wounded  
yonet charge  
assisted by  
ts made a gas  
osented before

nder the direct  
stage-mannagel



B" COMPANY

### "THE REMUERIAN"



OFFICERS AND NURSES



MEMBERS OF THE SERGEANT'S MESS



"AND IT CAME TO PASS."

The breeze was blowing freely  
 On our calves and woollen socks,  
 When the Chaplains roaming down our way  
 Received some horrid shocks.  
 Good gracious me! they both declared,  
 But the legs we see are far too bared;  
 These sights, you knew, are quite bizarre.  
 Henceforth, therefore, your putties wear.  
 The Colonel glowered upon us all,  
 His eyes shone like a rocket,  
 And some of us, whose shorts, were short,  
 Would have crept into his pocket.  
 Moral—

If you would your life prolong,  
 Be sure and wear your denims long.  
 —S. Smith, C. Coy.

It all happened because Sister Chalmer was facing the C.O. at afternoon tea:  
 Sister C.: Oh, Colonel, is there a young man among the officers on board named Parker?

C. O.: I really could'n't say Sister, unless he is one of the Subs.

Sister C.: Oh yes he must be a sub, because the people who asked me to look him up said he was a nice young man.

Great was the consternation of the C.O.

Lieut Leyland tells us: "You don't know you're hit until after the bullet has struck you."

LIFE BOAT DRILL

There was a young R.Q.M.S.  
 Got himself in a terrible mess;  
 He careered around madly,  
 And steered so darned badly  
 We now have two officers less.

For Sale: Patent "awakener", especially useful to officers and sergeant-majors who find difficulty in waking at the proper time. Effectiveness guaranteed. Apply Chief Engineer.

We would advise the M.G. Corp., an ex-University man who does not believe in socks and has been trying to train a meagre and tawny lip-fungus for the past six months, to use "Tatcho" or perhaps frequent applications of dubbin would prove effective. Eh, Silvie?

O. C., reading instructions and giving a few words of warning to his company before going ashore at a certain port for a second time, "Well, there's the rum—(unconsciously) "I suppose you have all had that jammed down your throats before."

S.M.: "Where do you usually look for submarines?"

Freddy: "In the sea."

S.M.: "But where?"

Freddy: Between the ship and the horizon sergeant-major."

Privat  
 worried ex  
 company w  
 fellow S.C.  
 to deliver  
 in the 42n

THE

Bill Rob  
 Tried bi  
 He was  
 For he  
 Though

Late  
 have you  
 Sharv  
 he's Alchi  
 Alchi  
 shaven, he  
 "Heid" w

When  
 going to

"I couk  
 hours, sal  
 ould I, if  
 Perimmor

Don't  
 like legs  
 I should

What's  
 officer?—

When  
 name, wh

On th  
 Startl  
 Deser  
 To gi  
 And  
 Shoul  
 What  
 Than

It a  
 ill, what

"Any  
 "No, Sir!  
 home, "

Leaving  
 in the Ch  
 Squall  
 who's hou

Smil  
 over  
 Bless  
 The  
 (Are

Why  
 discharge

Lane  
 Lane  
 Lane  
 Lane

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Private Collie, of B Coy., has lost that worried expression since his platoon parted company with Sergt. Egan. "Eggers" as his fellow N.C.O.'s called him, was kept behind to deliver lengthy addresses to unfortunates in the 42nds.

### THE PRIDE OF NO. 9 PLATOON.

Bill Robinson on the range one day  
Tried his hardest the target to lay;  
He was not such a fool  
For he did hit the bull,  
Though it was two padlocks away.

Late again! roared Scotch Mac, where  
have you been?  
Shaving Sir. No wonder wagged Aitken  
he's Allchin."

Allchin denies appearing on parade unshaven, he admits cutting his face, but its all "Heald" now.

When Herby returns from the war, he is  
going to turn editor. What! What!

"I could gaze at the water for hours and  
hours, said Ernie. It's wonderful." "So  
could I, if it had a little colour in it," retorted  
Perrimmons Jack.

Don't you reckon that with such lark  
like legs (I'll have a little more please Mac.)  
I should make a good singer.

What keys in music will make a good  
officer?—A Major.

When the Colonel asked what was his  
name, why did the sergeant say, "Our Percy."

On the Barron Leylands  
Starlight will take his stand,  
Desert Gold all ready,  
To give a helping hand,

And in the hour of peril  
Should we need a man to sprint  
What better could we do boys,  
Than chew the old spearmint."

If a three castles cigarette makes a man  
ill, what will a Man-illa.

"Anything short," exclaimed Lieut Fitz.  
"No, Sir!" answered the man with the long  
pants. "What about your hair Archie?"

Leaning back on the lovely soft cushions  
in the Chaplain's room, pipe in hand, all poor  
McQuill could say was "Home sweet home,  
who's homesick."

Smith C. H. and Smith C. B.

Over a girl had a Barney.

Blessed be the peacemaker he

The chip of a sport from Kilbarney.

(Are you listening Marney?)

Why is a gun like a jury?—Because when  
discharged it goes off!

Lance Private: "I could die for you."

Sister: "Well name the day."

Lance Private: "For the wedding?"

Sister: No, for the funeral!"

Though scores of men have gone before  
To fight for King and Country  
There's none to beat the 38ths.  
Although at times they're grumpy.

To Land Buyers.—For sale, a narrow  
neck of land, consisting of two acres, mostly  
high and dry. For particulars apply to Pri-  
vate T. Kelson, 6th Platoon.

Mark Raven though he would make you be-  
lieve he is a barber, he is not.  
Though he would have you believe he is a  
photographer, he is not.  
Though he would have you believe he is a  
baker, he is.

A Useful Religion.—Sergt. to mess orderly  
not at church parade: "What denomination  
are you."—Soldier: "Oh, I'm a mess orderly."

Why does Q. M. S. Mackay always get ex-  
cited when ship's inspection is on. Because  
he hears the G. G.'s coming. (The bugler  
always gives warning of the approach of the  
inspecting officers by sounding G.)

Queue-rious. Overheard while patiently  
waiting in the canteen queue.

"Say, digger, see this handful of pennies—  
three and tuppence worth."

"Yes."  
"Why do they remind me of those M. P.'s  
on guard over there."

"I dunno."  
"Well, they're thirty-eight coppers, aren't  
they."

Block up there!  
Argument on ship's stairs 3rd class after  
M. P. refused to allow private and bucket of  
water to pass.

M. P.—"Wot's the matter with you."  
Pvt.—"Nothinks the matter with me."  
M. P.—"You gave me a nasty look."  
Pvt.—"Me! You're a liar; yer certainly  
have a nasty look but I didn't give it yer,  
s'elp me."

A squad of N. C. O.'s who have been drill-  
ing very hard all day and are feeling tired.  
Bumper is walking down the ranks when  
one of the squad yawns.  
Bumper: "Close that (pointing to the  
mouth) I want to see who you are."

Another reminiscence of Bumper. A  
squad of officers of one of the reinforcements  
of parade just prior to moving off to assembly  
ground.

Bumper: "Now, gentlemen, a good slope.  
The eyes of the world are on you (meaning  
those of the troops who had already assem-  
bled). Slope arms. ROTTEN. We'll try it  
again. Order Arms. Now then all together.  
Slope arms. —! What a fool I was  
not to have sneaked off with the first one."

"THE REMUERIAN"



"By Jove! Jack, that little cock perspires freely."  
 "My strike, yes, and it is not all lost either."

MOTTO OF A B COMPANY MAN.

My name is Vaney,  
 As you can plainly see  
 I do not want to go  
 But they've got the wood on me.

It is stated the Sergeant Mac of the Sigs, did actually spend 1/6 at the Canteen the other night. (Great rejoicing in Cabin 56.)

Since Sergt. Cam, of the same corps has been married, he has studied economy. Much to his horror, he found out that pork sausages were one penny per lb. dearer than beef. (Hard luck Bert.)

It is stated that Sergeant Mac, of the Sigs Corps, had a great time chasing a black chap, in his sleep. Show the boys how you bow to the ladies Mac.

"Nowhere and where is it" by Rogie McNab, author of where is my wandering girl tonight.

How to grow a seven a side moustache, by Corp Triggs, author of that famous volume, Half a mo, half a mo, half a mo on, that will take ten years to grow.

Robertson does know more about the C. B. than the rest of his platoon.

"My Shining Bride From Taranaki" by Bill Graves, author of "It's a Shame to Take the Money."

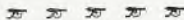
Provost Sergeant meets Police Sergeant, second saloon companionway.

Provost:—"Where the hell have you been Moki."

Sergeant:—"I have been looking for you."  
 Provost:—"What bally rot, I have been looking all over this damn ship for you."

The Editor's terror—Gruff voice of Provost  
 Sergeant:—"Why arn't you in bed."

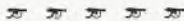
Where was the 'Babbling Brook' when the  
 lights went out (cries in the Bath.)



A company executing night manoeuvres for the first time. The instructions were absolute silence and that on no account must an order be passed incorrectly. Great was the consternation of the O.C. therefore when on giving the following command: "Wire arrangements on the right, bear to the left." it was received at the other end of the line as follows: "Wine and sandwiches to the right, beer to the left."

First ship's pianist to second ship's pianist (criticising a poem sent in for publication in the "Remuerian"): Say, Horrie, it's a good job we've got brains at the top to study these things."

Horrie: "Yes, Pete, but you can't expect to have brains at the bottom."



GETTING THEIR OWN BACK.

(First Day at Boat Drill.)

The members of the Medical C (See) At boat drill were attached to THE Illustrious, curly headed Specs— If more I say some chaps I'll vex. There was a special N.C.O. Whose hands were cold—his feet so so. Who stood about at ease—so bored— And every order quite ignored. Until the C.O. drawing near Electrified his heart with fear. C.O.: Are you a Spec? A thirty-eight? The blow's too much to contemplate. Now, had it been an N.C.O. The Medical Corps—why don't you know I would not be surprised at all. You know the way they stand—and sprawl, Now don't you think that was too bad? Too much for any decent lad? ? ? I'm sorry for that N.C.O., Because its true—I'm in the know— His scalp, he'd better hide away, He may be minus it—some day. They're out like bloodhounds on his track, To get their very own, right back. Now friends I cannot pass this by, Although I am a sister shy, I like to have my little say, And so—here goes—I'll fire away If ever that poor N.C.O. Comes in on sick parade—what oh! With all my heart—I pray—I hope, He'll be too scared to drink his dope.



38TH MESS ORDERLIES ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the permanent mess orderlies was held recently when there was a full attendance. It was decided to form an association to safeguard the mess orderlies interests and the following rules and objects were approved.

(1) That the name of the association be "The Permanent Mess Orderlies and Bottle Gatherers' Association.

(2) That each member of the association shall be granted the privilege of writing P.M.O. after his name signifying that he is a Permanent Mess Orderly.

(Note.—P.M.O. refers only to life on board ship and must not be confused with any gentlemen having a similar title in camp life and especially must it be noted that we have absolutely no connection with persons doing menial tasks in camp and christened P.T.O.'s.)

(3) Gratuities.—No gratuities shall be refused and any member offending in this direction shall be liable to immediate expulsion from the association.

(4) Any member spilling soup, tea or other article of diet down a private's neck shall be liable to expulsion but any member committing a similar act on an N.C.O. shall be granted a monetary bonus proportionate to the good work performed.

(5) Any member who empties scrap tins, washes stairs, or perform other duties twice out of his turn shall be allowed to repeat the operation a similar number of times.

(6) P.M.O.'s to be exempt from all drills, fatigues, and parades except issue of rum rations.

(7) P.M.O.'s to see that food is equally distributed at the tables (expelled members of the association not included. The latter to be served last.)

(8) All empty bottles lying about without authority, to wit—the owner being absent or not looking—to be handed over to the association for the purpose of providing cigars for Mat, Mut and Jeff.

(9) No work to be performed between the hours of 1.30 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. daily. This to be set apart as smoko and P.M.O.'s to have the prerogative of using the saloon smoking room during these hours. Cigars only. No pipes or cigarettes.

(10) That no person whatsoever be allowed to visit the mess room while mess orderlies are preparing for or cleaning up after meals. In the event of this concession not being granted, the rule of the ship prohibiting smoking in mess room be rescinded in so far as mess orderlies are concerned.

(11) That no person inspects the work of the mess orderlies without their permission.

(12) Each day to be from daylight until dark and no deductions whatsoever to be made.

(13) A minor duty of the mess orderlies shall be to see that the man receive a fair proportion of food not forgetting that their own meals have to follow. (Note.—Men to be fed. Orderlies to be overfed.)



Private Hethven despite the responsibility of his job as S.P. still finds time to discuss with his mates many amusing little tales connected with the early history of Totara Plat.

In the dear departed days of exemption Major Conlan was sitting on an Auckland board and came in contact with Billy Couch, a shepherd, claiming exemption on the grounds of essential industry.

Major C.: "But you're only a shepherd looking after sheep; that isn't much, is it."

Billy: "Yes, it is."

Major C.: "But a woman could do that."

Billy: "No she couldn't. There is only one historical reference to a woman looking after sheep and she made a rotten mess of it."

Major C.: "Who was that?"

Billy: "Little Bo-peep."

—(Collapse of court. Appeal dismissed.)



A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Watty Aitken of ragtime band fame, appreciates music to the extent of chasing bugle ninety-one times in the course of one week.

Corporal Blandford seems to have been a dark horse till A Coy's concert, judging by the applause.

Perhaps Shorty Hanifin, had something to do with it.

If C. B. Hodgson still persists in coming late on parade, his initials will soon coincide with his punishment.

Grifty took such a liking to the little fish, that he fed them for three days.

'On dit' that a certain officer during the course of a lecture on Trench warfare to members of his company innocently came to light with the following:

"Don't leave your bayonet leaning against the parapet. Patrols sometimes return very hurriedly, sliding over the top. You want to watch that. It's only a little point—"

And then he wondered why rude laughter drowned the remainder of his utterances.

Corporal Laurence and his staff of four S. P., may be highly complimented on the efficient manner in which they perform their duties. It's far easier to get through the eye of the proverbial needle than gain admission to the lavatories when the law says no.

It would be interesting to know if the rumour is true that when the second engineer's parrot over-estimated its strength and flew out to sea it gasped, "Dear Mother —" with its last fleeting breath as it entered Davy Jones' locker.

A certain junior N. C. O. has been accused of food hoarding contrary to the Defence of the Realm Act, the subject of his fall being condensed milk. On enquiry, however, we find that it was not so much his retention of a superfluity of the aforesaid conserve that was objected to as his crude method of storage.

Q. M. S. Stewart, an active man is he.  
If there's anything that Charlies likes  
Its a good strong cup of tea.

Who was the Private from "B" Coy, who went to answer the first call of C. B. one morning, clad only in his shirt.

It is rumored that a certain N. C. O. of D Company has found a good bed in one of the lifeboats.

A Bull by Lieut. Hill.

A time job is one at which you work for a given time, whether you work or whether you don't.

ALLEY UPLAND.

Cabin 21—Orderly Sergeant Phil. to Frank (six a.m.):  
"Come on Frank, \_\_\_\_\_"



THE ORDER OF THE MAT

"THE REMUERIAN"



THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES.

One of the latest claims of the Hun (there is not much left to claim it is true) is that they are fighting for the Socialists, as well as all the other "ists."

One of the doctrines of socialism, is, I think, that "class hatred" and "class" of any kind should not exist.

The outstanding point is, how can the Huns be helping the Socialists if they are rapidly dividing the people into two classes, "The living and the dead."

A LIMERICK.

For prize money apply to Corporals Short and Booth. Both been badly bit.

"A bug and a flea went out to sea;  
The flea was drowned and the bug was found."

Our P.M.O. on board after telling sea-sick Thommy to take a walk on an empty stomach met the former's cobber Geordie in great agony.

P.M.O.: "Well, Dig, what's up."

Geordie: "Did you tell that big blighter who shares my cabin that if ever he was sick again he should take a walk on an empty stomach?"

P.M.O.: "I did, what of it."

Geordie: "What of it. Why the first thing he did this morning was to walk all over mine."

A trip on the sea, when stormy and rough!  
Oh what fun there ought to be in it.  
Even those that are sick, have enjoyment  
enough

Something fresh bubbling up ever minute.

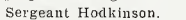
—By one who knows.



"Gone but not forgotten."

Back in Trentham away behind  
We left a Sergeant good and kind,  
He used to drill the famous five  
Expecting them to keep alive  
To all the orders of the army.

So help me bob! he drove us balmy.  
Stand steady, wake up, one—one two.  
Wake up was the only thing to do,  
It helped to make us what we are  
The most awakened platoon, by far;  
Each a ripping son of a gun.  
Waked by Sergeant Hodgkinson.



"L," No. 5 Platoon.

Heard in the mess room—that the letters  
Beer Ak, a nom-de-plume applied to a certain  
rendezvous, not so very far from the Sigs.  
quarters either, do not stand for blinking  
aristocratic—far from it.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

### NO. 4 TROOP DECK.

Scene—Breakfast Time.

Officer of the Day:—Any complaints men?  
Private Vaney:—Yes Sir, the coffee is not fit to drink—it tastes earthy.

Officer of the Day:—(Tasting coffee). This coffee is quite good, its ground coffee.

Private Vaney:—Sir, did I not tell you that! To my mind there is no difference between earth and ground, and since you agree with me you must admit my complaint justified. (Collapse of the O. of the Day.)

The main plank of our Mr. Hill's platform is the advice often repeated—"Not to get the wind up."

Now Lieut. Hill of old rugby fame,  
Keeps telling the boys to just play the game,  
For over beyond there are plenty of foes,  
And many a chance for good husky blows.

Now Corp says he "don't get the wind up,"  
Just remember you are sons of the bull pup  
When out in France we are facing those foes  
Don't take any notice of how much it blows.

R. H. VANEY,  
8th Platoon, "B" Coy.

### An 8th Platoon Appreciation.

A member of the above platoon writes:—  
It should be noted that our late Sergt. Chas. A. Archer who is now rallying round the colours with the 42nds., was bursting to sail with us, but the heads ordered otherwise. Charlie was very much put out. In rage and despair he handed two notes for the boys of his late platoon to drink his health. We will wish him luck, good old Archer. By ——— he did roar.

### Overheard on the Deck.

1st. C. B. King:—(As the Colonel passes on his rounds of inspection): I hope he will be with us in the trenches.

2nd. C. B. King:—Why, what would you do?

1st. C. B. King:—Pinch his blooming Gas Helmet.

### A B. COMPANY WONDER.

We have in our company

A man named Westneath.

Who is not troubled

With very bad teeth.

He has on this voyage

Had the time of his life.

And we know in the end,

He'll have a cook, as his wife.

We hear that L.-Cpl. Lauder says: " 'Tis better to have lost a stripe than never have had one at all."

Mark Raven, sort of master of all trades on this ship, has a way of his own at entertaining the boys. His anecdotes are very interesting indeed. Among the boys Mark is certainly a popular fellow.

A certain spare General noted for his lead-swinging was very upset when the Sergt.-Major disturbed his afternoon nap on the poop deck, asking a question on the machine gun. In his usual style that Sergt.-Major at once started on his well-known accomplishment of going crook by numbers.

Overheard at the sports: "Did you want Corporal We'd, Colonel."

Girl: "I sometimes wonder why my parents had me called Peach."

Practical Digger: "Perhaps he was glad you weren't a Pear."

After 6 p.m. the Sergeant's mess is closed to all ranks, in order to allow them to discuss, or cuss their daily doings.

The O.C. Specialists was so disgusted over his defeat in the cockfight in that all he could utter was: Oh, Stew—art."

There are several Smiths by name in C. Company, but none by nature.

What a lot of Murphys were among the officers after their victory in the tug-of-war.

That a Lee—ding Corp of 10 Platoon is worthy of his stripes.

It is rumored that a certain N.C.O. on board is masquerading as a bachelor, he is lucky, he did not receive C.B., for obtaining leave at Trentham to get married, and returned still a "bachelor."

Of all the "Macs" aboard none appear water or spray proof.

It is very evident that a certain member of the M.P. force is new to his job, in fact he is distinctly "Green."

Bas Arnold left his pipe behind in N. Z. Don't get downhearted, Bas, briars are cheap at the can (ten and dopedsticks 10 for 3d).

Corporal Burgess is a general—a spare general—"Squad Toh." Burgy, I think, you were meant for a P. T. instructor.

F. Powley has forsaken the hammock for the hatch. Sweet dreams, Fred.

Lance-corporal Barnes is Al. An amusing tale is told of Barney how one day in physical jerks he got his men into a certain position and after scratching his head said, "How the ——— am I to get them back, Jim?"

A. F. Baker wasn't the only man who got special leave through a deceased grandmother. It's a cruel war, Alfred, but the sun hasn't yet gone out of business.

W. J. Chappell has no complaints. Does this beat Trentham isolation, Bill?

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Mills, E. M., accident to his arm, necessitates his resting for the remainder of the voyage. We hope there's no aim' done.

L/Cpl. May is one of the best, especially at Newtown on Saturdays.

Oldley's seven a side, is once more pushing through. A little bit of hair restorer helps 'em along, G. A.

F. W. Phelps had -----  
Censored for same reason as W. R. C. II's

A private in A Company wishes to know if his Q.M.S. can now bear the sight of a waterproof sheet or set of Mills-Web equipment.



### THE SHIP'S CLERK

A striking personality, is the ship's clerk, Jack Reitbergen. Born at Rotterdam, and educated in England, where his parents have resided in Birmingham, this young man has spent the last four years at sea.

The Remuera claiming him for the last two years as ship's clerk, he has come in contact with many of our wounded heroes, returning from the war, and for the first time, with a reinforcement bound there.

On the last voyage outward bound of the Remuera, Jack assisted the authorities, in many ways, sort of orderly room clerk, so to speak.

So successful was he, that Colonel Allen, C. C. Troops, on that voyage, after leaving the ship at New Zealand, wrote expressing his personal appreciation of Jack's efforts as clerk, enclosing the right form of appreciation, with the letter. The recipient is very proud of the appreciation, also of the letter.

### FRAGMENTS OF THE 38TH SPECS.

He was a decent little CHAPPIE quite HALL WRIGHT yet he could not HEARN a living unless he blew his HORN. His favorite tune was "The March of the CAMERON Men." Then he would CROLL along the FLINT path to a POOLE in the GARDEN and play with the BAKER, a WYLIE man of few words who said WATCHORN. When it was too COULTER play outside he would join the BROTHERHOOD and sit on the COUGH. Going through the initiating process on a PANNELL he found to his regret that he had WORRALL his trousers out and had to take them to a TAYLOR. While waiting for them he decided to have a BATH, then visit a friend living near the LAW courts. As they were HOLLOWAY he turned back. On his way home he picked up a large sum of money and decided to SHERRATT with his brother THOM. Both agreed on a journey, and as they NEWSOME people in the NORTH who were going to the MCQUARRIE Islands where SAGE and SHERWOOD grow, and journeyed there. At the Islands they met a GOLD-SMITH who was a GOODMAN but had no gold to WELD. A SHEPHERD showed them a river like the JORDAN where once he had to LYNCH a man. This statement made them tremble and one remembered OWEN WATTS a visit and the other that he had to meet his blind mother who, as he led her along the TARR path, would PATTERSONS' back ANDERSON would then take her off to get some MOORE RICE.

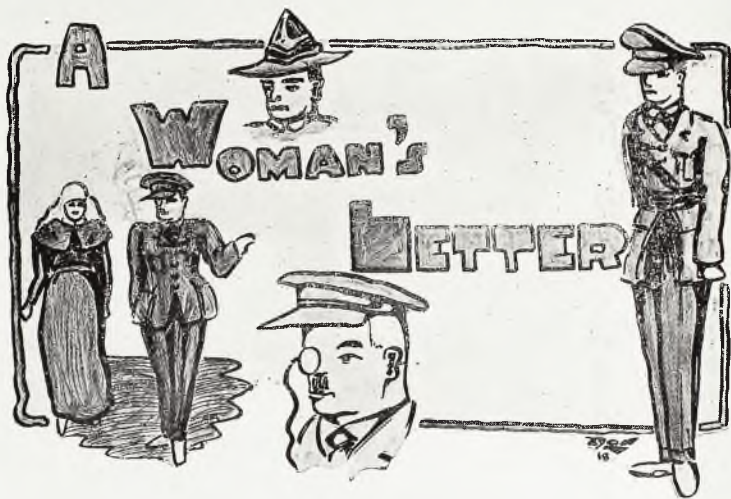
P.S.—Now that I have finished, Dear Editor, I pray you to overlook my misplaced grammar for, like CHRISTOPHER Columbus I am all at sea.

—Cooch Coakly Bhd.



THE 38th's ORCHESTRA





My Dear Mab:

What a change from gardening, sawing down blighted peach-trees and cleaning chicken houses. You said I would soon tire of that—you were right! And here I am once again on the great wide sea. Great, yet inspiring in its myriad colours and ever-changing moods, which so far have dealt kindly with us.

Time passes like an evening express. Although we had a "backshee" day at the beginning, we find them still—all too short.

So far the weather has been delectable.

We could say a lot about our comfortable quarters, but the one word "Fairyland" will do the trick. Here, to wish is to have—and although only the most imaginative see the fairies and elves, yet they supply us with everything, even to enough pegs to hang our clothes on without spoiling them.

We have all made an attempt to be chummy with Satan, the ship's glossy black cat, who, unlike his namesake, makes few friends, and nips any friendly overtures in the bud by a well-timed scratch. The Captain says we ought to avoid Satan, always and ever—we are very fond of him,—not Satan, of course, but the Captain. We take off our hats to him for being the commodore of the fleet, having made eighty voyages round the world, having the smoothest sailing and most comfortably appointed ship, the finest officers, the best crew and the jolliest, healthiest and the most agile soldiers.

That reminds me that, although I am no novice at trooping, yet never before have I had

the pleasure of travelling with such hale, merry fellows. At times the whole ship is nothing more or less than a playground. No matter where you are it is impossible to be unaffected by the merry sounds of laughter, chatter, singing, stamping, running, shouting and tramping—some of it work, some of it play. I heard the Captain remarking to the C. O. that never before had he come across such a jolly lot of romping fellows. No wonder the hospital is empty!

They have started a ship's paper. Any hopes one had of being above suspicion are now dashed to the ground. Every other person scribbles in private; quite a lot of it in public; the covert glances they shoot from time to time at their neighbors made a guilty person feel quite nervous; nor are all Peeping Tom's relations dead.

Talking about papers, there's one man here (we all admire him), who has been a perfect victim to the press. He has greyish hair, kindly blue eyes, a fine figure and an aristocratic nose. Yet the officials on the wharf eyed him with mysterious suspicion. On board he felt, it, even the sea breezes failed to chase it away. If he paused in his peregrinations around the deck to hob-nob with a fellow-officer, some chap was sure to happen along and, with a hasty "Excuse me," pour into the other officers' ear a lengthy tale that easily put "Guy Fawkes" and the "Forty thieves" in the shade. Of course, our friend felt horribly de trop, and simply had to make himself scarce. He didn't know about the newspaper. Further along a gunner of nine-

## "THE REMUERIAN"

teen fairish summers eyed him up and down so critically, that he felt the outlines of his figure smarting. Naturally he murmured: "What's his game, anyhow! He soon found out. In a few days he became better acquainted with that gunner—even unto giving him C. B. The gunner retaliated in a Christian manner, as becomes a good soldier. The splendid result was well applauded at the Pierrots' concert.

On another occasion when an enterprising journalist was on the outlook for copy, a suggestion was made to her which she received with much laughter from the company present. On enquiring the donor's name, the bushing journalist discovered a snare,—clearly it was a case of mistaken identity.

Those who have had a lucky escape can pat themselves on the back. Personally I think there are a great many casualties.

On our second week out invitations were issued to all the troops to attend a small gathering at the hospital, where our doctors scratched many brawny arms, while, under the direction of a sister, the eager orderlies clapped dressings thereon. The party was a great success as far as the hosts and their assistants were concerned; but the guests don't seem to be at all enamoured by the performance.

We get topping sweets here. The canteen specializes in C. Fees — nutty ones — which tempt us to overdo it, judging from the following:—

7 a.m.—On troop deck.

Private No. 1—"What's up, Crook?"

Private No. 2—"Yes, lump in me chest. I've eaten more lollies on this ship than I've eaten in all my life."

Not a bit surprising when you see the way the Corporal and his three hefty salesman handle the business. They are at it early and late, unpacking, sorting and putting the eatables up in paper bags ready for the rushes at 11 to 12 a.m., 1 to 1.30 p.m. and 5.30 to 8 p.m. It is easily seen that they do their bit and a bit over. If their jolly faces are anything to go by they certainly enjoy the fun.

Two Church of England chaplains are aboard, and they have the use of the fine second-class social hall, which they have converted into a chapel, circulating library and reading room. It is very comfortable, with cushioned seats and easy chairs, and is made full use of by the boys; often the floor is covered with men reading, as well as the seats. A short service of prayer is held each evening at 8.50, and afterwards the room is kept quiet for private devotions. Some splendid gifts of reading material have done much for the enjoyment of the men, viz: Five sacks from the Auckland Women's Patriotic League; four cases from the Christ church Red Cross, and several cases from the Lady Liverpool League Christian church. On Sundays there are held here three celebrations of Holy Communion, a song, with sermon, in the evening.

It's astonishing how these Y. M. C. A. chaps get to work with the men, so unobtrusively, too. Badly wanting a lemon, we strolled along to see if Mr. Eglin, the field secretary, could oblige, and, bless your heart, the contents of the old curiosity shop was nothing to the miscellany of articles we found in the Y. M. C. A. room; two hundred books, 16 cases of magazines, sweets, writing ma-

terials, requisites for darning and patching, even the brand new batches themselves, coffee and cocoa for free treats for the men; in fact, everything a sick or robust soldier could possibly want on a sea journey down to the very pens and ink. The latter they make themselves. What took my fancy was a cunning wee machine for sharpening the naughty lead pencils. The room opens at 8.30 a.m. The field secretary has an assisting corporal. They go at top, serving 45 to 50 men at each off duty time, those on mess and light duty dropping in between whiles.

Here, the latest and most popular method of dressing the hair makes it a thing of the past.

Short skirts are again in vogue. I have noticed one or two Mexican sombrero hats. I wonder if they are coming amongst us.

There is an old-fashioned hymn about stars in our crowns. The sergeants are wondering if, when they arrive in England, they will have stars on their arms.

We say Hip-Rah to B Company for simply walking over everyone else at kit-inspection. Without doubt their's was a very neat turnout.

If you ever have the good luck to make Sister Chalmers's acquaintance, ask her for her definition of a nice man. She has a very original one. The editor of the paper has it by now, and Punch is offering a hundred pounds down on the bargain. Will Lance-Corporal Cardston be weak enough to part with it? The fact is, "money wouldn't buy it."

We wish Lieutenants Hill and Barron many happy returns on their birthday.

There is a great run on T parties. The babes must have heard that old saying that "the way to a man's heart is through his appetite." The C. O. had better beware, for there is more in that special brew than meets the eye.

We have had a case of supposed suicide. It's hard to say whose fault it was. Anyway, he was fed up and made up his mind to put an end to his misery. At the last moment—in case he might change his mind—he took a spin all round the ship and a look over the clear, purple water; then, near the crow's nest, he thought the matter over. Evidently he had the courage to carry out his convictions, for he took a flying leap into the sea, nor has he been heard of since. Poor old Poi! No one seems to mind. They say he was a croaky old devil! Moral: If you want to be missed when you die, be a good-natured old beggar.

### THE FIRST CONCERT.

The Specs' Pierrott concert was a fine affair, right from the opening chorus, down to the last item, which fairly took the place by storm. Lance-corporal Cardston would have us believe that he is fond of Dutch tulips. Was it the splendid way he sang the good old song that made us all believe that we are fond of them, too? Sergeant Poole gave us a fascinating violin solo, and I may state that on many other occasions Sergeant Poole has discoursed sweet music, for which the sisters and officers tender their sincerest appreciation. Private Willie Simpson, from Auckland, was out on his own in his little contribution of impersonations. Gunner Croll gave a very fine exhibition of lightning sketches, not the least of them be-



uch hale, more  
hip is better  
nd. No more  
to be unfortun  
r, chatter, sing  
ing and tramp  
it play. I  
to the C. O.  
across sea  
No wonder th

paper. All  
suspicion an  
very other pe  
bet of do it  
root from sea  
a guilty plea  
Peeping Tom

's one sur  
to has been a  
le has great  
figure and a  
tials on the  
ous sympathy  
d in his pro-  
hob-nob with  
sure to hip-  
"Excuse me,  
a lengthy an  
nd the "wee  
se, our deat  
had to make  
now about the  
inner of alle

## "THE 'REMUERIAN"



THE WEDDING PARTY

ing his O. C. I wonder if he was paying off an old score? However, he brought the "ship" down, so to speak.

We say Hip-rah to Sig. Skam for his pretty rendering of "That Dear Old Home of Mine." Sig. McCullough sang that pathetic little song called "In a Quaint Old-fashioned Town," to a grateful audience. "I'm on My Way to Mandalay," by Gunner Braithwaite," was hailed with such delight that we wondered if the lads were anxious to get rid of him. That popular cheery stunt, "Another Little Drink Wouldn't Do Us Any Harm," was sung by Corporal Hopkins. Lance Corporal Caréston and Gunner Croll. They made a witty addition relating to the Ship's Commander and the C. O., which made the audience burst its sides with laughing. Another trio, Gunners Braithwaite and Shepherd, with Lance Corporal Caréston, were loudly applauded by all hands. Then Sig Worsley gave us one of his brilliant pianoforte selections, which are keenly sought after by all and sundry; needless to say he did justice with his customary skill. Here again we offer our sincerest thanks to this talented young man for so often snatching us away from dull care by wafting sweet music throughout the lounge.

Corporal Stewart also gladdened our hearts, making them lighter and merrier by far ere he finished his charming pianoforte selections. Last, but not least, came the wedding party, at whom the never-satisfied spectators simply

screamed with laughter. Gunner Croll, as the bride, looked very chic in a wedding gown of snowy georgette and true lover's knots of turquoise blue, over ivory satin. He wore the orthodox veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of queen roses. The bridesmaids were Billy Couch from Auckland, and Harry Herne, from Hawera. The former looked sweet and demure in mouse-colored silk taffeta, a bewitching bonnet of frou-frou lace and dinky pink rosebuds—and carried a bunch of violets. The sky-scraper was at great pains to keep a straight face, but failed hopelessly, owing to the over-candid remarks his mates made about his height, hair, hat, silk stockings, a stunning bodice of crepe-de-chine and crinoline of rose-pink glace silk over accordion pleated charmeuse satin. We really cannot repeat all the witty criticisms, suffice it to say that we were simply swept off our feet by it—or the lurch of the ship. The heartily-sung national anthem brought the very enjoyable concert to a close.

### CONCERT NO. 2.

A. Coy. was simply rushed; the place being tightly packed in consequence. Sisters in grey, red and white adorned the front stalls—officers in khaki the gallery—the brave soldiers were everywhere—God bless them—and the chief officer with his special friends lounged in the luxurious boxes.

The ship's orchestra gave an overture which was just the shining shilling—then Cpl. Blandford made his debut. His song was short and sweet, but the lads were not going to be had that way and the bashful youth was dragged, by applause, back to the footlights and compelled to do his duty like a man. Tackling the song afresh he turned out a fine piece of work—much to everyone's delight.

Some patter by Lieuts. Jenkins, Raeburn and Flood showed those energetic youths in a different light to that of card sharppers, and they were briskly applauded.

L.-Cpl. Wright came to the fore with a pretty clarinet solo, and did his bit with skill and neat judgment.

Pte. Simpson, from Auckland, excelled himself once again and many and flattering were the compliments we heard bestowed upon his artful and life-like recitations. It is easily seen he is a great favorite with the public.

The 3rd Engineer, Mr. Molison, captured all hearts with his magnificent voice. One has only to hear to be enraptured and everyone hopes to be enraptured again.

The orchestra chipped in a second time much to the crowds satisfaction.

Pte. George was not going to be beaten by Cpl. Blandford—nor was he—for he sang his piece like a Briton, just before Cpl. Blandford got in his second and better dash.

The Boys and their Band made the success of the evening. They had only to look at the eager, laughing faces thronging about them to find the great credit and applause they deserved for their clever tho' spoony efforts. Truly they made much ado about nothing with fine effect.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Every one is anxious to hear the name of the firm who turned out the beautiful instruments, as numerous orders for a similar set are forthcoming.

### SPORTS.

The fun at the first sports was greatly exaggerated by the unexpected rolling of the ship at the most inopportune moments. Just when you felt the pig's eye under your foot the ship lurched and you scratched your mark on the end of the tail, or, right out of bounds—when a sympathetic crowd cackled with merriment at your lack of judgment—it mattered not that you were blind-folded. In the finals, two Ptes. from C. Coy—who were—Just, Toogood for everybody else, rushed off with the prizes.

Not content with winning the cup at Trentham, for most points all round—at sports. These Ceetes must pinch the Pig's eyes—just like the pair of rogues they are.

When the lads had the apples on a string, the ship again began its pranks. Proof against fierce temptation to call the ship names, our boys went, eyes out, to do their worst. They put in some solid work, which resulted in Pte. Bryson standing up to his apple and eating it like a gentleman, he lost, however, while his two rivals riggled after theirs, on their chests, as to the manner born.

The prizes fell to L-Cpl Lowe B Coy., Pte Armstrong Specs, and the special prize to Pte. Walker. Specs again!

The Peg Quoit competition was hot and strong—L-Cpl. Weld Specs, and Pte. Holt A. Coy. carrying off the trophies.

McConochie squad drill was intensely thrilling. Even the most wily being caught red-handed by some trivial remark or command from the infallible O. C. To jerk, to tremble, or to wink at the psychological moment was fatal, and finally only the invincible remained.

These were put to the supreme test on the 2nd day when the goats were separated from the sheep by the same drastic treatment. After a severe struggle L-Cpl Dickson and Pte Miles, both of A.Coy., threw up their hands—they stuck to each other until the last terrible moment and were presented with a prize for their gallant resistance.

The Blind-folded Boxing called for a good deal of skilful manoeuvring on the part of the officers engaged in superintending the sport. Lieut. Pettit being involved with a belligerent on several occasions, when grave fears were entertained for his safety. However, he managed to escape without damage and L-Cpl. Pannell (Specs) and L-Cpl Lowe and Pte. McIntyre, B. Coy. are to be complimented upon their plucky exhibition—for which they were rewarded.

By far the most comical, the whistling competition aroused a fair amount of anxiety. It isn't all beer and skittles to try and whistle with a half masticated biscuit in one's mouth, as those who were game enough to try can testify, yet two undaunted privates, L. C. Smith and Drummond rose to the occasion and

managed to whistle off a few more laurels for C. Coy.

The officers and senior N. C. O.'s Tug-of-war was a serious affair until the game was won. Judging by the strained faces of Lieut. Pountney and his fellow officers it might have been the crucial moment of the great war. Joking aside—it was an anxious time. For the officers at least, must at all times set a good example to their men, even winning greater battles, by far, than Tug-of-war.

The N. C. O.'s vanquished and the strains over at last. Sister Chalmers nimbly mounted a seat and after making an appropriate speech presented a trophy to the captain of the winning team—amid loud cheers.

With his usual good nature Lieut. Stewart handed out a share of the spoils to the rest of the team, who, to their horror, discovered it was a wash out; the natty bundles of tissue paper containing potatoes only—earthy ones at that—as a bystander remarked to his mate "The sister got a dirty one on to them." However, all's well that ends well and the little episode is the joke of the sports. Tug-of-war—Those Specs actually won another game.

Volunteering was not brisk at the Pillow-fight. Perhaps the "vaccination" had a lot to do with the slackness. It wasn't like our lads to fight shy of it. When conscription was carried straightway vim became visible and from that on the fight became a huge success—Champion Lc. Morrow, A. Coy. Runner-up Pte. George A. Coy.

We tender our thanks to Major Powell for a tin of delicious homemade Turkish Delight.

Deck Quits are in full swing and biceps are developing in consequence. Sister Chalmers and the ship's doctor are "warm material". Fair wind or foul weather—it is hard work to get a game from them. Dr. Wishart is an obliging referee, but a wee bit biased unless you make it worth his while. At all events you must keep an eye on his scoring.

### B. COMPANY CONCERT.

When B. Coy. took their turn before the footlights, the concert room was full to the brim—nor were the anticipations of the audience disappointed.

The programme began with a selection by the ship's orchestra and we must compliment that little party upon its huge success.

"The Sunshine of Your Smile" brought dear, old "Mother Machree" onto the stage once more; for both these items we have to thank Pte. H. Cooper, who has a nice sympathetic voice.

Pte W. Scadden gave us a bush christening. This sent us all into peals of laughter. Pte. Scadden, the young monkey, evidently thinks a good laugh is a splendid tonic.

Rag Time Ipswich and Northwich by Pte. Tiney Vining succeeded in getting everyone so absolutely tied up that no one really did know which which was which. It was quite a relief when he changed the subject to "Are You From Dixie." We all agreed that Pte. Tiney ought to take to the stage.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Bugler Holly (garbed as a vagrant) gave two clever monologues which were well applauded by the boys.

The Ocarina duets by L-Opl Wright and Pte Williams were quite a novelty, besides a work of art; both these lads deserve promotion.

Pte. Beaupaire's weird exhibition of hypnotism was much appreciated by the men who stood, climbed or sat about the stage in such a manner as to resemble a dark wall.

The performance was uncanny to say the least, and not in favour with a great many of us. From the men's point of view it was alright—there's no accounting for taste.

The step dancing that followed by Pte. Wilman broke the spell and was most refreshing. Time and again the dancer was swept off his feet by his own elasticity when Pte. Tiny flew to his rescue, and succeeded in jerking him into an upright position. The temperature was stifling, however. Pte. Wilman gave us an encore for which he deserves three cheers.

Cpl. D. Ashley, who has a charming voice, sang that favourite little song "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." Then the singing of the National Anthem brought a very successful concert to an end.

Best congratulations to B. Company.

### C. COMPANY CONCERT.

This concert was given on the evening of June 20th on the starboard side of the boat deck and went with a hilarious bang from start to finish. The first performance by the ship's band received much applause, which was quite equalled by the reception given to the "Six Pros." The smart reference to certain "Wowers" re shorts brought forth much laughter from the huge audience. A well-known Highland song by Pte. Drummond set all the Scotch hearts tingling, and was followed by a very witty recitation from that son of Erin, Pte. Melvor.

Sgt. Poole, without whom a ship's concert would be sadly wanting, then gave us two delightful solos on his violin. We take this opportunity of thanking the gallant Sergt. for all the pleasure he has given us during the voyage.

Mr. Mollison, the ship's 3rd Engineer, then delighted the company with a couple of songs in his merry and nautical style. He was followed by that youthful humorist Pte. Simpson, whose successful imitation of the inebriated, suggested a long course of practice. A contrast to this boisterous fun was the performance of Pte. L. S. Smith, who in his two songs, brought a real genuine note of pathos into the proceedings.

The concert was concluded by some dexterous and clever card tricks by Pte. Melvor, and a puzzled and mystified—albeit happy crowd rose to attention on the first note of "God Save the King."

### BRIDGE NOTES.

As is usual at sea, quite a lot of time has been devoted to Auction Bridge—an excellent card game, in which a man more clearly reveals his character than any other.

The C. O. is a habitue of the commander's school. His play is not of good quality and this coupled with bad cards and faulty judgment, has caused numerous losses. However, he is a "kicker" and when ever there is a chance of declaring he declares.

The commander is a very sound player in every way. His one fault is the intimidation of his partner. The chief engineer is too wanting in bridge courage, to be successful. Among other prominent players is Lieut. Barron, a sound player, whose devotion to poker renders his playing at time unstable.

Lieut. Stewart is sound, Lieut. Hill sound, with a bearing towards caution, while Lieut. Morrison at times is frankly bad.

The poor fatherless engineers or the Mary Janes as they are called—have had a bad time. Having been turned out of their cabins, the isolation and ship's hospital, when I saw them last they were living in a large crate, and punching meat tickets up on deck in their off time—or rather when they had finished their fatigue. They look a healthy, happy lot of lads, although fate is against them.

There is a fine little hospital of 10 beds on board, with dispensary attached, also a plentiful supply of hot and cold water and sterilizing apparatus.

Cpl. Brooks is the dispenser. The 10 orderlies do duty in turn under the supervision of the sisters.

The two Isolation Hospitals have 4 and 6 beds respectively.

Lectures are given to the orderlies by the Troop's M. O. and the Ship's M. O. The many hospital comforts sent by the ladies of New Zealand have proved of great use to the sick men.

There was an extra fine sunset the other evening. Tea had just started when the strong rays penetrating through the port holes threw halos over the heads of those men facing the ports.

Indeed so strong was the light that several men had to use their hands to shield their eyes.

Then the Q. M. inquired if the men had seen the sunset—where upon they left their tea—sardines, strawberry jam, etc., and rushed on deck and to the port holes. Many and various were the opinions expressed. Hokitika men declared that they had the finest sunsets in their county. H. B. that they had the best and so forth. However, they all agreed that the exquisite sunset before them was hard to beat.

In fact it was the finest they had ever seen. The sunset also cast its tranquil spell over the "quoit" places on the boat deck.

Cordially yours,  
"MOLL."

Dear "Sister":

Everybody thinks that the ship's police have got a soft job on. Well, the ladies have always supported us—how many times have our conferees on shore been of great assistance to Mrs. Pankhurst—so we think it is up to you to disperse this impression. Morning or night we are chasing men out of "possies". Some fel-

## "THE REMUERIAN"

lows think that this ship is a pleasure yacht, all they have to do is take root in some corner and vegetate, and its only with the assistance of the "sweepers" that some do not.

Do not think that we are "grumbling" but now that Woman's Rights are recognized we place our views before you.

We are enjoying the trip. Some good, we always did think the "Johns" in Trenthem were a healthy looking crowd and now we begin to understand why the army of to-day is all right.

On behalf of the police, we are your hearty supporters.

George, Mokau, Jack.

Now then Jack, what the — are you doing? Looking for you—Looking for me! I've been up since five to six on this bath parade, wet through too.—That's the worst of trying to find "little" fellows in the dark.

### THE HISTORY OF THE THIRTY AND EIGHTH REINFORCEMENTS?

(According to the Book of Flood.)

Now it came to pass that a great multitude was gathered together at the place which was called Trentham. They were to become soldiers for the forefront of the Great Battle which was raging in the world and they became known as the thirty and ninth reinforcements. But it became necessary for yet greater haste. Therefore the Governors of the land did change them into the thirty and eighth reinforcements.

They began then under the teachings of the divers learned men who were there assembled for that purpose to practice the arts of war. After many days they became fierce and mighty soldiers.

There were many among them who indulged in an art known as "swinging the lead." By falling sick and other sinful means sought to escape from conflict with the enemy. The women of the land heaped scorn and loathing upon them, not taking heed of their manner of doing so, which is the way of women. But the men were shameless and could not be persuaded. Instead they hid themselves in the wilderness.

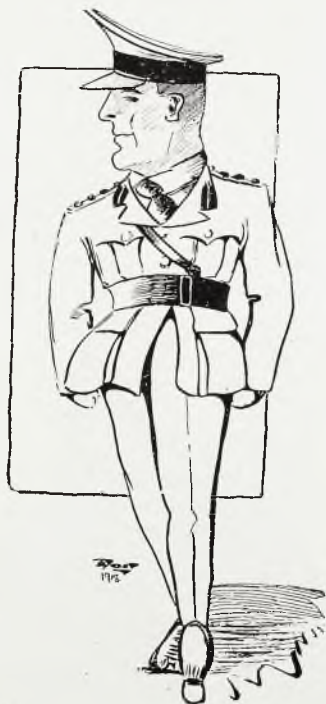
And the ones remaining, after many days, journeyed to a place afar off which was called Featherston. At this place was discovered unto them divers men of great wickedness who wore as part of their raiment, a blue band about their heads. One of these was Parker, or A.P.M., and his years were but one score and ten. Those placed in authority over the men who were called officers, loved not this man.

Now it was the custom in the land to give the men some days in which to visit the homes of their fathers. This was done even while the men were yet at Featherston. Many there were who discovered upon arrival at their father's house, fences which the oxen and other beasts trampled under foot. These and divers other happenings, as the death of an aged aunt, the sale of lands, even the ministering of herbs to a sick ox by the wayside were reasons for a sojourn of yet greater length.

Notwithstanding all these things a great many of the men returned and subjected themselves unto those in authority.

Verily evil times must come to an end and it came to pass that the multitude after many days journeyed again to the place which was called Trentham.

Evil men were to the forefront here too, yea even as it was in Featherston. One of these was called Keen. Verily he was a "bight." And his years were one score and ten also and had been filled with wickedness. At that time it became necessary for the thirty and ninth to pursue with still more violence their practice in war. They were taught to use their weapons until they became exceedingly skilled. Verily was it said of them, yea and unto them "Lo! Ye are the best ever." Only their officers were defiled.



THE ADJUTANT

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Now there were many who were as yet not satisfied with the period of time given them in the house of their fathers. These therefore went in a great body to those in authority and lifting up their voices cried: "Shall it be said of you that ye denied us that which we ask, even on the very eve of battle?"

And one of high rank spoke unto them softly and with words which were of a honeyed sweetness, "Go ye now quietly to your sleeping places and I will refer the subject to the Governors of the land!" And deceived by these words they went their way.

But another spoke to them even after the night had passed and exhorted them with passion. "Take heed of what ye do, lest the powers of the land rise up and strike in their wrath. If you need be great go your ways quietly to the homes of your fathers." It was in this way that many went their way.

Now at that time began a day of great rejoicing. The young men vied one with another in games and feats of strength. Those of their women who could be spared came from afar off to witness the festivities and rejoiced exceedingly when one of their house overcame the adversary. Those who were called officers mounted them upon great chargers and rode in a race. Some there were who being unskilled in the management of these animals did fall by the wayside, and

caused great laughter among the multitude assembled. Ay, verily it was a big day.

The days which followed were fraught with much shouting and noise and preparation, for the day of departure was close at hand. Many things had yet to be done. Baggage was packed and borne off to a great ship which was by the water's edge. It was done at length and all were safely housed. Now of those who went of their own accord to the house of their fathers many returned to the ship. These were judged and each was fined five pieces of silver for each day and received also an award of much C.B. In much excitement the ship was cast off and the long journey began. The second history of the thirty and eighths is written in the book of Haig in the forty-second chapter.



### WITH OUR FRIENDS OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

The ubiquitous Red Triangle is now a household word. From the Home base to the far flung front line trenches, it stands as a home away from home, with open arms to serve the fighting men, from sunrise to sunset.

Right under the flash of the enemy's howitzers camouflaged lies many a dug-out, bearing that mystic but ever-welcome red



THE PIERROTS





SMILING "SCADDIE"  
The Appendicitis Patient

#### AN APPRECIATION OF OUR OFFICERS.

"Some are born great!" wrote the immortal Bard of Avon, "some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them," and even so, it is.

May we not truly say that the officers with us, aboard the ship, the officers of the reinforcement, have had real greatness thrust upon them? Have they not been honoured in the highest sense of the word, by being detailed to command the perfect Thirty-eighths?

Let us hope that they honestly and thoroughly appreciate their great glory and strive in all their deeds and words to uphold our great name. We must now proceed further, and examine into their qualifications for this great and onerous responsibility. Have they indeed merited their good fortune? They have fought our foes for us, and held them at bay in the early days of the struggle, when we were unprepared for the burden, when some of us were loathe to leave our happy homes, and all of life that we held dear. But the tide of Hun invasion had to be stemmed, Maoriland had to do her share in the stemming. Someone had to fill the breach and hold the fort, till aid could come; someone had to restrain the haughty Hun,

who overbearing in all his preparedness swept like a cyclone through Belgium. And these "Our Officers" were among the first who answered the call, of dying liberty and lent their aid.

Have they ever on our transport permitted their authority to grow irksome; have they presumed upon the power of their commissions to be unnecessary exacting or overbearing? No! again emphatically no! If they have not treated us like pampered girls, they have at any rate always remembered that officers, n.c.o.'s and privates are all men and they dealt with us, as men should deal with men.

They are not paragons of virtue, nor do they claim to be such, but, we may say in good sooth that they have achieved their own greatness.

#### Tribute to Our Halifax Friends

##### How "The Remuerian" was Printed

The 38th Reinforcements will ever remember the business firms of "The Halifax Herald", and the Royal Print and Litho., Limited. The universal desire of the whole ship's company to have the "Remuerian" printed at a waypost received a terrible blow on arrival there, when it was learned with dismay that it was impossible to have the treasured souvenir printed, fortunes of war accounting for the heavy shortages in the staffs of the printing works, this alone being responsible for the apparent disappointment. Undaunted Lieut. Curtis and the "Remuerian" staff with Nil Disperandum as a motto, made a personal request to Senator Dennis of Halifax, and on that gentleman learning the nature of the souvenir he immediately decided that the "Remuerian" would be printed, even if his daily paper "The Halifax Herald" had to cease publication and he gave instructions to his staff to report for duty on the Sunday morning, and requested as much help from the ship's company as possible. Work commenced on Sunday morning, the staff assisted by Pvt. T. Rhodes, of the Medical Corps, as line operator, and the editorial staff as readers. Long into the hours of the night they all worked, Senator and Mrs. Dennis extending the hand of hospitality to such an extent, that when it was absolutely necessary for the staff to secure a little rest, that coveted rest was in their beautiful home. The manager of the printing works personally congratulated our only operator Tommy Rhodes, and he stated that Tommy was as good a man as could be found anywhere. Needless to say every member of our ship's company, who now possesses the treasured "Remuerian", an established record of the trip, thanks Senator and Mrs. Dennis and Messrs. W. H. Dennis, Perry, Dexter, Vaughan, Pope, and their combined staffs for giving such generous assistance.

The whole ship's company wishes our Halifax friends "KIA-ORA" (Good Luck).



Barry: Sorry we cannot publish your amendments to infantry training. Your method of forming fours from single rank seems, however, to be quite sound.

Fitz: We agree with you. The practice of hiring a special tug should, however, be discontinued.

Monty: It was only right that before allowing your parcels on board the authorities insisted upon you giving an undertaking not to enter into competition with the canteen.

Big Mac: The consumption of a certain amount of vinegar, say half a pint, per day, should help tone your system up.

Blindfold Fighter: It's a pity you didn't know it was an officer you were hitting—you could have hit harder.

Mate: Yes, Cinnamon is a hot-stuff mess orderly.

Orderly: If you did have cocoa and sardines for supper, sorry you all can't be baby zabras.

Urewera: Yes, Corporal Mac has been on the mat again, but you know that's nothing new for anyone from the Urewera country. I know he had 14 days' C.B. and in all probability will be sent back by return boat for losing his housewife.

C. Coy: Poor McOnion was not 'arf crook, or was it just swaying the pencil a little?

No. 9: Re your queries. We'll endeavour to answer you as desired. (1) Will get 'Fitts' for telling you. (2) You can search me. (3) Squared the military police. (4) The staff S.M. can select a cat from a variety on board. (5) With the chiropodist. (6) I am and I could (Editor). (7-8) Deleted by the censor.

Scragger 73930: Corporal Triggs decorated was not bestowed upon him by the King; I feel sure it was an accident. Re Nugget: I am forwarding some dubbin for that eleven aside of his. Thank you Toby.

Ejected: Certainly we agree with Liuet. L—that the small point of a bayonet cannot be despised.

Disatisfied: We do not presume to decide trade union functions; that is not our department and if you do note with dismay that certain mess orderlies are contemplating asking for rises in wages, we very much regret we must refer you to Signaller Matheson, the All-Highest on trade union etiquette.

Freddy W.: Even could we help you in your desire to have the boat stopped during meals, you are certainly well over the fence in asking us to use our influence to secure you a sleeping-in pass.

Bella Coak: This department is in no way responsible for leave being stopped this week-end. Your wrath is nothing to the disgust your question gave us.

Bob: Thanks for copy of routine orders. Like you the editors think it unnecessary to remove their glass eyes on the first sign of sea-sickness. Had it been false teeth—well—are you listening, Harry?

Racehorse owner: No the result of the Birthday Handicap cannot be wirelessed to us. We are afraid you will find it difficult to obtain a copy of the N.Z. Turf Register at Sling.

Total Abstainer: You certainly had a nice final week-end in N.Z. No, the proprietor of the hotel will not be able to recover damages from a man on active service.

"THE REMUERIAN"

Seventeen Stone: We do not recommend Antipon. It has a depressing effect on the system. There is certainly not enough activity in a policeman's life to keep one healthy.

Tripper: Yes, the Remuera is a good boat to travel on. We hope you have a happy time in London. We are not allowed to mention the date she returns but feel sure you'll be in time.

Tourist: No, he was not in the Charge of Balaclava, but he is in charge of the balaclavas.

Honey Dew: It was a good joke but somewhat cruel. How was it the bottle only smelt of the "real Mackay".

Leave Demonstrators: It is in the song "Invictus" you will find the words, "It matters not how charged with punishment the scroll."

Boat Drill: Yes, we heard of your accident, but out of consideration to the force refrained from reporting it. We hope your lip will soon get better; meantime you should use only large glasses.

Dreamy Dan: Would suggest you get in touch with a reliable correspondence school; band conducting has sometimes been taught by this means.

Fighting Mac: Your suggestion to act as punching ball to six footers should prove popular.

Charlie: You may be awarded the Order of the Toilet in next Birthday Honours. Meantime we advise you not to mention it to the lady.

Hurry Genuine: It is unfortunate that the Dental Staff sent no more appointment cards for you. You must be careful to keep the cold air out of your mouth.

Big Scotch: We are sorry you have been over-worked in your job. You must remember to take your pipe from your mouth on three occasions; when commencing a meal, saluting an officer, or kissing a lassie.

Hoppy: It wasn't a submarine you saw the second day out nor yet a flying-fish; we are really very much surprised; the specks need a change.

Miss Smith: Yes, there are several ballet-dancing schools on board but terms are strictly in advance. Re your latest love affair. It is hardly fair of you to expect this department to give such advice gratis. You could summons him. The age of discretion is a matter of opinion; most people never reach it.

Joe Craigie: We recommend you to Hodder and Stoughton's 1s 6d edition of "Why did the cuke go cruke?" obtainable at all bookstalls in U.S.A.

Spec: No, like you the editors think Smyth one of the whitest, although he comes from Timaru.

Geordie Ellis: Yes, in my mind Pete and yourself are some couple, the mob are grateful to you both for the many pleasant duets on the piano and violin. But tell me, did Pete always play at churches on Sundays.

Corn Sufferer: It is your own fault; because Dr. Bunion in private life is an architect, it does not follow that he can draw corns. Even if he did figure out foundations of buildings, human foundations, especially of the feet, are totally different.

Enquirer: Corporal Neave is his name, a little chap, with a quaint mode of speech, slightly Hiaw Haw, but most obliging round these parts.

Long Tom: Have advised the lads that your corkscrew is loaned out on the hire system.

Jack Morrow: Did you miss her so much. Herb Taylor: England can never offer the same attractions to you that Lyall and Oriental Bays did.

Pte. ———: Yes, I'll take your word for it that on last foot inspection day land was sighted.

Dick: We trust you will be successful in your dealings with the British War Trophies Committee. Your kit-bag is probably the most interesting in the army.

Jamaican: Yes, dearie, it gospel. Sergeant Smellie and Sergeant Daw got away with a 4s dinner at a third rate hotel at Kingston for the price of a bottle of lager. Yes, like you I'm hoping they will ease their conscience by spending that money in "Remuerians."

Sergt. Wrigley: Who told you about Wilf Rattray, you've nothing on him and he's not married.

Corp Brooks: Why worry old chap; the whole crowd of them are not worth it.

Medical Corp: Will instruct Gunners to remember he is to be known as Sawby; what did you do to help anyway?

Stiffy Young: It is unanimously agreed we take off our hats to your easily won laurels at lead-swinging.

Appendicitis: Never mind. Scad, old chap, the editor will write her for you; don't trust Spud Murphy, he is married.

Tommy Rhodes: You are quite in error, it is now passed an engagement. Dick Leach is now Mrs Murphy; Spud came up to scratch only at the point of the bayonet.

Reg: You belittle the town you come from. No self-respecting Wanganuite would leave his money belt where you did.

George Hanlon: Dave Hipkins and Milton Wood both declare you a dodger, the Doc, remembering all the cigarettes you gave him, is only neutral.

Private Scadden: It was not your appendix that was exhibited for your inspection, but a genuine lizard, legs, tail and all; a find by those medicos on the heights above Constant Springs. I am surprised at a fully qualified sister mistaking a lizard in a bottle for a pickled appendix. It really does not say much for her training.

## "THE REMUERIAN"

Corp. Speck: It certainly was hard luck Ernie, but this department cannot use its influence as you suggest. You should keep a bucket there, and even then you had the human pull through.

Sergt. MacQ—: Yes! Spearmint does retain its flavour overnight, despite the fact that you had it stuck to the saloon walls.

To Nosey: No, we are not in sympathy with the energetic ship's assistant who was reprimanded by his chief, for talking to the sisters, instead of being at his allotted station. You are entirely mistaken, he is not related to Lord Devonport, the recent food controller of England.

From C. Coy.: Some dreamer that chap in No. 11 Platoon, from Hamilton I think, who wants to go home, dear mother?

Bill: If beauty is only skin deep, then Sergt. Hansen must be thick skinned.

Frank: It must be clearly understood that the ship's inspection is not a muster parade.

Bitten: The vaccination stunt has not been too kind to some poor fellows, in fact more than one arm is "Aitken" yet.

Parrot: Yes! We have some very clever birds on board, besides canaries and cockatoos, one often sees a "Hawke" drilling.

Cleanliness: It really is a pity that the Sergeants should spoil their denims at mess times, by neglecting to use their serviettes.

To C. Coy's orderly-room clerk: No, you are quite in error, those two gunners Noel and Trevor always with the ship's quartermaster

have nothing in keeping with royalty. Cannot you be true to one black-eyed Susan.

Red Triangle helpmate. Re medicine king McGuire. We certainly miss his merry countenance and I know he regrets missing his cobbles. His laugh was medicine to lots down in the dumps, then again you know his "slight exaggerations" were a treat. But haven't you a model soldier in the mallet-manipulator, a real beauty and he is more than Airtsen, that's certain.

Y.M.C.A.: Re passenger: We are sure that L-Cpl Byatts will be better when the ship reaches dry land. It is too bad that he should worry about missing parades.

Andy: Despite the fact that Corp. Chapman lives in that notorious alley, he has no connection with cabins 128 and 124.

Bessy: Your article is unfit for publication; this is not the 'Stratford News.'

Sergeant D. Coy: Yes, it is a fact. Grandad did walk the floor with you and despite your objections the C.O.'s orderly happened to be right that time. Yes, he is enjoying the trip. Thanks for enquiries.

Fatalist: Yes, Gunner Dunlop still enjoys the freedom of the ship. You were quite mistaken; it isn't him at all. Yes, it's just as big as ever; I happen to know.

Three popular ladies on board are the stewardesses, their courtesy, obliging disposition and always ready to help in any way at all, is greatly appreciated by the whole ship's company.



OUR MEDICAL STAFF

## "THE REMUERIAN"

**Medico:** Yes the Doctor does wear the same vicious look, when operating as when cockfighting—no wonder vaccine has its terrors.

**Gambler:** Even if the ship does pitch and toss, that's no reason why you should gamble.

**C. Coy.:** Things evidently are not all O.K. with your company. Simply "Kay."

**C. Coy.:** You should not worry about parrots escape, if it does return you will be able to "Pet-it."

**C. Coy.:** Yes! Some of those yarns are "Toogood" to be true.

**C. Coy.:** Yes. That gas helmet stunt makes you all at sea.

**C. Coy.:** We hear that a certain defaulter is going to give somebody "Fitts" for getting so much C.B.

**Ship's Steward:** No, we do not know who hit Pills, nor the cause of the argument; however, it is better now, so why worry.

**Machine-gunner:** No, I have never seen Lieut. Rice in shorts, and to me that has no relationship to his matrimonial status. Your letter is unworthy of the standing of a gunner.

**Stickynose:** Yes, your sergeant-major was born in Boston; hence his always rushing the bean dish at the mess-table. He could have been king of Albania had the princess said yes (she didn't) so he still is a sergeant-major. He has a bad habit of chewing gum and saying Goddam.

**The Twins:** Considering the special circumstances mentioned, we think you are both entitled to more sick leave on reaching Blighty.

**Morry:** No, the name frowsy is not libelous, it is merely a bridge term of endearment.

### 2ND-LIEUTENANT MORRISON.

We regret to announce that 2nd-Lieut. Morison was brought to bed by sunstroke dur-

ing the passage through the tropics. At first his condition gave rise to some anxiety, but we now hear that he is well on the high-road to convalescence. Second-Lieut. Morrison was badly wounded in the head during the early days of the Somme offensive. He was subsequently discharged, but joined up again after a few months in New Zealand.

We understand that his old wound somewhat complicated his present illness, and the whole ship's company join in wishing him a speedy recovery. May his cheery and invigorating personality again be felt amongst us before we reach "Blighty."

**BIRTHS.**—**TABB.**—At her residence, Stewards' Cabin, 3rd Class Saloon, to Mrs Tabb, three healthy kits (not sea kits) thanks to Dr. Cyril and Nurse Smith, C. Company.

**MARRIAGE.**—**POOLIE - PATERSON.**—At cabin 56, the above two were tied up after much difficulty, something definite at last. No cards.

**DEATHS.**—**BUDGE.**—At sea, on June 14th, after a sereaching flight for life, Polly, dearly beloved and only old maid on the ship, property of Electrician Budge. No flowers. Friends please accept this, the only intimation.

### OUR ARTIST.

He takes a thing most commonplace and dull,  
And shows us beauty smiling in its heart;  
He makes a poem of familiar scenes,  
That we despise because our minds are small;  
A song of joy he sings to cheer the world;  
Encourage it and bid it hope again;  
And then, because we do not understand,  
Because we think that money is his aim,  
Because a hundred reasons make us blind,  
To what he sees, despair falls on his soul,  
And all that gladness he had thought to share  
Fades in the Darkness,  
Until he returns from you know where.

—At Sea, June 10th, 1918.



# NOMINAL ROLL

## 38TH REINFORCEMENTS

<b>Commanding Officer</b>	Corpl. Frisby, R.	Pte. Dalton, T. W.
Lieut.-Col. Saunders, E. H.	Corpl. Tyrrell, W. G.	Pte. Dry, R. H.
<b>Ship's Permanent Staff.</b>	Corpl. Booth, W. R.	Pte. Esther, D.
Capt. Martin, R. E. J., Ship's	Corpl. Mulholland, F. B.	Pte. Fisher, A. D.
Adjutant and Quartermaster.	Corpl. Short, F. W.	Pte. Fricker, C. A.
S. S. M. (W. O.) Ivimey, F.E.B.	Corpl. Westerholm, H. A.	Pte. Fitzsimons, J.
N. Z. Permanent Staff (at-	Corpl. Triggs, A. W.	Pte. Graves, W. J.
tached to reinforcement.)	Corpl. Barry, J. H.	Pte. Green, C. W.
S. Q. M. S. McEwen, A.	Corpl. Ellis, H. D.	Pte. George, H.
Sergt. Dawe, E. A., E. R., Ship's	Corpl. Blandford, A. B.	Pte. Gallagher, J.
Record Clerk.	Corpl. Dandy, H.	Pte. Geale, C. V.
<b>N. Z. A. S. C.</b>	L. Cpl. Morrow, A. F. H.	Pte. Griffiths, C. E.
2nd Lt. Curtis, J. V.	L. Cpl. Ferriman, G. D.	Pte. Greer, R.
<b>N. Z. A. N. S.</b>	L. Cpl. Taylor, H. T. H.	Pte. Gordon, K. S.
Sister Chalmer, M.	L. Cpl. McGregor, S. E.	Pte. Graham, F. C.
S. Nurse Goldsmith, E. McB.	L. Cpl. Dickinson, N. J.	Pte. Gordon, A. C.
S. Nurse Mercer, J. M.	L. Cpl. Morrison, L. M.	Pte. Groube, C. J.
S. Nurse Jackson, M. A.	L. Cpl. Campbell, J. G.	Pte. Goad, W. J.
S. Nurse Baker, E. L.	L. Cpl. Gregory, G. L.	Pte. Hartley, N.
<b>N. Z. M. C.</b>	L. Cpl. Mattingly, A. V.	Pte. Hamilton, R. B.
Lieut. Wishart, R. M.	L. Cpl. Wright, A. H. F.	Pte. Holt, J. I.
Corpl. Brooks, J. F.	Pte. Aitken, W. I.	Pte. Horner, J. W.
Pte. Hanlon, G. N.	Pte. Bakes, J.	Pte. Hendry, J.
Pte. Hipkins, D. A.	Pte. Basher, W. F.	Pte. Howell, N. A.
Pte. Hollis, R. C. J.	Pte. Bauchop, N. D.	Pte. Hope, W. J.
Pte. Leach, R. M.	Pte. Beadle, T. M.	Pte. Hall, F.
Pte. Murphy, F. G.	Pte. Beer, A. A. G.	Pte. Hastie, J.
Pte. Rattray, W. J.	Pte. Bennet, K. W.	Pte. Hanifin, J.
Pte. Rhodes, T.	Pte. Bihie, J. T.	Pte. Hayman, E. W.
Pte. Wood, L. M.	Pte. Blundell, D. P.	Pte. Hodgson, C. B.
Pte. Wrigley, A. E.	Pte. Bolton, J.	Pte. Irvine, R. A. W.
<b>N. Z. Army Pay Corp.</b>	Pte. Bradley, A. O.	Pte. Innes, A. G.
S. Sergt. Cullinane, T. W., and	Pte. Breading, R.	Pte. Innis, W. J.
S. Sergt. Pougere, M. H.,	Pte. Beazley, C. C.	Pte. Jack, F.
N. Z. A. Chaplains' Dept.	Pte. Boyd, A. W.	Pte. Kummert, A. W.
Major Powell, E. C. W.	Pte. Brooks, F. B.	Pte. Kelly, T. H.
Capt. Rice, E. D.	Pte. Boswell, T. E.	Pte. Kerrick, D.
<b>Y. M. C. A. Representative</b>	Pte. Baines, J. L.	Pte. Long, T. M.
Eglin, W.	Pte. Bugler Barnes, B. T.	Pte. Lyttle, J. W.
<b>"A" COMPANY</b>	Pte. Bartram, W. E.	Pte. Larsen, A. C.
2nd Lieut. Stewart, M. R.	Pte. Bleaken, G.	Pte. Lyall, K. C.
2nd Lieut. Flood, J. W.	Pte. Bryson, J.	Pte. Lee, G. W. C.
2nd Lieut. Jenkins, F. M.	Pte. Curtis, T. H.	Pte. Leslie, R. H.
C. S. M. Luxton, G. W.	Pte. Christophers, C. B.	Pte. Lamb, W.
C. Q. M. S. Mackay, E. V.	Pte. Cowan, J. E.	Pte. Miles, J. E.
Sergt. Bloomfield, L. F.	Pte. Cheeseman, J. H.	Pte. Murphy, J. F.
Sergt. Smellie, D. A.	Pte. Clark, W. O.	Pte. Morrow, J.
Sergt. Pownall, N. McS.	Pte. Cromar, C. F.	Pte. Martin, A.
Sergt. Rawson, A. J. S.	Pte. Carr, F. W.	Pte. Miles, M. R. A.
A. Sergt. Christensen, T.	Pte. Counihan, M. J.	Pte. Moorhead, J.
L. Sergt. Dunn, F. W. B.	Pte. Dean, G. A.	Pte. Maimeson, T. H.
	Pte. Dick, W. J.	Pte. McCarthy, T. F.
	Pte. Duggan, D.	Pte. McKay, D.
	Pte. Devlin, W. H.	Pte. McNab, R.
	Pte. Daniel, W. H.	Pte. McLeod, H.
	Pte. Days, L. R.	

"THE REMUERIAN"

Pte. McGill, A. C.	L. Corpl. Martin, L.	Pte. Nicol, L. G.
Pte. McNaughton, D.	Pte. Arnet, F.	Pte. Olsen, A. M.
Pte. McKeay, M. T.	Pte. Baldwin, F.	Pte. Oke, L. H. G.
Pte. McIntyre, J. A.	Pte. Black, G.	Pte. Pearce, B. M. A.
Pte. McCullam, C. D.	Pte. Barry, J.	Pte. Piper, A. W.
Pte. McEwan, J. W.	Pte. Bradley, M. F.	Pte. Poad, W. N.
Pte. Nicholson, J.	Pte. Bromley, J. H.	Pte. Payne, J. M.
Pte. Newton, J. W.	Pte. Buckley, M.	Pte. Pinny, E. G.
Pte. Nolan, R. J.	Pte. Beaurepaire, L. I.	Pte. Quinn, J. F.
Pte. Newland, J. D.	Pte. Bidmead, B. W.	Pte. Ross, W. J.
Pte. O'Connor, R.	Pte. Barkla, S.	Pte. Rae, P. B.
Pte. O'Hara, P. J.	Pte. Benson, T.	Pte. Reid, J.
Pte. Osborne, J.	Pte. Black, E.	Pte. Ritchie, H. K.
Pte. Officer, A. A.	Pte. Blacker, J.	Pte. Rowland, A. A.
Pte. Fother, N. F.	Pte. Blair, R. A.	Pte. Seymour, L. E.
Pte. Prattley, E. C.	Pte. Broadbent, A. M.	Pte. Stanford, R. S.
Pte. Pollock, I. McM.	Pte. Cooper, W. A.	Pte. Shepherd, L.
Pte. Puttick, A.	Pte. Clark, O. M.	Pte. Smith, G. C.
Pte. Prendergrast, T.	Pte. Chandler, C. B.	Pte. Scadden, W. L. J. C.
Pte. Pagel, R. S.	Pte. Collie, W. H.	Pte. Smith, H. M.
Pte. Reed, A. E.	Pte. Condon, W.	Pte. Starkie, A. E.
Pte. Robertson, D. H.	Pte. Cooper, H. C.	Pte. Stephens, B. O.
Pte. Richmond, W. H.	Pte. Donnelly, G.	Pte. Tuck, A. S. M.
Pte. Rentoul, P. A.	Pte. Duncan, J. S.	Pte. Telfer, W.
Pte. Robertson, J. S.	Pte. Darragh, W.	Pte. Tuff, G. A.
Pte. Ruthe, M. J.	Pte. Ewbank, H.	Pte. Upston, T.
Pte. Ross, A.	Pte. Foster, A. A.	Pte. Vaney, R. H.
Pte. Rusting, A. C.	Pte. Fake, W. H.	Pte. Vining, C. G. B.
Pte. Smallfield, R. E.	Pte. Fischer, O. A.	Pte. Voyce, J.
Pte. Spencer, G.	Pte. Friedrich, L. T.	Pte. Waters, R. H.
Pte. Scanlan, T.	Pte. Frewin, F. R.	Pte. Wilman, G. A. T.
Pte. Smith, J. J.	Pte. Greaves, J. E.	Pte. Wilson, E. A. T.
Pte. Shearer, J.	Pte. Guthrie, P.	Pte. Wilton, A. H.
Pte. Scott, D. H.	Pte. Giles, H.	Pte. Weir, C. G.
Pte. Smith, E. H.	Pte. Hayes, W.	Pte. West, S. N.
Pte. Squire, T.	Pte. Hannan, J.	Pte. Williams, M. A.
Pte. Shanaghan, J. G.	Pte. Holley, W. C.	Pte. Westneat, F. R.
Pte. Skinner, W. G.	Pte. Hooker, A. C.	Pte. Whittington, W. C.
Pte. Smith, A. G.	Pte. Horne, R. W.	Pte. Whitty, R. G.
Pte. Thompson, C. C.	Pte. Hudson, A. E.	Pte. Wigg, E. A.
Pte. Thompson, J. A.	Pte. Hanna, R.	Pte. Wilson, W. F.
Pte. Timpany, E. F.	Pte. Herbert, A. M.	Pte. Woods, J. A.
Pte. Wilson, W.	Pte. Hoskin, S.	Pte. Wyllie, J.
Pte. Warren, T. G.	Pte. Hodgetts, D. T.	
Pte. Woodward, W. J.	Pte. Ibell, P. T.	"C" COMPANY
Pte. Ward, F. C.	Pte. Johnson, H.	2nd Lieut. Morison, L. A.
Pte. Wilson, H. C.	Pte. Jury, V. R.	2nd Lieut. Fitzsimmons, E. R.
Pte. Wilson, Harry.	Pte. King, A. A.	2nd Lieut. Pettit, H.
	Pte. Kelsen, T.	C. S. M. Kay, M.
"B" COMPANY.	Pte. Leydon, D.	Q. M. S. Wilkie, C. H.
2nd Lieut. Hill, L. G.	Pte. Laing, A. H.	Sergt. Batchelor, J. M.
2nd Lieut. Parker, G. E.	Pte. Lauder, D.	Sergt. Hanson, E. G.
2nd Lieut. Bernard, V. R.	Pte. Locker, A.	Sergt. McFarlane, A. J. H.
C. S. M. Whitlock, W. A.	Pte. Lowery, T.	Corpl. Ince, J.
Q. M. S. Stewart, C. A.	Pte. Lyman, R.	Corpl. Jackson, A. W.
Sergt. Cook, C. N.	Pte. Lyster, W. H.	Corpl. Lawrence, A.
Sergt. Jones, E. M.	Pte. Langland, C. B.	Corpl. Lee, G. G.
Sergt. Harrison, H. D.	Pte. Lee, J. W.	Corpl. Molloy, J. F.
L. Sergeant Laurensen, T. P.	Pte. Mills, E. E.	Corpl. Montgomery, G.
Corpl. Ashley, C. D.	Pte. Moad, R. D. W.	Corpl. McDonnell, S. J.
Corpl. Daniels, H. R.	Pte. McLeod, J. F.	Corpl. Rowland, M. F.
Corpl. Hewit, W. H.	Pte. Mee, J. E.	Corpl. Woods, L. S.
Corpl. Kidd, R. D.	Pte. Murchison, L.	L. Corpl. Bracey, J. L.
Corpl. Linton, R. J.	Pte. Murphy, E.	L. Corpl. Chaytor, C.
Corpl. McDonald, C. C.	Pte. Murphy, J.	L. Corpl. Coss, C.
Corpl. Quigley, F.	Pte. McLean, G. L.	L. Corpl. Dilliear, L. R.
L. Corpl. Cartwright, J. L.	Pte. McMillan, J. W.	L. Corpl. Jeffs, C. S.
L. Corpl. Drown, L. H.	Pte. Mansfield, J. A.	L. Corpl. Johnstone, J. F.
L. Corpl. Greenfield, W. J.	Pte. McNamee, A. K.	L. Corpl. Larsen, H. V. S.
L. Corpl. Gordon, W. J.	Pte. Marston, J. H.	L. Corpl. Smith, B. D.
L. Corpl. Griffin, E. A.	Pte. Morgan, J. T.	L. Corpl. D.
L. Corpl. Lowe, W. E.	Pte. McIntosh, W.	Pte. Absalom, D.
L. Corpl. Lucas, J. H.	Pte. McIntyre, J. B.	Pte. Aitken, T. R.

" THE REMUERIAN "

Pte. Alexander, R. W.  
 Pte. Allechin, A. C.  
 Pte. Anderson, A. C.  
 Pte. Anderson, R.  
 Pte. Andrew, J.  
 Pte. Armstrong, H. E.  
 Pte. Bain, J.  
 Pte. Barlow, T. H.  
 Pte. Beattie, B. O.  
 Pte. Belford, J.  
 Pte. Bell, G.  
 Pte. Boswell, D. W.  
 Pte. Brown, M.  
 Pte. Browne, J. W.  
 Pte. Burridge, H. W.  
 Pte. Calvert, G.  
 Pte. Campbell, N.  
 Pte. Carpenter, R. M. B.  
 Pte. Chalmers, T. B.  
 Pte. Churton, F. L.  
 Pte. Clancey, H.  
 Pte. Clemmey, J.  
 Pte. Coggins, A.  
 Pte. Corless, B. J.  
 Pte. Corrigan, W. P.  
 Pte. Coyle, T.  
 Pte. Cox, W. J.  
 Pte. Craddock, T.  
 Pte. Deere, M.  
 Pte. Docherty, A. C.  
 Pte. Doyle, S. H. G.  
 Pte. Drummond, P.  
 Pte. Ellis, G.  
 Pte. Finlay, R. A.  
 Pte. Fleming, C. F.  
 Pte. Fletcher, F.  
 Pte. Geoghan, F. W.  
 Pte. Gibson, R. A.  
 Pte. Green, A. E.  
 Pte. Hamilton, N. A.  
 Pte. Harrison, W. R.  
 Pte. Harper, T.  
 Pte. Hawke, V. L.  
 Pte. Heald, W.  
 Pte. Herbert, C. A.  
 Pte. Hinton, E.  
 Pte. Hoar, C. W.  
 Pte. Jackson, H.  
 Pte. Jenkins, C. V.  
 Pte. Jenkins, H. A.  
 Pte. Just, H.  
 Pte. Kasper, C.  
 Pte. Kelliher, J. J.  
 Pte. King, P. J.  
 Pte. Lamot, H.  
 Pte. Lash, W. H.  
 Pte. Macdonald, C. W.  
 Pte. MacVicar, G. H.  
 Pte. Mahoney, A.  
 Pte. Martin, W. A.  
 Pte. Merrick, P.  
 Pte. Methven, W.  
 Pte. Montgomery, G. T.  
 Pte. Melvor, F.  
 Pte. McKinnon, R. A.  
 Pte. McLeod, R. F.  
 Pte. McMullien, W. H.  
 Pte. McQuillan, A.  
 Pte. McQuillon, H.  
 Pte. O'Connor, S.  
 Pte. Olsen, J. W.  
 Pte. O'Meara, A. N.  
 Pte. O'Neill, J.

Pte. Pickup, W.  
 Pte. Preece, T. G.  
 Pte. Quinn, C.  
 Pte. Robinson, G. W.  
 Pte. Robinson, G.  
 Pte. Scott, F. H.  
 Pte. Simpson, J.  
 Pte. Simpson, P. R.  
 Pte. Sinclair, D.  
 Pte. Slattery, J.  
 Pte. Smith, C. H.  
 Pte. Smith, C. T.  
 Pte. Smith, E. B.  
 Pte. Smith, E. R.  
 Pte. Smith, L. C.  
 Pte. Smith, S.  
 Pte. Stratford, J.  
 Pte. Tarbutt, G. S.  
 Pte. Taylor, A. G.  
 Pte. Torbett, J.  
 Pte. Towgood, A.  
 Pte. Trewna, R.  
 Pte. Tuckey, L. C.  
 Pte. Walsh, E. J.  
 Pte. Warnford, C. II.  
 Pte. Webb, R. C.  
 Pte. Wellburn, G.  
 Pte. Whelan, W. C.  
 Pte. Whittle, C. V.  
 Pte. Wilkins, M.  
 Pte. Wilcox, P.  
 Pte. Williams, W.  
 Pte. Wilson, S.  
 Pte. Young, G. A.

"D" COMPANY.

2nd Lieut. Barron, F. D.  
 2nd Lieut. Raeburn, D. A.  
 2nd Lieut. Leyland, A. I.  
 C. S. M. Jensen, J.  
 Q. M. S. Auther, A. T.  
 Sergt. Dumbleton, L. P.  
 Sergt. Jones, E. H.  
 Sergt. Spear, H. W.  
 Corpl. Brooks, V. H.  
 Corpl. Brown, R. L.  
 Corpl. Brown, S. H.  
 Corpl. Burgess, C. S.  
 Corpl. Lowrie, E. J.  
 Corpl. McCullum, S. S.  
 Corpl. Neave, K.  
 Corpl. O'Flaherty, R. C.  
 Corpl. Slater, C. H.  
 Corpl. Tancred, O.  
 L. Corpl. Barnes, E.  
 L. Corpl. Blackmore, W. J.  
 L. Corpl. Byatt, C. F.  
 L. Corpl. Corkill, T.  
 L. Corpl. Craig, C. S.  
 L. Corpl. Ellis, T. H.  
 L. Corpl. Harris, W. T.  
 L. Corpl. Harrison, W. L.  
 L. Corpl. Lynch, J. Y.  
 L. Corpl. May, J. E.  
 L. Corpl. Morison, H.  
 L. Corpl. Mosley, A. M.  
 L. Corpl. Patterson, F. J. H.  
 L. Corpl. Pilcher, A. S.  
 Pte. Adlam, C. A.  
 Pte. Anderson, D.  
 Pte. Andrews, P. H.  
 Pte. Andrews, A. T.  
 Pte. Arnold, B. E.

Pte. Atchison, A. J.  
 Pte. Baker, A. F.  
 Pte. Baldwin, P. E.  
 Pte. Benson, J.  
 Pte. Black, W. T.  
 Pte. Blake, R.  
 Pte. Bochel, D. M.  
 Pte. Bowley, F. J.  
 Pte. Bradburn, A. M.  
 Pte. Buchanan, J. G.  
 Pte. Burns, D. H.  
 Pte. Camp, G. W.  
 Pte. Caron, F. R.  
 Pte. Chappell, W. G.  
 Pte. Clark, L. H.  
 Pte. Code, W. J.  
 Pte. Coggrave, H.  
 Pte. Corbett, J. D.  
 Pte. Crone, T. J.  
 Pte. Curran, E.  
 Pte. Carnachan, W. R.  
 Pte. Dalton, T. W.  
 Pte. DeBakker, J.  
 Pte. Dooley, J. J.  
 Pte. Duncan, A. D.  
 Pte. Eades, H. L.  
 Pte. Eagleton, W.  
 Pte. Easterbrook, B. S.  
 Pte. Eaves, H.  
 Pte. Edge, J. B.  
 Pte. Edge, E. G.  
 Pte. Everett, J. L.  
 Pte. Paragher, E. G.  
 Pte. Field, T. L.  
 Pte. Fields, J.  
 Pte. Ford, J. C.  
 Pte. Fraser, I. C.  
 Pte. Geary, F. C.  
 Pte. Gethin, J.  
 Pte. Gray, J. R.  
 Pte. Griffin, W. J.  
 Pte. Gudex, H. C.  
 Pte. Hamilton, W. D.  
 Pte. Iarre, M. A.  
 Pte. Hartle, W. J.  
 Pte. Hopkins, W. N. H.  
 Pte. Hopper, N. W.  
 Pte. Hood, W. R. E.  
 Pte. Horn, J.  
 Pte. Hunt, J. A. I.  
 Pte. Jennings, J. J.  
 Pte. Johnson, F.  
 Pte. Jones, E. D.  
 Pte. Kellahan, T. A. L.  
 Pte. Kelly, W. E.  
 Pte. Kennard, A. F.  
 Pte. Kirby, K. W.  
 Pte. Kyle, J.  
 Pte. Leigh, J. H.  
 Pte. Lilley, H.  
 Pte. Litchfield, S. D.  
 Pte. Lobb, W. H.  
 Pte. Looker, V. W.  
 Pte. Long, W. R.  
 Pte. Long, L. J.  
 Pte. Lowe, J. J.  
 Pte. Lucas, W. E.  
 Pte. Magee, J. D.  
 Pte. Maguire, D.  
 Pte. Maroney, E.  
 Pte. Mahon, L.  
 Pte. Mason, T. A. J.

"THE REMUERIAN"

Pte. Mills, E.  
 Pte. Mills, E. H.  
 Pte. Mitchelson, C. L.  
 Pte. Moore, S. E.  
 Pte. Morris, G. W.  
 Pte. Mowbray, M.  
 Pte. Murdoch, J. J.  
 Pte. McClue, M. A.  
 Pte. McInnes, M. W.  
 Pte. McIntyre, A.  
 Pte. McKay, J. P.  
 Pte. McLeod, A.  
 Pte. McLaughlin, A.  
 Pte. Newton, L. W.  
 Pte. North, C.  
 Pte. Nicholls, C. W.  
 Pte. Oatley, G. A.  
 Pte. Oulton, H.  
 Pte. Outrod, A. C.  
 Pte. Pahi, A.  
 Pte. Painter, P. E.  
 Pte. Palmer, C. E. T.  
 Pte. Parr's, H. E.  
 Pte. Percy, V. G.  
 Pte. Phelps, F. W.  
 Pte. Piagi, G.  
 Pte. Porteous, W. J.  
 Pte. Power, W. J.  
 Pte. Proudfoot, E.  
 Pte. Pervis-Russell  
 Pte. Montgomery, B.  
 Pte. Reader, L. F.  
 Pte. Robb, H. F.  
 Pte. Robertson, W. A.  
 Pte. Robertson, A.  
 Pte. Russell, R. M.  
 Pte. Ryan, W.  
 Pte. Sampson, W. J.  
 Pte. Selman, L. E.  
 Pte. Shortt, F. D.  
 Pte. Smith, D.  
 Pte. Smith, G. D.  
 Pte. Smith, F. H.  
 Pte. Smith, W.  
 Pte. Smith, W. J.  
 Pte. Stephens, C. F.  
 Pte. Stock, H. C.  
 Pte. Sullivan, F. J.  
 Pte. Sutton, P. J. C.  
 Pte. Sinclair, D. A.  
 Pte. Tail, W. L. S.  
 Pte. Tangney, P. W.  
 Pte. Thomas, C.  
 Pte. Traves, R. S.  
 Pte. Tuohy, J. L.  
 Pte. Walker, C. L.  
 Pte. Walker, J.  
 Pte. Walsh, P.  
 Pte. Welsh, N.  
 Pte. Wheeler, A.  
 Pte. Whitehouse, A. B.  
 Pte. Wicksteed, C. P.

Pte. Williams, A. C.  
 Pte. Williamson, A. C.  
 Pte. Wilson, W. T.  
 Pte. Wrathall, C. B.  
 Pte. Wren, N. H.  
 Pte. Wright, A.

Pte. Hall, W. H.  
 Pte. Handley, H. W.  
 Pte. Hargreaves, H. H.  
 Pte. Harland, G. C.  
 Pte. Hearn, H. C. G.  
 Pte. Hindmarsh, A. F.  
 Pte. Holloway, W. S.

SPECIALISTS.

2nd Lieut. Christophers, R. G.  
 2nd Lieut. Pountney, E. R.  
 2nd Lieut. Rice, S. D.  
 C. S. M. Wylie, R. W.  
 Q. M. S. Watchorn, F. M. G.  
 Sergt. Cameron, A. B.  
 Sergt. Patterson, H.  
 Sergt. McQuarrie, G. G.  
 Sergt. Poole, P. A.  
 Corpl. Chapman, R. R.  
 Corpl. Ferner, B. W. H.  
 Corpl. Ferner, R. F. H.  
 Corpl. Hopkins, A.  
 Corpl. Norton, F. P.  
 Corpl. Payton, E. A.  
 Corpl. Stewart, H. F.  
 Corpl. Speck, E. W.  
 Corpl. Sylvester, S. J. H.  
 L. Corpl. Gwynne, G. M.  
 L. Corpl. Loney, G. F.  
 L. Corpl. Pannell, W. B.  
 L. Corpl. Robinson, A. C.  
 L. Corpl. Sherratt, Z. O.  
 L. Corpl. Watts, G. R.  
 L. Corpl. Weld, A. G.  
 Pte. Anderson, A.  
 Pte. Anderson, L. J. R.  
 Pte. Alwinger, A. B.  
 Pte. Armstrong, C. S.  
 Pte. Baigent, H. R.  
 Pte. Baker, A. V.  
 Pte. Bateup, E.  
 Pte. Bath, L. A.  
 Pte. Becker, L.  
 Pte. Bennett, A. S.  
 Pte. Braithwaite, J. R. F.  
 Bug. Brenton, L. V.  
 Pte. Brotherhood, W. C.  
 Pte. Curke, E. J.  
 Pte. Catho, L. E.  
 Pte. Clouston, N. B.  
 Pte. Conkley, R. J.  
 Pte. Collins, A. K.  
 Pte. Couch, W. A.  
 Pte. Coulter, J. L.  
 Pte. Craigie, R. J. V.  
 Pte. Croll, D. G.  
 Pte. Davis, N.  
 Pte. Dench, J. R. A.  
 Pte. Dunlop, J.  
 Pte. Flint, F. H.  
 Pte. Garden, W. H.  
 Pte. Goldsmith, C. W.  
 Pte. Goodman, W. G. A.

Pte. Jackson, S. G.  
 Pte. Jordan, A. V.  
 Pte. Kibblewhite, J. H.  
 Pte. Kibblewhite, R. E.  
 Pte. Law, M. H.  
 Bug. LePetit, E. G.  
 Pte. Lynch, D.  
 Pte. MacIver, F. N.  
 Pte. Marley, A. W.  
 Pte. Marten, G. W. S.  
 Pte. Matheson, D. M.  
 Pte. Matheson, L.  
 Pte. Moore, W. H.  
 Pte. McCulloch, A. H.  
 Pte. Newsome, W. A. S.  
 Pte. North, H. A. C.  
 Pte. Olson, A. W.  
 Pte. Paterson, W. L.  
 Pte. Paton, B. R.  
 Pte. Patterson, J.  
 Pte. Rice, A. J.  
 Pte. Richardson, P. I.  
 Pte. Ricketts, R. S.  
 Pte. Sage, D. R.  
 Pte. Shepherd, R. W.  
 Pte. Sherwood, G. C.  
 Pte. Skam, A. E.  
 Pte. Stace, E. L.  
 Pte. Stewart, R.  
 Pte. Sullivan, L.  
 Pte. Sutherland, R. A.  
 Pte. Svendsen, A. P.  
 Pte. Tarr, A. D.  
 Pte. Taylor, H. H.  
 Pte. Thom, W. H.  
 Pte. Thompson, G. J.  
 Pte. Tolmie, E.  
 Pte. Walker, F. G.  
 Pte. Worrall, E.  
 Pte. Worsley, C. H.  
 Pte. Wright, D. C.

N. Z. ENGINEERS.

Sergt. Englefield.  
 L. Corpl. Prince, A. V.  
 Sapper Barnes, F. C.  
 Sapper Becker  
 Sapper Henwood, C. C.  
 Sapper Hollobon, A.  
 Sapper McCarthy, P.  
 Sapper Park, R.  
 Sapper Thomas, O. H.  
 Sapper Watson, H. S.  
 Sapper Whetton, W. H.

SHIP'S OFFICERS

Commander I. A. Sutcliffe

Mr. A. H. Booker, 5th Engineer  
 Mr. A. Skene, 6th Engineer

Mr. H. J. Wilde, 1st Officer  
 Mr. A. Smith, 2nd Officer  
 Mr. P. W. Dunlop, 3rd Officer  
 Mr. F. Robinson, 4th Officer

Mr. W. Singer, 1st Refrigerating Engineer  
 Mr. J. A. Canning, 2nd Refrigerating Engineer

Surgeon, Mr. C. G. Learoyd

Mr. J. C. Budge, Electrician

Chief Engineer, Mr. W. R. Sneddon  
 Mr. D. Corbett, 2nd Engineer  
 Mr. J. L. Mollison, 3rd Engineer  
 Mr. H. F. White, 4th Engineer

Mr. P. Bowen, Chief Steward  
 Mr. J. Budge, Mr. S. Brown, Wireless Operators

Page 21 verso  
R. W. Kaminski  
March 1972

## CLUBS, CANTEENS, ETC., IN BLIGHTY

### NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS' CLUB, 17, 18, & 23, Russell Square, London, W. C.

Open at all hours for the reception and accommodation of N.Z. soldiers. Fine billiard-room, reading and writing rooms, and every convenience and comfort. Beds for 200 men. Canteen for light refreshments open day and night. Run by N.Z. ladies. Tariff: Dinner 1s.; bed, breakfast and tea, 8d. each. R. H. NOLAN, Hon. Sec.

### NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS' CLUB, Endless Street, Salisbury.

Billiards, reading, writing, music, baths and meals. Open from 9 a. m. to 11 p. m. Commandant: MISS N. HAY.

### "AO-TEA-ROA CLUB," Codford Camp.

Billiards, reading, writing, music, games and meals. Commandant: MRS. SHELLSHEAR.

### "MAHUTONGA CLUB," New Zealand Convalescent Hospital, Hornchurch.

Billiards, reading, writing, music, games and refreshments.

### "KIA ORA CLUB," Brockenhurst.

Billiards, reading, writing, music, games and refreshments. Commandant: MISS HAMERTON.

### "HAERAMAI CLUB," No. 2 New Zealand General Hospital, Walton-on-Thames.

Billiards, reading, writing and music. Commandant: MRS. CAPPEL.

### "TE AROHANUI CLUB," Oatlands Park, Weybridge.

Billiards, reading, writing and music. Commandant: MRS. WILDER.

### "KORERO CLUB," Harcourt Road, Boscombe Park, Hants.

Billiards, reading, writing, music, games and refreshments. MRS. McCALMONT, Hon. Sec.

### "TE WHAREPUNI," Hornchurch Room.

Billiards, reading, writing, music, tennis-court and refreshments. MISS ALLAN in charge.

### CLUB ROOM, 11, Southampton Row.

Reading, writing and refreshments. Kits replenished. Theatre tickets issued. Excursions arranged, etc. Every New Zealander welcome. General information dispensed. MRS. EMPSON in charge. Telephone Museum 3190.