



THE VENTILATOR

H.M.N.Z.T.
GIESSEN
AUG. 1919.

put

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THE SHIP'S MASTER.

THE VENTILATOR

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The VENTILATOR

Containing the breezy records of a homeward Draft.

No. 1

AUGUST - 1919

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Pte. E. H. Greenhow, and *Secretary and Treasurer,*
Mr. A. M. Lascelles.



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SERG. C. G. E. HARKER.

SUB-EDITORS:

RFM. H. S. B. RIBBANDS and PTE. E. H. GREENHOW.

EDITORIAL.

*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the huntsman home from the hill.*

R. L. S.

IT is with mixed feelings that we take up our pen to discharge this duty of our office. The land of our birth—God's Own Country—looms upon the horizon, so that all the delightful thoughts that the magic word home conjures up predominate. Yet does a small insistent voice keep whispering in our ear that here comes the parting of the ways. That no more for us shall be the gay camaraderie of the Mess, no more the care-free spirit in which the familiar khaki has seemed to wrap us. Ah happy days! How often have we railed at you whilst you were with us. What then are these roseate mists that bathe you now?

May we not, however, carry back with us into civilian life all that is best in those associations which, ere these pages be in the hands of our readers, we shall all have severed? In the Army we have grown accustomed to finding good in unsuspected places. Let us look for it then in those with whom our future life shall bring us in contact, remembering that the thread of gold runs through the most unpromising garment. We have learned that man cannot live unto himself alone, and that while the shirker throws extra toil upon his comrade, ready co-operation means a task well and happily done. The lesson still holds good. Surely, too, we have formed some friendships which have in them the germ of the immortal. If any of these things have been wrought within us, we shall not have donned the uniform in vain.

Then what sights have we not seen; what strange lands have not our unaccustomed feet trodden. Historic spots heard of with awe in childhood's days have become for us familiar haunts, while we have learned, as only strangers in a strange land may learn, all that the word "hospitality" connotes. Moreover we claim, nay, some of us boast, that we take home with us broadened minds and wider visions. We trust this indeed is so, and that the good grain such have harvested abroad, they may sow broadcast in the fertile soil of our own little island.

Our journey home has been in some respects unique. Not only have we been the first New Zealand transport since the Armistice to come home by the Cape route, but in point of time spent upon the voyage we hold the unenviable record. Nevertheless, although the Giessen has not proved herself an ocean greyhound, and her roll has proved the inspiration of our versifiers, she has in other respects shown herself a good sea boat, and the plentiful supply of fresh air and fresh water have probably been primary causes of the excellent standard of health maintained throughout the trip. Father Neptune, too, has been gracious. The task of breaking the monotony of so lengthy a voyage proved a very real one. Three days shore leave in Capetown came as an oasis in the desert to a thirst-parched traveller, and the whole-hearted hospitality of the good citizens of the Capital of the Union, which the

sight of a calabash pipe or an ostrich feather must inevitably recall, will ever be a fragrant memory with us. For the rest we were thrown upon our own resources, this being the only occasion on which we were able to enjoy leave. All manner of Deck Sports, organised by the ubiquitous Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Mr. A. M. Lascelles, have passed many an afternoon happily, while the same gentleman has successfully run card, draught, and chess tournaments on the troop decks. The Concert Party, too, have brightened many an evening, and fairly surprised us with their talent, while mock courts, debates, and a mock parliament have contributed their quota to our entertainment. The assistance of the C.O., the Padre, and the officers in general have been at all times available for these functions. Nevertheless they could not successfully have been carried out without the energy of a number of the "diggers," who took such a prominent part both in their organisation and execution. A pleasing feature has been the healthy interest manifested in social questions. This augurs well for the performance of their civic duties by ex-members of the Giessen draft. It is fitting that we should here make mention of our band, who have cheerfully given their services whenever sought, and whose daily rehearsals were almost as well patronised as their more formal concerts.

And now a word as to our Magazine. Only the duration of our voyage has made its publication possible. This was doubtless designed to point the proverb that "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The idea was originated late in the voyage, and the Committee's object was to furnish for us a souvenir of the homeward trip, and to mark in a suitable manner our severance from His Majesty's Forces. Our trials and tribulations, our joys and jollifications, are all faithfully ventilated in this volume. If in after years the unearthing of our treasured copy of "The Ventilator" shall brighten the passing hour, our labours will not have been in vain.

In taking our leave of you we wish you and all old members of the N.Z.E.F. a happy and prosperous future. May each one leave upon the scroll of time a record as proud and clean as that established by the Division in which, in however humble a capacity, he has been privileged to serve.

A SCOTCH JOKE (?)

(Extracted from "Edinburgh Evening News," 12th June, 1919.)

GERMAN FREIGHTER TO ANZAC TRANSPORT TRANSFORMATION EFFECT AT LEITH.

The transformation of the German cargo vessel "Giessen" into a thoroughly up-to-date transport for New Zealand troops will be completed in Leith Dock this week. The undertaking was the biggest job of its kind tackled in the port, and the success of the enterprise may be expected to add to the increased development of the ship-building industry at Leith. The "Giessen," one of the ships taken over by the terms of the Armistice, had practically to be gutted, fitted with new decks and the interior re-built to suit the requirements of the Ministry of Shipping. To take back to New Zealand two battalions of infantry, it was demanded by the New Zealand Government that the length of the voyage must be taken into account, and that the discomforts usually associated with modern troopships be eliminated. Messrs. Henry Robb Ltd., Leith, to whom the job was entrusted, will by the end of the week have completed a model transport. Nothing has been omitted which would enhance the comfort of the troops. Every inch of deck space has been utilised for a specific purpose, and on board is "everything a soldier requires." There is a canteen, a Y.M.C.A., a sick bay, a dispensary, isolation ward, and a disinfecting room, dental room with all up-to-date and hygienic appliances, smoking room, reading rooms, etc. The dining rooms are made to seat 120, and each has its own cookhouse. There is a sergeants' mess and, of course, an officers' mess. The

men will sleep in hammocks, and the sergeants and officers are given beds. The question of carrying a water supply for such a large number of men presented an engineering problem, and it has been found necessary to utilise the space afforded by the double bottom for this purpose. In this way 14 hundred tons of fresh water can be carried. There is no refrigerator on board, and several ice houses, lined with a foot of silicated cotton, have been built.

The whole work has been undertaken in record time. The "Giessen" was scheduled to sail from Leith on the 20th of this month (June), and in order that the ship should be certain to keep to her timetable for the embarkation of troops, it was essential that there be no delay in the completion of the work. The speeding up on the part of the workmen has been to such an extent, however, that the vessel will be ready to sail a week before the fixed period.

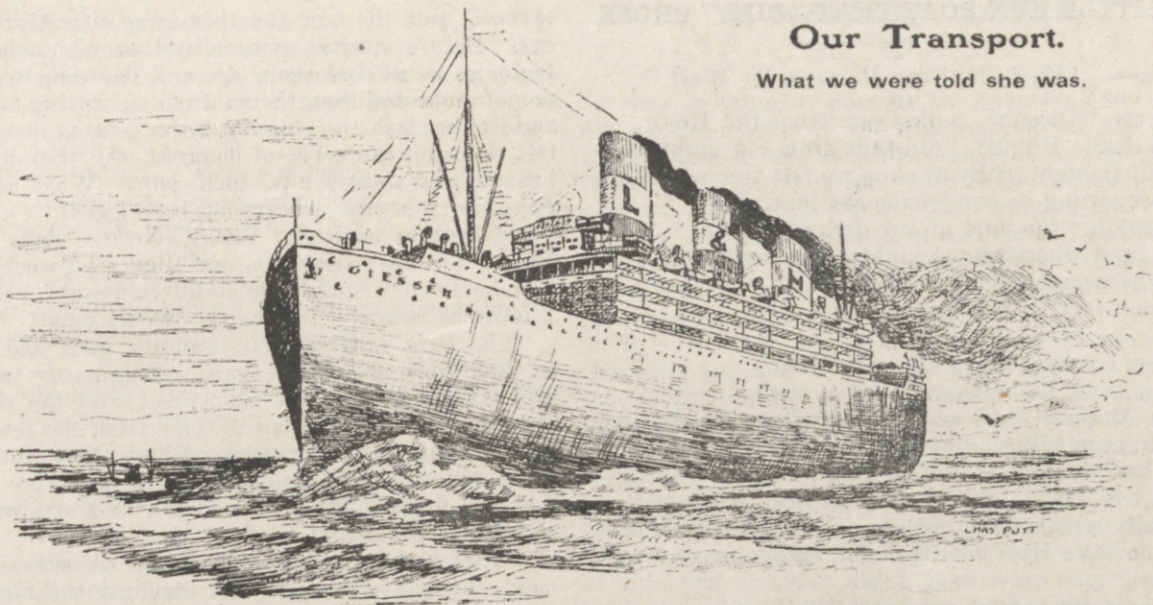
THE LAND OF LLOYD GEORGE.

During the course of his peregrinations about the ship, the Editor made the acquaintance of a bright Welsh cabin boy. He asked him what part of Wales he came from, and the boy made alarming noises in his throat. "Write it," we suggested, producing the inevitable envelope back and stub of pencil. Thereupon the boy wasted considerable valuable time producing the following:—Llanfairpwllgwyngygoggerwyn Chywyndrobwl Llanfairdysylo gogogoch.

Yielding to earnest solicitations we tried to pronounce it. The result was a threatened attack of laryngitis. We solemnly warn all our readers not born under the ægis of St. David not to make the rash attempt.

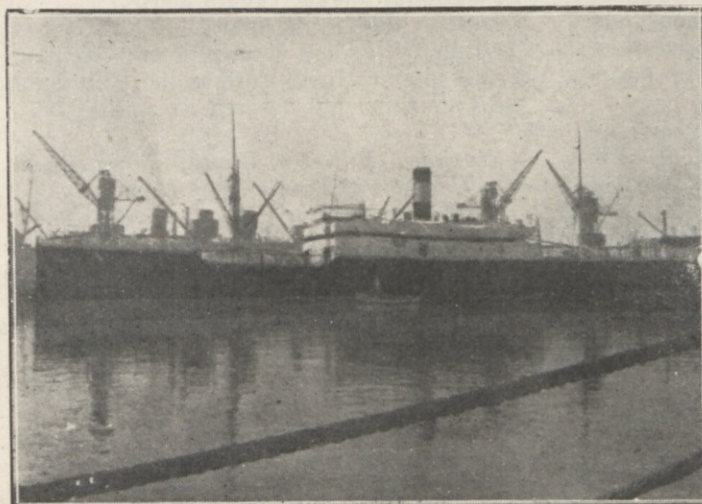
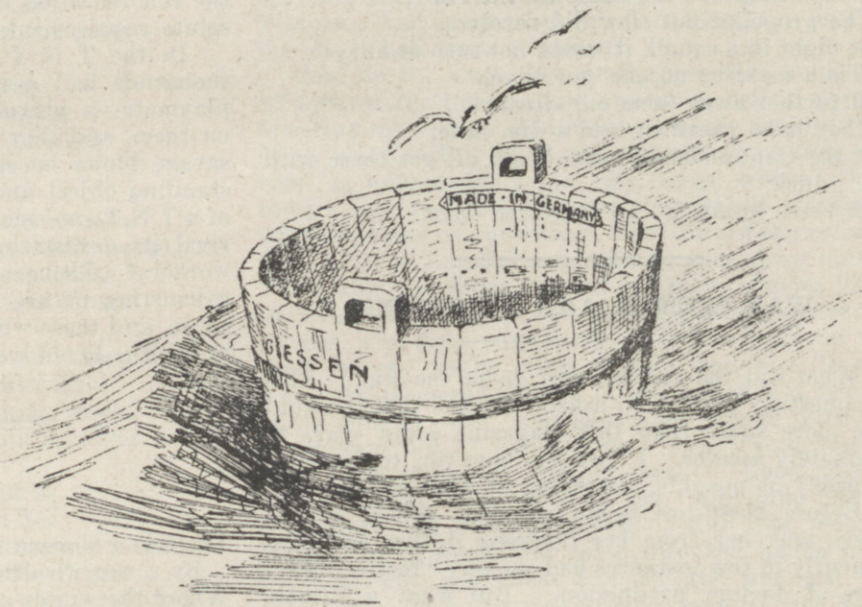
Our Transport.

What we were told she was.



*Drawing by Charles Putt,
from the original sketch by H.C.*

What some disgruntled
"Diggers" called her.



What the camera
revealed.

THE LITTLE HUN BOAT THAT "BILL" CHOSE.

Tune—"My Little Grey Home in the West."

When the "Giessen" sailed out from the Hoe,
 And dear "Blighty" did fade from our sight,
 Without thought, without care, we felt free as the air,
 As we swung in our hammocks that night.
 Far away lay the land of our dreams,
 The land where our thoughts ever turn,
 And whatever betide, o'er the seas we will glide,
 To that land of the sunshine and fern.

She's no freezer to keep our meat cool,
 So in time, like the seas, it ran high,
 To the Aussies, 'tis true, and Canadians too,
 She'd been offered, but they would not buy.
 What had we done to justify this?
 You ask "Bill," for he only knows,
 But we've all stood the test, though the rice was a pest,
 In the little Hun boat that Bill chose.

Now her engines were made by the Hun;
 The propellor but slow did revolve;
 Last night in a squall, it would not turn at all,
 'Tis a mystery no one can solve.
 Still farther away seem our dreams,
 They have vanished into a dim haze,
 But the Captain has pluck: We'll all get there with
 luck,
 In three hundred and sixty-five days.

G. E.

WAR, WOMEN AND MUNITIONS.

What did the London girl do in the war? This is a question I am often asked, and one that it would take more space than this Magazine could spare to adequately answer. I will try, however, to describe, as briefly as possible, something of what she did do.

Before hostilities began woman's sphere of life rarely took her from her domestic duties, and consequently in few instances had she any effective knowledge of factory production. But what a drastic change the war wrought. Volunteers were called for and came forward in their hundreds of thousands, and skilled artisans, who could have turned their knowledge to account in the manufacture of munitions, went to the front.

Munitions became as vital a factor as men, and here the woman bravely stepped into the breach. Delicate hands and active brains were theirs, but the problem of the necessary training presented itself. This was taken in hand by the authorities, and a six-weeks' course of technical training was given to every available woman who was willing to assist her country in this manner. In these training centres woman showed that she could successfully turn out metal fittings and operate machinery—could, in fact, trespass on man's domain, and to some extent compete with him.

These women were drafted, as trained, into the large munition factories. Here work started in

earnest, and the sun for them was literally blotted out. Before sunrise, winter and summer, the huge factories swallowed them up, and one long round of monotonous toil was theirs, turning, fitting, drilling amidst the clash and clang of never ceasing machinery. Oft times on the verge of collapse, still they hung on bravely and smiled. We shall win! What matters? Says one: "My sweetheart has been killed"; another, "my brother is dead. Yes, died three days ago in Flanders. He would have got leave in a week's time had he lived. Such a splendid company! But oh! I must be brave! 'Tis hard! Cruel hard!"

The Hun raiders came, and the girls had to get to their work and home again. Frequently the tram and train services were suspended, and the time occupied in journeying had to come from the few hours allotted for rest and sleep. When they got home sleep was often impossible, as the raiders were sowing death and destruction all around, and oft times the girls were numbered amongst the victims.

What pay did they get? Well, in some isolated cases the pay was good, but amongst the multitude the remuneration amounted to just sufficient for absolute requirements.

In the T N T explosive factories girls in their thousands had death, fierce and sudden, for their playmate—a playmate who not infrequently turned on them, and they never lived to tell the tale of the savage blows he struck. An area destitute of any standing object and involving acres marks the scene of a T N T explosion. Dante's inferno could scarcely rival its devastating blast, and where are the girl-workers? Thousands of them died thus or from the exhausting nature of their work for their country's cause, and those who remain, well or crippled in limb or health, do not wear Service chevrons.

"THE CIVVIE."

MANAKA.

There is a blossom that blows
 By a wee wooden whare I love,
 Where the winter and summer-time snows
 Circle round on the ranges above.
 "Manaka," that is its name,
 And no matter how strange it may seem,
 Yet this quaint Maori word is the only one heard
 As I murmur my oversea dream.

*Manaka! Manaka! Flower of my dream,
 Emblem of Love and of Home,
 Far, far away how your star petals beam,
 Beacons to guide where I roam.
 Manaka! Manaka! Flower of my dream,
 You are the vision I see—
 Night hours of gloom, bright with your bloom
 Round a whare that waits for me.*

Bathed in the sun's morning fire
 I have seen you all spangled with dew,
 And no princess in festal attire
 Was so richly bejewell'd as you.

Still, have I loved you the most,
Unadorned in simplicity sweet,
When I pluck'd off a spray, at the falling of day,
Just to give some one dear I might meet.

England is fond of her rose,
And the shamrock is Erin's delight,
But the blossom our Maoriland knows
Is the dear little manaka white.
Pakeha, tho' you may be,
And still cherish some home floral crest.
Like New Zealander born but one badge must be worn
It is manaka pinn'd to your breast.

H.S.B.R.

(Words and music published by Charles Begg and
Sons, Dunedin. Price 2/-.)

AN OCEAN REVERIE.

O Ball of Flame! each morn I see thee rise
To chase the misty haze from eastern skies;
To cast thy glow upon the waters cold,
And bathe our little craft in beams of gold.

I watch thee travel slowly o'er the sky
To where the clouds upon the waters lie:
Then gently fold thine arms again to sleep,
Like bars of gold upon the fiery deep.

And now the silvery moonbeams, soft as moss,
And countless stars that through the stillness gleam,
The gemlike pointers of the Southern Cross,
All make me of my dear New Zealand dream.

And thus it seems that every night and noon,
This watery world is bathed in mystic light
By length'ning sunbeams, or a waning moon,
From dawn till dusk and then again at night.

But soon these things a memory will be
When, far ahead across the Tasman Sea,
We glimpse beneath the sun one morning proud,
The hazy outline of the Long White Cloud.

H. J. G.

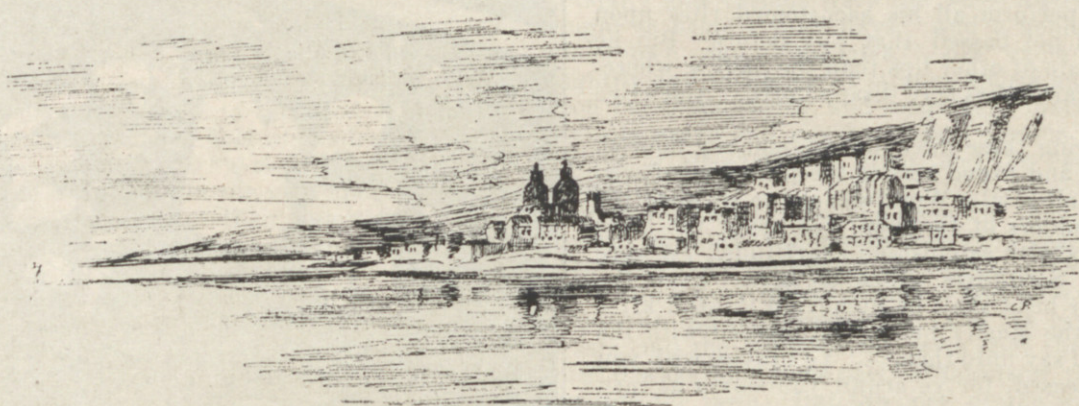
THE WARRIORS' RETURN.

Now it came to pass on the three-and-twentieth day of the month of June in the year of the Great Peace, after a long and distressing campaign in the Low Countries, a certain wise ruler did gather together some eight and thirty bold Knights and eleven hundred chosen Warriors, and them did embark on the good ship "Giessen," a vessel fair to gaze upon but of speed very uncertain, of late taken from the hands of their enemies.

In very sooth, methinks, was she well named, for the daily parlance of the Warriors and the vessel's labouring waddle, in combination did surpass the gabbling and waddling of those historic birds, which in ancient days did save Rome from the hands of the Aggressor.

Many and strange were the rumours which passed from lip to lip, some prophesying that the good ship would sail through the blue waters of the Middle Sea, but the Sages gave testimony that the portents did foretell their passage through the Great Waters. And lo and behold, it befell them even as the Sages had made it known.

And on the sixth day, at the noontide hour, far off against the horizon, did appear an island, whose towering mountains did hide their heads amongst the fleecy clouds. But when eventide was come they did ride at anchor off a fair city, upon whose white towers and ordered gardens they gazed all agog. And the name of the island was Grand Canary, and the fair city Las Palmas, of the spreading palms. Then from the shore did put out many canoes filled with foreign men dark of hue and speaking a strange tongue, who didst engage the Warriors in barter for their wares—costly silks, purple and fine linens, many fruits, sweet singing birds, and even a female of the Simian race. And in strange jargon were the bargains struck. "Look, Mista! Plenty sing, Mista! How much you give? Six bob, yes?" "Look, Mista! o'ny £5, Mista! £3. Well £2 10s. Allrighta, Mista! You have him for thirty bob." And the Simian female, or monkey, did come into the hands of a noble Knight, and great was the glee amongst the Warriors. Dire disputes arising betwixt the War-



Las Palmas, visited 29th June, 1919.



Bum-Boats at Las Palmas.

riors and the dusky traders, the latter being filled with fear, did in trembling gather unto themselves their possessions and flee into the darkness of the night.

And with the dawn the gallant vessel once again turned her bows southward, and slowly, as if loth to part with that gallant band, the peaks and headlands faded from view.

In course of time upon a certain night, some of the company did fancy themselves to hear a faint grating sound, and inquiry being made, did find the ship had crossed the Line. Thereupon did the knights and ladies make merry, and exhort Father Neptune to perform all his accustomed rites upon all who had not passed that way before. But he would not taste of other lips than the baby's, whereat were the fair ladies sore disappointed. Alack! ye fair ones.

Now, during these days did the monkey flourish exceedingly, and prove herself the possessor of wisdom beyond all cavil. Wont was she to sit upon the stalwart shoulders of the men, and count the hairs of their heads with astonishing exactitude. So were fulfilled the Scriptures which do say, "Even the hairs on your head shall be numbered." And after many days, the Master being well pleased with the Warriors, did say unto them:—"Ye braves, with you am I well pleased, for ye acquit yourselves as men and surpass even those called Bolsheviks."

And on the thirteenth day of the month following that which say the inception of their voyage, it being the first day of the week, the Knights and their

followers were gathered together in prayer. Then was there performed a ceremony of great interest to all—to wit the christening of a fair maiden whose sojourn in this vale had been but brief. Upon a lucky day was the good deed well done. May good fortune favour thee all thy days, sweet maid, and good Father Neptune watch o'er thy path.

And lo, upon the 14th day of the month Julius, with



Photo of Monkey.



The Christening.

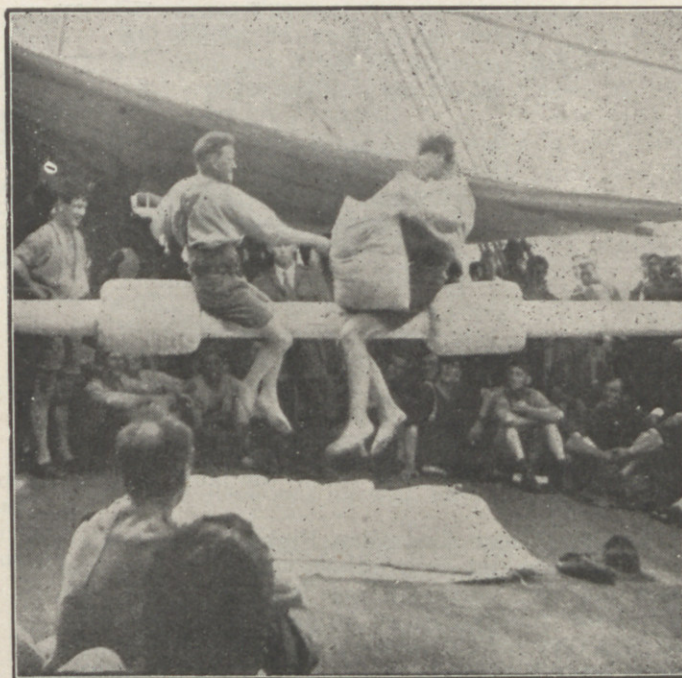


Lion's Head, Cape Town, S.A.

the fall of night did the engines cease to throb, and the good ship tossed upon the waters. Then did a Sage who sat on a seat which beareth the mystic number 10, see in a vision the propeller fall off and sink beneath the waves. But was his vision indeed a false one, for upon the evening of the eighteenth day of the month of July did the lights of the City of Capetown gleam before them, and with the morning light they did make fast to a great wharf. Then did they one and all wax busy in the adornment of their persons, and great were their rejoicings that Mother Earth should once more receive the kindly tread of their feet.

Here were the warriors held in high favour, and great were the kindnesses meted out to them. For three days tarried they, making exploration of that famous spot, and happy are the memories they carried thence. And hardly had they put them out to sea when did they make discovery that the Simian female had betaken herself to the good ship "Karmalla," wherein did sail a host of kindred warriors called in common parlance "Aussies," which vessel had lain close unto them in the great port. Loudly did they bewail the loss of their dumb companion, and great the superstitious fear which fell upon the more timid.

Now all this while had the knights and their ladies filled themselves with meats of delicate flavour, but for the stomachs of the warriors was prepared coarser fare. Whereupon did they hold counsel amongst themselves and say, "Let us send envoys to our Ruler, who shall say unto him: 'Master, the meat and the fishes thou givest us to eat do offend our nostrils, and the rice is like unto the cloud which guided the Israelites in the Wilderness. It followeth us by



Pillow Fighting.

day and envelopeth us by night. Yea, verily, our eyes do begin to slant like unto the Celestials of the Orient. Listen yet to the tale we would unfold. A brave knight, he that is the Son of James, did visit us while we sate before a bowl of that hard and unyielding fish which men call ling. And when we did lift up our voices in protest did he say, 'Set the dish before me that I may eat of it!' and verily he did eat of it, even to the last morsel. Then rising in haste did he hie him to the ship's side and render back to the waters what the distant past had seen taken therefrom." Then the Ruler, a wise man and just, did take compassion upon his followers, and going to the cooks he besought them that they exercise greater diligence that his Warriors' stomachs be no more offended, and from that hour did great improvements become manifest.

Many and various were the ways whereby they sought to beguile their days. And a noble Knight whom men call "Y-Emma," did exert himself mightily and inaugurated strange sports and games upon the decks by day, and songs, card tourneys and councils grave and gay by night, wherein was the delight of all exceeding great, and the hours sped pleasantly away.

And for twenty and one days did they cleave a passage through the waters ere they reached the great Island Continent of the Southern Ocean and came into a port called Albany. And here did they take upon the ship fresh water, and the carcasses of beasts, and the fruits of the earth; but there being a fell disease upon some parts of that land, they went not into the town. But the good people who dwelt therein did send them the fruit of the apple and many other gifts, whereat their hearts were filled with gratitude. And upon the morning of the third day once more did they proceed on their way, to stop



Albany, visited 14th August, 1919.

no more until they should reach the land of their heart's desire.

And the Great Australian Bight, oft so unkind and bositerous, did receive them with favour, and in peace did they journey across her waters. On the day of the twenty-first of August, from their Port rail did they behold through the mists some faint and distant headlands which they knew to be the Island of Tasman. And entering into Tasman's Sea they knew the last stage of their voyage to be come, and bright was the light in their eyes and gay the laughter upon their lips.

At last there dawned the day of great expectations—for when they arose to greet Aurora upon the morn of the twenty and fifth day of the self same month, did all desery afar off upon the Port Beam, a long white cloud, which did seem to rest upon the bosom of the sea. And their voices did they raise in joyful chant, singing, "O Aotca Roa! O! Land of the Long White Cloud! We thy sons bid thee and thine fond greeting. Joyfully do we return unto thee o'er the Great Waters! Haeremai! Haeremai! Haeremai!" And all that happy day did Father Sol laugh down upon them. Blue was the sky above them and deeper blue the water beneath, while the sea-birds seemed to call in chorus "Home! Home! Home!" Then one by one the well-beloved headlands took shape, until at last the great hills of Wellington drew nigh. And when Old Sol did sink to slumber in the west amidst a blaze of glory, out twinkled the lights of the City as though they too would bid them welcome home. At the twelfth hour of the night they entered into Port Nicholson, where soon was their anchor cast, and the good news given forth that the morrow's morn should see their feet treading their native heath.

And lo and behold; as next day they steamed to the great wharf, did they pass the gift of their people to His Britannic Majesty—to wit, the Ship of War, "New Zealand," revisiting these shores with the noble Viscount Lord Jellicoe of Jutland, and bearing still faintly upon her the honourable scars of valiant service in the Great War. Then did the noble vessel dip her flag in honour of the returning warriors, whereat they were much moved. And even as had been promised them, were ye Warriors that morning

in the arms of their loved ones. For in good sooth had they come into that Delectable Land overflowing with milk and honey, "where falls not hail, nor rain, nor snow, nor ever wind blows loudly."

CAMEL.

THE "GIESSEN."

Old Skipper Taylor, a jolly-old sailor,
To sea went away in a boat:
They called her the "Giessen," I know not the reason,
There was nothing quite like her afloat.

She came out from Hunland, was one of a rum band
Of boats the Allies commandeered;
And the Bosches admitted for troops she was fitted
When her course to the Thames should be steered.

She's bound for New Zealand, but when she will see
land
Is a subject for earnest debate;
There are many improvements required in her move-
ments,
To whit, in her slow rolling gait.

The Purser's a sinner, for prior to dinner
A cocktail Martini he sips:
Alack, and alas! I'm addicted to Bass—
The ladies partake of egg flips.

I fancy that one day, 'twixt Monday and Sunday,
If our ship is sufficiently fast;
We shall see far away, 'midst the foam and the spray,
The land of our fathers at last.

And crowding the quays on to look at the "Giessen"
Our sweethearts, wives, children and friends
Will greet her with cheering, as to the wharf nearing,
Her and our most eventful trip ends.

"Taiaroa."

(Thank Heavens! Ed.)

“ THE FALL OF DAD ”
 or
 “ THE RISE OF STEVE. ”

This little tale I now unfold
 Is just about two two Diggers bold,
 Who on the voyage coming home
 Supplied the subject for this poem.

When first we came aboard this ship
 And started on our pleasure trip,
 Old Dad our admiration won,
 He'd eat and eat, and ne'er seemed done

He grew so fat and looked so well
 He caused our hearts with joy to swell,
 It pleased us so to see the way
 His bulk increased from day to day.

For nothing came amiss to him,
 He had no foolish feeding whim:
 Roast meat, beans, peas, potatoes, stew,
 Rice, hash, corned beef, or plain burgoo.

Across from Dad there sat young Steve.
 To look at him you'd not believe
 He meant quite soon to let her rip
 And beat Dad for the championship.

But so it was—and soon we saw
 Between these two was feeding war.
 For Stevey meant to have a say
 And cracked the pace on day by day.

Sometimes the meat was pretty strong,
 But Stevey, he could not go wrong,
 He'd yell out “Pass the mustard, Bill,”
 And with its aid he'd eat his fill.

Dad kept his end up pretty well,
 But Stevey, he could eat like hell,
 He never seemed to fag or tire,
 So Dad, at length, had to retire.

At times it makes one feel quite sad
 To see the helplessness of Dad,
 With Steve's capacity to cope—
 Dad seems to know he has no hope,

Dad comes and takes his place at noon.
 He eats a while—but pretty soon
 He throws the game up—takes his hook,
 While Steve eats on with happy look.

“What did you in the great war, Dad?”
 Some day will ask Steve's little lad;
 And Stevey then, with flashing eye,
 Will puff his chest out and reply—

“I never stuck a blighted Hun:
 When I arrived the war was won;
 But on the home returning trip
 I won the eating championship.”

So now I guess we'll make an end
 To these poor lines, and simply send
 The hope Steve's folk will ne'er complain
 His appetite is on the wane.

W. S. S.



Eddystone Lighthouse.

STATISTICALITIS.

To those who have a mania for popular comparative statistics, such as appear in "Chippy Bits," and similar weekly papers, the following figures concerning the "Geissen" will be of the greatest interest.

From Plymouth to Wellington wharf the "Geissen" covered 14,203 nautical miles, and, on the basis that a miss is as good as a mile, every unmarried sergeant in the N.Z. Expeditionary Force could have been supplied with one complete buckshee bride.

The actual time spent on the voyage was exactly 103,872 minutes, and by taking these minutes *as read*—as minutes mostly are—they would be sufficient to paint every city, town and village in New Zealand the night before the Dominion goes entirely dry; or, to make comparison a little clearer, they would be sufficient to colour the map of the whole British Empire, including the recently acquired territories, but excluding a small portion of Ireland.

The engines of the "Geissen," at her abnormal speed of nine knots, completed 2763 revolutions per hour, which is only three less than the total for Europe since the signing of peace. The stoppages of the engines, through weariness, old age, or similar causes, only accounted for a delay of 50,408 seconds, a *wait* which is the equivalent of 7,643 grammes of No. 9's.

The blast of steam from the "Geissen's" whistle was given off at a pressure of 217 lbs. to the cubic inch—the magnitude of which is realised when we consider that the effect on a soldier who stopped an equal blast from an R.S.M. with full steam up would be nothing short of 365 days' C.B. A first mate, who, hardened by sea life is able to resist anything—except the blandishments of ladies, can stop the full blast with one hand.

In the wireless section the figures are no less entertaining. On the voyage 763 messages were picked up, or an average of 8.833 per day. The number decoded by two operators was apparently 14, working out at the .00219th of a message per operator. If this extraordinary percentage is due to the *jamming* of the wireless, it would account for more than 3000 pots of apricot, plum and blackberry conserve, and is probably the real reason why the troops were dieted almost solely on marmalade.

As we have touched on the commissariat department it should here be recorded that 5,063,723,001 grains of—

(We think the subsequent information has no special interest to our readers, and therefore the correspondence will be closed.—Editor.)

OUR VISIT TO CAPETOWN.

In a protracted, sea-voyage, such as the one which we have now almost concluded, the occasional stoppages at ports of call provide a welcome break in the daily routine, which might otherwise tend to become somewhat monotonous. Such a break was afforded us by our call at Capetown, whither we arrived early

on the morning of Saturday, July 19th. Favoured by glorious weather, the panorama of Cape Town and its immediate environs, viewed from the sea—Table Mountain, with its stern square outlines clear-cut against a cloudless sky, Lion's Head, Lion's Rump, and Devil's Peak mounting guard over the fair town nestling in their shadow—a shadow that dissolved even as one gazed!—overwhelmed by the down-creeping flood of radiant pink, with which the rays of the rising sun, mantled the surrounding heights—produced an impression of beauty and grandeur not soon to be forgotten by any who had the good fortune to behold it. As soon as might be after the ship was berthed, the troops were landed and, headed by their band, were marched through the principal street of the town, which, owing to the arrival, on the previous day, of home-coming South African troops, presented the appearance of being *en fete*—the streets being gay with many wreaths and streamers, while at one point an imposing triumphal arch completely spanned a street, the troops passing under it in their line of march. The townspeople lining the footpaths were most enthusiastic in their reception of us—the more so as we are the first returning New Zealanders who have called at the Cape.

Arrived at a point in the centre of the town the troops were "dismissed," and permitted to amuse themselves in any fashion they chose; and, though liberal leave was given during the whole of our stay in Cape Town, and restrictions upon our liberty few, there was practically no abuse of this liberty; but—I think I may say without being accused of vain boasting—we so behaved ourselves as to retain unimpaired the good opinion which New Zealand soldiers have won for themselves wherever they have been stationed. Of the hospitality shown us, I am hard beset to find words adequate to describe it. Individuals and organisations vied with one another to entertain us. Hardly had we docked, when the representative of the Australian Y.M.C.A. boarded the ship, and, collaborating with our own representative, arranged for the entertainment of the troops, and, as a special mark of courtesy, quartered the New Zealand "Y.M." badge on that of Australia, so that our "diggers" might not be deterred by possible native modesty from making full use of the advantages originally provided for their Australian brothers-in-arms.

The City Corporation put the Municipal Baths at our disposal, and hot baths were greatly appreciated by all.

Unfortunately a strike among tramway workers restricted the opportunities available for seeing the beauty-spots adjacent to the town, but notwithstanding this regrettable circumstance many of us were able to visit "Sea Point" and "Camp Bay," both well repaying a visit, and some were fortunate enough to participate in a tour of one hundred miles by motor-car, over a route which took them right round Table Mountain, permitting them to visit "Hout Bay" and even the "Cape of Good Hope" itself. A trip to the "Groote Schuur," a residence of the late "Empire-builder," Cecil Rhodes, and presented by him to the nation—organised by the Y.M.C.A., was much appreciated, as were also a couple of concerts



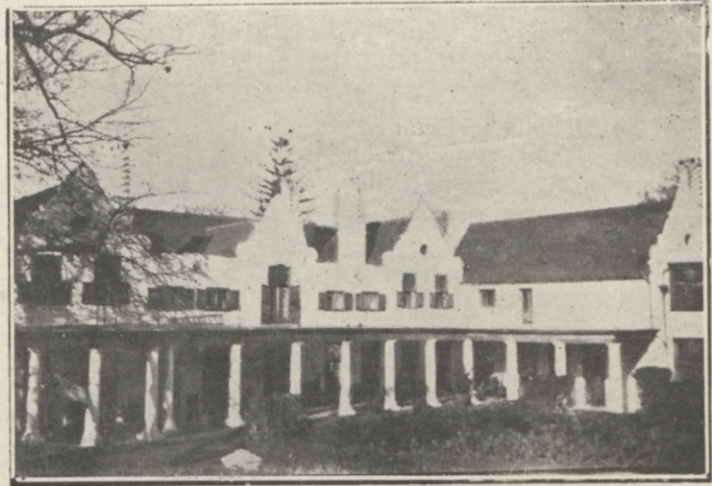
Cape of Good Hope.

given in two of the principal theatres. A football match—against a Capetown team—was also played, this taking place on the afternoon of the day of arriving; and on the next day, being Sunday, Church Parade was held in the Cathedral by kind permission of the Acting-Dean, some six or seven hundred men being present, to whom the Acting-Dean preached a most practical and memorable sermon. A well-attended parade also went to St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral.

From this all-too-bald sketch it will be seen that time was not allowed to hang heavily on our hands, and it was with feelings akin to regret, mingled with a deep sense of gratitude for the unremitting kindness



A "Digger" arrived after dark to keep an appointment with one of Capetown's dusky maids, and all he could see of his charmer was similar to what you see above.



Premier's Residence, Groote Schuur.

we had received, that—holding on tenaciously to stanchions and rails, as the good ship "Giessen," rolling and wallowing in the trough of a heavy beam swell, groped her way to sea once more—we took our farewell of the hospitable shores of Cape Colony.

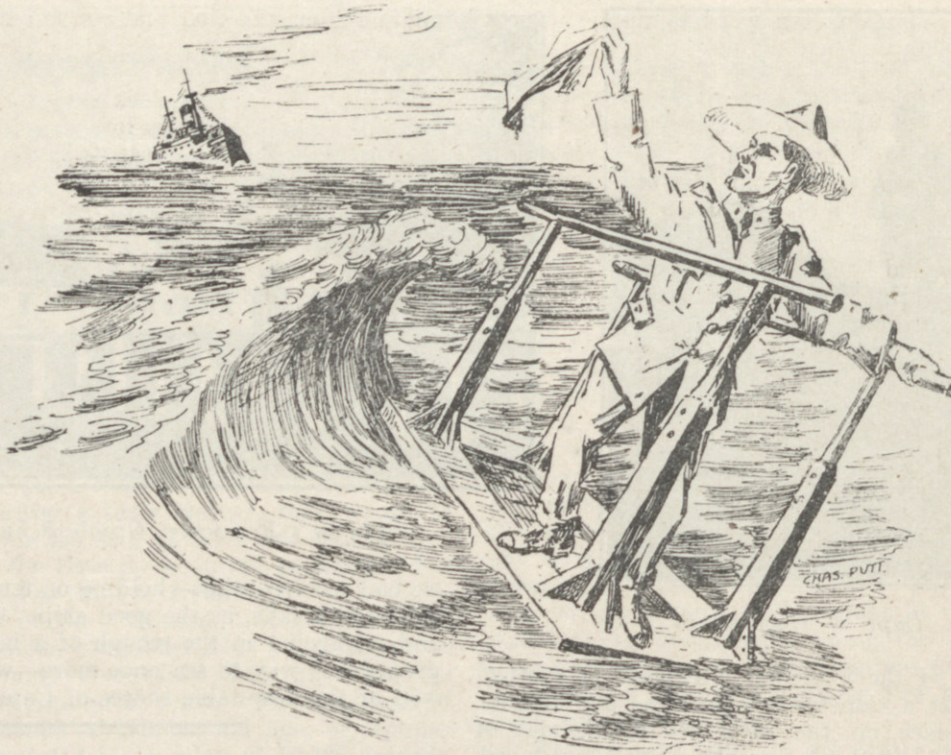
DAME RUMOUR.

Rumours to the soldier at sea are the salt of life and the spice of existence. Like a giant vine of many branches they trail through every mess room, climb through the ship from stem to stern, and instead of reaching up after the light, they seem to creep downwards to the vessel's very bowels. Though she draws inspiration from all quarters, her fountain head is deep in the Seat of State. She is the telegraph, telephone, and tell-o-woman of a transport at sea, and the dominant influence of your daily existence.

What does she tell you? Why, the very latest from the captain's cabin and what they think about it at the fo'cs'le head; the length of time the much-abused ship will take to run from port to port; all the latest grievances; what's in the cook's mind, and the opinion of Jacko the monkey; also, what the dog said last time he barked. [The cat does not venture an opinion, but she looks unutterably wise.] We get the very latest from the engine room, in strict confidence, of course; learn why the wireless was working last night; we are told to a penny what our gratuity will amount to; in fact, get information from every possible point of view as to what has happened, what may happen, and what certainly will not happen at all.

Good Old Dame Rumour! You have given us many anxious moments, many disappointments, and little truth; but you have provided the inestimable benefit of a continuous source of conversation. You have wiled away many an idle hour, and in the uncertainty of your action have taught us the philosophy of patience.

R.W.P.



AN INCIDENT WITHOUT PARALLEL.

The parallel bars fall overboard and beat the "Giessen" in the race for Capetown.

ALBATROCITIES.

By the Ancient Mariner.

With such a strong draft as we have on the "Giessen" it is obvious we possess a good air current. On this occasion "The Long, Long Trail" of the outward trip has been replaced by the equally ear-haunting, 'That Dear Old Home of Mine,' the up-to-date version of which runs:—

I love that dear old ship of mine,
 I love the old fatigues and guard,
 I seem to hear the Digger calling—
 Bawling, "who'll have a card—a card!"
 I love that rolling tub,
 Although her knots are only nine,
 I love that dear old skip who bossed the trip
 Upon that dear old ship of mine.

Although exceptional voices were not forthcoming at our earlier musical gatherings, yet, at the farewell concert, good tenors were fairly plentiful, thanks to the liberality of the Pay Staff. At the eleventh hour a camouflaged Caruso was discovered in our Quartermaster who by carefully nursing his voice throughout the voyage—or by getting his voice nursed—probably both, is now able to get a remarkably pure G whenever he wants to.

Musical genius of no mean order was unearthed in a most unlikely place, namely, round the mess table of No. 2 and 6 decks. It was found that Major Ferguson and Mr. McQueen, whose devotion to the care of tins and dixies is worthy of all praise, have been daily engaged in filling books with notes, which will ultimately arrange themselves into a symphony for a tin can band. The first performance of this original work will, we hope, be connected with the accomplishment of the vocal effort mentioned in the preceding paragraph. The key decided upon for the opening of this composition is G flat, and the finale D—natural, as was only to be expected.

German is a curious language and as this is the first voyage of the "Giessen" since she was taken over from the Norddeutscher-Lloyd, numerous Teutonic wordings remain posted about the ship's decks. In the saloon quarters the meaning of "Rauchzimmer" over the smoke room is understood, but the appropriateness of "Damen" on the ladies' bathroom was not fully grasped until, one morning, an annoyed nurse in filmy peignoir, towel and sponge bag in hand, was heard complaining that it was the third time she had found the place occupied. From her subdued mutterings she was undoubtedly "damen" it. On the other hand there is complete mystery as to the letterings on the glass of the gents' bathroom, which is inscribed with "Herren" in red. It cannot possibly be seen how gentlemen, even if they are officers, could be called "red herren." The obliteration of a

letter from or addition of a word to public notices often gives humorous results, and during the closure of our canteen in a port of call some wit scratched out the "een" in the sign "Canteen Issue Room," but when we see King George's letter to the troops, reading "Me'Queen and I wish you God-speed and a safe return to your homes and dear ones," we feel that someone is risking a charge of *lese majeste*.

As the abnormal length of the voyage is the stock joke of the magazine it would be passed over here, but there may be many who fail to realise that we have reduced by far the best half of the vessel's round trip back to Blighty. This will be readily understood by glancing at a globe map of the world where New Zealand is shewn lying directly under Great Britain. Making south the "Giessen" has been travelling all the time down hill, and it should follow, by the laws of gravity that she should have speedily slid down to Wellington. How her engines will respond to the uphill task of getting back, and what will be the duration of the voyage, are matters with which the master, engineer and crew have our heartfelt sympathy.

Relative to the placing of New Zealand at the bottom of the globe, does it not occur to the people of our Dominion that now is the time to strike against an injustice under which for some five hundred years they have been suffering. If it is true, as is generally thought, that the war has turned the world topsy turvey, it is nothing less than an insult that those living in the northern hemisphere should continue to suggest the inhabitants of our islands as being nothing more than crawling flies. We do not mind taking our share of the burden of empire on our shoulders, but why should the coming generations be instilled with the idea that we carry the weight on our feet, like circus pedal equilibrists. If neutral nations living along the equator will not take up our cause, the least our Minister of Education can do is to order that in all future editions of geographies issued to our schools, Germany and other Europeans, Asiatics and North American countries should be relegated to their proper place, and New Zealand raised to her rightful position at the top of the map. Astronomers support the view that north and south have no place in the larger conception of the universe—and since war has broadened all our views of life it is no longer sufficient for us to think Imperially—we must understand universally.

This is not a husband's boat—that is to say we are not carrying newly married N.C.O.'s. and men with their wives, but although the following lines, parodied on a popular rag, do not apply to anyone on board this ship they may provide consolation to bachelors by letting them realise they might have done worse than remain single. The W.A.A.C.'s., as many of us found, were, taken all round, second to none of the nice girls we met on leave in charm, and good sense and attraction, and there is absolutely no truth in the suggestion that it was in order to render us

immune from affection that we had to be vaccinated. Here is the chorus addressed to the husband of a Blight'ed' bride:—

You're going back to a shack with a W.A.A.C.

You've got in tow—You love her so—

You're both afloat on a boat which you vote

Is awful slow—it will not go;

And when your old girls see you're comin',

You will hear them softly hummin',

"You will rue it! Why did you do it?"

"You'd better have stuck to one of us who you know!"

For when she sails with her pails to the bails

Down in the yard—the muddy yard—

Oh, how she'll splosh thro' the slosh and, by gosh,

She'll do it hard—yes, cruel hard—

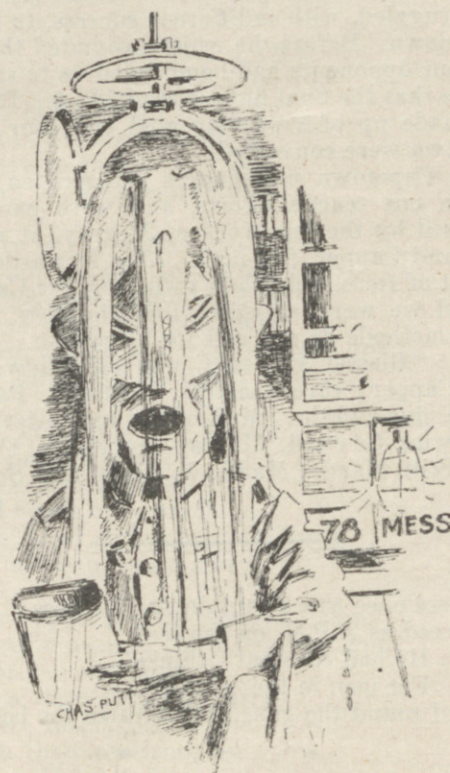
And I'll allow she may bow to your dairy cow,

But she won't know just where to milk it, that I
vow,

When you get back to the shack with the W.A.A.C.

You've got in tow.

Officers' wives, of course, are only going to New Zealand to drive round in motor cars, and dispense hospitality in large country houses, with heaps of servants, on ten thousand acre sheep runs—and if by chance they do find themselves doing a Jazz and hesitation dip in a copper of soap suds on a Monday washing morning, they must throw all the blame on that arch deceiver Khupid in Kharki.



Subject of Debate.

"Should salt water bathing be encouraged in the Mess Rooms?"

FOOTBALL.

One of the events of note during our stay in Capetown was the Rugby game between a selected Capetown team and one somewhat hurriedly chosen from our draft. As the All Blacks had just arrived in the city the preceding day, we were able to bask in some little reflected glory, while the residents came out in considerable numbers to view the match that they might get some idea of how the New Zealanders played the game.

As might be expected, our men were very much out of condition after four weeks of life aboard a troopship, and in the circumstances put up quite a creditable performance.

The Capetown players took the field looking very well and appeared to have the advantage in weight. The first spell was very strenuously contested, and several scores from loose passing rushes by the local team were narrowly averted. On the other hand, our boys should have crossed their opponents' line more than once had they possessed the condition and finish necessary to enable them to carry their attacks home. Before the whistle sounded "half time," it was apparent that our boys would prove unable to stand the pace, and they were lucky when the interval—welcome period—found no points recorded.

About ten minutes after the resumption of play, a penalty against the "Diggers" saw the ball nicely piloted between the posts, and from then onward they struggled, with indifferent success, to keep the points down. Before the whistle sounded the "cease fire," our opponents had bombarded us to such good purpose that the final figures read 19—0. The points were made up of a penalty goal and four tries, of which two were converted.

The Capetown newspapers commented favourably on our team's efforts, and were particularly impressed by the fine work of Murray, at wing-forward, and Capper, full-back. Our forwards, except in point of form, held their own with the Cape players, and we were satisfied that the New Zealand Rugby methods do not call for alteration.

The "Giessen's" team was as follows:—Full-back, Capper; threequarters, Williams, Paine and Nissen; five-eighths, McKenzie and Klerk; half, Mair; wing-forward, Murray; forwards, Ciochetto, Hugo, Still, Martin, Maddock, Fisher and Spence.

R.H.V.

There once was a captain named Rees,
Served as A.P.M. on the seas.
He had constant "thinks"
For men in the 'clinks"
And round the guard buzzed like the bees.

Said a digger who looked rather white,
The old saying is certainly right,
For this horrible motion
They blame the old ocean,
But this barque is far worse than the Bight.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE DIGGER.

What! write my impressions and experiences of the trip! I don't think! I have heard the diggers express their views on the same subject in forcible language which could be classified as brilliant were it not so dreadful, and beside these ebullitions my efforts would appear pale and insipid. Let me tell you, however, something of the "Digger" and his little ways.

Time hangs heavily on a ten-weeks' voyage, and sleep, and then more sleep, helps to eat up the time. "To sleep is to dream; to wake is to die," I quoted to one who spent more time in his hammock than elsewhere. He reflected awhile before replying. "There's a lot of depth in those lines, and I understand exactly what they mean. The idea is that when you are dreaming peacefully you are enjoying life, but your wakeful moments are absolutely wasted."

I asked one man what duty his mate performed. "Oh," he replied, "he sweeps that bit of floor in his spare time." Now, that bit of floor I never saw swept.

The lower decks are scrubbed every morning about nine o'clock by the mess orderlies. A man who slept on the floor, "a rather tired person," could not, on one memorable occasion, muster enough energy to rise from his after-breakfast siesta, and was overheard bribing the mess orderly with two large apples, to scrub round him. Oh, weary one! May the God Morpheus never withdraw his favour from you!

THE CIVVIE.



Our Civvie.

EDUCATION.

The usual educational facilities provided on returning transports were in evidence on the "Gies-sen," and nine instructors have carried on their duties under Major G. H. Ferguson. Classes have been held in Building Trades, English and Mathematics, Telegraphy, Bootmaking, Agriculture, Wool-classing and Book-keeping, the last three proving the most popular. Many enthusiasts should have reaped solid advantage from their studies on board. Rifleman R. W. Perrott, a practical fruitgrower of many years' experience in the Hawke's Bay district and a most interesting lecturer, gave a series of largely-attended lectures on Fruitgrowing and its Prospects in New Zealand, while Captain A. W. Larsen also lectured to many interested in Bee-keeping.

There has been a strong demand throughout the trip for loan of the 200 odd volumes forming the Educational Library. At the termination of the classes the troops eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity of purchasing the various volumes at a reasonable figure.

*I'm not a man of learnin', but I'm handy with a tool.
I'm not a bum professor, nor yet a blimey fool;
And when the war is over I shall make a golden rule,
To seek an occupation where there aint no blimey school.*

*A hundred thousand pounds, they say, was spent upon
the scheme,
Which sum was sure provided by the people fat and
lean.
If they had seen how it was spent, they surely all
would beam
Upon the Min'ster of Finance! If they had only seen!
A Conscript Student.*



*A Photo of Interest to Boxing Enthusiasts—
O. Tancred and F. M. G. Watchorn.*



"Fifteen-two."

GOOD-BYE, KIEWEE!

SLING CAMP.

Good By sling Camp Good by
we have left our kiewee their
For others to Finished it soon
so we are off once more again.

If we turn our thoughts once more,
of the training we Have done their
Of the thousand Tramping Feet
That have come and gon away
we realise the great deeds we have don
For our king and countary.

their we line up on the square,
waiting patiently to go,
And the signal is given
to Form Fours and march on
then the Band strikes up the Tune,
And we are once more away.

as we are approaching Bulford Camp,
we are quite near to Hour destinnashion.
sea kit on our shoulders
is quite a Rare thing to carry.
at Last we Reach the station
the train their awaiting us.
we get in alfabit order.
Later she pushush away.

Hence we have a Long journey
Before us
we pass the time in idleness away

as we Reach exiter station
we are welcome with Refreshment their
then away we are again
in to plymouth we stear.

Later we Reach the place
and we gragerally get in
we Look Through the carriage window
all the people waving to us
and the diggers in Reply
echo three cheers that sound the are

then we arrived at the station
we Form Fours as useful.
Later we arrived at the wharf
and Boarded on Board the Boat.
then as we are waiting a wile
Tomme Band gave us several wellcome.
and Later we are away
To Board on the good ship Geasson.
Copy Right By L.H.J.

[Unfortunately our contributor neglected to indicate which of the Competitions the above article was intended for, and the Editorial Committee failed to arrive at any decision upon the point. Consequently they were unable to award it a prize, but decided to publish it as received, leaving their readers to settle the vexed question for themselves.—Ed.]

SUNDAY ACTIVITIES.

In place of the usual routine parades of week days, a Church Parade was held at 9.30 a.m. on the aft deck, where a service was conducted by the Rev. H. L. B. Goertz, C.F., assisted by the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Mr. A. M. Lascelles. The band were always in attendance and their accompaniment of the hymns did much to brighten the service. In addition a Roman Catholic service was held on the promenade deck. In the evenings the Sing Song Service inaugurated by Mr. Lascelles was always well attended and the hymns were lustily rendered.

In connection with the disappearance of Corporal Ellson, who, by the finding of a Court of Inquiry, is presumed to have fallen overboard, a Memorial Service was held yesterday afternoon on the after deck, being well attended both by officers and men. The service was taken by the Padre, assisted by the representative of the Y.M.C.A., and consisted of portion of the Office for the Dead, suitable hymns and an address. The band of the Second Battalion Wellington Regiment, under Bandmaster McDowell, also attended and played fitting selections at the beginning and end of the service. The hymns were "Rock of Ages," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Now the Labourer's Task is O'er." The lesson was read by Mr. Lascelles, of the Y.M.C.A., and the Padre addressed the men on the subject of the extreme importance of the right belief in the resurrection of the dead, using as a basis for his remarks Job xiv., 14, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The service concluded with the sounding of "The Last Post" by the Regimental Bugler.

In Memoriam.

48327 CORPORAL JOHN DOVE ELLSON,
Missing July 25th, 1919.

Presumed, by Court of Inquiry, to have fallen overboard while ill.

*"The souls of the Righteous are in the Hand of God,
and there shall no evil touch them."*

R.I.P.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

Last we set out! and now—as 'tis most meet—
Last we return of all that Mighty Host—
That Band of Brothers, which—when war's alarms
With clam'rous tongue broke in upon our Peace,
Blasting with fiery breath the fairest flower
Of our sweet home-life—armed, and forthwith sped
With winged feet, to conquer or to die!

Last we set out! But not reluctant all
Were those, who in th' eleventh hour enrolled
To follow in the footsteps of those First. To Drink
Of the same cup, to share the baptism—
Vintage of Death! and the Fiery Sacrament!—
Though all too tardy seemed our loitering feet,
Still were we but like eager hounds in leash!

Last we set out! To us belong no praise,
No guerdon sweet, no honours, no renown!
And not for us that ecstasy of joy
Finding full vent in rolling clam'rous shout—
Voicing a people's welcome to those First
Who, as the sun-outshines the wan pale Moon
So outshines US, who follow after them.

Last we set out! And now as laggards all
With faces homeward turned, pursue our way
Back to those Homes familiar—all unchanged:—
Save that in some, nay, many, there are blanks—
Unbridgable abysses! These remain, and must
For ever speak to us the long years through
Of those—"The First"—most noble and most blest!

And yet we trust that when in turn we stand
Before the terraced Throne where Justice sits
Holding the equal Scales—wherein are weighed
MOTIVES, as well as ACTIONS, we shall be
Not utterly condemned; but e'en to us
Be granted some small meed of praise,
Such as the toilers in the Vineyard had,
Who—not of choice—laboured but one brief hour.

H.B.G.

'Twas just a joy-ride on the "Giessen,"
Though I heard some one whisper—high treason.
But it would have been nice
Had they rationed the rice,
For the issue was quite beyond reason.

To grouse, *v.i.*, To grumble. A soldier's privilege,
if not his duty. (Digger's Dictionary).

**OPENING OF KAURILAND PARLIAMENT.
A MOMENTOUS SITTING.**

**SENSATIONAL DEFEAT OF THE
GOVERNMENT.**

(From our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

8/8/19.—8 a.m.

Last evening a scene of pomp and ceremony marked the opening of the new Parliament. The election of a Speaker (Sergeant Harker) and swearing-in of members had taken place the preceding day, and at 7 p.m., the House being assembled and the Strangers' Gallery filled to overflowing, His Excellency the Governor-General (Mr. A. M. Lascelles) entered amidst a flourish of trumpets—a resplendent figure—to read the Governor's Speech.

The legislature forecasted included a new Military Service Act, a Land Nationalisation Bill, an Educational Reform Act, and the inevitable Taxation Bills. His Excellency was in good voice.

In moving the Address-in-Reply, the newly-elected Member for Sunnyside (Cpl. Philpotts) said he had nothing but praise to tender the Government on their progressive and democratic programme. He congratulated the country in having at their head such beneficent, intellectual and superbly moral gentlemen as the Premier and his colleagues. [None of the Ministry were observed to blush.]

The Member for Avondale (Rfm. Perrott), also making his maiden speech, in seconding the Address, trusted that the Government would, before the Session ended, redeem their pledge to place on the Statute Book an Act for the Abolition of Titles. He commended the Government's proposal to nationalise land, prophesying that the ultimate result would be an increase in the production of rice, a form of food which, he contended, must be on the market in considerable quantities if the stamina of returned soldiers was to be maintained.

The Leader of the Opposition (Gnr. Elvidge) made a vigorous onslaught on the Government. He ridiculed the proposal to increase the production of rice, and twitted the Premier with having himself procured for his friends the last three honours in the shape of titles bestowed in the country. He would oppose any attempt at general land nationalisation or alteration in our existing Defence Acts.

The Right Honourable the Premier (Pte. Ralph) defended the policy of the Government at length. He was emphatic that drastic changes were required in our Military Service laws. Personally he had the blindest faith in the excellent properties of rice as an article of diet, and was confident that the ultimate effect of land nationalisation would be to treble the local supplies. He would certainly place upon the Statute Book before the end of the session his promised Titles Abolition Bill. He would welcome intelligent and constructive criticism from the Opposition, but the kind of tirade they had heard from his Right Honourable friend led him to fear that both he and his party were bankrupt of ideas.

The Member for Seacliff (Pte. Vaney) said that

the present dimensions of the National Debt filled him with alarm. What those figures would be increased to if the Government were permitted to indulge in the orgy of expenditure indicated, he dared not contemplate. What were the novel financial measures by which the Minister for Finance proposed to "raise the wind"?

The Premier: Wait and see.

The Hon. Member: I shall not wait long to see you in the cold shades of Opposition. Meanwhile I shall watch with joy your flounderings in a quagmire of your own creation.

The Minister for Finance (Gnr. Andrews) said that the House would hear his financial proposals at the proper time. The present size of the National Debt could be largely laid at the door of the Honourable the Member for Seacliff and his friends for their maladministration when in occupancy of the Treasury benches. Nevertheless, its present size did not dismay him, and he predicted a long life for the Ministry and an era of prosperity for the country.

The Member for Paraparaumu (Cpl. Verity) announced himself an uncompromising opponent of land nationalisation, and argued that even if it made for an increase in the output of rice, general production would suffer a check. For himself, he hoped never again to see a grain of the Celestial food.

The Speaker then put the motion, which was carried on the voices.

The Premier thereupon announced that as no Government measure was ready, he proposed to devote the next half-hour to Private Members' Bills.

The Member for Sunnyside moved his Bachelors' Taxation Bill. In speaking to the Bill he announced that its primary object was not to collect revenue, but to fill the country's cradles.

A spirited debate found the Bill supported by the Premier and the Member for Avondale, and opposed by the Member for Seacliff and the Leader of the Opposition. The debate coming to an unexpected conclusion, the mover called for a division in the temporary absence of the Member for Seacliff. After the Leader of the Opposition, doubtless as a result of his perturbation at the absence of his colleague, had walked into the lobby with the "Ayes," the Bill was declared carried by the narrow margin of one vote. The House made merry at the Leader of the Opposition's discomfiture, and the Right Honourable gentleman's feelings can better be imagined than described.

The Premier having announced that Government business would now be proceeded with, the Honourable the Minister for Defence moved "The Military Service Act, 1919." It was expected that a strong measure would be brought down. The drastic nature of some of the clauses clearly came as a bomb shell amongst many of the Government's own supporters.

The Minister, after explaining the principal clauses, justified the policy of keeping the troops segregated on Waimarino Plains and in the heart of the Mackenzie Country for three years, urging that their total exclusion from feminine society made for good order and military discipline. We quote the Pay and Ration Schedules:—

PAY SCHEDULE.

Private, 2/- per diem.	Captain, £2 per diem.
Corporal, 2/3 per diem.	Major, £2/17/6 per diem.
Sergeant, 2/6 per diem.	Colonel, £3/5/- per diem.
C.S.M., 3/- per diem.	Brigadier, £6 per diem.
R.S.M., 5/- per diem.	Major-Gen., £7/10/6.
Lieut., £1/5/-, per diem.	

RATION SCHEDULE.

Daily—Up to and including rank of Corporal:—
 Breakfast: Oatmeal, 1oz., currie and rice, 2oz., bread, 1 loaf to each 20 men.
 Dinner: Stew, 3oz., rice, 1oz.
 Tea: Stew, 1½oz., rice ½oz., bread, 1 loaf to two platoons.
 Weekly Extras: Tea, 1lb. per platoon; sugar, ditto; milk, 1 tin per platoon.
 Sundays: 1lb. Keiller's marmalade per platoon.
 Xmas Day: Duff.
 Troops are forbidden to loiter round the pig tubs.
 Sergeants' Mess: As above, plus the following extras:—
 Mustard, 2oz. per day per member.
 Pepper (cayenne), 1 oz. per day per member.
 Pickles (onions), 1 bottle per day per member.
 Ginger: ¼lb., per meal.
 Xmas extra: Rum.

Officers.—Menu up to standard of a first-class hotel. For the purpose of this Act the Midland shall be deemed a first-class hotel.

The measure was fiercely attacked by the Leader of the Opposition, who could not see a good clause in it. While the Government appeared willing that money should flow like water from the Exchequer, their schedule of pay for those below commissioned rank showed parsimony run mad. He poured scorn on the proviso forbidding troops to loiter round the pig tubs.

The Hon. the Premier: "You are not fit to carry swill to the pigs."

The Speaker: "The Right Honourable gentleman must withdraw that remark."

The Premier: "I bow to to your ruling, Sir. The Right Honourable gentleman IS fit to carry swill to the pigs."

The Leader of the Opposition then proceeded to move the following amendment: "That all the words after the word 'that' in the short title to the Bill be omitted."

The amendment was seconded by the Member for Paraparaumu.

The Premier: "This is plainly a 'Want of Confidence' motion, and I shall accept it as such."

The Leader of the Opposition: "I have thrown down the gauntlet and am pleasantly surprised that the Right Honourable the Premier has had the courage to take it up."

The Premier told the opponents of the Bill that they would find the Government as militant as their measure. He argued that the pay for N.C.O.'s and men was ample for their simple needs. The depots would be so placed that there would be no opportunity of these classes spending their money elsewhere than the Government canteen. It was his in-

tention to make Kauriland a military power second to none in the world. [Ironical cheers from the Opposition.]

The Member for Mt. Cook (Pte. Stringer) deplored the spirit of jingoism which had swept over the Ministry. He called it autocracy run mad, and hoped that the good sense of the private members sitting in the Government benches would prevent their following Ministers into the lobby on the taking of the division. Let the House, irrespective of party, rise up and defeat this iniquitous measure.

The Member for Sunnyside regretted that the Bill forced him into the camp of the enemy. He was prepared to follow the Government a long way, but his pledges to his constituents would force him to vote with the "Noes" on this occasion. He regretted to have to inform the Premier that other members on the Government side were similarly placed.

Excitement was tense when the Defence Minister rose to reply to his critics. He bitterly attacked the last speaker and other Government members whom he said had not the backbone to force this measure upon the country.

Voices from Opposition benches: "Rats leaving the sinking ship."

The Minister: "Yes, they are rats." Continuing, he passionately declared that in their hearts the Opposition believed in the Bill.

Member for Paraparaumu (excitedly): "You are a liar."

The Premier rose to a point of order.

The Speaker: "The Honourable Member must withdraw that remark."

After some quibbling, the obnoxious term was withdrawn, the Honourable Member being understood to substitute "You are a past master at terminological inexactitudes."

This closed a regrettable incident.

The ensuing division saw the Government defeated by a narrow margin.

The Premier thereupon arose and, in moving the adjournment, stated that he desired to place his resignation in the hands of His Excellency the Governor-General. He took the opportunity of thanking those members who had stood by the Government.

The Leader of the Opposition, in seconding the motion to adjourn, said that the Premier was taking the only dignified course. He wished to compliment those Government members who had shown, in voting against the Bill, that they had the courage of their convictions.

The motion was carried on the voices, and the House adjourned. Thus ended one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the Parliament of Kauriland.

To enable the Minister for Finance to meet the call upon the Exchequer made by the accumulations of deferred pay of the "Giessen" draft, we make the Right Honourable gentleman a present of our Bachelors' Taxation Bill.

BACHELORS' TAXATION ACT, 1919.

An Act for the Special Taxation of Bachelors and Spinsters in Kauriland.

7th August, 1919.

Be it enacted by The King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the consent of the Members of both Houses of Parliament in the present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS the married members of the community are, by virtue of their state, subject to grievous trials and tribulations by reason of the wailing of their progeny in the still hours of the night, the capriciousness of their daughters, and the unruliness of their sons: AND WHEREAS in addition to the penalties of nature the aforesaid married members carry the heaviest share of the incidence of taxation:

NOW THEREFORE this Act, while not purporting to relieve the Benedicts of nature's penalties, nevertheless doth aim at raising from their shoulders a portion of their financial burden by transferring it to the non-productive backs of the celibate, and doth further aim at the promotion of matrimony that the cradles of the nation may be filled, and the desolate places populated.

PART I.

1. This Act may be cited as "The Bachelors' Taxation Act, 1919."

2. There shall be levied upon every bachelor resident within the State of Kauriland for a period

of not less than six calendar months, a poll tax of £5 (Five pounds) per annum.

3. Exemptions from liability on the ground of facial misfortune, lunacy, or persistent rejections, shall be settled by a Court to be constituted as in hereinafter provided.

4. Appeals against the Assessment of the Commissioner of Taxes must be lodged within 21 days of the posting of the respective demands for payment of this Tax.

5. The Appeal Court hereinbefore referred to shall comprise one Stipendiary Magistrate, one married woman and one married man, each of whom shall be the parent of not less than six or more than thirteen children.

These adjudicators shall be appointed for a period of thirteen years by the Minister for Internal Affairs.

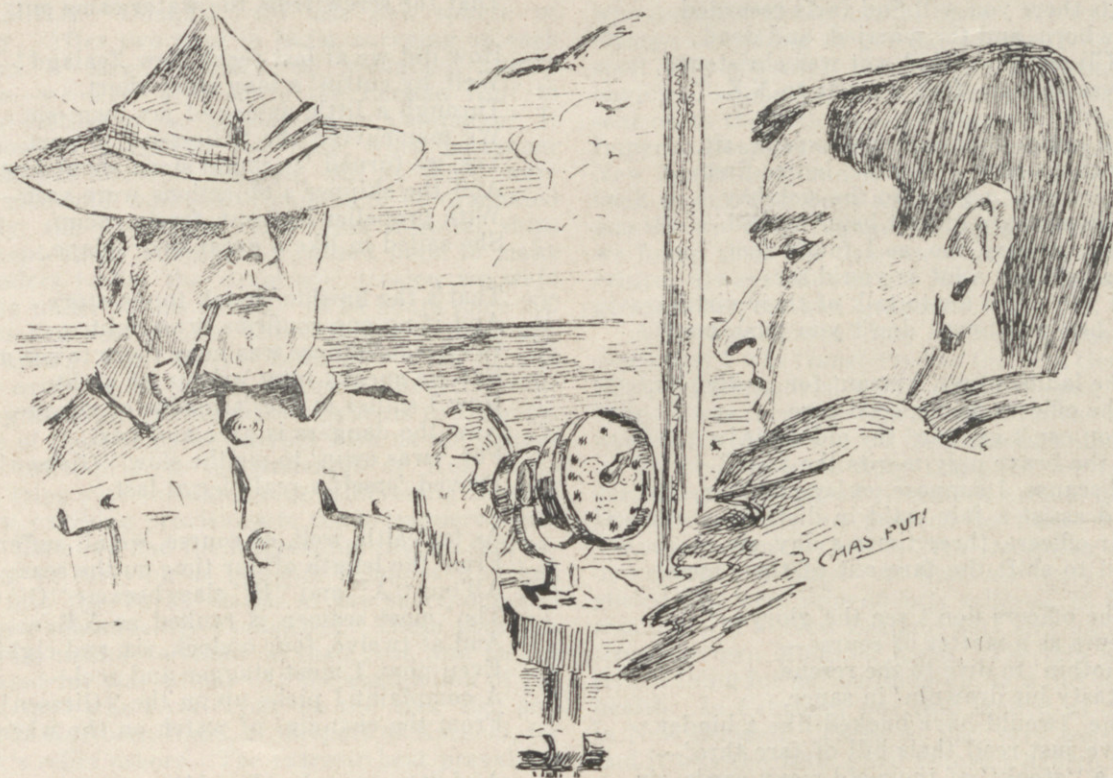
6. The procedure of lodging, adjudicating upon and carrying out the decisions of the Appeal Court shall be as laid down in Regulations from time to time issued by the Governor-in-Council under this Act.

PART II.

1. The word "bachelor" where occurring in this Act shall be deemed to include all unmarried persons of either sex between the ages of 24 years and 92 years, both inclusive.

2. This Act shall not extend to Chatham Island, the Kernadec Islands, or the Three Kings.

3. This Act shall come into operation 29 days after the arrival of the "Giessen" at her final destination.



The Sands of Time.

First Digger.—"How far is it from Cape Town to Aussic." Second ditto.—"O, about four duffs."

THE SURVIVOR'S STORY.

Being the supposed narrative of an ancient, decrepit digger, who, in the Year 1980, is seen hobbling along the streets of a Dominion city, bearing a notice which reads, "Kind friends, pity me; I am a survivor of the 'Giessen'—the result of an accident."

To those who were cooling their heels aboard H.M.N.Z.T. "Giessen" in August, 1919, this story appeared only too full of truths—present, as well as prophetic.

I 'ave seen some rejoicin's I 'ave, sir.
When the nation's gone mad with delight,
I remember our Armistice Day, sir,
And the very fust Mafficking Night.
And the greeting they give flyin' Hawker,
After three or four days worried wait,
Wasn't half wot they gives to the "Giessen"
When she turned up nigh forty years late.

Kipling says that "the liner's a lady"—
So was ours—tho' I 'ave 'eard 'er blast—
Yes, the "Giessen" was ladylike, certain,
There was no one could say she were fast.
No, she weren't any swift ocean greyhound,
For the men on the dog watch agreed
That a dirty dog, crook Jerry Dachshund
Must 'ave some 'ow got mixed in 'er breed.

This 'ere yarn of the trip ain't official—
Fuller details the time won't afford,
You should study the 'undred odd volumes
Of the magazine published on board;
And its there you will find facts recorded
Of the born, and the married, and dead;
Still I'll mention a kid wot was christened,
She was spliced 'fore we gets to N.Z.

Of the ladies aboard I can't speak, sir,
I was third, and, of course, ladies first;
But I longed to get into the sick-bay
For the pleasure of just bein' nursed.
And the officers, too, as I found 'em,
Was as gallant a lot as you'd see—
Don't you drive me to talk of their virtues—
Oh, I beg you now "don't you push me."

No, the ladies weren't meant for us diggers,
But the officers own special care.
For you can't go agin' the old sayin':
"It's the brave only merits the fair."
And because, I suppose, ev'ry man, sir,
Would assist a fair maid in distress,
So our officers, three times a day, sir,
'Elped to shift the fare out of their mess.

But the officers don't see the glory—
It occurs as a matter of course—
It is nothin' to dive to the rescue
Of a tasty bit drownin' in sauce.
But me 'twould have bucked like a binder
To 'ave just read their bill of fare thro'—
With a "stock" of their old menu cards, sir,
Why the cooks could 'ave flavoured our stew.

Yes, their menoos with tasty potages,
Pommes de terre a'la this—a'la that,
Their consommies, and ragouts, and ontrays—
Oh, no wonder their chef 'e were fat.
Yet, while the saloon 'ad its hors d'œuvres,
Its Sunday and Thursday ice cream,
We poor, bloomin' digger third classers
Was fed up wiv rice a'la rice.

What wiv rice ev'ry meal of the day, sir—
Betwixt that and starvation we'd choose—
We was very soon lookin' like Chows, sir,
For the canteen had little but queues.
And Chows, you must know, in Gawd's Country,
Are as immigrant folk, almost bann'd.
So they sticks on a 'undred quid poll tax
'Afore they'd allow us to land.

But of 'oot we 'ad more than enough, sir,
Our deferred made the country nigh broke,
Until Joey Ward got a loan floated,
On 'is 'undredth free trip to Big Smoke.
Yes, we 'ad the money to pay, sir,
There was naught else to spend it on—Why?
Thro' the loss of our votes on the "Giessen"
The wowsers 'ad turned N.Z. dry.

What was really the cause of delay, sir?
Well, the engines, when not out on strike,
Was engaged in such fierce revolutions
You'd 'ave thought they was all Bolshevike.
But the reason of course, was their racin'
Wen our ballast of Pale Ale and Stout
In the Old "Diggers Rest" got so light, sir,
That the screw from the water came out.

How did we at last reach New Zealand?
Well, by cuttin' a long story short,
Through a little device of my own, sir,
We manœuvred the "Giessen" to port.
Yes, we turned 'er round stern about first, sir,—
And the skipper's objections were vain—
With propeller in front, freely racin',
She sailed in like a great hydroplane.

That's the finishin' touch to my story
And if no one confirms it as right,
It's because there was none there to see us,
For we sneaks into 'arbour at night.
How I smiles at the 'ardships of voyage,
Now the dangers is over and past,
For 'twas owin' to me the slow "Giessen"
Proved 'erself a real flier at last.

As to 'ealth, well, of course, we all suffered
From the length of our time on the seas;
All our "A" and "B" class became "C" men,
Tho' most seamen is ranked as A.B.'s.
And at twelve, four o'clock, six and eight, sir,
Even now, I must stagger and reel—
A complaint I picks up on the "Giessen"
From the changin' of watch on the wheel.

And at noon ev'ry day, I'm a scooter
Up the first 'andy stairs, like one daft,

Cos I think that the freezin' works 'ooter
Is the signal for lifeboat and raft.
An' I knows w'en I 'ears the last trump, sir,
Tho' no longer in kharki arrayed,
My poor soul will spring up to attention,
With the thought—it's the skipper's parade.

RIBBS.

**EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW
ZEALAND NURSING SISTER.**

A call came to New Zealand during the 1915 Gallipoli campaign for nurses to serve in the Imperial Hospitals in the East, and as an instalment of the response 59 of us set sail for Suez on the 6th July of that year.

Arriving in due course at our port of disembarkation, we were divided into two sections, and at once entrained for our respective destinations—Cairo and Alexandria. With several other sisters I was attached to the 15th General Hospital at Alexandria. So urgent was the call for our services that seven o'clock the next morning saw us commence our duties. The hospital's accommodation was taxed with 3000 beds, a proportion of which overflowed into the corridors. These latter had to take most of the medical cases.

Seven months of continuous service followed before I found myself under orders for Transport work, and on the 3rd March, 1916, I embarked on the H.M.H.S. "Dongala" for this new sphere of activity. After two trips to India, carrying on each occasion a large number of wounded—mostly Indians—we were ordered to the Persian Gulf to pick up victims of the Mesopotamian Campaign. It was monsoon season at this time, when passenger boats do not attempt this run, but as there were 10,000 sick and wounded Tommies to be evacuated monthly, the "Dongala" and other hospital ships were kept busily running. I cannot hope to make my readers realise the desperate tension we were working under at this period. In 24 hours some 200 patients had heat strokes, and only one medical officer (Captain Muir, a New Zealander) was fit and able to carry on his duties. We made altogether nine trips up the Gulf, taking all the patients to Bombay. On one of these trips we carried with us the gallant airmen who, prior to the surrender of Kut, made daring trips over the dangerous intervening tract of country, carrying provisions to the beleaguered garrison. Later we had the interesting, though sad, experience of carrying as patients Tommies who had fallen into the Turks' hands at the surrender and had been subsequently exchanged. These poor fellows were unable to stand on their feet, and had to be treated for starvation. At the completion of the ninth trip I was myself put on the sick list and landed in Northern India, at the port of Karachi, for a week's relief ashore. The extreme heat prevailing at this season, together with the unsatisfactory arrangements for travelling in the execrable Indian trains, was responsible for the death of a large num-

ber of British troops during my brief stay in this locality.

Here it was my privilege to be in touch with an Indian native hospital at Poona, six hours' distant by rail from Bombay. It was under the charge of an English M.D., who had as his assistants a number of native doctors. English sisters and Parsee nurses tend the sick. The Parsee nurses, clad in their loose one-length robes of white Indian muslin draped over their heads, presented to my colonial eyes a very quaint appearance. They have a fascinating manner, and become quite practical exponents of their work. Many of them take post-graduate courses in England, where they adhere strictly to their native uniform.

In October, 1916, the "Dongala" was put on the British and German East African run and took in the following ports of call:—Tanga, Dar-es-Salam, Kilwa, Port Kilindini, Mombassa, and Zanzibar. The German East African coast is very pretty, being covered with a thickly-growing semi-tropical undergrowth of pale green. The entrance to our landlocked harbour was through a beautiful winding estuary, and the town, running along the waterfront, looked like a pretty little English waterside town. By courtesy of the military authorities, we were able to see all the local sights. On these trips we landed convalescent troops at all the ports in German East Africa.

On the 23rd December, 1916, we cast anchor once more in Bombay Harbour, where we spent a happy though not an exuberant Christmas.

Orders to sail for Suez arrived on the 20th January, and we filled up with British officers and men, who included 40 sad mental cases. We welcomed the change—anything to get out of the Tropics for a spell. We got safely through to our destination, and having disembarked our patients, we sisters were sent on to the 27th General Hospital at Cairo. This Imperial Hospital was the base for sick and wounded New Zealanders, and it was a delight for us to get back to our own boys again, though during the 19 months we were engaged nursing British Tommies we found them the dearest of patients, and they, in return, always showed us New Zealand sisters the greatest respect and gratitude.

After five months' duty at Cairo, I became so run down that I was transferred to the 17th General Hospital in Alexandria, a big establishment with 3000 beds. I was there for four months, for the last eleven weeks of which I was off duty through illness.

On my return to duty I applied for transfer to Jerusalem, but instead I received orders, on the 24th December, 1917, to proceed to Suez for further Transport work. On the 27th December several of us reported at Suez. At first we were very disgusted, but were subsequently relieved, to find that it meant a trip to New Zealand with sick and wounded from our own Mounted Rifles. The trip was an excellent thing for us, building up, as it did, our general health. In February our ship landed us once again in New Zealand. There we had very welcome leave and it was the 10th April before I had to report for duty at Trentham Military Hospital. I remained there for two months, at the expiration of which time I was appointed Charge Sister on the

"Athenic," which sailed from Wellington on the 13th June with the 39th Reinforcements.

Our trip was to prove quite a memorable one. We came via Panama Canal and travelled thence to Jamaica. There the ship unfortunately (or perhaps, from our point of view, fortunately) ran aground. The troops, and we nursing sisters as well, were all taken off by the Government tug-boat and ship's lifeboats, the former going into barracks at Port Royal, while we went to the Myrtle Bank Hotel at Kingston. The hospitality of the English people there made our three weeks' enforced stay a very pleasant one, and we were taken all over this historic and picturesque West Indian Island.

The Athenic, not being considered quite suitable to take us on after her unhappy experience, the Dutch vessel "Goentoe" was commandeered for our use and took us first to New York, there to complete her fitting as a transport, and to await escort. During our six days shore leave in the great city of the New World, we were the recipients of American hospitality. We eventually reached Liverpool on the 31st August, after a journey which had extended over three months.

On reporting in London I was sent to Brighton, and after a week there was transferred to No. 2 New Zealand General Hospital, Walton-on-Thames. Thence I went to take charge of surgical cases in the "Limblee Section" of Oaklands Park Hospital. Then back again to Walton-on-Thames as night superintendent, until, after three months' service in this last-mentioned capacity, orders came that I was to enter upon my last stage as an "Army Nurse," charge sister on a returning transport.

On the 23rd June I embarked at Plymouth on H.M.N.Z.T. "Giessen," full of hope for a calm and speedy journey home. Alas! my hopes in the latter respect were doomed to disappointment, and I ultimately disembarked in Wellington, fully convinced that the good ship had solved the problem of perpetual motion.

M.E.J.K.

THE OCEAN GREYHOUND.

A spasm (40 days out.)

Air—"All the World will be Jealous of Me."

The airships all envy the "Giessen," I'm sure,
The Cunarders all envy her style,
The naval destroyers stand still as we pass,
Their speed don't seem half worth the while,
The smoke from her fires makes the bright skies grow dim,

She's as speedy as speedy can be;
But we must not repine,
We may get home some time,
If we're not posted missing at sea.

H.J.G.

"Here! Corporal. Here! Sergeant. Here!
Sergeant-Major. Here! Sir." The Lauder morning
parade crew.



The Chef and Chief Steward—of course.

THE "GIESSEN" DEBATING UNION.

Before the voyage had been long in progress our energetic Y.M.C.A. Secretary had inaugurated weekly debates, which have steadily grown in favour since their inception. The following subjects have been vigorously discussed:—(1) Have Trade Unions proved a Success?; (2) Should the present system of Compulsory Military Training be continued?; (3) Should Government Enterprises be run at a profit; (4) Should New Zealand Federate with Australia; (5) Protection v. Free-trade; (6) Prohibition v. State Control

A fair standard of debate has been maintained, and an intelligent interest in the proceedings manifested by the troops, who have always filled to overflowing the particular troop deck from time to time chosen as the scene of argument. The most regular speakers have been Corporals Philpotts and Verity, Gunners Andrews, Elvidge and Stringer, Privates Edwards, Ralph and Cameron, Riflemen Vaney and Perrott and Sapper Rogers.

At the conclusion of the last debate, Private Edwards, on behalf of the debaters, thanked Mr. Lascelles for his valued assistance in carrying out the programme which that evening's debate concluded.

The sea-birds don't seem too ferocious
As they skim round our stern quite precocious,
But the mariner's rhyme
States to shoot them's a crime,
For the consequence is alb-atrocious.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Dig."—No; that popular song "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was not especially written of our A.P.M., nor any other A.P.M. in the British Army.

"L.S.H." sends us this Limerick—
As a Digger I go for position
In this Limerick Competition.
I send this one in,
And if I don't win,

It will be for bad composition.
Precisely. But keep on trying and do not shirk serious prose.

"Curious" asks if the letters N.D.L. on the ship's silver-ware stand for "No damn luck?" We interpret them as Nor Deutscher Lloyd, but in view of the history of the past five years, think his translation might stand. No, it will not be etiquette to comment on this when dining ashore with any of our married passengers.

"Ginger" contributes some half-dozen verses, which rejoice in the title of "The Tub." We quote the "grand finale":—

But if you ask me to go to sea
In a' ark like the "Giessen,"
I will challenge ye to fight with me
And I'll split your bloomin' wiesand.
Your challenge is declined, but you don't rhyme "Giessen" and "wiesand" in any other column of this magazine.

"Sister,"—Yes, we think he's a perfect dear.

"Tiny."—Many thanks for your photograph. Sorry that the paper shortage prevents its publication.

"P.D.O."—You "bore" us.

"Dick."—Yes, we expect the human gramophone on No. 2 Troop Deck, port side, is talking yet.

"Cpl. Mutt."—Pleased to hear that ling fish tickles your palate. It *lingers* on ours.

"Pte. Snoreham.—No. 4 Port Side."—Quite right. We hate to see anyone wasting the golden minutes in soul-clogging slumber while we stalk abroad.

"Padre."—Yes, it's a good story, but then this is a family magazine. We shall certainly use it, however, at our next Smoke Concert.

"Lofty."—Sorry we cannot find space for your fifteen pages on "Pillow-fights I have lost and won."

"Engineer" writes *—!ffjekl:-;xxxx—bb!!!! There! We knew the type would never stand the strain.

"Erudite."—We have reluctantly had to abandon our proposed Edition de Luxe on *rice* paper.

"The Adj."—Your letter received and suggestions noted. They are all very well for Texas down by the Rio Grande, but for God's Own Country—

"Quarter."—Glad to hear that you are publishing your reminiscences. Your specimen chapter "How I travelled home by rail and jumped the points" is most exciting.

"Simon" is in trouble. He has enjoyed nine weeks' voyage on the "Giessen" and is still not clear as to where the smoking and reading rooms, so eloquently described in the Edinburgh "News," are really situated. Now, don't be simple, Simon! The Smoke Room is any old troop deck and the Reading Room ditto.

"Mal-de-mer."—It certainly is most unpleasant to be sea sick, but have you ever been really sick of the sea?

"Service Chevron."—Yes, any of us are certainly entitled to put up two, who blew over and blew back again.

"Anxious."—Absolutely safe as she was, but would probably have rolled right over if the Chief Steward and Chef had had cabins on the same side of the ship.

"Sid D.A.C."—Your connundrum "Who Burnt the Cakes?" has given us a headache. After carefully perusing the Old Testament, Who's Who in Blighting, and The Child's History of the Angles and Saxons, we modestly venture "Alfred the Great."

"Ribbs."—Exceedingly sorry. We know you are innocent, but, being a suspect, we have given your address to satisfy several correspondents out for blood. This step was reluctantly taken to save our own skins and prevent the office being wrecked.



We think though the "Giessen's" a goer,
She'd do more with a tortoise to tow her,
But when "Y.M." bellows,
"Just one minute fellows,"
Things certainly do not go slower.



We hear that our good Captain Taylor,
Is fed up with the life of a sailor,
In the land of Kauri
Perhaps he'll turn Maori,
If the "Giessen's" engines don't fail her.

OUR SISTERS.

We have some fine Sisters on board of our boat,
We have had them for quite a long while.
They sit on the prom. deck wrapped up in a coat,
And pass away many a mile.

There's Sister Tickleme, awfully flash,
Who fell down the stairway one day;
They say that she spends her superfluous cash
On egg-flip and brandy au lait.

Now, dear Sister Jackson's a cuddlesome lass,
Pretends that she's wanting a lead,
And sweet Sister Lindsay maintains that she has
From all complications been freed.

A Sister on deck ev'ry day may be seen
Tucked cosy away in a corner,
Patiently playing with Nigger McQueen—
I do think that someone should warn her.

A fine slender girl is Sister McGee,
And possesses a Tibi-cat rug,
Where she and her comrade, the gallant O.C.,
Really look as if awfully snug.

Just to bring this old yarn to a finis
Without leaving any one out,
I suggest a few bottles of Guinness—
I think it's the Quarter Bloke's shout.

But soon all our Sisters must scatter,
For we are approaching the shore,
To some this sad parting won't matter—
To others—perhaps! But, no more.

"TAIAROA."

LIMERICKS.

Its sheer pleasure for most folks to roam,
Weeks and weeks o'er the fresh bounding foam
But it's far different when
A boat's best speed is "ten,"
And your one great desire's to get home.

Now rice as a food is tres bon,
I could quote you expert views thereon,
But what *would* the "heads" say,
If they'd hid it each day,
And the "treatment" was still going on?

For our Jacko we sought long in vain,
When from Cape Town we hopped off again,
Though we searched high and low,
We had no luck, and so
May we ask—"Can the Aussies explain?"

W.S.S.

TWO VISITS TO CAPETOWN.

First Visit:

Many niggers. Several cows in Adderley Street
resulting in stoppage of trams. No rain. No booze.

Second Visit (2½ years later).

More niggers. No cows. Strike resulting in stop-
page of trams. Some rain. Much booze. "Some
Town."

TIKA.



The Padre.

HOW THE SECOND OFFICER SAVED THE
"GIESSEN."

This is the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered Son of the Sea—
—To me and my old pal, Captain Rees,
When returning home from over the seas.

'Twas of the good ship "Giessen"
All in the Southern Seas,
With the wind a-lee, and the capstan free
To catch the freshening breeze.

With Captain Taylor on the bridge,
And his Mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the bo'sun down in the for'ard hold
Was winding the starboard watch.

"How heads the good ship 'Giessen' ?
How heads our gallant craft?
She heads to the East, Sou' West by North,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"What does the quadrant indicate?
And how does the sextant stand?
Why, the quadrant is down to freezing point,
And the sextant's lost a hand!"

"If the sextant's lost a hand, indeed,
And the quadrant falls so low,
Sure our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are like to go!"

"So fly aloft to the garboard strake
And reef the spanker-boom!
Bend the stun' sail on the martingale,
And give her weather room!"

"Ho! Bo'sun! down the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four feet and a-half by the royal gaff,
And rather more behind!"

"Then, sailors! Collar your marlinspikes
And each belaying-pin!
Come stir your stumps and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen-brace!
Aloft and alow they worked—but, oh!
The water gained apace!

They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out—
But strange to say, to their dismay!
The water *in* did spout!

So up spoke the Chef of our gallant ship
And he was a lubber brave—
"I've several wives—and some besides!
And *my* life I ought to save!"

Next quoth old Sunshine—R.N.R.
Who dearly loved his prog!
" 'Tis awful to die, but 'tis worse to be dry—
I move we pipe to grog!"

Then 'twas the gallant Second Mate
That filled them all with awe!—
The Second Mate, that bad men hate,
And cruel captains jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
And jumped into the Main!
Through foam and spray he clove his way
And sank! and rose again!

Through foam and spray a league away
The anchor stout he bore!
Till, safe at last, he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore!

" 'Taint much of a thing to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see!
And something to do, if I say it true—
For that Second Mate was ME!"

CAPTAIN BARREL.

"Good morning, Mrs. McGuinnessy, "I am glad to see your boy back again, and looking wonderfully better for having been a soldier."

Mrs. McGuinnessy, up to her elbows in the midst of a big Monday wash:—"Well, all the good I can see it's done him is to learn him to blow his nose without usin' a handkerchief."



While at Albany the Diggers were the glad recipients of gifts of fruit from the Australian Red Cross Society. An attempt is here made to depict our appreciation.



"Shooting the Sun."
Reading from Right to Left—Messrs. Roberts,
Cooper and Parry.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Committee desire to thank all their many contributors, and all those whose valuable assistance has rendered possible the publication of this Magazine. Special mention should be made of the services of Lance-Corporal C. E. Putt, many of whose sketches appear in these pages, and who devoted much of his time to the assistance of the Editorial Committee in providing or arranging for so many of the illustrations. The Committee congratulates the contributors on the standard of the work submitted, especially the entrants for the Cover Design Competition, whose work all showed originality and a sound standard of merit. It is with reluctance that many articles have had to be excluded, but the present high cost of publication necessitated the condensation of the volume down to its present size. We none the less thank all for their efforts and trust they will try again.

Appended is a list of the prize-winners:—

Cover Design: L.-Corporal C. E. Putt; runner-up, Gunner W. J. Conroy.

Best Literary Article (Prose): Gunners Cameron and Elvidge.

Best Literary Article (Verse): L.-Sergeant H. J. Gill.

Best Humorous Article: Driver W. S. Syme.

Best Limerick: Driver W. S. Syme.

Best Caricature: Sapper W. P. Newsham.

Our special thanks is accorded to all donors of prizes.

A MEDDLER.

He is as fine an example of manhood as one would expect to find anywhere, and a machine gunner also, which fact, according to his ideas, enhanced his own value as a member of the N.Z.E.F.

As a theorist it would be hard to find his equal, and he has been known to argue for hours on the good points of the "Vickers" when comparing it with other types of machine guns.

Another pet theme of his is the incompetency of other men, and he was fond of using the term "Meddler," meaning that all men, he excepted, were continually playing with instruments, etc., with which they had no business.

One point we must give him. He is very enthusiastic about himself, particularly as a gunner; but it was the signal for a general stampede if he commenced to discuss the subject, for he had on several occasions kept all hands awake half the night.

It was one afternoon when things were "heaving about some" that he was observed to be turning very steadily at the wheel, and at the same time he was intently watching the "pointer" travel over the "strip." At last when it appeared to work to his satisfaction, he took up a firmer and better position, and then he fairly made that wheel spin, and sent the indicator mounting higher and higher over the graduations. He was so intent with his own doings that he was quite oblivious of the fact that a number of men were watching him.

Suddenly he stopped manipulating the wheel and marched off as a "Digger" was heard to remark: "He was once a bragging nuisance, but now he has become a Meddler."

It was not a machine gun he was working, but he was simply playing with the auxiliary steam steering gear situated aft on the good ship "Go Some."

SOME FARM.

An American soldier was telling a Digger about the size of the farms in his country. "You might not believe it," he said, "but a friend of mine has a farm so large that he starts out with his ploughing in the Spring. All that he can do is to plough and sow one straight furrow before Autumn. Then he turns round and harvests the crop on his way back."

"Oh, yes, I believe that," said the Digger. "It is like my son-in-law's farm out in New Zealand. Two weeks after they were married my daughter and her husband started for their pasture to milk the cows, and their two children brought in the milk."

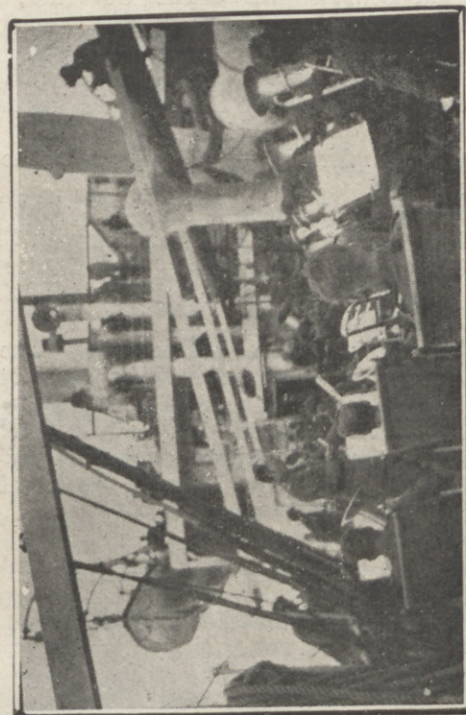
A CONUNDRUM.

Question: "Why is the s.s. "Giessen" like a two-up ring?"

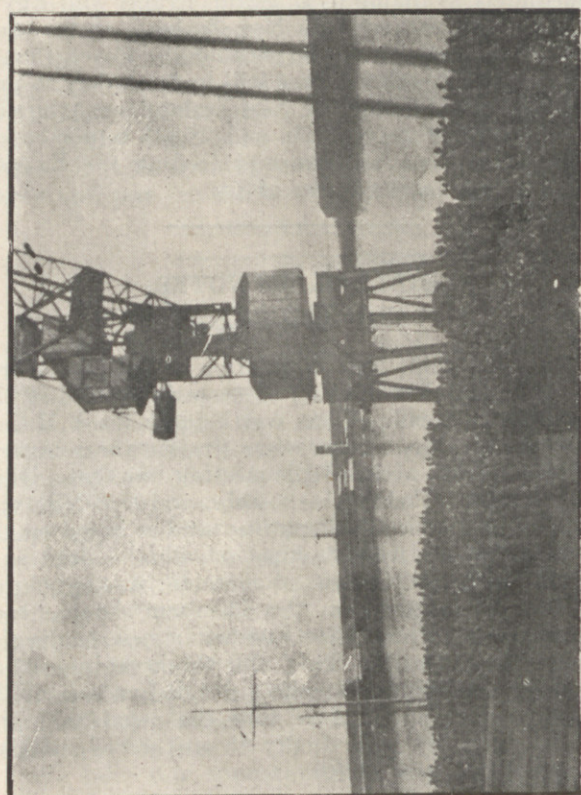
Answer: "They are both controlled by a Taylor head (tail or head)."



The Ladies.



The Band.



Shore Leave, Capetown.

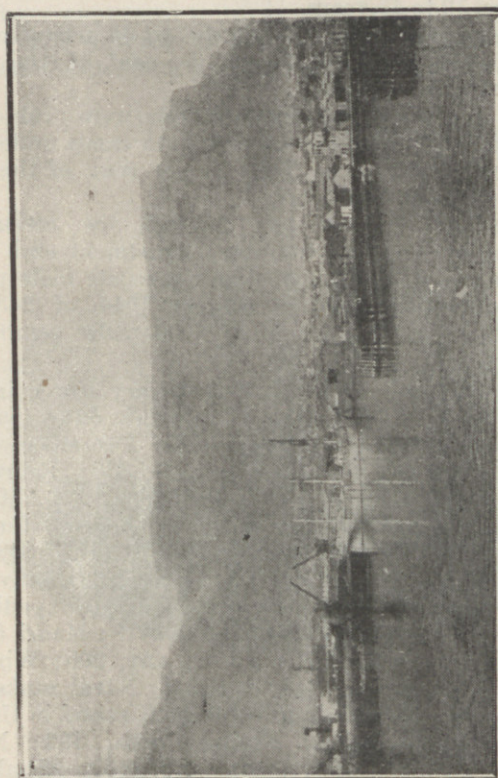


Table Mountain.

THE CABINET.

Regal Representative—The Governor, always in the engine-room.

Prime Minister—The man in the crew's nest, for he is the most farsceing man aboard and is well above the others; a position to which he ascended most rapidly.

Minister for Internal Affairs—The Medical Officer.

Minister for Foreign Affairs—The Chief Steward, who has completed a big deal in rice with China.

Minister for Agriculture—The Canteen Officer, who looks after the *stock*, even though it sometimes goes against his *grain*.

Minister for Post and Telegraphs—The Sergeant of the Guard, who can often *tell-a-funny* story about *posting* sentries.

Minister for Finance—Mr. Levy's foreman, who intends to leave the Diggers *a-loan* till pay-day.

Minister for Marine—Vacant, for even if we had one we would still be all *at sea*.

H. K.

NEW ZEALAND'S BIT.

The following figures taken from an official publication by the Chief of the General Staff show the extent of New Zealand's effort in the war:—

The Expeditionary Force actually mobilised in camp for overseas service was 124,211 men, being 11.4 per cent. of New Zealand's population (men, women and children), and nearly 51 per cent. of men of military age, 19 to 45 years.

The number actually sent abroad on active service was 100,444, being nearly 42 per cent. of the total males of military age.

Of the total mobilised 91,941 were voluntary recruits, while 32,270 were sent into camp under the Military Service Act. Thus 74 per cent. of the men mobilised were volunteers.

The total number put through the recruiting machine by way of voluntary enlistment and compulsion was 220,089, out of an aggregate male population of military age in August, 1914, of 243,376, with an annual increment of 8000 males coming of military age.

The strength of the Expeditionary Force in the field, excluding Samoa, on different dates was:—December, 1914, Main Body, 8761; December, 1915, end of the Gallipoli campaign, 14,338; February, 1916, when the Division was formed, 21,809; March, 1917, when the Fourth Infantry Brigade was formed, 28,000; November 11th, 1918, Armistice Day, 24,000.

The following is a summary of troops actually sent on foreign service:—Main New Zealand Expeditionary Force, 92,860; Samoan force, 2079; Maori force, 2688; Engineer Tunnelling Company, 905; Wireless troop, 178; Imperial reservists, 211; Naval ranks and ratings, 349; New Zealand contingent raised in United Kingdom, 240; Royal Flying Corps, 192; Naval Auxiliary Patrol, 190; Postal and audit officials, 2;

New Zealand Army Nursing Service, 550. Total, 100,444.

The New Zealand wastage in the field, including dead, missing, prisoners and wounded was approximately 57,000, of which total there were 16,302 dead. The chief losses resulted from the following engagements:—Landing at Anzac and subsequent battles, April-May, 1915, 2800; August offensive, 1915, Gallipoli, 400; battle of the Somme, September, 1916, 8000; battle of Messines, June, 1917, 6500; battle of Passchendaele, October, 1917, 7500; German offensive, March-May, 1918, 5000; Victory offensive, August-November, 1918, 9000.

The total wastage of men from all causes in New Zealand camps was 13,843. This includes 507 died in camp, of which 268 succumbed to the influenza epidemic during 1918, and 575 deserters.

The overseas establishment of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force on which reinforcements were based on November 12th, 1918, was 24,138, made up as follows:—

Administration Headquarters, London	395
M.R. Brigade and attached units (Egypt)	2,483
New Zealand Division	18,958
2nd F.A. Brigade and attached units in 2nd Army	1,060
No. 1 Cyclist Company, 22nd Corps	201
Tunnelling Company and A.S.C.	751
New Zealand Wireless Troop	56
Samoa Garrison	234

24,138

During the last year of the war the Division was the strongest on the Western front, and when the Armistice was signed the number of reinforcements immediately available in England, France and Egypt was just on 5000, while in New Zealand, at the same date, there were in the Expeditionary Force Camps 9924, and 6832 balloted were still under orders to proceed to camp. In addition, New Zealand, on Armistice Day, had 24,999 territorials and 28,831 senior cadets training for home defence and feeding the Expeditionary Force as they came of age.

BIBLE CLASS NOTES.

On June 28th, four days after we left the shores of Old England, a meeting of those interested in the formation of a Bible Class was held in the Y.M.C.A. Secretary's cabin. There were five members present and the outcome of that little meeting was that a Bible Class should be held twice weekly, and that "Service in the Kingdom of God" outline studies based on the Rev. Lawton's "Discipleship," should be used as a foundation for discussion. A secretary was appointed and it was decided that the members should, each evening, select from their number, a new leader for the ensuing meeting. This, and the keen interest of the members, helped to make a decided success of the meetings. Within a short time the membership increased till there were finally 85 on the roll, with an average attendance of 40.

The Class was very much indebted to the ladies for the loan of their cosy drawing-room for a class room, and some of the ladies finally evinced their interest by becoming members; an innovation much appreciated.

Our thanks are also due to the Skipper who, on joining the class, was instrumental in extending the use of the room after the meetings. Thus the members were able to enjoy a quiet yarn and a little sing-song together. Mention must be made, too, of our able secretary, Cyril Hyde, whose untiring zeal helped to make the meetings a success.

In the meetings discussions were ably opened up, a high note being struck. Prayer and work were mainly emphasised, members realising the need for the application of Christ's teachings to present-day problems.

The last meeting was a notable one. After the usual programme a social evening was held, members contributing songs and recitations followed by a light supper. Thus ended a series of bright, helpful meetings, which will live long in memory and which will be of permanent value to the members as, once more, they take up the threads of civic life.

One of the bright features of the voyage has been the popular sing-song service. So popular indeed that no deck was large enough to accommodate the audience.

Here the Digger was in his element, vying with his mate in suggesting hymns. Of a Sunday evening a helpful address was added by the Padre or the Y.M.C.A. Secretary. Latterly the lantern has been introduced and many beautiful slides portraying the life and death of Christ have been thrown on the screen and explained.

During the week one evening at least has been devoted to a sing-song, the lantern again coming to the fore, and slides depicting scenes in foreign lands have been described and hymns thrown on the screen. What matter if the piano be a little out of tune and towards the close, some of the Diggers are rather hoarse, it is an evening well spent in that it helps to cheer and put fresh life into the voyage-wearied.

C.F.

VALEDICTORY.

This magazine would not be complete without a word concerning the ship's master and the "Giessen's" officers and complement. In the quite early stages of the voyage Captain Taylor's strong personality and genial temperament captured the imagination of the troops and commanded both their admiration and respect. The storm of applause which greeted his appearance at our maiden concert testified to the reality of his popularity, and in taking leave of him, the boys feel they are parting with an old and tried friend. His portrait in this edition will serve, in years to come, to recall to our minds all our pleasantest memories of our homeward journey in his care.

We take this opportunity of expressing to him,

and through him to the ships' officers associated with him, and to all hands on the vessel, our grateful thanks for many kindnesses during the voyage. They have at all times shown a readiness to help us, both with materials and labour, in arranging every kind of sport and entertainment, and have contributed materially to the success of many a pleasant function.

The relations between the "sailors and soldiers" aboard have been of the happiest possible nature, and this spirit has done much to add to the pleasure and comfort of the trip.

We bid the master and personnel of the "Giessen" a Maorilander's farewell—haere ra me kia ora! (Good-bye and good luck to you!)

THE SHIP'S MASTER'S FAREWELL

Writing both for myself and all the "Giessen's" personnel, I take farewell of the draft of the N.Z. E.F. which it has been our pleasure to convey from Blighty to their Island home. Though our trip has been a long one, it has had the compensation of giving us many happy days together and letting us get to know and understand one another very well.

The draft's behaviour has been very good, a fact which has made our task easier than it might have been. What we have been able to do in the matter of assisting with the various sports and entertainments has been a pleasure, and the gratitude the boys have always shown, has been more than sufficient reward for us.

We thank you all very much for the good wishes you have expressed towards ourselves, and in return wish each and all of you on your restoration to civilian status, long life, good health and prosperity.



H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND.

OUR BAND.

Interviewing the Bandmaster of the Band of the 2nd Battalion Wellington Regiment, we gleaned the following interesting information:—

The Band became a unit in March, 1917, in Sling Camp of happy (?) memory, being then and for the greater part of its career under the baton of Lieut. Osborne. It joined the Division just before Paschendale, and was the only band which marched within range of the enemy's machine guns from Ailly-sur-Somme to Courcelles. From this time on it followed the 2nd Wellington Battalion in all their changes on the Western Front.

Competing in the Divisional Band Contest it secured second place for music and third for marching—quite a gratifying result. In the summer of 1918 it was reported captured at Courcelles, but fortunately the story proved to be "grossly exaggerated." On the now famous march up through France and Belgium to Cologne, it helped to lighten heavy feet and played the 2nd Wellingtonians across the Rhine to their official march air of "Bonnie Dundee."

Shortly after this Lieut. Osborne was sent to hospital and Sergt. W. McDowell took the position of Bandmaster.

Returned to England as a unit, it reached Sutton Coldfield Camp on the 24th February, 1919, where it did its share towards making Sutton Park a pleasant spot for visitors on Sunday afternoons. The band's work on the boat and the pleasure it afforded the troops during the voyage is referred to in another column.



Our Own Little Sousa.

Asked as to whether the band struck up "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "The Long, Long Trail" by accident or design on the occasion of our engine stoppage, the Sergeant's only acknowledgment was an inscrutable smile.

"ALLO."*

OUR REPORTER INTERVIEWS TWO R.N.V.R.'s.

I had the pleasure this evening of interviewing two New Zealanders clad in the natty blue uniforms of Officers of the R.N.V.R., returning, after four years with that very sporting body, to their homeland. Their names, they told me, were "Sunshine and Joys."

"I want you," said I, "to tell me all about your experiences since the beginning of the war."

"What's your favourite beverage?" they queried in return. I told them cold tea, and they filled three glasses, the contents of which we quickly consumed. It was the strongest cold tea I had ever tasted, and made me cough, but the other two seemed to like it. I think they must have been used to it. Anyhow, they had several more before the interview was concluded.

The following is, so far as I can recollect it, the very interesting tale they unfolded:—

The advance party which, leaving New Zealand's shores in 1914, captured Samoa for the Empire, saw our heroes included in its personnel. In this beautiful isle of the tropics, redolent with memories of R. L. Stevenson, they carried on an energetic campaign for several months, innumerable mosquitos falling victims to their offensive skill.

These operations palling, they returned to our Dominion, and taking their discharge from the Army hastened to Blighty, there to seek commissions in the R.N.V.R. They are compelled to draw a veil over the training operations which followed, due, I understand to the weighty nature of the secrets with which the Admiralty entrusted them. It must be a grave responsibility to bear such Empire burdens, and it seemed to oppress them throughout our otherwise frank and pleasant chat.

Duly trained and commissioned, our New Zealanders found themselves engaged off the Gallipoli coast as scouts and despatch-bearers with the Motor Boat patrol, their arduous duties often taking them far into the Adriatic. Acting as a decoy duck, or a decoy boat (I forget exactly which they said, my attention being diverted by more cold tea), they on at least one occasion (here again is my memory hazy) enticed an enemy war craft into a trap which, closing on it, ended for ever its career of destruction.

The year 1917 saw them at work in the Ægean Sea with our submarine chasers. In addition to hunting for undersea pirates, they performed other such minor duties as running close in to draw the fire

* The warning signal for submarines about.

of the shore batteries, thus, giving our war vessels some chance of ascertaining their exact locality and the range.

"Did you," I inquired with breathless interest, "did you ever actually see any submarines?"

"Did we ever actually see any cold tea!" they retorted. "Why, submarines were as plentiful (more or less) as trout in Lake Taupo."

"Then did you manage to catch any, and, if so, how?" was my next question.

"Oh! we got a fair bag," was the airy rejoinder. "Caught 'em as we caught trout when small boys. Ticked 'em to death."

Well, I had never heard of this method of destroying submarines and cross-examined my victims at some length on the matter. They did add something about depth charges and twelve-pounders, but unfortunately I forget what it was. During this period their bases were Lemnos and Mudros, and their adventures of an interesting and varied nature which do not come the way of "the pore old blarsted infantry."

The early autumn of 1918 saw the surrender of Bulgaria followed by the collapse of Turkey, and one of the terms of the Armistice with the last Power was that our fleet should pass through the Dardanelles and anchor off Constantinople. Before this could eventuate, however, there were minefields to be cleared and fortifications dismantled, and once again had the R.N.V.R. to act as the regular Navy's precursors and see that the path was clear.

Constantinople reached, our friends found the air full of veiled hostility, and their greeting from Turk, German and the other unsavoury elements making up the population of Turkey's capital, was far from friendly. Here they saw an incident the very absurdity of which illustrates the hopeless backwardness of the Orient. A fire broke out in the city and the fire brigade and their appliances were urgently required. Regulations, however, did not permit their setting out until a band had been mustered to play them down the street.

Armistices with Austria-Hungary and our arch enemy, the Hun, duly followed, and November 11th saw them in the streets of Athens. "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts," they warned me, a warning which will strike an echoing note in the heart of any British soldier who has campaigned in the Eastern theatre.

"And what," I asked them, "was the most thrilling experience in your career with the Navy?"

"When, back in the hinterland of Roumania, we slipped through the famous Iron Gate of the Danube with its bristling fortifications, our engine misfiring and threatening to stop at any moment and a 10-knot current racing against us. We had "wind up" properly that time, alright."

"And what," I continued, "was the object of this dangerous excursion?"

"Well, they answered, "it was a secret mission, but if you promise not to say anything, we don't mind telling you." Of course I promised, but fortunately for my readers nothing was said concerning my refraining from writing about the subject matter of the disclosure.

"Well, you see," and here Lieut. Sunshine dropped his voice to a mysterious whisper, "it was rumoured that there were mushrooms growing on the Danube's upper banks, and the Admiral had set his heart on having some for breakfast." Needless to say, I was staggered at what sounded an incredible story, but my informant looked so guileless and bland that I could not, and cannot now, bring myself to doubt his veracity.

At Athens the friends separated, one proceeding to Blighty, and the other joining another secret mission proceeding into the heart of Hungary. I was unable to extract from these officers the nature of this mission, but they solemnly assured me that it had nothing to do with either mushrooming or black-berrying. The party's course lay through the Dardanelles, Bosphorus, Black Sea, and thence up the Danube into one of the wildest portions of Europe.

Ill clad, they were overtaken by a bitter winter, and at times our New Zealander had his canvas clothing frozen like boards upon his person. In Hungary armed strife between the Bolsheviks and the more constitutional elements had now broken out, and the mission found themselves in realms which practically constituted an armed camp. Not only were they liable to meet death at any moment at the hands of irresponsibles of both belligerents, but they had to overcome tremendous difficulties in the matter of obtaining food supplies—difficulties accentuated by the deplorable weather encountered. Some Bolshevik leaders were friendly, others decidedly hostile.

A naval captain was made a prisoner on a certain occasion, but raised such a storm that the very impudence born in men of the bulldog breed prevailed, and, obtaining his release, he with some difficulty rejoined his friends.

Our R.N.V.R. bears a novel and interesting souvenir of his visit in the shape of a pass obtained from a Bolshevik leader giving him rights of ingress and egress through their lines. Needless to say, he was very cautious in the use he made of it. Ultimately the party, their mission fulfilled, extricated themselves with difficulty and returned once more to England. Here the friends were re-united, and being told off as part of the "Giessen" draft, finally fell into the hands of this journal.

This is the first time I have been called upon to interview distinguished naval officers, and whether this fact overawed or that there were other causes, I now find that I do not possess the accurate information required for an article such as this, and which I thought to be mine when we bade one another such a cordial farewell. Nevertheless, I trust I have been able to convey to my readers some idea of the strange places into which our R.N.V.R. penetrated, and the wondrous things that happened them. May Sunshine ever light their paths and all their days be days of Joy!

[We think our Reporter's obvious confusion probably due to "other causes." While we do not doubt the strength of the beverage he admits consuming, we think his story that it was cold tea very weak, not to say wishy-washy.—Ed.]

* The warning signal for submarines about.

AROUND THE MAP.

A group of men, closely packed and in a half-stooping posture, are congregated near the door of the Y.M.C.A. Coming down to change your library book you hastily jump to the conclusion that it is the inevitable queue all on a similar mission, and as here, as elsewhere, it is first come first served, with precious little left for the late-comer, you mentally curse that fatigue that kept you late and prepare to get your best "military grouse" off your chest.

A second and more leisurely look at the deeply-absorbed body of men proves you happily mistaken. Close packed heads, moving forefingers and animated talk—then a glimpse of splashes of pink and green, dots and dashes, straight lines and curly ones, arrows pointing this way and compass bearings that, and running through all a newly-pencilled line spaced with emphatic pencil marks at more or less regular intervals, all serve to tell you that here is the chart of the waters through which you are sailing, whereon a thoughtful hand has marked the past day's run.

How lovingly the soldier pores over this document, counting the days that are gone and speculating as to the number that must still elapse until a fresh chart, bearing the imprint of the dear young land that for him spells "Home," shall replace the one over which he now lingers.

Do you want to place the ship's position, to find a missing mate, to dispel the ennui that has overcome you as you loll on deck? Go below to where the chart is posted, for you will learn the first, find the second, and lose the third "around the map."

R.W.P.

LOST, FOUND AND WANTED.

LOST, at Sea, a number of knots from the ship's registered speed. Finder rewarded on returning same to Head Office, L & H.

WILL the ship which was seen taking a Monkey on board, by mistake, at Capetown on July 22nd, please save further trouble by returning same to
PADRE.

FOUND—A large increase in the number of days at sea. Owner can have the same by applying at Orderly Room.

WANTED KNOWN—Rolls, all sizes, obtainable day and night aboard the

T.S. "GIESSEN."

WANTED—A Cock; must be used to rice and beans; no other experience necessary. Apply personally to the

COOKHOUSE.

FOR SALE—Musical Mat. The novelty of the season. Will hum any tune.

EX-SOLDIER desires position as Auctioneer. First-class references. Has had special course of voice training in House, Two-up and Crown and Anchor Establishments.

R. OOK,

P.O. Box 90, Top o' the House.

SHIP'S CONCERTS.

Altogether four formal concerts were given by the "Giessen" Concert Party, all of which were enthusiastically received by as large an audience as could squeeze itself on to No. 1 Troop Deck, the only place available for such entertainments.

Our biggest and most successful performance was the "Victory Concert," held on the night of 4th August. A packed and expectant crowd awaited the arrival of the officers and ladies, when, amidst applause and laughter, a gay and gallant procession filed in. Headed by our popular ship's skipper and the Captain Quartermaster, admirably disguised as Maori chiefs, came a heterogeneous collection, notable amongst which was the pageant of the Allies, portrayed by the ladies. A popular feature was the rendering of a parody composed by Private L. S. Husband on the well-known song "My Home in Tennessee," and lustily sung by Gunner Elvidge, a few lines of which we quote:—

We'll drink our Christmas beer,
And spend our Easter here:
There'll be some rice, 'tis true,
Till nineteen twenty-two.
And I am always thinking,
That if she is not a-sinking,
Captain Taylor will die or sail her,
Till he gets us home once more.

We append the full programme as a fair sample of those rendered at these functions:—Selection, the Band; opening chorus; song, Gunner Stringer; some stories, Sergeant Harker; song, Gunner Elvidge; monologue at the piano, "Our Choral Society," Private Greenhow; song, the Purser; recitation, Captain Buttle; song, Captain Taylor; recitation, Lieut. Ciochetto; pianoforte solo, Private Ralph; sleight of hand, Private L. S. Husband; song, Private Cribb; song, "Honolulu," Steward Thomas; final chorus; "God Save the King." Rfm. Ribband's parodies and local hits were the most amusing features of the last two concerts, while grateful mention should be made of the valuable assistance rendered on each occasion by Steward Thomas, whose wonderful versatility and undoubted talent made him our most popular performer.

At our last concert Sister M. E. J. Kittelty kindly presented the prizes won at the various chess, draughts, and card tournaments, while the reception accorded the ship's master, Captain Taylor, was so tremendous and obviously genuine as to nearly deprive that popular gentleman of the powers of speech.

We take this opportunity of thanking all our performers for the pleasant hours they afforded us.

Passing the Cap Polonio, we wirelessly our greetings and best wishes for a speedy return to the "All Blacks," who sent us a cordial acknowledgment. We met the team ultimately at Capetown, and were able to convey our good wishes in person.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

The chance of a lifetime, yours to-day,
 You lads of the British realm,
 Your fortune's ship has left the slip,
 'Tis you to take the helm:
 So cast the holding hawser loose,
 And let the vessel ride;
 If Nelson's seed still blends the breed,
 You'll face the fateful tide.

*The chance of a lifetime, seize it, lads—
 Your good ship's trim and taut.
 The anchor weigh, for the hour's to-day,
 And the life of the chance-time short.*

The chance of a lifetime yours to heed
 The call of the mighty main,
 And give reply to our kindred's cry,
 "Carry on, lest our toil be vain!"
 'Tis your ship now from stern to prow—
 'Tis yours the tidal way;
 And the Peter Blue it is time you flew
 To the voice of Trafalgar Bay.

The chance of a lifetime yours to scan
 The storm horizoned earth;
 In stress and strife is the salt of life,
 The life that is only worth.
 So nail your colours to the mast—
 Your decks for action clear—
 Your tactics take from the deeds of Drake,
 For his is the course to steer.

"The chance of a lifetime," flowing phrase
 That glibly slips the tongue,
 Yet it gains in force like a water-course
 From the crag of the mountain flung.
 And the tide that bears in men's affairs
 Is lost when the ebb is low;
 Let none hold back till the tide be slack,
 Go! swing on the full flood's flow.

*The chance of a lifetime, seize it lads—
 The keel in the current caught,
 The anchor weigh, for the hour's to-day,
 And the life of a chance-time short.*

H.S.B.R.

LATE LETTER BAG.

"Saloon."—Yes, he got his change alright. Sixpence in two pieces.

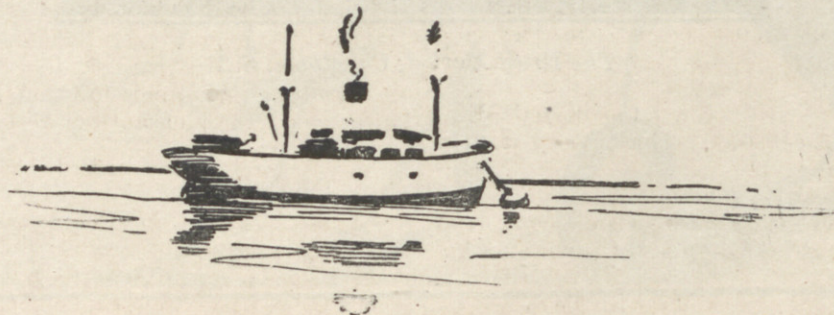
"Shanghai Ballast."—We allowed for cost of postage, but find this item almost nil. The majority of the "Giessen" draft having taken up their residence in Haining Street since return, we arranged to have their copies delivered by a market garden cart.

THE "GIESSEN'S OFFICERS."

S. Taylor, Master; G. E. Roberts, Chief Officer; A. Cooper, 2nd Officer; C. F. Parry, 3rd Officer; G. C. Bowman, Chief Engineer; W. Harrison, 2nd Engineer; H. Baswell, 3rd Engineer; W. F. Mavor, 4th Engineer; W. E. Gregson, Purser; J. A. Clarke, 1st Wireless Operator; R. M. Brown, 2nd Wireless Operator; G. M. Elliott, Chief Steward; H. Hilton, 2nd Steward.

A pleasing incident marked the close of the voyage. The troops on the initiative of some of their number presenting a handsome address to Mr A. M. Lascelles as a mark of appreciation of his assiduous and successful labours among them throughout the voyage. The address was the work of Gnr. Conroy, and will, we trust, ever serve to recall to Mr. Lascelles pleasant memories of his connection with the "Giessen."

A limited number of copies of "The Ventilator" over and above those ordered in advance, will be available at the Y.M.C.A. at the published price of 1s. 6d. (post free).



◊ HOMING. ◊

There's a little land of sunshine,
There's a little place I know,
Where a happy woman's waiting,
And her cheeks are all aglow.

Cheeks a-glowing, eyes a-shining,
All her fears aside are cast,
For she knows I come a-homing,
Knows her long, long vigil past.

There's a pretty little cottage,
Roses climbing round the door:
There we'll dwell in sweet contentment—
War's alarms shall sound no more.

C.G.H



The Fruit Market, Capetown, S.A.



NOMINAL ROLL: "S.S. GIESSEN."

9/439 Finlayson, Major A. C.
 3/652 Bowerbank, Major F. T.
 9/611 Ferguson, Major G. H.
 33099 Burrell, Captain H. E.
 25135 Fraser, Captain E. B.
 81005 Goertz, Capt. Chaplain H. L. B.
 33096 Jamieson, Captain G. R.
 57315 Kirk, Captain B. C.
 3/3346 McCaw, Captain W. T.
 24336 Buttle, Lieut. T-Captain, G. R.
 4/465 Gossett, Lt., T-Capt. J. H.
 4/2373 Larsen, Lt., T-Captain A. W.
 7/108 Rees, Lt., T-Captain F. L.
 26/93 Ciochetto, Lt., C. V.
 10/926 Crawford, Lt., T. H.
 36742 Ellingham, 2nd Lt., E. S.
 8/3165 Foster, Lt., H. G.
 2/821 Godfrey, 2nd Lt., S. G.
 10/756 Hastedt, Lt., B. C.
 20922 James, 2nd Lt., E.
 23/530 Murray, 2nd Lt., S. G.
 6/1920 McQueen, 2nd Lt., N. M.
 30107 McQueen, Lt., J.
 25/224 Nielson, 2nd Lt., E. R. B.
 41994 Pinfold, 2nd Lt., C. M.
 10/223 Taylor, 2nd Lt., A. C.
 12511 Theakstone, 2nd Lt., L. M.
 41455 Thornton, Lt., H. C.
 30116 Walcott, Lt., E. H.
 11/400 Williams, 2nd Lt., S. H.
 22/480 Guinness, S. Nurse M. M.
 22/445 Hitchcock, Sister M.
 22/476 Lindsay, S. Nurse R.
 22/555 Jackson, S. Nurse G.
 22/136 Kittelty, Sister M. E. J.
 22/399 McGee, Sister May
 Bowerbank, Nurse Maud
 Y.M.C.A. Lascelles, Mr. A. M.
 R.N.V.R. Turnbull, Lt., W. J.
 R.N.V.R. Palmer, Lt., C. H. T.
 R.N.V.R. Pierard, Lt., T.
 R. N.V.R. Choyce, Lt., A. E.
 R.A.F. Andrews, Lt., N.
 R.A.F. White, 2nd Lt., T. S.
 Mrs. McCaw
 Mrs. Goertz
 Mrs. James
 Mrs. Foster
 Mrs. Fraser
 Mrs. White and Infant
 3rd. Class Passenger: Mr. F. P. Hayter
 69561 Abbott, Rfm. V.
 69392 Ackerman, Pte. B. W.
 71547 AhKeong, Rfm. R.
 75877 Aldridge, Pte. P. L.
 20594 Alexander, Rfm. G.
 69393 Allen, Pte. H.
 71477 Allen Pte. T. G.
 71316 Allison, Pte. H. D.
 76729 Allwood, Pte. C.
 72542 Almond, Pte. T.
 69655 Alsop, Pte. J. S. H.
 60324 Amos, Rfm. H.
 4/673 Amos, Spr. T.
 78488 Amundsen, Pte. A. J.
 74926 Anderson Pte. L. P.
 69886 Anderson, Dvr. C. D.
 81257 Anderson, Rfm. J.
 79311 Anderson, Rfm. N. P.
 69823 Anderson, Pte. E.
 59242 Anderson, Art. J.
 76730 Anderson, Rfm. J.
 70971 Andrell, Pte. C. A.
 52923 Andrew, Pte. W.
 57994 Andrew, Gnr. J.
 76326 Angus, Rfm. F.
 18602 Ansell, Dvr. G.
 63808 Aplin, Pte. L. J.
 79611 Arbon, Rfm. A. J.
 27822 Archibald, Pte. R.
 67692 Argent, Pte. G. C.
 81166 Aston, Pte. E. J.
 17169 Atherfold, Sgt. L. J.
 75876 Atkins, Pte. R. C.
 41705 Atkinson, Pte. H. P.
 2/2774 Atkinson, Gnr. C.
 68503 Austin, Pte. W. J.
 71168 Auty, Rfm. L. P.
 54321 Avann, Pte. L.
 63994 Baddeley, Rfm. E. A.
 3/3726 Baddiley, Pte. J. W.
 81368 Badland, Rfm. R. M. D.
 74854 Bain, Rfm. D.
 71379 Bain, Pte. H. J.
 81198 Bainbridge, Pte. C. F. G.
 81259 Bainton, Rfm. H. E.
 71181 Baker, L/Cpl. W. J.
 79127 Baldwin, Pte. L.
 81107 Balson, Rfm. J. C.
 81369 Barden, Rfm. G.
 69825 Barham, Pte. J. E.
 17957 Barker, Dvr. J. A.
 75663 Barker, Pte. S. F.
 73156 Barnes, Pte. W. J. D.
 74855 Barry, Rfm. J.
 65277 Barry, Pte. J. H.
 34007 Bartlett, Ppr. A. W.
 24108 Barton, Sgt. T/C.S.M. S. R.
 64193 Bates, Pte. J. M.
 72453 Bath, Pte. L. A.
 72451 Batten, Pte. C. J.
 64192 Baughen, Spr. H. E.
 11800 Baxter, Pte. H.
 61494 Beale, Pte. E. H.
 73882 Beaumont, Rfm. R. J.
 80725 Beavis, L/Cpl. H.
 58421 Becker, Pte. L.
 9/243 Beer, Rfm. G. W.
 74856 Beere, Pte. P. L.
 75729 Bell, Pte. R.
 36254 Bell, Gnr. J.
 81067 Bell, Pte. J. D.
 68149 Bennett, Pte. A. S.
 74728 Benson, Rfm. Thomas
 69193 Bentley, Rfm. T.
 76699 Benton, Rfm. O. C.
 64194 Berrill, Pte. L. M.
 69757 Berry, Pte. W. L.
 64613 Betts, Pte. F. C.
 59590 Bielowski, Pte. F.
 24328 Bishop, Sgt. L. R.
 65142 Birchfield, Gnr. C. D.
 79009 Bird, Rfm. W. A.
 80333 Black, Rfm. D. H.
 65026 Black, Pte. E. R.
 56725 Blackburne, Rfm. A. S.
 69186 Blake, Pte. J. W.
 69936 Blackmun, Rfm. H. A.
 63818 Blanchett, H. J.
 36543 Blanchett, Pte. R.
 75858 Blanchett, Pte. N. F.
 79010 Bland, Rfm. T. J.
 65331 Blatcher, L/Cpl. A. C.
 63819 Blennerhassett, Pte. F. W.
 73070 Boake, Pte. J. J.
 76128 Boardman, Rfm. F. S.
 65327 Boeson, Gnr. J.
 68809 Bolton, Pte. W.
 69908 Bonfield, Rfm. J.
 71479 Boniface Pte. F.
 1/166 Bowater, Rfm. G.
 71437 Bowditch, Pte. H. L.
 69564 Bowe, Pte. J. W.
 59593 Bowman, Dvr. T. H.
 43589 Boyd, Gnr. A.
 3/3073 Boyd, Pte. W. J.
 10/4062 Boyens, L/Cpl. W. E.
 68810 Boyle, Pte. F. G.
 71552 Bradbury, Pte. T. F.
 72930 Bradley, Pte. A. O.
 72545 Bradley, Pte. S. W.
 73074 Bradnock, Pte. S.
 79228 Brady, Rfm. H. M.
 69797 Bramwell, Gnr. G. W.
 10/1748 Brannigan, Pte. J. R.
 63555 Breen, Pte. D.
 65336 Bright, Pte. A. J.
 81260 Brittain, Rfm. H.
 69191 Brooker, Pte. A. H.
 72447 Brooke-Taylor, Pte. H.
 65027 Brough, Drv. B. A.
 2/958 Brown, Sgt. E.
 76319 Brown, Rfm. G. W.
 13560 Brown, Spr. A. A.
 67709 Brown, Pte. J. A.
 32933 Brown, Cpl. A. E. C.
 65337 Browne, Rfm. E. B.
 72546 Brownlee, Cpl. W.
 55878 Bruce, Spr. S. J.
 13869 Bryson, Pte. J.
 79313 Buchanan, Rfm. D. H.
 69442 Buckeridge, Pte. E.
 61890 Buckrell, S. P.
 69571 Bugg, Pte. J.
 73068 Bull, Pte. R. A.
 36737 Bullen, Sgt. T/WO I. H. E.
 75761 Burgess, Rfm. E. R.
 17/218 Burgess Pte. J. J.
 79180 Burgess, Rfm. H. T.
 37756 Burns, Pte. W. H.
 17600 Burrell, Sgt. W.
 77424 Burrell, Spr. V. G. B.
 26/696 Butt, Pte. T. H.
 80895 Butt, Rfm. A. G.
 68814 Byrne, Pte. T.
 72931 Byrne, Rfm. G.
 71380 Byrnes, Pte. E. T.
 3/3990 Cairns, Pte. A. B.
 69991 Cairns, Pte. W. A.
 71194 Callaghan, Rfm. T.
 69336 Calman, Pte. W. G.
 72549 Calnon, Pte. C. T.
 71385 Calton, Rfm. F. W.
 33689 Cameron, Cpl. W. J.
 74907 Cameron, Pte. W.
 45589 Cameron Sig. D.
 79017 Cameron, Rfm. D. M.
 58015 Cameron, Gnr. E. P.
 3/4233 Campbell, Pte. W. J.
 2/2372 Capper, Cpl. C. H.
 81264 Carlson, Rfm. W. T.
 76784 Carmichael, Rfm. J.
 26037 Carmody, Pte. J. V.
 67509 Carpenter, Pte. R. W.
 69470 Carseldine, L/Cpl. R. E.
 72463 Carson, Pte. A. S.

- 71200 Carter, Rfm. O.
 74906 Cartwright, Rfm. J. L.
 71423 Casley, Rfm. A. C.
 72645 Caskey, Pte. P. B.
 71958 Cathro, Pte. L. E.
 57027 Cavanagh, Pte. H. G.
 64016 Caye, L/Cpl. A. O.
 65708 Chaafe, Spr. M. J.
 75668 Chapman, Pte. E. F.
 37914 Chapman, Pte. C. R.
 73191 Charles, Pte. A. W.
 79206 Chaytor, Rfm. W. H.
 61539 Cheal, Pte. A. E.
 74540 Cheesman, Pte. J. H.
 69468 Cheevers, Pte. V.
 3/3766 Chisholm, Pte. E. W.
 22773 Chisholm, Cpl. R.
 39952 Christie, Pte. P. E.
 74056 Christophers, Pte. C. B.
 69388 Clapp, Rfm. L. M.
 71199 Clark, Rfm. H. S.
 74987 Clark, Pte. J. C.
 81347 Clark, Rfm. C.
 49570 Clark, S/Sgt. H. J.
 75943 Clausen, Pte. A. E.
 73899 Cleaver, Rfm. H.
 70974 Clifford, Pte. C.
 75859 Clince, Pte. T.
 69679 Code, Pte. W. J.
 72965 Cohen, Pte. L. A.
 78278 Cole, Pte. J. H. A.
 24568 Coles, Pte. C.
 72460 Collier, Pte. C. N.
 73011 Collins, Pte. F. J.
 71420 Connor, Pte. D. M.
 57668 Conroy, Gnr. W. J.
 72653 Clough, Pte. H. H.
 72159 Clouston, Pte. N. B.
 71382 Conwell, Rfm. J. S.
 45828 Cook, Cpl. G. A.
 72643 Cook, Pte. A. E. G.
 47409 Coombes, Pte. J. H.
 63564 Cooper, Pte. E. W.
 12527 Coppen, Cpl. H.
 71481 Corrigan, Pte. J. H.
 68154 Cosgrove, Pte. T. P.
 75666 Coster, Pte. W. B.
 12753 Cotter, Gnr. F. T. P.
 61549 Cotter, Pte. J.
 69197 Cousins, Gnr. E. P.
 78437 Coutts, Pte. D. J.
 79588 Crabbe, Rfm. H. C.
 10787 Cragg, Pte. E. C.
 81323 Craig, Pte. J.
 69199 Crawford, Rfm. W. E. H.
 69680 Crawley, Pte. G. A.
 38125 Cribb, Rfm. W. F.
 11235 Crisp, Pte. J. D. C.
 65086 Crisp, Pte. T.
 69463 Crocker, Pte. A.
 73942 Crone, Rfm. T. J.
 74862 Crosson, Pte. R. B.
 72308 Cunningham, Rfm. G. W.
 43385 Cusack, Gnr. C. J.
 73884 Dalton, Pte. T. W.
 74733 Dandy, T/Cpl. H.
 73035 Daniel, Pte. W. H.
 24/1364 Darvill, Rfm. W. T.
 69202 Daue, Dvr. C. V.
 73193 Davenport, Pte. E.
 74782 Davidson, Rfm. O. L.
 51826 Davies, Rfm. G. A.
 6/4599 Davies, Pte. J. O.
 69657 Davis, Rfm. T.
 21149 Day, Cpl. E. C.
 73037 Daysh, Pte. L. R.
 55264 Dear, Sgt. L. H.
 81519 Dear, Pte. L. G.
 79359 Dear, Pte. W. C.
 68155 Deaville, Pte. W.
 10/3532 Dennehy, Sgt. J. D.
 23/404 Dephoff, Rfm. R. B.
 22160 Dettert, Sgt. A.
 69474 Dibble, L/Cpl. R. R.
 69378 Dilks, Pte. J. B.
 3/1390 Dingle, Cpl. J. E.
 79481 Discombe, Rfm. T. W.
 71421 Dobson, Rfm. O. C.
 79445 Doole, Rfm. A.
 75767 Dorney, Pte. G. E.
 59337 Dougal, Sgt. W.
 58024 Dowdall, Gnr. R. S.
 81175 Dowing, Pte. R. C.
 71387 Draper, Rfm. R.
 68109 Drew, Gnr. C. Y.
 65555 Dryden, Pte. P. A.
 25/169 Duckworth, Sgt. F. J.
 22319 Duffell, Pte. G. H.
 69762 Duffin, L/Cpl. H.
 44579 Duffy, Pte. P.
 70743 Duthie, Pte. G. S.
 73952 Eades, Pte. H. L.
 69209 Eagle, Rfm. R. H.
 72644 Ebbett, Pte. T. R.
 42064 Eccles, Pte. F. M.
 61581 Eddie, Pte. F.
 70796 Eddie, Pte. H. L.
 68144 Edlin, Pte. F.
 69342 Edmonds, L/Cpl. F.
 57901 Edwards, Gnr. A. T.
 72470 Edwards, Pte. F. T.
 48139 Edwards, Pte. R. W.
 30189 Ellery, Pte. G. C.
 72004 Ellis, Rfm. L.
 75565 Ellis, Rfm. N. E.
 57998 Elvidge, Gnr. G.
 79037 Ensell, Rfm. F. C. H.
 72789 Epplett, Rfm. W. A.
 31244 Ericksen, Pte. G.
 72704 Evans, Pte. J. L.
 73216 Evetts, Pte. J. L.
 55937 Exton, Rfm. E. G.
 71324 Eyre, Pte. F. J.
 52976 Fair, Rfm. C. W.
 74865 Fake, Rfm. W. H.
 69399 Falkner, Rfm. R. O.
 72473 Feist, Pte. F. E.
 46650 Fenn, Pte. L. C.
 65523 Fernie, Rfm. W. E.
 33342 Field, Pte. H. W.
 42069 Filer, Pte. H. S.
 63587 Fisher, Pte. F. G. C.
 74518 Fisher, Dvr. A. D.
 55881 Fitzer, Spr. W. H.
 71560 Fitzpatrick, Pte. J. A.
 71206 Flack, L/Cpl. J. S.
 71203 Flanagan, Pte. J. D.
 69210 Flavin, Pte. E. J.
 75672 Fletcher, Pte. T. C. W.
 80761 Fletcher, Rfm. C. G.
 75924 Flower, Pte. C. G.
 70671 Flynn, Pte. C.
 10806 Foster, Pte. C. R.
 75770 Fowler, Pte. A.
 72476 France, Pte. A. L.
 69477 Frandi, Pte. M.
 45496 Frank, Pte. A. H.
 71207 Fraser, Pte. S.
 71205 Fraser, Pte. C. V.
 69944 Fraser, Rfm. L.
 71510 Fraser, Rfm. J. D.
 3/246 Fraser, Cpl. E. R.
 69211 Freeman, Rfm. C. J.
 73087 Fry, Pte. C. H.
 82013 Fryer, Rfm. L. H.
 68196 Fryer, Pte. E.
 72657 Fulton, L/Cpl. C. M.
 75856 Gadenne, Rfm. A. G.
 58026 Gallagher, Dvr. P. J.
 48146 Gallie, Rfm. C. S.
 58027 Galloway, Gnr. G. M.
 65285 Galloway, Pte. G. H.
 81042 Gandy, Pte. N. W.
 71396 Gardiner, Pte. J. R.
 63131 Gardner, Dvr. T.
 80930 Gaynor, Rfm. L. F.
 73014 Gerrish, Pte. C. J.
 74784 Geale, Pte. C. V.
 53489 Gill, L/Sgt. H. J.
 70994 Glastonbury, Pte. A.
 68819 Goad, Pte. W. J.
 69482 Goble, Pte. W.
 27879 Goddard, Arm/Sgt. S.
 81006 Goer, Rfm. A. J.
 80932 Goer, Rfm. J. A. G.
 41777 Goggin, Rfm. J. M.
 81381 Golding, Rfm. C. L.
 45596 Gooch, Rfm. R. J.
 72723 Gooch, Pte. A. S.
 64201 Good, Pte. W. E.
 69483 Goodwin, Pte. G. S.
 73044 Gordon, Pte. K. S.
 73095 Gorman, Pte. F. W.
 64306 Gorton, Pte. H. C.
 67740 Graham, Pte. F. C.
 68111 Graham, Pte. J. H.
 80385 Grant, Rfm. C. L.
 1/210 Grant, S/Segt. A. H.
 3/4220 Grant, Pte. G. L.
 71485 Greatbatch, Pte. F.
 69848 Green, L/Cpl. A. P.
 71425 Green, Pte. W.
 80770 Green, Pte. P. R.
 14612 Greenhow, Pte. E. H.
 4/1786 Greenlees, Dvr. C. E.
 74786 Gregory, Pte. G. L.
 71484 Greig, Pte. R.
 10/2165 Gresham, Sgt. H.
 18237 Grey, Dvr. D.
 73974 Griffin, L/Cpl. W. J.
 74787 Griffiths, Pte. C. E.
 79047 Griffiths, Rfm. H. A.
 62763 Grimmer, Pte. A. C.
 73042 Groube, Pte. C. J. L.
 72478 Guy, Gnr. W. H.
 54359 Hackworth, Sgt. V. L.
 71399 Haines, Pte. R. H.
 75575 Hall, Pte. T.
 69229 Hamilton, Pte. R.
 71221 Hamilton, Rfm. A.
 24/2214 Hammond, Rfm. E. C.
 75676 Hammond, Pte. L. D.
 81081 Hancock, Pte. H. W.
 33357 Hanify, Gnr. H. P.
 58513 Hanley, Spr. T.
 3/3997 Hannah, Pte. G. A.
 79492 Hannan, Rfm. J.
 58029 Hanratty, Gnr. J. E.
 54503 Hannsson, Sgt. O. E.
 9/2179 Hardingham, Cpl. C.
 72646 Hardisty, Pte. P.
 44372 Harker, Sgt. C. G. E.
 64203 Harper, Dvr. J.
 68202 Harre, Pte. M. A.
 69230 Harris, Pte. A. J.
 81046 Harris, Pte. S. R.
 81383 Harrison, Rfm. T.
 65391 Hart, Dvr. A.
 67742 Hartley, Pte. N.
 71466 Harvey, Pte. H. V.
 79052 Havill, Rfm. R. E.
 65624 Hawke, Pte. A. R.
 62060 Hawkins, Rfm. A. J.
 63738 Haycock, Pte. C. F.
 69851 Head, Rfm. H. B.
 69220 Headifen, Rfm. S.
 69228 Heald, L.-Cpl. G.
 80358 Heath, Rfm. W. McC.
 57650 Heath, Gnr. E. J.
 71331 Hedges, Pte. T. P. T. R.

- 51042 Henderson, Pte. J. S.
 31272 Henderson, Pte. M.
 31272 Henderson, Pte. M.
 80319 Heppell, Rfm. R. N.
 17/407 Heron, Sgt. J. H.
 79331 Hewitson, Rfm. D.
 75579 Hewson, Rfm. H. J.
 18238 Heywood, Gnr. H.
 16165 Hill, Drv. C.
 74943 Hill, L/Cpl. L.
 19749 Hinaki, Sgt. P. N.
 75041 Hindmarsh, Pte. A. F.
 68161 Hiron, Pte. K.
 69224 Hoare, Rfm. G.
 71452 Hobman, Rfm. C. W.
 3/3996 Hockley, Pte. R. R.
 50878 Hodder, Cpl. E. M.
 69695 Hodge, Rfm. F. G.
 54508 Holland, Rfm. A. H.
 79333 Holman, Rfm. J.
 57679 Holmes, Gnr. H. A.
 7/967 Holyoake, Rfm. F. T.
 57083 Hood, L/Cpl. D.
 3/2267 Hooper, Sgt. H. H.
 75679 Hooper, Rfm. W. H.
 69489 Hopkins, Pte. J. J.
 79265 Hopkinson, Rfm. L. V.
 72940 Horner, Pte. J. W.
 65402 Houlihan, Gnr. E. J.
 70980 Hout, L/Cpl. C. J.
 69233 Howes, Rfm. N. G.
 72660 Hucker, Pte. W.
 70016 Hughes, Pte. V.
 22613 Hughes, Cpl. T.
 52796 Hugo, Sgt. M. C. E.
 15729 Humphrey, Pte. J. G.
 56776 Hunt, L/Cpl. W. E.
 24/184 Hunter, Pte. F.
 10/2188 Hurdle, Pte. F.
 65403 Hurley, Dvr. C. J.
 73104 Husband, Pte. L. S.
 38166 Hyde, L/Cpl. A. C. A.
 17648 Hyndman, Gnr. P.

 64206 Illing, Pte. F. A.
 64207 Illston, Pte. C. H.
 74564 Ims, Pte. L. A. M.
 68962 Inglis, Pte. G. W.
 72563 Iremonger, Pte. H. G.
 4/1052 Irving, Sgt. E. G.

 71227 Jackson, Pte. R. F.
 66221 James, Pte. L. H.
 56787 Jarrett, Spr. J. G.
 81388 Jeffares Rfm. C. T.
 75706 Jobson, Pte. G. D.
 57923 Johnson, Gnr. H.
 74749 Johnson, Rfm. H.
 78531 Johnson, Pte. G. C.
 13446 Johnston, Pte. J. J. C.
 73864 Johnson, Pte. F.
 71515 Johnson, Pte. A. E.
 10/3613 Johnson, Pte. M.
 71563 Johnson, Pte. A. E.
 68831 Johnson, Pte. A. G.
 66249 Johnstone, Pte. M. F.
 68207 Johnstone, Pte. A. L.
 40013 Jones, Sgt. B. H.
 75584 Jones, Pte. S. G.
 14992 Jones, Cpl. H. C.
 73954 Jones, Pte. E. D.
 62073 Jones, A/Cpl. F. J.
 71592 Jordan, L/Cpl. J. O.
 10/3924 Judd, Pte. L. H.
 70717 Julian, Rfm. G. H.

 56793 Kay, Rfm. T. C.
 58031 Kaywood, Dvr. R. G.
 72178 Keats, Rfm. V.
 69377 Kelleher, Pte. J.

 75343 Kelliher, Rfm. J. J.
 54369 Kelly, L/Cpl. A. L.
 80881 Kelly, Pte. A. T.
 71336 Kelly, Rfm. L. C.
 56794 Kennington, Rfm. H.
 69496 Kennedy, Rfm. J.
 25259 Kennedy, Pte. B. S.
 80794 Kerby, Rfm. J. McG.
 87042 Kibblewhite, Pte. O.
 72493 King, Pte. E. E.
 46044 King, Pte. F. V. C. H.
 42348 Kirk, Pte. L. B.
 72607 Kirk, Pte. W. R.
 72708 Kitchen, Pte. J. S.
 55315 Kitchen, L/Cpl. P. G.
 69855 Kitt, Rfm. B. P.
 10614 Kitto, Pte. A. J.
 75775 Knapp, Pte. J. G.
 68117 Knight, Pte. L. H.
 52843 Knight, L/Cpl. G. L.
 69749 Knight, Rfm. J. J.
 75777 Krivan, Pte. W. L.
 81355 Kyle, Rfm. H. F.
 68260 Kyle, Pte. S. W.

 31861 Lahman, Rfm. O. R.
 69410 Laidlaw, Pte. H. G.
 78761 Laird, Rfm. W. T.
 72499 Lamberg, Pte. O.
 69858 Lamont, Rfm. W.
 67693 Lancaster, Dvr. A. H.
 76297 Langham, Pte. A. E. C.
 75778 Lane, Pte. P. V.
 74826 Lauder, Rfm. D.
 82796 Laugesen, Pte. F. A.
 72727 Lawn, Pte. J. T.
 79532 Lay, Rfm. A.
 71404 Leach, Rfm. R.
 70784 Leahy, Pte. E. J.
 40019 Leamy, S/Sgt. E.
 79364 Leat, Pte. W. J.
 69245 Lechner, Pte. C. S.
 68119 Lee, Pte. G. W. C.
 81132 Lee, Rfm. A. H.
 81329 Leeming, Pte. R.
 2/1034 Liddell, Gnr. H. W.
 17803 Light, Rfm. H. J.
 71566 Liley, Pte. R. W.
 72144 Lines, Pte. M. E.
 72627 Linton, Pte. W. A.
 79460 Lister, Rfm. J. S.
 67756 Little, Pte. W. A.
 75681 Liverton, Pte. A.
 79148 Lloyd Pte. T. H.
 72145 Lloyd, Rfm. C. V.
 53037 Lloyd, Pte. C. H.
 2/2864 Lock, Dvr. W. R.
 25901 Lockhart, Cpl. R. McC.
 75779 Logan, Dvr. R.
 61690 Logue, Pte. M. B.
 30605 Lomas, S/Sgt. W. H.
 72495 Loney, Pte. G. F.
 69498 Longstaff, Pte. T. T.
 75835 Loveday, Pte. A.
 13053 Loveridge, Spr. W. H.
 71568 Lowe, Dvr. P.
 69247 Lowe, Pte. H.
 74951 Lowery, Rfm. T.
 57925 Lucas, Dvr. G. N.
 73959 Lucas, Pte. W. E.
 75780 Ludeman, Pte. J.
 70640 Luke, L/Cpl. A. D.
 21847 Lundie, Pte. D.
 80800 Lyell, Rfm. A. J. V.
 75044 Lynam, Rfm. R.
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 74825 Lyster, Rfm. W. H.

 44856 Maber, Pte. E. J.
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 57906 MacKenzie, Bdr. L. P.
 34108 MacKenzie, Pte. K.
 2/1366 Mackay, Pte. E. F.
 40036 Mackay, L/Cpl. P. R.
 72638 MacPherson, Pte. M.
 68837 Maddock, Rfm. F.
 17/255 Mair, Dvr. A.
 79911 Malin, Pte. W. J.
 80804 Malm, Rfm. C. E.
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 72695 Marfell, Pte. L.
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 68165 Maroney, Pte. E.
 46601 Marquet, Pte. W. D.
 50472 Marris, Gnr. A. W.
 72796 Marshall, Pte. S. W.
 74952 Marston, Rfm. J. H.
 45707 Martin, Rfm. J. T.
 59273 Martin, Dvr. F. S.
 29261 Martin, Pte. C. S.
 75783 Martin, Pte. J.
 64212 Martin, Pte. E. W.
 72947 Martyn, Pte. A. T.
 69610, Mason, Pte. H. J.
 70984 Mason, Pte. E.
 70877 Matches, Rfm. G. S.
 18248 Mathers, Gnr. E. L.
 68838 Maxted, Pte. H.
 80370 Maxwell, Rfm. J.
 68839 May, Pte. A. L.
 69611 Meadows, Pte. H.
 71238 Meads, Rfm. E. E.
 68841 Mearns, Pte. W.
 7/2077 Meates, L/Cpl. W.
 58074 Medhurst, Gnr. J. A.
 69869 Merritt, Rfm. W. E.
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 80806 Miles, Pte. E.
 65631 Milham, Pte. G. W.
 74953 Mills, Rfm. E. E.
 58558 Millar, Cpl. R. J.
 71233 Minchin, Pte. H.
 31316 Mitchell, L/Cpl. W. J.
 81279 Mitchell, Rfm. L. G.
 63476 Mitchell, Pte. C. W.
 11/1472 Moffat Dvr. G. S.
 30481 Montgomery, Bdr. H.
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 74954 Morgan, Rfm. J. T.
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 81401 Morton, Rfm. A.
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 41603 Moverley, Sgt. R. G.
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 1/39 Munro, Sgt. J. H. T.
 71342 Munro, Pte. J. D.
 79380 Murch, Rfm. H. E.
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 75029 Murchison, Rfm. L.
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 55859 McCartney, Rfm. N.
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 68836 McLernon, Pte. H. F.
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 10876 McMillan, Cpl. E. A.
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 69660 Neumann, Pte. L. O.
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 64125 Rainbow, L/Cpl. A. T.
 81064 Ralph, Pte. G. H.
 68127 Ramsay, Pte. A. L. M.
 63930 Ramsay, Gnr. P. G.
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 23/571 Rawlings, Rfm. J. W.
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 81285 Reid, Rfm. J.
 65909 Reid, Gnr. W.
 79090 Reiph, Rfm. L. J.
 79196 Reside, Pte. J.
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 72806 Rundle, Pte. J. H.
 64277 Russell, Pte. W. B.
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 11739 Silcock, Sgt. P. H.
 78836 Silver, Sgt. A. E.
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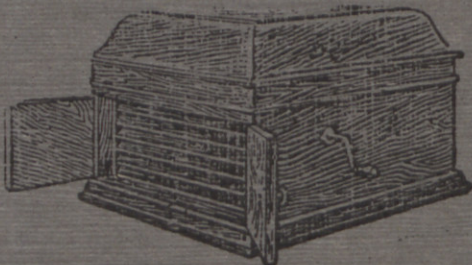
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