

Compliment of the Editor
Left. G. J. ...
23/16

THE AOTEAN

Published by the Patients of the Aotea Convalescent Home
HELIOPOLIS, CAIRO.

Vol. 1. — No. 1.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3rd, 1916.

Price: P.T. 4.



Aotea Convalescent Home, Heliopolis, Cairo.

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IN MEMORIAM.

"Bubbles" who passed out of our lives on the 31st day of January 1916.

We have lost our little Bubbles.
And our hearts are sad and sore.
For we miss him and his troubles.
Hunting hat the whole house oer.
In the desert now he's grilling
But his thoughts we know do roam
From guards, red tape, and drilling
To Aotea Home



"Bob" who followed Bubbles on Tuesday the 22nd day of February 1916.

Bob and his fancies have gone from our life
He has gone with his sorrow and cares
The arrow did catch him—he'd found him a wife
While scrubbing the mess room down stairs.
But the lady was fickle, she cared not a jot
(She scorned our poor Robert who cared such a lot)
And Bobbie the faithful, did languish and mope
Many cures did he seek, but seldom tried soap.
His trouble's now chronic. I say this with a sob
For a place in our hearts there'll be always for Bob.

THE AOTEAN.

Heliopolis, Cairo. — 3rd March, 1916.

OURSELVES.

In submitting this, our journal, to a critical public we wish to state clearly that our object is neither pecuniary gain or an attempt to oust the *Egyptian Mail* from its proud position at the head of the Cairo press. Surfeited with bridge and five hundred, and having a considerable amount of spare time on our hands, we decided to try and amuse ourselves with pencil and camera, and the result is "The AOTEAN". Searchers after literary merit will be wise if they refrain from turning it's pages because we have not aspired to anything great. Our main object was to publish a paper which we hope will serve to remind "Aoteans" of the many happy hours spent in this comfortable home and also to convey to the staff, the promoters and those patriotic people of New Zealand who are maintaining "Aotea" our appreciation of their great kindness and patriotism.

A TROOPSHIP MEMORY.

(with apologies to the translator of Omar Khayam).

Awake! Reveille sounds throughout the ship
Arise! and let the perspiration drip.
For, lo, the sergeants, punctual, call the roll
Lest one should leave the ship and take a stroll.

Dreaming when ones left foot was in my eye
I heard a voice within the cabin cry.
Awake, my little ones, and make thy beds
According to instructions from "The Heads."

Come make thy bed and in the latest style
Thy mattress, life belt, sea kit as in file
A different way to day? well, what of that?
All ways lead to CB and "The Mat."

Here with a bunk, beneath four decks,
A towel wet — two blankets dry — and thou
Beside me cursing in the dormi-tries.
And dormi-tries are more than hell enow.

Think in this battered transport grey.
With sentries ever blocking up the way.
How sergeant after sergeant with their stripes
Abode his week or two — then went, by cripes,

Then in the fragrant mess-room, number two
I watch an Expert show a method new
And twist two blankets into monstrous shapes.
And round the whole a dripping towel drapes.

And that converted box we call a bunk
Wherein, all smelling foul with sweat, are sunk
Twelve hundred men in stupor (some say sleep)
Think of it, oh happy ones — and weep.

Ah, sir, could you with common sense conspire.
To save us from insanity entire.
Would you not tear red tape in many shreds
And let us choose the way to make our beds?

It happened on Rhododendron Ridge (Gallipoli) during the heavy fighting in August. "Henare" had captured a "Johnny Turk" and was proudly marching him down to headquarters on the beach when suddenly a shot rang out and down went "Henare" with a bullet in his leg. Along came stretcher bearers with an empty stretcher, but their offer of assistance was scorned by the maori warrior. "What I want stretcher for"? he queried. "I got fine fat Turk here. He make ferry good horse." So the bearers departed what time the Turk under the muzzle of Henare's rifle undid puttie and bound up the injured leg. Then with the assistance of a friendly stump "Henare" mounted the Turk's back and using bayonet as whip rode his captive into camp.



Promoters of "Aotea"

Misses M. McDONELL (Wanganui) and M. MACDONALD (Wanganui).



OUR HOME.



"Aotea"! Just a simple Maori word of three syllables. To thousands in New Zealand it means nothing. Aotea! just an abbreviation of Ao-tea-roa (The Long white Cloud) the Maori name for New Zealand. Six months ago it meant nothing to the hundreds of New Zealand soldiers in Egypt, but how full of interest now is the name to the thousands resident here. Where in Cairo, for instance, can be found a Maorilander who does not know of "Aotea"? Where is the Wellingtonian, the Aucklander, the Canterburyman or the soldier from Otago and other provinces who can refrain from saying "Lucky Beggar" to the convalescent who admits that he is at "Aotea". Lucky Beggar! The term is an apt one for indeed lucky is the soldier whose journey from the Hospital to camp or trench is broken at "Aotea". Perchance there may be a few unenlightened individuals who know not of "Aotea". For their benefit let it be said that Aotea in Egypt stands for "The Aotea Home for Convalescent New Zealand Soldiers". Any colonial soldier in Heliopolis will direct you to the imposing looking edifice situated a few hundred yards to the eastward of the Sultana's Palace. Twas formerly the home of one who finds residence under the Crescent Moon of Turkey more congenial at present than under the protection of the Union Jack. The fare by gharri from Heliopolis is entirely a matter between yourself and the driver.— We, however, usually pay P.T. 4, when we've got it. Five short months ago the Home was without a tenant. Now it houses eighty members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force—men who, after a spell in Hospital, need rest and comforts prior to rejoining their regiments. Just look at

their faces in our illustrations. There's no need to tell you how they are appreciating their environment. But to get back to the origin of the Home. It is a story well worth the telling if only because it furnishes another example of the energy, the self sacrifice and loving thoughts of our womenfolk. Our women! No need in these columns to dwell on the part women have played in this great upheaval. Every soldier know full well what women have done. Every soldier knows how hard has been their lot, and no soldier worthy of his uniform will ever forget. To women "Aotea" owes its existence. All the initial work, and all the arrangements were carried out by women. The Home was established by women: it is being managed by women, and it is being exceedingly well managed, too. Just about six months ago the project to establish and maintain the Home was first mooted. Three ladies of Wanganui, the Misses M. Macdonald, M. McDonell and M. Duncan conceived the idea and with the able assistance of Mrs. P. Mc Laren of Home bush, Wairarapa the scheme soon commenced to take form. Residents of Wairarapa, Wanganui and Rangitikei become interested: energetic ladies committees grew busy and with the formation of an executive committee consisting of Messrs. Jas M. Mc Intosh (secy. and treasr) Wellington; A. MacDonald and Guy Williams, Masterton; Hope Gibbons, Wanganui and L. Elliott, Feilding, negotiations with the Government were entered into. Advice to the effect that the Home would be welcomed in Egypt was received from the Military Authorities, and the Government gratefully accepted the promoters offer on the following terms:—



Staff of "Aotea" Home and Patients.

(1) The Home and all concerned there with to be under the absolute control of the New Zealand Military Authorities.

(2) The Government to find accommodation either in marquees, tents or a suitable building for 'say. 25 beds and for the Matron nurses and other attendants as well as all necessary food, medicines, etc.

(3) The promoters to find the necessary staff which will consist of a matron and two nurses—the three being duly qualified—and other assistants that may be considered necessary.

(4) The promoters to provide all necessary beds and bedding for the patients and staff as well as anything in the way of comforts etc. over and above what is specified in clause 2.

Six weeks after the proposal was mooted the staff of the new Home consisting of Sister M.A. Earley, Wellington Hospital (Matron), Sisters K. Booth and N. L. Hughes (Wellington Hospital), Misses E. and M. Macdonald (Mangamahu), R. Cameron (Wanganui) L. McLaren (Masterton), M. McDonell (Wanganui) and S-rgt. G.H. Sleight (Wanganui) left Wellington by the Manuka on the 10th of Sept. to catch the Arabia at Sydney for Suez. On arrival in Egypt on the 20th of October it was found that the No. 1 N.Z. General Hospital at Port Said had been removed to Salonika and, in accordance with the terms of the agreement with the N.Z. Government, it was decided to establish the Home in close proximity to the N.Z. General Hospital, Pont de Koubeh, Cairo. Instead of marquees being erected, however, the private residence of Prince Ibrahim Halim in Heliopolis was acquired, and on the 25th of November 1915, the official opening of the Home took place, the ceremony being performed by Lt. Col. A.B. Charters. In the original agreement it was proposed that the Home should ac-

comodate 25 beds, but "Aotea" opened with 34 patients on the books, and soon the number had swollen to eighty, taxing the accommodation of the building to its utmost extent. At the time of writing there is not a vacant bed in the institution and to accommodate all the patients in Pont de Koubeh Hospital desirous of spending their convalescence at "Aotea" five times the present number of beds would be required.

"Aotea" is a home in every sense of the word, and the only unhappy moment a patient knows there is when the word discharge appears after his name in the roll book. Necessarily under the jurisdiction of Military Authority, "Aotea" is, never the less, not run on strictly military lines. The aim of the matron and staff is to make it a home, and to use the words uttered by hundreds of "Aoteans." "It is truly a Home away from Home". Within its four walls one can forget the trenches, the parade ground, the orderly room, the miles of red tape, and the bully beef and biscuits, without which, memories of the trenches in Gallipoli and camp life in general would not be complete.

A patient's day at "Aotea" commences at 7.30 a.m. with the ringing of the dressing bell. At 8 o'clock breakfast is served—not a camp breakfast, but a meal such as you would get in your own home. The morning tea whistle sounds at 10.30 o'clock and dinner is served at 12.30. Afternoon tea is on at 3 p.m.; tea at 5.30 and supper at 8.30. Six meals a days! What delightful memories to take back to the trenches. And there are other memories, too, for the "Aotean" back in the firing line. Memories of the snug bedrooms, the cosy card and living room, the well stocked library, the daily motor drives, the tennis lawn, the tri weekly concerts, the card evenings and, above all, the devotion and general kindness of the staff. "A Home away from Home"!

Yes! "Aotea" is all that, and we, the patients who are responsible for this journal, find it extremely difficult to voice our appreciation of it. Could all those patriotic people of Wanganui Rangitikei, and Wairarapa, whose purses were placed at the disposal of the promoters see the excellent use that has been made and is being made of their fore thought and generosity they would, we feel sure, be repaid in part. Were it in our power we would like to thank each one in person, but as that is not possible we can only tender our grateful thanks for the establishment here in Egypt of "Aotea"—the best convalescent home in the British Empire.



Aoteans and the Cook.

He had recently arrived from Australia and in his wanderings through Cairo and surrounding district the word a Louer on many houses attracted his attention. "Say Bill" said he to a mate, "this fellow, A Louer" must be 'well in,' why his name seems to be on every second house in Egypt. Who is he any how?"

SOME GIFTS.

"Aotea" is rich in friendships. We appear to have friends in all parts of the Globe and tangible mementoes of these friendships are now being received in the shape of cases containing divers gifts of comforts, smokes etc. To-day a large case containing presents from the Wanganui donors of beds came to hand, there being a parcel for the lucky occupiers of all the gift beds, and only a few days ago Padre Green passed on to us a case of gifts for distribution among New Zealand wounded and sick soldiers. The case, which was forwarded by the Wanganui Military Hospital Guild, contained shirts pyjamas etc. attached to each garment being a small parcel. The delight of the boys when these parcels were opened was good to see and if only those devoted women, who by now must be heartily sick of the sight of needle and cotton, could have heard the many expressions of gratitude we feel sure they would be repaid in part for their kindness. To all donors of gifts we desire to tender our thanks, and we can but express the wish that some day some of us at least will be able to thank them all personally. Following is a list of donors and gifts in addition to the two aforementioned ones:—

- 1 case hospital comforts from Red Cross Guild Bulls.
- 3 cases hospital comforts from Sanson and Ohakea Guilds.
- 1 case of smokes from Wanganui friends, and £20 from Wanganui friend to be expended in "smokes"
- 5 cases of sheeps tongues from Wellington Meat Export Cy.
- 1 case of cakes and puddings from Mrs. Mc Laren Masterton.

(No need to tell how we enjoyed those puddings).

The New Zealand "smokes" were greatly appreciated by the Boys, because in Cairo Green Three Castles, Clarence and other good brands are extremely difficult to obtain.

"SWINGIN' THE LEAD."

In a hospital big there are dozens tis said
Of lusty young soldier lads "swingin the lead"
It's a pastime not new for in South Africa we're told
This game was practised by both timid and bold
But in dark times like these when things are so blue
It is hardly the cheese, doesnt it seem so to you
To malingering and lie—snuggle soft in a bed.
Pitch tales to the doctor and keep "swingin the lead"
For Britain is now in the dark hour of her need
She is fighting for honour, an she would succeed
Every man who is able must shoulder a gun
And do all in his power to stifle the Hun
So, lad, if these lines are applicable. You
Just think of your manhood—show us what you can do
On the field fame awaits you; never let it be said
That you're one of those wasters, who are "swingin
the lead"

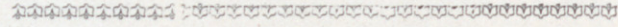
CONCERNING TENNIS.

You may be surprised to hear it, but 'tis true, nevertheless, that the term "no man's land" can not be applied to the desert. You cannot even borrow a bit of it without many interviews, as we found to our cost, when we decided to transform the sandhill in front of Aotea into an up-to-date tennis court. However, we have many influential friends in this district, and, as the result of their efforts, that little bit of desert came under our jurisdiction in the shape of a sand court. Our sandhill, instead of being an eyesore, became a hive of industry, a party of 20 arabs, clad in divers garments of the musical comedy order, being engaged in the big transformation scene.

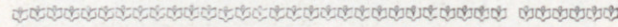
Impeded by these aforesaid garments, by the size of their baskets, and by every camera fiend in the Home our arabs broke few records in the sand shifting business; intervals for prayer, rest and mangaryea, occupying most of the day. However, despite all these daily adjournments, the court soon took shape, and after a final rolling on New Year's morning, Colonel W.H. Parkes and Sister Booth met Captain Wallis and Sister Hughes the same afternoon in the maiden game on the "Aotea" court. Everybody turned out to see that game and although the steady lobbing and good placing of Colonel Parkes, and the hard driving of Sister Booth proved too much for Captain Wallis' volleying and Sister Hughes' backhand strokes, the contest was as interesting as the scores (8-6) indicate. Owing to drive after drive falling short and the serving of "doubles" galore, doubts as to the length of the court were raised, but after a tape measure had been requisitioned, any doubts as to the honesty of the arab foreman were settled at once.

"Oh thou idle and wily sinner. How much too late did we arise for thee that thou couldst make our court fall short of requirements by a good 10 feet. Oh thoudishonest one"! And the worst of the business is that he has been paid. To sooth wounded feelings and lost self esteem fruit salad with cream (no one will ever forget that cream) was dispensed from the dispensary in lieu, as the Sergeant says, of Keplers. Those who had returned but recently from Gallipoli were forgiven for standing in an inconspicuous corner surreptiously replenishing their plates from the bowl even unto the seventh helping. It may well be said they were forgiven much. Since that memorable opening, our court has grown to full size and after a Yankee tournament had been interrupted by rain, a straight out doubles tourney was carried out, 20 players competing. Neale & Knight, playing from scratch, were looked on as "morals," but hard driving (often as far as the Sultana's Palace) by Mathias and Ivory saw the latter pair win the final (30-22). The umpiring during the tourney gave great satisfaction to the umpire, if to no one else, but we are pleased to say that "Archibald" was never influenced by the onlookers remarks no matter how rude. It is whispered that he won P.T. 3 1/2 over the contest, and the fact that he was seen to enter the Pvrramids Bar

on the following afternoon lends colour to the rumour. Although tournaments are off for the present, the court is never empty and it shares with our famous scones first place in the Aotea Popularity Contest.



January and February "Aoteans."



AIN'T IT FINE TO-DAY.

What's the use of always weeping ;
 Making trouble last ?
 What's the use of always keeping
 Thinking of the past ?
 Each must have his tribulation ;
 Water with his wine.
 Life ! it aint no celebration
 Trouble ? I' ve had mine,
 But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I' m a living
 Not a month ago
 Having, losing, taking, giving
 As time wills it so
 Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
 Fell across the way
 It may rain again to-morrow
 It may rain, but say,
 Aint it fine to-day.



Group of "Aoteans"

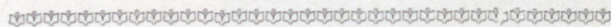
XMAS REVELS — AND A GUN.

Over my bed in Ward No I hangs a gun. It is not a modern Lee-Metford or a mauser, and, for that matter, neither is it a snider or a blunderbuss. It is just a gun—a tiny affair of tin and wood, and interesting only because it is a relic of the Xmas revels at "Aotea". To those of us who were admitted only in the New Year the Xmas of 1915 has little significance. Most of us spent it either at Lemnos or at sea en route to Alexandria, and a Xmas banquet of beef, biscuits and dixie tea can never hope to hold a prominent position in our memories. To the Xmas "Aoteans", however, are left many pleasant memories of the festive season. Memories of the hall on Xmas Eve

with its huge Xmas tree plentifully bedecked with toys (during Xmas every "Aoteaan" discarded his cloak of years and for the nonce became again a juvenile): Memories of Colonel Mackesey, in the role of Father Xmas handing gifts to everyone: Memories of the march of the tin can and whistle band which awakened the sentries at the Sultana Palace from sleep, and caused a stampede among the aeroplanes at the Aerodrome: Memories of Xmas morning and the well filled stocking at the foot of each bed: Memories of the Xmas dinner, the glorious plum duff, and the gaily decorated tables, each one doing honour to a brave ally. Memories! Yes those fortunate ones have many pleasant memories of Xmas, but all that is left for me is that tiny toy gun. W.H.

THE MATRON'S CURE.

When your throat is thick and dusty
 When your head is fit to bust
 When your eyes are sore—your nose is red
 And your feet feel like two lumps of lead
 When the world seems sad and dreary
 And you feel you're getting old
 Its a sign my lad—dont miss it
 That you have caught a beastly cold
 But worry not my soldier lad
 Just take a gharri quick
 Direct it to this home of ours
 This haven of the sick
 Within it walls a cure you find
 Its good, we all avow
 Why colonels, majors, subalterns have tried it times enow
 Just a simple preparatory of liquorice and linseed
 A Granny Cure? Well what of that
 Tis a good friend in your need
 So come a lon' my soldier lad
 If fatigues you would endure
 Just take a course of Aotea
 And Matrons Own Cough Cure.



PERSONALIA.

Congratulations to Capt. Green on receiving the Military Cross "Padre" has always been a good friend to "Aoteans," and we were all pleased when his name appeared in "honours."

All Aoteans were sorry when the first medical superintendent of the Home Capt. W.S. Wallis received orders of transfer to Ismailia, but the authorities, who know full well what a popular officer can do in a convalescent home sent Capt. H.H. Christie to fill the vacancy, and thus the happy relations which have always existed between doctor and patient continue. Proof of the popularity of both of our doctors lies in the fact that we have never been scared of either of them.

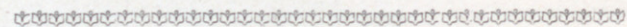
It is our pleasure to thank on behalf of the Matron and staff all those gentlemen who have proved their interest in "Aotea" by many acts of kindness. In this connection we particularly desire to thank Col. W.H. Parkes and the staff of the N.Z. Hospital, Pont de Koubeh, Col. Esson, Lt. Col. G.T. Hall, Lt. Col. Mackesey, Lt. Col. Charters, Major Saunders, Major McKenzie-Gibson Lt. Thompson and Mr. Cesar Poggio, Cairo. "Aoteans" are very grateful to these gentlemen, as indeed we are to all who have helped to make the Home just what it is.

While on the subject of thanks we would like to thank all those concert parties which have helped us to pass many pleasant hours here and our thanks are also due to the Empire Red Cross Outing Socy. for many pleasant trips to the Pyramids and other popular resorts.

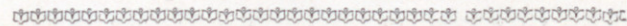


Two "Aoteans" and the Padre

Sapper WATSON, D.C.M. Capt. (Padre) GREEN, M.C. Corpl FEAR, D.C.M.
 (N.Z. Engineers). (N.Z. Engineers).



"Aoteans" who follow after will soon have an additional source of amusement provided for them in the shape of a billiard table. The table which was purchased in England for the executive committee of the Home by Mrs. (Capt) R.H. Hogg will be soon be ready for play and should a second edition of this journal ever be published it will no doubt contain many paragraphs anent exciting contests between staff and patients.



This is just a trifle, man
 In memory of a rifleman
 Each day with rifle and with pack
 He covered miles of sandy track
 He never faltered in his stride
 Nor once fell out by the way side
 Now he's dead—Ring out sad bells
 'Tis the "dinkums" awful pace that tells



First Patients at "Aotea."

HOW I TOED THE MAT.

AN ESSAY BY JACK TROUGHEAR, AGE 12.

My name is Jack and I am very fond of my bed in the mornings. My teacher, Mr. Shearm, tells me I must always get up early and do my exercises so as to become a strong man when I grow up. My teacher is a very mean man and told me if I slept in in the mornings he would tell the head teacher, Mr. Saunders.

I am in the Band and I can play "Pop goes the weasel" and sometimes I practice for a long time at night and so I am very tired in the morning. Yesterday I was very tired and so I slept in and Mr Shearm, the sneak, came round and caught me in bed and told Mr. Saunders. He was very angry and told Mr. Shearm to take me up to the study and I was very frightened. When I went into the study Mr. Watson, another teacher, looked at me and made me laugh. Mr. Saunders was angry at me before and this made him worse. He said "Jack, I am surprised at you. Mr. Shearm tells me you have slept in twice lately. Is this the case?"

I was too sorry to answer so I shook my head. MR SAUNDERS didn't see me do it but MR SHEARM did and he said "He shook his head, Sir." Mr Saunders said

he heard something rattle, but he didn't know what it was. Well then I said "Yes". Then he was very sorry and told me that I was very wicked, and that he was very ashamed of me.

I was that sorry I could hardly keep from crying. He made me promise not to do it in future, and I said I would'nt and I think Mr. Shearm is a mean old pig. Any way I put my fingers to my nose at him when he wasn't looking. And the next time I see him asleep I am going to kick him.

When you're marching'oeer the desert, with your eyes all
[full of sand.

When the sergeant major's growlin just fit to beat the band.
When C.B. you are enduring with pack drill every hour.

When "Jack Johnsons" are roarin' as in shallow trench
[you cower.

When pay day doesnt happen, and there is no beer for you.
When the cheese is non existant, and ten flies are in
[your stew.

When the picket comes a marching, with orders sharp
[to clear.

Dont grouse or swear, but simply smile, just think of Aotea



Aoteans visit the Pyramids.

THE LETTER BOX.

(To the Editor).

"Sir,

About this 'ere bloomin' paper. Is it a fair dinkum go? I hope yer not kiddin' us cos I gotter grievance—Yes and a big one, too. Its all on account of this 'ere 'ome and I 'opes some other coves wot is better with their pens than me will give me a hand. I was on the bloomin' Peninshuler or three months and me feet got frostbit—they was cold before that but thats no matter, The quack' e sends me on board the 'ospittle ship, and I finishes up at Ponty-koober, where I meets quite a lot of me old cobbbers all swingin' the lead. Well I stays at the 'ospittle for four weeks and I 'as a boscar time with me 'obby (growlin). Thenthe sister says to me "yer goin' to Aytear to-morrow Smiff." Me real name is Mr. William Horace Smiff, but those sisters is always familiar, and leaves out the mister every time. Why I've heard them call our sargent major by his surname, the saucy things, Well when I gets to Aytear. I says to myself 'blimie I'll be able to 'ave a dinkum time here follerin we obby' but mister editor I've been here ten days come sunday and Im real disappointed. Me occupation is quite gone and I cant enjoy meself in a soldiers way by growlin at everything. The place gives me no chaust, and it even makes we feel happy and contented. Mister editor this aint no 'ome. Why its just like the pub in Wanganui. A bloke named Foster keeps it and it is a boscar place. I dont think its a fair thing to disappoint a bloke like that. These 'ere military gents wot wears stars dont care a 'ang about a privits feelins, strike me they dont. Well mister editor so long. I hope you will dig up something for me to growl at 'cos I am getting right out of practicenow. Key Orer.

PVT. WILLIAM HORACE SMIFF.
12/218964 N.Z.E.F.

Sir,

Through the medium of your paper I beg to be allowed space to deal briefly on "Aotea" and its staff. "Aotea" as we know is taken from the Maori word Aotearoa which means a long white cloud, but, to those who are lucky enough to become inmates of "Aotea Home" it means everything that a good home can give Just imagine a New Zealand country residence within five minutes walk of all that the cities of the East can offer. The Staff! Well one would like to say it is better than the Home, but al the same time to be just, one has to administer an equal amount of praise, knowing that without one the other is useless. Whoever the selection of this staff fell to, one imagines them as being conversant with the requirements of a large family of boys. One only has to be an inmate a few days to know that the Matron, Sisters and Lady-helpers know what it is to have brothers constantly around them. I think I voice the opinion of present and past inmates when I say that words or pen cannot describe our gratitude and we all have a sincere hope that some day we may be able to prove this gratitude by our actions. Could the people in New Zealand realize (which is impossible) what this haven means to us, they would bless the people of Wanganui Wairarapa and Rangitikei districts for all time. There are pages to be written, but space. I know, will not permit, and if one was to write all that it is possible to write there would always be that feeling of what is the use of trying to describe here ones gratitude. In conclusion let me take this opportunity of trying to thank (enough) all those who have made my stay here what it has been.

J. I. CUFF,
N.Z.F.A.



Goodbye to "Aotea" — Patients leaving for Camp.

THE EMPIRE CLUB.

It is hardly necessary to direct Aoteans to the Empire Club for British Soldiers because most of us have already spent many comfortable hours there, but it is just possible that there are a few soldiers who know not of its presence in our midst so for their benefit it is chronicled here that the Empire Club, which is just another monument to the self sacrifice and patriotism of women in this great war, is situated directly opposite the Luna Park Hospital in Heliopolis. Like "Aotea" the Club owes its existence to women, and like our Home its popularity with soldiers is very great. The promoters of the club were Mrs. and Miss Chisholm, of Goulbourn, N.S.W., Miss A.M. Herbert, Kelso, Otago, N.Z., and Mrs. G.H. Stewart, Crookston Otago, N.Z. who with the able assistance of Mrs. Wellburn (Heliopolis) and English, Australian and New Zealand ladies have been able to supply a long felt want in Heliopolis—a club where facilities for reading and writing are provided in addition to a comfortable dining hall. The club is open daily to all soldiers, nurses and their friends between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 noon, and 2 p.m. and 9 p.m. and if proof of its popularity is needed a visit during business hours will quickly satisfy. The thanks of all soldiers are due to the founders of the club and to the many ladies who are voluntarily giving their services in connection with its maintenance.

REWI AND THE REMOUNT

During the South African war a large number of horses for remounts were purchased in N.Z. and many good stories have been told anent the guile of the Maori owners of horses, fit and unfit for military uses. Rewi was a Wanganui maori, and his flashy looking steed attracted the attention of the (haw!) gentleman whose business it was to buy horses. "How much for that horse, Rewi?" he asked. "Oh I no want to sell" replied Rewi "he not lookin too well that horse." Never mind his looks said the official, scenting a bargain. "Ill give you thirty guineas for him, cash down." Orrright boss answered Rewi, "but I tell you before you take him, he not look too well." The bargain was clinched and the horse duly arrived at Wellington where, on examination, it was found to be blind of one eye. Indignantly the official approached Rewi in Jimmy's billiard saloon and reproached him for palming off a useless animal, but Rewi, busily engaged with a run of losing hazards, calmly answered, "Now look here boss, what te goot you makin fuss now; I not try cheat you. I tell you two times before you buy, that that horse not look too well."



On Aotea Menu.

EXPLANATION OF COMPLICATIONS.

Violation of Neutral Nation,
PROTESTATION.
Communication to British Nation,
INDIGNATION.
Confrontation, Accusation,
RETALIATION.
Investigation, Termination,
DECLARATION.
German Nation, Consternation,
INVOCATION.
Preparation, Combination,
ORGANISATION.
Circulation, Interpolation,
SIGNIFICATION.
Irritation, Interpretation,
ABERRATION.
English Nation, Proclamation,
ADMINISTRATION.
Mobilisation, Examination,
CLASSIFICATION.
Allocation, Separation,
QUALIFICATION.
Perspiration, Continuation,
CLARIFICATION.
Transportation, Co-operation,
COMMENDATION.
Deliberation, Imagination,
INTOXICATION.
Variation, Vaccination,
INFLAMMATION.
Inoculation, Aggravation,
PROFANATION.
Disfiguration, Explanation,
PRESERVATION.
Deputation, Adjudication,
INCARCERATION.
Protestation, Exclamation,
DAMNATION.
Relaxation, Alimentation,
CONCILIATION.
Disembarkation, Concentration,
SALUTATION.
Destination, Fortification,
DETONATION.
Demoralisation, Ossification,
FINALISATION.
No German Nation.

A FEW DEFINITIONS.

FOOD : is any thing a soldier can digest.
A CRIME : might be any thing—it depends
to a large extent on the O. C's liver.
A MESS ORDERLY : is a handy thing to have
about the house.
A CANTEEN : is a store that keeps every thing
you dont want, and, what is more, makes
you pay for it.
PATIENCE : is a virtue highly developed in
New Zealand troops.
CAIRO : is the limit.



“NO SPEAKEE ANGLAIS.”

Egyptian 'John Hops.'

You'll know them by their feet.
And blue uniform so neat.
As you saunter through the streets of Cairo town.
They're friends to soldiers all; always ready at
your call.
And are terrors to the "Gips" who take you down.



EXTRACTS FROM
CAMP STANDING ORDERS.

ISSUED BY MAJOR GOODBOY
COMMANDING NEW ZEALAND CAMPS.

CAMP ZEITOUN. 25/2/16.

CAMP STAFF.

It has been decided to do away with the usual procedure of appointing the Camp Staff without the cooperation of the men. A new departure has therefore been established. Nomination will be received at the Orderly Room till 5 p.m. on the 31st. inst for the positions. Should more than one nomination be received for any position a meeting of the men will be called and a vote taken on the matter. We feel sure that this institution will be welcomed by the men and of course give them a voice in the selection of their officers.

ROUTINE.

The following will be the Routine provided it meets with the approval of the men :-

| | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Reveille | 7 a.m. |
| Breakfast | 8 to 9 a.m. |
| Rest Cure... .. | 9.30 to 12.30. |
| Dinner. | 1 p.m. |
| Light Drill. | 2 to 3 p.m. |
| Afternoon Tea... .. | 3.30 p.m. |
| Tea | 5 p.m. |

After this hour all ranks are free for the day.

PROMULGATION OF ORDERS.

Routine Orders will be issued daily at 6 p.m. at which hour "Orders" will be sounded. O.C's will then send their Orderly Sergts. to Camp Orderly Room but it must be clearly understood that if the Sergeants are at Mess at that time the Orders will be brought to the Mess for them. On no account must Sergeants be put to any trouble merely for the sake of receiving Orders.

DUTIES.

The battalion for duty will supply any men required but it will be the constant aim of which ever Adjutant is appointed to keep the duties down as low as possible. Should a man be told off for any duties he will be expected to carry them out, unless, of course, so doing interferes with any previous arrangements he may have made. In that case all he needs to do is to advise his sergeant who will at once make arrangements to replace the man.

GUARDS.

It has been decided not to supply Guards as this will curtail the liberty of the men to too great an extent.

LEAVE.

The usual procedure in the case of a man wishing to obtain leave is to make application for same 24 hours before the time it is required. This practice leaves much to be desired as often enough a man finds he wishes to visit Cairo at a shorter notice. The procedure in that case is for the man concerned to notify his intention of leaving camp, to the nearest corporal, with whom the responsibility now rests.

The matter is now out of his hands and of course that is all that concerns the man in question.

NATIVES.

In cases of disputes with natives in no case should the Civil Police be applied to. (See Para. 8008 Standing Orders for the Force in Egypt.) It is much more satisfactory to take the matter into one's own hands and administer the chastisement necessary. In many cases the Police will be found to have little or no knowledge of English and so are useless to apply to.

ILLNESS.

In the case of a man being seriously ill, he will at once report at the Battalion Orderly Room, together with all his kit and a week's rations. He will then be taken at the double to the Hospital, after which his case will be diagnosed.

Should he prove to be too weak to walk to Pont-de-Koubbeh Hospital he will be taken there in a car and the cost deducted from his next pay. Should he be found to be not seriously ill he will be given light duties at the Clearing Camp till he recovers. While he is in this camp he may have any sort of medicine he requires and may, if he so desires, be visited by the Medical Officer every week.

SICK PARADES.

Any man who wishes to receive medical attention and who finds that the hour set for sick parade is too early or if it in any way inconveniences him to attend, will please hand his name in to the Orderly Room when the Medical Officer will be summoned to visit him in his hut at the man's own convenience

COURT MARTIALS.

When it is found necessary to deal with a man by Court Martial, there is no doubt there are many men in the battalion who would welcome an opportunity to witness the proceedings. For the benefit of these men several knot holes have been opened up in the Orderly Room for the purpose of giving them an opportunity to watch the procedure. The Major and members of the Court Martial will be only too pleased to welcome suggestions made by men outside.

DENTAL PARADES.

Without wishing to wound the susceptibilities of any man the dentists will be obliged if men will kindly clean or scrape their teeth before visiting them. This is for the mens' own good because unless the teeth are cleaned it is no uncommon thing for the dentist to pass by even a badly decayed tooth. Anyway, for hygienic purposes, teeth should be cleaned at least once a week.

MEDICAL OFFICER.

It is to be understood that this officer exists solely for the purpose of being at the disposal of any man who may at any time think he is suffering from any sort of an ailment or disease. The proper procedure to obtain medical attention is to send a message or request to the Orderly Room Sergt. who will at once summon the Doctor. It must be impressed on the men that no ailment is too trivial to bring the Medical Officer out of his bed at any time during the night (or day). However, if the man wishes to be taken to the Doctor and does not feel inclined to walk, it must be borne in mind that there are five Red Cross men in camp who will be only too pleased to convey the man to the Doctor per medium of a stretcher.

They have nothing else to do and will always welcome a little diversion such as this.

ORDERLY ROOM.

It has been decided to do away with Orderly Room as much as possible. In future minor charges, such as drunkenness, theft or striking an officer will be tried by the O. C. Who in no case must award more than three day's detention.

PAYMENT OF WAGES.

It has been decided that in future all men will be paid daily. This is to overcome the difficulty many men experience of running short of money at the end of the week. Any man who has made an allotment which leaves him too short can always arrange a loan by applying to the N. C. O. in charge of the Orderly Room.

DISCIPLINE.

A private has made a complaint that a sergt. major has been annoying him by setting him duties to do. S.M's must understand that this must cease. Any private who receives any incivility at all will oblige by reporting same at once. On no account must a private be told off for duty against his inclination. THIS IS A VOLUNTARY ARMY.

ROUTE MARCHES.

On account of several complaints these are now cut out.

CHURCH PARADE.

It has been reported to me that men may wish to "lie in" on Sundays so this parade is now optional.

OFFICERS MESS.

It does not seem to be generally understood that any man who rises too late for his own breakfast may have same at the above mess. It will be understood that the officers wish the men to feel at home and any criticism as to the running of the mess will be appreciated.

TRANSPORT.

Men will please note that a bicycle is kept at the Orderly Room for the convenience of anyone wishing to use same.

LITERATURE

Any man who wishes any reading matter is to apply to the Orderly Room. A lieutenant who receives bushels of it has agreed to distribute a portion to the troops.

MAILS.

Any man who has not received parcels which have been posted to him will oblige the O.C. by sending in a full description of same together with the probable value of same, when a monetary allowance will be made for same.

PROMOTIONS.

The best way for a N.C.O. or man wishing to become an officer is to join the Pay Staff when the desired promotion comes as a matter of course.

GENERAL.

Any man finding any article and not knowing the owner must report same to the General. If the article is of no value it will be notified through Routine Orders.

It is to be understood that the Orderly Room contains a typewriter which may be used by any man who wishes to do so. A plentiful supply of paper and all accessories is always kept in stock.

For the benefit of men concerned it may be mentioned that all regimental pets are to be kept at the expense of the battalion.

For the convenience of those companies whose pet is a horse or donkey a special stall is being erected at the rear of the lines. A groom will be told off to care for these animals.

(Signed): JOS TIMESS C. B., Capt.



Next Year.



STAFF OF NEW-ZEALAND HOSPITAL — Pont de Koubbeh, Cairo.

Aotea! Aotea! Aotea!

What does it mean?

What does it mean?

Theres no need to ask that question
because even the old Sphinx knows the answer.

“A Home Away From Home ”

“A Panacea For all Ills ”

That what Aotea means, and dont you forget it.

| | | | | |
|--|----------------------------|--|----------------------------------|--|
| C O M F O R T | E A S E | A M U S E M E N T | R E S T | K I N D N E S S |
| | You get them all at Aotea | | Mirth. Melody. Merriment. | |
| | Satisfy yourself. Parade | | Every day. Every day. Every day. | |
| | sick and try a course. You | | Patients come and Patients go | |
| | will never regret it. | | but our fun goes on for ever. | |

Try Aotea Scones

Home made and wholesome.

Who says a scone? Chorus of Aotean Patients:— “We all do.”

But dont worry. The supply is inexhaustible.

No more broken molars. Mafisch that Bully-beef-and-biscuit-feeling.

An Aotea Scone Touches The Spot.

Tea for the Timid.

Sports for the Sporty.

Cards for the Knuts.

THIS IS NO SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

AOTEA IS A DINKUM CONCERN.

So square the doctors at Pont de Koubbeh

and Pack your Bag.