

THE

Warrimoo

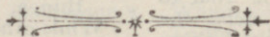
Memoirs

OF THE NAUGHTY NINTH.

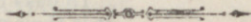
A Chronicle of events and sayings on board H.M.N.Z.
Troopship 39.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTTO.

He only knows that not through him
Will England come to shame.



Law and Order



Captain J. H. Chisholm, Officer Commanding Troops; Lieutenant T. F. Christian, Ship's Adjutant. D Company (Otago), Captain D. Thomson, Lieutenants W. Downie-Stewart, A. V. Valentine, C. Barry and C. P. Worley. Artillery: Lieutenants D. G. Johnston, J. E. L. Gardiner and J. W. Gendall. N.Z.M.C., Captain F. W. Sharman. Ministering Angels, Nurses L. A. Miller and N. E. Shuker. Chaplain-Captain T. A. Williams. Our Guiding Stars: Captain Chas. MacLean; Chief Officer, Mr G. Hopkins; second, Mr A. Kennedy; third, Mr McKenzie; Chief Engineer, Mr J. McLean; second, Mr W. S. Hall; third, Mr E. Young; fourth, Mr F. Crosby; fifth, Mr C. Smith; sixth, Mr H. Aitchison; seventh, Mr D. K. Spence. Wireless Operator, Mr F. Cook; Chief Steward, Mr J. Pearson; Chief Cook, Mr W. Allan.



NOR-WESTWARD HO.

—O—

(By Chaplain-Captain Williams.)

From the rising sun to the land of the Pharaohs; from the newest to the oldest. Impelled by sense of loyalty and by regard for honour and justice, we voyage 10,000 miles to meet the common foe; surely the longest march to a battlefield the world has known.

We are ready for the hardships of the trenches. We are ready even to die. But are we ready for the awful temptations of Eastern or semi-Eastern cities? There vice is naked and shameless; doors of infamy swing open all along the streets, and vampire hands are ever outstretched to drag the ignorant and the unsuspecting to their fall and ruin.

There is, however, another side more pleasing. To those who have not seen Eastern life before, this place of our going will have much interest and charm. Monuments whose years number milleniums raise their heads to the skies. At every turn there will be that to arrest the attention and strike the imagination. But, above all, there is duty to be done. And so, Nor-westward Ho.

Overheard on deck, on land being sighted:—

C.B. man (from backblocks, near Whangarua): "Say, Bill, there's a bit of 'dirt' 'at last. Looks cheery, don't it?"

Bill: "Don't talk so loud, or else the O.C. will hear and make you clean it up."

WANTED—A photographer to take a snap of "Lizzie" Flesher when he is wakened out of a deep sleep.

A TALE OF A TROOPSHIP.

—O—

(Told in verse by "Pip Essex.")

The ship was the Warrimoo:
Oh, a fair, white ship was she
When she carried half-baked soldiers
Across the far blue sea.
And this trip seemed very long to
some,
But longer still to me.

Their country sent these men away
With shouts that rent the sky,
And gave them many goodly things
To keep their spirits high.
These goodly gifts they took and ate,
And lost them bye-and-bye.

This boat she sailed the wintry seas,
Her cargo mostly men;
But where these fellows came from
I really may not pen,
Nor where she sailed, nor why she
sailed,
Nor yet the how and when.

To pass the time in many a clime,
And on a voyage long,
The usual crowd hold sports and
things,
While others hold a song;
And others hold their heads aloof
And listen for the gong.

But some there are who need no
sports,
To pass the hours away:
It is their pleasure and their pride
The decks to scrub and spray—
And if you shovel coal about,
You may get extra pay.

Through dangers many we have
passed,
And sailed through many a sea:
We've suffered vaccination,
And primed ourselves with tea.
And we'll land at last from 39
H.M.N.Z.T.

ON DIT.

—O—

That the dozen or so submarines detected the other night were probably returning from an ineffectual attempt to seize the Line.

That it was a sight for sore eyes to see Bill, M.P., officially close the canteen at night.

That there are many inquiries as to whether Private Miller, D Company, was only trying on his lifebelt in the dark on deck on Friday night, or contemplating joining the natives ashore.

That Friday night's scare must have extended to the Warrimoo, as she became most unpatriotic and refused to 'list next morning.

That it is evident that Tweedledum knocked spots out of Fellowes in the Tweedie-Fellowes boxing contest, as the Doctor discovered them on the latter the next day, and his address was the isolation hospital.

That it's never too late to mend, as the doctor said when he put a dozen stitches in the boatswain's finger.

That Sergt. Sinnott shaped well as a reporter for the "Memoirs."

The following figures, showing the comparative value of Egyptian and British notes and coins, should prove of interest:—Nickel coins: Half piastre, 1 1/4d; 1 piastre, 2 1/2d. Silver coins: 2 piastres, 5d; 5 piastres, 1s 0 1/2d; 10 piastres, 2s 1d; 20 piastres, 4s 2d. Notes: 50 piastres, 10s 5d; 100 piastres, L1 0s 10d.

TO LET—From day of disembarkation, three bunks in Cabin 36 and two in Cabin 5; guaranteed full of sleep. Apply,

Q. M. S., D Company.

OUR BRIDGE ORNAMENTS.

—O—

Bombardier Booth, who lost a tooth,
And Mulga Bill, from One Tree Hill,
Slippery Sam, the tiger for jam,
Likewise Walter, who's a devil on
water,

There's Microbe Murch, who never
goes to church,

With Beery Phillipott, who always
likes a pint pot,

And Shrimpton Peter, who's a ter-
rible good eater;

Also Speedy, the lazy (very near
crazy),

With Weary Withell, who sleeps but
little;

While Cooper's got a hunch that he's
the best man of the bunch

Of the Warrimoo F.W. Brigade.

THE LOST CAKE.

—O—

The boys of 37 will never go to
heaven:

This statement 'Aker' had to make,
When, a-weeping and a-wailing,
To the cabin he came sailing,

To find the boys had eaten all his
cake.

EMERGENCY TESTS.

—O—

Scene: Engine-room; chief officer
instructing "Sparks."

C.O.: "What steps would you
take in the event of being mined?"

"Sparks": "Engine-room steps—
two at a time."

Lieutenant V. (on rounds), accost-
ing sentry on guard in starboard
alleyway: "What action would you
take in case of fire?"

Sentry: "I would order 'Cease
fire.'"

THE KAISER.

—O—

(By Private Frank H. T. Laurie.)

I was never cut out to be
 An early morning riser,
 But now I'm shaving by candle light,
 All because of the Kaiser.

I was always one to spend
 My money—I was no miser,
 But now I live on a bob a day,
 And all because of the Kaiser.

I was always used to a ten-course
 meal,
 With a cocktail appetiser,
 But now I'm living on stew, stew,
 And all because of the Kaiser.

I was always a peaceful man—
 Would never harm a fly, sir,
 But now I am thirsting for German
 blood,
 And all because of the Kaiser.

A WAR LIMERICK.

—O—

(By J. H. Bunn.)

There is a war-lord that will rue,
 And this is a story that's true:
 N.Z. men will beat him,
 Where-e'er they may meet him—
 The men on the old Warrimoo.

Wireless on Ship: "That you,
 Germany?"

Germany: "Yaas. Vat you vant?"

W.O.S.: "How are things intern-
 ally?"

Germany: "Gott strafe England!
 Fields empty; mills empty; tummies
 empty; no sausage, and Kaiser
 Wilhelm's on the roof looking for
 cats."

Barney, the poker-work king, is
 reported to have run out of skins, so
 it appears that "The Little Grey
 Home in the West" will have to
 "hide" itself for a while.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LOBSTER'S RETREAT.

The Finest Accommodation in the
 Indian Ocean
 Consumption "Satisfied,"
 but not Cured.

—"ME AN' YOU."

1st Stage: "Damn All" a la Doc-
 teur.

2nd Stage: Ditto, with numerous
 savoury smells added.

3rd Stage: 1st Course, Soup and
 Porridge a la Delicieuse; 2nd
 Course, Un Morsel de Fish au
 Bread Crumbs; 3rd Course,
 Pudding en Varietie.

Proprietor: Corp. Mackie, N.Z.M.C.
 Doctor in Attendance: Captain
 Shurman, P.M.O.

Tariff ... By Special Arrangement.
 (Bill Massey's "Spotted"
 Tourists Free.)

Physical Culture Gratis.

THANKS.

J. MOLESKIN desires to thank
 his numerous friends (and enemies)
 for their many kind expressions of
 symyathy in connection with his
 recent misfortune, and begs to notify
 that he has NO interest in a milk run
 at Albany. This can be verified by
 the barmaid at the Royal George.

NISHIE'S RESTAURANT.—

Patronised by the "Ship's
 Guards," "Irish Fusiliers," and
 many ex-members of the Sergeants'
 Mess, including the "Earl of
 Dock," C.B., and "Zak Kwin,"
 K.C.M.G., late King of Samoa.

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