

Second copy

B O R A X 3



"LIVESTOCK - 1 (UNAUTHORISED)"

B O R A X 3.

H.M.T. X 3, 2nd. Echelon, 2nd. N.Z.E.F., May, 1940.

Why a Magazine ?

THIS is a rough record of the life together, for an unpredictable length of sea travel, of 20 women, 1600 odd men and—a dog.

We are a curiously mixed lot. A year ago most of us were strangers to one another. Put in mufti again, and restored to our civil ways, we should quickly scatter. Even in the Army we shall be together in just this way for no longer than the period of our present voyage.

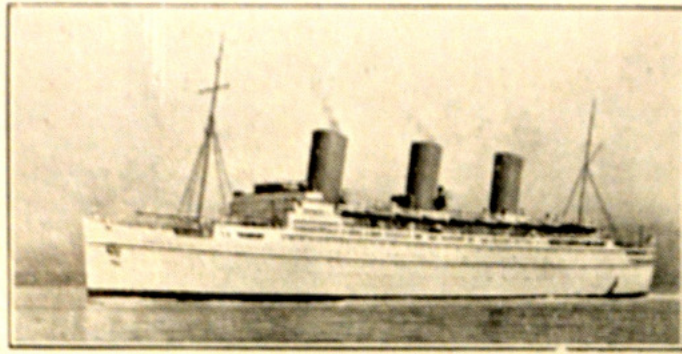
Yet, despite unlikenesses, two sets of qualities bind us : one broadly, the other particularly. We are all New Zealanders ; for the time being we are all soldiers ; we are all going to the same job. Whatever may lie ahead we will share in common ; and the experience will for ever set us apart from fellow-citizens who have been civilians only.

But in these respects other men, in other ships and other convoys, are and will be our brothers. Our particular ties we share with no others. From Brigadiers to Borax, from nurses on the sports deck to the rather less favoured complement of E and F decks, we are appropriately proud of X3. For these few weeks she is our ship. We go to war as never troops have gone before : if not quite in the lap of luxury, at least within sound of the swish of her skirts. At mess we sit with the shades of cruising millionaires ; the perfume of film stars haunts our cabins ; if we be sergeants, the very hand of royalty smooths our tropic-tortured pillow. And it isn't costing us a bean !

What we know about our voyage we may not tell, for fear it should confirm part of what the enemy told weeks ago. What we do not know makes us expert travel agents. One morning the sun is here ; the next it is miraculously there. We read the signs and put our own interpretations upon them.

Good show ; it keeps us on our toes. It drives home the maxim of war that he is thrice armed who has surprise on his side. We go one better ; our ally is mystery, So much so that we have not the faintest notion where we are going, nor when, nor by what means. Nothing could be more confusing to the enemy ! Almost, we have Hitler on the run.

Wherefore this magazine—lest in the press of events to come we forget the crowded detail of our wanderings in the ocean wilderness, with the all-knowing and unsleeping Navy going on before. *BoraX 3* is ours ; it is written and drawn about us, by us, for us. It costs a shilling. Some day it will be worth a sovereign - because of the comradeship of which it tells, because of the memories it will rekindle and the friendships it will enrich long years after our job is done.



Twice in Twenty-Five Years.

Some twenty-five years ago I sailed from Wellington with the main body, in good company, all in good heart.

A few short days ago I sailed once more, this time with the Second Echelon of the next New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

The contrast in the two movements was tremendous, but only in one direction—the vast improvement in the ships and the conditions under which we are proceeding, once more, to Egypt.

Last time I shared a hutch some eight feet square, bolted on to the iron deck of a cargo steamer, which carried 1,050 men and 800 horses. Only those who have shared the experience will appreciate our trials and tribulations, and the terrific labour involved in keeping our horses fit.

This time we all travel in great comfort in the finest super ships the British Merchant Navy has ever gathered in one convoy.

And the comfort is not limited to officers. The most poorly-placed man of this echelon is infinitely better off for accommodation, food and attention than the most favoured of his predecessors in 1914-18.

The latter, in his wildest dreams, never imagined going to war, waited on at the table by stewards and provided with a Canadian-Pacific menu. That is the effect of twenty-five years' progress.

But there the contrast between our first and second expeditionary forces ends.

In spirit, in physique and in quiet solid efficiency the New Zealander of this generation is unsurpassed by any of his forbears who trod the same path of duty.

Units of the Second Echelon are doubly fortunate because such a large proportion of the troops are men who had responsibilities in civil life which they could not discard lightly.

Their personality and ability reflects this fact. They are keen and quick to learn, ready to appreciate what is required of them and, equally, what is done for them.

It is apt to mention here that all ships' staffs have commented on the willing-

ness to take their share of the duties, often onerous ones, needed to enable such large vessels to run smoothly. They have also shown on all occasions the respect and care due to the beautiful and costly surroundings in which they are travelling.

People are apt to be impatient and critical of the younger generation, but my experience with these 8,000 fellow countrymen, both European and Maori, has proved beyond doubt that the breed still runs true to form.

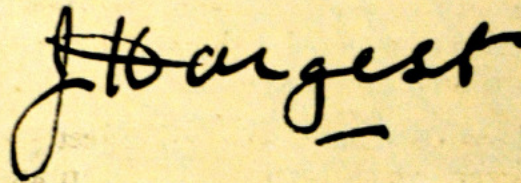
The modest, manly qualities which made men of the "Silent Division" so beloved wherever they went in 1914-18 are giving an enhanced reputation to the troops of to-day. Moreover, I feel sure that with their thorough training and good leadership when the day of battle comes they will do well.

All ranks are fit, thanks largely to the care and attention bestowed upon them by the medical staffs, including our capable New Zealand nurses.

Modern war demands, above all, a thorough understanding of the team work involved in military operations and close, cordial co-operation between the various fighting units and services concerned.

In my opinion the units of the Second Echelon have already developed a camaraderie which will enable them to stand by each other when the test comes.

We are looking forward to joining our friends of the First Echelon, and going ahead with the task for which we all left New Zealand—to enable our people, and less fortunate people, to live quietly in freedom, comfort and security.



BRIGADIER
Officer Commanding 2nd Echelon,
2nd N.Z.E.F.

The Boys From 'Way Down Under

This, so far the most popular marching song of the 2nd. N.Z. E.F. was written and set to music by 6503 Cpl. J. E. Pyke, of the 27th Machine Gun Battalion, who is aboard H.M.T. X3.

We are the boys from 'Way Down Under,
Marching to victory,
We're not afraid of Hitler's thunder,
We'll put him where he should be
The Poles, the Czechs, and
Germany itself,
Will find we'll put the Nazis on
the shelf

For we are the boys from 'Way
Down Under,
Sons of the Anzacs are we!!

* * *

From the Land of the Long White
Cloud we come,
Sons of the Empire every one,
Helping the Motherland as of yore
As our fathers, the Anzacs, did
before

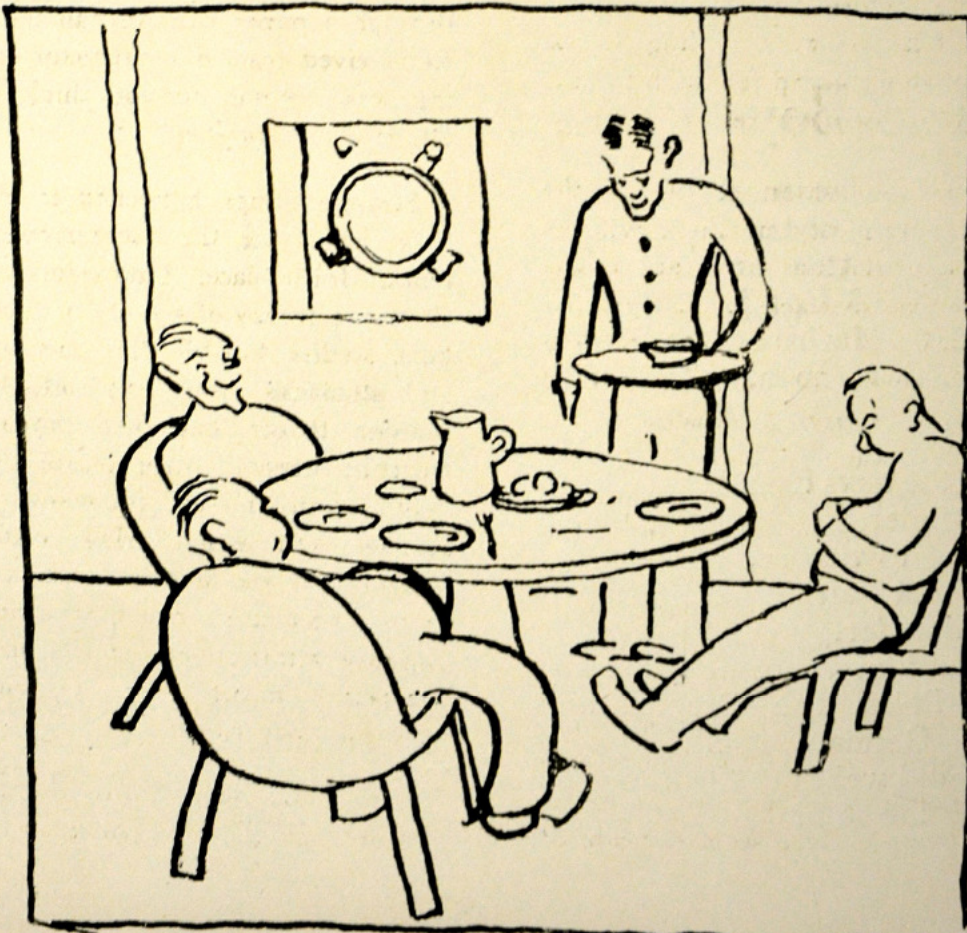
* * *

From Australia, too, they heard the
call:
"Britain needs you one and all!"
As our fathers did on Gallipoli,
There will the Aussies and the En-
Zeds be

MESS



(The old TRENTHAM)



Salute to C.D.S.I.

Training for war, gentlemen—and to think that in those early days we fondly imagined we were! Now, confronted with the gruesome reality, harried and hounded from dawn till dark, with all of St. Paul's mournful consciousness that "we have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done, and there is no health in us," how often we sigh for the relatively peaceful days of C.D.S.I., those blissful periods of "individual study," extended full length in our cubicles, so little afraid of work that we could lie down beside it. Admittedly there were one or two strange fellows who mugged up pamphlets and messed themselves up with oil, dissecting Lewis guns in their cubicles; but them we treated with kindly tolerance. The really vital issues in those carefree days were, when is the bar going to be installed; where can we scrounge some comfortable armchairs, and who has a vacant seat in a car returning after 3 a.m.? It might be a little disconcerting to find, when one's turn came as platoon commander, that it was dashed difficult to recall whether one opened ranks before fixing bayonets or vice versa, but we were willing to be broadminded about it and felt slightly hurt when our irate instructor refused to play.

The foulest imposition of all, in the view of our more meaty members, was the arduous sport of catch-as-catch-can, or section stalk. The spectacle of officers fattened by years on the office-stool scuttling from cover to cover like so many disturbed wood-lice gave unvarying pleasure to the spectator. To watch "Tubby" H— creeping stealthily through the rushes, his head sunk from sight but his stern in full view, cruising hither and yon like an advancing tank, was a joy for ever. None of us are likely to forget the agonising slowness with which we discovered our feet carried us over the open under fire. Once we prided ourselves upon our ability to catch trams with a handicap of half a block, but now our legs seemed made of

celery. Bedewed with perspiration, eyes starting from their sockets and heart pounding like the engine of an ancient model "T," we flopped into shelter, mere wrecks of our usual dignified selves.

Hitherto perfectly satisfied with our personalities, it was a jolt to be addressed in such terse terms as "What the Hades are YOU doing, creeping round your squad making noises like an earthworm? SPIT out your orders!" Members of one platoon of embryo Napoleons will not soon forget an attack up a ridge covered with young Manuka that had an entanglement of fallen timber laced with bracken and lawyer. In the blazing sunshine our scarlet-faced leader would struggle into view on a log, croak, "Come one, you so-and-so's," and CRASH! vanish in a shower of twigs somewhere beneath our feet, whence his voice rose in a stream of strange profanity. As fast as we writhed out of one trap we crashed into another. Our rifles hooked themselves upon branches, to fall suddenly on our upturned faces. Somehow we reached the crest, absolutely done, incapable even of pushing our bayonets through a paper bag, and all the comfort we received from our instructor on returning was, "What do you think you are, Ghurkas or gazelles?"

Strange things happened to a platoon if its leader for the day removed his attention for a space. Gun teams a moment since in a frenzy of activity became recumbent studies in still life, hats over eyes and stomachs rising rhythmically. Still funnier things happened when squads marched beyond voice-control of a suddenly panic-stricken commander, whose screams and semaphoring availed him naught. In one ludicrous instance a deep drain concealed in long grass suddenly engulfed a whole squad, while conscientious attempts to march up perpendicular walls were everyday events.

But there were many compensating pleasures in C.D.S.I. The generous leave,

rendered more generous still by the foresight of the Railway Department in running a 7 a.m. train from Wellington. Night after night the budding warriors departed by every type of conveyance in pursuit of wayward blossoms. Even the ex-wrestler waiter with a splay-thumb half-buried in our porridge failed to chase the glamour from our existence. Days over in the Wairarapa on battlefields lively with imaginary but bloodthirsty conflicts, from which the dead returned to argue volubly with the quick; all the long runs home as the column of trucks wound slowly up the Rimutakas in a sunset glow; supper on Sundays when the homeless and/or penniless gathered round the mess-room fire to toast inch-thick slabs of bread, spread with sardines and much butter. After such a feed one viewed with equanimity the boisterous return of the more financial from their junketings in town.

Who will forget the early hours of that morning when an alcoholic raiding-party dragged respectable sleepers from their stretchers, spanking their rears with slippers after thoughtfully first removing their pyjama pants; bouncing two at a time on the stomachs of those most voluble in protest till the whole hut seethed with rage from end to end! How many a future V.C. was content to jam a bayonet under his door for safety's sake and pull the blankets over his head, while the wall of his cubicle shook under the assaults on his bawling neighbour!

We have forgotten now our resentment of Army School products, their skip turns and parade-ground acrobatics, but the original C.D.S.I. inhabitants can still recall the relish with which they watched those new recruits swallow a filthy concoction of Worcester sauce, ink and mustard!

We have forgotten now the irritation of those weeks after our return from Christmas leave, when it seemed we were doomed to eternal repetition of elementary drill, a seeming imposition that some resisted to the last, cheerfully oblivious to all the sarcasms of instructors! We have forgot-

ten the officers who turned their radios on full, or burst into robust song at 1 a.m.; we have even forgiven the officer who proposed we should blanco our webs. We remember instead the wonderful freedom from all the little meannesses of business, the freshness of outdoors and the interest of new and strange occupations. In C.D.S.I. we learned to see through the bluff with which men get by in times of peace, accepted by their fellows at their own valuation. We noticed the man who would pick up some extra gear without a word and return it quietly to store, while another walked hurriedly away lest he be asked to do so. Life had become strangely simple, yet infinitely more exacting.

We remember sitting on the windy, sunny height of Flagstaff Hill watching the great clouds marching across the valley; their blue shadows sliding softly down the bush-filled gullies. Below us the rows of tiny white tents, the long, red huts, the little khaki figures moving to and fro. Undoubtedly that scene is one we shall remember more vividly still in days soon to come, as we fight the flies for our jam ration and feverishly shake a scorpion down our trouser leg! We shall meet with many worse surroundings than those of C.D.S.I., but we will never meet with better comradeship.

Au Revoir

Good-bye, old New Zealand!
 We sail to distant parts,
 We go to fight for country,
 We go with gladdened hearts.
 We take the name of ANZAC—
 The name we hold so true;
 We think of old New Zealand
 As we sail out in the blue.
 But we know our country's with us:
 We'll defend her as our own;
 We have you, old New Zealand,
 May God protect our home!

—G. Solomon (Div. Sigs.).

The Soldier's Nautical Dictionary

Port is something you drink when beer isn't handy.

Starboard is a piece of wood with film players' autographs written on it.

Stern is the aft end of a man.

Boatswain is a romantic sailor in a dinghy.

Mast is a tree-stump you climb up to get the eggs from the crow's nest.

Steward is a racing man.

Rigging is finding an excuse for being late on parade.

Anchor is one of six symbols on dice.

Stairs are glances soldiers give young girls and vice versa.

Orderly room is the place at which you fill in your spare time.

"Sea-Breeze."

Telling the Enemy

If you are at a loss to know how to write home, the following letter may be of some assistance:—

S.S. ———
10/5/40.

My ———.

As you can see by the above address we are sailing on the ———. We left ——— at ——— o'clock on the ——— inst., together with the ——— and the ———. As an escort we had the ——— and the ———; outside the heads we were joined by the ——— and another escort the ———. We then formed up in the following formation: ———. We then sailed direct for ——— and when somewhere near ——— we were joined by the ——— and later by the ———. Next day we saw land which was the ——— coast of ———. We were then joined by a further ———, the ———. The convoy is due in at ——— to-morrow, where we all go ashore and where I intend to post this letter and avoid ———.

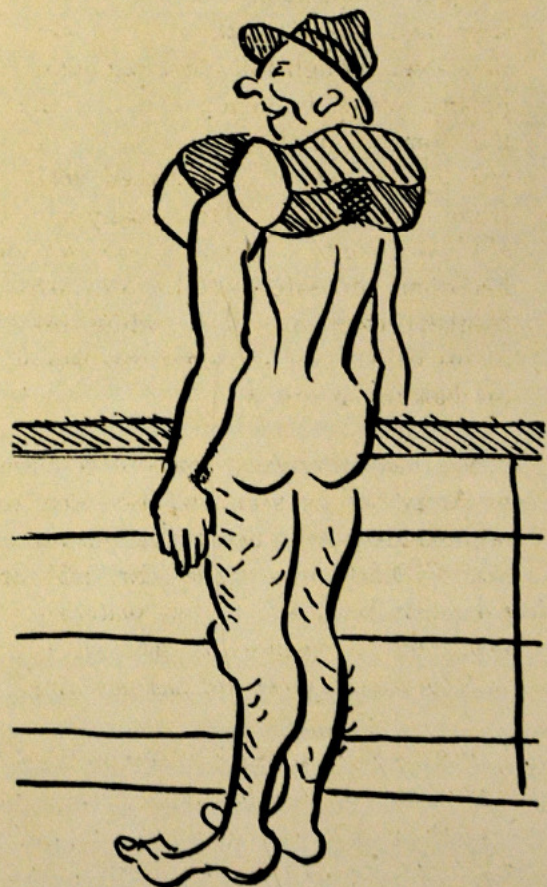
Your loving ———,
Tom.

Kit Inspection

As from 2500 hours April 31 the following kit layout will be adopted by all ranks 2 N.Z.E.F. proceeding overseas:—

At Reveille all beds will be dismantled and neatly stacked in the corner of the cabin nearest the port of embarkation. Bed linen will be folded in four and suspended from the porthole by left boot-laces. Rifles will be dismantled with the exception of the foresight and placed inside the pillowslip, which will be hung from the nearest lamp bracket by the pull-through. Greatcoats will be folded and placed underneath to catch drops from the oil-bottle. Boots not in use will be turned inside out and placed in the centre of the cabin with toes pointing toward the centre. Water-bottles, with the stoppers removed, will then be placed upside down in the centre to drain.

During grand rounds from 1000 hours to 1100 hours no troops are to remain on board ship.



"Well sir I'm not late this time"

Take-Post!

MACHINE-GUNNERS IN ACTION

We are the boys from 'way down under—or, in more official and not so tuneful language, we are the 27th Machine Gun Battalion Reinforcement, 2 N.Z.E.F., consisting of five officers, one W.O. and 60 men, and in all probability the smallest self-contained unit of any in this Second Echelon.

Our chief qualities are:—

- (a) Enthusiasm,
- (b) Cheerfulness.
- (c) Good physique.
- (d) Will-power.
- (e) Determination.
- (f) Initiative and resourcefulness.

Our enthusiasm is contagious which is the indisputable reason for (b). Now (a) and (b), plus our energetic temperament, produces (c), which is, of course, the base for (d) and (e). In (f) we have developed a new technique entirely, a part of which is expressed in song (vide our opening line) rolling out barrels, acquiring and playing hockey against rather t(R)ifling odds and so-and-sews (K.R. notwithstanding.) We had 'em tied up all the way.

So far as our adaptability is concerned, we experience little difficulty in whatever we wish to adapt. This is due, mainly, to all those extra senses with which we are equipped, such as our pay-sense and patience. We know by now that everything comes to he who waits. There is, though, a danger in this waiting business as witness those who get left behind during boat-drills.

Naturally our drill is good. We hope to wear it soon. We excel in various kinds of stalks and these are usually referred to as night operations. These nightly black-outs do not hamper us unduly. If anything they are plain knock-outs—as one of us found out when he walked into a bulkhead.

We find that we agree with life on board

ship to such an extent that our own bulk is assuming sturdier proportions. This is not to be wondered at. We eat to live to eat, and to indulge in what has become a favourite pastime. This is the growing of "zifts." The boys are following the lead of one of their officers in this respect, and if one takes the trouble to scan us closely he will see some very bold attempts which range from the square-cut Adolfs to seven-a-siders, Rudolph Valentinos, and the "Old bill" walrus soup-strainer. The colour scheme, too, is interesting and this varies from shades of deepest black to intermediate ginger; dingy white to rich brown. 'Tis rather useless splitting hairs about the rage. Some have found this absolutely impossible anyway, because what good can a chap do when he stands a couple of yards away from his razor.

Naturally we hear many rumours, and one which has lurked around for some time is that we are shortly to open fire on big game in Africa. We have been trained to be ready for any eventuality and our safari is now complete. Not only the Nazis but the machine-gunners, it will be found, can twist the lion's tail. Here is the party:—

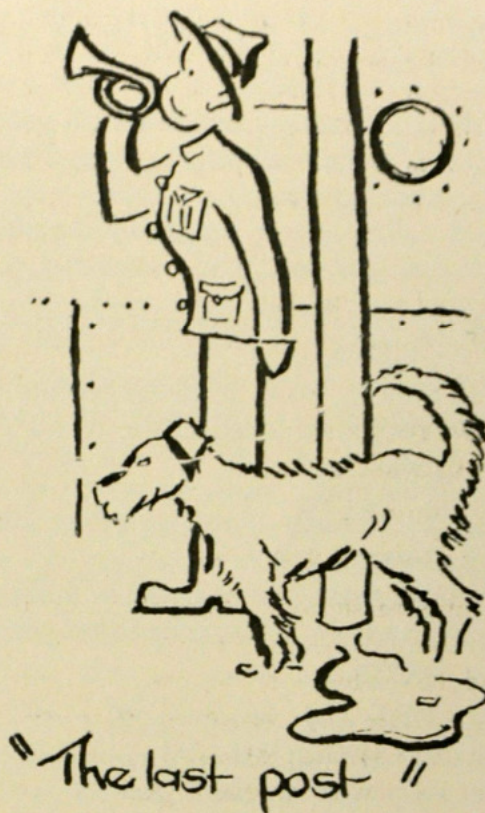
First we have the honey-bunch of the company, Mrs. Hains' little boy, Leo, most definitely not to be confused with our prey.

He is followed by Geoff. Kirk, the dark and handsome heart-throb, who knows quite a lot about points before, during and after firing. Then we have the one and only Garth Roydhouse, known among the boys as "Lord Bristletoe," who is suspected of being the answer to a nurse's prayer. Next to take the trail is Eric, or Little by Little—a little taller each day. This is the hunter who needs very little camouflage. It is said he has to be extremely careful not to stand to attention when the ship's mascot, Borax (smuggled from Trentham), is about to exercise. Last, but not least, is our very alert and blonde Tenton; but we are afraid he may get "Crampton" the rush for our long-maned quarry.

An Army Alphabet

By K. L. Trent.

- A** is for Army, a new Anzac force,
Of stalwart young fellows who'll
stay out the course —
But with never a donk and with
never a horse;
- B** is for Batman, and Bold Brigadier,
For Bullet and Bomb and for All-
sopp's light Beer,
For Badges, oh costly and sad
souvenir !
- C** is for Colonel, who twists all our tails,
Whenever we thoughtlessly get off
the rails,
And travels like fury when he sets
his sails ;
- D** 's for Defaulter—no racehorse is
he —
His movements at pack-drill are
sluggish to see
As roundly he curses his 4 days C.B.
- E** is for enemy, crop-headed Fritz
Who's a comical bloke in the news-
paper skits,
But give him a chance and he'll blow
you to bits.
- F** is for France, where one day we
may dwell,
The land of good wine and of charm-
ing Mam'selle —
(Now don't get excited, this war is
just hell !)
- G** is for gas-attack, harsh and unfair—
For mustard and phosgene all soldiers
prepare,
But there's no antidote for official hot
air !
- H** is for Housey, officially blest
For playing by troops, and boy scouts,
and the rest ;
While poor Crown and Anchor has
simply gone west !
- I** 's for Inspection, of all that you've
got,



- To see that your kit is complete to
the dot ;
But short-arm inspection's the worst of
the lot !
- J** is for John L. McTavish MacDuff,
Whose heart is as kind as his manner
is tough—
As Gifts wallah nobly he's doing his
stuff !
- K** 's for khaki, a most magical hue
Which varies from biscuit to dirty
grey-blue,
From the colour of grass to the colour
of stew ;
- L** is for Laundry, which steams out
the dirt
From soldiers' thick socks and from
nurse's white skirt,
And shrinks the unshrinkable issue
grey shirt ;
- M** is for Music, which gives noble
thoughts,
And makes the men yearn for the
trenches and forts,

- And march like the girls at the Inter-house Sports !
- N** is for Nurses, who simpering sit
In state on the sun-deck, and placidly knit—
And dream of the time they'll be doing their bit.
- O** is for Ordnance, which isn't a gun,
But the Corps which stocks everything under the sun,
And calls a green pugg'ree "bands, hat, mounted, one."
- P** is for Patch, shaped and coloured, whose use
Is to indicate units, in detail profuse ;
From the Infantry red to the Medical puce.
- Q** is for Quarter-bloke, guarding his piles
Of underpants, woollen, and 323 files,
And dreaming of rum issue in between whiles :
- R** is for Rations, — we get quite enough
Of meat and potatoes and similar stuff,
But only one egg with our bacon—
that's tough !
- S** is for sergeant, who lives like a lord
In officers' cabins on A deck aboard,
He'll come back to earth when to camp we're restored !
- T** is for trenches on Flanders mud-flats
Which soon we shall share with a few million rats,
Where our singlets and shirts will be stud-farms for chats !
- U** is for uniform, well-fitting, neat,
All badges and buttons in detail complete —
Until troops on leave the Australian girls meet !
- V** is for Victory, the Allied war aim,
Which Daventry broadcasts four times a day claim—
While Hitler is telling his people the same ;
- W**'s for Washing, forbidden as yet,
Till water supplies at the Cape we may get ;

So our shirts must stay sticky and smelly with sweat.

X is for X 3, great C.P.R.'s pride,
The luxury liner that's known far and wide,

And is now taking New Zealand's men for a ride ;

Y is for Yellow, which soldiers are not.
(This principle doesn't apply to the lot,

For the Pay Corps great patches of yellow have got.)

Z is for zeal, which soldiers all show
When collecting their pay, and when nightly they go

To draw their beer ration from canteen below.

(Thank God there are only 26 letters in the alphabet.)

Regs.

"Any man found smoking in his cabin will be severely dealt with."

Time, 06.00: Private Joe Rocks, late of Taihape and the — floors of Trent-ham extended his limbs languidly and voluptuously on his cabin bunk. He heaved a sigh of complete satisfaction, and on his palate lingered the delicate acidity of last night's last smoke. As was his wont when he awoke on the farm, Joe quickly rolled a smoke and the aroma of the first cigarette of the day tingled deliciously in his throat. "Wacko!" he cried out, "this is the life."

Suddenly the cabin door opened and—lo, 'twas the officer of the day! Joe duly appeared before his O.C. and took the thump like a man. He has given up smoking now and confided to me that he would refuse a cigar on the houseboat on the Styx for fear that Charon would put him "on report."

—Bindy.

Tasman Crossing

"Lives there the man with soul so dead;
Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own, my native land.'"

With the most seaward spurs of Aotea Roa fading softly into bluish mistiness as the sombre haze of night descended on the sea at the close of our first day out, these oft-quoted lines seemed to assume a deep significance for us as we moved along the oceanway on the Tasman crossing. Eyes strained through the fast enveloping murk for the last hungry glimpses of homeland and, indeed, continued to do so until the receding coastline became but phantom shape to peering vision. Only the flashing pin-point of light from Farewell Spit pierced the darkness in a friendly—ever so friendly—gesture as the watchful eye of this mariners' guardian swept the gaping entrance to Cook Strait.

Next day we looked out upon a slanting, heaving, trackless ocean. The bows of an escorting cruiser buried themselves deep in an onward surge of foam as she dipped and thwarted waves angrily stormed her forward deck. Through a seam in the clouds a shaft of sunlight escaped to glint down on lakes of foam spotting a seascape of dull, bronzy green. Spume hung in a curtain of moist transparency and as our ship drove on her shadows painted themselves spectrally in a flying mural on the creaming white background which imprisoned the picture momentarily, and then vanished.

Next day, again, a liquid and widening stream of sunlight silvered the waters in our wake, but now, well out in the open ocean, we sensed more intimately the immensities of space, and the miles and miles of distance, to the extent that in our imagination they dwarfed New Zealand to a very small flat of earth indeed, and in comparative manner God's creatures upon it to Lilliputian stature.

Another day, and we thought we discerned low on a pallid morning horizon the dim and vague outlines of land. Though we had been but a short time at sea there was a rush to the starboard side

and hundreds of pairs of eyes speculatively scanned the greyness in the distance until at last it revealed itself in specific enough form to become a reality. It was land.

Still another day, and the very placidity of the sea carried the conviction that we were not far from land on our lee. Yes, in confirmatory evidence, small, white gulls could be seen, whirling and diving, but not near enough for us to hear their noisy screeching. Land ahoy! It was unmistakable now. First a group of bare, cliff-scarred islands on the port side. Then a rush to starboard, and what we suppose to be the southern fringe of a big continent hems the skyline. Emerging from cloudy distance into the range of vision it was creeping along comparatively close. We saw a ragged, barren edge, and outcrops suggestive of limestone formation. Lining the arched crests of sienna-shaded hills, like an irregular row of matchsticks were the gaunt stalks of tall timber trees. Islets, rocky and scone-shaped, slipped by, and we stole along until abreast of the last promontory, round which the sea swept again to an ocean horizon.

For some on board these occasional changes on the skyline might have appeared to break the dull monotony of routine or the slowness of comparatively idle days. However, be the sea listless, morosely murmuring or turbulent, there is so much that is revelatory, so much that is impressive and so much that is deep in the very character of things. For many it has meant an unconscious but radical alteration of perspective. Out on the sweeping vista of ocean there is a greater affinity between the abstract and the material side of man, for his mind is not clogged with the trivialities and the giant little worries which seem inseparable from everyday life.

To-day the sea is gently undulating in a long, rolling swell, and at daybreak this morning a beautiful skirting of purple retreating into heliotrope and the palest of orange colours bands the complete horizon like an encircling ribbon. We are heading into the west and the future.

—Clayton C. Shaw.

Easy Monday At Sea

Here we sail as Fraser's tourists, housed in transports all so posh,
But we're like the English monarch who once lost things in the Wash.
We Persiled out our panties, gave our singlets each a rub,
But the Heads said, "Not a man of you shall labour at the tub :

The ship has e'en a laundry with an income yet to earn
It shall wash your silks and woollies, make you clean from stem to stern"
So we gathered up our undies in a neat but B.O. pile
And we sent them to the laundry—and we waited for a while,

Then they came...O! Mother Grundy, you'd have blushed to see the sight.
How could any modest soldier wear these things so short and tight?
Private A. he had a singlet that encased him neck to knee
Till they washed it at the laundry : sized it down from nine to three !

Corporal M. had woollen shorts too, and they also came to grief
For the laundryman he boiled them till they shrank beyond belief ;
Corp. could get them to his ankles, but it fair distressed his mind
To resort before to fig-leaves, and to be so bare behind.

A Few Definitions

By K. L. Trent.

EXCHANGE. This requires a knowledge of algebra. If x equals £1 sterling, y equals £1 N.Z. and z equals £1 Australian, then

$$4x \text{ equals } 5y$$

$$4x \text{ equals } 5z$$
 but $4y$ equals $5z$ which is absurd ;
 And if x equals £5 N.Z.
 then x equals 0 which is unfortunate.

GIFTS OFFICER. A robust gentleman who has solved the problem of the distribution of 92lb. of chocolate, 17 skipping ropes, and 1215 hymn books equally among 1632 soldiers.

LANCE-CORPORAL. A non-commissioned officer who does a sergeant's work for a private's pay.

LAUNDRY. A highly technical secret process whereby Dad's socks are converted into Baby's booties.

LUXURY LINER. (Awaiting re-

port from E deck forward.)

BADGE, HAT. A ninepenny souvenir for distribution among the girls of Australia.

BADGE, COLLAR. Also ninepence.

BOAT STATIONS. Obstacle race for all ranks, from Brigadiers to batmen.

BORAX. An unauthorised detail which only appears at first and last post (and any other post in between) and has the faculty of invisibility at muster parades and at times of embarkation and disembarkation.

CENSORSHIP. A device for concealing from one's own people troop movements already known to the enemy.

DARKEN SHIP. An admirable institution spoiled by the presence of sentries on the boat deck.

A SOLDIER'S PROGRESS

'Twas a balmy summer evenin' at the
back end of the year ;
We was standin' in a boozier tellin'
yarns and drinkin' beer
When an old bloke comes right up to me
an' says, young man you know
Your King an' country needs you ; I
think you ought to go
For over there they're wanting men—
the real fair dinkum stuff ;
So show the Huns you're Anzacs too,
as game as Hell and tough !
Well, I joined up, and passed the quack
and signed the dotted line
A soldier there, a cove with stripes, says
tell us what's your line
I says I swings a pretty pick, milks cows,
and feeds the pigs
You're just the man we want, he says,
you're in the Divvy Sigs.
I goes to camp ; they told us what we
could and couldn't do
You can't go here, you can't go there,
they taught us one stop two
They makes us play a funny game I
think it's called C.B.
You right turn, left turn, order arms, and
shout out one, two, three.
Our sergeant was a *lovely* bloke, Donald
Duck his name,
We'd like to have him with us, he'd be
"achin" just the same
Or worse than what our arms were,
when they pricked them with a pin
And let the Canteen beer run out, and
let diseases in.
Innoculations ! Vaccinations ! Hell and
strike a light
The war would last a thousand years,
unless we all got tight
On Canteen beer, and used the hash to
put the foe to flight.
We waved a flag and went for walks
and did Dit-Dah-Dit too
We scrubbed the floors, and heard some
talks two wars ago were new.

Till one day Horry came to us and said
you'll go away
We don't know when, we don't know
where, but it will be one day.
I'll say goodbye before you go, I hope
you like the trip
When you write home, don't say from
where, what day, or on what ship.
At last we went aboard the boat, and
then we sailed away
We left some aching hearts behind ; it
was a stirring day
At least it stirred my dinner up ; I
heaved the lot away.
But now that we are settled down it's
not like us to grieve
If we've still got our badges, we know
we'll get some leave
So till we reach another port and spend
another pound,
We'll play at housey-housey just to make
the cash go round
And if we tip out at that game and can't
get any tin
We'll teach Hitler Crown and Anchor,
and will bring you back Berlin !

Warnie.

A Song of Div. Signalmen

Sing a song of Signals,
Let it loudly Blair;
Fuller dots and dashes,
Sharpe in concord rare.
Long in service destined,
Benton getting through;
Ready, N. 2 Brigades,
To feed with vital Brew.
News and facts and possies,
Their Meale by day and Knight;
We'll serve with Rae and beam,
That Riddle dark and light.

Let us in on the Robins,
We'll hoist our Bacon high;
Paste bright Goering in a Frame,
Send Hitler down to Fry.

G.J.M.

Sports Day in the Bight

The sea was smooth, the sun shone, the nurses came to watch, the boys were in great fettle both on the track and in the stands, and the Brigadier presented the prizes. That, plus Padre Hurst at the microphone, making his name as a commentator, is the story of the athletic championships of the Great Australian Bight. There never was anything like it ashore.

Divvy Sigs. were champion unit; so we let their reporter, F.H.T., fill in the detail. Here he is:—

The 7th was a memorable day for the troops. Thousands lined the deck, rigging and wire netting about the tennis court to witness the most sensational sports meeting ever held in the Bight.

The first event, a walking race, brought forth a score of worthy bipeds eager to uphold the honour of their respective companies. Our Mills strove nobly, as did McNaughton, but both were handicapped in that each had difficulty in maintaining an unimpaired view of his feet.

Horne gained first place in the dressing race; autograph hunters gained nothing but "Yah, shure." Thomson also did well.

In the needle-threading contest Knight ran second and received an empty pen-case as prize. No doubt the privilege of having one's shaking hand held by some charming Sister provided ample compensation.

Our Claude won the cock-fighting with comparative ease. He merely breathed out.

Then came the obstacle race. Cock-rane won his heat, but Jack Carmody ran into a dust storm and emerged from the chute resembling a walrus from Hades, performed numerous strange gyrations then endeavoured to bump holes in the deck with his head.

Meale and Bailey choked their way to victory in a heat of the biscuit-eating contest. They failed in the final. Apparently Meale's "poor but honest" did not sound like "God Save the King."

We extend thanks to Lieut.-Colonel Andrew V.C., the Sisters, competitors and

organisers for an hilarious afternoon.

And the results:—

WALKING RACE

(Eight lengths of the tennis court)

First Heat

Private J. H. P. Calson ("A" Coy., 22nd Bn.), 1; Sergeant R. J. G. Smith (Headquarters Coy., 22nd Bn.), 2.

Second Heat

Private I. E. Harris ("D" Coy., 19th Bn.), 1; Sergeant A. L. Langley ("D" Coy., 22nd Bn.), 2.

Final

Private Calson, 1; Sergeant Langley, 2.

DRESSING RACE

(Run length of tennis court, retrieve tunics, socks and shoes from jumbled pile, dress correctly, run back length of court and sit down on finishing line to have dressing checked.)

First Heat

Corporal A. P. Horne (Div. Sigs.), 1; Corporal H. W. Amner, 2.

Second Heat

Private A. E. O'Neill (5th Anti-Tank Coy.), 1; Signalman C. E. Thomson (Div. Sigs.), 2.

Third Heat

Private L. P. Challis (5th Bde. Hqrs.), 1; Private L. Mackintosh (5th Bde. Hqrs.), 2.

Final

Corporal Horne, 1; Private Challis, 2.

THREADING THE NEEDLE RACE

(Run length of tennis court with needle, hand needle to Nursing Sister who threads it, run back length of court with threaded needle.)

First Heat

Private J. C. Selby (Bn. Hqrs, 22nd Bn.), 1; Signalman M. F. Knight (Div. Sigs.), 2.

Second Heat

Private A. H. McMinn (4th Anti-Tank Coy.), 1; Sergeant J. L. Harrison (G.B.D.), 2.

Third Heat

Corporal L. Hack (Hqrs. Coy., 22nd Bn.), 1; Private H. W. Garrett (Provost Coy.), 2.

Final

Corporal Hack (aided by Sister Gauntlet), 1; Signalman Knight (aided by Sister Hitchman), 2.

COCK-FIGHTING

(Trussed birds in six feet circles.)

The following survived the first round:

Private C. A. Hardisty (Div. Hqrs.), Private A. W. P. Winterburn (27th M.G. Bn.), Sergeant T. G. Fowler ("D" Coy., 22nd Bn.), Signalman T. W. Wood (Div. Sigs.), Private J. P. Sculley ("C" Coy., 22nd Bn.), Private A. Sykes (G.B.D.), Signalman C. Jackson (Div. Sigs.), Private A. E. O'Neill (5th Anti-Tank Coy), Private L. H. Cornish (5th Bde. Hqrs.), Private V. P. Freeman ("B" Coy., 22nd Bn.), Private C. T. McCann (5th Bde. Hqrs.), Corporal J. S. Bracegirdle (4th Anti-Tank Coy.), L/Corporal R. A. Newland (Hqrs. Coy., 22nd Bn.), Private F. Haftka ("E" Coy., 22nd Bn.), Private L. N. Cox (Hqrs. Coy., 22nd Bn.).

Final

Signalman Jackson beat L/Corporal Newland.

OBSTACLE RACE

(Under a tarpaulin, into and through a canvas ventilator—with two men racing

for the opening of each tube—into a sack and back to the starting line.)

First Heat

Signalman T. D. Cochrane (Div. Sigs.), 1; L/Corporal M. Ashman (Bn. Hqrs., 22nd Bn.), 2.

Second Heat

Private T. F. Rowe ("B" Coy., 22nd Bn.), 1; Private A. R. B. Hudson (27th M.G. Bn.), 2.

Third Heat

Private L. J. Robinson ("C" Coy., 22nd Bn.), 1; Corporal J. Bevin (4th Anti-Tank Coy.), 2.

Fourth Heat

Private A. W. Taylor (Provost Coy.), 1; Private W. C. McBride ("C" Coy., 22nd Bn.), 2.

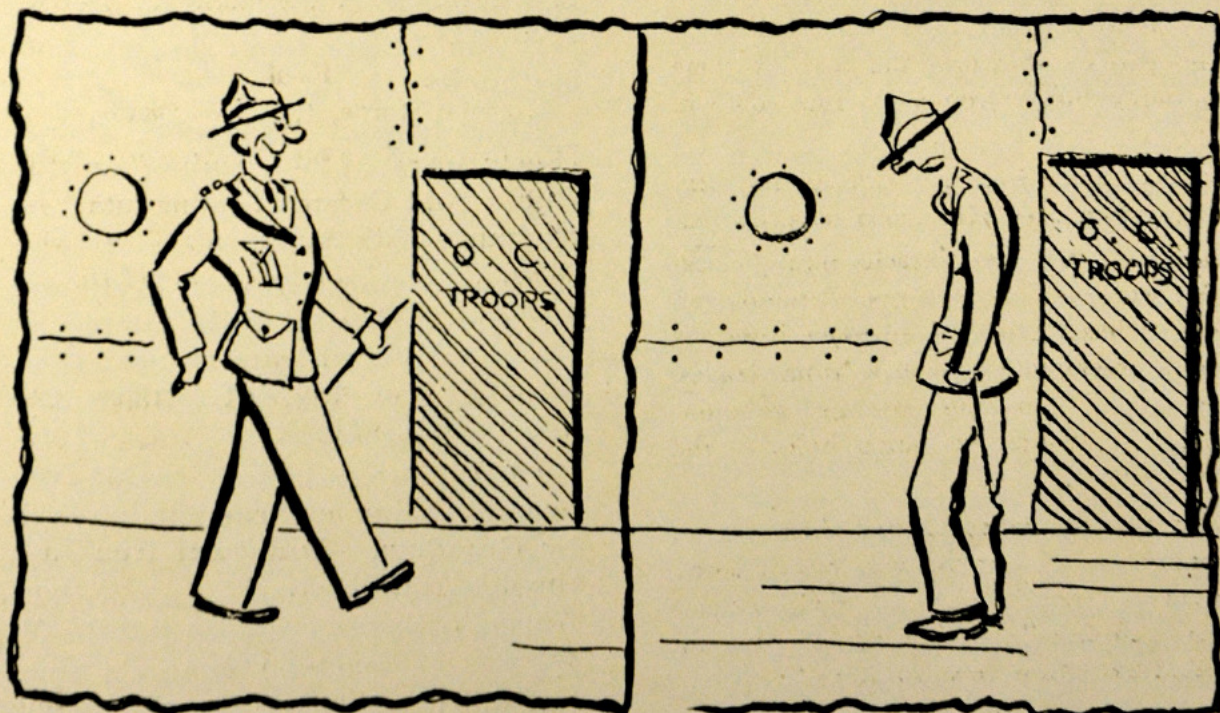
Final

Private Taylor, 1; Private Robinson, 2.

BISCUIT-EATING AND WHISTLING

(Teams of two men. Partners face each other four paces apart. One eats a dry biscuit, then whistles a tune nominated by the judge. First partner to recognise his cobber's tune wins. Then repeat the process with positions reversed.)

Winners: Private G. G. Foxley and Private M. R. Lord ("C" Coy., 22nd Bn.), who were first in one test and second in the other.



Going in to O.C. Troops
conference

and coming out!

That Demonstration

Now it came to pass upon a day that a certain major said unto his young men: "Come, let us have a demonstration of how we shall smite the Philistines. Let us bring forth our carriers, and our mortars, and our mighty men of valour. Then shall we show the assembled multitude a thing or two." So it was even as he saith, and there was gathered a multitude such as no man could number, and the noise thereof was great as the noise of the sea. Now the carriers were to go up on this side of a mountain, and the men of valour up on that side of a mountain.

So behold the mortars lay in a ditch as their manner was, and with a mighty noise vomited forth fire upon the mountain that the men of valour might go up and take it. And the multitude marvelled and said: "Whither didst that one go?"

Then spake the major unto his carriers: "Go, I pray you, and take knowledge of all the lurking places where the enemy hideth himself." Now when the carriers went forth there fell a trembling on the multitude and the earth quaked and the voice of the Bren was heard in the land.

Now all the mighty men of valour put themselves in array and shouted with a great shout so that the earth rang again. Then spoke the major: "See now how the Philistines have fled before us. All this assembly hath seen how the mortars and the carriers gave the enemy into our hands. Great indeed are the mortars and carriers." Whereupon the multitude arose and returned to their tents, marvelling greatly at all which they had seen; but the mighty men of valour were still upon the mountain.

Now it came to pass that the captain of the mighty men turned himself about and, behold, all the multitude were gone. Then saith he to his armour-bearers: "Behold, this is an evil thing. Those so-and-so's are no longer worthy even of the name of dogs." Thus was he wrath and blasphemed greatly, for it seemed to him that he and his had borne all the heat

and burden of the day, yet received little reward.

Now it fell on a day that word was brought by his spies to a certain lord great in that country, saying: "Lo! thy men of valour have departed from thy ways and are gone whoring after strange gods, pursuing tactics the like whereof hath not been seen in Israel." Then was that lord angered indeed and cried: "They have turned unto me the back, and not the face; though I taught them, rising up early and teaching them, yet they have not nearkened to receive instruction. Verily I shall go down unto them and give them hell."

And as he said, so was it, from the middle hour of the morning till the going down of the sun, because they forgot the instruction of their fathers, which brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, and laid hold on other gods, and worshipped them, and served them.

SHORE LEAVE

We all liked Perth; eight of us liked it so much that they are still there!

We liked the Aussies, too, male and female, in uniform or civvies and the Aussie beer, badges, hats and tunics.

After leaving Fremantle, charge sheets were at a premium on the ship. And Orderly Rooms made no exchange with Aussies.

Many of those who saw Perth and Fremantle showed little interest in the possibility of leave at next port. Strange how loss of badges can affect one's outlook!

Charge—overstaying leave; the excuse—being entertained too well by Grandma. And 'twas true—ask the 4th Anti Tank.

"There will the Aussies and the N. Z's be"—a machine gunner's song but taken rather too literally by one gunner who tried to come aboard in full Aussie uniform.

"THE LATE KING."



When the ship's crew changed into whites, the well-dressed soldier discarded his winter drawers, stylish serge, and hob-nailed boots in favour of smart-cut drill - the tunic with loose, tight, or O.S. collar (entirely dependent upon the whims of a harrassed Q.M.) - beautifully creased up the back, across the sleeves, and down the sides

of the trousers, the whole being untidily gathered at the waist like a bag of rags, with a broad web belt in varying tones from green to dirty khaki, or in not a few cases a combination of all these shades, and clasped anywhere in front with a large buckle speckled with verdigris, ambergris, candle-grease, and occasionally Brasso.

NOMINAL ROLL

of 2nd Echelon Troops aboard H.M.T. X.3.

2 N.Z. Divisional H.Q.

Captain Worsnop, J. A.
Sergeant Martin, W. H.
Corporals Hawken, H.; Traue, V. H.;
L/Corporals Caverhill, A. R.; Hyndman, G. J.
Privates Abernethy, I. C.; Barben, R.;
Barben, J.; B-Larkin, R. L.; Beveridge,
C. N.; Byrne, F. F.; Campbell, N. L.;
Caradus, N. T.; Carter, C.; Dobell, F. D.;
Grafton, A. J.; Grindrod, J.; Hardisty, C.
A.; Harwood, L. C.; Hawkins, C. W.;
Honey, W. B.; Kappely, R. E.; Keucke,
L. J.; Kirby, J. McQ.; Lamb, L. A.; Lash,
J. G.; Leahy, B. J.; Learmonth, A.; Mur-
ray, J. T.; Nanson, W. J.; Plummer, B.
H.; Ross, I. L.; Sykes, A.

N.Z. General Base Depot 2nd Echelon Band

H/Lieut. Miller, C. C. E.
Sergeant Willis, V.
Corporals Jacobs, L. A. E.; Richards,
J. L.
L/Corporals Carr, G. R.; Queree, W.
E. F.
Bandsmen Brooker, K. H.; Colston, H.
S.; Deaker, P.; Dykes, C. J.; Hickman,
W. W.; Hutcheson, C. C.; Junker, H. J.;
Lapham, F. E.; McFarlane, D.; McKeown,
J. C. F. S.; Marcroft, E. R.; Mitchell, E.
J.; Quinn, M. C.; Router, H. H.; Staines,
W. J.; Vercoe, A. G.; Wilkinson, E. W.;
Winnie, F. H. G.; Withell, E. D.; Woods,
H. H.

N.Z.G.B.D. Band Reinforce- ments

Bandsmen Christoff, I. R.; Dale, I. W.;
Edwards, G.; Gear, S. A.; Gordon, R.;
Houston, E. H.; Hurley, C. M. P.; Jen-
nings, P. A.; Jones, J. R. H.; Jones, R.
G.; Kirton, M. B.; Lundberg, A. L.;
McDonald, B. R.; Patterson, J. P.; Smith,
C. T.; Wallace, H.; Vaile, C. L.; Wilson,
G. T.

Base Depot N.Z.O.C. (Attached)

W.O./I Stroud, L. H.
Sergeants Armitage, P. B.; McLean, C.
J. E.; Paton, A.; Pilgrim, R. H.; Stratford,
N. H.
Corporal Stewart, K.
Privates Anderson, K. R.; Bramley, N.
C.; Jenkins, W. A.; Lane, A. H.; Mac-
Namara, G. W.; Nicholas, F. L.; O'Con-
nor, M. E.; Paull, H. P.; Shaw, C. G.;
Williams, T. M.

New Zealand General Base Depot (Pool of Clerks)

Privates Bell, J. G.; Cottrell, T. M.;
Chadwick, E. W.; Coupland, W. B.; Fair-
hall, L. V.; Futter, F. H.; Millward, J. C.;
Rae, G. G.

Representative Y.M.C.A.: Kennedy, J.,
attached for Record purposes only.

War Correspondent: Hall, J. H., at-
tached for Record purposes only.

Overseas Base

Major McCaskill, G. M.
H/Major Steere, H. C.
H/Lieut. Tindill, E. W. T.
Sergeant Harrison, J. L.

2 Divisional Signals

Lieuts. Frame, A. S.; Fry, E. V.; Robins,
H. W.; Paterson, T. M.

Sergeants Bint, H. C.; Blair, R.; Camp-
bell, T. C.; Forrester, T. C.; Mansell,
B. O.

Corporals Adams, G. E. J.; Davis, G.
M.; Horne, A. P.; Jones, J. O.; Melville,
J.; Procter, J. G.; Satterthwaite, T.

L/Corporals Bacon, H. M.; Fitzgibbon,
B. E.

Signalmen Bailey, A. I.; Barron, C. O.;
Bennett, W.; Benton, D.; Brady, P. J.;
Brew, S. W. G.; Brock, G. J.; Brown, G.

C.; B-Rennie, J. S.; Carmody, J.; Clifford, L.; Cochrane, T. D.; Colley, J.; Coughlan, G. N.; Crowther, J.; Davis, S.; Donnelly, R. A.; Douglas, C. A.; Drew, R. P.; Edwards, M. L.; Ensor, D. G.; Evans, T. D.; Farquhar, I. D.; Flannery, J. W. T.; Fuller, H. L.; Grant, L. S.; Harrison, W. A.; Harvey, R. S.; Hicks, F. P.; Hicks, R. N.; Hopkins, D. E.; Horan, F.; Hornsey, W. J.; Ingram, D. N.; Ireland, F. A.; Jackson, C.; James, D. R.; Jones, E. F.; Jones, E. V.; Kerr, L. E.; Knight, M. F.; Long, R.; Lowish, R. V.; McCure, D. W.; McIvor, W. L.; McKain, F. J. D.; McKenzie, J. H.; McMillan, L. W.; McNaughton, L. R. H.; McVicar, J. A.; Meale, A. V.; Miller, R. E. E.; Miller, W. J. M.; Moir, N. J.; Mundy, R. W.; Murray, G. J.; Nilsen, G. J.; O'Brien, P. Y.; O'Kane, M.; Percy, B.; Rea, A. J.; Ready, C. S.; Rennie, J. P.; Reynolds, J. A.; Riddell, M. J.; Rowe, C. F.; Sanders, W. G.; Sadler, K. R.; Seelye, E. C.; Sharp, R. E.; Sheridan, M. P.; Sheridan, T.; Showler, R.; Smith, C. G.; Snelgrove, A. J.; Snelgrove, W. A.; Solomon, G. A.; Stephens, R. W.; Stuart, J. M.; Thacker, T. E.; Theyers, C. J.; Thomson, C. E.; Todd, G. E.; Tully, F. H.; Walker, F. R.; Waterhouse, H. C.; White, A. J. O.; Williams, A. J.; Williams, V. R.; Williams, W.; Wood, T. R. H.; Algie, C. C.; Allen, F. S.; Arnold, R. M.

22 (Wellington) Bn.

Lieut.-Colonel Andrew, L. W.

Majors Leach, J. G. C.; Leggat, J.; McNaught, G. J.

Captains Bain, J. W.; Bourke, W.; Campbell, T. C.; Hanton, S.; Hart, I. A.; Hurst, W. E. W. (Chaplain Captain); Laws, E. F.; Monk, P. G.; Moore, J.

Lieuts. Anderson, D. F.; Beaven, G. G.; Clapham, L. B.; Crarer, K. R. S.; Fell, R. B.; Harris, H. R.; Johnson, S. H.; Laurence, G. C. D.; Lovie, W. G.; McAra, E. J.; Manchester, W. M.; Mason, W. W.; Pleasants, E. T.; Simpson, E. H.; Slade, W. G.; Thornton, T.; Wadey, M. G.

2/Lieuts. Armstrong, G. N.; Carter, T. G. N.; Davison, B. V.; Donald, H. V.; Hawthorn, T. R.; Hockley, P. R.; Leeks, L.; MacDuff, J. L.; Oldham, F.; Scollay, C. I. C.; Tyrrell, E. E.

W.O./I Purnell, S. A. R.

W.O.'s/II Allen, J.; Betts, S. A.; Catchpole, S.; Craig, J. W. C.; Haycock, F. B.; Strickland, H. J. C.

T/W.O. Mendelssohn, L. G.

S/Sergeants Blackett, C. J.; Chitty, R.; Matheson, J.; Mitchinson, H. I. Pender,

J. S. (armourer attached); Vaughan, W. T.

C/Sergeant Barnard, W. H.

Sergeants Adams, R. A.; Coughlan, C. J.; Crawford, J. M.; Creagh, L. E.; Forge, L. H.; Fowler, T. G.; Fraser, H. T.; Fraser, J. C.; Green, P.; Hayward, R. G.; Hutcheson, K. R.; Lee, M. E.; Logie, T.; Ormond, J. D. W.; Orr, K. F.; Porteous, J. S.; Sargeson, A. M.; Smith, H. G.; Smith, R. J. G.; South, F. M.; Stuart, D. D. B. (cook); Sutton, M. S.; Welch, J. K.; Whitlock, W. A.; Williams, V. H. L.; Woods, J.; Wright, T.

L/Sergeants Butler, H. J.; Dobson, J.; Flashoff, C.; Ford, A. G.; Greer, F. H.; Heffer, R. N.; Job, W. T.; Langley, A. L.; Noble, C. H.; Williams, W. S.

Corporals Anderson, C. W.; Andrews, A. W.; Bloomfield, G.; Boyd, R. McL.; Brown, J. W.; Burdus, R. H.; Carlson, J. O.; Couchman, G.; Craig, R. T.; Drake, J.; Farrell, J.; Fellows, N. N. F-Faulkner, C. F.; F-Faulkner, K. J.; Ford, F. K.; Frost, H. E.; Gill, G. D.; Green, J.; Hack, L. E.; Hart, W. C.; Hendy, E. J.; Hudson, A. V.; Hurne, A. E. Jude, W. G.; Jurgens, B. D. N.; Kettle, H. A.; MacKenzie, W. H.; McLeod, F. P.; McLeod, K. H.; McWhinnie, I. B.; Merrick, A.; Merrylees, C. J.; Milne, R. H.; Murphy, J. J.; Neild, P. W.; Neilson, D. H.; Ormerod, R. C.; Scoltock, S. A.; Shields, A. J.; Skeen, B.; Spence, R. C.; Staff, B. W.; Steed, C. L. Steel, T. W.; Vallis, T. H.; Williams, H. H.

L/Corporals Ashman, M.; Barclay, W. J. C.; Barford, W. E.; Blakeley, A. T.; Boseley, J.; Brady, H. A.; C-Spence, J. S. St.G.; Cleghorn, A. A.; Cockroft, J.; Coleman, R.; Commins, C. L. H.; Davidson, J. M.; De Lisle, A. H.; Dillon, D. G.; Donoghue, P. P.; Dowthwaite, A. E.; Earnshaw, L. G.; Fisher, W.; Friend, J.; Giles, V. B.; Graham, C. J.; Hagen, J. M.; Herbert, J. F.; Horner, G. W.; Kiernander, C. W. V.; Logie, G.; MacDonald, J. H.; McGregor, A. S.; McLaughlin, J. J. C.; Mehattey, J. T.; Moore, A. W. G.; Neale, R. E.; Newland, R. A.; O'Kane, L. P.; Reedy, G. P.; Reidy, D. M.; Reynolds, F. W.; Rodgers, J.; Smith, A. G.; Taylor, H. L.; Vogtherr, C. L.; Wakelin, N. L.; Walsh, C. F.; Walter, R. J.

Privates Aamodt, W.; Adcock, J. C. N.; Alexander, A. W.; Allan, A. E.; Anderson, A. T. K.; Anderson, A. I.; Anderson, C. A.; Anderson, R. C.; Archer, L. M.; Arlidge, J. B.; Armstrong, J.; Ash, J. W.; Astell, V. D.; Aylett, M. P.; Ayres, R. W.; Bailey, L. G.; Berber, R. F.; Barber, J. H.; Barkle, N. W. W.; Barrett, E.; Barron, J.; Barton, J. L. T.; Bate-

man, J. A.; Bayliss, R. J.; Beach, W. A.; Beck, D. G.; Bedingfield, R. T.; Beirne, J. H. O.; Bell, A. F.; Bell, A. G.; Bell, A. T.; Bennett, F. G.; Berney, T. H.; Bernecker, H. J.; Bertram, H. V.; Best, G. N.; Bigham, G. E. I.; Bilby, G.; Bilby, H.; Bird, A. J.; Black, W. F.; Blackburn, E. T.; Blackett, F. J.; Blackwell, S. H.; Blain, R. S.; Bond, D. R. C.; Bond, M. N.; Bonisch, G. B.; Bonnett, C. C.; Booth, B. A.; Bosworth, L. B.; Bougen, A.; Bourke, B.; Bovis, A. H.; Bowden, F. K.; Bowker, J. K.; Boyle, D. McK.; Boyle, G. E.; Brannigan, A. R.; Brannigan, T. V.; Brewer, P. D.; Brewer, W. N.; Brindle, F. L.; Broad, T.; Brock, H. R.; Brock, R. C. A.; Brodie, T.; Brodie, J. R.; Brooks, M. J.; Broughton, H. C. P.; Broughton, R.; Brown, D.; Brown, F. C.; Brown, R. H.; Brown, V. F.; Bugden, L.; Burnette, I. C.; Buse, J. T. V.; Butler, P. F.; Callesen, W. F.; Calson, J. H. P.; Cameron, D. A.; Cameron, E. S.; Cameron, F. E.; Cameron, R. R.; Campbell, J. L.; Campbell, W.; Carey, T. M.; Carson, E. G.; Carson, E. R.; Cassidy, T. A.; Castle, K. A.; Cave, J. E.; Chittenden, A. J.; Chote, L. W.; Christian, E. B.; Christian, J. T.; Christiansen, R. A.; Clark, H. M.; Clarke, D.; Clarke, E. J.; Clausen, C.; Clausen, H. D.; Cochrane, D.; Cohen, N. E.; Coleman, M. M.; Congdon, C. C.; Connor, M. W.; Cooke, F.; Cookson, T.; Cooper, J. T.; Corbett, F. K.; Corbett, L. G. W.; Corten, W.; Cowan, D. W.; Cowan, K. C.; Cowling, N. M.; Cox, L. N.; Crawford, A. F.; Croft, W. H.; Crommelin, A. E.; Croucher, R. A.; Croxford, G. L.; Cumming, R. McG.; Curley, I. C.; Dahm, L. E.; Daly, N. E.; Darby, E. R.; Dargan, L.; Davey, G. M.; Davie, A. H.; Davies, A. R.; Davies, C. S.; Davis, H. C.; Davison, S. L.; Dawson, R.; Dentice, L. E.; Devlin, S.; Dick, G. G.; Dickens, A. S.; Dickey, C. N. D.; Dickey, J. E.; Dillon, G. M.; Dingwall, A. G.; Doig, E.; Doig, W.; Donnolly, F. D.; Donovan, C.; Donovan, T. J. V.; Ducey, W.; Duffy, B. J.; Durdle, J. D.; Dyer, A. J.; Dyer, E. J.; Edwards, J. H.; Elliott, K.; English, D. E.; Eustace, C. L.; Evanoff, T. M.; Evans, G. E.; Fannings, C. J. W.; Farrington, T. J.; Farrington J.; Fay, W. C.; Feasey, A. F. S.; Featonby, R. W.; Fitzmaurice, T. W.; Fleet, W. H.; Fletcher, G. R.; Fletcher, P.; Flynn, F. J.; Foley, I. P.; Forbes, A. H.; Ford, F. C. R.; Forsyth, H. W.; Fortnam, J.; Foster, A.; Fowkes, B. H.; Fowler, T.; Fox, E. V.; Foxley, G. G.; Franks, J.; Fraser, I. M.; Freeman, V. P.; Fromont, A. R.; Gandy, W. S.; Gates, E. W.; Geenty, G. R.; George, D. L.; Gifkins, N. H.; Gilbert, C. R.; Gillice, A.; Glasson, P. L.; Gleeson, A. W.; Glengarry, T. F.; Glover, C. H.; Goatham, A. F.; Goggin, M. J. A.; Gollan, D. R.; G-Burke, P. B. E.; Gordon, D. McG.; Gordon, J.; Gordon R.; Gordon, R. B.; Gould, D. A. N.; Gower, C. W.; Graham, E. T.; Graham, P. H.; Graham, V. W.; Grant, L. L.; Gray, D. A. C.; Gregg, T. F.; Greig, W. J.; Grylls, D.; Gunderson, A. J.; Haftka, F.; Hailwood, J. E.; Haine, R. R.; Hair, D. D.; Halligan, J. J.; Hamilton, J. H.; Hamlin, J.; Hamlin, S. N.; Harford, P.; Hargreaves, J. R. C.; Harnett, P. F.; Harrison, C. W. W.; Harrison, G. W. A.; Hartley, R.; Hayes, J. S.; Hearfield, W. D.; Heath, D. E.; Hemsley, R. J.; Henderson, E. F.; Hendle, F. A. R.; Henty, S. M.; Hepburn, W. A.; Hepplestone, A. R. B.; Herlihy, T.; Hewitt, R.; Higginson, T. R.; Hill, R. I.; Hill, S. H. W.; Hipwell, J.; Hogan, M.; Hogan, T. J. W.; Holdaway, P. A. E.; Holdom, R. G.; Holder, F. J. G.; Holley, A. E.; Holley, M. D.; Holister, R. P.; Holmes, H. J.; Holms, I. S. G.; Honan, R.; Hood, T. M.; Horgan, H. R.; Hosie, A. J.; Houghton, H. F. H.; Houlahan, B. C.; Howard, C. J.; Howard, P. W. S.; Howes, C.; Hulton, C. J. M.; Hunt, E. B.; Hutchison, D.; Ireland, E. A.; Jackson, W. R.; Jarvis, W. J.; Jeffries, W. J.; Jenkins, H. A.; Jenkins, T. F.; Johns, R. F.; Johnson, O. M.; Johnson, R. M.; Jones, H. R.; Jury, H. W.; Kane, J. A.; Kendrick, R.; Kennedy, D. J.; Kennedy, R. G.; Kenny, A. R.; Kernohan, R.; K'lbane, D.; Kingston, F.; Kirk, J.; Kitt, S. J.; Knight, E. G.; Knott, F. N.; Lahood, W. J.; Lamb, J. E. W.; Lambert, D. R.; Lambert, R. I.; Larsen, A. E.; Larsen, E. C. A.; Laurenson, L. C.; Lawless, F.; Lawn, H.; Lawrence, M.; Lawrence W. R.; Lee, C.; Lewis, O. R.; Lewis, S. L.; Lindon, H. V.; Lindsay, K. T.; Lines, J. T.; Lingard, A.; Litchfield, L. C.; Logan, J. M.; Longbottom, H.; Lord, M. R.; Longstaff, J. A.; Love, T.; Lovett, C. S.; Lowe, J. T.; Macaulay, J. A. Macfarlane, R. E.; MacKay, W. R.; Macleod, F.; McBride, W. C.; McCallum, D. B.; McCarrison, H.; McClurg, L. T.; McCormack, J. S.; McDavitt, F.; McDonald, J.; McElthone, J.; McEwen, G. K.; McGovern, P. T.; McGrath, F. J.; McIvor, A. G.; McKee, J. A.; McKee, P. W. E. McKevith, H.; McLennan, K. E.; McLennan, T. A.; McLeod, N. A.; McMinn, J. D.; McMinn, J. L.; McPhail, W. C.; McPherson, L.; McRae, C. R.; Mabey, D.; Manley, J. S.; Manson, B. S.; Marsh, W. O. S.; Marshall, F. T.; Martin, L.; Martin, L. J. H.; Mason, W. S.; Matthews, A. E.; Mee, C. B.; Meek, D. J.; Mence, F. V.; Michalick, J. A.; M'iddlemiss, D. R.; Milgrew, A. L.; Miles, A.; Milligan, H.; Mitchell, J. A.; Mitchell J. E.; Mollier, R.; Moody, R.; Moore, C. W.; Moorman, C. H. H.; Morgan, L. C.; Morgan, O. R.; Morgan R. I.; Mothes, J. R.; Mower, J.; Mullin, P. D.; Murphy, J. K. Murphy,

K. W.; Murphy, L. J.; Murray, A. C.; Mutton, T. W. H.; Naylor, E. M.; Neilson, D. R. J.; Nesbitt, E. B.; Newson, P. A.; Newton, E. A. A.; Nicholls, G. W. R.; Nicholson, H. A.; Nicholson, D.; Nickson, N.; Nickson, W.; Noonan, J. C.; Norris, J. F. H.; Norrish, J. J.; North, J. B.; Oakes, B. P.; O'Brien, J.; Ohlson, C. E.; Oliver, F. W.; Olsen, C. A. J.; O'Neill, J. J.; Oppatt, H. R.; Oswald, P. S.; O'Toole, R. C.; Ottaway, W. G.; Outen, F. W.; Paap, H. T.; Packer, A. J.; Pahl, L. R.; Palmer, F. L.; Palmer, G. H.; Parker, J. F.; Parsons, R. W. S.; Parnell, A. E.; Patten, J.; Peacock, G. H.; Pedersen, A. E.; P-Walker, D. T.; Penhall, I.; Perry, T. F.; Peters, A.; Petersen, J. B.; Peterson, A. H.; Petherick, F. G.; Phillips, S. A. H. Pike, J. A.; Pine, A. C.; Pope, C. H.; Porter, R. E.; Pownceby, J. P.; Price, C.; Pryce, R. D.; Putaka, E.; Redpath, T. A.; Reid, W.; Retson, P.; Richardson, A. L.; Ridling, L. R. R.; Riley, V.; Ritchie, G. T.; Robert, I.; Robinson, L. J.; Rodgers, I. C.; Ross, J.; Ross, S. J.; Rowe, C. J.; Rowe, C. A.; Rowe, T. F.; Ruby, L. N.; Ryan, J. H.; Ryan, H. P.; Ryan, P. C.; Salter, R. T.; Sampson, J. H.; Sandlant, C. W.; Sandiford, G. M.; Sanders, B. S.; Sands, Y. L.; Sangster, C.; Scandlyn, J. T.; Schwartzfeger, M. F. H.; Scott, A. E.; Scott, S. T.; Sculley, J. P.; Selby, J. C.; Shipton, R.; Shore, J. N.; Shuker, W. N.; Simpson, J. B.; Slade, H. J.; Smale, H.; Smeath, C. A. R. N.; Smith, C. G.; Smith, C. H.; Smith, E. E.; Smith, H. L.; Smith, J.; Smith, J. E.; Smith, J. L.; Smith, V. D.; Smylie, L. E.; Sneller, E. G.; Speedy, J. D.; Staines, L. C.; Stanton, T.; Staples, K. E.; Staveley, H. H.; Stent, R.; Stephens, J. I.; Stevenson, L. H. Stevenson, W. H. M.; Stewart, A.; Stewart, J. C.; Stewart, M. E.; Stimpson, J.; Strachan, R. C.; Strachan, W. H. M.; Street, B. W.; Stroud, W. S.; Stuart, T. M.; Sturgeon, W. D.; Suhr, G. G.; Sunley, J.; S-Copeland, N. G.; Sutton, L. L.; Swan, A. E.; Symes, A. A.; Tapp, W. G.; Taylor, A. G.; Thacker, P. N.; Thomas, P. A. T.; Thompson, A. C.; Thompson, H. G.; Thompson, L. C.; Thompson, T. J.; Thomson, E. W.; Thomson, I.; Thomson, R. A.; Tiffen, D. N.; Tobin, C. E.; Towers, J. R.; Townsend, H. L.; Townsend, T. K.; Traynor, N. S.; Trewby, E.; Treweek, N. M.; True, A. H.; Turner, R.; Tustin, J. R.; Ulyatt, F. M. V.; Unverricht, J. H.; Utiger, N. L. S.; Verry, T. H.; Waddington, R.; Walker, R.; Walker, S. G.; Wallace, T. G.; Wallis, G.; Walsh, T.; Wansborough, N. O.; Ware, P. R.; Watson, C. G.; Watson, H. J.; Weatherley, N. E.; Weaver, V.; Webber, F. J.; Webster, W.; Weir, A. J.; Weir, F. J.; Weir, J.; Weir, L. D.; Weir, T. C.; Wellington, W. R.; Wells, G. W.; Wells, T.; Wel-

noski, R. J.; Were, J. C.; Weston, B. P.; Whale, E. N.; White, F. G.; White, W. J.; Wicksteed, B. M.; Wigley, H.; Williams, L. A.; Williams, R. E.; Williams, R. C. T.; Williamson, A. D.; Williamson, P. J.; Willingham, E. D.; Willis, A. G.; Wilson, A. G.; Wilson, B. J.; Wilson, C. M.; Wilson, D.; Wilson, G.; Withers, R.; Wooldridge, L. H.; Wright, R. F.

ATTACHED FOR VOYAGE ONLY

Corporal McLennan, D. (1 N.Z. Con. Depot).

Major Martin, J. S. (N.Z. Base Pay Office).

Lieuts. Hefford, J. R. H.; (5 Fd. Ambulance); Middlemass, W. G. (1 N.Z. Con. Depot).

Sergeants Beattie, J. (N.Z. Base Pay Office); Blackburn, J. L. (N.Z. Base Pay Office).

Corporals Coupland, M. S. (N.Z. Div. Postal Unit); McCartney, F. V.; (1 N.Z. Con. Depot).

Privates Prowse, K. C.; (1 N.Z. Con. Depot); Eagan, W. H. (5 Fd. Ambulance).

19th Wn. Rifle Bn. Reinforcements

2/Lieuts. Collins, E. A.; Crompton, W. J.; Forster, J. F.; Gaze, G. C.; McGlashan, G. D.; Scott, K. G.; Sinclair, R. B.

T/Sergeants Brookes, F. E.; Dent, A. G. M.; Hocking, R. P. H.; McGhee, C. H.

T/Corporals Cossgrove, J. M.; Dickson, J. W.; Dunn, A. D.; Hopkins, C. K. C.; Ward, S. J.; Follas, L. B. J.; McKinney, K. E.; Pemberton, W. G.; Poulgrain, R. K.

T/L/Corporals Weller, C. D.; Adkins, R. K.

Privates Alexander, T. L.; Andrews, K. A.; Andrews, L. J.; Atta, C.; Bailey, F. W.; Baker, W. J.; Bassett, J.; Batt, R. F.; Bellamy, W. J. B.; Berry, R. H.; Blackmore, F. R.; Bray, A. R.; Brightwell, W. B.; Brown, A. J.; Brown, S. H.; Buchanan, B. H.; Burgess, H. H.; Burrows, J. H.; Callan, L. J.; Cameron, C. W. K.; Clarke, D. W.; Claude, J. W.; Clemens, R. A.; Close, P. J.; Corner, D.; Cowen, M.; Cutts, F. A. T.; Darcy, L. L.; Dixon, H. O. R.; Doole, W.; Eades, A. E.; Ede, H. J.; Eveleigh, M. J.; Fairbrother, G. R.; Fenton, A. J.; Green, E. N.; Gregory, G.; Hall, A. G.; Hall, E. H.; Harris, G. E.; Hawken, M. J.; Hill, R. W. C.; Hope, S. H.; Horsfall, J. A.; Hoskin, C. E.; Jackson, D. A.; Jefferies, R. W.; Kelly,

E. J.; Knox, H. A. J.; Lavender, E. R.; Lee, L. J.; Le May, I. A.; Lloyd, M. B.; McCaffery, L. B.; McCallum, W. R.; McGorman, J. F.; McIsaac, J. D.; McKay, A. R.; McKenzie, L. F.; McKinley, J.; McNamara, E. L.; Midgley, M. W.; Minton, F. J.; Mitchell, I. D.; Moffart, E. R. C.; Pierson, J. E.; Ross, J. M.; Sargent, A. F.; Saunderson, J. A.; Shapcott, T. J.; Sim, M. A. H.; Smith, A.; Smith, M. M.; Smith, R. A. C.; Spilsbury, G. T.; Staiger, J. E.; Stanley, A. A.; Stent, M.; Stevenson, A. G.; Stimpson, H. A.; Tate, C. D.; Tennent, K. G.; Thorpe, R. F.; Tilsley, J.; Tregga, J. J.; Tullock, W. L.; Turner, M. J. E.; Upson, A. E.; Venables, S. W.; Walker, M. J.; Wallace, J.; Wan, F. M.; Ward, W. J.; Watson, F.; Watson, L.; Watt, L. J.; Whatmough, A.; Whatmough, R. J.; Whibley, A. B.; Whibley, S. W.; Wildermott, W. M.; Yates, B. G.

27th Machine Gun Bn. Rfts.

Lieuts. Hains, R. L.; Kirk, G. C.; Roydhouse, G. S.; Crampton, R. N.

2/Lieut. Hunter, E. A.

T/C.S.M. Davidson, R. S.

T/Corporals, Gainsford, F. I. H.; Belcher, J. D.; Palmer, F.; Pyke, J. E.; Reeve, V. E.; Sherlock, W. J.

T/L/Corporals Delaney, R. A. J.; Kernot, L. A.

Privates Bain, H. A.; Blackburn, J.; Bourne, G. N.; Brott, L. S.; Browne, H. E.; Burns, P. W. H.; Clark, A. R.; Clark, E. A.; Clark, W. J.; Clere, A. de J.; Cornthwaite, L. J.; Cottingham, R. E.; Drury, J. N.; Dunkerton, P. R.; Elliott, E. S.; Evans, E. M.; Gayne, D.; Gillespie, A. B.; Hewson, E. M.; Higgins, C. M. H.; Hore, L. B.; Horsham, G. W.; Hudson, A. R. B.; Julian, W. A.; Kay, E. D.; Lewis, C. D.; Lipsey, A. H.; Lloyd, J. G.; McColl, M. I. D.; McCullough, W. R.; Medland, H. V.; Meikle, A. L.; Morgan, M. E.; Nunnerly, S. G.; O'Grady, J. E.; Olsen, J. G.; O'Nion, L. K. G.; Pearson, A.; Pickering, D. J.; Robson, C. J.; Rolfe, H.; Scott, V. A.; Shortus, A. J. Spurdle, F. M.; Tasker, F. J.; Taylor, A. J.; Taylor, J. C.; Wallace, P. F.; Wallis, J.; Wells, D. W.; Whitteker, E. A.; Winterburn, A. W. P.

4th Anti-Tank Coy.

Captain Fitzpatrick, T. V.

Lieut. Wilson, D. A.

2/Lieuts. Simpson, I. J.; Smith, H. H. W.

Acting C.Q.M.S. Brown, W. K.

Sergeants Brooks, L. J.; Cross, K. A. V.

L/Sergeants Baybutt, J. D.; Sullivan, W.

Corporals Bevin, J.; Bracegirdle, J. S.; Bradley, S. L.; Evitt, D. M.; Hay, A. T. K.; Sinclair, W. R.

L/Corporals Crewther, H. J. P.; Foster, M.; Graham, B.; Simes, G. M.; Turner, J. S.

Privates Brewer, K. T.; Browne, C. A.; Burling, L. R. H.; Dickson, M.; Dowie, J. H.; Dunn, J. A.; Edmondson, N. D.; Farrant, L. V.; Fiddis, T. W.; Fleming, A. J.; Foster, F. R.; Henley, J. D.; Herbert, F. H.; Hunt, L.; James, A. I.; Jones, T. P.; Kitching, L. W.; Leitch, K. E.; Loader, A. C.; Loveridge, I. J.; Lymburn, R. G.; MacShane, J. E.; Madden, S. J.; Mahar, J.; Martin, R. L.; Maturin, J. B.; McMinn, A. H.; Mellar, F.; Missen, J. H.; Molloy, V.; Morris, G. M.; Nesbitt, A. G.; Norris, R.; O'Brien, J. A.; Parkinson, S. E.; Parson, C. V.; Payne, W. E.; Phipps, A. R.; Rhind, L.; Rink, F.; Rochfort, T.; Rodgers, R.; Rogers, J.; Ronberg, A. O.; Rule, E. C.; Simpson, L. A.; Standing, V.; Tardieu, C. H.; Tooman, W. G.; Trask, E. H.; Waller, A. J.; Waller, E. H.; Walsh, F.; Worrall, L.

5th Anti-Tank Coy.

Captain Selby, R. A. C.

Lieuts. McKay, N. R.; Trolove, F. J.

2/Lieut. Baker, G.

C.Q.M.S. Taylor, N. W.

Sergeant Moon, C. A.

L/Sergeant Robinson, H.

Corporals Amner, H. K.; Shaw, J. H.; Twigg, F. N.

L/Corporals Brown, T. L.; Dring, J. S. H.; Duncan, A. C.; Hall, W. S.; Toomer, F. C.

Privates Amner, W. H.; Andersen, W. D.; Arthurs, J. W.; Bawden, D. D.; Bennett, R. C.; Bourne, C. H.; Brown, S.; Butchart, J. K.; Cade, T. F.; Charles, W. J.; Cherry, H. R.; Clausen, V.; Cornwall, C. K. H.; Cowlrick, M. C.; Field, F. A.; Ford, L. R.; Gilligan, J. A.; Goodlet, K. J.; Goodwin, A. A.; Hammond, L. J.; Hampton, J. R.; Harbottle, J. A.; Harding, J. C.; Harnish, C. J.; Higgs, J. L.; Hilder, C. J.; Hobbs, D. B.; Holley, C. S.; Hood, A. E.; Hubbard, F. S.; Hunt, N. R.; Lowe, J. A. H.; MacGibbon, N. M.; McDonald, A. C.; McWhirter, T. A.; Neilson, W.; O'Connell, M. G.; O'Neill, A. E.; O'Neill, P. T.; Palmer, B. S.; Parkinson, D. L.; Pascoe, W. A.; Peters, F. O.; Pierce, J. J. R.; Richardson, F.; Rob-

inson, J. M.; Rowlands, G. O.; Rule, S. G.; Russell, D.; Scott, I. C.; Scott, L. J.; Shield, A. J.; Stewart, G.; Taylor, C. W.; Thompson, G. W.; Wakeham, D. C.; Winthrop, F. V.; Woodham, H.

H.Q. 5th Infantry Brigade

Brigadier Hargest, J.
Major Clifton, G. H.
Captains Sealy, J. R. S.; Mather, G. L.
Lieut. Follick, C.
2/Lieuts. Blanch, W. R.; Uniacke, N. L.
W.O.'s/I Hyde, T.; Mackay, A. T.
C.Q.M.S. Dustin, A. C.
Sergeants Barnett, E. I.; Gardner, W. F. N.; Sandford, H. S.; Starke, D. M.; Stewart, C.; Sloan, R. S.
Corporals Barritt, E. J. H.; Butchart, D. J. W.; Hosking, H. P.
L/Corporals Beer, L. W.; Bell, G. G.; Needham, L. A. C.; Nixon, T. M.; Webb, R. S.
Privates Adams, L. C.; Ashmore, W.; Armstrong, W. H.; Barrett, H. A.; Butler, K. A.; Buchanan, J.; Cornish, L. H.; Challis, L. D.; Childerhouse, J.; Cherry, I. A.; Cullen, A. C.; Corliss, H.; Couper, K.; Cross, R. J.; Dick, D. W.; Downing, J. R.; Dalton, A.; Dunn, J. S.; Dunn, H. H.; Elwood, W. J.; Flemming, N. D.; Fettes, O.; Goodin, M. H.; Harvey, L. W.; Jeffrey, R. A.; Johnston, A. A.; Johnston, W. H.; Leigh, M. M.; McCann, C. T.; McHardy, J. E.; Maddams, R. C. F.; Mackintosh, L.; Mildon, C. J.; Milligan, W. E.; Mackay, P.; Martin, F. B.; Nicol, T. I.; Nicholls, J. O.; Ranson, D. S.; Smith, M. M.; Smith, P. T.; Shaskey, L. J.; Sullivan, P. J.; Symonds, H. G.; Schofield, R. C.; Schutz, G.; Thompson, W. L. C.; Wheatley, F. H. G.; Wilkinson, R. H.; Wright, N. G.; Wrightson, D. W.

ATTACHED

Captain Grigg, A. N.

H.Q. 6th Infantry Brigade

Brigadier Barrowclough, H. E.
Major Brooke, J. I.
Captain Barrington, B.
Lieut. Moffat, W.
2/Lieuts. Owen, T. E.; Rawle, R. E.
Sergeant Wilson, P. H.
Privates Beattie, T. C.; Munro, C. F.; Willis, R. T.; G.

2 N.Z. Div. Provost Coy. Details

2/Lieut. Summers, E. S.
A/C.S.M. Blanchard, R. H.
Sergeant Graham, C. C.
Corporals Haydon, W. D.; Olsen, J. A.; Edward, L. R.; Suttie, D. E.; Forward, J. T. K.
L/Corporals B-Bayliss, W.; Charlesworth, W.; Edwards, E. P.; Thompson, N. H. W.; Willis, H. R.
Privates Bezer, H.; Carson, I.; Crowe, J. J.; Crosbie, M. K.; Cottier, C. J.; Cubis, F. L.; Dorset, J. R.; Garrett, H. W.; Gillespie, A. J.; Grant, R.; Henderson, W. M.; Johnson, E. B.; King, W. G.; Kissock, W. J. F.; Line, F. S.; McCarthy, C. J.; McDermott, B.; McLachlan, J. A.; O'Connell, C.; Ousey, A. W.; Olsen, W. A.; Pickering, A. C.; Pirritt, H. D.; Sloan, C.; Smith, C. H.; Stace, G.; Stace, P. E.; Taylor, A. W.; Taylor S. W. J.; Thear, J. C.; Waller, T. W.; Weaver, D. E.; Bennett, C.; Moore, R. E.

1st N.Z. General Hospital

Colonel McKillop, A. C.
Lieuts.-Colonel Boyd, J. R.; Stout, T. D. M.
Majors Christie, H. K.; Hunter, J. J.
Captains de Clive Lowe, S. G.; Dodds, R. T. (chaplain); Forsman, E. (chaplain); King, R. D.; Lynch, E. G.; Sayers, E. G.; Stewart, D. T.
Lieuts. Foreman, H. M.; Gilmour, W. L. M.; McDonald, P. N. R.; S-Wright, E.
Sisters Hennessey, M.; Hubbard, P. K.; Martin, J.; Wilson, E. J.
S/Nurse Bolton, E. E.; Denison, E. G.; Faber, H. L.; Gauntlet, G. E.; Golden, C. M.; Gregory, A. G.; Hitchman, M. G.; Hobbs, R.; Johnstone, J. E.; Prosser, J. A.; Pyper, A. M.; Reid, E. J.; Rooney, F.; Slaw, F. H.; Taplin, I. J.; Whelan, M. W.
W.O.'s/II Anderson, R. M.; Yule, J. A.
S/Sergeants Ashworth, G.; Fitzgerald, J. E.; Notley, W. P.; Rhind, R. S.
Sergeants Beckett, H.; Claridge, P. L.; Duncan, A. T.; Edmundson, I. C.; Everton, E. H.; Hargreaves, C. H.; Hasler, W. G.; Laurenson, J. G.; Petersen, M. D.
L/Sergeants Lovelock, D. P.; Martin, W. P.; Vincent, E. A.; Whyte, L. G. P.
Corporals Harrold, P. D.; Hollandger, C.; Hooper, R. A.; Jones, E. O.; Key, G. W.; Lawson, D. W.; Montgomery, W. S.; Moran, T. A.; Stuart, G. D.; Wellington, J. W.

L/Corporals—Aitken, R. T.; McLeod, M. C.; Smaill, J. V.

Privates, Allison, W. L.; Andrews, C. A.; Bagley, R. G.; Baker, A.; Barrie, R. C.; Bateman, N.; Beare, L. B.; Bee, P. T.; Blake, J. W.; Brooks, L. H.; Brown, R. A.; Brown, R.; Buckley, G. L.; Burgess, R. G.; Burdoss, W. A.; Campbell, H. R. J.; Carey, K. R.; Charlesworth, H.; Cranston, P. B.; Crow, F. C.; Curtis, K.; Dean, T. R.; Douglas, R. J.; Farrant, S. V.; Foster, H. E.; Frew, L. H.; Gerbich, J.; Gill, R.; Grass, A.; Griffith, A. H.; Griffiths, S. S.; Hancox, C.; Hannan, N. T.; Harris, J. G.; Headifen, K. H. J.; Hearn, W. A.; Henderson, J. A. W.; Herbert, C. I.; Hill, E. W.; Hodgetts, R. D.; Hooke, W. D.; Hughes, T. D.; Irwin, C. H. B.; Isaac, H.; Jenkins, W. J.; Johnson, H. K.; Jones, A. F.; Kelly, E.; Law, F. W.; Lawson, S.; Little, E. R.; McDermott, J.; McKnight, R. H.; McLean, A. M.; McNeish, D. A.; Mabe, A. S.; Macpherson, G. M.; Martin, M. J.; Meyer, H. A.; Moir, V.; Morriss, T.; Murdoch, M. A.; Newcombe, J. E.;

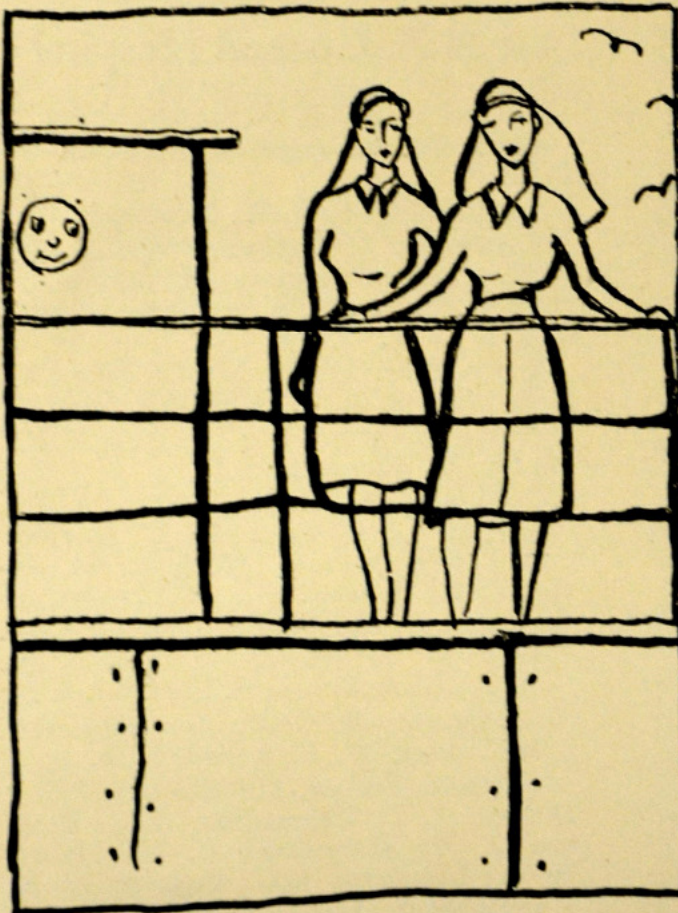
Newton, K. M. E.; Packman, B. L.; Page, S. G.; Park, R. L.; Peace, D. J.; Philip, H. M.; Phillips, M. P.; Phillips, P. G.; Phillips, W. C.; Pitt, F. D.; Pryce, T. T.; Richards, C. A.; Savery, W. C. T.; Schultz, A. E.; Shapcott, G. N.; Sinclair, R. W.; Sinel, E. F.; Smith, A. E.; Steel, A.; Taplin, E. B. F.; Thomas, I. W.; Thompson, A. F.; Tickner, L. W. M.; Tocker, T. A.; Turner, J. E.; Turnbull, R. H.; Walker, R. K. L.; Warren, R. I.; Wildsmith, C. T.; Wilkins, V. G.; Wilson, H. T.; Wilson, J. A.; Witten, H. F.; Wolfenden, S. E.; Young, J. J.

Attached for Voyage

Major Muir, A. S. (Chief Ship's Quartermaster. Permanent Ship's Staff).

Captain Marsack, C. C. (Assistant Ship's Quartermaster. Permanent Ship's Staff).

Livestock 1 (unauthorised): Borax.



"No man's land"

O.C. 2nd. Echelon, 2nd. N.Z.E.F.:
Brigadier J. Hargest,
D.S.O., M.C., M.P.

O.C. Troops H.M.T. X3:
Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Andrew,
V.C., N.Z.S.C.

Commodore of Convoy:
Capt. J. W. A. Waller, R.N.

Commodore's Secretary:
Paymaster Sub-Lieut.
E. P. Evans, R.A.N.

SHIP'S OFFICERS

Commander: C. H. Sapsworth,
C.V.O.

Chief Officer: H. H. Davies

First Officer: S. W. Keay

Chief Engineer: E. Redmond

Asst. Chief Engineer: C. Mitchell

Purser: W. S. Peach

2nd Purser: C. S. Taylor

Surgeon: E. J. Delorme

Chief Steward: L. F. Moss

2nd Steward: J. Cameron

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“HE THOUGHT HE HAD A CLEAN SHIRT
TILL IT RETURNED FROM

The Troops' Laundry”

SEND YOUR LINEN TO US AND YOU WILL
NEVER CHANGE AGAIN

WE WASH ANYTHING ONCE

IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH THE
GARMENTS YOU RECEIVE ON ISSUE, LET
US HAVE A GO

If an article is too large, try our SHRINKAGE.

If it is too small, risk EXCHANGE.

All Work Done By Sweated Labour

Every order receives the same treatment : name number or
rank has no meaning in our

SOCIAL SYSTEM