

representative of the men who have preserved the qualities that have enabled the British Merchant Service to fulfil so faithfully the vital duties which it must perform in time of war. He began his training for the subsequent 35 years of his seafaring career in H.M.S. "Conway" in 1906 and has been for 32 years in the service of the Company to which his ship belongs. He served throughout the last war, and in this war just 18 months ago, was torpedoed off the South American Coast. His troops officer had a similar experience in this war on a ship carrying troops. On that occasion there was loss of life, some of the victims being nurses. The master has with him a number of officers and men with eventful war careers, and one of his junior engineers wears the ribbon of the M.B.E. which was awarded to him for sailing one of the ship's boats for a period of seven days after she had been torpedoed.

It only remains to add that our transport, with her continuous decks is well adapted to the purpose which she is now serving. Her value in this service is also great in view of the losses of vessels of her type and the importance which amphibious warfare has assumed. If there is a tendency to allow one's thoughts to dwell upon congestion below decks, some consolation may be found in the fact that there have been occasions when the ship has carried many more troops than are at present on board.

KETEER FELOOSE SWEEP.

"What are you going to do with the money?"

"Send it home to Mum."

"What, all of it?"

"Most of it. I might spend some at the next port."

"What on?"

"Oh! this and that and a good feed of steak and eggs and the local newspaper, and -"

"And -"

"Well, yes, I might have one or two with the boys."

"Ah," I said ingratiatingly, and promptly invited W.R. Ladbroke of Invercargill the winner of the £50 prize in the Keteer Feloose Sweep to drop in at the office just before he goes ashore. Some of us would like to accompany him Yes, he would contribute to our new fund for Poor and Needy Soldiers, provided "Down the Hatch" subscribed pound for pound on the spot. Yes, he said bitterly, he had won one lottery, - Bob Sample's.

C.S. Guin, Hawera, winner of the £30 prize, said he was practically a testoteller, but open to conviction. We smiled. We know Taranaki:

"Are you also a T.T.?" I asked WO II Walter Baty, D.C.M., Auckland, ex-All Black, as he pocketed his £20. There was a burst of laughter from the boys in the Pay Office. Embarrassed we went off to congratulate H.A. Jones of the rainy Catlins, and F.H. Challis, Dunedin, who shared the ticket for the tenner. One of them had been down to his last shilling, but the other "had been doing well at housey housey."

HOW THEY WERE DRAWN.

ON a table were five rows of numbered counters. Behind these stood five nurses. Opposite the nurses sat five "other ranks" each of whom held a little canvas bag.

The first row of counters was numbered 1 - 34, the numbers of the prizes. The next row of counters represented the thousand figures of the Sweep tickets, while the other three rows, each of 0 - 9 represented the hundreds, tens and units.

When Lieut W.D. Lund, Master of Ceremonies, gave the word each row of counters was checked into its corresponding bag and shaken vigorously under the eagle eyes of Officers and WO's.

Sister Healy, looking nervous (she is more used to operating theatres) drew out the first counter, prize no 25, worth £2. Then the second sister drew a two from the thousands bag, the next drew a five from the hundreds, the next a zero from the tens, and the next a six from the Units. So prize No 25 went to No. 2506. The suspense was awful. Twentyfour numbers were drawn before the big fish was caught. Your reporter mopped his brow, scanned his regged ticket and sighed.