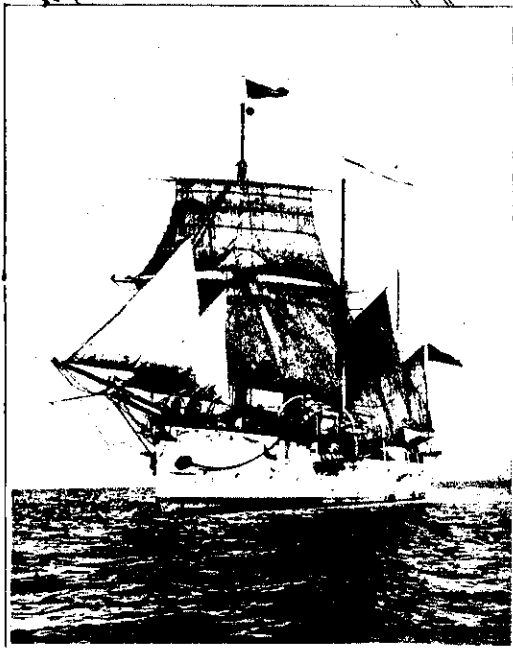


TRAINING YOUNG NEW ZEALAND FOR THE SEA: SNAPSHOTS ON THE AMOKURA.



Amokura has been in commission is ample proof of their intelligence.

The lads do everything about the ship except stoking, which would be too severe on growing youths, and would, as the chief remarked, "turn out weeds by the

cutter, and whaler with uncommon skill in rough as well as fine weather. The work calls for considerable nerve, and, in spite of the youth of the boys, it is carried out with coolness and skill that would do credit to hardened sailors. The colonial youth is proverbially quick at learning, and the Amokura lads pick up the instruction in a remarkably short space of time. They seem to have a natural liking for a life on the ocean wave, and when one questions them he can see that they have not merely learned their lessons by rote, but can explain their work and duties with an intelligence that augurs well for their future success in a career which is destined to play a prominent part in our island history.

Owing to her geographical position, New Zealand will always have a large percentage of sailors among her people, and as the importance of the Dominion increases with the coming years, the importance of this interesting class of her population will be more fully recognised. Life on board the training-ship is modelled on naval lines, or, to quote the regulations, "The King's Regulations and Admiralty's Instructions" may be taken as a guide and as forming a part of these regulations in so far as the maintenance of discipline on the training ship

SIXTY boys, each rigged out as a miniature man-o'-war'sman, sling their hammocks aboard the Amokura, the New Zealand naval training ship, which, for the past three months has been cruising in Northern waters, and is now on her way to headquarters at Wellington. It is an experiment of the Government in a systematic training of young New Zealand for the sea, and it promises to be not the least successful of the schemes for which that far-seeing statesman, the late Mr. Seddon, was responsible. When the gunboat Sparrow, which cost something like £30,000 when launched, was purchased by the Government for a paltry £800 (thanks to the generosity of the Admiralty), there were many people only too ready to popooh the idea, and spoke sarcastically about New Zealand's one-ship navy. If some of those good people could now see these sixty lads

at work on the tidy little Amokura, they would admit that once again the remarkable accuracy of Mr. Seddon's judgment has been proved; that the scheme has now passed beyond the experimental stage, and that Young New Zealand is a true descendant of a people whose love of the sea is second only to their love of their native land—those



"TOGETHER, NOW!"

The boys handle the boats splendidly in fine weather or rough, and take naturally to this part of their work, which appears to specially appeal to them.

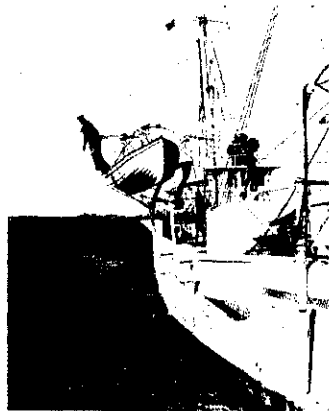
dozen." There are, however, several boys on duty in the engine-room to enter in a book every order received from the bridge, to watch the gauge on the water tank, and so on, whenever the ship is under way. Boat pulling and sailing is particularly popular, and the different crews handle the ship's lifeboats, heavy

is concerned." Judging from the class of boys on the ship, and from their remarks when questioned on the subject, it does not seem likely that the recruiting officers of the Royal Navy will pass many Amokura lads through their

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TO THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



HEAVING THE LEAD.

people for whom Newhall's stirring lines were written:

"Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill,
But they left us a kingdom none can take —
The realm of the circling sea —
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be."

In selecting sixty boys out of some thing like ten times that number of applications, one would expect a promising lot, and a week's knowledge of the crew leaves one with a frank admiration for the grit and capabilities of the rising generation of the Dominion. They are a fine, willing lot, and the progress they have made in the short time the



THE NEW BOY.

Commander Hooper receiving the latest recruit, who has just come over the side with his bundle. Alongside him is one of the smart lads turned out on the ship, who is smiling to himself as he thinks of the day when he was in the other boy's shoes and didn't know a clew-earring from the rudder post.