



At Sea, 5th February, 1944.

Number 5.

## EDITORIAL

As this will be the last issue before the souvenir paper, we have decided again to restrict its size to two pages, so that a flying start can be made on the paper that is to be commemorative of our crossing of the Line. The latter issue will contain six pages or more and will incorporate a certificate signed by the master of the ship to the effect that the soldier whose name appears thereon has been allowed by King Neptune to cross the Equator. It will also contain some drawings and sketches, for which blocks have to be made at our next port of call, and several printed pages. The issue will not be available, therefore, until after we have reached the port. We would be glad of further [short] contributions for the souvenir number.

In this number it was hoped to include an article descriptive of our next port of call. As these papers are being enclosed in letters home, however, we are precluded on censorship grounds from indicating which port it is. We hope that the following notes on India generally will be informative. In addition there will be issued to Groups an instructive three page pamphlet which deals in detail with our next port of call.

## WHITE PRESTIGE

Pukka sahibs, memsahibs and British Tommies in India were scandalised some months ago to see a white man between the shafts of a rickshaw. Applauded by several others he cavorted through the streets, while in the seat of honour sat the rickshaw-man himself.

The Kiwis concerned laughed and forgot about it. But it was not forgotten in India. In the native areas there were whispers, winks and grins. Another blow at white prestige! And in the sitting rooms of Simla it was discussed over shocked tea-cups and agitated whiskeys. The jest became a scandal, the stunt an Incident. And Incidents don't improve Indian social relations or the Indian wai effort.

We will be warned about India's peculiarities before we arrive there, and one piece of advice will be "Don't fraternise with the lower classes." Now such advice is apt to embarrass democratic Kiwis, who prefer to associate race prejudice and class snobbery with Fascism. We are apt to resent a ban on mixing with any class or colour.

But there are good reasons for the ban. Some are: (1) Health: an Indian can swallow a cholera and typhus cocktail that would slay a regiment of us. (2) We don't understand their ways, nor they ours. (3) It is more than ever desirable now to preserve good relations with the Indians.

H.W.G.

## INDIAN CURRENCY

The Rupee, a silver coin about the size of a florin, is worth approx. 1/11 N.Z. or 1/6 sterling. There are 16 annas to a rupee. The anna is about equal to a penny half-penny N.Z. DON'T accept a rupee coin with Queen Victoria's or King Edward's face on it and always test your rupees by ringing them on a hard surface.

Beer is 5 rupees a bottle if you can get it and the ship's crew say that it is not worth buying.

It is usually cheaper to hire a taxi if there are a group of you than to use a gharry.

## ALL AT SEA

There was a slight argument of the type which never reaches a satisfactory conclusion.

The argument was really much to do about nothing. It had something to do with the sun, the blackout as announced with monotonous regularity from the Ship's Orderly Room, and the direction the ship was going. Harry never knew what the discussion was about, so he could not add very much intelligent interest to it. These topics, as I say, were irretrievably mixed, round pegs in square holes, and you can't mix chalk with cheese. Bertie Wooster was adamant about that. Anyway the argument got more and more involved as more and more people joined the little coterie at the ship's rail and gaze into the swirling depths below. Everyone was throwing spanners into the Works. In fact the argument Never had a Chance. It was sabotaged from the Outset. How could we keep a straight face and an active brain, which the argument seemed to compel, when George said, Aywah, bread is like the Sun, it Rises in the Yeast and Sets in the Vest. George was never much good at spelling. At this Stage I must confess I couldn't follow the Drift of Things.

Shorty confused the issue by reminding his Audience of the day when he strangled six Germans with his Bare Hands in the Olive Groves Outside Sfax. The Army Authorities had done him dirty in NOT giving him a Dog's Leg. I was very quick at the Uptake and knew he meant a stripe.

George drew heavily on his Fund of Knowledge by making the Profound Observation that you can't tell how far EAST or WEST you were going by the Daily changing of Blackout Hours. He Mumbled something about Tempus Fugit and that East was East and West was West and never the Twain shall Meet. He said it was a racket which ought to be exposed. It was a trap for Fools. These Days a Man didn't Know where he stood or what day of the Week it was. We were Clay in the Potter's Hands. With the Paper Shortage, Calendars were unreliable.

Shorty said it Didn't Matter, Nothing Mattered so long as we got there and a bloke could get his grub. Harry piped up and said that the Army made a bloke Turn Back the Clock but who was going to Pay for the Time so callously Lost. It was a Clear Case of Fraud. Shorty seemed to know about this aspect of the Matter. He said he knew a man who knew a Man who told him that in Fiji a bloke could stand on a piece of Ground quite innocently and Yet Not Know where he Stood. On one piece of Ground it was Saturday and by walking a Few Yards it was Sunday. George mumbled something about Time Meridians and Shorty said it was rather a good Caberet in Cairo where there was plenty of High Kicking.

I interposed at this juncture and observed that it would be handy avoiding a Church Service since a Man could always Walk Back a few Yards.

Tony Troop Deck Something or Other said that was why the Yanks were doing so well in the Aleutians since they could issue the Same Communique Twice on the Same Day. Shorty said he suspected as much. Everyone seems to be Mixed these Days. It must be the inclement Weather. I agreed since I do remember vaguely whilst on Furlough going to a Beer Party on a Friday Night and Two Days slipped By without My Knowing It. The Rot set in Years Ago. The Lamentable Falling Off in the Rightness of Things even Affected Men in High Places. The Composer who wrote the Song 'When It's Night Time In Italy it's Wednesday Over Here,' and 'Johnny Get Your Gun, Get Your Gun.'

We had not stood by the Rail very Long when the Man-who-was-a-Gunnery-Instructor back in Kiwiland said that for every mile we travelled we rose a Foot. Remarkable. We must be going Uphill. George drew Arcs and Things on his packet of Fags and Announced Solemnly that we would have to climb 13,000 feet before we are Out of the Morass. By this time we were all in the Slough of Despondency... We retired to the bowels of the ship to Enquire about the Shape of Things to Come.

F.W.S.





J.C. Stee

H. H. ...  
35344 ...

J.M. Chillington  
L.M. ...

256990 ...  
457279 ...

Pat Hanna. AKLD.  
A.H. Eklund  
Keith ... AKLD.

John Wilson

~~J. ...~~  
S.A. Wilson

G. ...

L. ...

S. ...

V.L. ...

A.J. ...

L. ...

G. ...

~~W. ...~~

G. ...

M. ...

L. ...

H. ...

H. ...



At Sea, 5th February, 1944.

Souvenir Number

**EDITORIAL**

**Greetings to Those at Home**

As this number of our ship's paper is essentially a souvenir number, and as, for that reason, most of the copies will find their way home, we take this opportunity of extending, on behalf of all the men, greetings and best wishes to those who are waiting patiently for news. We hope you feel that our thoughts are still with you, even though we are far away. There are some of us who are going for the second time; there are many with wives and children; there are some who have just attained military age: for all of us the predominant hope in our minds is for our early reunion with those we left behind.

This issue will be made on the basis of one copy to each man and it is intended that it be a memento of our crossing of the Line.

**The Equator**

**Behold Ye,** *To whom it may concern, that, whilst on Active Service,*

*Sgt. A. S. Ward*

*HAS crossed the Line from the South to the North in the absence of His Majesty Neptunus and His Court.*

**Therefore I** *Adjure all men and women of good will to render unto him or her every assistance in confounding His Majesty's enemies in both Hemispheres.*

**Given** *Under my hand this Fifth day of February in the year Nineteen hundred and Forty-Four the day of crossing from South to North.*

*Lee*

MASTER.

## A WORTHY SHIP

H.M.T. 'MOOLTAN'

His Majesty's Troopship, which carries us on our way to what, for most of us, will be our first experience of overseas service, has a proud record in the present conflict. In fact she bears the scars of battle, and the curious will be able to find on her hull evidence of the effects of a near miss from an enemy bomb aimed at her in an attack off the Irish coast in 1940. In that episode—the closest threat she has survived during the war—she was holed in several places above the waterline, and, before the day ended, she beat off three more enemy attacks without suffering further damage.

Built at Belfast for the P. & O. line by the famous shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff, our transport is now 21 years old. Until the outbreak of war, she carried passengers and mail between the United Kingdom and Australia, and in that service she acquired so high a reputation for her sailing qualities that passengers who were subject to the agonies of seasickness frequently made a point of arranging their journeys so that they could travel on her. She is, in fact, one of the best sea boats the Company has ever owned. Her gross tonnage is close to 21,000, her length is 625 feet, and she has a beam of 82 feet.

It was a tribute to the worthiness of the ship in which we travel that she should have been chosen by the Admiralty immediately on the outbreak of war for service as an armed merchant cruiser. Commissioned in October, 1939, and equipped with a formidable armament, she went to sea substantially changed in appearance, for her "dummy" after-funnel had been removed. Subsequently, however, it was replaced for purposes of ventilation. It is worth while also to interpolate at this stage that she has not always had a single mast. The removal of her after-mast was also one of the changes wrought in her appearance during her service as an armed cruiser.

The ship's early war service was given in convoy duty between West Africa and the United Kingdom. Three years ago she was converted for duty as a transport. She began this phase of her war service with several trips to the Middle East via the Cape, and then she was selected as one of the transports employed in the historic North African landings. On this occasion she carried American troops to a point near Oran, forming one of a convoy of about 50 vessels. No major incident occurred during the week in which she remained there, but those on board had their share of excitement on the return journey when an enemy air attack was made on the convoy. She remained unscathed, though ships all around her were ~~acked~~. In her subsequent career as a transport, she is said to have carried troops of all warring nationalities except the Japanese. She made her first trip to New Zealand to embark this reinforcement.

The master of this vessel is a man whose very appearance inspires confidence. 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, and was torpedoed off the South American coast.

His troops officer had a similar experience in this war on a ship carrying troops. 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 his ship's boats for a period of 13 days after she had been torpedoed.

It remains to be said that our transport, with her continued 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 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.



## SPIRIT OF THE NAVY

Those who are under the guardianship of the Royal Navy for the first time have had on this trip a true glimpse of the warmth and friendship they extend to the soldiers on the sea. Twice now our escort warship has pulled alongside and entertained us with band music; when a live shoot or depth charge practice has been necessary she has come close enough for us to observe. And those of us who already owe our lives to other escorts and evacuation task forces have added to a store of memories of navy friendliness. Yesterday our warship was relieved by another escort and, as a farewell gesture, drew up alongside our transport, played "Sussex by the Sea," "Maoris' Farewell" and "Auld Lang Syne," gave us three hearty cheers and departed. If the heartiness of our response was not in proportion to our numbers, that was due only to lack of organisation, certainly not to lack of appreciation. Following is the exchange of messages between ships on parting:

M.U.

### GREETINGS

#### O.C. Troops to Captain Escort.

"Kiwis thank you for safe escort. Your fine displays of naval efficiency have increased our pride in the British Navy. All ranks regret this parting but hope when the war is won your ship will be able to fire the final salute of victory. Au revoir. Kia Ora."

#### Captain Escort to O.C. Troops.

"Many thanks for your kind signal. Having fired the last salvo we hope to close the breach and watch you and your Kiwis slap your bayonets home into something yellow. Au revoir and the very best of good luck to you all."

## RESCUE AT SEA

An incident of our trip which provided some excitement was the sight of our escort in a new role, when she pulled up alongside a slow-moving tanker and took aboard about 34 men. These men were survivors of a vessel sunk by enemy action and had been on the water in lifeboats for 17 days.

A collection is being raised on this ship to alleviate their distress.

## MILESTONES

The crossing of the Line marks an important stage in our journey. Most of us, at the outset, fixed in our minds certain milestones on the route we believed we would follow, and, as our course generally has been in accordance with our expectations, we have measured our progress by our arrivals and departures from our ports of call.

The fact that we had not been long at sea alleviated the disappointment which we felt when we learned that we were not to go ashore at our first port of call and our enforced confinement to the ship perhaps enabled us to appreciate all the more our spell on shore when we reached our second port and to our delight found ourselves in the midst of a people who were hospitable in a remarkable degree and, in a memorable couple of days, treated us with such kindness as we shall never forget. What awaits us in our next port of call, the name of which we know, we have, at the time of writing, yet to learn. We know, however, that we are going to a country, of which we have learned much in picture and story and with which, we feel, actual contact would be an enlightening and valuable experience. We believe, too, that we may be reasonably sure of the route to be followed on the somewhat shorter final stages of our journey.

If this journey has entailed its trials and deprivations, if there have been times when it has been something of an ordeal, we must accept that as part of our soldierly experience — part of a sacrifice which, we feel, is being made in a fine cause. For this there is, for most of us, ample compensation in the experiences we have enjoyed and the memories they will provide.

1st. Private : "I feel like telling that Sergeant where to get off again."

2nd. Private : "What do you mean, again?"

1st. Private : "I felt like it yesterday too."

Recruit : "They can't make me fight."

Drafting Officer : "Maybe not, but they can take you where the fighting is and you can use your own judgment."

## LOVE IDYLL

Let me tell you of my little adventure; something I shall never forget even if I live to be 100. Perhaps you noticed it; a small booth near the Post Office with a large poster proclaiming the last day for sale of lottery tickets. You may have noticed it, but not being an inquisitive Kiwi like myself you didn't step up to make enquiries.

I don't know what I had in mind to say when I approached the counter, but believe me, I never said it. What I saw there made coherent speech impossible and my stammered "Hello" didn't sound like my voice at all.

She was beautiful. Mere words on paper seem so inadequate to describe such feminine loveliness. She was a natural blonde with that silky smooth delicate skin and eyes between the colour of blue and grey. Eyes that seemed to appraise me with a kind of wistful innocence, yet a humorous twinkle at my obvious embarrassment. Her soft red lips parted with a smile that would have won millions on the screen. It bowled me completely but when she spoke I found myself bowled, caught, run out and stumped.

"Do you want something?" was all she asked. I knew what I wanted alright but I was completely dumb. What rotated me was her voice, deep and husky with that delightful foreign accent which one could listen to all night.

How I said it I will never know but it was out before I knew it.

"Would you like to go dancing?" I blurted.

Again that wistful look, the soft smile and the glamorous voice.

"I am sorry, you see I cannot dance," she said.

"Can't dance?" I asked, some of my normal self assurance returning.

"No. But let me explain," she said. "I used to love to dance once, but I had a bad accident. You see we were in Malaya when the Japanese came, and when we escaped our ship was hit by a bomb and I was injured. I am a cripple" she finished simply.

I opened my mouth to speak but no words came. I couldn't believe that this lovely creature could be afflicted in any way.

"My brother Jan will call for me soon, would you care to have supper with us?"

she asked, and went on. "We live quite simply now you know, there are just the two of us left."

Before I had time to accept the invitation, a six foot four giant in the uniform of the Netherlands Navy appeared and as I quailed before his half hostile glare, I heard the girl say, "This soldier is coming home with us for supper Jan." And the big friendly grin that spread over his face reassured me. "O.K. Anna," he boomed as she prepared to close up the booth. As if the past few minutes hadn't been full enough of shocks, I was about to receive the biggest of them all.

Anna closed the window and called to her brother, who went around to the door at the back. He motioned me to follow and then I saw him lift the girl and begin to carry her towards the car parked nearby. It was then that I saw what made my heart miss a beat; something I will never be able to erase from my memory. The girl had no legs.

Dumbly I followed them to the car, and for the next few moments I was completely dazed by this outstanding revelation. The pressure of a soft hand brought me back to earth again and I was about to say something when Jan spoke.

"Good for you to have company" he said in halting English, "because I must leave you when I take you home. Have some fellows to meet."

My thoughts were hours ahead of me. To be left alone with this gorgeous creature was more than I ever dreamed of, but with the knowledge that she was legless I had mixed feelings of horror and pity.

Having seen us to their comfortable flat, Jan made an apologetic and hurried departure. I was standing admiring a picture when Anna called to me from the divan where Jan had placed her on our arrival. She had arranged herself among the cushions so that there was absolutely no sign of her unfortunate disability.

"Pour yourself and me a drink," she said. "Then bring them here so we can talk. We can have supper later." With trembling hands, I mixed a couple of John Collins at the well equipped cocktail bar. I placed them on the table by the divan and sat beside her.

*Continued on page 5*



**LOVE IDYLL—contd.**

"Come closer," she said, and I obeyed.

She placed her hands on my shoulders and drew me closer. Her long-lashed eyes had a dreamy look. Her soft, red lips slightly parted, and she whispered, "Kiss me please."

What would you have done? Well so did I. "To blazes with the troopship, I don't care if it does go without me," I thought.

I seemed to come out of a kind of anæsthetic to feel her gently but firmly pushing me away. "No more of this now," she said, "Perhaps later." There was a promise in her eyes as she spoke.

I reached for my drink. Hell, I needed it.

"Will you fetch that big box?" she asked, "I must show you something." She opened it when I brought it over, and I was in for another surprise. It contained two perfectly made artificial legs complete with stockings and shoes.

"Help me, and I will show you how I am learning to walk. Someday I will be able to dance again," she added eagerly.

I was only too willing to help with the straps and buckles which adjusted the limbs. She took several slow but nevertheless graceful steps across the room. "See," she said.

When I tell you she looked marvellous standing there I don't exaggerate. The sight of her made me want to kill every murdering Jap who dared lift one finger against such beauty as this.

Anna said, "I wear them a little longer every day. I had my practice this morning, so you must help me off with them now."

The straps were finally undone and the first limb was ready to be removed. I pulled gently at first with no result. I pulled a little harder, then harder still.

You see I have always been pretty good at pulling legs. I'm still trying.

SORRY CHAPS.

**THE COMMON SPUD**

Consider the vagaries in the life of the common spud. Remember those which we planted so fondly in the vegetable garden. Some of these have names reminiscent of racehorses, such as Maori Chief, Robin Adair, Aram Banner, Royal Salute. Others are more personal in application such as Sweet Dakota, Cliff's Kidney. In the pot these spuds are all the same and our good wives are able to bake, boil, roast, or fry them for the sake of variety. The grower takes more relish in the eating because he has seen them

through the difficult weeks of their infancy. The women who are touchy on the matter of their waist line can never work up any enthusiasm about them because of their fattening properties. But would they weaken if confronted with the Ship's menu disguising the humble spud under such extravagant titles as Macaire, Lyonnaise, Duchesse. The Ship's repertoire does not finish here, however. I repeat a few additional ones which have been encountered. Dauphine, Paysanne, Chateau and Parmentier; not forgetting Saute, Croquette, Puree, I have mentioned only fourteen different ways of dishing up this versatile dish. Since coming on board we have had potatoes done seventeen different ways. Nor have we who eat in the Warrant and Officers Mess double banked, yet on the Soup. In fact the chef has proved himself to be insuperable. There is a fullsome choice of succulent and nourishing soup. Would you prefer a Creme something or other, such as Creme Jackson, Americaine, du Barry, Tyrolienne? Or a consomme something or other, Vermicelli, Chiffonade, Xavier? These impressive titles dwarf into insignificance when we come across such soups as Pish Pash, Bonvalet, Garbure, Flamande, Mulligatawny, Celestine, Chiffonade.

Now consider the ballast part of the meal. You are presented with a choice of Sheep's Kidneys, Maitre d'hotel, Medallions Sicilienne.

Old Boundary Bill says that they are dishing out medals for the Sicily campaign, as the Menu says so. Pappaya, this suggests an infant recognising his father after furlough, or some native jargon of the South Seas. Perhaps some third Division man knows the answer to this one. The Russians have been introduced to the Menu as it is fitting in these days of Allies. Kromeskis Russe. Then we have Cassolets Bergere, Minced Collops, Frittered Bringal, Bouchees Reine, Remoulade Sauce, Veal cutlets Milannaise, Stewed Lamb Jardiniere.

Old Bill says that this is something to do with a lamb raised by the gardener.

Those who mess in C4, and elsewhere in the bowels of the ship, needn't worry, for the same fish they are getting is presented to the Upper House as Cod Fillets au Four, or Blue Cod Nicoise, and what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and the humble spud has eyes to see through it all.....

F.W.S.



*“Yes, yes, I know, but you should have seen the Mirages in the Western Desert.”*



Some shipboard personalities.



## “FISH TALE”

If we know the Bible stories  
As undoubtedly we do,  
The history of Jonah is not  
Entirely new.  
But some of us have asked  
As we've listened to this tale  
What was the final fate  
Of Jonah's friend the whale.

But now at last we know.  
No more will soldiers wonder.  
The whale that carried Jonah  
Is another Army blunder,  
A Quartermaster bought it,  
As cheap as cheap can be,  
And now it's served on troopships  
That sail across the sea.

When as kids we heard this story,  
Our mouths would open wide.  
What a whale it must have been,  
For a man to live inside.  
But now we've seen the quantity  
Of food from off this whale  
We imagine Jonah moved with ease  
From its gullet to its tail.

At the moment we are living  
On the meat from off this fish  
Although we all agree that it's,  
A most unsavoury dish.  
But though we're always growling  
And moaning all day through,  
We think we're jolly lucky  
There was only one—not TWO!

A.McN.C.

### *A contributor writes:*

The grim resolve of certain Kiwis to become at least tri-lingual and to make themselves understood at any time, anywhere and at any price is illustrated by the following remark, overheard at supper:—

“Sa eda wallah, homai te fromage subito, per favore, ehoa!”

## GAME-WEARY

Bridge and pontoon, euchre, crib,  
Housie, Bingo, draughts *ad lib.*,  
Poker, two-up, picking horses,  
Old maid and noughts and crosses;  
Crown and anchor, slippery Sam  
(Neither of 'em worth a damn),  
Dominoes and quoits and chess,  
On the deck and in the mess;  
Unless they think of something new,  
I think I'll have to take this view:  
All that's left for little me,  
Is hours of Maori-type p.t.

—O.W.W.

## “TRANSPORT 82”

We came on board quite at our best,  
though feeling rather blue;  
and we eyed you with suspicion—  
*old transport 82.*

Our quarters they were hot and cramped,  
and cabins all too few,  
and our impression wasn't good—  
*of transport 82.*

Fish for breakfast, fish for tea,  
oh!, how we cried for stew,  
the air was filled with curses strong—  
*at transport 82.*

As time passed by we settled down,  
the moans, they were but few;  
for everything turned out O. K.—  
*on transport 82.*

Then came the storm which hours on end,  
hid skies of azure blue;  
but you kept your course, so straight and true,—  
*you transport 82.*

And from then on the boys all knew,  
the things that you could do,  
and we all grew to respect you—  
*friend transport 82.*

When time has come to say farewell,  
and again we're feeling blue,  
you'll have done your job—we'll be proud of you  
*—old transport 82.*

R.N.



" WASHEE DECK "

The saddest words a chap can hear,  
 When snugly wrapped from toes to neck,  
 And sleeping in the air so clear,  
 At early morn are: " Washee Deck ! "



the 247th Time



-LEVIDO-

0900 HRS. — SHORE LEAVE IN PERATH — 2359 HE'S HAD IT — !

## "DOWN THE HATCH"

"You cannot hope to bribe or twist  
Thank God—the British journalist  
But seeing what the man will do  
Unbribed—there's no occasion to!"

So with this newspaper produced under difficulties by the unpaid and entirely voluntary efforts of the committee shown below:

*Editorial:* Martyn Uren (Convenor), J. L. Grimaldi and H. W. Gretton.

*Printing:* T. Piggin, B. Berg, A. J. Birchfield.

*Distribution:* A. G. Ward, R. J. Larkin.

*Typing:* T. M. Brydone.

*Duplicating:* T. Downes, R. L. L. Brooks, M. Hutchinson M. M., E. B. Harding.

*Compositors &*

*Machinists:* A. Oglivie, L. J. Meldrum, L. E. Mowat, H. W. Hynes, R. J. Stevens and H. A. Sadler.

Sponsored by AERS and printed with the advice and assistance of the Ship's Printer "Jock" Black, it is hoped that "*Down the Hatch*" has at least provided something to help down the toast and marinalade, and provide topics for breakfast time discussion.

Despite the diligence of the editorial staff "man bite dog" news is an elusive quality on a troopship. The contributions which have appeared in print while, if lacking in excitement, have at least been of a high standard, and of wide interest.

Thanks are due to the contributors of articles, skits and sketches, and particularly to Capt. Peter McIntyre for his bright drawings which are a feature in this number.

**Note.**—Any profits from the sale of this paper will be presented to some maritime charity.

## ARMY EDUCATION REHABILITATION SERVICE (AERS)

The smallest and newest unit making the trip is AERS (present strength six officers). This nucleus is charged with organizing Army Education for 2 NZEF in the ME, and arranging the rehabilitation of troops returning for demobilization.

The aims, functions and facilities of AERS have been explained to all ranks. The interest displayed in, and the use made of the service during the voyage indicates that the soldier is fully alive to the vital importance of his education and subsequent rehabilitation.

Once established in the ME, AERS will provide an important link in the organization of 2 NZEF.

## BLACKOUT SUNSHINE

After tea last night I followed my usual urge and wandered out onto the deck for a cigarette. As I passed through the Orderly Room lobby, "Blackout" was announced and I swore and pocketed my cigarettes. I did, however, enjoy the sunshine outside and spent fully half an hour watching the sunset and wondering why we had a Blackout when the sun was up.

The next happy event occurred in the morning, when, having shaved, dressed and broken my fast, I once again strolled out for the post-prandial cigarette. What did I find? Darkness! Darkness for an hour after breakfast! What trick has Father Time played upon us?

## NAUTICAL FACTS

One nautical mile = 6,080 feet.  
Circumference of earth at Equator = 24,872.4 land miles.

1 degree latitude = 60 nautical miles or 69.09 land miles.

### Distance of Sea Horizon.

Height of eye in feet.	Distance Sea miles.
1	1.15
15	4.45
35	6.80
40	7.27
45	7.70
50	8.10