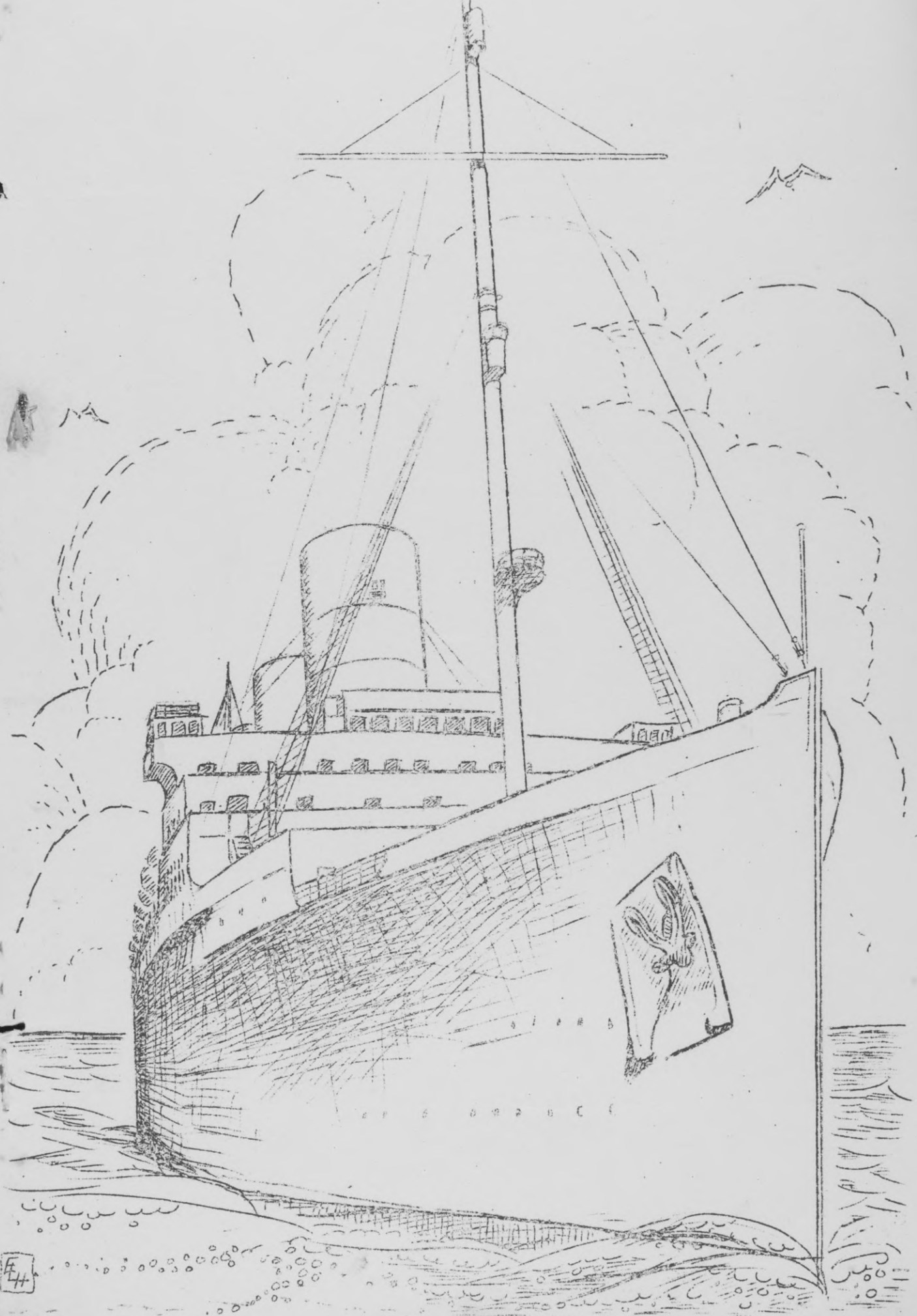


# SERIAL WAVES

BEING SMOKE AND SEA SPRAY  
FROM  
?



" AND SO WE SAY FAREWELL "

It is with a note of regret that John Dory ceases to serve his daily dish to the Ship's Company. Tonight "SERIAL WAVES" - as a ship's daily - comes to you for the last-time.

The light and shade of Ship's life has been presented to you for your information and amusement. Few of you, however, will realize the amount of energy and hard work which has been expended in this daily production. For example, how many know that Ptes Wickes and Mulligan, our publishing clerks, were working on the special supplement until 0300 hrs on Wednesday? The Editorial Committee has met each evening and worked for two hours preparing the issue for the following day. S/Sjt Corlett and his team of runners have arranged circulation and receipts.

You alone can judge whether the effort has been worth while. We have had fun producing it. The work has been interesting and pre-occupying - it's certainly kept us out of mischief - and we hope that we have given you something which will serve to remind you of the days spent on H M N Z T No 12.

FOURSQUARE SAGA or PALS TRUE BLUE  
A Story Which Concerns Two Men, a Pig & a Dog.

This is a tale of Final Leave. Two pals - the one a Serjeant Major, the other a Serjeant - went a hunting. The local farmers were complaining of the presence of a bull pig, whose night time excursions wrecked many a vegetable garden.

These worthy members of the N Z Exhibitionary Force set out like St. George of old to slay the monster. Armed only with a gun and twenty quarts - the latter tied on the dog's back (shades of St Bernard) - they set out into the wilderness of Wanganomona. "Thirsty work, Serg" - crack went one quart. "We're getting hot" - crack went two quarts.

Then suddenly the dog struck the scent. With bottles rattling it galloped down the gully. Up hill, down dale - Tally ho went the beer - up and down the motley rout until the beer fell off. At last the army arrived. Seeing the beer as through a glass darkly, they drank it.

Meanwhile, like a wolf on the fold, the faithful hound hunted the pig. Like the mountie of story, the hound eventually got his man. The pig died.

Flooding their weary way, the hunters staggered up to the scene of the primeval combat. "Theresh the pig" -crack went the gun - the dog fell dead. "Shay, musht take the ol' boar home" "Wash you mean, pushing me on your shoulder" - "Osh, take your hat off the pig, you're shikker"

As the full moon rose over the range, and the farmhouse snuggled in the long shadows of the pines, an incongruous scene smote the peaceful countryside. Just imagine two shikker soldiers carrying each other alternately - each thinking the other was the pig, and each alternately implying that it was not really funny to put a hat onto a pig.

It might happen to you - it happened to them !

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But the Gods disagreed - would not let him sleep there -  
Sent tropical rain to dampen his lair -  
A rush to his quarters, a scamper, and then -  
Though hot, he decided to stay in his den.

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Can anyone name the C S M who (being of Scotch extraction) stole one empty money belt from a Serjeant while out hunting - the pig.

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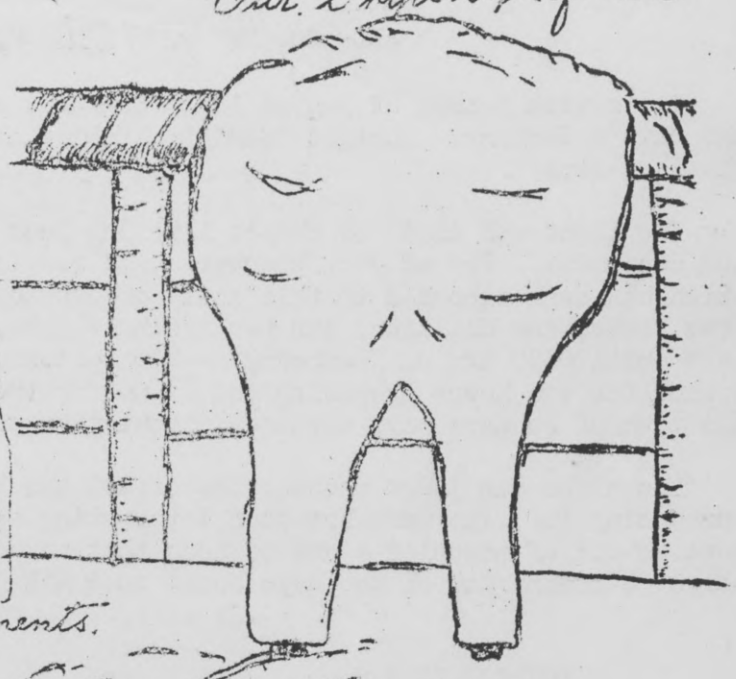
What is this Banshee?  
Sounds to us like a wail of a lot of Boloney  
Mixed up with the Froth.

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Several copies of this excellent reproduction  
of the average N.Y. soldier now aboard  
this ship are available at 6<sup>¢</sup> each.

Ship's Personalities  
Our Ship's Sgt. of Police

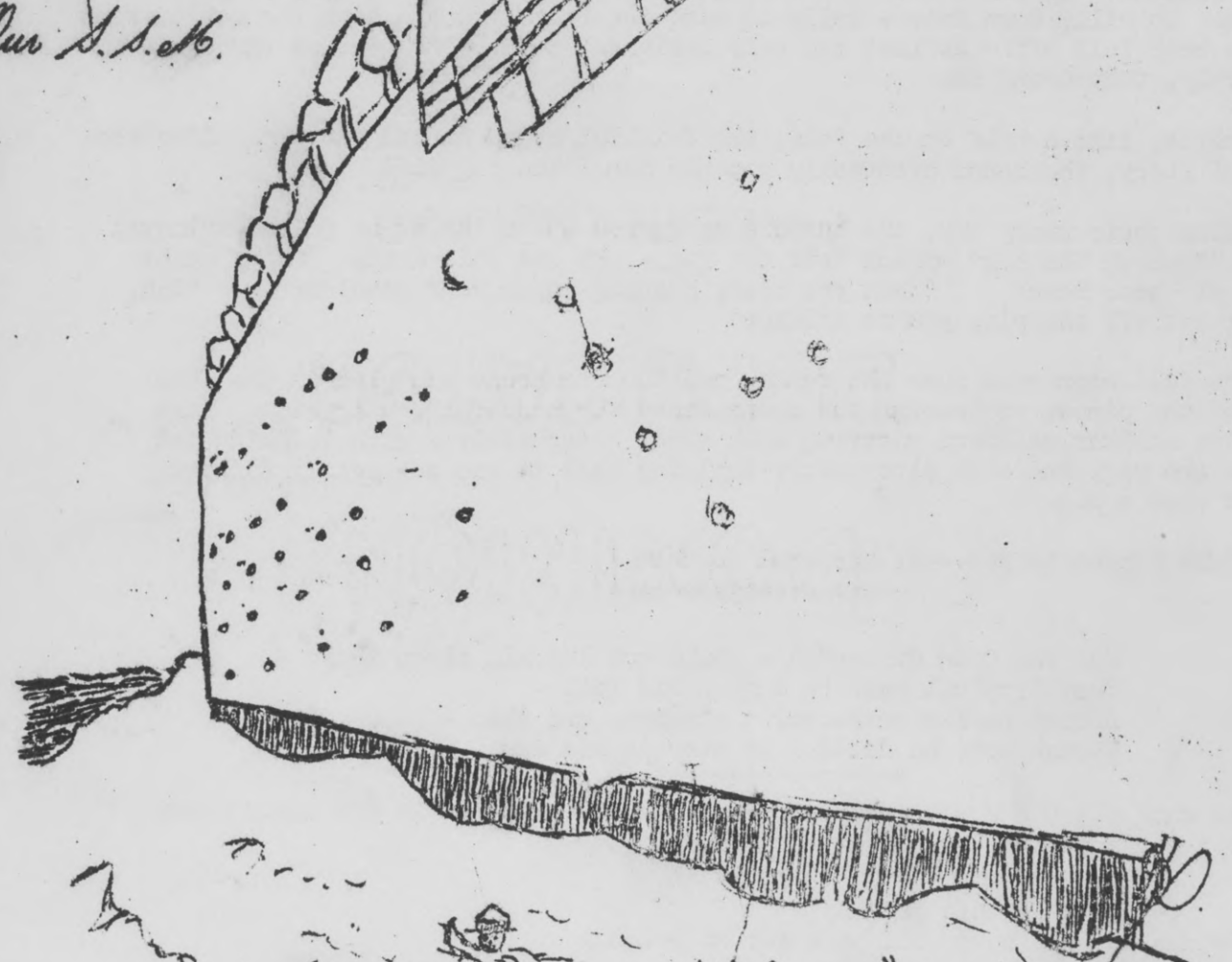
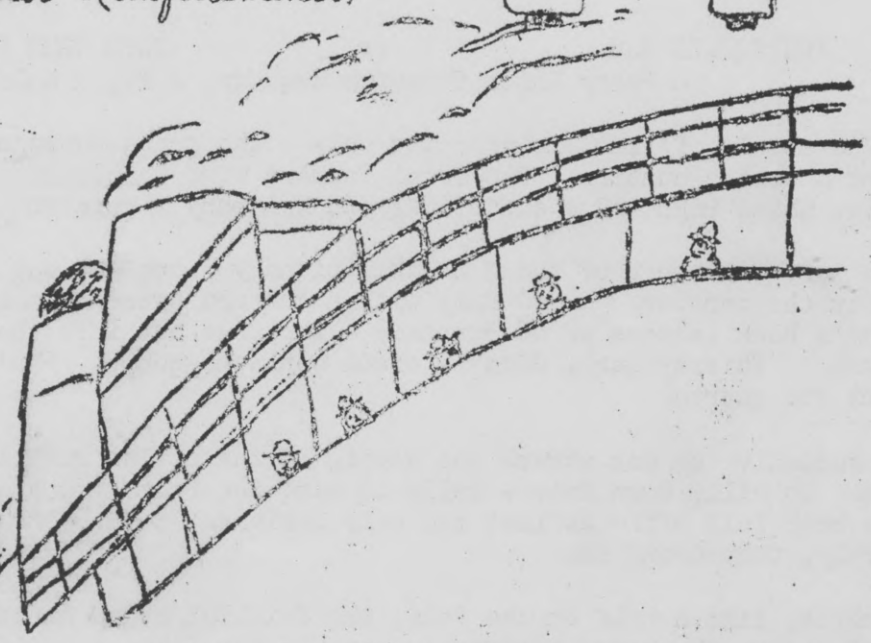
Send one home



Our Reinforcements.



Our S.S. etc.



She's over, it's only the "sarge"



It was a good thing that the Medical Officers were on the job at the Boxing; their services were called on more than once. It was a pity Capt Kingston was not able to fillet someone.

Mr Reynolds and Mr Chapman both seemed proud of their protégés, although Mr Reynolds was beaten in the final. Sjt Doug Flett of the 24th, winner of the 220 yds final, has held the Auckland Sprint Championship besides representing Auckland at Rugby as wing  $\frac{3}{4}$  on numerous occasions. He is also a member of the Barbarians Football team.

There was a great crowd gathered on the promenade deck (some even leaving the canteen) to witness the finals of some of the athletic events, and many a voice was raised to cheer their men home to victory.

FINALS - Potato Race - 1, Northcott (D Coy, 24 Auck) 2, Lewis (16 ROC)  
3, Bradley (17 ROC)

Relay Race - 1, 17 R O C. 2, B Coy, 24 Auck 3, D Coy, 24 Auck.

220 Yds - 1, Flett, B Coy, 24 Auck 2, Le Bas, 17 ROC, 3, Barber, D Coy, 24 Auck.

440 Yds - 1, Morgan, 17 ROC, 2, Bradley, 17 ROC, 3, Stranger, D Coy, 24 Auck.

Ship's Championship Points - 17 ROC - 33 Points, B Coy, 24 Auck, 32, D Coy, 24 Auck 18, 16 ROC, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 15 For, 11, C Coy, 24 Auck, 10, 19 AT, 10, A Coy, 24 Auck, 8, E Coy 24 Auck, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ , HQ Coy 24 Auck, 3, 14 For 3, 13 ROC, 3 points.

Friday, 15th - A good day to keep your cheques, fingers, and legs crossed.

Certain subalterns are glad that leap year is nearly over - there were several triers.

WARNING :- ALL TROOPS ARE WARNED TO CHANGE NO MONEY EXCEPT THROUGH AUTHORISED CHANGERS.

Lost :- Silver wristlet watch, in B 3 Bathroom - Please return to G Trist A Coy, 24Ak

POTTED

Its a poor sort of nut if its lacking  
A kernel,  
A poor sort of blonel if lacking a  
"nut" -  
If you've waded thus far through this  
Scurrilous journal,  
You'll wonder whom next we are seeking  
As butt.

He is maybe a nut -  
But a tough one to crack -  
The kind of a nut who would likely  
Crack back,  
And we'll follow him gladly to regions  
Infernal -  
Shuttleworth (Clayden) Our Lieutenant  
Colonel

Our Secretary, shame to see,  
Lacks instincts that are gentle;  
He's lost his nationality  
And gone quite oriental -  
They say that he has turned Chinese  
And changed his name to John Kee Lec.

A serviceable colour, Brown,  
It is not made for show;  
And yet - a useful one to have  
If to tight spots we go.

PERSONALITIES

John Dory (in another guise)  
Has often by our wall sped  
Although not pretty,  
For his size  
He's very witty,  
And so wise  
Not even Egypt's myriad flies  
Could perch on Mr Halstead.

Our kindly Psyche  
(Do not blush)  
Who's helped so many a soldier lad  
Though not in shining armour clad,  
In drill, looks - lush.  
Long may it be e'er she is taken from us  
Or, by unkindly metamorphosis,  
Is known once more as - Serjeant Major  
Thomas.

A picture in a gilded Frame  
A manner that's erotic  
While, if you asked him for her name  
He'd say she was - exotic.

Half a croon, half a croon, half a croon  
re'ard

Keep WATCH,  
Mind your step,  
You will not be bored  
(All Scots wha hae wi Wallace messed  
Will say wi him that 'Beer is Best')

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MESS ORDERLIES ! We hear the ship is turning it on for you tomorrow night.  
A reminder to be present is probably quite unnecessary.  
The action of the Chief Steward in this matter is very much appreciated.

Hezi planes which made for London last night found their welcome unusually warm. The hottest A/A barrage ever seen took them by surprise, and they were forced to drop their loads of bombs over fields and woods and race home for their lives: that is, those that were left, for the R A F bagged 91. Twenty three of our planes were lost.

The success achieved is largely due to the adoption of an entirely new method of prediction.

The German raids caused only 18 deaths as against the several hundred of the previous four nights.

The R A F did not forget Germany, the "Gifts Officer" distributing numerous little packages to military objectives over a wide area.

German forests concealing secret plane factories, etc, and German Harvest fields, have been given a special dose, compounded of phosphorus & celluloid. The resulting firework display was much admired.

Queen Wilhelmina, acting on behalf of the Netherlands East Indies, has presented 40 Spitfire Fighters and 18 Lockheed Hudson Bombers to H. M. the King.

German planes attacked a convoy off the coast of Scotland, but the convoy battled through to its destination.

A German bomb exploded in the grounds of Buckingham Palace yesterday. Nobody was hurt, but the gardiner's language was very bad.

The Germans have officially accused the R A F of "hunting out non-military targets" - an apartment building was wrecked near the Wilhelmstrasse, where Adolf's official residence is located.

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UNIT SONG OF THE SECOND GENERAL HOSPITAL

Tune ----- "We are the boys from away down under"

We are the boys of the second general  
 Willing to do our bit -  
 Our Officers and men and Sisters  
 They'll work to keep you fit  
 All cures and splints and bandages and dope  
 We'll have on hand, so where there's life there's hope -  
 For we are the boys of the second general hospital Unit  
 Are we!

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WAR NEWS - LATE STOP PRESS SPECIAL!

It is officially announced that the Italians have taken Cascara Sagrada. Informed sources doubt there ability to hold it. The strain on the Italian rear is tremendous, and troops are evacuating all along the line.

The Italians did their utmost to suppress this report, but it slipped out in spite of all precautions, and British Correspondents got wind of it.

The Italians are now regretting their hasty action, and realise that a "scrap of paper" is often of definite military significance.

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END OF VOLUME ONE.

Edited by John Dory, printed and published at the Neptune Press by Pte Davy Jones  
 For Units of 3rd Echelon, 2 N Z E F.

Have you heard Mr Chapman's lecture on the evils of the yeast? - He's been a round.

Money values in India - 14 rupees are equal to £1:1:0 English currency.

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