

" 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 !

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.

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.

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