

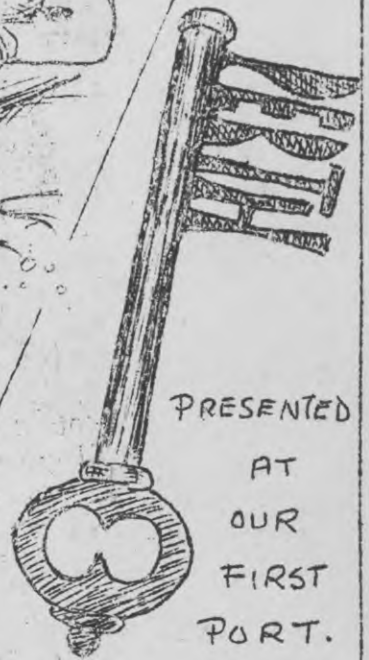
WILL YOU A PAGE OF
FAREWELL

REMEMBER-



"I'M NOT EXACTLY SICK
BUT I'D HATE TO YAWN—"

FIRST
SMELL OF
THE EAST.



PRESENTED
AT
OUR
FIRST
PORT.



"GOTT IN HIMMEL, MUSS,
—WE'VE BEEN
FOILED AGAIN!"



"AT LAST THE 3RD ECHELON IS PURE!"



A L O H A

Known to most as "SERIAL WAVES" to others by another name, this newspaper bids adieu to readers. John Dory is loathe to leave you, but time waits for no man. We have cast a few pearls and hashed up a lot of tripe, but we have tried to interest and entertain you.

The success of Vol 11 has been due to the same team of willing workers, together with the sketch artist Eric Hammer, Ship Wireless Operator. "Mo No 7" and Pte W D Williams are new contributors whose efforts have added interest to our pages. Cpl Lloyd is the racy sports reporter who has kept us au fait with the sports results.

We would like to thank our readers, whose pennies have made the publication possible.

John Dory is pleased to issue Vol 11 No 7 gratis to old customers and those scroungers who managed to bag a copy tonight.

We must thank the O C troops for the assistance and kind encouragement meted out from time to time to the staff of "SERIAL WAVES".

Having handed out these bouquets, we sign off, feeling smooth in our conscience and happy with our memories. Vive L'Impératrice !

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WATER RITUAL REGRETS

Yes Captain - it is a good idea to inspect the door guard on your way home - you've certainly had a lot of publicity.

The S S M was once a bottleman of class - virtue triumphant - it now takes two Mess Orderlies to lead him astray.

Now that the rains are over, the Ship's Adjutant is quite content with his own BATH.

We know now why the Israelites felt dry when they crossed the Red Sea.

Clark Gable, 19 A T, has a happy suggestion - Gin & Andrews - pass me the swizzle stich, please.

Thank you, Captain Brown, for the loan of Wickes Mulligan & Co - the Caxton boys.

Yes we are pleased that the Border Regiment and the Royal Fusiliers had no hand in the rape and the loot attributed by history to the low and vicious soldiery - sans peur et sans rapproche.

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THANKS AGAIN

Once more may we remind our readers that the production of "SERIAL WAVES" was in the first instance made possible by the generous action of the Auckland Metropolitan Patriotic Committee in presenting the Duplicator and other plant and materials required. Special thanks are due to Mr. J.A.C. Allum, Chairman of the Committee.

Be in the fashion - Remove those superfluous HAIRS. - ROLLS Razors Ltd.
----- (Advt) -----

There was a young monk of B..B.. who was smuggled aboard one day;
He had no pass, so in quarters first class he whiled his hours away.

Four walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage -
A length of string, a bit of chain, could not this cheeky monk detain.

The 17th Company, down in D 3, were throwing out doubts on the family tree
Down came an Officer brave and bold-"After that monk,now do as you're told."

"Where is that monk?" was the question asked-Before it was answered,the buzzard
flew past.

Hot on his trail was Champion Bourne, but the monkey's tail was lifted in
scorn.

But even this monk, so agile and gay was like the dog who'd had his day-
Captured at last, flag at half mast,he provided the Mess with its mid-day
repast.

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CONCERT

REVIEW

Last Monday's concert by the Ship's party was by far its best. Whether
due to a very welcome change in temperature (Not, alas, maintained) or to
the endless stream of nurses who filed in, I don't know, but every artist
was at his best, and the whole show went across with a bang.

Needless to say, Jack Lockhart again dazzled his audience with loads
of jokes & witticisms, & was recalled time after time. The two saxophone
players, Hugh Bolton & Joe Bell, played solos & duets & proved as popular
as ever. Tony Rex & Norm Leaf sang solos & choruses with the Orchestra.
As usual, Tony Rex delighted his hearers. Norm Leaf sang better than ever,
& undoubtedly has a most promising baritone voice. Incidentally, this was
his 21st birthday, & he was presented with a small gift by Major Trevor-Smith
on behalf of permanent members of the Ship's Concert Party. Good luck, Son.

The Orchestra was again in very good form and played several numbers,
the pick being "Goodbye Hawaii". Keith Cohen made a very good job of "Song
of India" on the violin, & Dr. Caughey had the crowd in fits with his
verses on t(r)opical events. Sister Dewar again delighted everyone with
items on the pipes, & Kay Walker, with his first cousin to Charlie Me Carthy
proved very popular.

Community singing, led by the Orchestra, brought a most enjoyable even-
ing to a conclusion. The following night, thanks to the ingenuity of Sjt
Buckworth, who had somehow smuggled down a piano, a Concert was also given
to some of our hospital patients, and was very much appreciated

A HAIR-RAISING EPISODE

We have heard the cry of sea birds
From New Zealand toay,
We have heard the cry of beggars
As we wandered on our way.

We have seen the old sea changing
From deep blue to dirty green,
People, from white,
Until at night they can't be seen.

We have seen many changes -
But the greatest yet, has been
The hair upon the upper lips -
Thanks to MASSAGENE.

Several of the troops have celebrated birthdays on board, and at ports en
route. To these, one and all, we say - Many happy returns.

Edited by John Dory, and printed (for the last time) by Pte Davy Jones, at
the Neptune Press, for Units of 3rd Echelon, 2 N Z E F.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE

This is the final edition of "SERIAL WAVES". During the next few days we will miss it. It has faithfully recorded our doings and has provided many a topic of conversation and interest.

The last few numbers have been better than ever. Present conditions must suit the staff and contributors - I note it is just two days since we passed through the "Gates of Hell" !

The fact that certain members of the Ship's Company are now playing a large part in the production of the paper is typical of the excellent spirit of co-operation which has existed throughout the voyage between the "sailors" and soldiers on board. We will leave this Ship with very many and very real regrets.

I thank all who have worked so hard to make the paper the success which it has undoubtedly been. They are now able to cease work and will, I trust, experience that thrill of satisfaction which comes with the successful conclusion of a difficult venture.

(Sgd) C. SHUTTLEWORTH, N Z S C
O C TROOPS, H M N Z T 12.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

REPORT OF BATTALION ORDERLY OFFICER

- 0630 hrs Had another quickie before I reported to the Adjutant. Reached the Adjutant's cabin and remembered he was still going strong at the bar.
- 0700 hrs Personally supervised the toasting of the bread for the men.
- 0730 hrs Supervised the messing arrangements. Messed with the men and thoroughly enjoyed the porridge.
- 0800 hrs Went to my room to recuperate.
- 1130 hrs Felt strong enough to return to the Orderly Room. Returned the missing Meccano set to the Engineers.
- 1200 hrs Supervised the messing arrangements and again messed with the men. The Consommé Karot was delicious, the Roast Ewe sans Red Currant Jelly avec Pomme de terre bouillé was exquisite and the potage de Sago - scrumptious.
- 1300 hrs Went to sleep in the Orderly Room.
- 1700 hrs The Orderly Sjt woke me up to supervise the mess, which I did. I did not mess with the men as an old complaint of gout was starting to recur. The men complained that they had been served with strawberry ice-cream two nights in succession.
- 1900 hrs Opened the Canteen (Wet). The Sjt shouted - I shouted - he shouted - I shouted.....
- 1920 hrs Assisted by Ptes Ryan & White, succeeded in quelling minor disturbance at the Canteen. I shouted them.....
- 1930 hrs Sneaked off for a snifter.
- 2035 hrs Found myself in the Orderly Room.
- 2200 hrs Woke up and inspected the lines - all quiet -- and so to bed.

46th Feb 49.
H M N Z T No 12
At Sea.

(Sgd) W. C. Unclean, 2/Lieut.
Bn 0 0 46 Feb 49.

Manukau isn't muddy. Aucklanders thought it was until they reached this far-off harbour and propellers disturbed a porridge-of Rotorua-like consistency. Inglorious foreground to a fascinating Asiatic picture skylined on misty haze, as crude dhows make homeward under sunlit lateen sails; quaint craft rigged in the primitive manner of Biblical days. In a New Zealander's eyes, strange indeed are the evidences of ancient civilisation, little changed through centuries. Customs & modes of days gone by continue, uninfluenced by progressiveness alongside. Sharp contrasts occur in all phases of life in this mystic land. British enterprise has established Westernism alongside deeprooted habits of living, hallowed by age if by nothing else. European & dark peoples blend interests in commerce & in industry.

Renowned for his fearlessness & his endurance, the soldier of this land enjoys universal fame, & we admire the bearing of these warriors in their distinctive dress. Civic & Government Servants wear a diversity of uniforms, perhaps the most picturesque being that of the metropolitan policeman, who is a colourful figure in blue and yellow.

An engraved brass plate brightly proclaims the wearer's employment, & also advertises his firm. Possession of an umbrella denotes prosperity. The women of the country are notably beautiful in their traditional saris of delicate pastel tints, draping gracefully, exquisitely embroidered. Sometimes veiled, they walk with faultless deportment.

Adherents of various faiths practise their rites in glorious temples, sanctuaries for devout worship in which infidels may not tread. Aesthetically, these temples are remarkable for their intricate designs. From gardens of indigenous trees, palms and hedges, they rise as monuments to past centuries. We noted also the construction of new buildings, and the amount of human labour involved. In moving concrete from the mixer, to which the materials had been fetched by man-power, or in ox-drawn carts, women and men ran with dishes on their heads to the chain of workers on the scaffolding, who in turn passed the concrete to the top, while children returned the empty pans groundwards. Slowly, another business house was evolving, to take its place in the big city, while in the shadows, beneath the elaborate grandeur, the masses exist in crowded millions, earning a precarious livelihood at occupations typical of this country.

Our brief visit proved most interesting, and provided an enlightening insight into the complicated life of a mysterious land, and a glimpse of the profound faiths that endure the ages.

DONTS AND DOS FOR DIGGERS - BY THE DOC.

DONT go out in sun without a hat - and DONT sunbathe. DONT get overtired. Dont neglect your feet. Dont buy fruit, ice-cream or drink from Natives. DONT be a FOOL - AVOID V D. DONT drink water, however thirsty you may be, unless certain it is O K.

REMEMBER TO - Wash daily - neck, crutch, feet, armpits. WASH HANDS before meals, & after using latrines. Wash underclothes twice a week - sox oftener. Bath at least once a week, brush teeth daily. FLIES CARRY DISEASE.

"THE WASHED NECK, LIKE THE WATCHED POT - NEVER BOILS.

NEWS

The Canadian armed merchant cruiser "Prince Robert" has captured a German Raider in the Pacific off the coast of Mexico. BRAVO CANADA - but we are not surprised after our own experience of Canadian sailors.

All our planes returned safely from extensive raids over Germany and the Channel ports last night. Polish air-crews co-operated in attacks on Ostend.

Britain has increased her export figures during the first part of September, and has lost, in the period, only 2½ % of the total tonnage involved.

Since the "Battle of London" commenced, Polish planes of the "Kosciuszko" squadron had so far destroyed 73 German planes, said Gen Sikorski, broadcasting to Poland. "London gives impressive proofs of courage, self control & determination, he added. Very soon the R A F will obtain air superiority."

TRADITION IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

One of the first things taught to a recruit in the British Army is the history of his own particular Regiment. The purpose is plain. Just as a civilian takes a pride in the achievements of his own local football team so is the soldier taught 'esprit de corps' and 'pride of regiment'.

The regimental spirit is fostered and I have known of many 'ding-dong' battles both wordy and otherwise which have arisen from this rivalry between men of different units. Every true British Soldier thinks his own Regiment is the finest and best in the whole British Army and will not hear it spoken of lightly - God help the man who does so in his hearing.

The Regiment to which I have the honour to belong, "The Border Regiment", was formed in 1702 and was known as the 34th of Foot until 1881 when regts. were given names according to the Counties and districts from which they were recruited.

This regiment has fought in many campaigns in every part of the world - the Peninsular War - the war with America - in China - India - South Africa - and in the Low Countries. Its battle honours are numerous and include - Fontenoy, Arroyo dos Molinos, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastapol, Lucknow, Relief of Ladysmith, etc, and of course many others gained during the Great War of 1914 - 1918 when the number of battalions rose to fourteen. Normally there are four battalions - the 1st and 2nd are Regular Bns. and the 4th and 5th are Territorial Bns.

The word "China" (and the Dragon) on our buttons originates from a Chinese Standard captured by a subaltern during the war with China in 1841. This standard is "laid up" in the parish church of Kendal, Westmoreland. The laurel wreath incorporated in our badge was given to commemorate Fontenoy when the regt. acted as rearguard to the withdrawal of the British Force. At the battle of Arroyo dos Molinos the 34th captured over 1000 prisoners including the 34th French Regt. complete with Drum Major, Drums and Staff. This is commemorated every year on 28th Oct. when the Colours are trooped and drummer boys take part dressed in the uniform of the period.

The 34th came out of the battle wearing in their shakos, red and white 'pom-poms' of the 34th French Regt. and to this day behind our badge we wear a small piece of red and white cloth to commemorate this victory.

One of our regimental customs is that we drink the Loyal Toast in mess, sitting; a privilege granted to us by one of the kings when travelling with the regt. on one of the old wooden ships. When the officers rose to toast the King an officer's head came into contact with the wooden rafters or beams and the King graciously gave permission for the toast to be honoured without rising. At one time the Regt. was attached to the Navy and to this day we wear the two "snotty" buttons on the cuff of our patrol jackets, similar to those worn by the midshipmen of the Royal Navy.

The Regimental march is that well-known Cumberland song "John Peel" - a tune known all over the world. Of course John Peel was born and lived all his life in Caldbeck in the County of Cumberland.

From the foregoing the reader will gather a slight idea of the customs and traditions behind my Regiment. Similar traditions are treasured by most other British Regts. and are most jealously guarded.

To the men of the 24 Auck Bn. I would say "You too have behind you the glorious traditions built up by your fathers and relatives 25 years ago in the Great War. When will the word "Anzac" ever be forgotten while the British tongue is spoken? See to it that you too carry on these traditions in the war we are waging today. From what I have seen of you, they are in worthy hands.

In conclusion, may I wish you "God Speed", and good luck, and may the day be not far distant when you will return to little old New Zealand, and the old folks at home.

The above article was written specially for "SERIAL WAVES" by Major Christopher, of the Border Regiment. We much appreciate his action.

THAT WILL BE THE DAY

Come lads, join the Army, it will fill your hearts with pride
When you and all your cobbers are marching side by side -
You'll wear a tailored uniform, and hear the people say
"By cripes, don't he look swell" - That will be the day.

You'll get the best of tucker regardless of the cost
With tons of pie and lots of cream and pork with apple sauce;
There won't be anything to do, and if you stay away,
They'll treat you like a hero - That will be the day.

There'll be fun and games for everyone and nothing else to do
With no fatigues or such like, and no such word as stew,
And if, as sometimes happens, you have done in all your pay
They'll give you pints of buckshee beer - That will be the day.

There'll be nice clean sheets to sleep in and a nurse to tuck you in,
And if you're feeling seedy, they'll put you right with gin
They'll make you feel so cosy and life will be so gay
It will make you feel that you're at home - That will be the day.

And when the Serjeant Major starts to tell you what to wear,
You answer in a lofty tone, "Oh, rub it in your hair" -
And then he'll beg your pardon and say "Right, boy, she's O K",
And ask you to forget it - That will be the day.

There won't be any B..... mats (the things they put you on)
The Officers will all be sports and life will be a song;
And when you want to gamble, the trump will come and play
And "do" his Oscar with a smile - She's tight, boy, she's O K.

And when the war is over, you won't need any jobs -
You'll get a big fat pension, and live like ruddy nobbs:
You'll get anything you ask for, and none will say you nay,
And life will be just lovely - That will be the day!

XXX XXX XXX XXX

MORE MOUTHINGS BY MO No 7

It seems easy to hire a boat in B..B.. - even one the size of our water boat.

We always did suspect that when water trouble set in something would go wrong with the beer.

Well, well, so if our arithmetic is bad, we can call 100 piastres £1.
And if 10 equal 2/4 and 20 equal 4/2, it must be Damn Bad!

Who was the wicked person who talked so convincingly to the Police Cpl about going round the convoy in the launch to make sure blackout regulations were being complied with, that the latter bet 10/- on it - And lost.

Even if our fresh water does run out, our tame seal should manage on salt - O K ?

MORE ANSWERS

(Sjt) - In your case we would recommend the following for a headache. Take a bucket of ice water, slightly warmed. Completely immerse your head 3 times, & withdraw it twice. We hope you will try this course.

(13th, 16th) - The Captain assures us the ship is not haunted, though it is suspected that there are some Chinese spirits aboard. Perhaps they were your trouble.

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