

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.