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sitting-room was the dining room when it was not in use for the three sittings at meal-times, or preparations for them. It was quite small, and not air-conditioned; and used to get very hot at night-time with five or six bridge tables and a fairly large poker school—all the men smoking cigars and all the women cigarettes (except me), and a very strict blackout stopping any air from outside. Sometimes there would be moving pictures down in our hold, outside our dormitory. Everybody went, of course, and we sat on the floor. We had to show the picture to relays of men, in afternoons and evenings; there were far too many of them for one showing. We had church services there, too. The chaplain was American, and an excellent man, and the services on Sunday morning were very well attended. He had a little field-service altar table which could be used for Catholics or Protestants by reversing the top part. He was the only chaplain on board, and was the friend of every one of the men.

Moments of Excitement

Twice there was a ripple of excitement that a ship had been sighted—but each time it turned out to be "one of ours." The last two days we ran into a real storm. The ship had very little ballast, and she rolled and pitched and tossed and danced all at once. The meal times must have been nightmares for the stewards, for over and over again everything on the tables would crash to the floor, yet they reset them even with jugs of milk, bottles of sauce and everything. The old negro waiter at my table felt shaky and nervous, and turned a queer colour. One evening, after 10 minutes of exceptionally rough tossing when anyone could have been excused for feeling a bit anxious, the sea seemed to quieten for a bit, as it does sometimes. I said to him, "Why, Terry, it is getting better, I think," and the old darky, rolling his eyes till they seemed all whites and no colour, replied, "Mis' Daisy, when Jesus Christ was on dis earth, He said one day to the storm, 'Peace, be still' — and I guess maybe He's sayin' it now." Later in the night, when the storm got worse, I thought of the simple faith of that old coloured man.

The sea was still very rough as we passed through the Golden Gate at sunset next day. I shall never forget the beauty of that evening—the clouds all rolled back, the rich colours of the sunset, the big green hills behind the lovely harbour, and the feeling of security now that we had arrived safely.

Everybody crowded the decks, thrilled to pass under the wonderful Golden Gate Bridge—it always looks as though the mast *must* knock against it, until you really do pass under it, with room to spare. Loud groans from the troops greeted the nonchalant announcement through the loudspeaker—"Now you can all take it easy, because nobody's goin' ashore to-night." So we had to content ourselves with the lovely sight of the brilliantly-lighted city of San Francisco, the long Oakland Bridge, with trains passing along its lower deck like lighted snakes, and losing themselves in the tunnel; and the beautiful, graceful sweep of the Golden Gate Bridge across the harbour; and then away to bed, to dream of to-morrow's new adventure.

(To be continued)

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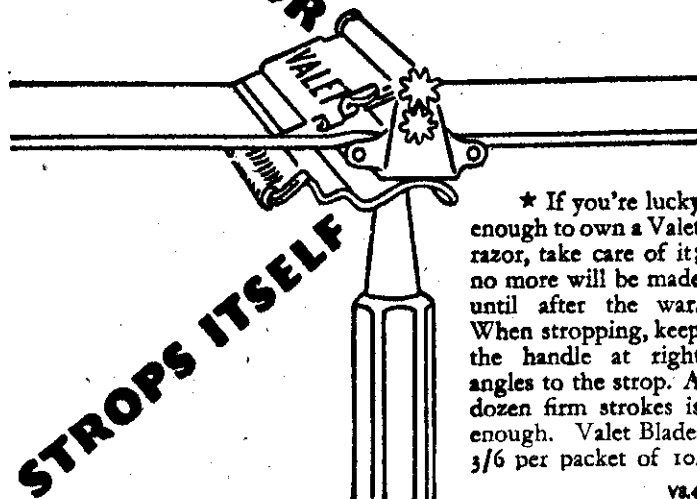
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