

## TROOPSHIP

By---  
J. N. A.

Trav'lin' in a convoy,  
 Nothin' much to do;  
 Drinkin' boilin' coffee,  
 Eatin' Irish stew;  
 Gamblin' on the foredeck,  
 Losin' all our dough;  
 Sleepin' in a hammock  
 Sev'ral decks below.  
 Wand'rin' round the blinkin'  
     ship  
 Givin' mates a cheer;  
 Gathrin' round the beer flat  
 To get a bit o' beer.  
 Fallin' in for boat drill --  
 What a bleedin' rush!  
 Scrubbin' down the dirty deck,  
 Throwin' over slush.  
 Boxin' on the sports deck --  
 Flyin' blood and gore;  
 Sendin' back mess orderlies  
 With loud demands for more.  
 Watchin' seasick coppers  
 Rushin' to the side;  
 Standin' watch at night time,  
 Singin' loud and wide.  
 Hangin' up our hammocks  
 Ev'ry night at eight;  
 Wakin' up at crack o' dawn  
 Wond'rin' if we're late.  
 Washin' dirty clothing,  
 Hangin' it out to dry.  
 Leanin' on the taffrail,  
 Watchin' the sea go by.  
 Rushin' to the bathroom  
 To get an early shave;  
 Standin' in a darn' long queue  
 To have a salt sea bathe.  
 But though we snarl at others  
 And hang around the deck,  
 There's somethin' in this flamin'  
     life  
 We wouldn't miss -- by heck !

STUDY IN STILL LIFE.....By B.W.  
 Hornpipe Harry Hodgson "ditdahs"  
     himself to sleep.

## THE ROPED SQUARE

(By "JUDGE")

Let us help you to become a sideline judge at the next boxing bouts held aboard ship, so that you may be able to appreciate a "fair decision."

A man gets marks in attack with direct, clean hits on his opponent's face or body - on the front and sides, and above the belt. In defence he scores for good guard, slipping, ducking, counter-hitting or getting away cleanly. In the case of equal points, the judge gives the benefit of the doubt to the man who took the initiative - the aggressor - or, failing that, to the man who displayed the most scientific style.

In my opinion the marks of a good boxer are: Fitness, use of the straight left, good cover in defence and determination, or "go to win."

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Sirs:- We have gratifying evidence of an uplifting cultural movement in our midst:- the Galley Flat Philharmonic Society is now already in full swing. Signor C. Smith's rendition of "The Black," by Chopin, and Estall's "Serenade" are in great demand. Another popular classical number is Beerdeck Bill's "Who's That Noggin at My Door?" while even at Reveille may be heard sweet strains from the "Scraping Scene" (Gillette).

PHIL.

