

"FISH TALE"

If we know the Bible stories
As undoubtedly we do,
The history of Jonah is not
Entirely new.
But some of us have asked
As we've listened to this tale
What was the final fate
Of Jonah's friend the whale.

But now at last we know.
No more will soldiers wonder.
The whale that carried Jonah
Is another Army blunder,
A Quartermaster bought it,
As cheap as cheap can be,
And now it's served on troopships
That sail across the sea.

When as kids we heard this story,
Our mouths would open wide.
What a whale it must have been,
For a man to live inside.
But now we've seen the quantity
Of food from off this whale
We imagine Jonah moved with ease
From its gullet to its tail.

At the moment we are living
On the meat from off this fish
Although we all agree that it's,
A most unsavoury dish.
But though we're always growling
And moaning all day through,
We think we're jolly lucky
There was only one—not TWO!

A.McN.C.

A contributor writes :

The grim resolve of certain Kiwis to become at least tri-lingual and to make themselves understood at any time, anywhere and at any price is illustrated by the following remark, overheard at supper :—

"Sa eda wallah, homai te fromage subito, per favore, ehoa!"

GAME-WEARY

Bridge and pontoon, euchre, crib,
Housie, Bingo, draughts *ad lib.*,
Poker, two-up, picking horses,
Old maid and noughts and crosses ;
Crown and anchor, slippery Sam
(Neither of 'em worth a damn),
Dominoes and quoits and chess,
On the deck and in the mess ;
Unless they think of something new,
I think I'll have to take this view :
All that's left for little me,
Is hours of Maori-type p.t.

—O.W.W.

"TRANSPORT 82"

We came on board quite at our best,
though feeling rather blue ;
and we eyed you with suspicion—
old transport 82.

Our quarters they were hot and cramped,
and cabins all too few,
and our impression wasn't good—
of transport 82.

Fish for breakfast, fish for tea,
oh !, how we cried for stew,
the air was filled with curses strong—
at transport 82.

As time passed by we settled down,
the moans, they were but few ;
for everything turned out O. K.—
on transport 82.

Then came the storm which hours on end,
hid skies of azure blue ;
but you kept your course, so straight and true,—
you transport 82.

And from then on the boys all knew,
the things that you could do,
and we all grew to respect you—
friend transport 82.

When time has come to say farewell,
and again we're feeling blue,
you'll have done your job—we'll be proud of you
—*old transport 82.*

R.N.