

# SERIAL WAVES

BEING SMOKE AND SEA SPRAY  
FROM

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Vol 2 No 3

Monday September 23rd 1940

Price 1d

## THE TIMES WE LIVE IN

We read the wireless news & we hear a lot of rumours, but on ship here we often feel that the war is a long way off. At our last port of call we read the local newspapers but we're still wondering what's going on.

John Bull seems to be doing very well - surpassing the expectations of American defeatist foreign affairsmen. Col. Knox, U S Secretary of War, gives us better than a 50/50 chance now - nice of him - & Senator Key Pittman, Chairman U S Foreign Affairs Committee seems to be silent for a change.

Our Air Force must be knocking hell out of Germany & German occupied territories are definitely unhealthy. Of course England is not going unscathed. There is much material damage, but, thanks to Home Secretary Anderson's efficient A R P, loss of life is comparatively low. Slowly but surely we are winning the air war. The key to the situation seems to rest with the fighter command. With the assistance of U S supplies it is growing stronger daily & if it can keep the invader at bay until winter sets in the threat of invasion must be removed.

Perhaps the most heartening news comes from our own 5th column - the Vichy Govt. in France is losing its grip - Gen Weygand has slipped off to N Africa & for some reason the Navy allowed French troops & naval escort to pass Gibraltar. This underground war is being waged furiously and we seem to be winning it. Again, Italy & Germany are hesitating in the Balkans - Why? We can only wait, watch, & do our part when the time comes.

Don't worry, she's tight!

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Of all the minor profits of the oceanic trade  
The steward's share is oftentimes the lion's;  
He moves men's hearts with tinkling glass, containing - lemonade -  
As trees were moved by music of Amphion's.  
For Amos' sake this song is made -  
May his purse grow yet fuller -  
A bully boy - it would annoy,  
Perhaps, if we said "buller".  
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## SPORTS

## SHORTS

We saw some excellent pillow fighters on Saturday afternoon, & some good finals were witnessed. What a man will do for a packet of "fags" - some of them took some really hard punishment. It is a pity the event was not held over the swimming bath.

The H/wt Championship of the boat between Sjt Rhodes, our portly Provost & Cpl Coverdale, the measly medico, was by far one of the best bouts of the day. Cpl C had some difficulty in mounting the pole, & at one time we thought he was going to ride side saddle. After sparring around for an opening, C smote R a lucky one, & was adjudged the winner amid great applause.

Coverdale in his next bout met Capt Caughey of the Medical Corps & again got the decision, Capt C just beating him to the mat by inches.

Capt Forder fought well to get the decision from Capt Lange, another medico, who, we are afraid, was handicapped by having to remove his glasses, the trouble being that he could see two of Capt F & always hit the wrong one.

After watching the display put up by most of the competitors, we are convinced that the Darwinian theory stands unchallenged.

Altogether, there were 128 entries & 124 bouts, so it was a good afternoon's work, seeing we had a boat drill & a practice A/A warning to put up with. Winners were - Breech, Warman, Tinkler, Quigg.

(For more Sports Shorts, see page 3)

## WATER RITUAL RELAXES

Some English Officers had an evacuation at Dunkirk - We can do better than that.

Certain subalterns with their Gymkhana Club friend got pukka near pickled.

Cable news from Egypt makes us feel very Sollum.

All this changing of course is Aden the convoy to avoid the enemy.

We hear the Army Service Corpse woke up on Saturday Night - Shades of Hades!

## EROS BEFOULED

I wandered into the Mental Hospital, or rather a hothouse with "Mental Ward" over the door.

There were the poor fellows - some had great lumps under their chins - their eyes were leaden - their faces puffed, & their bellies very bare. One poor fellow was holding great lumps of flesh. He had a pitiful tale. He was the victim of vindictive malice.

This was the tale. He was a serjeant - a serjeant among serjeants - one who roused the envy of his fellows - a Spurious Lartius amongst many false Sexti.

One bright tropical day when the sun was at its zenith and flying fish were spouting in the lacelike spray of deep blue sea, this poor innocent was lured into the swimming pool.

He stood on the slippery verge & plunged - deep & long into the cool scum of the pool. Like attendants at Hades goat riding, his embryo tormentors lined up on the four sides of the pool. The lithe body shot through the green ooze - then up, like a spirit seeking the sublime, it rose.

Splash ! A dozen hate-ridden devils flung themselves upon him. They kicked him where it hurt.

They took the poor boy to the hospital, & there he lay, holding his mumps.

At least, that is his story.

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## THE 19th ARMY TROOPS COY

(Words & music by Sjt H Jacks)

The 19th Army Troops Coy  
Goes on into the fight,  
The 19th Army Troops Coy  
Goes on for what is right

(Chorus) We are the boys from far away  
New Zealand's happy shore,  
And always cheerful always gay  
We'll do what was done before.

New Zealand Engineers we are  
And soldiers true and brave,  
Sent by our folk so dear and far  
O'er ocean and its waves.

And Hitler and his evil gang  
We'll send deep into hell,  
And Goering, Goebels, high we'll hang  
With Himmler there as well.

Who was the marksman who neatly threw a basket of tins down the funnel of the water boat? And who, with a bit of string with a can on the end hooked onto the water boat's whistle, & tried to knock out a tune?

Squadron Leader Bader receives the D S O. This officer lost both legs in a crash before the war, but, notwithstanding this mishap, he passed a test with such distinction that he now leads a Canadian Squadron. This squadron recently fought over 70 German planes & brought down 14 without a single British loss.

Proof that German soldiers are fighting with Italians is supplied by a German statement that these men will be allowed the same privileges as men serving with the German regular army.

Czech soldiers have subscribed £300 to the Mayor of Chester's plane fund

Residents of Edmonton, Canada, have asked to be allowed to subscribe to Edmonton Mth. (London) "Spitfire" fund. It is anticipated that Edmonton (Kentucky) & Edmonton (Australia) will also join in.

The R A F also again raided Germany & the Channel ports.

#### SEPTEMBER 23

The R A F continued its attacks on enemy invasion bases in the Channel, attacked Flushing, & concentrations of light draught vessels & barges at Rotterdam & other ports. Enemy supply ships at sea were also successfully bombed.

Arrangements are proceeding actively for the re-housing of all London residents made homeless by enemy bombing.

The British Govt has been informed that India can, after meeting present steel demands from the Middle East, Iraq, & Uganda, provide a balance of light steel products of 10,000 tons per month, also a further 10,000 tons of scrap per month, for the next 12 months. Arrangements have been completed to supply 300,000 tons of pig & foundry iron to the British Govt. at the rate of 50,000 tons monthly.

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#### FURTHER SPORTS RESULTS

In the Tunnel Relay some Coys were in the fortunate position of fielding two teams, & the final was fought off with A Coy & B Coy of the 24th, the flag falling to B Coy.

This Coy has made quite a name for itself in all sports on board, & we must give them a big hand.

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LOST - £ 3:10:0, in 10/- notes, wages of sick men, finder please return to Mr Hunter, Y M C A.  
£ 1:0:0, (Note) - between Palm Court Lounge & Y M C A.  
Finder please return to Spr Vaughan, 13 Rly C Coy.

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SAY GOODBYE TO OLD NEW ZEALAND

(Reproduced in "Serial Waves" by special permission of the author)

There's a sound of War's alarms,  
Force has once more challenged right,  
There's a call again to arms -  
Anzacs, we must fight.

(Chorus) - Say goodbye to old New Zealand

'Cos we're off to a far off clime,  
Say goodbye to all our sweethearts,  
For we may be gone a good long time;  
We're going to fight - fight for freedom  
And the land that gave us birth  
And we will ne'er forget New Zealand,  
The dearest little spot on earth.

Goodbye, land of bush & fern,  
Loyal to our flag and King,  
For you we will ever yearn,  
Lift your voice and sing. (Chorus)  
(by Harry Walker- C/rt.)

1 Edited by John Dory, ptd & pub by  
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