

To-day is our tenth day on the bosom of the mighty deep, and with the exception of a distant view of the CANARY ISLANDS no other land has been sighted. For the first five days we had a calm sea and a stern wind and our old packet (beg pardon Captain Armitage) bowled along at a great rate, the log one day registering 349 knots. As we neared the Equator the weather changed and on the afternoon of the 10th, we bumped a bit of a monsoon but this blew itself out in a couple of hours. Each day was increasingly hot, but a strong head wind followed the squall and somewhat cooled the atmosphere. Our troopship is excellently fitted up and the "tucker" wellcooked and good. Military discipline is to a great extent relaxed and after the morning parade we are free to do as we please. The Y.M.C.A. provides the troops with a library and the canteen with luxuries. There are educational classes on a score or more subjects and these and deck sports fill in the long hours of the day. We have to thank the Quota Orchestra and the Divisional Concert Party for some very pleasant evenings. Take it from me there is nothing like a bit of music to help gladden the heart. The mere fact of being homeward bound should be sufficient to fill our hearts with joy, and if there's any Digger with "the skanks" -- well he may as well join the porpoises, the "Quack" cannot cure him.

Each night we dance, at least some of us do, the others try. On the morning of the 12th, July we crossed the line and that evening those on board celebrated the event by holding a Fancy Dress Jazz. The promenade deck was alive with gay colours and here let me whisper that the dances were not all buck sets for we have with us ten of the sweetest, dinkiest, 'ikkle Sisters you ever saw. Oh, la la!!!

Now I've to hand this over to the tender care of "Lamps" the typist. Speaking of "Lamps" reminds me that the lamp trimmer on this ship is a bearded nig, but we cannot compree his "lingo" so don't know if his name should be placed in the same column as that of the famous exponent of growling "Lamps A8."

Well "olive oil" old thing,

Yours to the bitter end,

"PODGE."

P.S. Be a dear and post the enclosed to my tailors. No, it's not a cheque, merely measurements for my first civie suit, and tell the blighter to shake a leg.

CHATS AND CHUCKLES.

A Fritz prisoner enters the Sgts' Hut of No. 44 Quota at Le Havre holding up a ring for sale:--
Sgt. Stubbs (25):-- Combien?
Fritz Prisoner. :- Quatre franc.
Sgt. Stubbs. :- No, you be ----
I'll give you five francs.
(The deal clinched.)

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A confab on the Lobbes tram between a Digger and Gnr. "Tiny" Anderson (26) discussing "furfples."
The Dig:- Look Tiny, do not believe all that you are told.
Tiny:- No; I believe nothing that I hear and only half that I see. (Evidently Tiny cannot believe his own eyes.)

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Was it the roar of London's traffic or the lions in Trafalgar Square that Captain Colquhoun (26) heard one morning whilst on leave?

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"The Haversack Brought to My Room" is the title of the dramatic story by Gnr. "Snow" Morgan (25.)

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"It was the Vicar's daughter, not the servant," sayeth Lt. Warren Hogarth.

B. COY'S SPORTS.

"B" Coy. is composed of 7th. & 8th. F.A. Brigades and naturally the rivalry was razor edged.
POTATO RACE.....Bdr. Maidment.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN..Jenkins & Turner.
MUSICAL CHAIRS...Jones & Davies (108)
ELEPHANT RACE....Pierman, Matthews & Jobson. (29)
EGG & SPOON RACE.....Jenkins. (25)
CHASING BELLMAN.....Moroney. (HQ)
PILLOW FIGHT.....Duckworth. (26)
OBSTACLE RACE.....Maidment. (29)
TUG of WAR.....26 Battery.
Lt. Hogarth, Cpl. Whiting,
Bdrs. Bell, Williams & Rohu,
Gnrs. Hayward, Parker, Dahl.

PROFESSIONS.

Brass Wedding Rings Polished.
Gnr. Norm Hayward (26)
Bottles and Fruit Tins Bought.
Gnr. Bill Phillips (107)

FOUND.

A Monocle with cord attached on the hurricane deck.
(Now then what Aussie? owned it)