

2-148800

THE MAILS GO THROUGH.

Ahoy there my hearties, the postman's here. Red letter day in the Navy brings a sling full of mail bags, to the lads who have been waiting weeks for a letter from the old woman (or the young one). And there they go, transferred from one warship to another in mid-ocean. A precious cargo of news from home. Pages and pages all ending with more or less the same words - - - "don't worry about us - but do take care of yourself." It's the happiest day he's had ~~for~~ "On His Majesty's Service.

O. H. M. S.