

colder. I have a regular routine of feelings for a middle watch, somewhat as per this:—

- 12- 0 midnight.—Arrive on deck sleepy and feeling ready for another two days' sleep. Brain refuses to work when taking over the watch. Hate the officer of the first watch (8 p.m. to 12) with an awful hate. He wishes you good-night. You wish him further, but don't say so.
- 12-15 a.m.—Fully awake, due to an ingenious natural shower bath caused by wind, rain, sea, and speed of ship. Mental hate of ship constructors in general and senior officers' T.B.D.'s for excessive speed.
- 12-30 a.m.—What little moon there is goes behind a huge cloud. Hate moon. Hate next ahead for not showing herself more.
- 12-45 a.m.—Manage to light pipe. (Casualties, one pouch overboard, ten matches, and a few weird oaths.)
- 1- 0 a.m.—Muffler wet through. Water starts trickling down neck. Ugh! Feet cold. Stamp up and down bridge. Shouts from Captain in chart-house to stop that ? row. (Apologise through voice pipe.
- 1-15 a.m.—Starboard look-out (*spirituoso intenso*): "Light on the starboard bow, sir." Look on starboard bow and see Sirius, our one and only dog star shining brightly. Period of silent hate of starboard look-out.
- 1-30 a.m.—Cocoa. Everything is rosy, even the signal-man treading on your cold feet.
- 2-0—3-0 a.m.—Very cold. Narrowly escape collision about fifty times roughly.
- 3-15 a.m.—Serious thoughts on suicide as a quick transit to a warmer life.
- 3-45 a.m.—Have relief called.
- 4- 0 a.m.—Officer of morning watch ascends bridge-ladder with an air of going to a funeral. Slap him on the back. Tell him everything in the garden is lovely, and dash down ladder before he can hurt you with his sea boots.

Of course it isn't always wet on the bridge, but it is when there is any sea on at all.