

"We'll land in twenty minutes," he replied.

I scrambled into my clothes and went up into the control cockpit, where I found Pank. The daylight was just beginning to creep over the water.

"On time to the minute," said the Skipper.

"There's the Statue of Liberty," I cried.

And then Pank: "Quartermaster, stand by. Engines, stand by. Engines, cut off."

We glided down towards the grey water silently and flattened out. I felt the great wings cushioning as we ran along above the surface. We touched. The sharp keel began to drag the speed down. There was the roar of a breaking bow wave. And then she settled in and stopped.

"Bow-man, smart with the line," ordered Pank, as a motor-launch ran across our bows. We were in tow. "Unseal doors two, four, five and six," he continued. The disks in the indicator were lifted.

Looking across the harbour, I saw a mail-boat boiling towards us and an oiler standing by to pass us a filling hose when we were made fast to the buoy. Another motor-boat was on its way out to collect the passengers.

"I thought that crossing the Atlantic in a flying-boat was going to be an adventure," I said.

"Not at all," replied Pank. "It's a business."

There was a young fellow from Angmering,  
 Who was sadly addicted to stangmering,  
 He would say "I t-t-t-take d-d-d-days  
 To s-s-s-speak out a s-s-s-short p-p-p-phrase  
 T-T-T-They can h-h-h-hardly accuse me of  
 y-y-y-yangmering."

Canteen Manageress: "Now, girls, I want you all to be on your best behaviour to-day. Not too much lipstick and be careful about your hair. Above all, be most agreeable."

Faith: "Why, what's the matter? Tea smoky again?"

C.-M.: "No, the milk's sour."

New Lad (at Camp Gate): "Where do I get the bus for Ipswich?"

Old 'Un: "Right in the middle of your back if you don't jump out of the way blinking sharp."