

# WHAT KNOTS



HINZHS - MAUNGANUI

VOLUME 3, No. 3.

MONDAY, 17th DECEMBER 1945

VOYAGE KVII

## EDITORIAL

It has been a week of strange doings without much being done. Stories have been heard of lines of coolies migrating from the depths with female mattresses. Tales have been told of bats and bosun birds and bunyips on the midnight deck. The interward competition has increased in tempo until even the weather is joining in, and gaining the false impression that it was a marathon, decided to stay. In certain cabins on B deck it far outstayed its welcome. Vocal indeed was the Dental Officer who was visited in his cabin by a wave that had neglected to make an appointment. The resultant queue of sightseers seemed somewhat reluctant to accept his explanation that he had over-indented for saline.

The interward competition got away to a good start with the ladies right out in front brilliantly riding sidesaddle on a steed called Crossword. But it is a track with many hazards particularly at those treacherous milestones known as Quizzes. Already some of the competitors at the quizzes have, to judge by their answers, got confused with the tall story competition. The odds are shortening on the dark horse, Ward J, the occupants of which have been reading again the story of the hare and the tortoise and are reputed to be quietly backing themselves heavily.

The tall stories that have come in are not tall enough. We want something that really won't go under the Sydney Bridge. The American blimps suspended enormous magnets over the sea and lifted German submarines out of the water until at a height of 15,000 feet the ack ack shot the submarines down. That sort of thing. They don't have to be original, they couldn't possibly be true and anybody from any ward may enter as many as he likes.

Certain correspondents are critical of the Public Announcement System. In turn they disapprove of its organisation, personnel, enunciation, policy, adverbs and even its existence. They don't like the word "immediately". Neither do we, and would agree that the word was unnecessary if everyone would answer the call -- immediately. There is food for thought in this for those who call, those who come and those who criticise.

Ward M are getting nationalistic. They are proud of their little suburb, have formed their own Ratepayers Association and wish to be left in peace. But the expansion of the metropolis that has its centre in the Orderly Room threatens to swamp them. In other words the shadow of the Convalescent Patients' Mess darkens their threshold. This is where Convalescents worship the Cult of the Competition and at such times M turns off its loudspeaker, disconnects its telephone, lapses into silence and resigns itself to the Burma road being again closed.

Well, we sympathise with M. The problem is the same as in Persia and Palestine. Redress will come but owing to meteorological conditions it is doubtful if M can be granted complete independence----immediately. They are asked therefore to accept this promise and to defer their threat of migrating en masse to the lifeboats where, like Garbo, they can be alone. It is regrettable that a few extremists among them have urged that the Q Staff and the R. & D. Staff should be called upon to strike in sympathy with their aims.

We have now invaded the territory of the Northern Hemisphere and our advance continues according to plan. Colombo is expected to fall at any moment. We are committed to leave a small garrison of seven there, and we leave also our best wishes for their future success. We shall embark - for, alas, we know our Colombo - at least seven more. In addition we shall be giving passage to that fine old gentleman, Father Christmas.

THE LADIES OF WARD D

A wonderful nurse, Sister Flanagan:  
She'll plan and she'll work and she'll  
planagan  
For a fellow that's ill;  
And she'll go on until  
He's recovered and feels quite a  
managan.

We also have here Sister Aitken  
Who, whether you're sleepin' or  
waitken  
With a smile not a frown  
Sees you get your dope down -  
A matron I see in the maitken.

I mustn't forget our Nurse Fama.  
Ward D chops all think her a chama.  
Though she wears overalls  
Every lad for her falls  
You'll admit that she's choc full of  
glama.

'Tis night, and now Sister Molloy  
Appears, fair as Helen of Troy;  
Offers Aspros and pills  
For your fevers and chills;  
Then you're left to your dreaming.  
Oh Boy!

Anon (better so!)

---oOo---

THOUGHTS No 3

I apologise, and bow my head in shame  
That I have sullied our Clifford's  
name.  
To hurt his feelings was not intended  
Which shows: "Least said is easiest  
mended".  
But stay, one question, these Halls  
of Fame  
Those to be showered by our friend's  
name?  
They say that miracles never cease -  
Enough, enough, I've said my piece!

"Again only one guess"

---oOo---

NOTICE

All personnel of the ship are requested to search all wards and staff quarters for the following War Criminals:-

- |                   |                       |                      |                     |
|-------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Herr Hitler    | Herr W.C. Painter     | 10. Tiger of Malaya  | Prince Leave Alone  |
| 2. Nazi Goering   | Herr Buttons Off.     |                      | Yamashita           |
| 3. Goebels        | Count Slinging Cups.  | 11. Admiral          | Admiral Von Coal    |
| 4. Himmler        | Baron Sweeping Floors |                      | IllangsJorff        |
| 5. Ribbentrop     | Von Get to Bed.       | 12. Emperor Hirohito | Big Hearted Arthur. |
| 6. Haw Haw        | Lord Clamity.         | 13. Mussolini        | Il Duce Slimming    |
| 7. Eva Braun      | Frau Heave A. Broom   |                      | Down.               |
| 8. General Rommel | Count Mop It Up.      | 14. General Franco   | General Hold        |
| 9. Field Marshal  |                       |                      | Everything.         |
| List              | Count Von Stepins.    | 15. Herr Doctor      | Herr Certain Cure.  |
|                   |                       |                      | Snidt               |

The above may be travelling under the following aliases:-

- |               |               |               |                |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|
| L/C Middleton | Bdr Speed     | Mr Crawford   | Gnr Dunne      |
| P.O. Turner   | Pte Blackburn | Pte Bradley J | Doc Moore.     |
| AMA Bleach    | Mr Burgess    | A.E. Downing  | Pte Bradley C. |
| AFA Hewitt    | Bdr Parbon    | Sgt Hatt      |                |

---oOo---

MAL-DE-MER

(Trans.) You Can't Take It With You!

Now we are in the Indian Ocean,  
Having passed through the Tasman Sea,  
And tummy has lost its commotion,  
My meals are enjoyed with some glee.

While my breakfast lay over the ocean,  
And my dinner lay over the sea,  
Many thanks to all those with the notion,  
Of bringing me hot cups of tea!

Pay Sgt.

---oOo---

Dedicated To 'Radio Maunganui'

On this ship there's a man who plays  
clarinet and sax

While in New Zealand he got engaged to  
a sweet W.A.A.C.

His playing the HongKongites will tell  
you it's not hucy

But why all the Classics and Symphonies  
he announces on the old Maunganui

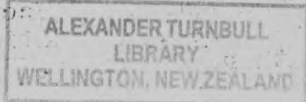
---oOo---

W.D. & H.O.

Amongst the Orderlies of Ward D,  
There is a man called Wills I see,  
His leg I observe is bandage bound  
But when playing quoits it seems quite  
sound.  
But in Ward, at work, it's a different  
tale,  
A painful limp, and looks so pale.  
The M.O. heard his tale of woe  
Of sudden pains and movements slow,  
And now, there he is, the world to see  
Is Fred, a martyr, resigned to E.D.

"All work and no play."

---oOo---



f Per WHA

Following the story of the "Maunganui" as published in last week's issue of this magazine several people have asked for details of any occasions when the ship has encountered evidence of enemy action at sea. There have been many such. Some of these are described below by the present R. J. M. S., WO II W. M. Scully, who has been a member of the Staff since the "Maunganui" became a Hospital Ship nearly five years ago.

Whilst passing through the Mozambique Channel about four o'clock one afternoon a life-boat under sail was sighted and our course was changed towards it. Coming within hailing distance the person at the tiller of the boat reported that he was Captain of the "Johnston", a ship of Panamanian Register, bound for Karachi which had been torpedoed by a Japanese Submarine at 6 o'clock that morning. He waved to our Captain to keep on his course, for, as you all know, to heave-to in those waters would be extremely dangerous, especially as we were Durban-bound with a full complement of wounded. He further advised that he had set a course for the coast of Portuguese East Africa and thought that he would be able to make it within a couple of days. When it was observed that there was a female (the Captain's wife) and injured men amongst these survivors a line was thrown, the boat made fast, and then the difficult task of getting these people in-board commenced, a heavy sea running at the time. The first to attempt ascending the rope ladder was the Captain's wife, but past nervous strain proved too much and she collapsed. There was no alternative. A rope was lowered, the end of which was made fast under her armpits. Unfortunately just as the weight was taken, the sea surged and her foot was crushed between the ship and the lifeboat. Still she was hauled aboard per Curtis stretcher and transported immediately to the Theatre. By this time another boat hove in sight, and it was observed also with casualties; one as we could see, badly. Our Surgeon descended the ladder, and while we were bringing the rest aboard, gave medical aid to this unfortunate person, who afterwards proved to be the Chief Engineer who, when the torpedo struck, was in the stoke hold and was blown from there up onto the fiddley. He, had he not had timely attention, would have died that night. After the two lifeboats had been stove-in a course was set for Durban. That night a signal was received that two troopships had been torpedoed ahead of us. All ranks were then instructed to keep a weather eye for survivors, but I am afraid that I will have to confess that all we saw were a few pith helmets floating by, all that remained of those lost souls. To give some idea of the sinkings in that vicinity. A ship moored astern of us in Durban sailed one morning and her crew, as survivors, came back in another ship that afternoon! These submarines were operating from bases in Portuguese East Africa, and, as the Mediterranean was then closed, all shipping had to take the route to Egypt via South Africa, thus providing a harvest for the enemy.

Another interlude in our shipboard life was in the Indian Ocean en route for Colombo. . . Early one afternoon a small type of native craft with S.O.S. scrawled upon its white (?) sail was sighted and on nearer investigation we found that it contained three men, who, as we approached, made weak attempts to paddle or row towards the ship. Never in my life have I noticed so many sharks. One could have walked the water on them as they thrashed about, snapping at the oars and biting at the gunwale. It almost seemed as if they were trying to jump into the boat. This goes to show that sharks must have some instincts re death as it was afterwards found that these men had had no food for some time and had been without water for at least five days. They were German internees who had escaped from Goa (India) and were trying to make the Andaman Islands, then in Japanese hands, and when picked up had travelled over a thousand miles. They were taken on board, their craft stove in, and then were put under guard until handed over to military authorities at Colombo.

One morning, about three days out from Fremantle, we were approached by a Catalina flying boat which circled, morsing to the bridge. Our course was changed and later we came upon a badly battered tanker. It had a huge hole on the water-line amidships and its superstructure and bridge were practically shot away, but it was making way slowly. Our action boat was immediately lowered, and two Medical Officers were rowed across. After some time they returned with two injured men to receive immediate hospital attention. These M.Os had given medical treatment to quite a number on the tanker and had decided this had been sufficient for them until they reached Fremantle, the port this crippled ship was making for. From the two wounded men on board we gained the following story. They had been attacked some time previously by a Japanese surface raider, who placed a torpedo right amidships, whereupon the tanker burst into flames and the order to abandon ship was given. When they had taken to the boats the raider closed in and machine gunned them, killing 19. Luckily dusk intervened and the Japs sheered off. Strange to say the fire on board the stricken ship abated and then died out completely. At this the survivors decided to return with the hopes that better attention could be given

to the wounded on board than in the boats. No sooner had they re-boarded than it was observed that the Japanese raider was again closing in, probably with the intention of finishing the job and sinking the tanker. The after gun was quickly manned and the Japs came unsuspectingly on to receive at point blank range a burst of rapid fire. She heeled over and after an internal explosion sank within a few minutes---one less of a wolf pack to pray on merchantmen, and another example of the spirit and heroism of the British Merchant Navy.

---oOo---

TOUTE DE SUITE.

This was originally intended as a letter to the Editor, but on further consideration and deep thought, I intend to submit this short paragraph as a very earnest and sincere plea to all hospital ship announcers, for all individuals who happen to use the Public Address System. I feel I am not asking too much, or unnecessarily taxing the integrity or intelligence of our worthy announcers, when I would like to bring to their notice the fact that repetition of a word can and does become somewhat boring and even aggravating, after hearing it for at least thirty times a day. The time comes though when the day leads into days and then weeks and still the same word is repeated time after time, until it becomes absolutely shattering to the strongest of nervous systems and you just shudder in anticipation each time the P.A. System is switched on. If readers have not already guessed the word to which I am alluding, let me hasten to inform them before the P.A. does--"IMMEDIATELY". At the end of every announcement requesting a person or persons, that word blares out with terrible emphasis until it echoes in every ward, on every deck, through the departments, filtering into the cabins, messrooms, lounges and vestibules, until the whole ship echoes and re-echoes with that cursed word. Though at times, and possibly for variety, we frequently hear different pronunciations of the said word, but even that novelty has worn off after two hundred times, and has become just as trying, if not worse. When the occasion arises, which is somewhat frequently, that a member of the staff or a patient is required really urgently, may I humbly implore our B.B.C. understudies to use some other word from the English vocabulary such as "at once", "right away", "instantaneously" or even "pronto", and only in cases of extreme and absolute urgency, in fact in a matter of life and death, might they lapse into "Toute de Suite".

- Sea Fever"

---oOo---

Dear Sir,

Unless you are made of sterner stuff, you too undoubtedly cringe at the tormenting daily calls for so-and-so to report to somewhere or other, IMMEDIATELY. Even the announcers must be sick of putting these calls over, and so, having in view, the relieving of this monotony, the following suggestions for a "pleasanter paging" movement are forwarded for your approval.

The undermentioned departments have been given a new name, for the working of our movement, and suggestions are invited for further application. These new names are as follows:-

R. and D.	"RUBS AND DABS, UNLIMITED"	"Little Rubs of ointment -- Little dabs of paint".
Dental.	"SHELL HOLE"	This is hell - that was!
Lab.	"POOLS, TOOLS AND STOOLS"	"Let us sort it out."
Massage	"THE METRONOME"	Eight strokes to the scar.
Paymaster.	"THE BANKER"	"I'll pay twenties."
Telephone	"B.B.C."	Beautifully Bungled Calls.
Patients' Mess.	"THE LIONS' DEN"	"Dare to be a Daniel".

And so, as the Patients' Mess is the most popular call of the day, let us try out our new movement on the Patients' Mess. It would be something like this:-

With signature tune ("Dare To Be a Daniel") playing quietly and invitingly in the background, announcer's voice says, "Paging all Daniels! Paging All Daniels! The Lions' Den is now baited."

There are no end of possibilities for this movement, but we have had enough. Thank you.

- The Capstans -

---oOo---

There was a young man named Fred,  
When asked the other day said:  
"On account of my knee  
I am now on E.D.  
And think I should be in bed!"

There is a young man named Alf  
Who said, "On account of my health  
My shorts I wear long  
Down where they belong  
I'm setting a fashion myself!"

---oOo---

TALL STORY

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

During the second year occupation of Hong Kong a local doctor who was assisting military intelligence at Chungking and other Allied centres was unfortunate in that he had a difference with his Chinese chauffeur who betrayed him to the Japanese.

At the time, the Japanese were holding what might be termed a "purge", and a prosecutor had been sent from Tokio with orders to obtain as many capital sentences as possible.

A large number of civilians had been executed and military officers shot for alleged communication with Chungking, and the doctor's life was undoubtedly forfeit.

However, a large Chinese dinner cum gambling party was arranged. Here, the Chief of the Japanese Gendarmerie after becoming hopelessly intoxicated was inveigled into heavy gambling.

After he had lost everything of value to the various Chinese guests, one notable Chinaman challenged him to play for the life of the doctor.

The challenge was accepted and the Chief of Gendarmerie lost.

He honoured his debt and the doctor was released.

---oOo---

- Sgt C. Bland -  
H.K.V.D.C.

Two Life Insurance Agents met and talked "shop". One was an American representing a New York Life Office, the other British, of a Home Office. They boasted to each other how quickly their Company settled death claims. The Britisher said one of their Policyholders died at 9 o'clock one morning and a cheque in settlement of the claim was paid to the widow at 9.30. The American said his Head Office was situated on the 17th floor of a 29 Storey Building. A Policy Holder who lived on the top floor of the building fell out of the window one day, and they handed him a cheque as he passed.

- H.B.W. - Ward D -

---oOo---

I remember quite well an experience of mine which happened way back in 1976, and when I tell how it all came about I'm sure that there will be no doubt at all regarding the authenticity of this narrative. I was steaming along in my 14 ft. sailing boat in that region of the world where the Indian Ocean borders on the Arctic. This in itself was a rather unique experience, and one which very few people have enjoyed. The main beauty of it was, one could by steering two points off course either way, have a fair spell of sunbathing, and then back again to real ice coffee on the other tack. However, this is beside the point. As we all know, at that time there were still certain sects, in any case they were all imbeciles, who still knew nothing about how Japan discovered the Atomic bomb, and how they refused from a humanitarian point of view to use it on New York. Well, I was pondering deeply on this subject, and failed to look where the wind was dragging me and suddenly right in the middle of a large ice field I hit an old tree stump which had been overlooked by the local villagers when they were collecting fuel for the annual Guy Fawkes display. This sort of tore a hole in things, and I decided to evacuate, which I did with all possible speed, although owing to several encumbrances this took me the best part of six months.

Finally after much skill and exertion I managed to make a nearby island, and being very tired I immediately lay down and in a few minutes was fast asleep, covering myself well with leaves to prevent excessive sunburn. Later on I was awakened by a howling blizzard and was seriously thinking of hunting a couple of bears to make myself a couple of vests, when the sun broke through. It all happened with such speed and the sun was so hot, that it baked the snow a golden brown before it had time to melt.

After a few days of baked snow, I got a little fed up with this diet and determined to return home which I did with all haste. Several years later I returned and built a skyscraper on the island and took in paying guests. This went all very well until one day a fire broke out in the top floor. Although the fire hoses could reach the fire, the ladder escapes were miles too short. We were all getting worried about the people on the top floor, when, suddenly the weather changed again, and froze the water jets into solid ice. This allowed the occupants to slide down the frozen water jets and so to safety. After such excitement on the advice of my dentist, I decided to leave the island and join the R.N.V.R. in the hopes of having a quiet time, but that is another story.

---oOo---

- R.N.V.R. - Ward D -

## TALL STORIES (CONT.)

Some years ago a New Zealand sheep shearer while sharpening his shears on a machine thought he would do the same thing to his sheath knife, so took it out and applied the blade to the disc. The knife was twisted round into his stomach and disembowelled him. He was bound up with a piece of sheet and laid aside. Did he die? Of course not. I saw him two months ago dancing at a party.

During a typhoon in Hong Kong a couple of army officers went out to take a photograph of an overturned car at a street corner. As they were focussing the camera the wind just blew the whole inside of it away and left the metal case in the owner's hands. The other man threw his arms round a lamp post and his legs were blown out behind him to flap in the breeze like a piece of washing.

- J.H. Ward D.-

---oOo---

### RESISTANCE IN THE PACIFIC CEASES Heroic Last Stand by Japanese Garrison.

A dramatic story has now been released covering the full account of the final surrender of the Japanese garrison at Avrelfoula Island.

Following reports from natives that a small Japanese garrison was still in occupation of this little known island, a British destroyer was despatched to investigate the position. A party was landed by boats on the morning of the 4th December but was halted by hot fire from the defenders. Efforts to contact the enemy were unsuccessful and Naval Authorities in Sydney decided to attack the island in force and the cruiser "Cranberry" was despatched for this purpose. The following is an eyewitness's account of the events that followed.

"After two days shelling by the cruiser resistance from the enemy ceased and a further landing was made by Rear Admiral Sir Archibald Watson in person accompanied by his staff and a strong detachment of Marines. Your correspondent was permitted to accompany the party and on reaching the mud fort which housed the defenders a terrible sight met our eyes. Every one of the defenders was dead, those who had not been killed having committed hari-kari in the traditional manner. 'They certainly have guts' remarked the Admiral, eyeing the bodies thoughtfully, 'or should I say intestines?' (He loves his little joke) And bending over the still quivering body of the Garrison Commander he pinned on his bosom the Order of the British Empire (Military Division) to the accompaniment of ringing cheers from the ship's company. 'SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI' he cried, for the Admiral knows his Latin. (Which is more than can be said for the P.M.O. who, on hearing these words hurried away and sent off an urgent signal to H.M.S. "Glorious" to stand by to transfer the sick to Monday Island).

'But what is this?' asked the Bosun, a well known character, unclutching the hand of the deceased hero. On a tattered slip of linen, written in blood, were the characters "LONG LIVE JAPAN, DEATH TO DATCHER" 'And who the deuce may DATCHER be?' quoth the Admiral, relapsing into stong language as was his wont when moved. A moment's silence and a tall handsome figure stepped out of the ranks. 'Admiral Watson, Sir, I think I know the answer, in fact I have had my suspicions for some time' said the newcomer. 'And who, if you will pardon me, may you be?' asked the Admiral. 'The name is Holmes,' said the young man diffidently, '2nd Lieut John S. Holmes, of the Royal Marines' and he saluted gracefully. 'S for Sherlock I suppose' said the Admiral (he is famed for his witticisms) 'Tell us all, Sherlock.'

'Well Sir' said the young man 'it is really quite elementary. The word "DATCHER" is a corruption of "DEUTCHER" which is the Japanese way of describing a German. You will observe that all members of the garrison are bearded and not one is under 45 years old. It is plainly evident to the meanest intelligence meaning no offence, Sir, that this Garrison has been out of touch with the world since the last war and being under the impression that Japan was still fighting Germany, has been resisting ever since.' 'Remarkable, my dear 2nd Lieut' said the Admiral, and taking out of his waistcoat pocket the Order of St Stanislaus, 4th class, with swords, he pinned it on the breast of the blushing Marine.

'I thought there was something funny about the whole business' said Holmes later as he was discussing a gin in the Admiral's parlour 'the name of the island is distinctly un-Polynesian, the first syllable "Avrel" meaning, as every schoolboy knows "April" in primitive Czechoslovakian. The second syllable' he concluded, turning to the Admiral, 'should be obvious, even to you, my dear Watson.' "

- W.H.E.C. Ward B -

---oOo---

Remember the fellows I spoke of last week,  
 They've told me they do not approve of my cheek,  
 Said they, "No more of your bloomin' lip,  
 Or in the sink you'll take a dip."  
 Those two little fellows who wash up dishes  
 Threatened to throw me to the fishes,  
 So think of my baby and darling wife,  
 And if you would save them that grief  
 and strife,  
 When you finish your meal, bring up  
 the dishes,  
 You already know, those washer-ups'  
 wishes,  
 They also would like to play at Housey,  
 Don't let them think the English are  
 lousey,  
 When you've had your meal don't stop and  
 talk,  
 Do it on deck when you take a walk.  
 - Con. Waiter. -

---oOo---

Messrs. Bowen-Jones and Willis Ltd, hack poets of Ward "J" beg to announce to patients and staff that no further commissions can be accepted for the writing of doggerel, lampoons, or dirty stories about pet enemies UNLESS payment is made in advance. Rates: one shilling per line or in kind. Fags, tobacco, beer, coupons, silk stockings and other marketable products considered "Bring us your dirt - we'll spill it!"

---oOo---

IN RETROSPECT

- 4 Dec 43 In the Mediterranean off Cape Bon.
- 6 Dec 43 Arrived Algiers - Voyage 11.
- 6 Dec 44 Sailed Wellington Voyage 14.
- 8 Dec 42 Arrived Tewfik - Voyage 8.
- 9 Dec 43 Arrived Gibraltar - Voyage 11
- 12 Dec 41 Arrived Wellington - Voyage 3.
- 14 Dec 43 Off Cork Harbour, Ireland - Voyage 11;
- 16 Dec 43 Arrived Glasgow - Voyage 11.
- 16 Dec 44 Arrived Fremantle - Voyage 14.

---oOo---

WARD "B" - SCANDAL COLUMN

Doctor "Humanitarian" Pope in his determination not to see one of his Ward-mates getting poisoned by a bottle of Australian Brandy, drank half of it himself. The condition of both is satisfactory. We feel that there is more in this than meets the eye.

Did Ward B receive a citation and a prize of a musty piece of chocolate for the cleanest Ward in the Hospital at this week's inspection ???? If not, why not??? Captain Prosser R.S.V.P.

Does Night Sister Molloy have a birthday every voyage?? Dirty Corner thinks its a good idea - the rest of the Ward aren't so sure.

The Intelligence Officer is investigating the reports of espionage in "D Ward" Territory levelled against three-pipper Sexton. These crosswords are puzzling. Olive pro Gloria.

How does Ward K have such success in competitions? We suspect a Mata Hari among the I.W.C. Organisers.

"A WIGGLE A WEEK GIVES A PATIENT A TREAT" We are pleased to note that Prunella Stack's Health through Joy Movement is gaining popularity in Ward B. Can you blame it???

---oOo---

EXTRACT FROM THE "BREAD-BIN"

WARD M

There is a waiter called Bert,  
 The chap with the "not too clean shirt"  
 We greet him with hisses,  
 But never with kisses,  
 The blighter, the bounder, the squirt.

There's also a waiter called Jim,  
 Who may lead with a lift to the chin,  
 But his pen is his sword,  
 So I think we'll award  
 Last week's puny effort to him.

The last one whose name we don't know,  
 We'd sure to delighted to show,  
 (Although he's a waiter, - poor fish)  
 The secret of washing a dish!

I'm an ex-P.O.W. and p'raps  
 I shouldn't complain and go bothering,  
 you chaps.

It's a nice place I live in - Ward M.  
 We like it and call it - the "Den"  
 It looks like a den with the bars on  
 each cot,

But blimey! no kidding, it's certainly  
 hot.

There are air pipes and vents all over  
 the place,  
 But no breath of air can I feel on my  
 face,

So Matron and Doctor, or dear Corporal  
 Miller,

Do what you can, for this air is a killer.

The St.Mungo Twins.

- C.B. -

---oOo---

## MORE TALL STORIES

Here's my Tall Story - which incidently is a true one.

Rear Admiral Sir Phillip Vian told this lovely story against himself when he was addressing the Ship' Company of H.M.S. "Euryalus"

H.M.S. "Naiad" was torpedoed in the Mediterranean when on convey duty. The order was given to abandon ship. An escort destroyer came in and picked up the survivors. When the men were brought aboard they were wrapped in blankets and given a tot of rum. It came to the Admiral's turn to be fished inboard. He was covered in oil fuel and was completely unrecognisable. A burly AB who was handing out the blankets came up to him and said, "Wrap this around you Jack - and get this rum down your guts!" Sir Phillip Vian exploded - "Are you aware that I am Rear Admiral Vian?" The AB retorted "Hop back into the water, chum, and I'll get you piped aboard!"

- P.O. Woodsford Ward J -

---oOo---

The birthday party was nearly over and the children gathered round while Grandpa told one of his famous stories of the war.

"When my regiment went overseas" he began "it embarked on the Maunganui"

There was a chorus "What is the Maunganui?"

The old man regarded them with disgust "Dont they teach you anything at school these days? The Maunganui is a famous ship that transported troops all over the world... Well, we disembarked in an African port for exercises. One day I was on patrol deep in the jungle when I was suddenly confronted by two large man eating lions. They were side by side only a few yards away and there was no escape. And to my horror I remembered that I only had one round left in my rifle."

There was a gasp. Finally one whispered "What did you do?"

"I fixed my bayonet and fired midway between the lions. At the same moment I tilted the rifle slightly upwards and the bayonet cut the bullet in two. Each half killed a lion."

Out of the shocked silence the youngest child piped "What happened to the Maunganui?"

"Oh, she just went sailing along.....!"

-Cpl Dunn RASC Ward E -

---oOo---

This is a true story and everyone in the ward has agreed that it should appear in What Knots.

Last year I was playing a rather important billiards match for a large side stake, and needed five to win. My cue ball struck red, and then jumped right off the table. My pet Pekinese was asleep at the side of the table, the ball fell on his nose causing him to awake with a start, and thus jerked the ball back onto the table, where it completed the cannon and went in off. I thus won the match, although I must confess that my last shot was not played for - it was a mere fluke.

- G.R.T. Ward L -

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:- WO2 L. Jones IWC has beaten you to the idea. Ring the Orderly Room regarding private circulation if you like... J. Willis - next week... H.T. Scout - We blushed also with genuine regrets... Cnr A. Baker - Many thanks but cannot find the space. In this magazine reprints from other magazines have a very low priority... Cpl Beresford - Greatly appreciated but unable to use. See policy statement in last issue... Sgt Holmes - Held over. May be able to find space in later issue... "Considerate" - See current editorial ... Nisi Prius - "Ocean Greyhound" not suitable ... J30 - Regret cannot find space... G.R.T. - One tall story published. The other appeared in this magazine last voyage ... Cpl Dunn - To conserve space have had to abbreviate somewhat. EDITOR.

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### MEET THESE PEOPLE III

### WARD I - SOCIAL NOTES

Queer as a Yank without a Coke  
Odd as an egg without a yoke;  
Dry as a Kiwi without a beer -  
The house of Lords without a Peer.

The High Priest of Paris in L Ward recently ordered one of his court to swipe the quoits from A Deck. Despite the fact that a game was in progress the edict had to be obeyed.

Strange as a Frenchman without a bock  
Absurd as a safe without a lock;  
Lost as a Celt without a clan -  
The Maunganui without a Plan.

However we hear a stand against this tyranny was taken by the Sister of Ward D whose urbane comment was "If the High Priest of Paris wants this man to take an aspro, he had better come for it himself"

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### MEET THESE PEOPLE IV

### B WARD

On Sundays, when in church, we sing  
God save George our Gracious King;  
On other days we pray and hope  
That God will save our George the  
(Nisi Prius) Pope.

We are pleased to hear from B Ward that a certain Naval SubLieutenant (NO Whiskers) seems to be taking his Occupational Therapy VERY seriously. Even the Rains & Gales on the Boatdeck dont deter him in his HOMEWORK.

-Bag Pipes-