

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 -

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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 -

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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-