

WHAT KNOTS



HMSNZS MAUNGANUI

VOLUME 3, No 5

MONDAY, 31 DECEMBER, 1945.

VOYAGE XVII

EDITORIAL

Let us now praise famous men,
Men of little showing,
For their work continueth
And their work continueth
Broad and deep continueth
Greater than their knowing.

In the wake of Christmas come many philosophical considerations. A compelling one is the thought that among all the varied customs that mark the celebration of Christmas in different countries, there is one central motive, namely that the occasion is a religious festival of a joyous nature and from ancient days such a festival has always been marked by a feast. Thus Christmas and good food are inseparable.

There has been no break with tradition on this ship during this Christmas. We have been feted royally, every one of us. The epicure examines the quality, the variety, the preparation and the service. So, as more humble critics, have we and have found them all stamped with something that is very close to perfection.

The matter is worth examining further. All the food on this ship is supplied, prepared and controlled by the Providore Department. It is completely removed from all army control except that special diets may be ordered by Medical Officers for special patients. Nearly five years ago when the Ship began her career as a hospital ship the army laid down a standard of food to be supplied. This was immediately ignored by the Providore Department which set a standard tremendously higher and has maintained it ever since and their efforts on Christmas Day were the products of their own initiative and voluntary service.

How did they combine a task so great with an efficiency so smooth? The Chief Steward, Mr Tom Griffiths could tell us but we have not asked him as he is very reticent on these matters. Like all true artists his pleasure is in the end rather than the means. He would tell us nothing for instance of how the various menus were selected by himself from the many suggestions made by the Chief Chef, Mr John Bunyan, by the Chief Baker Mr Fred Annabel, by the Chief Butcher Mr Jack Wieden and by the Pantryman Mr Dave Watt. Nor would he tell us that from the time the mincemeat was made three weeks before Christmas there have been long hours of steady work over and above the daily routine; nor that the preparation of scores of turkeys, ducks and chickens often engaged some of his staff at four o'clock in the morning. He would probably say nothing of the seventeen Christmas cakes that were made, of the seven separate messes that had to be served, of the more than 600 menus prepared by the printer, Mr Moselling. He would have no comment to make on his trepidation at the disruption of routine as the serving at Christmas was taken over by inexperienced volunteers.

Very late on Christmas night Mr Griffiths, the second steward Mr Alex White and all their staff settled down to their own Christmas. We hope it was merry. If they take pleasure in the happiness they have given to others then merry

it should have been.

With a deep admiration for the perfection of a difficult job that involves skill and self sacrifice, the rest of the ship salutes them.

---000---

WARD "B" - SCANDAL COLUMN

The "sweets" were much nicer than the musty chocolate .. thank you, Captain Prosser. We will clean the Ward up even better next time ("next" time is just after Hogmanay so we will have to trust to luck and not to good management.)

Congratulations to "Steve" Sainsbury on his win in the Maunganui Stakes. It only goes to show that 60 is too young an age at which to grant a pension - after all, from his waist up he is still able-bodied.

Before Matron attends the next Carol Concert we think that Sister (Charge) Sexton ought to teach her the "dumb" part of the deaf and dumb language.

Next week's effort will be really hot.

"Marmion" has recently raised her very ugly head again. (Yes Sir! No Sir!)...Sir. Walter, this is the unkindest cut of all..... et tu Pirie!!

Irish Paratrooper Maloney wants to be alone. For meditation he insists upon getting to the seat of the matter. However there is no such thing as privacy - locked doors present no obstacle to that Night Washerwoman (sorry, Nightwatchwoman!!) Airey, and Night Hawke-by-name-and-Hawke-by-nature (call me 'beaky' for short).

Dark clouds of anger are LOOMING in the Junior Loonies.

We note that there is a Text hanging in the Occupational Threepenny - it reads "Down with drink" -- we agree.

The Sister of Ward "D" ("D" for Dirt) should not (R) NOT leave her ward during Matron's Rounds. It's awful to be caught red-handed.

It WAS suggested that members of Dirty Corner were not quite "top-drawer". They agree, "bottom drawer" WAS very much nicer. Any clues, Sister Molloy??

There are some things that even Colonel Shaw can't wait for (no Salmon Cans here you know). Please Judd -- do hurry up a little bit -- an hour or two is all right - but not ALL night.

Kuspidor Kelly of Carbuncle fame (he's got lots and lots and heaps and heaps more growing very nicely just now). We know you want to go to sleep at 0430 - so do we. Please, please don't shout it all over the ship. Some of us are dreadfully sick. Kelly's eyes are NOT No. 1 these days.

One more thing - Do 7 kitbags and one steam roller (secreted in Observation) constitute a Disorderly House?

---000---

Headlines of Scottish newspaper:
Terrible accident. 52 casualties;
16 killed, 36 injured, when two taxis
collide. - D Ward - H.E.G. -

Is it true that Housey Announcer (L/Cpl Langdon) is to be employed as the Ship's Foghorn in the English Channel?

- "In The Mist" -

MEET THESE PEOPLE VI

I always think of Mr. Grimm
Who wrote the fairy tales
When e'er I see the figure trim
Of little "Bubber Tails".

VII

A man of war is Colonel Shaw
R.A. (of Stanley fame):
So have a care, don't use the chair
That's labelled with his name.

"Miss Prius"
ALEXANDER TURNBULL
LIBRARY
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

f Per WHA

DEDICATED TO THE KIWI'S RUGBY
TEAM TOURING THE U.K.

Over the seas and far away
A Rugby team is in U.K.
Members of a Kiwi race
Who get about from place to place.

They come both bold and unafraid
To show how Rugby should be played
To take the wind out of their sails
Is the intense desire of Wales.

And now this match is drawing near;
On January 6 we'll hear
The verdict and we hope they'll say
The better team has won the day.

- Taffy - Ward B -

"OUR DREAM COME TRUE"

Far across the ocean lies a land that's sweet and fair
With rugged hills and winding vales and rivers cool and clear,
Once a land of free and plenty, home of England's fighting sons,
Now the home of Poles and Frenchmen, Czechs and Yanks and sons of
guns.

On land and sea and in the air, fighting side by side,
Warriors of the mother country battled with the tide
Till the enemy was beaten and their fleet swept from the sea
And all the battles ended in the triumph of the free.

And now the war is over and there comes the normal life
And there waits for each his sweetheart or his home or friend or wife
For all that kept us fighting when the fight had seemed in vain
Was the thought of that great morrow when we'd sail home once
again.

- A/B Clare, D - Ward J -

-o-oOo-o-

THE KATAMARANG

There is a man, his name is Lawes,
Who lives on one of the bottom floors
At Colombo he thought that he should
buy
A souvenir to remember it by,
So into a shop he made a dash,
Returning later short of cash.
So proud was he, all day he sang
Of the beauty of his "Katamarang".

- M "4" -

FLOODED OUT

The High Priest of Paris wants
to know why the driver of the Maunga-
nui doesn't signal his turns with
his hands as he should.

KNIGHTS OF THE SEA, I presume.

- W.T.H.J.W. -

---oOo---

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AN APPRECIATION

WARD H-AICH

The inhabitants, including staff, want
to know if it's possible for all visiting
females to wear a bell or some sort of
noisy contraption around their ankle
or some-place. As we are finding it even
too hot to wear an expression down here,
and we would like time to take cover.
Please help us on this bare! point, Girls.

As George Eliot once said,
"What do we live for, if it is not to
make life less difficult for each other"

Your Juggler



---oOo---

L Ward.
25 Dec 45

Sir,

Today is Xmas Day. We the passengers and patients have enjoyed ourselves,
and have been given every consideration. No effort has been spared by both
Officers and Staff to assure that this day should be a joyous one for us. We
all appreciate this magnificent spirit I am sure, and give praise to all con-
cerned. But let us pause for a few moments in our happiness and add a thought of
appreciation and gratitude to that unknown band of men of the "MAUNGANUI", namely
the Engineering Staff, who through their never tiring efforts have got us where
we are today. Praises go to Sisters, Nurses, Staff, etc, rightly so. But
don't let us forget that silent band of men of the Engineering Staff, who sweat
and toil that "Maunganui" may just keep rolling along.

Good luck to them all,

- A.P. -
- Ward L. -

Sir,

On behalf of many patients I would like to express our thanks to Corporal
Maybee and to Johnny Wills and his Sweet Swing for the most enjoyable two hours
Sing Song on "A" Deck on the evening of Boxing Day. Cpl. Maybee ably did his
part and the music was great. Hope to have more.

- "A Patient" -

In a statement issued to the Press after the
Sing Song on Boxing Day, Haggis declared: Quote, I
have not asked for a transfer to the KOYLI's, unquote.

- Bag Pipes -

TO THOSE WHO PASSED.

We must not fail, we must hold on to
life.
God grant us strength of body, soul
and mind
That we may strive to win the end of
strife.
No time to stop, no time to look
behind.

We must give glory to the ones who
gave their all.
Loves, lives and hopes they gave all
that they had,
Rallying determined and undaunted to
the call.
All were brave men, but those they
left are sad.

Most glorious and unsullied was the
way they went,
Heads high, proud hearts, and in their
minds no mean desire
The will to serve the ones they loved
with such intent
Burned in their hearts, a never fail-
ing fire

We cannot let such sacrifice be all
in vain
We must resolve to fight with all we
ever had and more
Oh! to avenge their lives, their hours
of suffering pain
And prove the Lion has got claws to
use besides a mighty roar.

- R.M.S.R. -
- Indian Ocean -
- Sept '41 -

OUT OF BOUNDS

Aft of A deck, Isolation,
Remote, except by invitation,
Is ruled by Sister Airey;
Who, though not a fairy,
Isn't bad.

As by nature she is quiet
Her boys are not disposed to riot
Though at times a trifle fad-ish,
Not a soul could call her bad-ish.
She's all right.

As for all those patients there
They maintain it is unfair
That they get for supper,
Milk and not a cup o'
For their health.

The Raikes boy, the Dodger and Cutey
Are the rest of the staff, and on duty
They work on and off-ish,
Lung spotted and cough-ish
With T.b. - WOFF-4 -

A Sister who came from Hong Kong
Has never done anything wrong
Which is why, though at sea
On the Maunganui,
Her halo remains bright and strong.

---oOo---

In here we've seen the praises writ
of girls in other wards
But if THEY think they have the best,
with them we must cross swords,
For if you wish to see a lass with
fun and lots of punch
Just come along to our Ward "E", and
meet our Honey Bunch.

- The Three Musketeers

---o---

There is a patient in Ward "M"
He is a man among the men
Though his name it is not Hector,
And he is not a sub-inspector,
He has a large protruding belly,
But his name it is not Kelly.
He's an ex-Hong Kong cop
And his name is "Pop".

When he is safe and home once more
And draws his back Sponduli,
He's going to open up a pub
And call it "Maunganui".
So when you all are home again,
And read your daily paper,
You'll find in the advertisements
Pop Kirby's latest caper.

- "Charlie" -

---oOo---

There was a young NZMC
Who took his false teeth out at tea
His action caused wrath
As he picked up the cloth
And cleaned them in all naivete.

---oOo---

The fog was very thick, and the Chief
Officer of a certain Hospital Ship
was peering over the side of the
bridge.

Suddenly he saw a man leaning over
a rail only a few yards away.

"You confounded so and so fool,"
he roared. "What on earth do you
think you are doing? Don't you know
my ship has the right of way?"

Out of the gloom came a sardonic
voice.

"This ain't no ship, Captain. This
is a lighthouse."

- Iso. -

AGE WILL TELL!

A Bishop was staying at a rather gay
country house. When he came down to
breakfast one morning there was only a
little girl there.

"Good morning!" said the Bishop.
"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Oh yes, Sir," answered the child,
and recited it.

"That's very good," said the Bishop
"and do you know the Ten Commandments?"
The little girl immediately repeated
the Commandments.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Bishop,
"Now do you know your Catechism?"

But the child replied, "Damn it sir,
I'm only seven!"

- Iso -

TALL STORIES

BELIEVE IT OR NOT:

Until December 21st., 1945 we had a patient in our Ward who had not heard a recording of Bing Crosby singing--"Don't fence me in!!!"

---oOo---

THIS MIGHT BE TRUE:

At a recent Race Meeting at Randwick, Sydney, held under the auspices of A.J.C., an owner was dissatisfied with the weight his horse was allowed and also with the odds laid with the bookies, so he instructed his jockey to finish about fifth. The jockey duly obliged and was fifth passing the post. After the race the following conversation took place:-

Owner:- "Could you have beaten the four horses in front of you?"

Jockey:-"Yes, but I am not so sure of those behind me!!!"

---oOo---

THIS IS TRUE:

The Ship's Company was assisting released P.O.Ws to get aboard the Aircraft Carrier. The Commander was greeting the new arrivals as they reached the deck. A weary looking individual staggered up the gangway with two huge kit-bags and was greeted thus: "Cheer up my lad, we will soon fatten you." The lad replied, "I blinking well hope so, I've been in this ship 18 months.!!!"

---oOo---

YOU MAY JUDGE THIS ONE YOURSELVES:

During the first World War I was serving my time as a Shipwright Apprentice in the Admiralty Dockyards at Chatham for sixteen months and had been working sixteen hours a day with no time off at all and was at last granted short week-end leave, so decided to visit my people in London. I felt rather embarrassed whilst waiting on the platform at Chatham Station. Hospital trains, loaded with wounded were passing through and I seemed to be the only male in civilian clothes. I suppose I was a little self-conscious although the badge I was wearing stated that I was "On war service" I wasn't too happy about it as it was worn by all the Freemasons in my town. However I eventually reached Victoria and was greeted by a large cheering crowd. Somewhat amazed and dazed I really "flew" out of that station and although hotly pursued by the crowd, I 'made' a taxi and got clear---. Suddenly it dawned on me. The Prince of Wales was travelling incognito that day, and it was rumoured that he was on 2-55p.m. arrival at Victoria. I have not been mistaken for him since---

P.S. There is an officer travelling on this ship who can verify some of the facts in the above story.

L.Diamond - "D" Ward.

---oOo---

A P.O.W. who had excess baggage, also purchased from New Zealand several pairs of shoes, silk stockings in Australia, and numerous boxes of tea in Colombo, after looking around Colombo found it difficult to purchase an ivory elephant big enough, so returned to the "Maunganui." When passing the gangway he was asked why he insisted on bring a real live elephant aboard, he said, "I want a present for my young nephew that he won't grow out of." As he couldnt keep it in the Ward, he tried to put it in the baggage room, but the store-keeper said, "It's alright if you have room in your kit-bag, but if not, and you take the kit-bag out and leave the elephant in your rack, then I am afraid I just can't take responsibility for it."

Once a P.O.W., Always a P.O.W.-

---oOo---

Whilst we were in Colombo, and waiting for shore-leave, a bum-boat came alongside and an old Ceylonese was diving into the water and recovering silver coins thrown into the sea by the Sister, staff and passengers. As he shouted "throw coins in, I dive;" A P.O.W. called back, "you throw coins in, I'll dive--"

- Playboy -

---oOo---

The Queen bee is a hardy soul,
She thumbs her nose at birth-control,
That is why, beyond a doubt,
There's so many sons of Bees about!



- Telephone Operators -

TALL STORIES

An ex-P.O.W. I returned home on H.M.F.Z.H.S. "MARGARIT", the Captain was a Trappist Monk and imposed a vow of silence on all on board including K Ward and all Sisters and Nurses; the Matron was allowed to whisper. 'Dirty Corner' was as silent as a dumb rabbit on a burnt out ridge. Even during the Xmas and New Year festivities, not a sound was heard, not a single laugh, or a joke that was smothered and flurried; not a tinkle of glass or the pop of a cork as the Ship through the Red Sea was scurried; not even a long drawn sigh of contentment as Sister Sexton tucked us up in bed and kissed us goodnight.

- The Gunner - Ward B -

---oOo---

Hot, yes, it was certainly hot. Through the haze of steam arising from us I saw the sergeant approaching with a baleful look, not only in his eyes, but all over his dial, and what he said was hotter than the hottest. It turned the mud on our boots into brick. "You blithering fools, you've dug this flaming trench in the wrong place, of all the." Billy Williams interrupted with "Nuts to you, Sarge, you told us where to dig. Damn fool, yourself!"

Then silence, temporary silence, but deep, oh so deep, and just long enough for the sergeant to get his second wind. In the meantime Tom and I moved the trench out of harm's way, and sat down in the shade of it. We were soon joined by Billy who handed each of us one of the Propaganda pies with which the Nips were bombarding the colony, one of them had hit the sergeant. The pies were rather dry, so Billy took them, jumped out into the blazing sun heat, held them out and caught several large splashes of scalding fat which was dropping from some albatrosses flying overhead to the shade of some palms on the Peak.

- The Old ex-Sapper - Ward B -

---oOo---

At a certain Military Station a married couple had a young child who was very weak on his legs and the doctor recommended a rubber suit, so that when he played with other children and should fall down, the rubber suit enabled him to come back on his feet again with no injury to him, but one day the child was playing when he fell rather heavily and bounced right up in the air. It so happened at the time a strong wind was blowing which started carrying the child away. All the kiddies started shouting which attracted the child's parents, the mother shouting, "My poor child, my poor child", but the father did the next best thing, by getting a gun and shooting it down to save the child from dying of starvation, and they all lived happy ever afterwards.

- E Ward,

- A.D. -

---oOo---

NOT REALLY TALL:

Some years ago I was picked to play for Ashton Vanilla in their Cup Final with Snudderswood Untidy.

As I was only new from the nursery I was not considered a good player, but I was keen and wished to make a name for myself, if possible.

Up till 40 minutes from time it was a pretty even game, each team still having eleven players left on the field.

Things began to brighten up. I took a pass from the Outside Left on my head, went down the right wing with the ball bouncing on my head, weaving and dodging opposing players until I reached a point 30 yards from the goal. With only the Goalkeeper to beat, I dropped the ball from my head to the ground, net it with my toe and it went sailing toward the goal, struck the post, spun up it and went along the cross bar, came to earth down the other post with such force that it spun into the goal, went clear through the net and out into space, that was the last we saw of that ball.

During June this year Hiroshima was devastated by something which critics called an Atomic Bomb. I often wonder if it was caused by that ball coming to earth.

---oOo---(Rabanaki) H.E.C. - "D" WARD.

When I was Signal Officer of our Regiment I had a setter pup which used to accompany me every day when I used to take the men out for practice in "wig-wagging" messages. That Autumn during the hunting season I decided to try my setter on birds. I was going through a section of underbrush and small pines, with the dog about 600 yards in front. Suddenly the dog stopped, his tail straight in the air. Then the tail began to move. It was wigwagging. This was the message the faithful and intelligent dog sent to me:-

"HAVE YOU ANY BUCKSHOT? IF NOT, GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. THERE'S A BIG BROWN BEAR JUST AHEAD AND HE'S COMING YOUR WAY."

- C. Holmes, Sgt. -

- "J" Ward -

---oOo---

THE LAST DOUBLE

It was Boxing Day. I awoke with thoughts of the forthcoming Race Meeting. What number to follow? I decided to allow events to take their course and then perhaps coincidences might occur whereby our Syndicate of three might profit. The time was 6.35 a.m. and in my usual agile style, I leaped out of bed and made the third basin in three long leaps, being the third person to arrive. My neighbour at the next basin, remarked that he loathed shaving and therefore shaved every third day. Having completed my ablutions I sauntered through the vestibule and noticed that three more minutes would complete the hour. Humming my favourite air "Three o'clock in the morning" I proceeded up the stairs and on the third step I was stopped for a match. I produced a box and found it contained three. The owner of the cigarette was carrying a book "The Three Just Men". I continued to A Deck and opposite a lifeboat marked P3 I saw three occupied deck chairs. I took a seat by the rails and was suddenly joined by a charming member of Ward K. We conversed on various subjects and it startled me to learn that her sister had given birth to triplets at three a.m. on the third March 1933. I walked slowly downstairs three at a time and at the bottom I noticed three electric light switches above the opening and a cabin marked 'three'. I fled to my cot in D Ward, and as I arrived the announcement was made that the patients' mess was ready. I imagined for a dread moment that the announcer would say it three times, but I breathed again when he didn't. When meals are served in D it is an old custom for orderlies to place four sets of everything on my tray, as I have my meals in Red Corner with my three pals! But on this eventful morning, only three sets of the usual were present. The time now was, as I expect you have guessed 7.33 a.m. For my breakfast I had three bowls of porridge, three slices of bread and marmalade and three cups of tea. Discussing luck and birthdays, I found that the awful "three" came into its own once more. All three thought that number three was lucky for them, and each was able to give three examples explaining their reasons for this. Small wonder then that my selection for the Double events were 3-3 three times I met with success throughout the afternoon following my hunch, and after No 3 had won the third race I checked my loose cash and found I had three single shillings and three-pence in my trouser pocket. No 3 managed to scrape home in the last race, and after collecting my cash and checking up discovered I had cleared £3.3.3d on the afternoon. And so almost ended the "three" obsession, except that all three of my Housey tickets contained "All the threes"! It was ironic that in the last game the only number I required on all three cards was 33 before "House" was called!

- Ward D - -oOo- - No. 333333 33rd Foot Col/Sgt Eatwe

Seeking copy for "What Knots" we took a note book and pencil and roamed around the ship on the morning of Boxing Day & asked various wellknown characters "What is the thought uppermost in your mind this morning?" We bring it to you in their own words.

- The Editor: I am not interested in "What Knots" this morning.
- Str. Ker: Come, come, have some sodii bic. with me
Down at the old R. & D.
- Capt. Maloney: I want to be alone.
- Sgt Cahill: Please don't take my Buncha away.
- Dirty Corner (in chorus): My eyes are dim, I cannot see.
- Sodn Ldr Richwhite: It was never like this in the Air Force.
- Capt Taylor: My Mother told me to keep away from fast women and slow racehorses.
- Mr Fraser, 3rd Officer: (Suffering from a cold, not a hangover): Dhow then.
- Col. Wallace: One crowded hour of glorious life!
- Capt Prosser: I didn't oughta ett it.
- R.S.M.: Take me back to my boots and my saddle!
- One (Just One) of the V.A.'s: I'm on the water-waggon this trip.
- Mr Randall Smith, Chief Engineer: So am I, now.
- Flanagan & - Take my boots off when I die.
- Allen - What a glorious death!
- Mr T. Griffiths, Chief Steward: Never has so much been eaten by so few in so little time.
- Capt Broom: I saw rats, rats, big as bloomin' cats in the Quartermaster's Store.
- Matron: (speechless): I have nothing to say.

- Two Hangovers -

The Editor,
Sir, Many thanks to the "Galley Staff" for the fine spread, and the work they put into same. Theirs was just a sample of the Kiwis' kindness towards us after being P.O.s in Japan. New Zealand is a fine country I must say, and I hope to return some day.

INTERWARD COMPETITIONS

The Memorial Plaque

12 entries were received for this. In announcing results the judges state:- "Some entries were not explicit enough as to the material to be used and the general details of construction. Others missed the fact that the story of the whole episode is told in the text on the inscription and that added details should have a symbolic or compositional value only. A favourite background was a lifebelt, which is appropriate enough, but it is difficult to preserve artistic harmony if straight lines and right angles are framed in a circle. The first prize went to an entry which had simple and effective design and composition and an excellent choice of materials. The second best entry was for an ambitious effort which would have been more effective if Corinthian columns had not been selected to frame a map of the Pacific. The third entry was a simple design and aimed at giving no more than a decorative value to the present inscription. The judges believe that these three entries all have possibilities, though certain modifications in detail might be advisable from the artistic point of view and other modifications might be obligatory from the point of view of expense." It is intended to exhibit all entries at the forthcoming A and P Show.

Results. First Prize, B Ward; Second Prize, J Ward; Third Prize, K Ward.

Tall Story

There have been many entries in this competition, ranging over a wide field of merit. Some of them hardly qualify as tall stories, rather are they more in the nature of extraordinary coincidences. The fundamental principle of tall stories is that they are based on circumstances which, though possible or nearly possible, are yet highly improbable.

Thus a fairy story is not a tall story. Also, a series of improbable events do not make a story which should deal with one incident.

<u>Place</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Ward</u>	<u>Story</u>	<u>Reference</u>
First	Sgt Holmes	J	Dog's Tail	Current Issue.
Second	P/O Woodsford	J	The Admiral	No 3, Page 8.
Third	Cpl Dunn RASC	E	Lion Shooting	No 3, Page 8.

Sweepstake

The problem to be decided was the exact time the anchor would hit the water at Tewfik. Actually it was 1300 hours on the 28th December. Of the 33 entries received 31 were behind time. The old ship has surprised everybody apparently in a fit of pique at the pessimistic forecasts. This was justifiable when one competitor not only insulted the ship by calling it a boat, but also was tactless enough to suggest January 4th. as time of arrival at Tewfik.

<u>Place</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Ward</u>	<u>Time Given</u>
First	Pte Day	H	0645 - 28th
Second	Sgt Burkett	G	0615 - 29th
Third	P/O Turner	L	0645 - 29th

---oOo---

"NO MORE THOUGHTS"

Since the object of these thoughts I've been
I feel compelled to add just one verse more;
And thus not disappoint "One Guess".
But wonder, were your methods fair - or mean,
To see the script before it went to Press -
And learn there was no number Four?
Though some may criticize and others praise,
Their words I'll not oppose or claim defence
But answer that I've taken no offence:
My actions, and not words will prove my ways.
If you've caused amusement and had fun
I compliment your efforts with, "Well done!"
Be it "Sos" or "Cliff" I seek not fame,
Nor am I ashamed to sign my name.

---oOo---CLIFF HULSTON.

The Editor,
Sir,

The Patients of "B" Ward wish to voice the thoughts, I am sure of every patient on board the "Maunganui" and express their appreciation to Mr Smith, Chief Engineer, his assistant Officers and staff, for the great comfort they have given us during a wonderful voyage.

I am afraid many of us forget what we owe to this wonderful body of men who work unseen, a case too often I am afraid of "Out of sight, out of mind". Think for one moment what we owe to them fresh hot and cold showers, venti-

lation, heat, light, broadcasting, news, yes, even motor boat transport to and from shore while in port. These are only a few of the many little things which have made our voyage such a happy and interesting one.

We wish you all the very best of good luck and smooth running in your future voyages.

- B WARD -