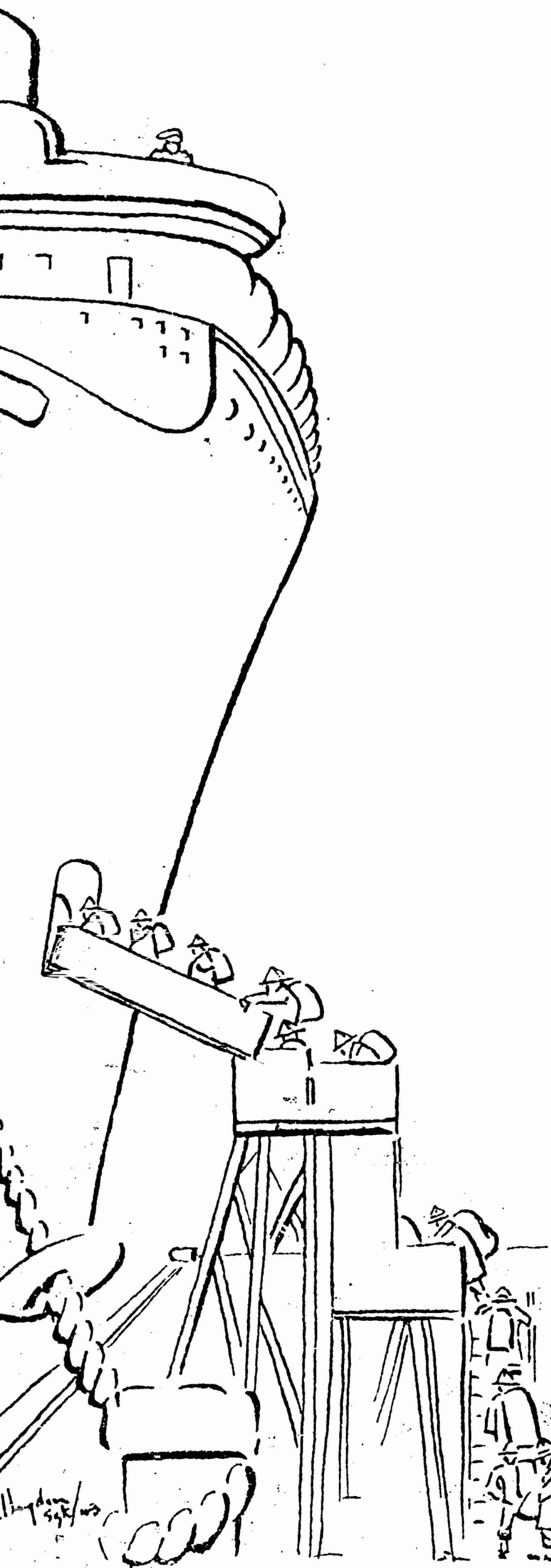


CNR. A.M. Goss.  
10th Rgt, 2nd N.Z.E.F.

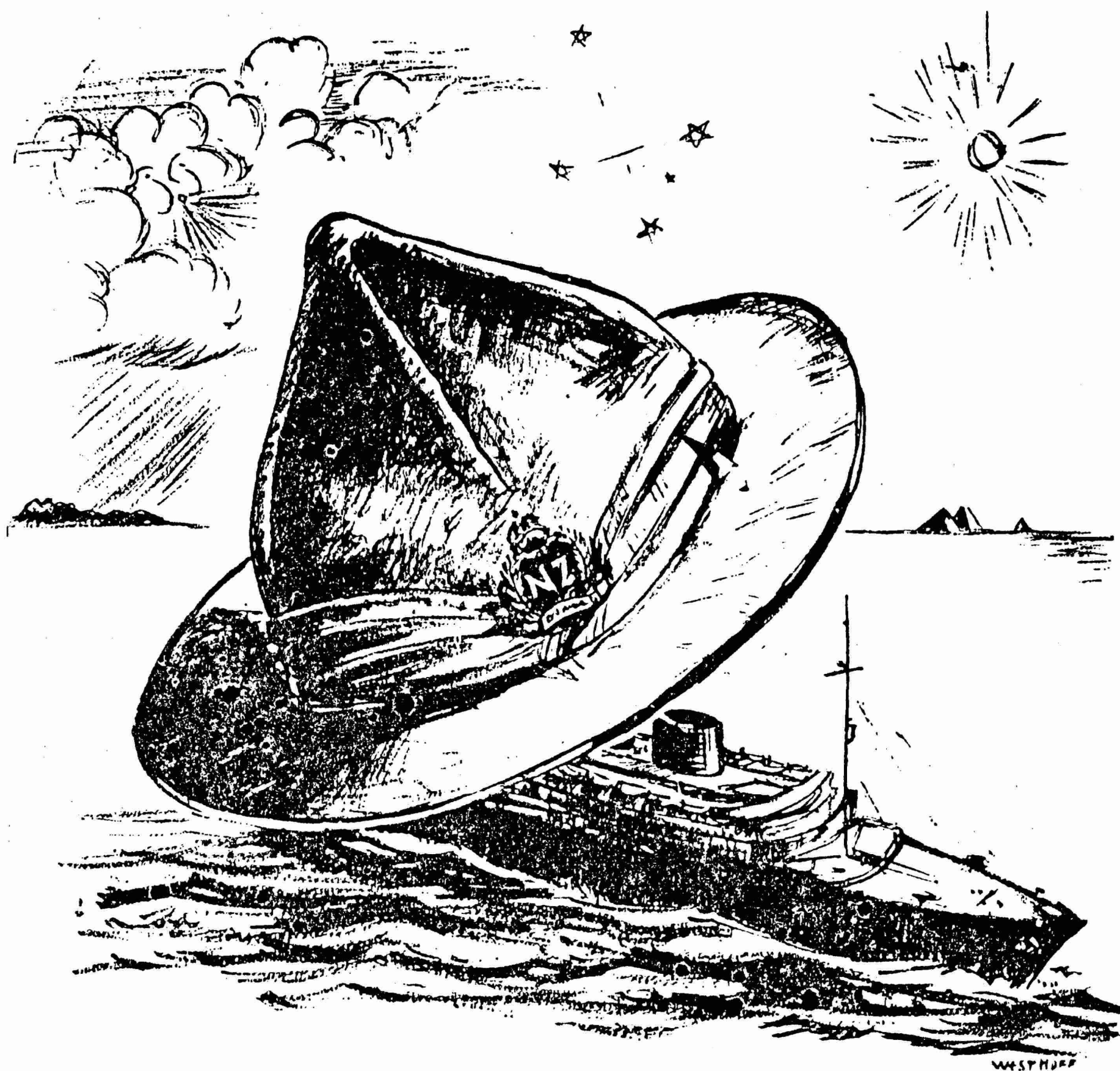
# The QUEUE Ship



In memory of our  
MAIDEN "Voyage"

15<sup>th</sup> August, 1943.

D. A. Boardman Napier  
Mildrum Hastings.  
P. R. Lingard Hastings  
Martin Hawa Hawa Bay of Is.  
W. Craig Blive.  
W. Hamell Hastings.  
A. G. Carter Lyseytown.

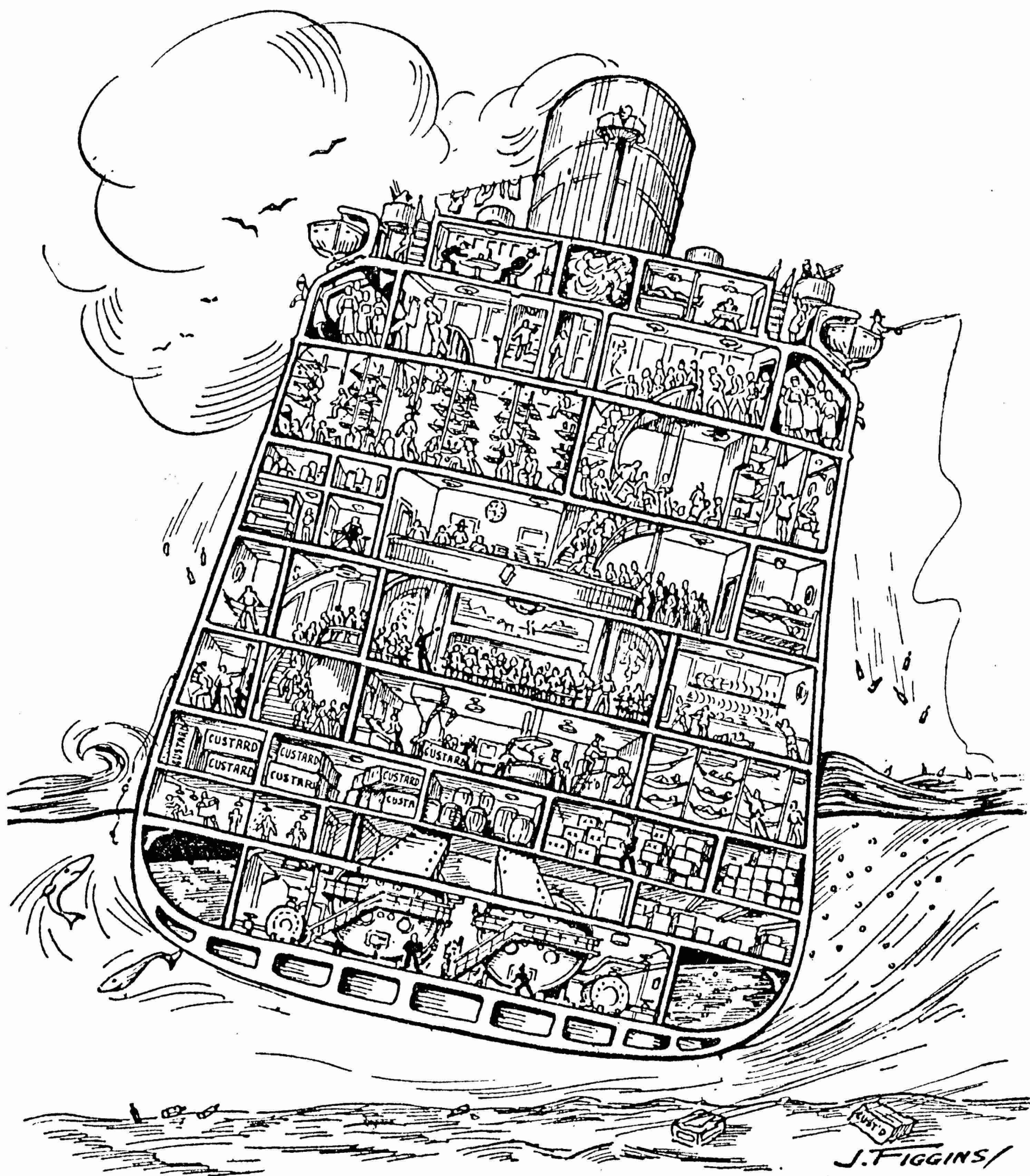


THE QUEUE SHIP we called it. Not without thought. There were many suggestions. Some were perhaps more original, others certainly more ribald. Perhaps in our choice we were looking to the future rather than to the present. In years to come a dog-eared magazine might unfold to an unbelieving generation the story of this voyage, in which the queue was at least one aspect of our memorable experiences. Unless it were that adjustment from one leg to the other that each of us grew to make unconsciously, there has been no other feature quite so constant as the queue. From early morn to the last regretful clatter of the wet canteen's closing, it has been with us...

We were all sorts and conditions of men and we took a little time to settle. For this we could blame the weather, which was not kind. When at last we did settle, we were, they told us, remarkably quiet, remarkably orderly. This, it was suggested, was because many of us were married. Presumably, therefore, we were still under the influence of a discipline more decisive than a sergeant major's...

There were discomforts. We expected them. We were grateful that the "Old Man" - Colonel J. H. Whyte, D. S. O., D. C. M. - with wisdom ripened by experiences of other voyages, sought constantly to reduce the discomfort. He knew his Ship's Standing Orders and demanded that they be obeyed. But in his hands they were the court, not the counsel. For this, we were grateful... "The Queue Ship" it was. But there was always laughter, and good fellowship turned the edge of discomfort. We knew we were to join units of a Division which had won enduring fame. Accordingly, we were humble. Perhaps that accounted for our orderliness. They said of the New Zealand Division in the first world war that it was the silent division. Perhaps, then, we were already a little in the tradition; perhaps, our quietness breathed a promise that we might some day perform the kind of deeds which THAT division had performed. We should like to hope so.....





PETER'S LUXURY LINER

## ROUTINE ORDER No. 001

BY GENERAL A. LARM - O. C. ALL MESSES AND MASSES

1. An emergency, should one occur, either by day or night, will be advised in Routine Disorders 48 hours prior to such happening. Thirty minutes prior to the publication of emergency signals, all ranks will fall in at their respective emergency stations (pardon!) parade grounds and as follows: -

(a) Shortest on the right, tallest on the left in a suitable number of ranks, in alphabetical order ready to have his particulars taken down. For this purpose he must carry a piece of paper in his right hand containing: (i) Name, (ii) Number, (iii) Rank, (iv) initial, (v) whether married or single, (vi) Number of children (viii) last occupation, (viii) Branch of service which applicant prefers, (ix) details of driving licences.

2. (a) Hats will be worn on all emergency parades.

(b) Those who have lost their hats will not fall in on emergency parades, but will report to N.C.O. i/c Officers' garden fatigue.

(c) If the weather is rough and cold greatcoats will NOT be worn.

(d) Life-belts (Mae Wests) must be worn over the greatcoat. (Greatcoats *will not* be worn at these parades).

(e) If the weather is fine greatcoats will NOT be worn but oil-skins, sou'-westers, etc., will be issued.

(f) Balaclavas will be carried by being worn in the greatcoat pocket. (Note: Greatcoats will be neatly folded and placed under the foot of the bunk).

(e) Attention of all ranks is drawn to a previous order stating that Caps F. S. will be worn on all parades and that severe disciplinary action will be taken against any offender.

3. All ranks are warned that this routine order must not fall into enemy hands. It would be too, too revealing.

A. LARM, General,

O. C. All Messes and Masses

## MESSING-ALITIES

Having fourteen in a cabin,  
that was organised for two,  
Worries not the boys of One-Oh-Nine  
they have so much to do,  
They mostly watch the stairs,  
but there's pay and record staff  
And while the watchers labour  
the others shave and bath.

Stair watching is a calling that  
needs both tact and skill  
These are men of patience possessing  
iron will.

There are sergeants at the doorways  
and sergeants on the decks  
And sergeants on the stairways  
in case some break their necks.

And as the sergeants watch there  
a-doing of their work,  
Some officers are watching them  
for fear that they might shirk.  
But the larger mess is managed by  
a Dutchman name of Cress.  
Who, using witty catchwords, feeds  
900 men or less.

He speaks our language fairly but  
runs off into Dutch  
And if our chaps can't understand  
it doesn't matter much.  
For he gesticulates and mumbles  
and his antics make them grin  
But no matter how or when they come  
he always crams them in.

"Take ze bicycles and taxis,"  
he yells with humour grim;  
Another "tousand" more or less  
are all the same to him.  
"Sixty tousand girls to come", he cries  
with some dismay;  
And the troops reply in unison  
"That'll be the b---y day".

We get custards for our dinner  
and custards for our tea.  
This must be the staple diet  
for troops while they're at sea.  
When all things are considered  
our conditions are not bad.  
We watch the stairs and mess rooms  
and dream of joys we've had.

But we'll be soon in the tropics  
on a sun deck half our own  
And if officers don't want it  
we'll make of it a home.  
So now the boys are happy no  
matter what the route  
Stairs and Records Sergeants  
and the others with the hoot.

"STAIRWATCHER".



# MAN'S BITE MAKES NEWS

Willie Wilson's life was, practically speaking, dedicated to the task of having his name placed as conspicuously and as often as possible in the public prints.

It began when he appeared as a child of seven as "Little Lord Fauntleroy", and the local paper used the word "genius" in describing his performance.

Willie was quick in the uptake. At 10, he had a sizeable batch of clippings. Even in the difficult college years, sport, the boy scouts, an occasional concert, and Sunday school returned useful dividends.

The difficult years were from 16 to 20. Then he was pimply. His consistent last in the 440 merited no attention and there seemed to be no parts to fit scragginess in the plays the drama society produced. Willie often despaired.

Things became at first a little better and later, much better sometime after the local librarian remarked that for a grocer's assistant, Willie showed the most pronounced interest in the books on journalism stacked on the shelves. The librarian vaguely wondered whether Willie planned to descend from groceries to journalism. The truth was that Willie sought tips on how to get his name into print.

At 20, the pimples had just about gone. The stage called more often. Athletic club retirements were helpful. The Boy Scouts was a useful last resort. It was a bad week when three issues at least of the local paper did not carry his name.

Time, according to the film shorts, marched on.. Came the war. A polite but rather firm request of Willie that he should join the Army could not be ignored. An equally polite suggestion that he join The Queue also had an "or else" sound about it.

Willie was unhappy. He had his name in Routine Orders once or twice, but for some reason he did not keep those clippings.

Things were as bad in the ship. A newspaper was produced, but without Willie. He would not even have one clipping, it seemed, of the trip. Then, the newspaper said, a magazine was to be produced. At last

he saw his chance. At last, his study of years before of the fundamentals of journalism told him exactly what he must do. He could recall the passage in the book: "A dog's bite of a man", said the book, "is not news. A man biting a dog is news".

It happened that there were in the ship various animals or organisms scientifically known as Lachrymae Morphei. "Bed bugs", the ignorant called them. They, it seemed, bit men. They were not news.

Willie Wilson had to make the magazine somehow. He knew his journalistic maxims. With great care, and the largest attention to detail, Willie decided to make news. He bit a bed bug. He got his reward. He made the magazine. The only trouble was, the bed bugs got mad and bit him back. And now the Lachrymae are Wilsoniae.

- T. P. M.



## HOP PRESS - - - READ ALL ABOUT IT

In peril of their lives, the editorial staff of The Queue Ship, by filching secret records, (including the Adjutant's notebooks and the Colonel's memoirs), has gathered information which has been carefully checked, sorted and collated. This is now printed in order that readers may have an official record of our movements over the past few weeks.

### STAGE 1 - Mob. Camp:

According to latest reports from headquarters, the draft is embarking:

- (a) tomorrow, (b) next Wednesday,
- (c) at the end of the month, (d) after Christmas.

Troops returning from leave have divulged that there is feverish activity in Wellington harbour. Waiting in the stream is (a), the Queen Mary, (b) the Queen Elizabeth, (c) the Dominion Monarch, (d) the Aquitania, (e) the Cobar.

Several uncles in AHQ have foolish divulged our destination as (a) Egypt, (b) England, (c) Burma, (d) New Caledonia, (e), Somes Island.

### STAGE 2 - On Board:

According to an unofficial remark emanating from the ship's cooks, we are calling at Hobart (WL), Fremantle (WL), Durban (WL), Aden (WL), Colombo (WL), Seychelles Islands (WL).

N.B. WL equals With Leave.

WL equals Without Leave.

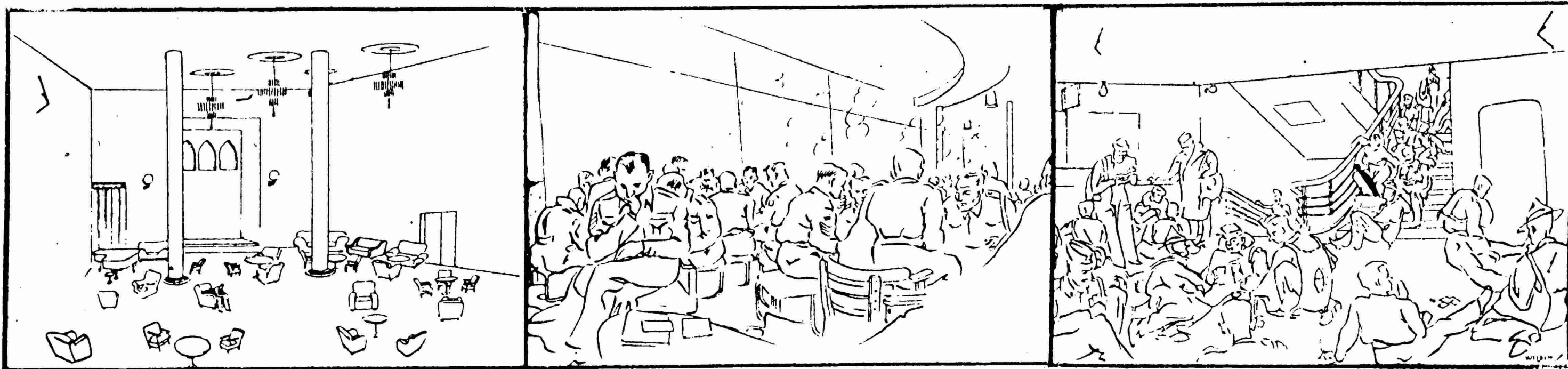
### STAGE 3 - Still on board:

The weather proves that (a) it is b---y hot, (b) we are travelling N, (c) we are travelling S, (d) flying fish prove we are in the China Sea, (e) whales prove that we are in the Ross Sea, (f) beer is best.

### STAGE 4 - Still on board:

According to those who have definitely seen the training syllabus we are (a) reinforcement for the Eighth Army, (b) caretakers of Maadi Camp, (c) to be trained as jungle snipers, (d) army of occupation for Italy, (e) shock invasion troops for Greece, (f) paratroops receiving elementary instruction with hammocks.

Your guess is as good as mine. - D.G.E.



A STUDY IN LOUNGERS





"ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP - I LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE TO SLEEP"

## A POST-WAR MYTH

Once upon a time in the not very distant future, a member of this Reinforcement, having returned to his native land, desired to marry and settle down. Now, some of the things he had gone through as a soldier had left their mark indelibly imprinted upon his character, so much so that the matter of choosing a bride seemed to him to present some difficulties. To solve his problem, he inserted an advertisement in the "Personal Column" of the morning paper:

"Modern caveman, clean-shaven, with concentration camp background and expert knowledge of knots and lashings, desires meet young lady, preferably athletic type, view matrimony. Must be willing share hammock. Call 'C View'; Te Moana St., 7-8 p.m."

And so it was that at exactly 7 o'clock that evening, Ernest Hardley Fitzcanvas, the tall but stooped "Prince Charming" of this story, answered the door at "C View" in response to a gentle knock. As he had hoped he found himself in the presence of a charming girl, who introduced herself as Miss Eva Slipknot and stated she had come in reply to his advertisement.

With both Ernest and Eva, it was a case of love at first sight.

"I simply adore cavemen," cooed Eva, as a few minutes later she nestled among

the cushions in the cosiest corner of Ernest's bachelor apartment. "But your advertisement reads like double Dutch to me. Have you really been in a concentration camp?"

"Well, no," said Ernest, "but I once lived on 'The Queue Ship' where space was so concentrated as to be equalled only by a Nazi concentration camp."

"I see. And why do you call yourself a caveman?"

"Well," replied Ernest modestly, "I dwelt on C Deck by the sea, see, where, to sleep, I had to convert myself into a cross between Tarzan and a larva entering the cocoon stage."

"How on earth did you sleep, darling?"

"To begin with," explained Ernest, "they issued me with an allegedly useful article of furniture known as a hammock, which I was led to believe offered all the comforts of a single bed. I don't think I'll ever forget that first night. However, I managed fairly well once I discovered that one does not get into a hammock: one puts it on."

"Fancy," said Eva coyly. "And you think it is possible that two might put one on?"

"I'm willing to try if you are. As a matter of fact, I'm working on a patent double-width, low-slung, over-strung, anti-tip, non-squeak, minimum-sag, special Easter bride

type of hammock, which I think will be very suitable for us."

"Oh, Ernest," sighed Eva, "you say the cutest things. But don't you think", she said shyly, "that a hammock would mean rather too many awkward moments for a young married couple?"

"Oh, no," said Ernest, "I think my special model will take care of anything that might arise."

That settled it. Not many days later Ernest had converted a Slipknot into a double bowline and turned his thoughts towards the day when it might be necessary for him to practise "lashings" on a tribe of little Fitzcanvasses.

And so they both lived 'ammockily ever after!





## WE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

A crowded troopship without a band would be like lamb without mint sauce and yet The Queue Ship might have been in this unhappy position had it not been for the energy and resourcefulness of Major B.V.A. Jones and Capt. K.S. Cox, plus a handful of enthusiastic bandsmen in Group 6.

The formation of the band originated at "B" Block, Burnham, when part of the Southern Infantry Group was living through those tedious days of examinations, inoculations, vaccinations, checks, etc., ad infinitum. The idea of forming a band was an excellent one. Everyone agreed. There were several bandsmen in the Group who had previously played in the Burnham Band and they would form the nucleus of the personnel required.

What about instruments?

To find the necessary instruments - several hundred pounds worth - wasn't easy. Far from it. Most men would have given the job up as hopeless when the Patriotic Board declared that it had none to lend. But then Major Jones and Capt. Cox have been in the Army for a long time and old soldiers know their way about. Somewhere or other there was the principle of taking first and asking afterwards. Suffice to say that the Patriotic Board first became aware that it had lent a full set of instruments to the band for the duration of the voyage when it was asked to supply music to go with them. Possession being nine points of the law, the band kept the instruments and we've enjoyed the music.

If you wish to deliver in person brickbats or bouquets about the band, then you'll have to venture down "torpedo-alley", and find Cpl. V. A. Mc Herron - he's your man. When the band was first formed, he was appointed its conductor and it's under his guidance that it has reached its present standard.

The band made its debut on the ship the afternoon before we sailed, and, augmented later by bandsmen from other groups has brightened many a weary day with its music. The troops thank you, Major Jones and Capt. Cox, for your appreciation of the situation.

- F. J. C.

## THOSE HARD-BOILED EGGS

Like as the waves of the ocean,

They were cold.

Like as the sands of the desert,

They were old.

If for an answer this question begs,

Who was it laid 'em? The answer's X.

Million of hens on millions of legs

Could never lay *THEM* HARD-BOILED EGGS!

- T. P. M.

## GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH

Neither the finest weather of the trip, nor the smoothest sea seemed to have the slightest effect on the gloomy face of the man, who stood at the rail.

"Been seasick, pal?" I queried.

He shook his head.

"Sleep in 'C' Deck, then?" I asked, because 'C' Deck dwellers somehow all acquire that wistful look that comes from waiting 90 minutes for the bathroom, and other plumbing devices.

He shook his head.

"Then why so blue?"

He shuddered, looked at me to see that I was indeed sympathetic and not a mocker and went on. "It's the future, lad."

"After the war, you mean?"

He nodded.

"Aren't you satisfied with the New Order they talk about. Don't you read Mr. Nash's speeches?" I asked.

"It's my business," he said. "It'll be shot to pieces after this war."

"Did you sell armaments or something?"

"No, I travelled New Zealand for razor blades, and the way this ship is going means that my sales must fall off 50 per cent. Almost everyone is trying to grow a moustache. Look over there".

Over there was a group of men, from ASC and Tanks all the way up the scale to Infantry. On each upper lip was a shadow, some walrussy, some timidly vague, others ginger, even.

"Statistics prove", he said, warming up

to his subject, "that each moustache means a 49.37 per cent drop in the per capita consumption (male) of razor blades."

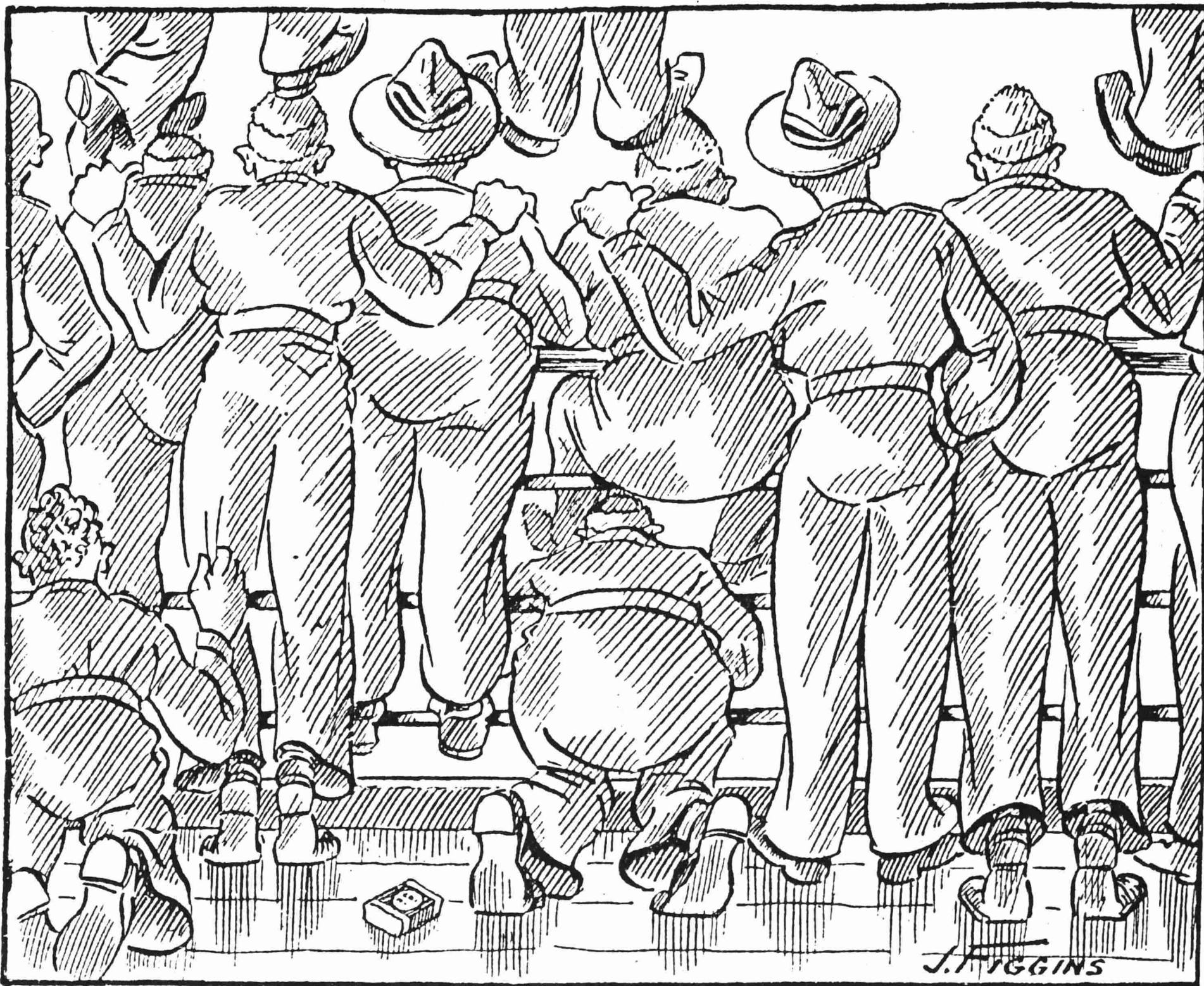
I asked him if he could think of a reason for the sudden sprouting. There were several, he opined. It might be a Nazi trick to cripple the British steel market after the war; it might be laziness; but his own view was that it was the challenge of the unattainable.

There was on board, he told me, an officer whose moustache set a new mark for soldiers to attain. Even if every soldier nowadays carried a marshal's baton in his valise, there was not much chance of reaching that happy state, but it did look as if each upper lip might hide beneath that shaven skin the credentials for a major's crown.

He didn't suggest there were any who would be able to reach the high standard set by the man they copied. There were tricks of the trade. It was hard to get that sweep at the corners for instance, or that twirl at each edge, and the bushiness itself was hard to achieve in a trying climate. The moustache they used as a model had a kind of dashing arrogance.

I left my friend sadly musing on his career. He had, he told me, thought seriously of taking on a new line after the war - reverting to the old Victorian trade secret of selling a special kind of wax for twirling the ends.

- L. R. H.

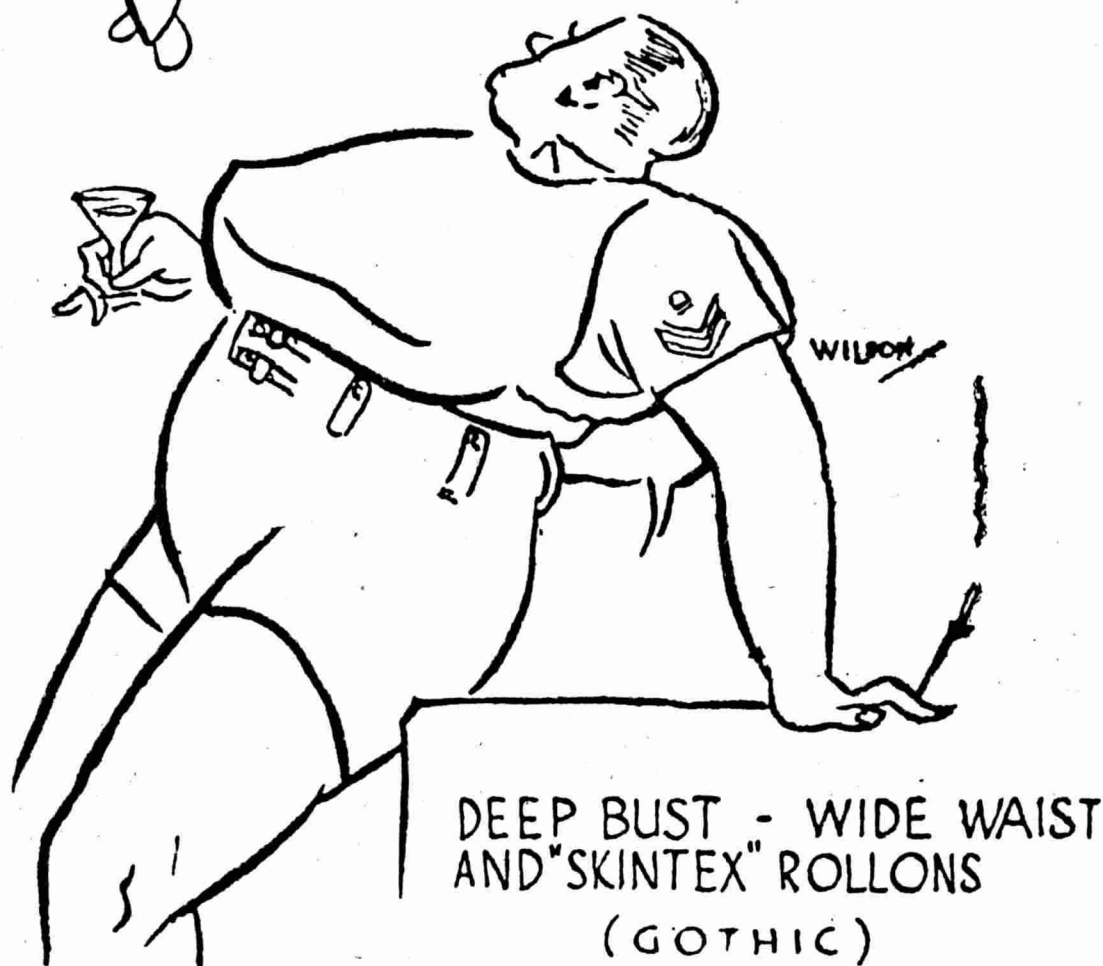
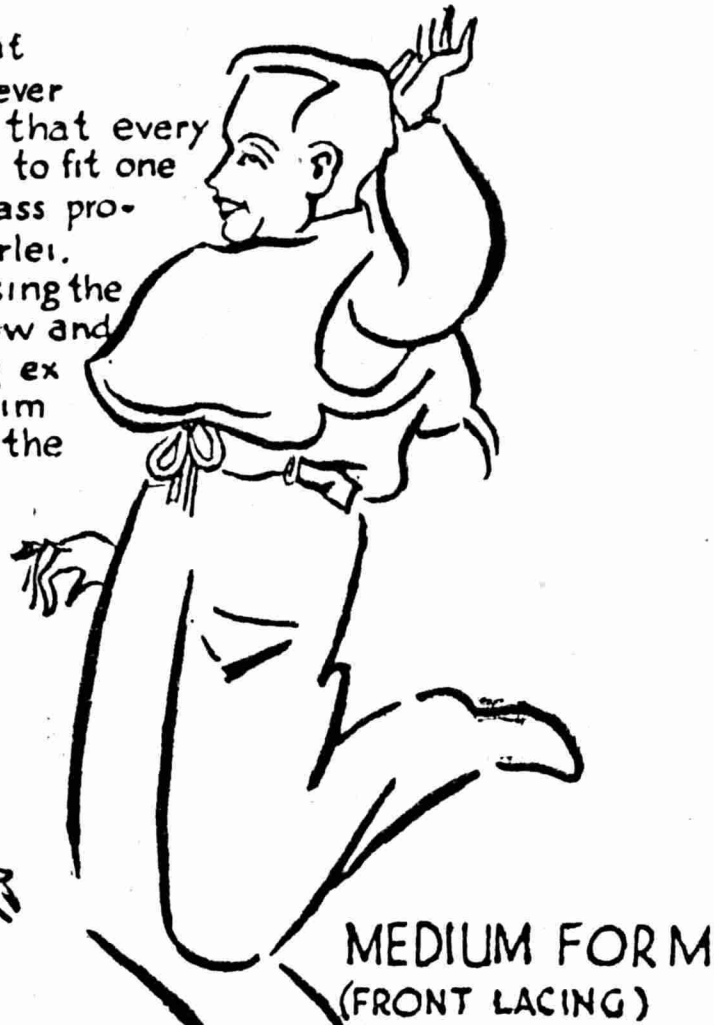


FIRST PORT OF CALL.



# Burlei

Your life belt doesn't fit? Too bad! However you should know that every one issued is made to fit one type. There's no mass production about Burlei. Classify yourself using the illustrations below and call on our fitting expert. You'll find him somewhere up in the sharp end ★



## HIS "NO" WAS FAMOUS

Simpson was one of those chaps who rarely spoke. He had started work as a barber and naturally drifted into selling assurance. He knew what he wanted and usually got it without asking. That was why he was wearing an Old Borstallian tie when he arrived at our camp. He was unlike most recruits - he didn't stop and crack a bottle with the guard or tell the Old Man why we weren't winning the war. He seemed to find talking an unnecessary exercise. The usual army questionnaires he did enjoy. They usually entailed one word answers and Simpson enjoyed having his particulars taken down four or five times a day.

He wouldn't even converse with the W.A.A.C's - all he would say was "No" with exasperating consistency. One W.A.A.C. even told him she was sick of his

"Noes" - a remark that made poor Simpson wince. He was inordinately proud of his nose - it was his mother's nose and he was proud of his mother. She was a non-speaker too. She hadn't spoken to Simpson's father since before Cuthbert was born. Simpson didn't ask why. She had mentioned that she had learned her lesson young. She had been the one to teach him the power of the simple negative.

Anyway Simpson got on well in the Army. They put him in the Q Store where his devastating 'No' became famous throughout the south. Q. M.'s from other units even went to him for special "NO" courses. When he was medically examined for overseas, his extraordinary powers of silence enabled him to pass Grade I. He thought it superfluous to tell the doctors that he had

flat feet, varicose veins, ingrowing toenails, curvature of the spine and a glass eye. And naturally, poor souls, they weren't to know.

As he stepped on board the troopship, an eagle-eyed officer of great intelligence picked him out immediately. His monosyllabic answer, "Q", to the officer's query as to his experience marked him for the job of a security man amongst the troops. After all, as the Officer-of-Great-Intelligence said, any signalman or gunner could do a Q job.

In one respect Simpson was ideal for the job. He was a living "Don't Talk" slogan, and his letters home were the answer to a censor's prayer - no mention of hills, aunts, snow, birds, ports, escorts, or anything. In fact, Simpson just didn't bother writing home. Besides all this, Simpson was a splendid example to the troops. He never complained about anything. Nor did he make sarcastic remarks in front of officers as some soldiers did. His superiors even took his lack of words as silent sympathy for them in their trying conditions - their crowded lounge, their rationed drinks, their cramped cabins, the fewness of the nurses. In fact, Simpson was doing well in his job until...

It was a perfect evening and the ship was riding the tropic seas with easy grace. Using his security pass and mysterious mien, Simpson had reached a forbidden deck. He had picked his way through the red and khaki-coated couples. He did not even envy these Southern officers their "oomph". He gazed across the restless ocean. Suddenly, a shaft of moonlight was caught in a halo of blonde hair. Simpson's heart stood still and then she spoke to him. Her progress with him was slow, for in his alarm he resorted to the only weapon he knew - his devastating negative. Not all her feminine wiles and dazzling beauty could melt the cautious Cuthbert.

The beautiful Olga was desperate as she strove to wrest from him his country's secrets. Never again would her Fuhrer smile on her if she did not succeed in her task. Was she to fail after evading all the dangers of her undertaking - the stowing-away in the ship's laundry, the evading of the pre-leave medical examination, and all the other horrors? Desperately, she played her final trump...

Simpson is still his mother's son. His 'No' is still devastating. He is still a security man. But somehow his friends have noticed a strange look in his eye when blondes are mentioned. What do you think was Simpson's final answer to the beautiful Olga the spy?

G.H.S.

I have no rancour,  
Because crown and anchor  
Has taken all my dough,  
For the ship's consultation  
Gave real consolation  
And entirely softened the blow.



# A LIEUTENANT'S SOLILOQUY - - -

("BLACK SUNDAY", 13th JUNE, 1943)

To be, or not to be: That is the question  
Whether 'tis better three sergeants' stripes  
to take And in the army a lowly rank to  
hold; Or to spurn this Grecian gift dis-  
dainfully and become an A.C. 2. To-day:  
two pips; Alas these and my cheesecutter  
to lose To-morrow; and the messroom closed  
to me. Never to be Sir, but flippantly called  
Sarge! The cruelty of Fate! To eat, to sleep,  
to rise amongst the men - as one of them.  
Not as once I did - with condescension.  
Watching them at work. Encouragingly.  
Calling them Blokes, "Good show", I'd say.  
And casually accept their grateful smile, As  
due to me, their officer in charge. A gentle-  
man then by virtue of my rank. Three lowly  
stripes and those but temp'rary; This the  
return for all my sweat and toil. The weeks  
in Octu; the long and arduous course. All  
these in vain: I may not even Keep the  
three poor stripes. Could I endure it, And  
sink my pride and take a menial role Where  
once I took command? Except for fear of  
what my fate might be in the Air Force.  
Though all are gentlemen there - Blue Or-  
chids - Would this make up for what I  
needs must lose? Better face that which I  
know, than the unknown. I'll accept my fate;  
take what comes to me; Call the parade  
roll; and make out duty lists. I'll work for  
the men like the wise steward in the parable;  
and if I lose my stripes, Privates will take  
me in and let me Be one of them.

- F. R. T.

## "PLEASE EXCUSE THE WRITING . . ."

Those letters back Home! When memor-  
ies of other incidents of shipboard life have  
paled, the sight of many a busy scribe taking  
advantage of every nook and corner to  
write a letter back Home still will remain  
vivid. What emotions were poured into those  
letters - how they served to lighten the hard-  
ship of separation - cannot be told. All of  
them, probably, had many things in com-  
mon.

From some, words seemed to flow freely;  
others found it difficult to translate with a  
pen what was in their hearts. There was,  
for the first time, the bogey of the Censor.  
It was difficult to write of one's feelings  
when the letter was to be read by a third  
party. Many thought the cable system ideal  
for messages of love - merely selecting by  
a number the appropriate texts.

No time of the day seemed to be too  
early or too late for letter writing. Even be-



## A WORD FROM THE O. C.

*Four strenuous years of war are behind  
us; who knows how long the struggle will  
last? Of the result we have no doubt, but  
there are yet difficult and dangerous days  
ahead.*

*This voyage is your first real step along  
the road to strenuous active service. The  
spirit of cheerfulness with which you have  
faced the discomforts of trooping augurs well  
for the way you will stand up to trials and  
the exacting hard life on the field of battle.*

*May you always be able to laugh through  
the days to come, facing danger with a light-  
heartedness and determination that will con-  
quer all obstacles.*

*The experiences you will gain in your  
travels, the contacts you will make, the  
knowledge you will assimilate, will be in-  
valuable to you in the years to come. May  
all of you be spared to return to New Zea-  
land to become worthy citizens of that Is-  
land home we love so well.*

J. H. WHYTE, Colonel.  
Officer Commanding Troops.

fore breakfast in the morning, here and there  
heads would be bent and pens would be  
moving over pages; and so through the day  
until at night "Lights Out" would find others  
with letters unfinished.

Back in New Zealand, where, perhaps,  
there was not so much to write about and  
where letters were not so prized, there  
were always facilities and encouragement  
to write Home - ample writing paper and  
envelopes, comfortable tables and chairs set  
in quiet corners where one could write with-

## A MESSAGE FROM THE BRIDGE

*"I have been very happy to welcome  
my ship another band of New Zealand  
and I trust that they will retain pleas-  
ant memories of this voyage. New Zealand  
overseas have established a great reputa-  
tion among the United Nations, and I am su-  
re that this group of men will live up to the  
tradition of the Dominion's gallant Division.  
May you always fight steadfastly for free-  
dom and democracy, so that when the war  
is over, you will return home with the self-  
respect engendered by having done your  
part in building for your children a world  
of peace and security - a world such as  
God meant it to be.*

*I am very proud - and so are all the  
members of the ship's staff - that it is the  
ship that has been privileged to take so  
many New Zealand soldiers overseas - and  
carry many of them safely back. May God  
bless all you boys and may He watch over  
you in the days to come."*

CAPTAIN G. J. BARENDSE,  
Commodore

## GREETINGS FROM THE PADRE

*Greetings to the company we have been  
honoured to serve. The scope and energy of  
our ministrations have been determined by  
many factors not the least of which are  
confidences and co-operation. This we have  
had from the O.C. Troops down.*

*You are going to fight for the preser-  
vation of human rights and values that were  
not recognised until Christianity taught them  
to the world. Christianity has taught each of  
you that, being a creature of God, you have  
a precious worth and dignity as well as cer-  
tain rights. These rights belonged to men  
before dictators and Governments existed.*

*Dictators or Governments did not give  
them to you; therefore they have no proper  
authority to take them from you. That is  
the Christian foundation - the only enduring  
foundation of democracy, of the democracy  
for which you are going to fight.*

*We pray that God may strengthen you  
for the serious job ahead. Hold fast the pro-  
fession of your faiths without wavering.*

(Signed) SAM M. HAYES.  
A. D. HORWELL  
H. F. TREHEY.

out interruption. But here it was different.  
Sitting hunched up on the stairs, lying face  
downwards on the decks, crouched on top  
of cupboards in odd corners of the ship - in  
the most inaccessible places in the most un-  
comfortable positions, there were always  
to be found soldiers writing Home.

It had been used a hundred times before -  
an apology for a hastily scribbled note - but  
never was there more justification for the  
words: "Please excuse the writing..."

- F. J. C



# AT THE HEAD OF THE QUEUE

After a scientific investigation into the lives of the various big guns aboard, we make the observaton, in a spirit of cautious co-operation, that the O. C. Troops has been too long at the game to fall for the excuse that you didn't mean to do it. For this is Colonel J. H. Whyte, and he has been at the game for 45 (or is it 46) years. He went to the South African War with the first of the ten contingents New Zealand dispatched there. There he won the D. C. M., holding the rank of sergeant major at the time. In 1902 he returned to New Zealand and by the time the war they used to call Great had come along he was a major. He was appointed second in command of the Wellington Mounted Rifles and saw service in Gallipoli, where he won the D.S.O., and Sinai. In 1917, he was appointed to command the Regiment and before the show ended he had a bar to his D.S.O. and had been mentioned five times in despatches.

Colonel Whyte is probably the most-travelled New Zealand soldier of this war. He has made 14 or 15 trips in various troopships, each time holding the appointment of O.C. Troops. Considering the trials of the position, he still manages to look remarkably benign and cheerful.

Brigadier K.L. Stewart graduated from Duntroon in 1916, and proceeded overseas in '17. For the remainder of the war, he saw service in Palestine, chiefly on divisional staff. He once saw the famed Lawrence of Arabia who was, at that time, a Lieutenant Colonel defying all dress regulations by wearing a star on one shoulder and a crown on the other. This was in Cairo, where Lawrence discarded his Arab clothes for British uniform.

In this war he sailed with the First Echelon as G. S. O. 1 to General Freyberg. He went through Greece and Crete, escaping from



Crete in a flying boat with 36 other passengers. Sardines had nothing on the soldiers in that plane.

By that time, Brigadier Stewart had been

appointed Colonel, General Staff, and after Brigadier Hargest's capture in the First Libyan campaign, he was appointed to the crown and three stars. He went back to New Zealand as Deputy Chief to General Puttick and after 18 months at the job is bound overseas for another appointment. His confession that he is glad to be going back may or may not have something to do with the fact that, like every other Army Headquarters, New Zealand's sends all of its workers more or less insane after a time.

The hardest thing to believe about Lieutenant Colonel J. N. Henry, second in command of troops to Colonel Whyte, is that he was once a R. S. M. The cause of the disbelief is the softness of the Colonel's voice and the consistent mildness of his manner.



But the record is plain: he was Colonel Whyte's R.S.M. in the Wellington Mounted Rifles. He was appointed to the Staff Corps in 1924 and more recently has been commandant of the Army School at Trentham. In his spell there, he put two or three thousand men through O. C. T. U. and another three or four thousand through the school's special courses. The voyage, therefore, is probably almost a holiday for him. He is scheduled to return to New Zealand after its completion, but if the gods are as kind as he hopes they will be, he will remain in the Middle East by hook or by crook.

A gentle, courteous man, Colonel Henry is extremely popular with those who know him. It's not surprising that he is a soldier; his father was serving in India as an officer of the 7th Dragoon Guards at the time the Colonel was born. As a young man, too, the Colonel was taken to South Africa while his father fought in the war there. You can understand, therefore why he knows the game inside out.

Major R. J. Knox, of Dunedin, is Adjutant of the ship. On his left breast, he wears the ribbon of the Military Cross, won in 1916 in the Battle of the Somme. He was, at that time, a W.O. 2; and though warrant

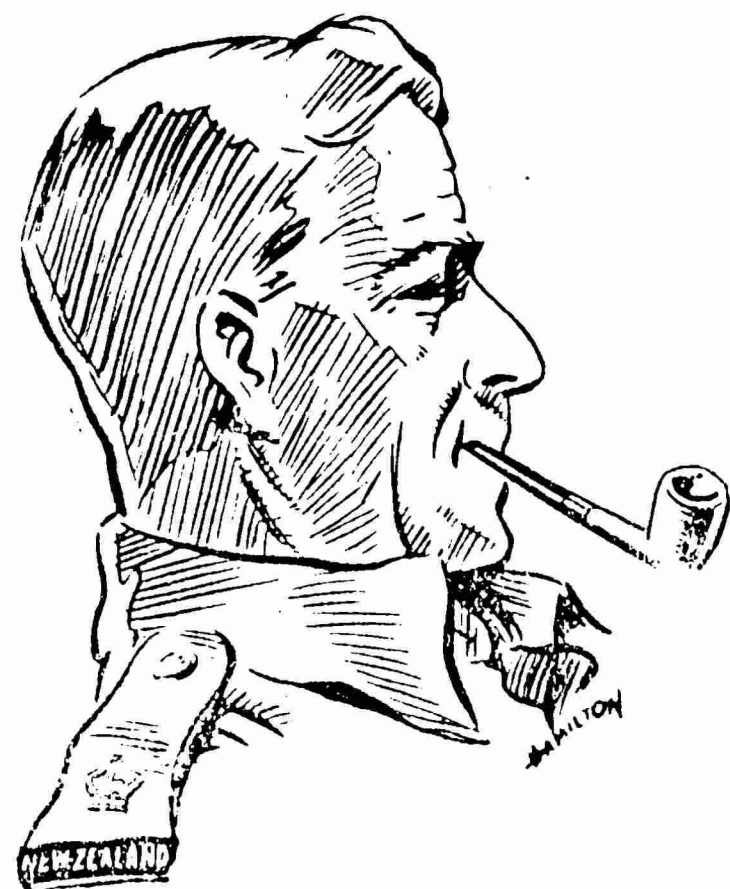


officers are eligible to win the decoration, the cases of its being so awarded are so extremely rare that you can get a pretty good idea of just what kind of act Major Knox must have performed to earn the distinction. He would be the last man in the world to tell you anything about it, though.

Another unusual performance of the Major's was to earn a place in the Otago representative Rugby team of 1914 while weighing only 11st 7lbs. He played in the pack, too. Incidentally, he played again for Otago in 1921; about that time, too, he represented Otago as an oarsman.

In no spirit of irreverence, we should like to describe Major D. R. Mansfield, the ship's quartermaster, as a cheery card. Perhaps because he served four years and ten months overseas in the last war, perhaps because in this one he has travelled 120,000 miles as a ship's quartermaster, he has achieved a state of infectious geniality.

He sailed off to the last war eight days



after it began. He was one of the 1300-odd dispatched post-haste to Samoa. Later, he served on Gallipoli and in France, winning his commission overseas. He served throughout in the engineers.



## BREEDING BETTER BUGS - - -

As a man of science I'm happy to explain why our bed bugs are so virile. Have you heard of hybrid vigour or haven't you? The classical example of this is the crossing of two dwarf types of maize to produce a giant type deriving factors for height from both parents. It is the same thing as short parents in our species have tall sons. Similarly, crossbred cattle and pigs grow faster and stand up to tougher conditions than do pure-bred.

Originally, our bed bugs were a miserable inbred lot, but as the Queue Ship sailed the Seven Seas, fresh stocks were imported from leading studs. These infusions of new blood wrought remarkable changes. Mean weight improved by 50 per cent; infant mortality fell, and expectation of life was doubled. Eugenic committees were set up, and pre-potent sires were given family bonuses. Rigid culling was practised and progeny testing, based on intelligence and biting capacity, steadily raised the average ability of the population.

Improved brain power brought further changes. All bed bugs are now provided with respirators so that they are now proof against fumigation. Careful attention has been paid to diet and a balanced ration of blood groups is now universal. For this reason the S.M.O. recommends that discs identity, should NOT be worn during the hours of attempted sleep. - M. McG. C.

## THE LEITH POLICE DISMISSETH US

We found on getting ashore that motor-cars were in short supply and upon bewailing this fact to a member of the civilian population, our small group of soldiers were told that they would be welcome to his car but that, unfortunately, it was not registered due to petrol difficulties. He was a good-hearted soul and after a very happy little talk over many happy little schooners it was agreed that if the visitors could procure the necessary fuel, they were welcome to the car - registered or not! Needless to say, the petrol was got!

Schooners have already played a small part in this picture: as the day wore on, they played a greater. Darkness had fallen; lovely luscious-lipped ladies had been met. Everybody seemed to be very happy - (happy almost to the point of irresponsibility). This was plainly evident when it was observed that surplus stored-up energy was expelled by means of frequent and very voluble bursts of "HUP".

Something always goes wrong though and things went wrong for our happy little

party at an intersection when a collision occurred with another car which did not stop. Our sea-farers had to stop because of mudguard pressure on the port bow wheel. Doors were thrown open while numerous occupants sprang out teeming with energy, 'hupping' loudly and colliding with each other at every turn. Then came the police... Police: 'You're reasonably sober, aren't you?' Seafarers: 'Yes, defnally - HUP!' Police, after inspecting damage to port bow: 'You are reasonably sober, aren't you?' Seafarers: 'Sober as - HUP! - judges - HUP!' The police then piled into the car for the purpose of catching the miscreant who had failed to give way to the traffic on his right. Ours was a sedan car, and although the police must surely have been dazed by the fumes inside, they did not appear to notice it.

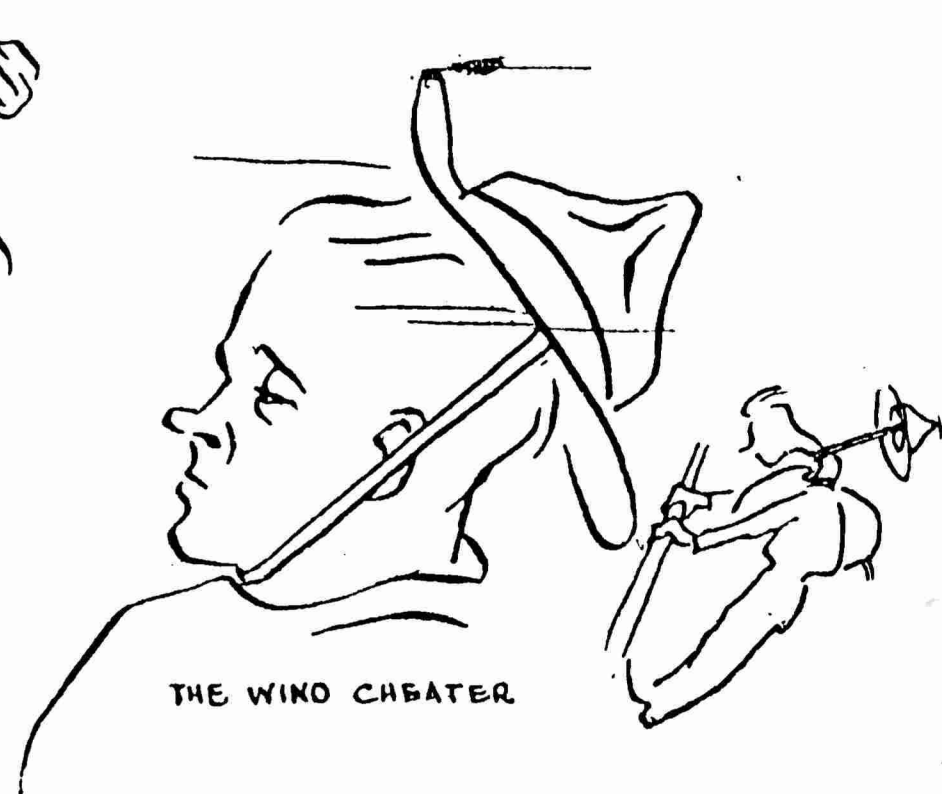
We have it on good authority that the offender was caught and brought to justice but the fact that our car was not registered was never noticed - or was it? - R.M.M.

## THANK YOU, NEW ZEALAND

We would like to convey to the people of New Zealand our appreciation of what their contributions to the National Patriot Fund Board have done to make a difficult voyage less trying. For the seasick, there have been special issues of cordials, biscuit and barley sugar. For those not interested in crown and anchor, there have been playing cards, draught boards, and "housey" sets in plentiful supply. To keep the censors busy there has been stationery adequate for even our insatiable demands. Boxing gloves, medicine balls, and skipping ropes have been provided for the more strenuously inclined. Thousands of books have helped to fill many a dragging hour. Last but not least the several issues of *real* New Zealand cigarettes have been as oases in the desert of camels and "unlucky strikes". The N.P.F. has done a great job.



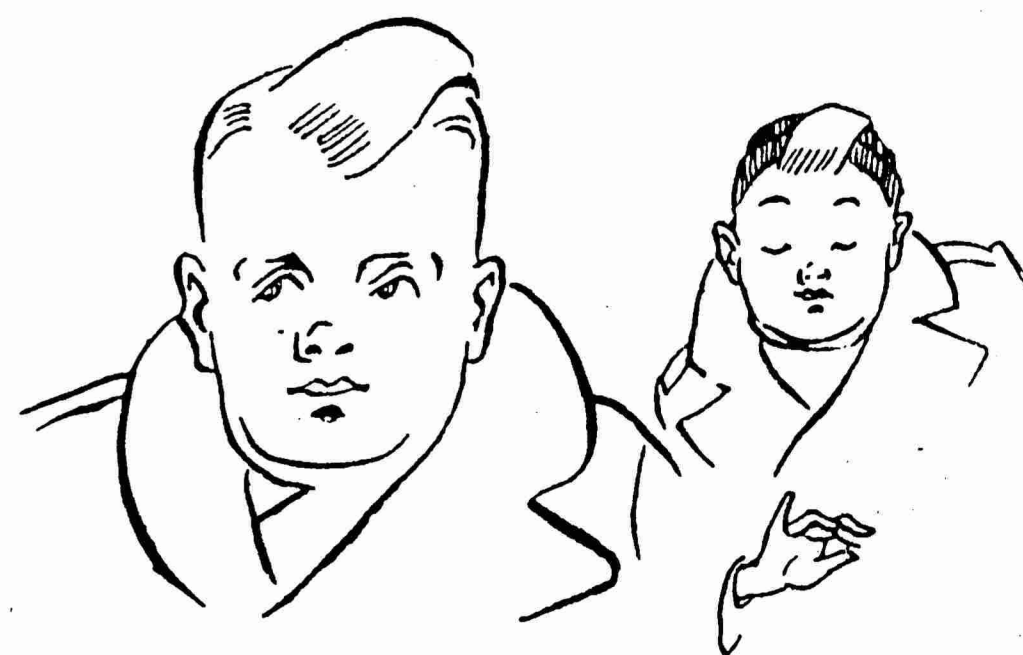
THE PATE-CONCEALER



THE WIND CHEATER



THE ABUSION-ELIMINATOR



THE LADY KILLER



THE SMUGGLER OR PIXIE



THE WEATHER-VANE

WILSON





## JABBER IN CHIEF

There are ways and ways of meeting your next-door neighbour. To our S.M.O. Major A. W. Owen Johnston, goes the prize for the most original so far. He met his neighbour while holding one of those what-you-may-call-'em parades aboard ship. The meeting passed off without incident.

Major Owen Johnston served for three years in the Medical Corps in the last war immediately after graduating from the University of Otago. He spent about 13 years as medical superintendent of the Invercargill Public Hospital, and for the last eight years he has been in private practice there.

A keen R. S. A. man, he has been president of the Invercargill branch for the last four years and recently has been working hard on problems of rehabilitation.

Incidentally, the Major has already performed one appendix operation since this voyage began and he won't be a bit surprised if there are more to be done. Apparently five appendices bit the dust while the Ninths sailed the seas.



## WE SALUTE OUR SISTERS

Twenty nurses, good and true, boarded The Queue Ship and listened to what the wild waves were saying; then there were fewer than twenty. There's a moral in the story somewhere.

Some of our nurses have been waiting for more than two years to get overseas. They come from as far north as Whangarei and as far south as Dunedin. They were assembled ten days before the voyage began. Few of them knew each other then and even now, what with different shifts and so on, some are still at the "How d'you do?" stage with each other.

Life aboard ship hasn't been so very much different from hospital routine. The boys who threw up everything but the kitchen sink were a problem for a start, especially as one or two of the more enthusiastic did seem to have included the kitchen sink. Since then, there's been a case or two of pneumonia, broken limbs, and the odds and ends usually expected with a big crowd of men.

Sisters, in case you don't know, wear two pips and charge sisters three. Incidentally, it's the custom for all ranks to salute nurses, so don't be surprised if you see a full Colonel clipping his ear as a two-pipper goes by. The next moment the Colonel will probably clip your ear, but nil nisi custardi carborundum, brother; never let it wear you down!

## THIS CENSOR SHIP

Perhaps the cause was tropic madness, combined with nerves strained in waiting for the results of the Consultation. It's rather a sad story.

The story opens with Lieutenant William Arbuthnot nearly at the end of his daily task of censorship of the 7341 letters written by the men of his platoon. He still felt a degree of pride (albeit rather sullen) in the performance of his chaps. Enquiry among other officers had shown that their fellows couldn't average better than 7332 a day. William felt sure that the reason why his chaps won was because most had Uncle Albert's to whom they wrote daily demanding instant replies to questions such as what the hell had happened to Nellie's bridle - the writers were all sure it had been left hanging by the wall. William felt that it was jolly decent of his chaps to go on writing to their uncles and aunts, as well as to their wives, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, step daughters, mothers-in-law and the probation officer. He sometimes wondered whether they were being quite soldierly in restricting their sleep to a half hour a night so that they might squeeze that last little drop from the pen.

William wasn't thinking much at the moment. He was censoring. He felt a little off-colour and hadn't quite managed to keep

up his hourly average of 750. Still, he would have time at the end to drop a note to his wife. He would have to censor it himself. His stomach turned a little. He suspected that his wife would first be astonished and then angered at those slips of paper bearing the word William which he kept on sending her. He'd tried to stop himself but now it was a habit.

At last the end was in sight. Blank, Blank, Blank, escort, prisoners, near so-and-so, out they came in swift, automatic motion. Love. God he was sick of love. Kiss Myrtle for me. Wonder why Myrtle always had to be kissed?

His hand reached nervelessly for the last of the pile. Apparently, the writer demanded to know whether the old ewe had expired. Also a few questions about the broccoli to be planted and some rather positive language about the Internal Marketing Board.



## PRELUDE TO PORT

He glanced at the signature, a new one to him. A knot formed on his brow and passed rapidly across at the rate of 21 to the hour. It returned, zigzagging. My God, said William Arbuthnot, it can't be true. Yet there it was, plainly. "Uncle Albert." He turned to the first page. As he suspected, the letter began: "Dear Uncle Albert".

William felt prickles down his spine. He sensed rather than felt, that the cabin walls were closing on him. It could not be true. Yet there it was. He covered his face with his hands.

And then he saw the postscript. The words were like hammer blows on his brain. He had finished his 7340th, and now there was this. This...

"If that lazy cow of a censor so much as holds this up a day, I'll boil him in oil".

And signed, "Uncle Albert".

Lieutenant William Arbuthnot shrieked once. He put his head on his hands and dry, racking sobs shook his body.



# NGA HOIA MAORI - -

The Maori troops hit their rubber deck with delighted bounces. It was their great moment of rewarded patience.

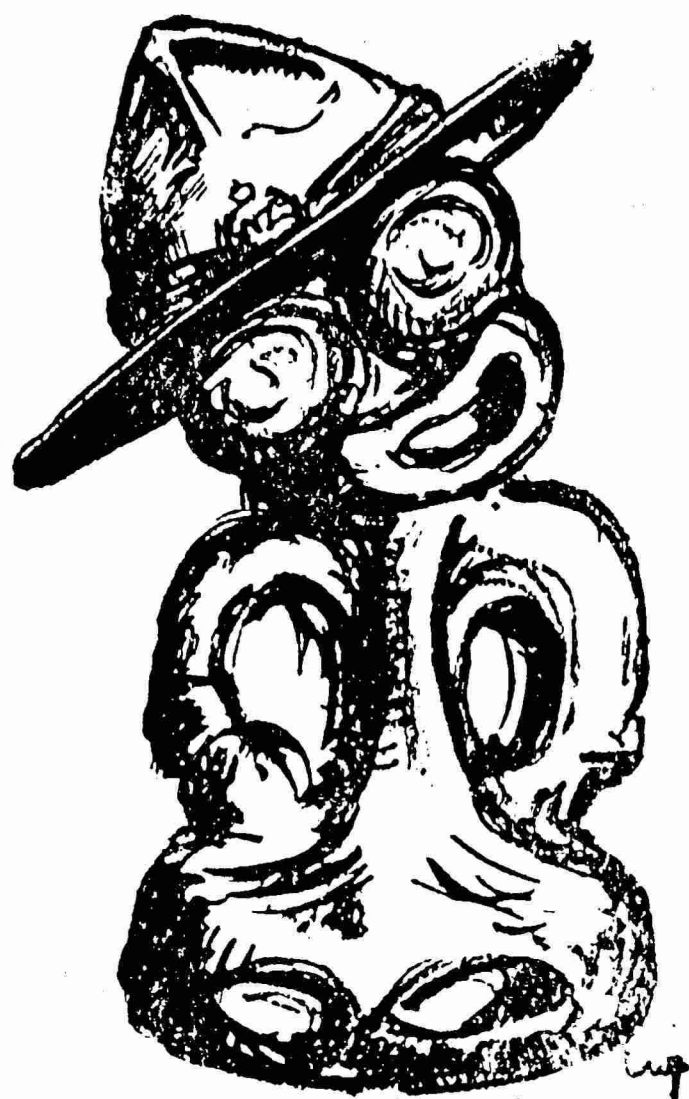
Many months before, they had volunteered, been trained, and ready to go to the Maori Battalion. Instead they were the sad victims of sudden circumstances. Their dream liner became the plainest troop train: their destination, a muddy farm. And winter had just begun! The men slept on fern under weeping puriri trees; for camouflage had not given in to dispersion. Combining hard work with characteristic mirth and melody, they sang their way forward till the battalion was recognised as one of the best trained units in N.Z..

With the call for reinforcements there followed open competition to be included in the draft. The one thing in each mind was vengeance for those of his tribe who had been killed in action. When this call for reinforcements came, it cheered many whose hearts had become sick from deferred hope. Thus it was that they bounced around the deck saying to themselves,

"A ha ha, kua haere, kua haere i tenei wa".

These men come from the four corners of Maoridom: from villages hidden behind high hills; from pa over rivers and along rugged coasts, where life is free and void of artificiality. They volunteered from those Maori marae as 'so and so' of 'such and such' a tribe for the tribal affiliation is of great importance. The Maori Battalion fights by tribes. Platoons, and often full companies are men from one tribe. Officers and NCO's will lead their own tribesmen in action. This is as it should be. It has proved itself in the battle exploits of the battalion as well as in the training camp in New Zealand.

On this transport the men are grouped according to tribes. They play their own particular Maori games and sing their home songs, commemorating, as they always do,



some occasion worth remembering. This tribal division in no way conflicts with the essential unity of the race. In fact the battalion has been a great factor in bringing the people together more than ever. While the men will fight beside their tribal brothers they are all the sons of the war god Tu, united together to do a job.

In the Maori concerts on board representatives from all the tribes form a party which sing and haka the words of the late Sir James Carroll. 'Tatou tatou' (All of us together. 'United we stand, divided we fall').

There is the greater side of Maori psychology; his faith in God, profound in its simplicity and reality. Of that our Maori padre is the one to speak. - M.P.

## HOLD FAST TO THY FAITH

The phrase 'Kia mau ki te whakapono', (Hold fast to thy faith) has been handed down to us by our ancestors. A great number of these ancestral idioms have been cherished by the young people. Once more the fire of the War-God Tu is burning strongly.

The late Sir Maui Pomare spake words of encouragement to the Maori people. He said:- "Are you Christians? Which of you having a child who is being tortured to death by another will hand him a bible and say: 'Brother love your neighbour as yourself? It is our Christian duty to root out all evil and the greatest evil of all ages is the German evil.'"

The haunting words in the Maori Battalion song, 'For God, for King and for country. Ake ake kia kaha e', cry out in the hearts of the Maori lads. The various tribes with their characteristics, history and religion have responded to the call, 'Fight the good fight with all thy might'.

Through the previous work of the Maori padres and officers the foundation of Christianity has been well laid. Today a padre in the Maori Battalion is highly honoured. He is a happy man, standing before his men and speaking to the various tribes with their own beliefs, crying out, 'Tatou, tatou.'

Whakatangata, kia kaha. (Quit ye like men be strong.)

In Maori hearts the long cherished phrase, 'Kia mau ki te whakapono' has come to light.

## HE MIHI KI TE KAINGA

E nga hau e' wha! E nga waka! Tena ra koutou, tena ra koutou!

A koutou tamariki, 'he kotuku rerenga tahi', i runga i te Moana-nui-a-Kiwi. Kua kite matou nga ara-moana o nga tipuna. Kua kite matou nga ngaru kino o te moana. E! Ka koa te ngakau, notemea aua toto pakari kei roto i a matou.

Kaua e maharahara: ma te Atua tatou katoa e tiaki i nga wa katoa. Arohanui.



REV. W. HUATA, C. F.

## CHILDREN OF THE WAR GOD TU

Kia hiwa ra, kia hiwa ra. Awake, awake awake.

We greet our great Maori Battalion, from Aotearoa, North Island, from Waipounamu South Island, and from Rakiura, Stewart Island. We sing of our warriors, our gallant Maori lads, the chosen heroes of Tuma tauenga the angry-eyed war god. Some fell in Egypt, some in Greece, some in Crete, and some in North Africa. Now pangs of sharp sorrow our sad hearts are piercing.

Farewell, New Zealand, farewell. We with our pakeha brothers, will fight to the end, and live the words of the Maori chief Rewi Maniapoto:

"Ka whawhai tonu matou ake ake ake" We will fight on for ever and ever and ever

The pakeha and Maori stand side by side. United we stand, divided we fall. The Maori boys are proud of their pakeha brothers. We are 'puripuri ringaringa'. (We are holding hands.)

There is no place like home. To those we left in good old New Zealand we say:

"Be strong, be brave, be courageous". Your children will be back soon. Our help is in the Lord. Ma te Atua koutou katoa e atawhai. God bless you all."

Rev. W. Huata, C. F.

## PROUD OF OUR COMRADES

The pakeha members of this reinforcement are proud of their Maori brothers in war and peace. They are proud of their exploits in Greece, Crete, and North Africa, and they extend to all members of this reinforcement their best wishes in the battles that are ahead. All are confident that the magnificent reputation of the Maori Battalion will be further enhanced.

May God be with you wherever your gallant footsteps lead you in this war for freedom and democracy. May we, too, repeat the words "Tatou, tatou!"



# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

BY UNCLE CECIL

"Forsythe" writes: "I am a young soldier of 21, innocent and untravelled. I believe there are all sorts of snares and pitfalls for a young soldier like myself. Can you give me some fatherly advice on this matter? Also to settle a bet, can you tell me the speed of this ship?"

Ans. To cut a long story short, Forsythe, this ship does 40 knots - but one "Don't" will be enough for you.

"Specimen" complains that the worst thing he knows on this ship is the lack of opportunity for getting healthy exercise.

Ans.: Yes, isn't it marvellous?

"Quarts". "Before coming on this ship, I was told by a doctor that I would die a drunkard's death owing to a strange disease I have contracted."

Ans.: "Quarts", dear old pal, will you think hard and let us know where you caught it?

"Playboy": "When on leave recently I saw a great deal of a very charming girl. I came aboard the ship again just before she sailed. I understand that if leave is longer than 24 hours the soldier is entitled to SA. Does this apply in my case?"

Ans.: It sounds to us "Playboy" as though you have had a good deal of the SA around here as it is. Don't be greedy old boy.

"Brig" has written a poem which for several reasons we are unable to publish. We shrink from taking sides but we sympathise with you, having giving way ourselves to a natural desire to do a little light gambling, although Warrant Officers as a class are rather maligned of course. The term of endearment you feature so prominently in your poem does not have a capital "B".

"Second Time" writes a confidential letter about his first trip over with an early Echelon.

Ans.: The way we see it "Second Time" old man, if her father is the marksman you say, you'd be better off in the Navy.

"Music Lover" writes: "I think we are lucky to have so many volunteer instrumentalists and vocalists with us who give so freely of their time."

Ans.: Your letter makes us sure that to the pure all things are pure.

"Anxious": No. "Anxious" your receipt for the cash transaction relieves you of any further responsibility.

"Longfellow": The nicest verse of your poem we think is this one -

"What are the wild waves saying?  
They are telling of my love for thee,  
And my mind is always straying  
Back to thee and a nice cup of tea."

G. McG.

## TRIALS OF A MODERN MARINER

Scotty (the Aberdonian Jew) of the 'Hop' clan down C Deck way, says to me one morning, "I had a lovely dream last night, old boy."

"Go on," I says, "More fumes from those canteen cocktails you sank last night, I suppose?"

"Well, I dunno about that," he says, "but I dreamt some cove had come across a whole cabin-full of 'Idiot's Delight,' that new hard liquor we were reading about the other day."

"I don't remember reading about it," I says. "What's the strength of it?"

"Here," he says, "I've got a clipping of it right here in my pocket. Listen. It says: 'The process of consuming this sensational new beverage begins with the familiar action of bending the elbow, following which the liquid enters the gullet, delivers a back-handed slash at the tonsils on the way down, and lands at the bottom of the stomach like a shovel-full of gravel.'"

Scotty paused dramatically.

"Now," he says, "I figure that if the blighters would stock something like that in the old canteen, a fellow might be able to get a bit of a spark up."

During his recital I had been gazing as steadily as the ship would allow me at a spot on the distant horizon. As he finished I came out of my reverie. I was in no mood to argue. I sighed.

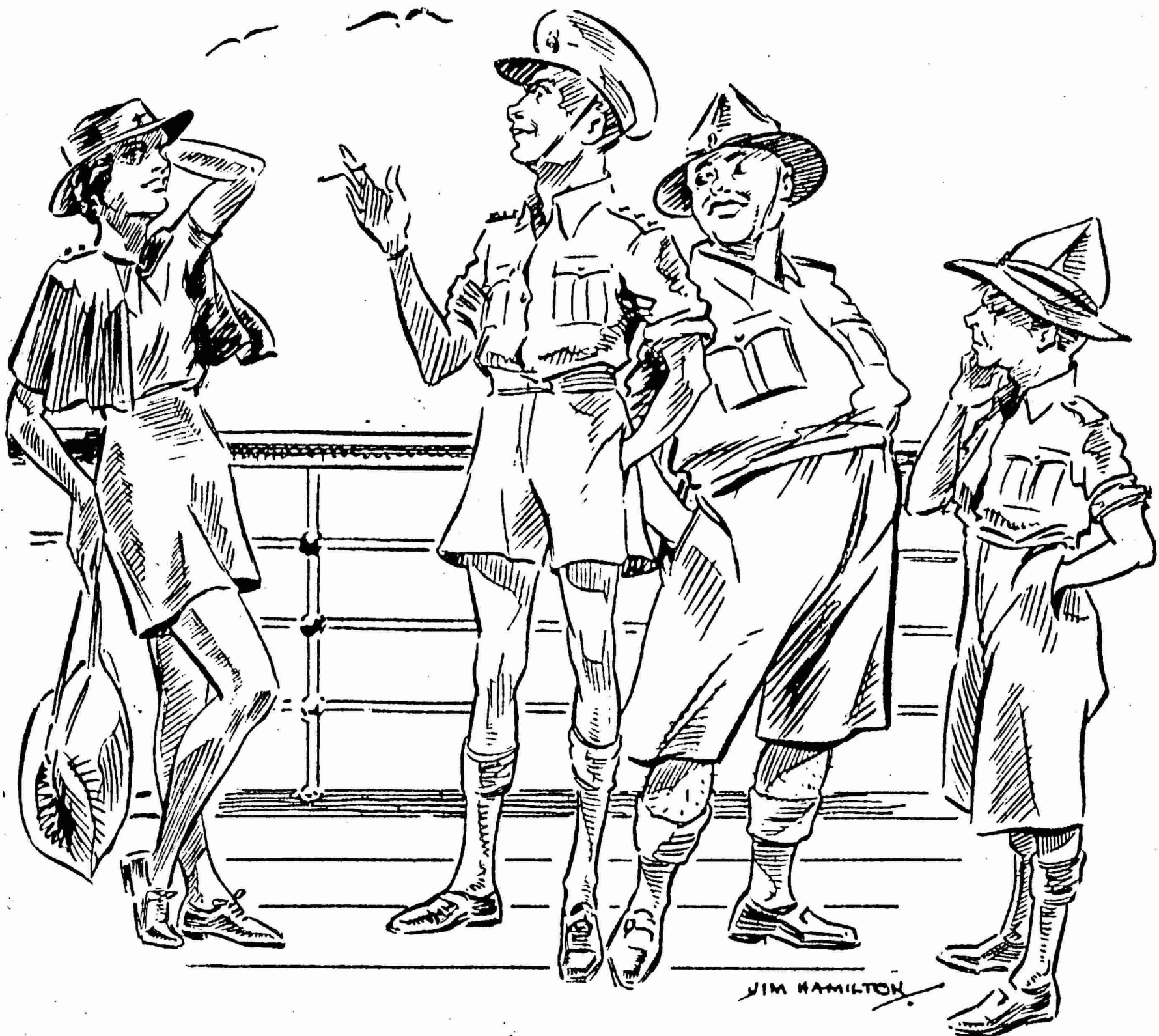
"Yes," I said, "I think you've got something there."

And indeed he had. It's a pretty safe bet that what passed for Bacchanalion revels aboard The Queue Ship would not have disturbed even a committee member of the New Zealand Alliance. Those queues! Never before have so many spent so much time waiting for so little.

- C. Q.

## OUR HOSTS

The novel experience to most men on board The Queue Ship of venturing overseas for the first time has been heightened by the fact that a ship of an Allied nation was chosen for the voyage. The first close contact with men of a foreign nation has served as a fitting introduction to the new life that awaits us at our destination. It has done more than that - it has introduced us to a people whom we have come to admire and like in an ever-increasing degree as the voyage proceeds. In every department we New Zealanders have been treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration by our hosts. New Zealand has a long association with the country which placed this ship in the service of the United Nations and our people have had the deepest admiration for the gallant European country. The continuation of that association has been an experience, our troops will remember long after the war has finished.



"TO CUT A LONG STORY SHORT -



## VERGEET DIT NOOIT

There is in this ship a poster hanging on the Main Deck by the forward gangway. The poster depicts an area of desolation, that area of one square mile devastated without warning by Nazi bombers on the morning of May 10, 1940. "Remember Rotterdam," says the poster. "Vergeet dit nooit".

Forget it not! There are men in the ship who there lost their wives, their families, their friends! Their country is in the hands of the conqueror. Their countrymen have become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the savage and merciless victor. They do not forget. They will not forget.

"Remember Rotterdam". A simple statement of faith in that day when the conqueror shall taste defeat and to the last full ounce Rotterdam shall be remembered.

In the printing shop of this ship is hung a notice: "Please remember that we are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. The word does not exist for us."

We should also like to remember with these, our friends.

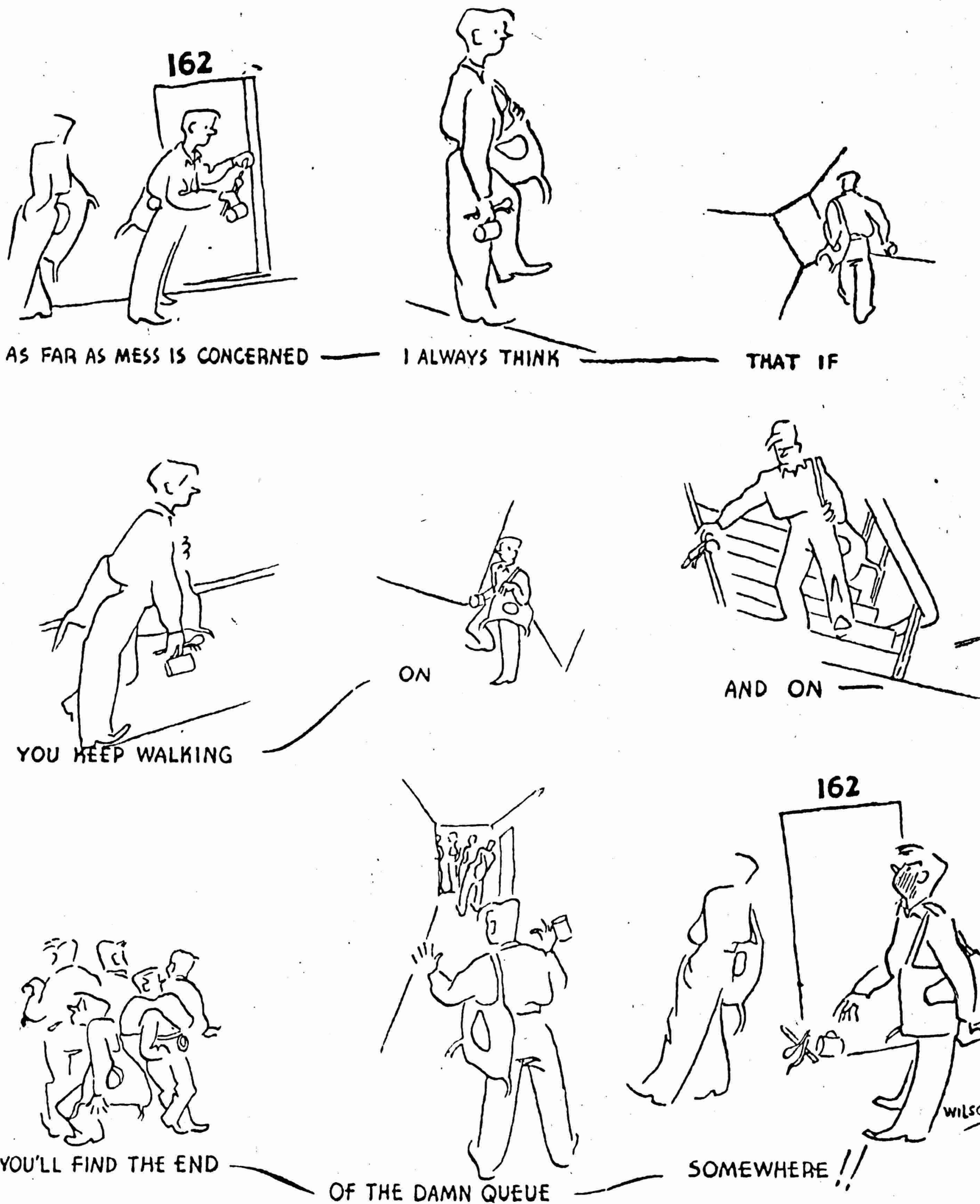
## INTO THE DAWN . . . . .

Through the dark beauty of night she  
cleaved her way,  
Into the unknown mystery of life she drove,  
Her speeding bow scarce flecked the seas  
with spray,  
Her wake a shadow dressed in mauve.  
A crescent lantern lit a shimmering path.  
In answer she turned her questing head,  
Tearing in silver lace the challenging shaft,  
Through fate inexorable she sped.  
Astern, the Southern Cross, a glittering  
dagger raised,  
Pointed to where her true thoughts lay.  
Ahead, storm clouds, with evil veil, erased  
The onward march of enlightened day.

In the dark beauty of night their thoughts  
took wing  
Beyond the cramping confines of shipboard  
life:  
Men, who to the altar of the world did bring  
Their offerings to end man's latest strife.  
Behind them, the once uncounted wealth of  
living -  
Their homes, their children, their women's  
love,  
The gifts of their freedom so freely given.  
To safeguard their heritage they strove.  
Clear as the pathway of the moon their  
duty lay.  
The evil clouds, which hid the new dawn's  
light,  
With God's help and His will they'd tear  
away;  
And destroy forever the tyrant, Hitler's  
might.

Into the pure light of dawn she sailed,  
Where Evil died and the Free prevailed.

- G. H. S.



## QUEUERIOSITIES - - - -

One morning on the Queue Ship two men were standing on the upper promenade deck. By pure chance they stood one behind the other. In less time than it takes to write this, a third had joined them, a fourth and a fifth and in no time at all there was a queue that waited half way round the ship. One or two of the first men drifted gradually away but the others stayed on. Obviously, they thought, there must be something on.

Various officers came along, watched, directed the queue into a more or less straight line, stopped men from breaking through it, and generally controlled it.

After a while a Very High Personage, no less than a Sergeant Major from the Ship's Orderly Room, observed that the queue did not seem to be moving.

So with the full use of his authority, he set things going. The queue moved on, wended its way down to the RAP and received a cure for incipient rheumatism, or something.

That just goes to show the effect of

habit. On The Queue Ship one waited long in queues, that it became a kind of permanent occupation. One waited for mail, for a hair-cut, a wash, a shower, for a gift issue, medical parades, for church services, for leave one waited and waited while the front edge of the queue, nine furlongs away moved slowly down the gangway in the direction of the inviting looking pubs across the other side of the wharf.

Ironically enough the only ones who did not wait in queues were members of the ship's staff, and the less said about them the better.

There exists a very strong fear that the ingrained Army habits may persist. After the war, one will be able to see everywhere in New Zealand queues just waiting and waiting. They will be, it is safe to say, the Boys of The Queue Ship, wearing their ties of sardines, rampant on a field azure.

Their motto: "They also serve who stand and wait."

- L.J.



# RALEIGH TREATY TO STAND: AMERICAN CIGARETTES ON TROOPSHIPS

When Sir Walter Raleigh returned from one of those voyages of "recovery" it is recorded that his servant drenched him with water to quell what he thought was an outbreak of fire. It is a pity that artificial respiration was known even in those days, for Raleigh if you remember your history, was only smoking an American cigarette.

All England was thrilled at the vice, introduced by a man who earlier had been knighted for placing his cloak over a puddle as the Queen was about to step from her carriage and pair.

The fame of Raleigh spread far and wide and he was undoubtedly the best salesman America has ever had for her doubtful nicotine products. Because Raleigh carried the torch to England he was instrumental in having Elizabeth enter into a treaty with America to supply millions of cigarettes each year to Britain and her Dominions. No qualification was made at the time as to the

quality but a special clause was inserted that as they were used so effectively in the fire ships that fought off the Spanish Armada and actually singed Philip's beard, they must be specially used on troop ships.

When we came aboard The Queue Ship news soon got abroad that the boys could purchase tobacco and cigarettes, which carried no duty and which were very reasonably priced. We know that was wrong. We could not purchase them. The poor sergeants had to do it so that we could not see what we were getting. Seasickness came as a deliverer to many but when they were able to resume, the boys after man hunts, managed to secure patriotic issues of N.Z. smokes from sergeants who were said to be on the verge of nicotine poisoning (the officers have all had it). The supply was supplemented by a few butts which were found in battledress pockets.

When the position became really acute

some, it is said, went to the ship's kitchen in search of tea leaves, but unfortunately, as a result of the constant boiling they had been completely absorbed in the liquid.

Feverish inquiries have been made as to why New Zealand cigarettes have not been made available on the ship, and one story advanced by a former security officer, is that when President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill met to draw up the Atlantic Charter, the question of American cigarettes on British troopships cropped up after Lease and Lend discussions had been concluded. Roosevelt insisted that as the New Zealand Division was used to great trials and adversity, a few more would not hurt them - the Raleigh Pact, made in the dim ages, must stand.

We know the true story now or don't we? Mr. Churchill married an American whose forbears actually made the cigarettes which let Raleigh produce smoke out of his ruffles. Winston still gets free cigars and Roosevelt is in for 10 per cent. - W.J.S.

## PARTNERS IN CRIME - - - -

Unaccustomed as we are to speaking favourably of Sergeant Majors, we are compelled to admit that the R.S.M.'s of The Queue Ship are both interesting personalities. You could probably do worse than send this story to Ripley.



R.S.M. A H BISHOP

The permanent R. S. M. of the Ship is A. H. Bishop, of the 13/18th Royal Hussars. Twenty-six years ago, at the age of 14, he enlisted. His "old man" had been a Sergeant Major before him. "Trigger" Bishop was too young for service in the last war, but he was in Coblenz in the Army of Occupation and since that time he has covered most of the world in the service of the King. For the past two and a half years, he has been travelling the world on transports. As a Sussex man, it gladdened him when an American band, welcoming his ship played "Sussex By The Sea". He discovered

afterwards, though, that the band couldn't play any other tune.

He is fearfully proud of his regiment, which dates back to 1715, and which took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade. A good-natured, easy-going chap, he likes New Zealanders and treats them well; in fact, the only indication you get that Trigger's Army education hasn't been neglected is when he spots someone ignoring the black-out or throwing empty bottles around. Then he's plain murder.

Denis Pedersen, who is the Ship's R.S.M. for the reinforcement, comes from Levin and has been a member of the N. Z. P. S. for the past eight years. He left New Zealand with the First Echelon, but as a Div. school instructor he was not permitted to serve in Greece and Crete. He took part in the first Libyan campaign and his adventures there compensated for anything he might have missed in Greece. Shortly after the battle of Sidi Rezegh, he was one of a party of about 175 assorted Allied troops being driven towards Benghazi by about 300 Germans and Italians. The party was spotted by a Hurricane pilot and shortly after, an armoured patrol of Scots Guards rescued the prisoners, who took part in the skirmish with the only weapons they could find - stones.

Ironically, he was caught in the afternoon of the day in which he helped to capture General von Ravenstein, G.O.C. 21st Panzer Division. Ravenstein, with three or four companions in a staff car drove into the position occupied by Pedersen and others and

some short work with a Bren soon stopped the car. It was Pedersen who tore off Ravenstein's overcoat and revealed the braid and staff marks on the uniform underneath. The general, it seems, was not pleased with his captors.



R.S.M. D. PEDERSEN

He was promoted from W.O. 2 to W.O. 1 while overseas, and returned to New Zealand in July 1942 for instructional duties. He then saw, for the first time, his first child, born during his service abroad and then three years of age. He has seen service in practically all arms, but he doesn't know where he will be posted when we get where we are going.

R.S.M. Pedersen's favourite hobby is collecting crown and anchor boards. There is no accounting for tastes!



# WHEN THE GONG GOES . . .

## A MESS ORDERLY WRITES OF HIS GUESTS AND OTHER THINGS

"Horry up! Horry up! Take ze bicycles", bellows the genial Dutch ship's officer in charge of the Mess Room.

The meal hour has struck; the first sitting flows in, floats out and the mess orderlies go down to draw the next ration of custard.

"Come on, Come on. Dere's room for sixtee tousand", shouts the O.C. Inner Man. The second sitting is on the job. Out they go and more are to follow. "Come right in! Come right in! It is just like home," is the greeting the next batch receive. Then the



fourth sitting is given the word "Go", only to be turned out soon afterwards with a cheery "Get Out, Get Out, make room for ze Sergeants".

The fifth and final sitting for each meal is the Sergeants' Mess, and it takes as much out of the Mess Orderlies as all other sittings put together. Some say "Good Old Sergeants!" They are very slow and some of them, so it seems, must think that the Mess Orderlies are being paid for attending them. Others are almost as good to serve as a tableful of Maori boys.

The feeding of such large numbers in so

short a time is a tribute to the ship's organisation. The whole of the messing staff and the kitchen staff operate like a well-oiled machine and there is never a complaint regarding the service. How different from the Army!

The porridge and the tea are hard lines for the Messing Staff to dispose of. The most sought after items on the menu are apples and oranges and the Dutchman who issues them knows how to count.

## LIFE AND LAUGHTER AT BEST

Life in the Mess Room is strenuous and at times one's nerves become a trifle frayed. But it has many fascinations. There is life and laughter in abundance: there is action aplenty and there is tragedy too. When the ocean misbehaves the ship demands soup and custard which are fed to it on the stairway floor. Tracks become slippery and the going is tricky.

A cheering and a roaring in the Mess Room signifies a minor or major mishap but so far there has been only one hospital case. This unfortunate Orderly slipped in someone else's soup and injured a shoulder.

Number 1 Mess Room was formerly the First Saloon Dining Room. It was luxurious before the advent of the troops. The floor was covered wall to wall with a richly-toned blue carpet. Tables and chairs were white and the indirect lighting gave the finishing touches to a scene of pre-war luxury and ease. It is doubtful, however, if peace-time cargoes ever derived as much pleasure from the Ship's Orchestra as the boys enjoy from that great little combination that plays itself to a standstill every meal time: It is doing a great job.

So far as sleeping quarters are concerned mess orderlies are travelling de luxe. Ten to fourteen occupy a two-berth cabin with bath-



Well, I reckon that we are just 14½ Custards from - - - - -

room attached. It's grand, but many of them find that they have company in bed each night and at times would prefer to be swinging alone in a hammock. When one sees a man with a white paste over his face, arms or legs - one may not see other parts of his anatomy - one will know that he does not sleep alone at nights.

Taking the good with the bad the life of a mess orderly is full of interest. We certainly have no idle moments - not even time to be seasick. We like having you at our place for meals, but like OC Inner Man our Dutch guide, philosopher and friend we like to see you go.

- A. J. A

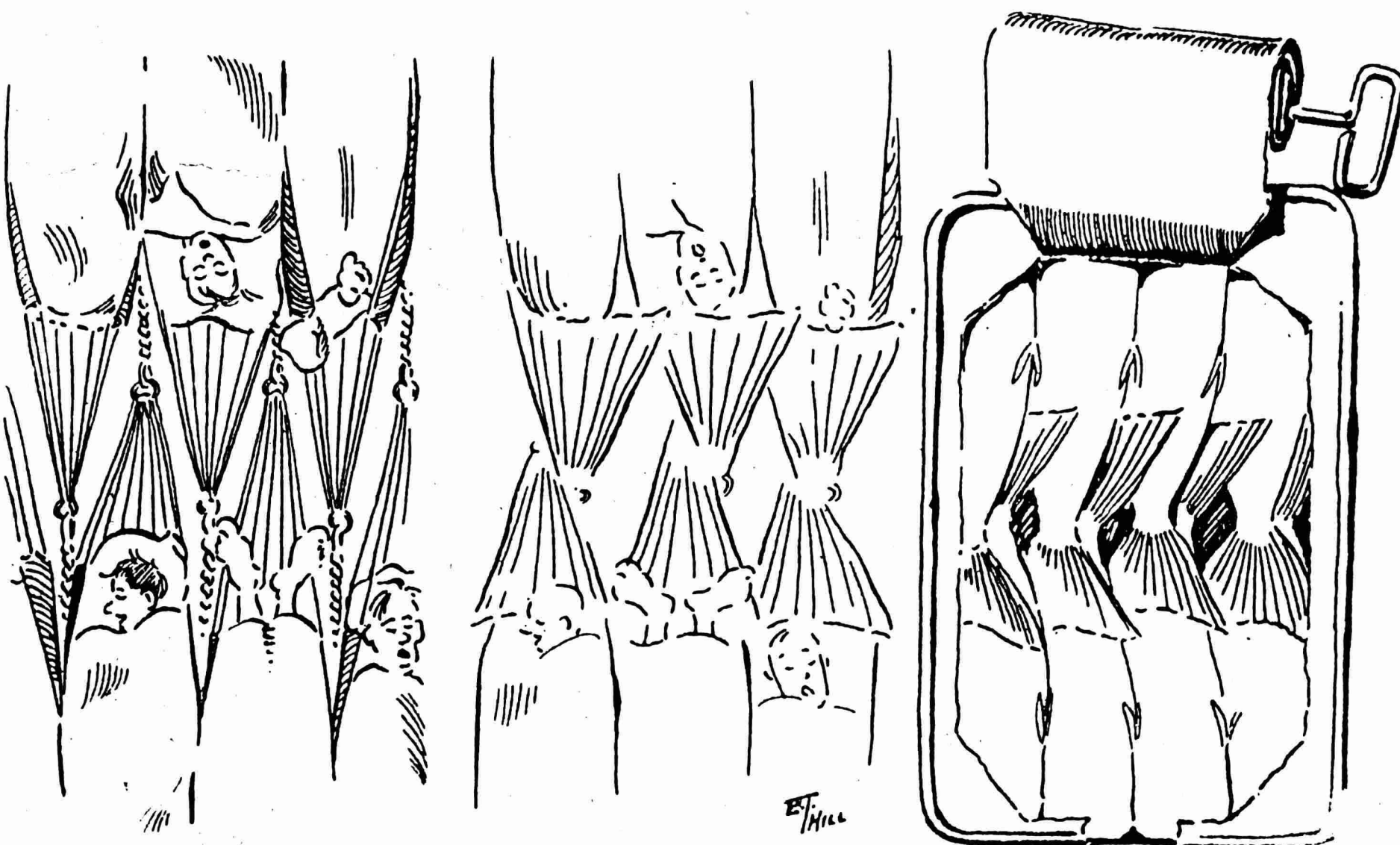
## PRACTICAL DEMOCRACY

Allied political and military leaders have emphasized that this is a democratic war and that we are fighting to preserve the foundations upon which have been built freedom to worship, think and speak.

Whether or not we are pupils in this school of thought, one thing stands out: the Army is a great leveller. It has done more in our association with it to give material effect to the ideals for which we are striving than probably all we have heard and read before becoming soldiers.

Today Maori and Pakeha are thrown together in this former floating palace. The scholar, the executive, the skilled and the unskilled are developing a comradeship which will last. If it takes war to give us a better understanding of the other fellow, then by being flung together we have accomplished something we could not do in peace. Whatever the future and its post-war plans, I think we can say we are now achieving an appreciation of what democracy can be made to mean. And we like the idea of it.

- W. J. S



SARDINIA!



# AN APPRECIATION

As a concluding note, the editorial staff, on your behalf, wishes to express appreciation of the magnificent job of work which has been done by the Ship's Printers, Mr. N. Bruning, and his assistant Mr. G. Boekhout, in the production of "The Queue Ship". The quality of the printing and layout is such that it needs no comment, but a word must be said about the long hours of type-setting and printing during the hottest days of the voyage. You know how hot it was in your own quarters; well, that was paradise compared with the heat in the bowels of the ship where the Drukkerij



N. BRUNING



G. BOEKHOUT

(printing shop to you), is situated. In order that everyone might have a copy of the magazine, twelve days of solid work were necessary and this was additional to routine printing jobs and the production of Art Union tickets.

There were several of our own number who performed yeoman service and of these we must single out D. J. Rabone, J. S. Morgan and G. H. Tuffin, who gave so freely of their time, and their perspiration, in order that this printed word would be a worthwhile souvenir of a memorable trip.

M. McG. C.

captain read the burial service that evening before the whole ship's company, and she was lowered gently over the scuppers and into the bosom of the waters where she was soon to be observed bobbing up and down in the wake.

As the gathering began to drift slowly away, there was a loud and anguished cry from the mizzen foretop. Startled, the crowd turned and looked skyward. The old ladies gasped and dropped their knitting and the old gentlemen dropped one too as they took in the situation. The husband was standing in the crow's nest, the last rays of the sun glinting on his braces, his hands raised heavenward.

As they watched aghast, he hurled himself down from aloft, and, clearing the ratlines, scuppers, and gunwales by a hair's breadth, plunged into the sea. A hollow groan went round the ship as he disappeared and the old ladies took up their fancywork.

That is the story from the bo'sun, but the sequel is even more tragic.

Actually, it happened to me on Thursday. I was sitting enjoying my evening mess. I had just put down my cup and was smacking my lips over the tea preparatory to attacking my portion of Belgian sausage, when it seemed that a voice said quietly in my ear: "Ik had graag wat brood, boter en Kaas, en daarna een ommelet."

I was taken aback, and looked round to see who it could be. I was further taken aback to see beside me two ghostly, translucent figures whom I immediately recognised as the Bride and Bridegroom - the ghosts of The Queue Ship.

I pointed out in my halting Dutch that all I could offer them was Belgian sausage. This they refused with a polite and ghostly shudder. I then offered them some custard which we were having as a special treat - it was the captain's birthday. Another polite refusal, a ghostly shudder, and hastily averted eyes, and with that they floated away.

I finished my meal and ordered coffee and cognac. I pondered over this strange experience.

Later in the evening as I walked the deck before turning in, I was again startled to see the ghostly pair emerge hand in hand from a deserted companionway, float up on to the rail, raise their hands above their heads, and plunge into the water with a faint and phosphorescent plop. - P.G.

## THE GHOSTS GO EAST

Every good ship has a ghost story and The Queue Ship is no exception.

Ours is a tale of singular sadness, a tale to match the sad sea waves we know so well and to jerk a tear from the hardest heart. The ghosts while still in human husk found tragedy aboard, and even on their return found Fate inexorable.

The story of the original tragedy, as I had it from the bo'sun after he had piped the men aft for morning tea last Wednesday, was a moving one. Among the passengers on the ship's maiden voyage were a young man and a young woman - the man was handsome and the woman beautiful. They were on their honeymoon.

As they walked round the decks in the mornings, the old ladies would put down their knitting and cast off their minds to their own lusty youth when they had walked arm in arm with their ham-whiskered husbands. Old gentlemen would cease their shuffleboard and take off their sun glasses. The pair were the romance of the ship and sat at the captain's table.

About a week out, it was whispered round

the ship that all was not well with these two. No longer did they stroll round the decks bras dessus, bras dessous, though they still sat at the captain's table. But one morning she was heard to say in a faint voice, "Deze eieren zijn slecht. Ik heb hoofdpijn. Ik geloof dat ik ziek ben".

"Wilt U zoo goed zijn den besten dokter van deze plaats te laten halen", he said to the captain as he took his young bride by the arm and led her from the dining saloon, followed by the eyes of the old ladies and gentlemen - and probably of Cress.

The doctor went to their cabin and made his examination. He rose from his task and the young husband noticed that his brow was damp and clammy and his hands were trembling as he pronounced his diagnosis, which to the young man sounded very much like "Bed bugs".

Her condition deteriorated rapidly, and before night had spread its pall over the glimmering, twilight sea the ship's sailmaker had been summoned to sew her up in a hammock as the refrigerator was full of paté de foie gras for the captain's table. The

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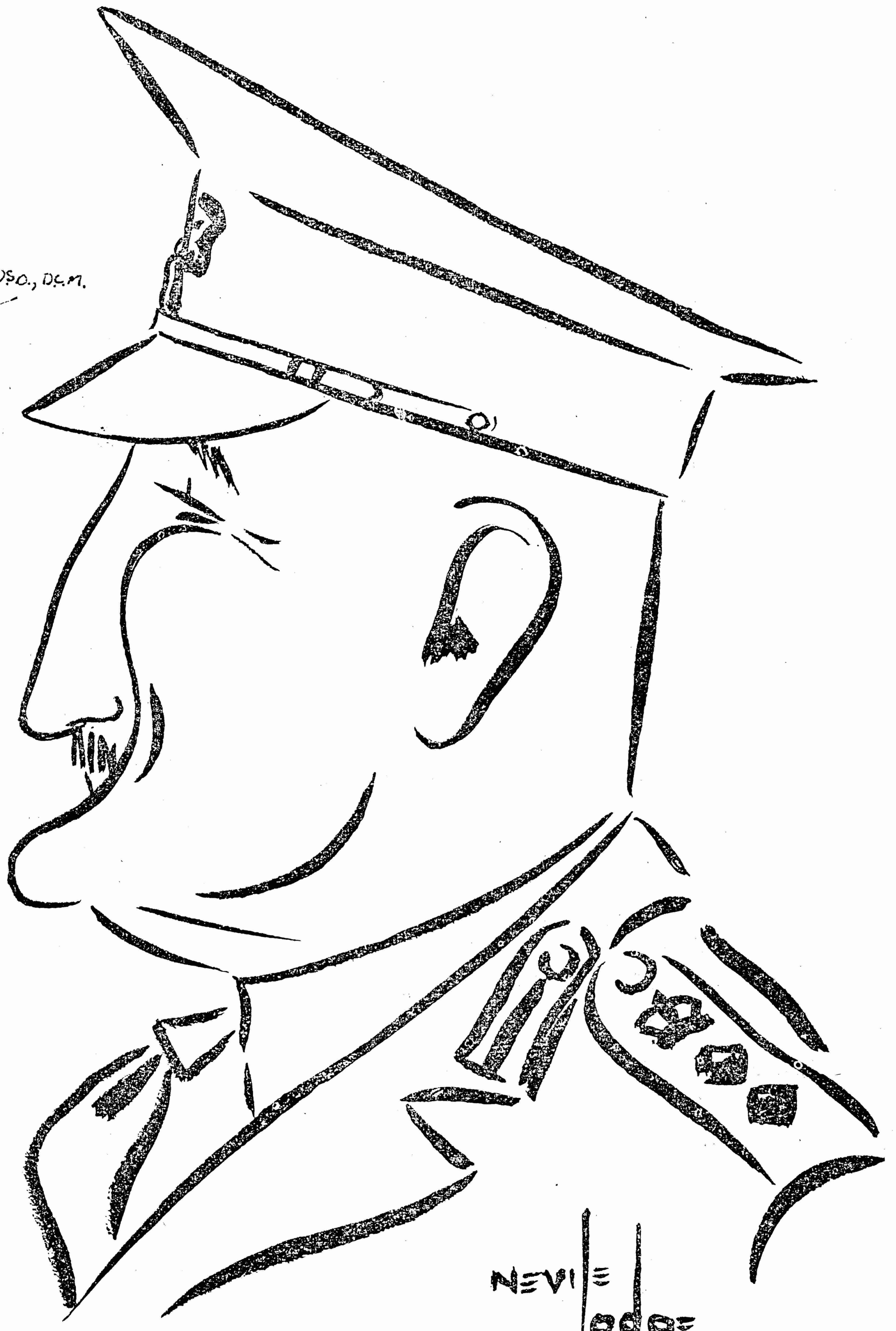
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