

# "*The* HIGHLANDER"

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AT SEA

WEDNESDAY, April 18 1945.

**T**ODAY in the 13th and final issue of "*The Highlander*," we publish words of appreciation and messages of goodwill from the Master of the ship. Captain J. W. Carr. Lieut.-Col. E. J. Thomson, O.C. N.Z. Troops, and Lieut.-Col. Matthew Robb, O.C. British Troops, for . . . . .

## WE ARE NEARING OUR HOME SHORES

### From the Bridge

"With your war service and our voyage coming to a close (the latter, I imagine, appearing to you as equally as long as the former), I would like to thank you all for your co-operation during the past month. It has been a pleasant co-operation which is so necessary if a crowded troopship is to be a contented one.

"During the course of a long sea career, one meets many people with whom one would like to have a better acquaintanceship, but who are simply ships that pass in the night. They provide nevertheless happy memories, and no memories could be happier than those created by the men who have fought for our very existence. And not only fought for it but won it.

"In a day or two we shall leave you to your wives, sweethearts, parents and friends. I wish you all the very best of luck in 'Civvy Street' or wherever fortune may lead you, and I thank you for all you have done for us—from Alamein to Northern Italy."

J. W. CARR, *Captain*.

### Our Appreciation

"The homeward voyage of the Southern Tongariros is drawing to a close. On behalf of all ranks, I would like to express to Captain J. W. Carr his officers and all the ship's company, our appreciation for what they have done to make our trip a happy one. We have made many friendships on board which will last a long time. We will watch with interest 'our' ship's future, and we wish you all God Speed and Good Luck.!

"To all those under my command, as we are about to return to civil life, I wish you all the very best of luck. We have all had experiences together that no one can take away and I know that the bonds of friendship created in 2 N.Z.E.F. can never be severed.

"May you have all the prosperity in your future lives that you so richly deserve."

E. J. THOMSON, Lt.Col.  
O.C. Troops.

### Best Wishes

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to convey to all ranks of H.M. New Zealand Forces on board the best wishes of my staff and myself for the future. I sincerely hope you have a happy reunion with your families.

MATTHEW ROBB, Lt.Col.  
*The Gordon Highlanders.*

### AND WE THANK . . .

Those of the ship's company who made possible the publication and distribution of this news sheet, which has provided a small but appreciated service with the presentation of headline news and shipboard announcements."

Many hours of work have been involved in hand-setting every line of type and then returning each letter to its respective box; splendid co-operation has been given by radio officers in getting us the world news and tuning in at various hours of the night for N.Z. items; in fact every facility has been provided for the printing of "*The Highlander*." All of this we greatly appreciate and for which we offer our THANKS.

EDITOR.

## Fighting in Italy

### KIWIS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED

New Zealand troops with the 8th Army are now firmly established beyond the Salero river.

They were repulsed from one crossing but have re-established themselves and the infantry are solidly dug in on the further bank. A flat plain and a village—described as a good position from our point of view—lies ahead.

The German division which opposed the offensive is reported to have ceased to function as a fighting force and 1,300 prisoners were taken.

A tribute to the New Zealanders is paid by the commander of the 8th Army, Gen. McCreery, in a personal message to the Prime Minister, Mr. Fraser.

"Once again, he says, the 2 NZ Div. under the leadership of Lt.-Gen. Freyberg, has won a great victory. Their crossings of the Senio and Salero rivers were fine pieces of work and by their splendid dash and determination they pushed on to overcome all opposition."

Remember to carry your  
life-belts too,  
The hour is seven—That is all.

That is all! That is all!  
It's enough I think,  
To make a bloke see red.  
It's becoming quite a habit

with me,  
I can think of nothing instead.  
I mean to say, to prove my point,  
Though I'm riding for a fall.  
My poetic effort has come to

an end,  
In short my friends.—  
THAT IS ALL!!!

17790.

## "THAT IS ALL"

"Attention Please!  
Attention Please!"

The troops all know this phrase.  
They cock an ear, and try to hear.

What the loud speaker says.  
"Would One-Two-Three-Four  
Private Blank"

The speaker goes on to bawl.  
"Report at once to the Orderly  
Room!"

And ends with—"That is all!!

"That is all! That is all!"  
says Pte. Blank,

As he puts his winnings away.  
"That's all we hear on this

flaming ship,  
A hundred times a day.

I wonder what they've thought  
up now,

To interrupt my leisure.  
Whatever it is, it won't be nice,  
That's the way they get their  
pleasure."

"Attention please!  
Attention Please!"

Once again we stop to listen.  
We've dashed on deck to do

boat drill,  
And are in our right position.

"You'll have to move faster!"  
the speaker says,

Not merely at a crawl,  
If the boat is hit, you'll be

left behind,  
Boat stations dismissed,—

That is all.

That is all! That is all!

It's getting us down,  
Why must they always say it.

I suspect they've got a  
recording made,

And it amuses them to play it.  
But the one that riles us

most of all,  
Is the one they give us each

night.  
It's the one about the black-out

rules,  
When we have to douse each

light.

"Attention Please!  
Attention Please!"

Black-out is now in force.  
No smoking on deck, no lights

to be shown,  
No matter what its source.

Until such time as the  
black-out is lifted,

You simply must play ball.

(continued at foot of column 1)

## On Second Thoughts

She's only a tub with a name that's  
a joke,

For no real princess such scorn  
could evoke,

Her royalty's doubtful her sex  
is a cert.

For only a woman could be so  
pervert.

She ambles along with the speed  
of a hearse,

Nought else but a Bay Boat's  
so slow,

If she went much slower she'd be  
in reverse,

And its like Dante's inferno below.

All this and more you Kiwis have  
said,

With curses both lurid and vain.  
In English. in Itie, on deck and in

bed,

In words which no verse could  
contain,

Oaths so terrific I recall to think,

That even the Bos'un would stare.

But perhaps at this stage you're  
beginning to think,

If perhaps after all you've been  
fair,

She got you there and she got you  
back,

To the homes which seemed  
so remote.

Away for good from the noise  
of ack-ack,

And all in one piece you'll note.

So give a thought when back in  
your homes,

To the Princess who wasn't  
so black.

Give a thought to the blokes  
who took all your moans,

And have to go all the way back.

L. Sinclair

## PILOT SWEEP

Immediately after the N.Z. Pilot steps aboard this vessel prior to entering a N.Z. port, the winner of the "Arrival Sweepstake" will be announced. The sum of £40 will go to the person who nominated the correct time of arrival (or the nearest correct time), and the second prize-winner will receive the sum of £5.

## "500 TOURNEY"

The winners of the final of the "500" tournament were Sgt. Dumbleton and Cpl. Forsythe, both of EME. Along with the A.S.C. pair, Dvrs. Riley and Keen, they won two games and then were successful in the play-off.