

NABS FORD NEWS



No. 2

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ONE PENNY

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Editor: L. J. Jay

Staff: L. G. Eade, C. W. Knowles,
A. Williamson.

Sports Editor: E. H. Baxter
Publicity: A. Bateman

EDITORIAL

School Office,
H.M.S. "Nabsford"

November 15th, 1945.

Despite last-minute difficulties of production, "Nabsford News" Number 1, made its appearance on the appointed day, and it was gratifying to observe that it sold like ice cream. (The simile of "hot cakes" does not apply to summer in Queensland!) Our thanks are due to the Typists' Pool and the T.R.O. in the Factory, who all worked valiantly to produce 300 copies at short notice, and any minor blemishes in typing or duplication should be forgiven in view of the urgent haste which attended production.

Number 2 contains several articles held over from the previous issue, together with a few received during the last fortnight. There is still room for more, however, and we hope that the dormant talent existing in "Nabsford" will come to life shortly. After all, this magazine contains news of the people, by the people, and for the people in the Establishment, so its continued success depends on a sufficiency of contributions for each issue.

THE EDITOR.

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SMALL FRY

A medley of minor news items from Air Mail editions of English newspapers recently received.

On October 24, the Court of Appeal upheld the decision made three months previously by Mr. Justice Uthwatt and the Divisional Court, to the effect that it is unlawful to print football pool coupons in newspapers. The ruling statute, the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934, forbids newspapers to conduct or lend their columns for conducting prize competitions in forecasting future events, although there is an exception to cover the operations of the "pari-mutuel or pool-betting system." In this test action, brought by the directors of the United Kingdom Totalisator Company Ltd. against their own company, it was maintained that a football pool was not a competition and its award were not prizes, so that it was alleged football pools did not infringe the 1934 Act. This contention was dismissed by the Court of Appeal, so it seems that football pool promoters will have to revert to the postal method of circulating pool coupons.

In the House of Commons on October 24, Dr. S. Taylor asked the Minister of Food if he would arrange for chimney sweeps engaged in private practice to receive an extra allocation of soap. Sir Ben Smith replied: "Yes, sir, as I am advised that on medical grounds an additional allowance of soap is desirable for chimney sweeps." (Laughter.)

Lieut.-Cdr. Braithwaite asked: "Can the Minister go a step farther and arrange for an extra allocation for housewives after the visit of the sweep?" (Laughter.)

Sir Ben Smith: "No."

On the following day, October 25, Lord Denman spoke in the House of Lords on the Dominion war effort and the need for America to recognise the part played by Australia. Referring to the withdrawal of the film, "Objective Burma," he said that in that film Errol Flynn, aided by a score of American paratroops and some natives, undertook almost single-handed the conquest of Burma. That had caused a good deal of protest. What would have happened if the converse were to take place? Supposing, for example, Tommy Handley and some of his ITMA colleagues were to be disguised as Royal Marines and were to capture Okinawa, where the fighting was most fierce? Let their Lordships think of the outcry there would have been in America. He was told that this was by no means the only film of its kind that had emanated from Hollywood. The American public were thus scarcely to blame if they got rather a distorted view of our war effort. The truth was that we in this country had been too busy making war instead of making imaginary films of imaginary wars. (Laughter and cheers.) We ought to publicise

by every means in our power the achievements of our Forces.

Burnham Beeches, which has been used as a military transport depot during the War, is to be handed back to the City of London, and it is hoped to open it to the public by Easter.

Gales and driving rain swept the coasts of Britain on Thursday and Friday nights, 25th-26th October. The Cunard liner, Queen Mary, carrying 1000 passengers from New York, could not reach Southampton Water and had to anchor off the Isle of Wight, while at Folkestone about 3000 British troops returning to the Continent after leave were held up. Two naval vessels were wrecked off Portsmouth, and at Seaford two mines (one of them alive) were lifted clean over the 20-foot-high seawall and landed on the promenade. At Beachy Head a mine was bobbing about the high seas about 50 yards from the lighthouse.

STROLLING COMMENTARY

(By "COUNT BORIS")

It is said that our M.A.A. has a very happy disposition . . . Jaunty Jaunty, in fact.

He was once described as a Jewish gentleman with polished manners . . . Shiny Sheeny?

Rumours often start in the transport section, we notice . . . Hundred seater "buzzes."

Lots of our romantically-minded youths would like to work in the office block . . . Is their favourite Department the Progress Section?

It is rumoured that one of our Chiefs gets merry and plays a guitar late at night . . . Plonk, plonk.

R.N. sailors are making drink from aircraft petrol . . . Benedictine?

Report of a N.A.A.F.I. girl being molested . . . Canteen messing?

Shall we be wearing No. 6's on December 25? . . . Dreaming of a "white" Christmas.

The first Seafire XIV. was called SCHNOZZIE . . . It said to Seafire III., "Ha, Cha, I'm modified."

Met a girl in Brisbane who gets very loving on a couple of drinks . . . Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder?

The new Rolls engine is giving trouble . . . But we have no Griffon it yet.

We read that a doctor declares claustrophobia is common in women's services . . . Evidently a fear of being confined.

Complaints about the sewage disposal come from a country town in Queensland . . . Ah Roma.

In the Court a young woman admitted she wore "briefs" in South Brisbane . . . At least she made a clean breast of it.

The telephone saves thousands of man-hours in the Royal Navy . . . It's quicker to FONAP.

It is amazing how the British housewife makes a few ounces go round . . . A new wizard of Oz.

BALLAD OF RUNCORN STORES

When we first came to Brisbane,
Six months ago or more,
Commander (S) looked round and said,
"We need another store."

And so they went prospecting
Through the bush they searched in vain,
Until the clouds, collecting,
Broke and it began to rain.

While they were seeking shelter
They saw a railroad track.
Three buildings stood beside it,
With a clearing at the back.

The Commander grew excited.
He said, "Eureka, boys,
We'll take these buildings for our store,
Away from all the noise."

A tiny village lay near by,
So scattered and forlorn,
And from this village and its name
The Runcorn store was born.

And so each morning early,
With the first pale light of dawn,
They load us up in lorries
And take us to Runcorn.

The roads are rough and bumpy,
The lorries hard and bare,
You have to be a superman
To stand a journey there.

They bring us in for dinner,
And take us back again,
Then in once more for half-past four
It nearly turns your brain.

They say the War is over;
With some folks that's O.K.;
But give me war in preference
To Runcorn every day.

My suffering now is nearly o'er;
I think I've stood it well.
When my release group comes along,
Runcorn can go to hell!

N. A. STIRLAND.

TAMY TATTLE

(Wherein you may find "Careless Talk" but no
"Vital Secrets")

A.F.O. Peter Andrews and Miss Joyce Shorton were married at the Latrobe Terrace Methodist Church on Saturday, November 10. Cpl. Burt, R.A.F., was best man at the ceremony, and the reception was held at Wilden Street, Paddington.

On the same day, at the Valley Methodist Church, Petty Officer J. Gowland and Mrs. K. Miller were married, with Petty Officer Ivor Hunt as best man. The ensuing reception was held at Prince's, in Queen Street.

We all wish the above couples every happiness in their married life.

Order of the Day recently was "Skirmish, boys, skirmish!"

One P.O. threatened to throw himself overboard from a tram one night recently. Tut tut, my boy, the deck is hard!

Congratulations to the amateur firemen who so quickly and efficiently extinguished what threatened to become a small forest fire, behind Lieut. Ankers' office. It was all done at the expense of one wet shirt.

The aftermath of a Chiefs and P.O.'s Dance was visible on the last tram back to camp recently. Were their dreams pleasant or were they sunk deep in an abyss of remorse?

They make strong tea down Bulimba way—a picnic party help themselves to a slice apiece of the brew, and said they had never tasted anything like it before. Was that a recommendation or otherwise?

Who was it who reported at Sick Bay "with foot-rot on his hand"? And who coolly entered the same building, 'phone through to Test Flight, "Put me on your coca-cola roster; I'll be along soon," and promptly disappeared?

Things are much quieter around camp now that matelots from the "Unicorn" have rejoined their ship. Good luck, boys, and bon voyage!

These hailstorms are dangerous to life and limb. We hear that a kangaroo at the "Acacia" Swimming Pool was knocked out twice by hailstones before deciding to get under cover.

Dear me! Life is hard when a chap to to rest content with one and a half days for his honeymoon. It seems that we cannot make use of our black ties for "grandmother's funeral" these days!

The activities of Jack ashore seem to be summed up in the Strauss waltz title, "Wine, Women and Song."

"Blondie" was seen recently holding her jaw tenderly. Perhaps one of her dates had been "chucking her under the chin"?

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT . . .

George was nervous, more nervous than the proverbial kitten; his heart thumped painfully and loudly, so loudly that he thought it must be heard and his mission discovered; his hands were hot, moist and shaky, so shaky that he could scarce maintain his grasp on the suitcase; his knees felt weak and almost incapable of supporting him.

He paused to wipe his forehead and glance back. He could see nothing in the darkness, only the vague shadowy outlines of bushes and trees against a purple sky. Nothing moved. Not a sound could be heard.

Taking a resolute grip on his case, he prepared to creep forward a few more yards. He trod softly on the short turf by the roadside, his left hand extended to ward off projecting twigs and brambles, his eyes and ears straining to detect the first signs or sounds of pursuit. Some distance ahead he could discern the dim shape of a tree, a tall tree which stood alone, its gaunt boughs spread like bony arms, beckoning him . . . beckoning him, yet mocking him.

He paused again as a sound—perhaps the snapping of a twig—came to him through the still night air. Looking back along the road, he thought he saw a shadow moving in the cover of the hedge.

Fresh fear gripped George's heart as he realised what that shadow meant—he was being followed, with his pursuer only a few yards behind!

Panic-stricken, he glanced wildly round for somewhere to hide, for some means of eluding that evil shadow, but there was only a tall tree, whose gaunt boughs were beckoning him like bony arms . . . beckoning him, yet mocking him.

In an instant he realised there was only one thing to be done—he must reach that tree before his pursuer reached him! If he could get that far, he would still have a reasonable chance of fulfilling his mission and of escape.

He tried to run across the intervening space, but his case was heavy and caused him to stumble; his breath was painfully slow in coming, and a tearing pain pierced his side with every step he took.

After what seemed an eternity, he reached the shelter of the tree and leant thankfully against it as he recovered his breath. But there was no time to be wasted . . .

One limb of the tree stretched out horizontally high above the deep barbed-wire entanglements, thus affording an easy way of surmounting the obstacles. He was agile, and in only a few moments he had almost reached the high bough; but then misfortune overtook him. Suddenly his foot slipped, and the next moment he had fallen heavily to the ground, his heavy suitcase on top of him. All was lost!!!

Now his pursuer was bending over him, and helping him to his feet, but never once relaxing that grip of steel.

The R.P.O. was the first one to speak—in a whisper:

"For Pete's sake, don't do that again! Do you want us BOTH to be caught!!"

"S.A."

IN THE SHIP'S LIBRARY

The two books chosen from the shelves of the Ship's Library by our reviewer this week are:

"The Sea Hawk" by Rafael Sabatini, and
"John o' the Green" by Jeffery Farnol.

"THE SEA HAWK."

This is an historical novel with a setting of the Queen Elizabeth period. The hero of the story, Sir Oliver Tressilian, is embroiled in the killing of his fiancée's brother (although he himself had no part in the murder) through helping his weak and shiftless brother, Lionel. The latter, with the help of a sea captain named Jasper Leigh, kidnaps him and sends him on a voyage of great adventure. Sir Oliver is captured by the Spaniards and sent to the galleys, until he is released by Ased-ed-Din and his corsairs. His subsequent adventures as Sakr-el-Bahr, the Hawk of the Sea, and the manner in which he eventually punishes his brother and clears his own name of the stigma which has been attached to it, thereby winning back the girl of his choice, forms the narrative of this book.

For those readers who like a novel in which romance plays second fiddle to historical fact, and yet does not make for boredom, this is my first recommendation.

"JOHN O' THE GREEN"

This is another novel with an historical setting, but of an entirely different nature. The action takes place in a mythical country at a mythical time, and concerns the adventures of John, sometime Lord of Morvan, in his attempts to save the Duchess Ipolitia of Mortain from her own folly and from the depredations of two enemies—Ful Fitz Urf, Lord of Morvan, who has killed John's father, and King Tristram of Gerant, whose wish it was to rule over the entire country.

The methods by which John, at risk of his own life, eventually saves the winsome lady, and the friendships he forms in the process, make up the action of a book abounding in sly good humour, while the surprise ending is cleverly worked out. The dialogue is of a brand of English which Farnol imagines would be used by the people of this period.

Altogether this is an excellent book for those who like a story of action with a light romantic flavour and a happy ending.

THE BOOKWORM.

"NABS FORD" NOTABILITIES

No. 2.—Lieutenant N. C. Paterson, R.N.V.R.

Most of us have encountered Lieut. Paterson at some time or other, for he is a man of many parts. At one moment he is Officer of the Day, interrogating requestmen and defaulters, or inspecting the Liberty boat proceeding ashore. At other times, as P.D. Officer, he inspects fire extinguishers, orders water to be laid on or turned off, and examines lengths of hose (no, not the fully fashioned variety). Perhaps our best recollection of him is when he acts in the capacity of Entertainments Officer to provide us with an address for ten days' leave.

Lieut. Paterson was born north of the Tweed—the initials "N. C." stand for Neil Craig—in Edinburgh, but two years later he and his parents moved to London. He was educated at Chester College and afterwards became in turn, journalist, bank cashier, and secretary to a London club. Before the war he travelled in the South of France and visited Algiers and Cairo, although he confessed that he was too young at the time to appreciate fully these African cities. He joined the Royal Navy in 1941, and served on the "Verdun" as an ordinary seaman before obtaining his commission.

When asked for his opinions of Australia and its people, he declared that he was all in favour of its climate, and he thought the country had great possibilities. The real Australians, he asserted, are to be found on the sheep and cattle stations rather than in the cities and coastal towns. Lieut. Paterson was strong in his appreciation of the magnificent hospitality shown to officers and men of the Royal Navy by the Australians—a feature with which his duties bring him into constant touch. When questioned about the "staff of life," he expressed a preference for English beer and would be very pleased to see a revision of the local licensing laws which, to his way of thinking, are a source of much trouble.

His plans for the future are indefinite; he would like to spend a year on a cattle station inland before returning to England, and as a "bachelor gay" he is not concerned about a speedy release from the Forces, although in this connection he expressed a preference for English girls instead of the Australian ones. (An opinion with which his interviewer agreed!)

Lieut. Paterson is an all-round sportsman, centring his activities around tennis, swimming, and horsemanship. Another pursuit is the collection of antiques, and he has tried his hand at short-story writing and painting. His favourite authors are Somerset Maugham and Sir Philip Gibbs. He prefers the stage to the screen, and enjoys vaudeville and the legitimate theatre alike.

He asked his interviewer not to "sting" him too badly, as he wished to put up a good defence to his friends ashore if they happened to get hold of a copy of "Nabsford News." Our reporter, however, omitted to ask for the addresses of his friends!

ASK PROFESSOR ALLBULL!

Dear Readers,

So many problems have been sent in to me since I started my column in "Nabsford News" that I have been obliged to suspend my research

PROFESSOR



ALL-BULL

work for the time being. (I am investigating the effect of alcohol upon the Medulla Oblongata and Cerebrum Rectangulum.) My method is to imbibe a glass of the experimental fluid and then note in my case book the effect upon my mental processes. It is an absorbing study, and often my writing becomes so illegible that I have to stop making notes . . . But I am a man of many interests, and once I give thought to your human problems I cannot rest until they are answered. It is gratifying to know that many have been helped by my timely words of warning. "Mother of Ten" took my advice and rid herself of the nasty little wart that was troubling her. "Acting Killick" has thanked me for my reply to his query about a stage career. He says he has now lost all interest in "Acting."

Here are selections from my post bag:
Dear Professor Allbull,

I am very lonely these days, as there aren't many Americans around now, and I don't seem to be able to get any Australian soldiers or British sailors to go out with me. Do you think I did wrong going out with Americans?

"Anxious Annie."

Dear "Anxious Annie,"
Time alone will tell, dearie.

Dear Professor Allbull,
I am very worried about my health. Can you suggest anything I could do when I get run down?
Christopher.

Dear Christopher,
Take the number of the car, if possible.

Dear Professor Allbull,
When my wife and I were first married we loved each other with fire and passion. Now the fire has died and there is no passion. How can I rekindle the fire of love, as I am very lonely?
Hector.

Dear Hector,
Try metho—or go out with a few old flames.

Dear Professor Allbull,
Although I am a non-smoker, have never touched beer or spirits, and do not go about with women, I am constantly troubled by severe headaches. Medical men have failed to help me—they say my trouble is mental rather than physical, but I wouldn't know. Can you offer any advice, please?

"Pure Percy."

Dear Percy,
After much thought I have come to the conclusion that your headaches are caused by a tight-fitting halo. Take it back and get a larger size.

Dear Professor Allbull,
I am hoping to return to England for demobilisation soon, and my girl friend has written to say that she is looking forward to seeing me again, when we can go places and have lots of good clean fun. Can you tell me what good clean fun is?

"Air Fitter."

Dear "Air Fitter,"
I don't know what good clean fun is.

Dear Professor Allbull,
After five years in the Navy my husband has become a confirmed alcoholic. I have tried to reason with him that water is more beneficial as a thirst quencher, but he won't listen to me. What is your opinion?

"Mona."

Dear Mona,
Certainly water is the best of drinks if taken in the right spirit.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED, Automatic Pistol, any make or calibre, in good condition; also set of Poker Dice. (Box 275, NN.)

LOST, between Victoria Bridge and South Brisbane Station, Pair Blue Pyjamas, on November 10. Sentimental value; finder rewarded. (Box 321, NN.)

FOR SALE, Admiralty Manual of Seamanship, as new. Or would exchange for bowler hat, any condition. (Box 379 NN.)

EXCHANGE, Set Coloured Postcards of Brisbane for set of another capital city, preferably Paris. (Box 401 NN.)

WANTED URGENTLY, Second-hand Folding Camera, by Leading Seaman, with time exposure and the usual attachments. (Box 444 NN.)

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, when he omitted to sleep under his mosquito netting.

The Moving 'Skeeter bites; and having bit,
Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half the Whine,
Nor all thy tears wash out the Sting of it.

AROUND THE PLAYING FIELDS

(Sports Editor: L. A. F. Baxter. Mess 21B.14)

CRICKET NOTES

(By "Twelfth Man")

TAMY "B" v. 38 SQDN. R.A.A.F.

The game was played at Toowong Memorial Park. "B" team won the toss and batted first. and until lunch had the R.A.A.F. fielders running in all directions. At the interval Tamy had 106 for 1 on the score board, Eaton having departed at 20. After lunch, Deplidge and Kilbride were quickly dismissed, the latter having batted 65 minutes for his 75 runs, which included one "sixer" and 14 fours. A rot set in and the side was all out for 126.

The Aussies were all out in a little over an hour for 77 runs. Kilbride, who bowled remarkably well, captured 7 wickets for 34.

In the second innings Kilbride once again had a grand knock, scoring 51 (including nine fours) and the innings was declared at 130 for 7, leaving the R.A.A.F. team 90 minutes in which to score 177. Tamy attacked vigorously, and 8 wickets were down for 49 until Adamson stopped the rot. He played a real fighting innings for the airmen, managed to collar most of the bowling, whether on or off the wicket, and had scored 92 (with 3 sixes and 12 fours) when he was caught by Kilbride off Whitehead. The appeal against bad light by the last man was upheld by the umpire, and so our team was robbed of an apparent victory.

The two features of note in this interesting match were the brilliant all-round performance of Kilbride and the fine keeping of Deplidge, who was playing his first game for Tamy.

Details of scores:

Tamy "B": Kilbride 75, Eaton 7, Deplidge 27, Stainton 2, Huxley 3, Warmby 1, Baxter 0, Whitehead 0, Jones 9, Cherry 0, Best 0, extras 2; total 126.

38 Sqdn. R.A.A.F., 77 (Kilbride 7 for 34, Warmby 3 for 43).

Tamy "B," second innings: Kilbride 51, Dep-lidge 16, Eaton 13, Huxley 9, Stainton 1, Warmby 8, Baxter 6 n.o., Whitehead 6, Jones 9 n.o., extras 11; total 130 for 7 declared.

39 Sqdn. R.A.A.F.; 136 for 9 (Kilbride 6 for 72, Warmby 2 for 38, Whitehead 1 for 25).

Result: Tamy "B" won on first innings.

Tamy "A" defeated Boom Defence by an innings and 25 runs. W. E. Smith was top scorer with 40, and good bowling performances were given by S/Lt. Wise, A.B. Morris, and P.O. Clark, the first-named taking five wickets for 17 runs.

THE SHAPE OF T.A.M.Y. TO COME

It was a hive of industry,
The seething T.R.O.,
Littered with fags and paper,
Like autumn leaves, and snow.
But now 'tis all deserted.
The hands have all gone south.
'Tis bleak in the Cafeteria,
With ne'er a gaping mouth.

Production lines and offices
Are still in E.R.S.
And cobwebs fill the rafters
—A most unholy mess.

And in the home of 'lectrics,
Where dwell the ohms and amps,
A mass of flies and spiders
Are dimming out the lamps.

Next door we had the plumbers,
With bombs and 3.0.3's;
But now between the floorboards
Are grass and sprouting trees.

Just around the corner,
Strombergs on the floor
—A car, carbretter thing they do,
Than they have done before.

Adjacent are the gyros,
With Edwards there and Davis
—Devanney singing blithely
Like any Scottish Mavis.

With Bendix and Scintilla,
The home of Elf and Pixie,
A solitary swagman
Is boiling up his dixie.

There are the poultice wallopers,
With ever-ready knife,
Just keep your eyes awake, m'lads,
Or you'll disappoint your wife.

Leaving this desolation,
We go to Kerry Road,
With hundred-seater buses,
And much depleted load.

Into Duddin's domain,
The Air Repairing Shop;
A solitary matelot
Is busy with a mop.

Erection hangar premises
Are very much alive;
Bees are in the office
A-making of a hive.

Over at the other end,
The shed that's called M.8,
'Tis noticeably vacant,
With not a blooming crate.

There, with M.S.R., is Jock,
Whiskers flowing free,
Picketing an aircraft,
Or chopping down a tree.

Test Flight, with the ghost of Willis,
Is raising up a dust;
It interferes with sunbathing,
But fly the things they must.

I hope you chaps who go away
Will have a kindly thought
For all your mates in T.A.M.Y.,
With whom you might have fought.

You came out through the tropic heat,
Ready to fight—that's great,
It may be very lucky—
That we came here rather late.

But when you go back to your homes,
And know the race is run;
Perhaps you'll think more kindly
Of good old T.A.M.Y.

P.O. A.M.L. LESLIE.

RELEASE AND RESETTLEMENT NEWS

In Parliament on October 22, Mr. Isaacs gave the following figures of releases and discharges from the Forces between 18th June and 30th September of this year:

Service.	Class A.	Class B.	Other Releases.	Total.
Navy	54,145	1,134	12,846	68,125
Army	201,612	11,132	36,032	248,776
Air Force	87,576	5,680	21,152	114,408

The above figures refer to men and women in the three Services.

Recent amendments to the Admiralty Release Instructions are of interest to men who contemplate settling in Australia or one of the Dominions. Here are the details:

"Officers and ratings serving in India, a British Dominion or Colony, Protected or Mandated Territory, when due for release and electing to be released there, may retain the right to return to U.K. at public expense for two years after the date of release or until joined by their dependants, whichever is the earlier."

Para. 85A: "Officers and ratings serving at any place abroad other than in North-west Europe who are normally resident in U.K., but who wish to be released in India, a British Dominion or Colony, Protected or Mandated Territory, may be granted passage to the country of their choice in place of their return to U.K. for release. Pas-

sages may also be granted to dependants to accompany or join officers and ratings in the country overseas to which the substitute passages have been granted.

"This scheme is a temporary one, and for the time being all applications, accompanied by the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, should be forwarded to the Admiralty for approval. Before application, officers and ratings must have secured the permission of the Government concerned for themselves and families, if any, to enter the country of their choice."

The following notes about the issuing of licences for retail trading may interest those who were thinking of opening a shop after their release.

At present, licences for retail trading are not likely to be granted, except to the following:

- (a) Withdrawn traders whose business has been closed down due to war service. These will be granted a licence to resume their former business.
- (b) War-disabled persons who were not ex-traders will be granted a licence providing they can satisfy the Ministry of Labour that the proposed business offers them the best chance of resettlement.
- (c) Purchasers of the goodwill of existing businesses. Licences will, however, only be granted in respect of articles which can be proved to have been sold in the shop during the period December, 1940, to October, 1941.

At the present time, the whole question of licences for retail trading is closely bound up with the availability of supplies. The present system of Government controls does not permit of much expansion in retail trading. It should be noted that in the special case of licences for shops selling food, the above notes do not entirely apply, and the advice of the Ministry of Food officials in any particular area should be sought on this question.

Licences for retail trading in everyday articles are obtained through the local Price Regulation committee. Men intending to start retail trading should be warned to undertake no financial commitments until sure that they can obtain a licence to set up in business.

RESETTLEMENT GRANTS:

This scheme does not cater for those who wish to start a business for the first time, except for disabled men. It is essentially designed to aid one-man businesses, although a partnership is not ruled out, provided that all partners are eligible as ex-servicemen.

It is not applicable as compensation for losses incurred through the War (as distinct from war service).

Grants are not payable to aid in the formation of a limited liability company. The applicant for a grant is not expected to put all his

gratuities and post-war credits into his business before becoming eligible for a grant. There is no intention of applying a rigid means test (as has been alleged in certain portions of the Press, back home). Normally, no information concerning the applicant, beyond that required on his application form, is required by the Ministry of Labour.

The scheme applies to doctors, dentists, etc., who may require to purchase new equipment. It is not applicable to those engaged in agriculture, horticulture, market gardening or fishing. A separate scheme to assist those engaged in these occupations is being prepared by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Grants are not repayable except under paragraph 14 of Ministry of Labour Pamphlet R.G.L. I, where a business is disposed of within two years with the consent of the Ministry of Labour.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF SPORT?

1. A football league goalkeeper may wear four approved colours of jerseys. What are they?
2. What county won the County Cricket Championship in 1939?
3. Which Russian prince played for England at Rugby football?
4. What is the width of a hockey goal?
5. How old must horses be to run in the St. Leger?
6. Who won the world's speedway championship in 1938?
7. How old is Joe Louis?
8. Who was world's billiard champion in 1939?
9. Who holds the Schneider Trophy at present?
10. Which club won the Football League War Cup in 1941-42?

10. "Wolves."
9. England.
8. Walter Lindrum.
7. 31 in October, 1945.
6. "Blues" Wilkinson.
5. 3-year-olds.
4. 4 yards.
3. Prince A. Obolensky.
2. Yorkshire.
1. White, royal blue, royal green, scarlet.

ANSWERS

If you scored five, you're good; eight, excellent. (If you scored ten you have certainly cheated!)

SHIP'S COMPANY DANCE!

Make a note of this in your diary—the next Ship's Company Dance will be held in the City Hall, Brisbane, on MONDAY, DECEMBER 10. Watch Daily Orders for further details.