

# NABS FORD NEWS

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ONE PENNY

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## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

This great Christian Festival must bring always loving and wistful thoughts of home, flooding the heart and memory with past childhood joys, and a keener yearning for parents, wife, and children.

As yet another Christmas Day is spent away, we will recall those others spent in war years, afloat or ashore, in cold or heat, in dangers, discomfort, hardship and loneliness, and know now that just because of the sacrifices which have been made by all, this may well be the last of such sad separations.

So then, let us rejoice on this Birthday of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, remembering with gratitude all who have not come to this Christmas of peace, and making merry in our hearts as befits a faithful people.

May you and your families have a Blessed and a Joyful Christmas is the prayer and wish of your Chaplain.

WALTER MARSON,

Chaplain R.N.

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The Editor and Staff of "Nabsford News" wish the Captain, Officers, and Ship's Company of H.M.S. "Nabsford" a very Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year.



## EDITORIAL

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

December 13, 1945

There is a charming phrase by Barrie which runs, "God gave us memories that we might have roses in December." He was clearly thinking in terms of the Northern Hemisphere, for here in Australia roses blooming in December are more than the fragrant memory of a departed summer; December is summer, and the roses are real, as anyone who strolls through New Farm Park just now will appreciate.

The approach of a peace-time Christmas has its traditional association of ideas for the average Briton. There may not always be deep snow or ice thick enough for skating—except on Christmas cards—but there will certainly be jollifications around the fireside of a long winter's evening, to follow a day of lethargy and heavy eating. For this reason December 25, 1945, will seem very much "out of place" to us in Queensland. The sun burns ever more fiercely by day, surfing beaches attract us for lazy open-air week-ends, and ice-cream is more palatable than steamed plum pudding.

And yet we in H.M.S. "Nabsford" are not alone in feeling somewhat restless and bewildered as we approach our first peace-time Christmas since 1938. The whole world is still "unsettled," even though the Axis Powers were defeated several months ago. Peace does not reign as soon as War ends, any more than freedom from pain ensues the moment an aching tooth is extracted. The wound must have time to heal, and the extent of decay and rottenness governs the speed of recovery. Industrial strikes in England, America, and Australia (the victorious nations, be it observed!), racial riot in Palestine, Persia, and Java, and everywhere a deep disturbing fear of the consequences implied in the discovery of atomic power, are symptoms of world unrest.

What is the remedy? An Editor is not a physician, even though he must necessarily be something of a philosopher, nor is the disease—in this case, literally a dis-ease—simple enough to admit of a speedy cure. Scientists have harnessed forces of the physical world which have made all men neighbours, so far as mere distance is concerned. The need is now for men to enlarge their vision and to think internationally in terms of a world entity, for we are all fellow-passengers on the same planet. Until we broaden our minds to absorb this fact and then to act upon it, we shall always be restless and bewildered. But if the approaching Festival of Christmas holds any spiritual significance for us, we may look forward hopefully to "Peace on Earth, goodwill toward men."

L. J. JAY.

## "RABBITS"

Now that the war is over and some of the older warships are being scrapped, those who have served in the Royal Navy may have the opportunity of obtaining some souvenir of the vessels which have been their wartime home.

This is not to be taken as a promise from the Admiralty, but is a statement based on the past experience of shipbreaking, for there are several firms in our country which have done a good trade converting timbers and metal work into ornaments and useful furniture.

Nick-nacks from the old record-breaking Mauretania found a ready market, and chairs from her timbers now grace some of the great homes of Britain.

This is no new idea. Part of Drake's "Golden Hind" now takes the form of a chair at Oxford, and beautiful furniture was made from her woodwork when she was scrapped at Deptford.

In the White House, official residence of the Presidents of the United States, is a fine suite made from the "Resolute," a ship sent to search for Sir John Franklin's illfated expedition in the Arctic. "Resolute" remained fast in the ice for years before being towed home by a whaler.

The wrecks of the Spanish Armada provided good wood to make pieces of furniture, and by the orders of Queen Elizabeth ("Good Queen Bess"), the dining hall of Westminster School was furnished with massive tables and forms from this source.

The figurehead of the old West Highland steamer "Claymore" found its last abode in a County Angus garden, and the deckhouse and bridge of the Clyde steamer "Iona" became a Glasgow man's summer-house. When the old Clyde paddler "Columba" was scrapped, her mast was sent to the island of Iona as a flagmast.

Although the old flagship which carried Nelson so gloriously at Trafalgar is now "preserved" in dock at Portsmouth, many thousands of souvenirs have been made from her timbers. The familiar sight of a basket of "Victory" chips placed at her gangway for visitors to help themselves has caused many to wonder how many times she has been broken up.

Before the war a Plymouth firm employed a number of skilled carvers to turn the wood from scrapped ships into ship models. From the battleship "Prinz Regent Luitpold," one of the scuttled German Fleet raised from the bottom at Scapa Flow, this firm made a large quantity of models, of which Queen Mary has one. The first model was presented to the late Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Jellicoe. Hundreds of models of the





## NABS FORD NOTABILITIES

### No. 4—SURGEON-LIEUT. CDR. C. M. LAMONT, R.N.V.R.

It is the Medical Officer's duty to deal with people who have caught something—whether it be a germ, a rash, or a pain in the "little Mary." So when the M.O. catches something **himself** it becomes front-page news, especially a catch weighing over 560lbs.

A few weeks ago our genial S.M.O. went on a fishing expedition in Moreton Bay, organised by the Queensland Game Fishing Association, of

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"Mayflower" have been exported to the United States, and one of these has a place of honour in Washington Museum.

Doubtless, now that the war is over, the craze for collecting such relics of ships will start again, and many of those seamen who have whiled away dull hours of their hobby of wood-carving or metal-work will find a ready market for their products.

which Mr. Norman Gow is President. East of Pile Light, Lieut. Cdr. Lamont hooked a tiger shark, and after angling him into a favourable position, managed to get him alongside. This occupied more than an hour, and the shark was towed into harbour with a wire rope around its neck. Our photograph (from a stereotype kindly loaned by the "Telegraph") shows the S.M.O. standing beside his capture, and provides the answer to Harry Roy's question, "Where's that Tiger?"

One of our "Nabsford" historians has been inspired to record the incident in deathless verse, which runs as follows:

### WHO DID IT?

The Sick Bay was in SUCH a turmoil,  
We didn't know which way to turn;  
People kept coming and going—  
Some even forgot to return.  
Even the M.O.s were both harassed  
With questions from every side,  
As to "what were they doing about it?"  
And "what was the state of the tide?"  
Gestures grew fiercer and fiercer,  
Arms ever more widely flung,  
As doubters argued with doubters  
Concerning what had to be done.  
Suddenly all grew quite quiet,  
As the S.M.O. passed a remark,  
That really it wasn't TOO marvellous;  
After all, he'd only caught a wee SHARK.

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## CALYPSO

The word "Calypso" first came to the notice of the British public via Miss Carmen Miranda in her singing of the song, "Minnie from Trinidad." In this she sings (?) about Minnie and her beau, the latter being a gent. by the name of Calypso Joe.

As there appears to be some doubt on the subject, I shall endeavour to enlighten those of you who have not had the opportunity of studying it at His Majesty's expense.

The Calypso is either a dance on tango-cum-rumba-quickstep lines, originating amongst the Spanish Creoles in the West Indies or a type of song in Calypso time. This song is exclusively Trinidadian, and the tunes are varied, although similar in phrasing, while the words are made up in the style of old English ballads to tell a story.

Any noteworthy happening in Trinidad is soon told in verse. Often one can hear the negro labourers singing a Calypso about some event which has occurred only an hour or two before.

Every February the Trinidadians hold a Fiesta, which they celebrate in the best South

## TAMY TATTLE

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

On Thursday, 6th December, at Albert Street Methodist Church, Brisbane, L.S.A. Ian Thompson was married to Miss Frances Sandilands, of Townsville. S.A. William Hinds was best man. At the same church, two days later, Ldg. Wtr. Reg. Powell was married to Miss Jean Ritchey, of New Farm. P.O. Wtr. Grosvenor was best man, and the honeymoon was spent at Coolangatta.

Congratulations to the respective couples and our best wishes to them for a long life of married bliss.

A "Nabsford" officer, who was recently appointed to England, had an air passage arranged at short notice. Before he left Brisbane he sent his wife the good news of his homecoming by means of an E.F.M. telegram. He chose the three phrases numbered 323—162—153, which read:

Expecting blessed event. Anxiety unnecessary. Best love from Daddy."

Some little while ago a P.O. stood outside the clothing store, regarding a notice which read, "Closed for stocktaking until Nov. 5th." Finally, he walked into the store to ask the S.A., "When do you open?"

We notice that a large number of ratings are walking around the Camp with hands heavily bandaged. We suspected finger trouble somewhere.

What joker gave his pal (a former "Desert Rat") two pictures of the desert for a wedding present recently?

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." How truly this applied to the Chief who was marooned near No. 36 tram stop during the thunderstorm on the night of December 4, and who was given a lift to Camp in a jeep.

American fashion. One of the high spots of this Fiesta is the competition between singers to decide which of the previous year's Calypso is to be the Fiesta song. The last official Fiesta was held in 1941; the submarine blockade became serious that summer, but in the Spring of 1942 some hardy spirits held a quiet, unofficial Fiesta and decided on the Calypso "Rum and Coco Cola" for that year. Members of T.A.M.Y. who came over on the J.4. will recall hearing an Americanised edition of it being presented by a Spanish-looking female with a Brooklyn accent when we were treated to a show at Colon by the U.S. Army.

If you should ever visit Trinidad, you ought to listen to the "wogs" singing. Some of the Calypsos are good—even if the B.B.C. will not have them.

"LESSAX."

They seek him here, they seek him there,  
They are searching for him everywhere.  
Is he is Heaven, is he in H——,  
That damned elusive Henry Bell?

A draft of seamen arrived recently on board H.M.S. "Nabsford." They had been "at sea" so long that only now have they been able to catch up with us.

She (to Naval Officer): "Hello, sailor. What are you?"

He (haughtily): "Madam, I am a Naval Surgeon."

She (cooly): "My, my! How you doctors DO specialise!"

On behalf of the lads, we take this opportunity of thanking the Canteen Committee for arranging the distribution of ten shilling vouchers as a Christmas gift. As a result, many a thirst can now be quenched without financial loss to the drinker!

Unofficial amendment to the "Rig of the Day":

Ratings concerned are informed that WOOL-LOONGABBAS will not, repeat not, be worn until the cooler weather returns.

The Ship's Company Dance in the City Hall, Brisbane, on December 10, proved to be a successful affair, and the arrangements went off smoothly. That it turned out to be the hottest night since "NABS FORD" took up station at Rocklea could hardly be blamed on the Entertainment Committee which organised the Dance! Ices and lemon squash were in great demand, and the dancers positively "glistened" with enjoyment as they tripped the light fantastic toe. Members of the Ship's Concert Party provided a snappy Cabaret Show while the Band had a "breather," and P.O. Coyle did a good job as Master of Ceremonies. The ladies in long evening dresses looked more charming than ever, and it was obvious that many of the fellows had been using PERSIL!

## CHRISTMAS SERVICES

Christmas Eve, 2345, Holy Communion, in Sick Bay.

Christmas Day, 0730, Holy Communion, in Sick Bay.

0900, Short (Voluntary) Carol Service.

W. J. MARSON,  
Chaplain R.N.

## BOOK REVIEWS

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

"The Nine Tailors," by Dorothy L. Sayers, and

"Under the Red Robe," by Stanley Weyman.  
"The Nine Tailors"

This book is another of the Lord Peter Wimsey series and concerns the mysterious death of an unknown man whose body is found in the grave of the village squire. The village of Fenchurch St. Paul, in East Anglia, where the story has its setting, possesses a magnificent church and a full peal of eight bells.

Miss Sayers has delved deeply into the art of bellringing, and her researches give an unusual flavour to this detective novel. The identification of the dead stranger, together with the manner of his death, and the consequent effect of these discoveries on the villagers, form a denouement which is cleverly worked out. Readers of this book will enjoy not only a good mystery plot, but an excellent description of life in a sleepy Fenland village of East Anglia.

**Under the Red Robe"**

This novel, with a setting in France during the time of Cardinal Richelieu, invites comparison with the historical romances of Jeffery Farnol and Sabatini.

The story concerns Gil de Berault, who incurs the Cardinal's displeasure over a duel, and who, to save his own life, agrees to bring to Paris a proscribed rebel, M. de Cocheforet. The manner in which he obtains admittance to the rebel's home and wins the confidence of Madame and Mademoiselle de Cocheforet makes good reading.

Inevitably Gil de Berault falls in love with the rebel's sister, but the course of true love never did run smoothly, and he does not discover until the last chapter that she is in love with him. Our hero captures de Cocheforet, but releases him and returns to the Cardinal empty-handed rather than appear dishonourable to the lady whom he loves. The story ends happily; Cardinal Richelieu spares the life of de Berault, who promptly marries Mlle. de Cocheforet, and the pair retire to the country, leaving his Eminence in Paris to hold the reins of power for another thirteen years until his death.

Delightful reading for the incurably romantic—that is why I enjoyed this book.

## PROFESSOR ALLBULL REPLIES!

Dear Readers,

In common with my bank manager, I have many interests . . . and after the excitement of pinning down my butterflies (including Red Admirals) or the thrills of scouring smelly ponds

## PROFESSOR



## ALL-BULL

for the Lesser Freckled Bog-wort, I turn with relief to a spot of star-gazing. It is pleasant to lie on the back, superbly supine, studying the Little Bear, Venus, or the "covered waggon" (Charles's Wain). Many people fight shy of astronomy because of difficulty in naming the stars—they say it is worse than a Hollywood film premiere. And so they turn to astrology and find relief in Petrolagar or whatever the name is.

It was to help the nameless millions of star-students that I evolved a doggerel of comic couplets, after the style of the rhymes by which you remembered the Kings and Queens of England in your schooldays. Here is a fair specimen:

O, where does Cassiopeia appear,

Where does Orion arise—?

(Sung to the tune of "Where, O, Where Has My Little Dog Gone")

To be sirius, for a moment, though, these dog-gone stars can be an asset as well as an astra, useful and ornamental in fact. In a strange country, for instance, you would be up the pole if it were not for the Pole Star to guide you. In Australia the Pole Star is invisible, and this makes the Southerner Cross. Finally, remember Mother's warning to little Audrey not to be led astray by the bright lights of the city . . . That cluster of four stars in a row twinkling low down



on the northern horizon towards midnight will not appear in your Star Gazer's Guide—it is a Neon sign advertising the local brand of beer.

\* \* \*

Now for a few replies to some of this week's queries:

Dear Professor Allbull,

What kind of lizard skins make the best shoes?

A.B. TANNER.

Dear A.B. Tanner,

I'm not sure, but I know that banana skins make the best slippers.

\* \* \*

Dear Professor Allbull,

Following a gramophone record concert in the Information Centre last Wednesday, we had a friendly argument as to which Russian wrote the best opera. My oppo. said Rimsky-Korsakov, but I plumped for Moussorgsky. Whose side do you favour?

"MUSIC-LOVER."

Dear "Music-Lover,"

I'm on your side. What is good enough for you is "Godounoff for me.

\* \* \*

Dear Professor Allbull,

I have become engaged to an English sailor-boy, whose father is a very wealthy man. My friends say it will not be a successful marriage and that I am only after his money. Should I take any notice of them?

SALLY (of Stanley Street).

Dear Stanley Street Sally,

Don't take any notice of your friends. A woman who marries a man with money to burn usually makes a good match.

\* \* \*

Dear Professor Allbull,

I was dancing in the City Hall the other night with a sailor who told me he is earning good money in the Navy and doesn't know how to spend it. He had a red anchor badge on his left sleeve, and I am wondering what rating that signifies?

CURIOUS CUTIE.

Dear Curious Cutie,

From your description I would say he is a mis-Leading Seaman.

\* \* \*

Dear Professor Allbull,

After five years' service as an "H.O.," I am anxious to get out of the Navy. Do you know how to get back to Civvy Street quickly?

FRED.

Dear Fred,

If I did I should not be writing this tripe every fortnight.

## "STARVING CASTLE"

In February, '45,

We sailed from England's shores;  
Once more out on the briny,  
With decks instead of floors.

Living like lords, on sumptuous fare,  
Fattening, week by week,  
Forgive my being fatuous,  
My tongue is in my cheek.

Still, we all survived it,  
And "E" deck, after dark,  
Heard many a line of flannel,  
Saw many a happy lark.

With Cuba on our starboard bow,  
Jamaica on our port,  
Out came the lads with knobbly knees,  
Their manly charms to sport.

We can't say much of Panama,  
Colon or Cristobal.  
We saw them through a porthole;  
A Navy tour, that's all.

We saw the "Yankee" Navy,  
Manoeuvring in the lakes.  
If that's what they call sea-time,  
They sure get all the "breaks."

Then down the great Pacific,  
An old and glamorous name,  
But I was disappointed,  
It was "hoggin'" just the same.

Calling at "Windy Wellington,"  
Sampling steak and eggs,  
Some returned with beery breath  
And very shaky legs.

We left the ship at Brisbane,  
She sailed in to the West,  
Of all the thoughts I think of her,  
Her sailing away is the best.

But now I'm getting homesick,  
Although I like it here;  
So send me back to England  
To ersatz eggs and beer.

I've had my time in Aussiland,  
I'm chokker, more and more.  
I'd even volunteer to go  
Back on the old J.4.

"LESSAX."

## STROLLING COMMENTARY

(By "Count Boris")

Chief is complaining that the T.R.O. is over-worked . . . Positively Howelling in fact.

There were, numerous W.A.A.A.F.S. at a R.A.A.F. party recently . . . Was it a B.A.A.L.Y good show?

A certain officer has now left L.R.S. . . . Ankers away?

Reported that a Frenchman wishes to settle in Australia . . . Moi Aussie?

Sailors at Hamilton Wharf were coiling rope with machine-like precision . . . A good example of cordination?

Which came first—the Wiskin or the Wisker?

News item: "There was a Roman element at the theatre" . . . Antimony and Cleopatra?

Stated that "abo." children dislike attending school lessons . . . Black bored, and easely, too?

SPORTING COMMENTARY, by two of the old school:

What ho! Colonel, what the devil is this game we have got to commentate on?

Erection, old man—beastly game.

Some low types indulging, Colonel. Why look at that anthropoid creature . . . Good Lord they're off! Box formation is being broken up by brutal frontal attack. Some low strikes by Di Hedral; look you. Box thrown back; Speedy sally into the open by Cheyne Hoist. Square 1. It is Square 1, isn't it, Colonel?

Yes, old man, I do believe it is. Yes, definitely, old man.

Gad, Sir, they've stripped him in one fell swoop.

Stage 2. Rapid encircling movement; lot of attachments being brought in . . . beastly game.

Stage 3. Lagging a bit . . . Good Lord, Colonel, who is that fiendish fellow with the flapping fins?

What sat, eh? Oh, Progress. I see. By Gad, Sir, don't they move. Short of P.O.s, aren't they? My, but they must be fit. I say, that Chief appears to be out of condition—see how the sweat runs down his neck to mingle with the grease on his well-worn overalls.

Stage 4. Rising to a fine crescendo. Obviously working to a well organised plan. What is that large box, Colonel? Oh, I see . . . Bumph . . . umph . . . well, well.

Stage 5. My goodness, Colonel, don't they move? Steady motion to open ground. Ah! they have the Griffon it now, and a roar arises as the game closes with a win for T.A.M.Y.I.

## SMALL FRY

(A medley of minor news items from Air Mail editions of English papers received recently.)

\* \* \*

The newest type of "pay as you board" bus, with separate entrance and exit, went into service recently on the Ealing-Hook route. This is the third experimental vehicle which the London Passenger Transport Board has introduced during the past year to discover the best type for traffic needs. The new vehicle has no rear platform. The entrance is at the front, and the exit in the middle. This permits simultaneous boarding and alighting. Passengers on entering pay their fares to a conductor sitting at a counter and operating an automatic ticket and change machine and mechanically controlling the doors. The platform is wholly enclosed, and there is room for passengers to wait for their tickets. A semi-circular stairway leads to the upper deck.

\* \* \*

The restriction limiting the length of men's socks was withdrawn on November 13, although the Board of Trade pointed out that it will be several months before they are generally available in the shops. The restriction, which was imposed in 1942, saved two million lb. of yarn.

\* \* \*

In a letter to "The Times" Mr. Justice Asquith told of a schoolmaster's report on one of his pupils which gives food for thought. The master described the boy as "steady, plodding, and dull—would make a good parent."

\* \* \*

Sir Stafford Cripps, speaking at a dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders recently, said that people in Britain should go without cars so that the export trade could be built up. "We cannot content ourselves with 15 per cent. of the motor-car trade for export," he said. "We want at least 50 per cent. To obtain that, we in this country must be content to go without cars so that we can build up the export trade as quickly as possible."

There were cries of "No" and objections, and Sir Stafford Cripps added, "I have often wondered whether you thought Great Britain was here to support the motor industry or the motor industry was here to serve Great Britain."

The L.S.M. Railway is to spend £1 million on a new control system to ensure that its trains run to time. Nineteen operating districts are being formed by merging the existing 42 control districts in England and Wales.

\* \* \*

Jerome Kern, composer of light music and well known as a book collector, died in a New York hospital on Armistice Day. "The Times" obituary says of him:

From 1909 onwards Kern wrote the music for a large number of productions, among them being "Theodore & Co." (1916), "Sally" (1920), "Sunny" (1925), "Show Boat" (1927), "The Cat and the Fiddle" (1932), and "Roberta" and "Music in the Air" (1933). As a composer of light songs—nearly all of them first heard as part of the scores of musical comedies—Kern had a gift of flowing, and often very charming, melody. "Who?" from "Sunny," is a very gay little tune, and in "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" there is a touch of genuine lyricism of a wistfully sentimental kind. His best musical score was that for "Show Boat" produced at Drury Lane in 1928, in which Kern gave Paul Robeson his most successful song, "Ol' man River."

\* \* \*

Kern was an accomplished musician who never had to call in an orchestrator to put the finishing touches to his score. He did not write melodies to fit lyric excepting one instance—that of "The Last Time I saw Paris"—but read the novel from which the show was to be adapted or the "book" of the show and then wrote a score to fit it.

The large amount of money he made from his music enabled him to indulge in his hobby of book collecting in a large way. In 1929, at the very top of the boom in book values, he sold his library for a total sum of £345,892, which included £5800 for a first edition of Fielding's "Tom Jones" and £13,600 for Shelley's own copy of "Queen Mab."

\* \* \*

On November 16 Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote an appreciation of Mr. Raphael Roche, and extracts from this Shavian obituary may be of interest.

The death of Raphael Roche, perhaps the most noted and successful of the host of unregistered medical practitioners in London, on October 31 should not pass unrecorded. Born in 1857 of a well-known Jewish family of musicians, he began as a professional pianist.

His prosperity as a musician had no charm for him. He had a craze of healing that proved irresistible. But he would not be called a healer. Nothing annoyed him more than to be credited with any personal gift in this direction; he pointed to his small stature, his unfashionable address in West Brompton, and his sixpenny tie, as proof that his personality had nothing to do with his cures, which he attributed to his acquirement of an extraordinary knowledge of drugs. He professed to use 1300 drugs, and always added that most of them could be bought at the nearest oil shop. He refused to qualify because it would put him in the power of the General Medical Council. When it was objected that he could not sign a death certificate, he replied that this did not concern him as his patients did not die. When it was urged that without registration he could get only the patients that Harley Street had failed to cure, he said that this gave him all England to draw upon. His hostility to orthodox practice was implacable, and created an odd situation when his son Alexander Roche qualified as a surgeon and at once scored a brilliant success.

He disclaimed all knowledge of how or why his medicines produced the effect they did, declaring emphatically that the moment a practitioner began to theorise he went wrong. That he effected remarkable cures may be inferred from the fact that, although he charged twenty guineas for a diagnosis and two guineas a subsequent visit, he maintained a successful practice for fifty years. He was twice married, and claimed that he had kept his first wife alive for fifteen years by his art.

## AROUND THE PLAYING FIELDS

### CRICKET

(By J. Grimster)

Tamy v. 126 A.G.H., at New Farm Park, 9th Dec.

In this "friendly" match, TAMY batted first and were dismissed for 112 runs, Sub.-Lt. Houghton carrying his bat through the innings for a useful 48. Kilbride was unfortunate to be struck on the chin by a rising ball when he had scored 11, and he was out to an easy catch after adding three more to his total.

Although the first Aussie wicket fell with only 5 runs on the board, the A.G.H. team recovered and G. Bailey scored a brilliant 62, until he was caught by Hartley off Deplidge's bowling. Harman, 8th wicket down, knocking the winning hit, and the remaining wickets fell in quick suc-



succession. Deplidge, the "B" team wicket-keeper, gave a good bowling display in this match, and took 5 wickets for 6 runs.

Result: 126 A.G.M. beat TAMY by 8 runs.

### LAWN TENNIS

Tamy v. A.I.F. Kit Store, at Ipswich, 9th Dec.

In this match the Australians proved to be the better team, and they won a decisive victory. S.-Lts. Wildman and Oldroyd were the most successful pair of the Tamy team, winning their set against the A.I.F. second pair 6—4, and losing to Sharpe and Andrews only by a narrow margin on the eleventh game. Wildman's service was firm and reliable throughout the match, and Oldroyd exploited his cut returns to advantage Messrs. Last and Jay won the final set of the afternoon 6—4, thus giving Tamy a total of 2 sets won out of the 9 played. The A.I.F. men were driving harder and more accurately than Tamy, and their net play, on the whole, was crisp and conclusive. We are still in need of more practice, both as individuals and as doubles players, and this match was a pleasant form of training.

Result: Tamy lost by 50 games to 24.

### FOOTBALL (by "The Spy")

Seamen v. Armoury, 3rd December.

This was the first Soccer League match, and was fought with unusual keenness. A stiff wind gave the Seaman an advantage in winning the toss, but they failed to exploit it at first, and Armoury scored the first goal when R. W. Chose banged the ball between the uprights from 15 yards out.

The veteran "Buffer" played a solid game for the Seamen at right-back; he was a brick-wall, against which the Armoury forwards flung themselves only to bounce off! The game was played at a furious pace, and all the players welcomed the respite when the ball burst and another one was requisitioned. Eight minutes before half-time Pickering, the Seamen's centre forward, managed to bundle ball and 'keeper into the goal and equalise the scores.

In the second half R.P.O. Cave intercepted a pass from Pickering and slammed the ball home to give Seamen the lead, and no more goals were scored, so the result was a win for the Seamen 2—1.

### BOXING

Dick O'Sullivan is back in strict training for his forthcoming fight with either Stumpy Butwell, former flyweight champion of Australia, or Alan Hall, former Aussie bantam champion.

The fight has not yet been arranged, but O'Sullivan has accepted Hall's challenge, and Hall must now lose some weight before he is ready to meet NABS FORD'S "toy bulldog."

"The Spy."

### PUZZLE CORNER

There is no "catch in this," but a genuine offer of TEN SHILLINGS to the sender of the first correct (or failing that, nearest correct) entry opened after the closing date.

The rules are simple, and the Editor's decision is final. Write your answers to the following questions on a piece of paper, together with your NAME, RATING, and MESS, and put it in the Suggestion Box in the Information Centre. Somebody must win ten shillings—why not **you**? Winner and Answers will appear in our next issue.

Closing date for entries is NOON, TUESDAY, 25th DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS DAY).

#### PUZZLE No. 2

1. Who killed Duncan I., King of Scotland? Bruce, Burns, Macbeth, or Crippen?
2. A synagogue is a Jewish place of worship. What is a pedagogue?—A kind of shoe, a schoolmaster, a marathon walker, or a chiropodist?
3. Who was the first man to swim the English Channel?—Captain Jones, Eugene Sandow, Johnny Weismuller, or Captain Webb?
4. How much earth is there in a cylindrical hole which has been dug in the ground to a depth of four inches and with a diameter of three inches.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE No. 1

1. A young salmon is called a SAMLET.
2. An OSSICLE is a small bone.
3. COPTS are found chiefly in EGYPT.
4. A maker of arrows is a FLETCHER.
5. The clergyman's name was JONES.

The PRIZE of TEN SHILLINGS which can be collected from the School Office, goes to L.A.F.A. RADFORD, MESS 2B10.

## THE TYPISTE'S POOL

Mrs. Carroll is the boss,  
She really is quite nice,  
But don't you ever cross her path  
Or she'll freeze you just like ice.

Then ye have young Rita C.,  
An expert at a dance,  
But never step in front of her,  
You'll get kicked in the pants.

Mary comes in first each day,  
The others are too tired;  
They should arrive as soon as she;  
It's a wonder they're not fired.

Vim and vigour is our Jan,  
But really quite a drip.  
If I had my way with her  
I'd send her on a trip (with a one-way ticket).

Laurel's shy and doesn't drink,  
She gives you that impression,  
But she's the first one out the gate  
To catch the lunch-time session.

Margie loves her little Doug.,  
But doesn't treat him right;  
Lipstick she smears upon his shirt,  
He's dhobeying half the night.

Sheila sings a lovely song,  
"An Irish Lullaby,"  
But if Bing Crosby heard her sing  
He'd be almost sure to cry.

Aline gets the best of laughs  
At the other's stupid pranks;  
She must have lots of self-control  
To tolerate such cranks.

What I've said about these girls  
Is really not quite true,  
For a better set of female sports  
Ne'er came out the blue.

Every one's a real nice girl,  
Most perfect is their work,  
And when they're overwhelmed with it  
You'll never see them shirk.

TAMY 1 owes many debts  
To this efficient "Pool,"  
And anyone who says that's wrong  
Is just a stupid fool.

There's lots of us when we leave here  
Will ne'er forget these gals;  
Thy're just the type a man is proud  
To class as darn good pals.

ALICE (R.A.F.)

## MY CHRISTMAS AT SEA

Down on the Mess Deck we were celebrating Christmas Eve as only matelots can. Excitement was high, laughter loud and long, and every one of us was in his happiest mood.

Nobby, perched perilously on a platform made up from kit-bags, had just treated us to a programme of his spiciest jokes, thought out long ago and reserved for such an occasion as this. He was received with loud cheers, and such shouts of encouragement as "Good old Nobby, the dirtier the better," and "Nip smartly, you old Son of a Lobster, don't keep the ladies waiting!"

So you see, we were all very anxious to hear the latest tales of what the Bishop said to the Actress—and, of course, her replies.

Nobby, true to his best form, did himself justice, telling us tales we should carry back to Civvy St. with us.

Then Ginger, the killick of our Mess, and a two-badge stalwart of the R.N., climbed up unsteadily on the "platform," raising his hand for silence.

We quietened down and listened expectantly. "Lads," he began, and cleared his throat noisily, at which there were more cheers; then he continued:

"Lads, on this auspicious occasion" (more cheers), "it gives me great pleasure . . ."

"Take yer ferkin out!" yelled someone; I think it was George, at which there were more enthusiastic cries.

"Alright, alright!" appeased Ginger. "What I wanted to say was that we'd better get the presents doled out now so that the Queen of Sheba can get his make-up on."

More cheers and clapping greeted this announcement.

"Enter Santa Claus!" cried Ginger, with a gesture so dramatic it would have shamed a veteran showman.

Our eyes followed the direction of his outstretched hand, to the bulkhead door.

It opened a few inches, closed, opened again, and closed again, to be wrenched open by Charlie, who was standing close by.

What a sight was revealed! There was Santa Claus, but WHAT a Santa Clau!

Who it was was a closely-guarded secret, and with his huge beard of cotton-wool, "acquired" from the S.B.A., his identity was hard to guess. Santa was dressed in a bright green dressing gown which might have been built for Teddy Brown, or more probably, our "Jimmy." Anyway, Ginger hastened to explain that the

colour of Santa's robe was due entirely to the corrosive effect of the sea air, and that Santa offered his humblest apologies for appearing before us so dressed.

We all cheered, though by now most of us were suffering acutely from sore throats.

The preliminaries over, Santa approached the "platform," dragging the kit-bag and the trailing end of the gown with him. Eager hands helped him up to his precarious perch, where he was quickly joined by his "Sack of Surprises."

"And now," yelled Ginger, "down to business." More yells; more cheers.

With tantalising slowness, Santa put his hand into the great pocket of his robe, to pull out the key to a huge padlock with which the bag was fastened. We all craned forward as he removed the lock, the chain, the lashing, then the handle, finally to tear off a large seal of blue wax.

Then he produced the first parcel, tied up with red tape, and handed it to Ginger, who was waiting ready.

This worthy one inspected the label carefully, then grinned round at us.

"Does anyone know of a Charlie McCarthy?" he asked.

There was an excited shout as our Irishman made himself known.

"Coming over—and don't open it yet!" called Ginger.

He was handed another parcel.

"Where's Pete?"

"Over 'ere!" came the answer from Pete's corner, and the package was passed back.

"George."

"'Ere y'are!" and George received his.

One by one each was handed a package, and speculation was soon running high as we examined the wrappings, shook the parcels, and smelt them in an effort to guess their contents.

When all had been served, Ginger again called for silence.

"O.K. Open up!" he said. We needed no second bidding.

Red tape and paper flew everywhere as the wrappings were disposed of. Paper, more paper—still more paper!

My parcel grew alarmingly small as I removed wrapping after wrapping. I glanced round, and saw that my mess-mates were suffering in exactly the same way.

Soon we were ankle-deep in paper—it was everywhere. On the tables, under the tables, on the lockers, under the lockers, even stuck behind the pipes and light brackets.

And our parcels were shrinking to the size of an orange.

Then the presents began to appear—a piece of cheese, a potato, a moth-eaten sock, were just three examples.

Well! That really DID start something! With one accord we surged forward, bent on just retribution.

Ginger's and Santa's evading tactics were good, but not good enough, and we soon had them cornered.

First we made them eat such of the "presents" that were at all edible; then, in spite of their protests and struggles, we lashed each of them in his own hammock, slung the hammock under the showers, and turned the cold water full on.

That done, we returned to the celebrations.

"Where's Queenie?" demanded George. That started us all calling for Queenie.

After a moment or two "she" appeared through the bulkhead door, and was greeted with the loudest cheers heard that evening.

Dressed in a "hoop-la" skirt (the product of our Chippie's efforts), and a tight-fitting jersey which showed off her "figure" to the best advantage, she advanced to the centre of the gangway to start a dance which would have made even Salome blush.

She wriggled, she squirmed, she squiggled and turned; she waved her arms, she kicked her legs (as well as her skirt would allow her); she ran this way, then that way; she tickled Charlie under the chin, and smoothed George's hair. To and fro she went, and as her gyrations increased, so her dress decreased, until, with the pull of a string, the whole skirt fell with a clatter to the deck. Enthusiastic cheers came from the hearts and souls of each pop-eyed watcher; then, much to our dismay, the Queen of Sheba quickly disappeared through the bulkhead door.

There was an immediate mad rush as we each tried to gain possession of the fallen garment, to discover the cause of the mysterious clang.

Loud were the cheers which went up when we discovered our presents, the real ones, tied up inside the cloth!



## AN IMPRESSION OF THE SEA

Opinions of "Men of Ships" regarding the sea are many. These opinions depend largely upon the individual temperament of each. A man may loathe the sea because he sees it as a relentless force, a force which never rests, because he finds it capricious and cunning . . . a man may love the sea because he finds a beauty of colour or music in its malignant strength . . . a man may use it as a means to an end . . . a man may find adventurous pleasure in trying to conquer its fantastic power.

Some men are irrevocably married to the masses of water which make up the seas of the world.

Whatever the opinion of an individual may be, there is something true about the fellowship of "Men of Ships," something beautiful and grand about the vast expanse of the sea, whether the mood of Nature be calm or stormy . . .

There is infinite beauty when the sea is calm and quiet and untroubled, the water vividly blue with the rays of the sun dancing and flashing on ripples caused by a gentle breeze and the motion of the ship. There is beauty magnificent, as the sun sinks below the rim of the world and washes the whole scene with a blood-red glow. An ethereal glory and a strange feeling of serene solitude as the moon rises and the panorama becomes eerie with a phosphorescent light.

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Tins of fruit, "full-cream" milk, and two packets of cigarettes for each of us! What luxury!

We descended upon this treasure trove as might a beggar upon a five-pound note.

Tables were cleared, tin-openers, and mess traps appeared from nowhere as with one accord we set to upon such a feast as never before had graced our Mess Deck.

Then someone remembered Ginger and Santa, still under the shower; they were released, and with sheepish grins reappeared in our midst dressed in whatever dry clothes they could find.

George then called for silence.

Gentlemen," he said—loud cheers again—"these poor misguided worms have repented the error of their way; and seeing as 'ow they're received the Order of the Bath, I beg of you to admit them once again into our select"—more cheers—"very select company."

"Three cheers for George!" yelled someone, and the company responded with three of the best.

Then we set to again, continuing our celebrations of Christmas Eve as only matelots can.

The water gently lapping and caressing the ship's sides, a breeze murmuring through the rigging breathes of a mellifluous harmony as from the voices of angels echoing far beyond the horizon.

But this calm and peace is not absolute. A wind, soft at first, increasing in voracious velocity every second, until the rigging is humming under the strain, will change the tranquil blue water into a raging, thundering mass of dirty grey which threatens to crush everything in its path. The sky becomes dark and menacing with angry black clouds. There is a fierce exhilaration about such a turbulent scene, a surging thrill as the wind tears at one's body, as the salty spray stings one's face, a thrill to see huge mountains of foam-capped water rushing down on the ship, to feel the shudder as this mass breaks over her bows, a pride as those bows rise, again to face the onslaught of raging water.

A tempestuous fantasia is created by the rushing and crashing of the waters, by the screeching of the wind. Glamorous, yet oddly beautiful, is this medley of sound. The devils of the deep keep up this cacophony until as the storm abates—the wind loses its force, the sea relieved of its pent-up fury settles down to an even somnolent swell on which the ship dips and rises; the heavy clouds scurry away, giving place to patches of blue, through which the rays of the sun shine on the spray and wet decks, filling the air with a myriad of darting colours—the uproar fades and dies in the distance, leaving a lullaby soft and poignant, a music of tenderness as yet unconceived by human mind . . .

\* \* \*

There is a call of the sea which reaches the aristocrat and the commoner alike. A call which is vital and compelling and when received cannot be denied. A call that must be answered and satisfied for the peace of man's mind.

\* \* \*

Stoke City have announced that their international wing-half, Frank Soo, has been placed on the open transfer list. This has caused quite a stir in the football world, as Soo has been with Stoke ever since he left school, and he is still playing good football. There is no intimation of dispute between player and club.