

# NABSFORD NEWS



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ONE PENNY

Produced Fortnightly by and for the Ship's Company of H.M.S. "Nabsford," Brisbane, Queensland.

Editor: . . . . . L. J. Jay

Staff: L. G. Eade, C. D. Leslie, A. Bateman, J. Grimster.

## EDITORIAL

School Office,  
H.M.S. "Nabsford,"  
January 24, 1946.

The Editorial of our last number, commenting on the quiet opening to the New Year, ended with these words: "Little has come, but much is forthcoming." As if in fulfilment of this prediction, "Clear Lower Deck" was piped at 1245 on Friday, 18th January, in order that the Captain could inform the assembled officers and Ship's Company of the Nabsford programme for the next few months. After summarising our outstanding commitments with regard to the repair and maintenance of aircraft, the Captain told us that, subject to the completion of these commitments, the Ship's Company would be reduced by about 1000 ratings in mid-February, leaving behind slightly under half that number to continue the work of clearing up. The Ship would pay-off on March 31, one year and four days after the main body of TAMY arrived at Rocklea, and fourteen months after the commissioning date of H.M.S. "Nabsford." Beyond the paying-off date, only a small and carefully selected number would remain behind to complete the necessary work. Throughout this period, of course, the release of men under the Age and Service scheme would continue.

So that we might record something of the associations which one year of TAMY has created, we intend to make the next and final issue of "Nabsford News" a special Souvenir Number. It will be published before the big exodus takes place in mid-February, and enlarged in size it will contain a pictorial supplement of scenes which have become familiar to us during the past twelve months. Make sure of getting your copy of the "Nabsford News" Souvenir Number!

L. J. JAY.

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## THE VISIT OF COMMANDER (S).

The Stores and Secretariat  
 Are all a trifle wary at  
 The approach of the Commander (S),  
 Of whom (let us with truth confess)  
 We always stand somewhat in dread,  
 Lest he should come down on one's head  
 With consequences dire, and thus—  
 Should he appear in such a mood  
 That utterances may be rude  
 And cast in deep, sarcastic vein,  
 He might perchance upon us rain.  
 Each pays attention to his work,  
 And never for a second shirks,  
 But deep enthusiasm feigns—  
 Into each darkened corner cranes  
 As if his very life itself  
 Depends upon that store-room shelf,  
 While some do strive with furtive air  
 To carry "this" from "heah!" to "theah!"  
 Others with a sickly leer  
 Carry "that" from "theah!" to "heah!"

Maybe by some fate's trick perverse  
 (Could anything be really worse?)  
 Instead of "Pots, Chamber, Fluted,"  
 With blue crest—for officers suited  
 (By their Lordships carefully chosen  
 For ranks above Commissioned Bosun)  
 Some fool with head unduly thick,  
 Issued "Pots, Chamber, Rubber, Lunatic."  
 The First Lieutenant, to be sure,  
 Would take a view extremely poor  
 Of such a move—'tis calculated  
 To get the whole stores branch de-rated;  
 But see—preceded by his cap,  
 With scrambled egg upon the flap,  
 He now departs—and thankful we  
 Are that such small mercies be!  
 He only comes but once a week,  
 For more than that we do not seek;  
 He's quite well liked, and well respected,  
 But three gold rings he has collected.  
 There's quite a difference, you can guess,  
 Between "S.A." and "Commander (S)."

W. E. DAWSON, S.A.

## CONFESSIONS OF A FAILURE

I am touched when elderly men tell me what they might have been had things been different . . . Men who are now Captains of Heads instead of Captains of Industry, merely because they refused to go partners with a man in 1920; men who now could have been owners of half South Africa or Peru—if only they had deserted the Service in 1910 and had married the wealthy farmer's daughter who was crazy about them. . . . And, saddest of all, the man who could have been living in his ancestral home, surrounded by retainers, spaniels, and mortgages—if only he had refrained, in his hot-headed youth, from striking the butler with a roll of music. . . .

As I have said, these men touch me; but never for more than half a crown. For I, too, am one of life's failures. It's true I am not elderly, but the mark of failure is already on my brow. You can see it with difficulty, but it is there all right—just above the chicken-pox scars.

There are only two ways of getting on in life, one is by hard work, and the other is by low cunning. I can see clearly where I miss out—I can't bear hard work, and although I have low cunning, I haven't enough to get me anywhere.

My downward career started at school, for while worthy ambitious lads pored over their arithmetic and poetry books, I was playing truant at the Zoo, gazing at the wild animals in captivity. And when forced to attend school under threats of the reformatory I endangered the eyesight of my fellow pupils with pellets of blotting-paper hurled from an elastic band.

Eventually, to the relief of my teachers, I left school and sought employment at the local jam-factory, but the manager refused to employ me. How could he entrust the responsible task of sticking labels on to jam-jars to a flinger of blotting-paper, a gazer at wild animals? But I determined to make amends; I enrolled at night-school for a course in basket-making. I never went back to night-school after enrolling, it is true, but it shows I had ambition.

I applied ink-remover to my school reports and re-wrote them, thus creating "a smart intelligent boy of high character and integrity." With these reports I applied for a job as an electrician's mate.

The firm which employed me was an old-established one, and worked mainly in the houses of the aristocracy. I hit the aristocracy harder than the death duties. I left dirty fingermarks on their white furniture, dropped hammers on their priceless Ming vases, and ripped their rare and ancient tapestries. What I did to the electrical systems of their houses is best left unrecorded—suffice to say that fire and electrocution followed in my wake. The electricians with whom I worked became prematurely aged. One, driven to fury, tried to push me off a roof, but I side-stepped in time and he went over himself. I gave one and sixpence towards a wreath for him.

Meanwhile, what was I doing to improve my position? Did I study electrical phenomena or listen intently to words of wisdom from the master craftsmen? No. I could make neither head nor tail of electrical phenomena, and the only words I drew from the master craftsmen were blasphemous. Finally, the firm discharged me, and determined to make a fresh start in life I joined the Navy. I became a Jolly Jack, wearing U-fronted jumpers, yard and a half tapes, tidily cap-bows, and dirty shoes.

But it was too late in life to change my habits. I might have passed E.T.1 and become a Leading Hand, or have studied elocution and become a radio mechanic or an officer . . . but instead I drank beer in the canteen and played tombola. I could have written my name in the

gilded halls of fame; instead, I have inscribed my political and emotional views on the white-washed walls of lavatories. Instead of pursuing my ambition, I pursued blondes, and sacrificed immortality for immorality . . .

There is nothing left to me to do but to take on for pension.

## NABS FORD NOTABILITIES

### No. 7—The Master-at-Arms, E. G. Barnes.

A film star well-known for his "tough" character parts is Edward G. Robinson, and by a strange coincidence one of the toughest jobs in TAMY 1 is performed by another "Edward G."—our Master-at-Arms.

Although the main task of the "Jaunty," as his nickname signifies, is to supervise the Regulating Staff and maintain general discipline—in



itself no easy job—this is but one of his duties. He is responsible for checking the movement of every rating into and away from the Establishment, so that messing, accommodation leave, and hospital cases are his concern no less than the arrangements for dispensation of justice among requestmen and defaulters. In a large unit this is a tall order, and he wore a harassed look some months ago, when our numbers topped the 2000 mark and his sole staff comprised two Regulating Petty Officers.

Our notability has been in the Service since 1925, and his first ship was the old coal-burning battle-waggon, "The Emperor of India." The Nabsford commission brought him out to Australia for the second time, as he was on the "Renown" in 1927 when that vessel conveyed the present King and Queen (then the Duke and Duchess of York) on a world tour, during which

calls were made at Hobart, Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth. The "Jaunty" has seen service on the East Indies Station, the Mediterranean, and with the Home Fleet. When the War began in '39 he was on the "Wessex," one of the V. and W. class destroyers, but he left her a week before she caught a packet and was sunk off the coast of Holland. He was in R.N.A.S. "Crail" in '41 and served two years with the battleship "Howe" before joining Nabsford as one of its original members.

Despite his arduous duties, our M.A.A. enjoys vigorous recreation. He is fond of swimming, high diving and water-polo. (He would be seen at the Valley Baths more frequently if his duties permitted.) Those who attended the Ship's Company Concert Party at Anzac House recently will recall the expert demonstration of cutlass and Indian Club swinging given by our versatile Jaunty, and every morning at 0-six-double-0 outside 25A block he can be seen with a few equally energetic ones tossing a medicine ball around. He told our interviewer that any who cared to join in the exercise would be welcome.

When life is a wearying round of Rounds and Requestmen, Divisions and Defaulters, his sense of humour is a precious possession. He still chuckles at the thought of the deserter who, before leaving camp, packed his kit neatly and left a note addressed to the Master-at-arms regretting the necessity which compelled him to abscond and apologising for the trouble and inconvenience which it would cause. Not all the offenders which he has to deal with are as polite and considerate!

M.A.A. Barnes grew up in Liverpool, although his wanderings in the Service have not given him much chance to see his birthplace for many years. His home is now at Wallasey, on the other side of the Mersey, where his wife and five-year-old daughter are living. Our photograph shows him with young Wendy on Crail beach in 1941.

### TO THOSE WHO FELL.

Arise, you people of countries bold,  
A toast of heroes lies untold;  
Drink this toast and drink it well,  
It is the toast "To those who fell."

Some of them remain unknown,  
Others were your very own;  
Sweethearts, sons, and husbands, too,  
Brothers, relatives with whom you grew.

They fought this War, and fought it well,  
Through towns and jungles, fire and hell—  
Along the coasts of countries new,  
And in fields where corn once grew.

Places like those of which you know,  
Greece, Crete, Dunkirk, and Borneo,  
Italy, Philippines, Germany, Holland,  
Africa, El-Alamain, The Glorious Stand—

And those at sea upon the waves,  
Who now lie below in waterd graves,  
The heroes of R.N. and M.N., too,  
Who gave their lives bringing food to you.

With sweat and blood their lives they gave,  
Now silently resting in their grave,  
They'll not return to their homes they knew,  
Because they fought and died for you.

Of all these forget not one,  
Although their duty to you is done,  
Drink this toast and honour them well—  
The toast of a life time—

"To Those Who Fell."

T. G. BALDWIN, N/A.F.

## A Midsummer Night's Dream

It was one of those sultry January evenings when even Brisbane people feel as uncomfortable as transplanted Britishers. I had been working late in the office, and for several hours the unguarded conversation of ratings as they passed to and from the Canteen had broken rudely upon my ears. As I strolled back to the Cabin I recalled an article which appeared in "Dittybox" some months ago, contrasting the poor descriptive powers of the modern seaman with his predecessors; in Nelson's day, the writer said, it was a liberal education to hear a seaman curse, using juicy oaths and soul-satisfying phrases that would make the angels weep with envy. Whereas nowadays the Navy knows only ONE word, and a poor word at that, which is repeated time and time again until it gets boring.

The same theme occupied my thoughts after turning in, and I mused dreamily that real honest-to-goodness cursing is a lost art, whether through a faulty system of education or sheer laziness on the part of English-speaking people. The average matelot seems to jog along quite happily with a range of one or two hundred words; in conversation he accords high priority to verbs and adjectives of copulatory significance. Outside the Service the ordinary person makes use of about five thousand different words in writing and speech. Shakespeare towered above us all—he was a genius with command of more than twenty thousand different words which he employed fluently and forcefully in his plays and poems. If the Bard of Avon had been an O.D. or an Air Fitter, would he have been content to call another rating a b— f— b— many times over, or would his flow of withering abuse have resembled that which Queen Margaret hurled at Richard, Duke of Gloucester (King Richard II., Act I.):

"Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog!  
Thou that was sealed in thy nativity,  
The slave of nature and the son of hell!  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honour! Thou detested—"

And at this point Margaret pauses to take another breath, in readiness for round two.

As I dreamed upon this hot midsummer night my thoughts wandered away from curses, and yet it occurred to me that many of Shakespeare's phrases fit aptly into the routine of life in Nabsford . . .

It was stated recently in Daily Orders that "supervisory ratings are to wear their badge of substantive rate at all times." Flavius says the same thing in the opening scene of "Julius Caesar":

"Is this a holiday? What know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?"

A rating addressed in this manner would probably echo the words of Duncan in the opening scene of "Macbeth":

"What bloody man is that? . . ."

Mention of "Macbeth" recalls the three Witches, whose desert heath might have been Archerfield, for does not one of them cry, during a thunderstorm:

"Here I have a pilot's thumb  
Wrack'd as homeward he did come."

But life at a Naval Air Station is not all unrelieved tragedy, and many of Shakespeare's lighter plays are singularly apt in many of their quotations. Numerous ratings in Brisbane on pay-day have echoed the words of the Prince of Morocco in the first scene of Act II. from "The Merchant of Venice"—

"Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune . . ."

And well might another rating, deeply tanned after a week-end of sunbathing at the Acacia Pool, apologise to his Sheila in words of the same Moroccan Prince addressing Portia:

"Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun  
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred."

Portia, for her part, would not have felt ill-at-ease in the company of a crowd of matelots. In Act III. she says—

" . . . I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tracks of these bragging Jacks  
Which I will practise."

It was pleasant to read in Daily Orders recently that "the leave period will commence on 21st January, etc." An Air Fitter getting the news for the first time might comment upon it in the words of Laertes ("Hamlet," Act I.)—

"A double blessing is a double grace,  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave."



Enjoyment or that leave might well be guaranteed if he could obtain a bottle of whisky and finish the day fighting merry. With Scarus in Act IV. of "Antony and Cleopatra" he could shout—

"We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet room for six scotches more."

Whether it was the heat, or thoughts of the whisky, I don't really know, but I must have dozed off at this point and I remembered nothing until the following morning.

## TAMY TATTLE

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

A wedding of interest to "Nabsford" people took place in St. Andrew's Church, South Brisbane, on Saturday, 19th January, when Petty Officer Powers, of the Canteen. NAAFI staff, married Miss Jeanette Buckley, whom many will remember as one of the ladies who used to serve in the canteen. The bride's twin sister was one of the two bridesmaids. Miss Buckley was given away by her brother, and C.P.O. Parker, the Chief Canteen Manager, was best man. A reception was held afterwards at Prince's in Queen Street, and the honeymoon was being spent at Lismore, Northern New South Wales.

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Powers, whom we wish every happiness in their married life.

\* \* \*

Overheard during the recent sultry spell when even Brisbane people felt uncomfortably "sticky": "I've never been so HUMIDIATED in my life."

\* \* \*

Who was the Petty Officer who clapped heartily in church after hearing a rendering of the ballad "Because"?

\* \* \*

Extract from the local paper recently:  
"Watersiders stated that they had been ordered to load many dozens of aeroplanes on Royal Navy carriers so that they could be readily started up and flown into the ocean, without pilots, for dumping purposes." What a pity we didn't develop remote control steering earlier in the War!

\* \* \*

There has been plenty of "bash it" and "crash it" melodiously rendered in a certain section of the Camp lately. Plenty of action with the songs, too!

\* \* \*

S.B.A. (to rating reporting sick): "Well?"  
Rating: "Of course I'm not. Why do you think I've been waiting here?"

\* \* \*

Several ratings moved up to Singapore recently from Nabsford. Transport was Malay-ed on.

We know that R.P.O.'s get their share of leg-pulling, but someone is pulling too hard when it leads to Sick Bay treatment and a heavily-bandaged knee!

## Professor Allbull Replies!

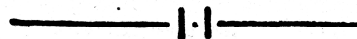
Dear Readers,

When my arms grow weary of the muscular effort involved in moving chessmen, I seek relaxation in the serious study of statistics. (Don't splutter.) It is a fascinating science, this systematic collection of numerical facts, and you can't avoid it. You are wrapped up in it from the moment you are born, for your dramatic entry upon the world's stage enables the Registrar-General to add one more to his population

## PROFESSOR



## ALL-BULL



total for the year. Your interest in numbers may begin when you play with coloured beads on a wire frame; in your early nico-teens you work out the bowling averages for your favourite cricketers; and when you grow up to become a skilled technical rating you strip down engines, tossing the parts into bins marked "U.S." or "U.K."; each bin is weighed periodically, and then you take away the lumber you first thought of. And when you've had your time on this earth our old friend the Registrar-General of B's and D's makes another entry in his notebook to ensure that you are statis—tickled to death.

But do not imagine that collecting numerical facts like this is an indoor game for winter evenings. Oh, no! Take a notebook and pencil with you on to the beach in midsummer and study your figures there—the sea-air sharpens your statistical sense wonderfully. Frequency

curves can be most revealing, if you express yourself graphically, and in this "brief" summary remember that, although figures in the mass—on the beach or anywhere else—make a pretty picture, they require individual study and attention if satisfactory conclusions are to be drawn.

There's no end to the things you can do with figures. For instance, an economist might compare the rise and fall of brewery profits with the amounts of paper money issued by the banks, and thus demonstrate that beer stimulates the circulation. (Doctors say this but mean something different.) Whereas a social worker might study the relation between drunkenness and unhappy marriages to prove that beer causes more trouble and strife than a cart-load of mothers-in-law. Statistics are like ersatz eggs—if properly cooked they can show that anything is possible in this world.

And now to give my replies to readers' queries:

Dear Professor Allbull,

My boy-friend in the Royal Navy often phones to say he cannot take me out in the evening because he will be dhobeying. Is it true that all sailors do their own washing on board ship?

MILLY (from Morningside).

Dear Milly,

No, the reckless ones throw it overboard and then it gets washed ashore.

Dear Professor Allbull,

I've had this place. The work I do is uninteresting, the other fellows seem to get more time off than I do, and to crown it all, I'm losing weight rapidly. Can you explain this, as the food here is good?

WEEPING TOM.

Dear Tom,

Stop moaning and you will put on weight again. It is a well-known fact that constant dripping wears away a stone.

Dear Professor Allbull,

At a chop-picnic the other week-end my boy-friend fainted when six bottles of beer were produced. What should I have done after bringing him around?

"FIRST ADA."

Dear "First Ada,"

Bring him another round. He might be very thirsty.

Dear Professor Allbull,

Could you help me in planning my new home? I require something in oil for my dining-room. What would you suggest?

"DEMOBBED."

Dear "Demobbed,"

I suggest you make yourself more explicit on the subject. Do you want a portrait painting on the wall or a tin of sardines on the table?

Dear Professor,

I have been going out with a Brisbane girl for six months, but when we are in company she tries to create the impression that I am not good enough for her. Do you think I should continue to go out with her?

"WORRIED WILLIE."

Dear Willie,

Let her go her own way. When a girl thinks a man is not good enough for her she is sometimes right, but she is very often left.

## Reflections on V.P. Day, 1945

[February 15, 1946, is the tentative date for the big reduction in the complement of H.M.S. "Nabsford" forecast by the Captain recently. This date is exactly six months after the ending of the war, on August 15, 1945. The following thoughts, jotted down soon after V.P. Day, may therefore be of interest at the present time, when for many fellows Release and Resettlement are appreciably nearer. This article first appeared in "Rocklea Times," the Camp Noticeboard newspaper, which was the forerunner of the "Nabsford News."—Ed.]

## SPORTING CHATTER

CRICKET (by J. Grimster)

TAMY v. Central Boom Defence, at Windsor Park, 13th January.

C.B.D. won the toss and elected to bat, although it was a wet wicket. In just over 90 minutes they were dismissed for 60 runs, Redfern taking 3 wickets for 2 runs.

After lunch TAMY went out to bat. The first four wickets fell cheaply, but Wharmby and Hartley made a brilliant partnership until the latter had to retire with stitch. Redfern joined Wharmby, and 20 more runs were added before Wharmby was caught on the boundary. The remaining wickets fell quickly and TAMY were all out for 114 runs.

C.B.D. scored 79 in their second innings, and the TAMY fielding deserves congratulation, especially that of Deplidge behind the wicket and Best at point. When TAMY went in they required 25 runs in 20 minutes, to win. Kilbride and Deplidge put on 30 runs in 10 minutes, and at the end of the over stumps were drawn. Highest scores for TAMY were: Wharmby 31, Hartley 22 (retired), and Redfern 21 not out.

Result: TAMY won by ten wickets.

TAMY v. H.M.S. "Moreton," at Nundah, 20th January.

"Moreton" batted first and put up a good show by scoring 284 runs, "Skipper" Mackay making a useful 70 before being bowled by Baker. TAMY's fielding was good to watch, but the

bowlers seemed unable to reach their usual form. "Nabsford" could score only 98 runs in reply to "Moreton's" total, Deplidge and "Skipper" Smith being the only batsmen to stand up to the bowling. They scored 36 and 23 respectively. With one drive Smith broke a bat clean in two, the handle staying in his hands and the remainder flying past the wicket at the bowler's end!

Result: H.M.A.S. "Moreton" won by 186 runs.

There is a large number of chaps in the Unit who are interested in cricket, and it would be appreciated if some of them would support their team. Details of matches are posted on the sports notice board at least two days beforehand, so what about it, lads?

### SWIMMING (by "Aquatius")

Since the last issue of "Nabsford News" there have been plenty of games for the water polo team, both practice and match games. The practice games were against the Chiefs and P.O.'s team and "The Rest" respectively, and these two games provided much needed practice.

The match against the Queensland Amateur Swimming Association was a well-played and enjoyable affair. We lost 9-6, but this was a good effort seeing that the Q.A.S.A. team included the cream of Queensland Swimming Clubs, although it is true they had not played together as a team before. A different story must be told of our second match opponents, however, for the R.A.N. Corvette team had obviously played many times as a combination, and their teamwork was a joy to behold. The score was 9-5 in their favour, but in effect we never looked like winning, for they dominated the play throughout. The match was indeed an object lesson in quick, accurate passing, hard shooting, and clever co-operation.

We hope to have several more matches before the Establishment closes down, so there is a chance to benefit by our practice. Meanwhile, the Valley Baths are reserved for Nabsford ratings every Monday and Thursday from 1700 to 1800, and there is ample room for all, learners as well as polo players.

### BOXING (by "The Spy")

Dick O'Sullivan v. Stumpy Butwell, 18th January.

This fight was one of the best the Brisbane Stadium has seen for some time. Both lads needed a win to maintain their prestige, and consequently both went all out from the word "go," and the pace never slackened. O'Sullivan was on top up to the sixth round, but after that Butwell attacked more strongly, and at the end of the twelfth round the referee declared the fight a draw. Pat Hill's decision was a fair one, although many people thought that our "Toy Bulldog" just made it.

There is a buzz going round that O'Sullivan is thinking of taking his release in Australia,

and getting his family to join him. So what with Dick, Danny and Jackie out here, the O'Sullivan's look like making boxing history in Australia! Good luck to them.

### LAWN TENNIS

TAMY v. A.I.F. Transport, at Chermside, 13th January.

The resumption of inter-Service fixtures, after the Christmas interval, found our team bumping along rough roads to Chermside. Perhaps the jolting threw us "out of gear"—but in fairness it must be admitted that our opponents were better players. Their services were crisp and productive of points, and they moved up to the net effectively to dominate the play. We still play too much on the base-line, and our net work



Give me FX 123456 Please!

could be vastly improved. The driving has improved a lot, although it is noticeable that the TAMY players return the ball far too often to the opponent at the net, who promptly wins the point.

We lost the match by 52 games to 24, and the only TAMY pair to win a set were Thirkettle and Jay, who defeated Messrs. Steel and Twigden 6-4.

TAMY v. H.M.A.S. "Moreton," at Moreton Depot, 20th January.

For the second week in succession the TAMY doubles team was decisively defeated. The games result does not give an accurate impression of the play, however, for "Moreton" owed a lot to their first pair, Blunden and Kay, a brilliant couple who won 18 games for the loss of only 1. Their artistry and stroke play was indeed pleasing to watch. Of the remaining six sets we won three; Thirkettle and Jay defeated Speed and Grice 6-5 after being 2-5 down, and S/Lts. Oldroyd and Wildman took the set 6-2 against the same opponents.

Result: H.M.A.S. "Moreton" won by 47 games to 26.

## PUZZLE CORNER

Here are the answers to Puzzle No. 4:

1. Bluey and Curley are created by GURNEY.
2. Able Seaman Snooks was in EGYPT.
3. The river which runs in the Black Sea is the DANUBE.
4. Thomas Arne composed "RULE BRITANNIA."

Now have a shot at these—for amusement only:

1. "It's my birthday to-day," said Betty. "Good," I replied, producing a ten-shilling note, "why not buy yourself as many ounces of your favourite sweets as you are years old to-day?" Betty returned presently with the sweets and the change—two shilling and fivepence three-farthings. How old was Betty?

2. Four boys sat for a competitive examination. "How have you got on?" I asked them. "I wasn't last," said Arthur. "I was streets ahead of David," said Bob. "Yes, but David did better than Arthur," retorted Charles. Who took first place among the four boys?

3. The driver, fireman and guard of a certain train are named (not respectively), Mr. Driver, Mr. Fireman, and Mr. Guard. None of them bears the name which corresponds to his calling. The namesake of Mr. Fireman's calling is the guard. What is the name of the driver?

Hence the driver's name is Mr. Fireman.  
the second clue rules out the first alternative.

3. D, F, G can only be f, g, d, or g, d, f, and  
2. BOB.

no other factors.  
1. NINETEEN. Betty spends 7s. 6d. or 361 farthings. 361 is the square of nineteen and has

Answers.

R.I.P.

O noble Pratt, that this should come to pass!  
Whose mighty power once smote the evening air.  
That we, who gave you life, should see you silent there,  
Unhonoured and unwanted, stretched upon the grass.

We gave you strength and put you to the Test  
And taught you with the skill we learned of old;  
We nursed you, cursed you, gave you of our best  
(But now your blower section's growing cold).

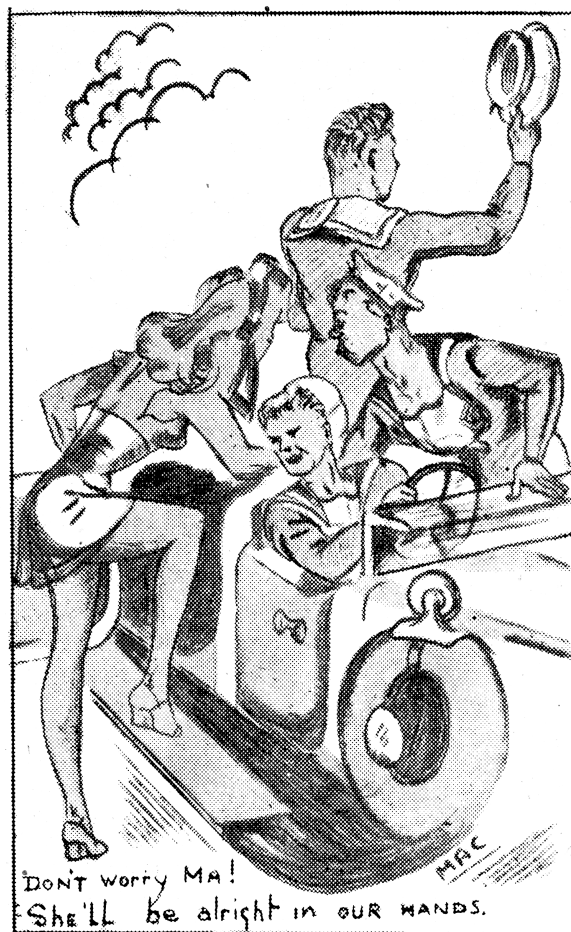
And soon the azure waters will embrace  
Each double-row which we did not repair.  
O monstrous fate, that you who did your share,  
Should end your days with barnacled crankcase!

T. KETTLE.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT!

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THAT LOVELY HAND.

Last night I held a lovely hand,  
So dainty and so sweet,  
I thought my heart would surely break  
So madly did it beat.  
Of all the hands I've ever held  
No greater solace bring  
Than the lovely hand I held last night,  
Four ACES and a KING.

EDITOR'S LAMENT.

My typist has gone on her holiday,  
My typist has gohn on a sproe.  
Mx tpysy hap gonn oh hyr haliding.  
oH gring bacq m? hypiop td me.

Bling bahp OK frring bach,  
oH bynk bak my tipisth to me, tu mi.  
Brang bicq, O sling 8akc,  
Ah blynk ha'k mg ttpys ?tp m½.

O demn.