

NABSFORD NEWS



No. 8

FEBRUARY 12, 1946

ONE PENNY

Souvenir Programme . . 12 Pages

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

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EDITORIAL

School Office,
H.M.S. "Nabsford,"
February 1, 1946.

H.M.S. "Nabsford" was commissioned exactly one year ago to-day, and the first "Nabsford News" Editorial was written three months ago, on November 1. Now the Editor is taking leave of his readers, for production of the Ship's newspaper will cease with this issue, and the Ship herself will be paying off on March 31. Within a few days of this Number being published, more than a thousand ratings will be leaving Rocklea, and the remainder will not be long in following suit.

The common experiences of us all during this year of Tamy are the foundations upon which each one can build his own personal story. Many will not leave Brisbane without a tinge of regret, although the general feeling of relief at the prospect of going home is obvious and understandable. "Drippers" have been numerous—Nabsford is not unique among Naval Establishments in this respect—but time is a great healer of wounds, and before many years have passed even the most embittered Nabsfordian will doubtless raise a laugh in company as he regales his hearers with tales of Tamy days. One thing cannot be denied

—this has been a memorable twelvemonth for all of us; the Australian environment and the dramatic end of the War alone have made it unforgettable.

The Editor is thus in a position similar to that of "Mr. Chips" when the latter addressed the boys of Brookfield School on the occasion of his retirement from the teaching profession. The Editor can look back on ups and downs shared with his readers, and hope, as did "Mr. Chips," that one day it may give you pleasure to recall these common experiences. "Haec olim meminisse juvabit."

I am grateful to all those whose efforts have made possible the production of "Nabsford News"; to the Staff and other contributors of suggestions, written words, or humorous drawings; to the Typistes' Pool, who transformed an illegible scrawl into readable English; to the Canteen Committee for the grant of money which covered printing costs; and, last but not least, to Messrs. A. H. Smith and McGregor and Hall, printers, of Edward Street, Brisbane, for their unfailing help and courtesy on the technical side of production.

To all of you, good luck, a pleasant trip homeward, and happy landings.

L. J. JAY.

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Strolling Commentary

(By "Count Boris")

Horace says he likes the Nutcracker Suite ...
Never heard of it myself, but anyway I prefer
Figgy duff.

* * *

The lass in the office, so we hear, simply
dotes on Frankie's Moonlight Sinatra.

* * *

One Chief remarked the other evening that
most of the songs in the Canteen were "Melodies
in F-ing."

* * *

News item—"R.N. plane tore down power
lines. Racegoers had to walk home."

So what? I ALWAYS walk home from the
races!

* * *

Our O.D.'s description of a "Subby": A man
with one ring and ten fingers.

* * *

A Scot's P.O. here refuses to deal with gas
cylinders after a compressor unit blew up along-
side him ... No doubt he has changed his motto
to "Nemo me impune compressit."

* * *

Returned soldiers refuse to take jobs as
navvies ... That's queer, I thought they were
diggers.

* * *

Gipsy Rose Lee has bought some racehorses
... Her GG string?

* * *

This Aussie beer is pretty potent ... Some
people need only two glasses to make a spectacle
of themselves.

M27 Office has acquired a genuine blue bird,
giving the Staff that spring feeling ...

Feeling the subtle urge of Spring,
Little birds upon the wing.

Funny, I always thought the wing was on the bird.

* * *

Heard one of our test pilots described ashore
as a perfectly charming man ... Beauty and the
boost?

* * *

Our ice-cream merchant continues to do a
roaring trade as our chaps try to emulate the
camel by stowing away stocks before the trip
homeward ...

The swarthy son of Romulus and Remus
Vending, as vendors do, his sweet ice-creamus;
Free from care of rent or income-tax,
Impervious to the matelots' drips and crax.

* * *

New York model has hat made of real grapes
... Well, I'll eat my hat!

* * *

Congratulations to four of the M.R.3 P.O.'s
on their unshaven condition ...

Like weasel that peers from nest of hay,
Toilet performing the easy way,
Thus attired, like sailors so brave,
Just too—tired to have a shave.

* * *

"Tommy Burns Lightning" says local paper
... Variation of man bites dog?

* * *

We hear that Hollywood is going to film the
glamour story of the atomic bomb ... Starring
an anatomic blonde, we suppose.

* * *

The post-war whirled ...

Strikes flare up in U.S.A.,
Riots in Tel Aviv,
Why can't they chuck up fighting,
And be content to live.

NABS FORD NOTABILITIES

No. 8—Stoker J. Sharman

A familiar figure to be seen around the Factory site is Stoker J. Sharman. He is not employed on Stoking duties, but who in the service would expect that? Instead, he drives an electric truck to and from the Maintenance Shop. But it is his occupation out of working hours which makes him well-known around the camp, for he is an enthusiastic concert party worker, and many ratings have been entertained by his comedian acts.

The amusement of others has been the spare-time occupation of "Ginger" Sharman for many



years. Whilst stationed at Belmont Camp before joining "Nabsford," he produced a Naval Revue called "The Fleet's In," which, under the direction of Lieut. Cdr. Armstrong, made a successful four-month tour of Naval Camps in the South of England. Whilst on embarkation leave, before sailing with Tamy, he came top in a talent-spotting competition organised by the Sheffield Palace Theatre, and appeared on the stage there for four nights of his leave. He put over his comedian act during the passage out aboard the "Stirling Castle," and since we have been here at Rocklea he has been an active supporter of the Ship's Company concert party. For some time now he has been its producer, and under the direction of Lieut. (E.) Ankers the Concert Party

has toured many Service Units around Brisbane and has even been "South of the Border" into New South Wales. The last show was at Anzac House a month ago.

Sharman estimates that since the War started about £500 has been raised for Red Cross and charities from entertainments with which he has been prominently connected, quite apart from all the shows to Service audiences. This is no mean achievement to accomplish without recompense, and although he admits he enjoys entertaining others, everyone knows that hard work and a few headaches go to the production of a stage-show. A comedian's act often approaches tragedy, too, and Sharman can tell of many an unrehearsed "drama" behind the scenes—his act, at the Albert Hall, Brisbane, for example, in a show to aid the "Anzac House—Miss Australia" appeal. Dressed in ragged clothes and with face suitably blackened to represent a tramp, he was due to make his entry from the rear of the Hall instead of from the wings on to the stage. Unfortunately, the doorkeeper did not recognise him as one of the performers, and stopped him as he tried to enter the Hall for his act. There were several anxious moments until he was able to convince the suspicious doorman of his identity!

Six years ago our Notability was in the saw-milling industry, but during the War he turned to munition-work before joining the Navy. Last November he married the sister of one of the young ladies in the Concert Party. He told his interviewer he was very happy living ashore in Brisbane on P.A. His plans for the future are uncertain, but he thinks he will work for a couple of years in England after demobilisation—and incidentally show his wife the O'ld Country—before returning with her to settle in Australia.

Although concert-work occupies most of his spare time, Sharman was a keen footballer until cartilage trouble laid him up.

Our photograph shows Stoker Sharman posing for the cameraman at a bush-picnic near Petrie. Naval Airman Forde is in attendance, holding up Sharman's ginger hair for exhibition. A cheerful, informal photo of a cheerful, informal chap.

An Open Letter to the Editor

Sir,

It is a terrible commentary on our civilisation to reflect that every great discovery finds its first employment in destruction and the infliction of suffering; in this latest war surely the outstanding example has been the invention and development of what is known as TAMY. The Government has claimed that the use of TAMY against the Japanese shortened the war by many months. Yes; but at what a dreadful cost, measured in human values! A Japanese statesman recently summed up their viewpoint in these words:

"Hon. British Government in applying TAMY to Imperial Nipponese War have caused large scale calamity and hon. unspeakable butchery. Nipponese conscience is water clear for this visitation. Nipponese people before have considerable love for hon. British, but now think pretty lousy."

And what, we may ask, of Russia? That great Power can but be deeply suspicious of our motives while we retain this awful secret. I have heard from an unimpeachable source in Ankara human values! A Japanese statesman recently purchase TAMY from the Government, offering 10,000 roubles and forty of the Kremlin dancing-girls. The offer was rejected only after the most bitter discussion which ever rattled the windows of Downing Street. Now it is rumoured that in the Urals the Russians have developed an even worse TAMY. I hope this report is untrue.

Every day fresh rumours assail our ears. An American scientist claims to have found a simple antidote for TAMY: others ridicule this. It has been said that deadly after-effects linger for years at the spot where TAMY has been employed, but this has been as strenuously denied. Again from the States, Henry Kaiser is said to be planning to produce hundreds of prefabricated TAMY's, which can be assembled at sea and transported inland at enormous expense. If we are to preserve what is worthwhile in our civilisation we dare not engage in a race of this kind, with every nation striving to produce a TAMY more destructive than that of its rivals. If, indeed, we are to survive at all, TAMY must be controlled. But by whom? cry some, and others cry, for what?

In TAMY, the world has unforeseeable potentialities of good or evil. TAMY, harnessed to the service of Man, might yet bring to pass the Utopia

of the dreamers; unleashed, it will most certainly destroy him. We are at the turning point: let us rest on it awhile and consider well what course we mean to take. No blame attaches to the devoted few who laboured to bring TAMY into being, when others might have despaired, but we may justly doubt if we yet have the wisdom to use the powers thus placed in our hands.

Just as TAMY has outmoded the old conception of war, so has it outmoded the old conceptions of peace. All the peoples of the world must work together to ensure that this thing shall never happen again; that the dread cloud under which we now tremble may be lifted bodily from our lives; and that our children may breathe the air of a world in which such a thing is no more than an old legend from a darker age.—Yours, etc.,

(Sir) WALTER DE FALTER, K.C.B.F.

LINES TO DEPARTING H.O.'s.

Oh, bowler-hatted "civvies" who
Have served your country thro' and thro',
And sup'd off rum, the sailors' brew:
We shall miss you.

Oh, how we'll miss your jests and quips,
Your constant moans and many drips!
If we had the tot we'd serve out sips
Before you go.

Oh, yes, we know that one fine day
New wedded wife will chant her lay,
"Home early, dear." You'll hear us say,
"Your horrid luck."

She'll wear you out! You'll soon be "flakers."
She'll lash you up to porridge (Quakers!)
Until you're with the undertakers,
You'll get no makers!

Oh!—er—if these lines should seem to you
Nostalgic, even envious, too,
Oh, newly-suited "civvy" crew,
You're not far wrong!

E.L.A.

CHAPLAIN'S CHAT

My last few words to you all in "Nabsford News."

May you have a safe and happy return home. It has been good knowing you, and I have been glad of your company at church and prayers, have appreciated your friendliness in all work-places, and enjoyed the beer you have given me in the Canteen.

I shall not forget you as the years go by, and I am confident that by your individual efforts you will keep Britain good and great.

God bless you.

WALTER MARSON,
Chaplain, R.N.

Ask Professor Allbull!

PROFESSOR



ALL-BULL

Dear Readers,

So this will be my last opportunity to help you out with your heartaches and problems. The Editor tells me I can now extend the string of letters after my name by adding S.N.L.R.—a distinction which, I gather, is conferred only upon those who can claim some association with the fighting forces.

I am pleased to think that my humble efforts have satisfied you. Unsophisticated testimonials and letters of thanks fill my paper basket to overflowing. After reading my columns, the police have picked up valuable clues, the undertakers have picked up several bodies, and many who were feeling ill have simply picked up. . .

With the answers below to queries sent in this week, the Allbull Bureau closes down. This is Professor Allbull, Doctor of Omniscience, Master of Philately, Ass. Member of the Muleteers' Union, and Corresponding Member of the B.F.M.O., etc., etc., saying "Cheerio, chaps, and Good Luck to You All!"

* * *

Dear Professor,

Where can I unearth a good cheap radio set to take back to England?

AUSSIE LATER.

Dear Aussie Later,

Disconnect the wire next to the one marked "Aerial" and hope for the best.

Dear Professor Allbull,

I am hoping to be demobbed shortly, but find that after five years in the Navy I haven't the slightest inclination to work. I try to get a grip on myself and shake myself free of this lethargy, but Naval routine has got me in its clutches, and I am bound hand and foot. What can I do?

"FRANTIC."

Dear "Frantic,"

Take a course of Pelmanism or a stiff whisky. You must break yourself of these octopusser habits.

* * *

Dear Professor Allbull,

The other night in Brisbane, after a drinking session with a digger, I helped him on to a tram. He was very sick and looked ill, but the next morning I found he had stolen my wallet. What is your opinion of such a man?

SAM 'ARRY TAN.

Dear Sam 'Arry Tan,

He wasn't as green as he looked.

* * *

Dear Prof.,

Recently a crowd of fellows from one of the Carriers in port has been aboard each evening. We have done our best to entertain them, but I'm getting tired of poker and pontoon every night. What do you suggest?

C.E.R.A.

Dear C.E.R.A.,

Why not try a little nap after supper?

* * *

Dear Professor,

The other night while I was out with a sailor from Middlesbrough I lost my raincoat. Do you know of any firm which specialises in tracing them? (the raincoat, I mean; sailors can be picked up easily enough).

CARLESS ANNIE.

Dear Annie,

No. But I know of a chap in Manchester who makes a living by recovering umbrellas.

* * *

Dear Professor Allbull,

Since the recent rains my cabin has been plagued every night with large red insects which have blue eyes and dark spots on the back of each leg. They fly around emitting weird whistling noises, and I'm getting worried. What is the answer to them?

"SCARED STIFF."

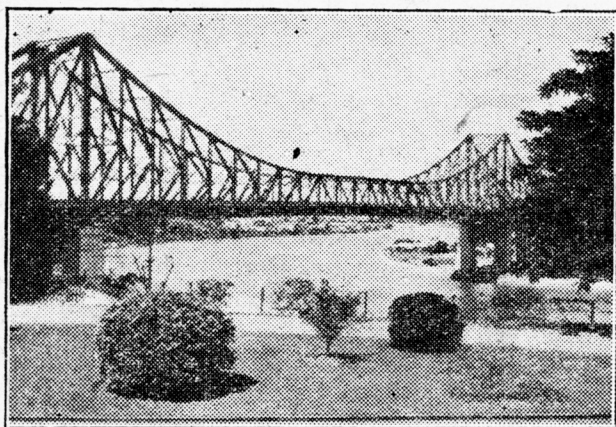
Dear Stiff,

If other fellows can see these insects, too, the answer is D.D.T. Otherwise it is plain D.T.s.

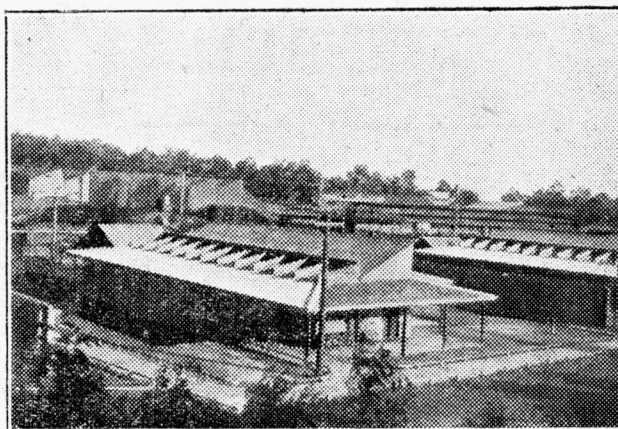
Pictorial Supplement



The Factory Site in Compo Road. Men of E.R.S. Division are marching towards the main gate. The Cafeteria is in the centre background, and on the right is the Main Store.



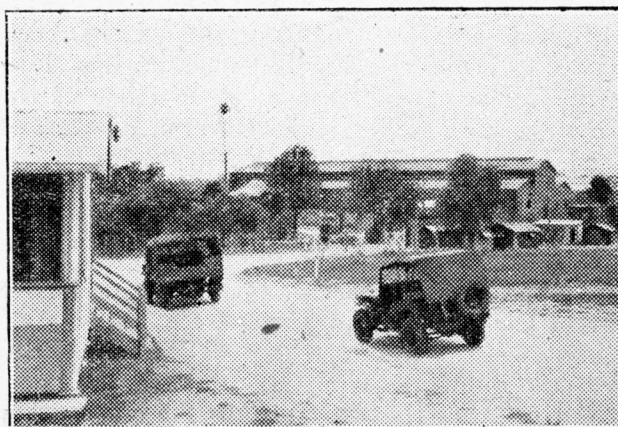
Story Bridge, Brisbane, connecting Kangaroo Point with Fortitude Valley. Opened to traffic in 1940, it is a familiar landmark for miles around, and offers a fine panorama of the City to the traveller who enters Brisbane by this route.

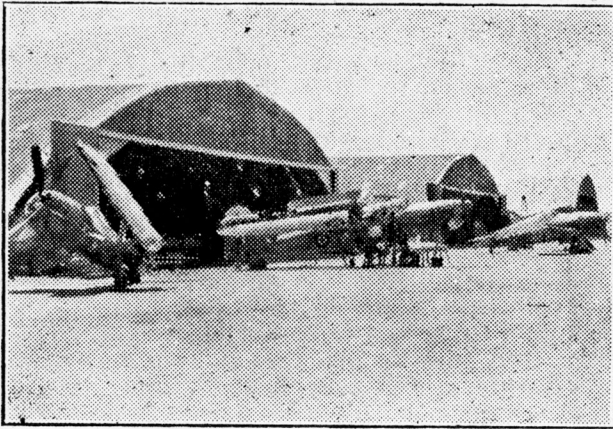


The Factory Site. In the foreground are the Carburettor and Instrument Shops, while on the left, backed by trees, rises the serrated roof of the Engine Repair Shop.



Rocklea Camp. This view, taken from the Officers' Block, shows the Main Gate and the Guard House, with the Parade Ground on the right. Outside the Camp, on the far side of Beaudesert Road, the rough road leading uphill to the Factory Site can be seen through the scrub.

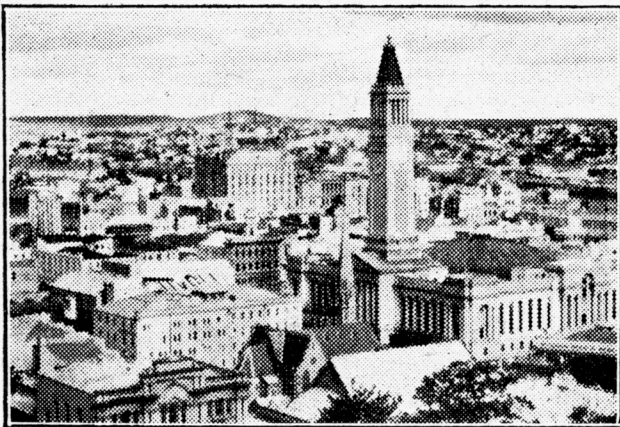




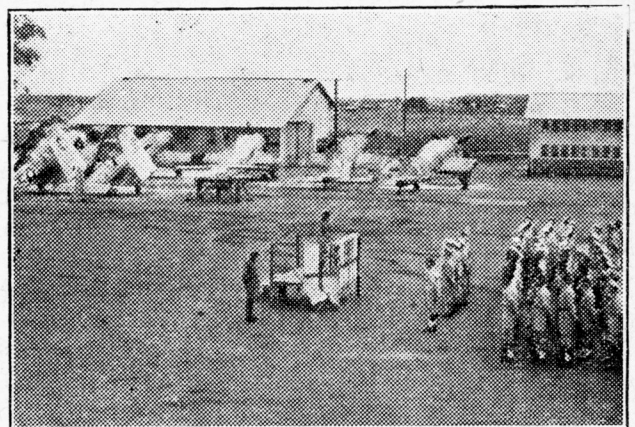
The Nabsford Scene



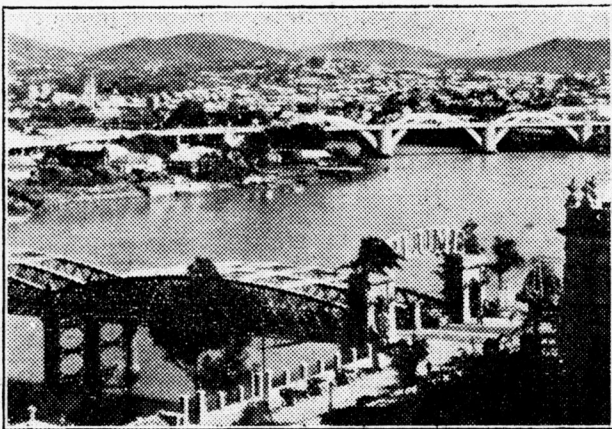
Kerry Road. A scene outside two of the hangars, showing from left to right, a Corsair, Barracuda, and Hellcat lined up on the tarmac.



Brisbane City, looking towards the south-east. The imposing building with the Clock Tower in the right foreground is the City Hall, where our Ship's Company Dances were held. A stretch of the Brisbane River near to Victoria Bridge is visible on the extreme right.



Kerry Road, on Monday, 22nd October, 1945, when Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal, D.S.C., R.N., Flag Officer Naval Air Pacific, addressed the assembled Officers and Ship's Company. On this occasion he outlined the future programme for T.A.M.Y.1 during the ensuing months. Seafires and Vultee Vengeance planes are lined up in the background.



The Brisbane River, with the northern end of the familiar Victoria Bridge in the foreground, and Grey Street Bridge a short distance upstream. The Treasury Building lies in shadow in the lower right corner of the photograph, and the range of hills bordering Brisbane on the West can be seen clearly against the skyline.

BASIC AUSTRALIAN

Most of us will soon be on our way home, and there will be lots to talk about once we are reunited with our families. But there is the difficulty that we have become so infected with Australian slang during our stay out here that the folks at home may find it hard to understand us. So here is a tip—cut out this article and send it home for your people to swot up before you arrive. Then you will not appear as a gibbering foreigner to them.

"Basic Australian" effects a saving in words which becomes apparent as soon as one tries to explain the slang terms in passable English. In the list given here the words appear alphabetically and not necessarily in their order of vehemence, although some of the most expressive words are, naturally, unprintable.

Beaut.: Self-explanatory noun or adjective, a contraction of "beautiful." Gratifying, satisfactory, etc.

Bush: Specifically it implies country which is remote from settlement, but the word is used generally to cover any stretch of ground, large or small, which is not built upon. For example, much of the vacant, unimproved land within the boundaries of Brisbane City is termed "bush." In the far west of Queensland the bush becomes the "outback," and farther still, the "never-never."

Cobber: A friend or acquaintance. One who buys you a drink **before** you hint that it is thirsty weather we're having.

Crook: Not necessarily criminal, but signifying that something is not what it might be. The railways are crook if the trains are overcrowded, the weather is crook if it is unbearably hot, etc.

Deener: A shilling.

Digger: An Australian—although the only gold that most of them dig for these days is the Golden Casket.

Dinkum: The real genuine article, e.g., a "dinkum Aussie." (Also see under "Oil.")

Game as Ned Kelly: Implies that the person so described has abundant courage. A doubtful compliment, however, for see under "Ned Kelly."

Good on yer: An expression of approval.

My oath: Everybody's oath. A mild expression which may signify disgust, surprise, or nothing.

Ned Kelly: A courageous but notorious bush-ranger, who was a perfect nuisance to lovers of law and order.

Oil: Information (compare with R.A.F. "gen."). "Dinkum oil" is the Gospel Truth upon a subject.

Pommie: A Britisher in Australia.

Pull yer head in: If spoken quietly or good-humouredly is an appeal to stop blathering; if uttered with vehemence, it may imply a threat—"Shut up or else—"

Sheila: A girl friend. (Cognate with American "babe" or "dame.")

Too right: Signifies emphatic agreement.

Troppo: A form of madness induced by tropical conditions, especially heat. "Going troppo" may imply a feigned sickness, ostensibly caused by heat, but in reality brought about by the desire to obtain respite from duties.

Tucker: Food, nourishment—of the solid variety.

Wacko: An expression of approval, encouragement, or delight.

Wouldn't it: (Pronounced "wood-nit") A term registering complaint, disapproval, or open disgust. A contraction for "Wouldn't it just be my luck" or "Wouldn't it give you a pain in the —," etc.

Zac: A sixpence.

PAYING-OFF PENDANT

[In view of the fact that the Ship will be paying-off on March 31, the following description of an old Naval custom may be of interest. It appeared in the December issue of "Dittybox" recently.—Ed.]

It has long been the custom for H.M. ships returning home to pay off, after a commission abroad, to fly a paying-off pendant. This pendant is white with a red St. George's Cross at the hoist. At the end a gilded bladder or small balloon is attached to keep it clear of the water.

Its length should be that of the ship if the ship pays off on the correct date of the accepted period of the commission (at the present time $2\frac{1}{2}$ years). A proportionate length is added or subtracted if the commission should be extended or reduced, e.g., for a commission which is extended from $2\frac{1}{2}$ years to 3 years, the length would be the length of the ship plus one-fifth.

This custom is said to have originated in the nineteenth century, when all cleaning rags were stitched together and hoisted as a sign that they were finished with. At this period a ship's company were only paid their wages on the ship's paying off, although during the commission they were given advances of pay. Later, when proper paying-off pendants were made on board, custom ordained that every member of the ship's company should put in a few stitches. Nowadays they are bought ready made.

TAMY TATTLE

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

A wedding of naval interest that took place on Saturday, 26th, was that of Leading Air Fitter (A) John Freegard and Miss Sheila Eastaughffe, a member of TAMY 1's Typistes' Pool. The young couple were unfortunate in having chosen what turned out to be the hottest Brisbane day for 40 years on which to be married. The bride looked a picture as she stepped forth from the church under a guard of honour of Aussie and British flags held aloft by six of the 'groom's friends. The reception was held at the Belle Vue Hotel, and the honeymoon is being spent at Lismore, N.S.W.

Our sincere congratulations to the happy pair.

One of the Test Pilots, Lieut. (A) C. G. Hyde, and Miss Patricia Claire Grieve, of Yandilla, Darling Downs, will be married at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Toowoomba, on Saturday, February 9. Our congratulations to the lucky couple and best wishes for the future. Happy landings to Lieut. Hyde and his "co-pilot."

A certain Chief keeps this column well stocked with items. If he isn't dialling engine numbers or wiping away sunbeams, he takes a cold shower at midnight whilst wearing a vest and topee!

Control Tower at Archerfield, to aircraft taxiing with faulty radio: "Hulloa, Able George, this is Control. If you receive me, waggle you tail." Aircraft, to Control Tower: "Hullo, Control, this is Able George. If you receive me, waggle the Tower."

Whilst a rating was waiting for a chit to take a parcel out through the Factory Gates recently, a certain Marine transport driver rudely interrupted him in this fashion: "Never-moind abart yer — — chit for yer — — parcel. Wot abart a chit for my flaming truck?"

The other day it came to pass that a certain athletic rating was asked whether he would care to walk up to breakfast that morning? "What!" he was overheard to reply, "Why, with so little organised sport in this Camp, the only exercise I get is the morning tram ride to breakfast!"

The Marine drivers have been working overtime lately, transporting aircraft to a watery grave. They have been in the headlines—and the overhead lines, too, holding up Brisbane trams. One Corsair fouled the wires whilst being conveyed at a steady 2 m.p.h. I don't believe it—especially the last item. Whoever heard of a Marine driver keeping to a steady 2 m.p.h.

Who was the "H.O." officer who did not know the meaning of "DEMOB" on his release signal when it came through?

A cheerful party in the office section at the Factory recently was in honour of Mrs. Carroll, Head of the Typistes' Pool, who is leaving us. She was given a leather notecase (with a note to remove the empty look about it!) from her friends, and many speeches followed the big eats. It was learned that Allbull was not alone in running an Advice Bureau to help Nabsford lads and lasses!

The famous Chiefs and P.O.s Darts team suffered defeat recently at the hands of a team of officers who had been challenged. Apparently one or two of the home team could see three dartboards quite distinctly, and were uncertain which one to aim at!

ODE TO DEPARTED WINGS

This pilot, this silver winged man;
High let him fly above the earth,
Yet beneath the sky, across time's span,
To a freedom yet unknown by both.

High in the heavens, amongst the stars,
Where only freedom's song is heard;
In that realm of Venus and of Mars,
Lives he alone with winged bird.

And now he's left this earthly band,
His glory only time will tell;
One life he gave for Motherland,
The starlit sky his narrow cell.

No frail memorial need be erected high,
His glorious destiny, to him was clear,
Above the earth yet beneath the sky,
To climb to death regardless of any fear.

Remember, now, this hero soaring high,
Remember him by dawn and setting sun,
Child of earthbound man, learned to fly
To death or glory, and to duty done.

L. J. BLAKEMORE.

SPORTING CHATTER

SWIMMING (by "Aquatius")

In the absence of any polo matches or swim carnivals to report, this week's notes are in the nature of general comments.

Although we have patronised the Acacia Pool at Sunnybank for a long time now, our use of the Valley Baths as a Unit has been comparatively recent. Nevertheless, in that short time we have made the game of water polo a topic of interest among Brisbane swimmers. So far as we can gather, only one club had a polo team before Nabsford popularised the game, but now several clubs are showing interest, and we may find we have "started something" here.

So far as the TAMY team is concerned, practice is undoubtedly improving their game, and they are learning to pass the ball quickly and accurately, to draw their opponents, and to gain time in movements.

A match against Toowong club has been arranged for the near future, and as this is the one club existing before we arrived which played polo, it should be a good game.

During our stay in Queensland we have had so much opportunity for swimming and surfing that if we feel a little cramped on board during the trip homeward, we should be capable of diving overboard and keeping up with the ship for a spell!

FOOTBALL

Seamen v. Armoury. Tuesday, 29th January.

After weeks of confident talk by the seamen about their prowess on the soccer field it came as a surprise and shock to find the Armoury team run out winners by 2 goals to nil. And this, despite the fact that Lieut. Coles was referee! The Seamen tried hard to win, and the ref. tried hard, too, but they had to bow to superior forces. Now the Seamen are thirsting for a return match.

LAWN TENNIS

Tamy v. 127 Aust. G.T. at Lutwyche.

27th January.

This proved to be an interesting match, with the result in the balance until the end. After the first round, when each pair had played one set against their opponents, Tamy had scored 14 games to the Aussies' 17. At the end of round two the position was much the same—Army 29 to Navy 24. The result became clear after the

penultimate set, however, when the Australians' first pair scored a 6—love win to put their total beyond our reach.

The court was in excellent condition and pleasantly situated, and had been used regularly for championship and exhibition matches. The owner, who has been a lawn tennis umpire in his time, regaled us with yarns in the intervals between the sets, which added to the enjoyment of the match.

Result: Tamy lost by 36 games to 42.

CRICKET (by J. Grimster)

Tamy 1 v. 1st Aust. Garrison Base at Toombul.

Tamy batted first, and three wickets fell for 20 runs, but when "Skipper" Smith joined P.O. Baker, 51 runs were added before the former was caught brilliantly on the boundary after scoring a faultless 32. Baker continued to bat strongly, giving three difficult chances to the fielders, all of which were missed. He was, however, stumped when going out to a slow ball. It was a fine innings, and he deserved the ovation he was given. He hit ten fours in his total of 61 runs. The remaining wickets fell rapidly, and Tamy were all out for 133.

The Aussie opening pair put on 54 runs before a wicket fell. But Hartley began to find a nice length, and the "Diggers" were only 89 for 6 wickets. The game looked like being Tamy's, until Deller and Nicholson made a dogged stand. Deller was brilliantly caught by Redfern in the slips, with the score at 121 runs, and by this time excitement was tense. With one wicket to fall, the Aussies were four runs behind Tamy. However, the last batsman managed it, and their total was 136 all out. Bowling honours went to Hartley, who took 5 wickets for 34 runs. Result: 1st A.G.B. won by 136 runs to 133.

There are still a few more matches arranged, but this will be the last opportunity to record any notes of Nabsford cricket. Until the Christmas "break" we were able to field two teams in the Services Cricket League, but recent drafts have reduced us to one team.

I have chatted to many personalities among the Aussie teams we have played, and there has always been favourable comment upon the good sportsmanship of our boys. I would like to mention everyone, but that is impossible, so I will content myself with notes on one or two players.

"Skipper W. G. Smith" must take most honours for his splendid captaincy throughout.

He has played some fine inninngs, and has been excellent in the field. Before joining Tamy he was a member of Hayes C.C., and has played several times against the well-known London Counties XI., which boasts many English Test "Stars."

L.A.F. W. Deplidge, who went on draft recently, has made a good name for himself as an all-rounder. He used to play in Bradford League Cricket, and has been an opening batsmen with Len. Hutton. He has been a powerful help to the Tamy team, and is an excellent wicket-keeper. We have several good bowlers, but T. Hartley is an outstanding fast bowler, with a good length, and consistent accuracy.

Highest scorers for Tamy up to now have been Sub./Lt. Sherwell, 87 not out; P.O. Baker, 61 and 51; P.O. Kilbride, 75; L.A.F. Deplidge, 51.

We offer our thanks to all the Tamy players who have given us such a good name in Brisbane Services Cricket League.

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.]

"THE WAR IS NOW OVER"

Five words with a wealth of meaning in them! Yet for most fellows the real date to remember will be, not August 15, 1945, when we in Brisbane first heard the glad news, but the date on which we leave the Service and return to civilian life. (The War had virtually ended before August 15 for those men who were released in the first Age and Service Group.)

Events tend to be remembered in so far as we personally are affected by them; for many of us the War really began on the day we left home to join the Navy, or on the night when our town had its first heavy air raid, and by comparison September 3, 1939 (the date which our children will be taught to remember in history lessons) may be for us of much smaller significance.

We are told that the Autumn of 1942 was the turning-point of the War, when the Allies began to recover at Stalingrad, El Alamein, and in the Solomons. Yet in truth each of us can find a personal "turning-point" so far as the War affected us individually. It might have been

when a man relinquished his bachelordom on a 48-hour leave and married the girl of his dreams; or when, during Action Stations, a shell-splinter removed his right hand, and with it the hope of resuming his former occupation; or when a bomb destroyed in one brief minute the home and furniture which he had purchased laboriously over the years. Each man could write a personal Diary of the War Years that is unique.

To the front-line soldier in a fox-hole a few yards from the enemy, the end of the War is something very vivid, for at once the imminent danger of injury or sudden death is removed. To those working behind the lines, however—such as ourselves in Brisbane—the announcement of Peace brings no immediate accession of safety or relief. To us at Rocklea the weeks which follow August 15 will probably resemble those which preceded it. Apart from the two days of celebration and the inevitable hangover, our daily routine has not been altered appreciably. Ask yourself when did the European War end—you may be surprised to find that the date eludes you.

No, for us at Rocklea the War will end when each of us begins his Resettlement Leave. Then shall we attempt to pick up the threads of our civilian existence where they were left off, or else to weave new patterns into a life and career as yet scarcely begun. One will rejoin his wife and family and resume his former occupation; another will carry out a deferred intention to marry and settle down, hoping to be one of the lucky house-finders; a third will be released in Australia to try his fortunes in this land of high wages and sunny skies.

In this direction lies the chief significance of August 15, 1945, for it is as if a closed door had been opened to us on that date, revealing a corridor out of which lead a number of other doors. From now on each man can devote himself seriously to consider "Which way shall I go—at which door do I knock for admission?" And as the release of ratings proceed, so will more men pass down the corridor and through one door or another into the civilian world beyond.

If your future is a big question-mark, and you are not sure what career to follow, do not expect the Government—even a Labour Government—to hand you a comfortable well-paid job as a bonus to your War Gratuity. It is up to you to make the grade.

There are numerous ways of getting advice and assistance, as you can see from a glance at the Resettlement Notice Board in the Information Room, but remember this—your civilian job must last for a lifetime, and not merely "for the duration" of a few War years. You may have been unhappy in the Service doing a job you did not choose yourself, but at least you have a chance to look around for a congenial occupation in civilian life, and this period of waiting for your Release gives you a valuable breathing space. You cannot afford to be a square peg in a round

hole for a lifetime. The man who is an occupational misfit through his own laziness is a menace to Society.

The door leading on to the corridor was opened on August 15, 1945. Have YOU decided in what direction you intend to walk when you get your "marching orders"?

THOUGHTS ON BEER WHILST SITTING IN THE CANTEEN

Although at verse I'm rather worse
Than 'ops', (elsewhere upon this page)
To voice my thought I feel I ought,
Since poetry seems to be the rage.

My thoughts on beer are numerous,
Much money on it have I blued.
There's beer that makes us humorous
(Though hoardings say it's doom for us),
Yet beer can also make us sit and brood.

Then oftentimes a session
Ends in unprovoked aggression;
A free-for-all, a shindy, a richt do.
The moral to it is—Such lads should stick to fiz.
'Tis sad, yet beer can do it to us, too.

Now some can be quite eloquent,
Whilst others rise to song.
Some go to look for sediment,
To tell us what is evident—
That somewhere, something's very, very wrong.

The Queensland beer I've tasted,
I'd rather have seen wasted.
Can it be kin to hops, or yeast, or malts?
The morning tells its tale, for though it looks like
ale,
Its chief effects are most akin to salts.

And then, the way we drink it;
We don't, we simply sink it.
(I speak, of course, of sessions held in town).
The Digger's none too gentle, you'd think he paid
a rental
On every drop that someone else puts down.

To drink for pleasure here, you have to lay off
beer.

'Tis no fun to queue like pigs around a tub.
Give me my country green, and its most enchant-
ing scene;
The parlour of a good Olde Englishe Pub.

AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER

An aeronautical engineer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micromic precision from vague assumptions, which are based upon debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality, for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopelessly chimerical group of fanatics, referred to altogether too frequently as aircraft designers.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Many of us will soon be changing our address from MESS 34A7, or whatever it has been, to "Cosy Nook" or "Dun Roamin" in Civvy Street. When you are lucky enough to get that home of your dreams, what will you call it? Have you heard of the schoolmaster who taught mathematics for thirty years and then retired to a little cottage which he called "After Math"? Then there was the Harley Street physician who called his country house "Bedside Manor," and that reminds me of a dental surgeon who bought a large house and a piece of land with the profits of his extractions. He called it "Tooth Acres." Turning to the legal profession, an eminent King's Counsel lived in a West End residence aptly known to the postman as "Casey Court," and, lastly, there is the Bishop who, appropriately enough, lived in "Blessem Hall."



BUT, DARLING, NOT KERRY ROAD GUARD AGAIN?

THESE I HAVE LOATHED

The clot who tries to climb through me to board a tram when I am trying to get off.

The dolt who sits on the bus steps and won't move to let me on.

The kleptomaniacal caitiff who pinches books from reading rooms.

The hoarding hound who stows the one and only mess broom in his cabin on Friday nights.

The tiddly type who wears a cap five sizes too small.

The salty sea-time type (usually no-badge).

The gigs type who dances with a stern stuck out like a mine layer.

The weak-minded wall drawer.

The sick bay loafer.

The indispensable type.

And last of all my type: the dripper or weed-ing type who drips about all the other nauseating nits, but does nothing about it.