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FOREWORD

"It is upon the Navy, under the good providence of God, that our wealth, prosperity and peace depend."

The above words are carved above the entrance to one of our major Naval establishments.

Here in "Albatross" I would like to suggest that each one of us replaces the words "The Navy" by our own name, and then let the saying be an inspiration to guide and help us in our daily world. Furthermore, if we can remember that the future of this country depends upon our efforts, then I am certain that no matter what adversities and troubles may lie ahead of us, we will be able to maintain the reputation for efficiency which has been so justly earned in the past.

—"THE DUKE OF SYDNEY."

COMMANDING OFFICER H.M.A.S. "ALBATROSS"



CAPTAIN GEORGE HENRY BEALE, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N.

Editor: Chief Petty Officer Denehy, J.V.
(The Duke of Sydney)

"A'HOY"

To H.M.A.S. "Sydney," now serving in Korean waters. "Sydney" left Australia in August, for active service with the United Nations Forces, and to relieve "H.M.S. "Glory," which is now in Sydney. We of the H.M.A.S. "Albatross" would like to wish officers and ratings of both ships a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ABOUT THIS MAGAZINE

Our aim is to publish this magazine quarterly. We hope you will make it your own effort by contributing anything to it which may be of interest to us. Contributions will be paid for on a flat scale. The magazine, which we hope will be typical of our lives here at H.M.A.S. "Albatross," can only continue with your interest and co-operation. We feel it is a worthwhile effort and hope that you will view it in the same way. We will be eager to publish anything you wish to contribute, anything at all that you feel is worth telling, how about it?

There will be a "tall story" column in the next issue, the best story printed will win a prize of £2/2/-.

Send in any photographs of interest.

—THE EDITOR.



"ALBATROSS" BLUE JACKET BAND

LIFE STORY OF THE "BLUE JACKET" BAND

The "Blue Jacket" Band now functioning at H.M.A.S. "Albatross" was brought into being at the instigation of Commander Robertson, early in 1950.

Band Corporal R. Carr was transferred from the flagship, H.M.A.S. "Australia," to take over duties as Bandmaster.

Although small in numbers at the beginning, the band has increased in size, and now has a membership of 20 instrumentalists and percussionists.

The band performs many ceremonial marches, such as "Colours," and recently, under the direction of the new Bandmaster, Band Corporal J. Bestmann, carried out a very spectacular display of ceremonial marching at the Show Grounds, in Nowra, to complete the Band Festival there.

The "Blue Jacket" Band has performed at two weddings in Nowra, and they take a prominent part in "Divisions," "March Past" and church services at the Air Station.

Weekly lunch-time concerts are also given for the Ship's Company. This band is the only volunteer band in the R.A.N.

WHEN IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME

It is a good thing to wish a person a "Merry Christmas." During the year we might have wished all sorts of dire distress upon them, but we are ourselves never quite so happy as when we wish someone a "Happy Christmas" and really mean it. Even a blackmarketeer smiles kindly as he gives a sixpence to a little boy, and from his greedy, flintlike heart is struck a spark of human kindness because it's Christmas time. For then, even selfish people can give things away and be happy.

When it's Christmas time we understand God better. I think that during the year there is no person more misunderstood and misjudged than God. Just think of the failure of this generation to make this world a safe and happy place. That is a failure which is basically our own, but God gets the most of the blame. At Christmas time, however, we sing carols and hymns which never lose their charm, and we listen to the Angel's song—"Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Goodwill among men." At such a time we come closest to fulfilling the purpose of our creation, which is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.

No commandment has been broken so badly or so often as the commandment which, to Jesus was the first and greatest commandment—to love God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength. This failure is at once the cause and the background of our failure to love our neighbours as ourselves. This is true whether our neighbours are the people next door or the Chinese Communists. The remedy is to do the thing that is easiest at Christmas time—to worship God as His nature deserves, as sincerely as we can. No matter what we might do this Christmas time we will have missed our biggest opportunity if we do not join with the wise men and the shepherds of long ago and worship Christ the New Born King.

THE RECRUITING DRIVE

By "DIT"

"I think this is carrying the recruiting drive a bit too far," I remarked to Number One, as we watched the Jaunty staggering down to the Recruits' Quarters with three kitbags on his back.

"Well, you know the orders," Number One replied, "No effort is to be spared in encouraging men to join up. We've had permission from the Naval Board to recruit chaps locally, and there's a big cash reward for the Depot that gets the most. Let's go and ask the Officer of the Day how many we've had so far."

We strolled past a two-up school just outside the Guardroom and found the Officer of the Day busy in his cabin.

"How many to-day?" Number One asked him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

"WHERE THE DEAD SHIPS LIE"

Much evidence of the deadly toll of modern warfare, is to be seen in the harbours of Darwin, Rabaul and other Northern Posts. The skeletons of many fine ships, visible at low water, were the victims of mine, torpedo, or aerial bombing.

In Darwin alone, on that fateful day of February 19th, 1942, no less than eight merchantmen, together with the U.S.N. vessel, "Peary," were lost with many of their crews: A well-known Australian coastal vessel, the "Zealandia," finding her last resting place, beneath the tidal waters, renowned for their exceptional high rise and fall.

The majority were so very badly damaged that salvage was out of the question. Only one, the "Moana Lau" was worth raising. She was repaired and again put into commission, only to meet an untimely end by a torpedo some months later, from one of the Japanese ocean-going underwater craft which, from time to time, raided the Queensland and New South Wales Coasts.

Perhaps the greatest loss was the Union Steamship Co's well-known liner, "Niagara," which struck a mine off the New Zealand coast, in June, 1940, and disappeared beneath the waves carrying a "King's Ransom" of nine tons of gold, worth at that time, approximately two and a half millions in Australian currency. I was fortunate enough to be "loaned out" by the Service to take part in the salvage operation, which resulted in 94 per cent. of the whole being recovered—a tribute to a gallant band of Australians and New Zealanders who, working in a minefield, during winter months, at a world's record depth of seventy fathoms, confounded the most sceptical, who said, "it just could not be done."

To-day, salvage costs are so high, the most optimistic of Marine Salvors, shy clear of the majority of war-time wrecks. Their cargoes, so vital in those days, are of little present value and, save in the recent post-war case of the Trans-Tasman liner, "Wanganella," little or no attempt has been made to lift any of the many "Dead Ships," still to be seen in Northern and New Guinea waters.

—"SPOKE SHAVE."



DUTCH COURAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

The Officer of the Day looked up from his bucket and scrubber and wiped the sweat off his face. "Two hundred and eighty, sir," he said. "We've victualled most of them in the Prince of Wales, because the Ward-room's full up."

"Good," said Number One, "Don't forget to send Commander (S) down with their pay on Thursday. We don't want any dissatisfaction amongst the troops."

While they were talking, I was inspecting a huge notice which had been posted over the Articles of War. It said:—

JOIN THE MODERN NAVY
More perks than Works and Jerks.
Tons of Leave, Scran and Pay.
Dirty 8's is Rig of the Day.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

BIG SHIPS OF THE NAVY

H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"

Within the past 160 years four ships of the Royal Navy have borne the name *Illustrious*. The career of each one makes interesting reading, but more so that of the present *Illustrious*. Hers is a record which depicts the spirit which made victory possible in the second World War. Yet, as the records of the past are perused, some interesting factors emerge from a comparison of the old with the new.

For instance, in 1809 the second *Illustrious* carried out a brilliant, daring and successful night attack on the French Fleet in a defended harbour. Over a century later another *Illustrious* was to do much the same thing at Taranto, in 1940.

Again, there was an *Illustrious* in the Mediterranean in 1794, as there was in 1940 when the control of the sea was essential to an Allied victory: and there was an *Illustrious* in the Indian Ocean and Far East during the Napoleonic period, as there was in 1944-45.

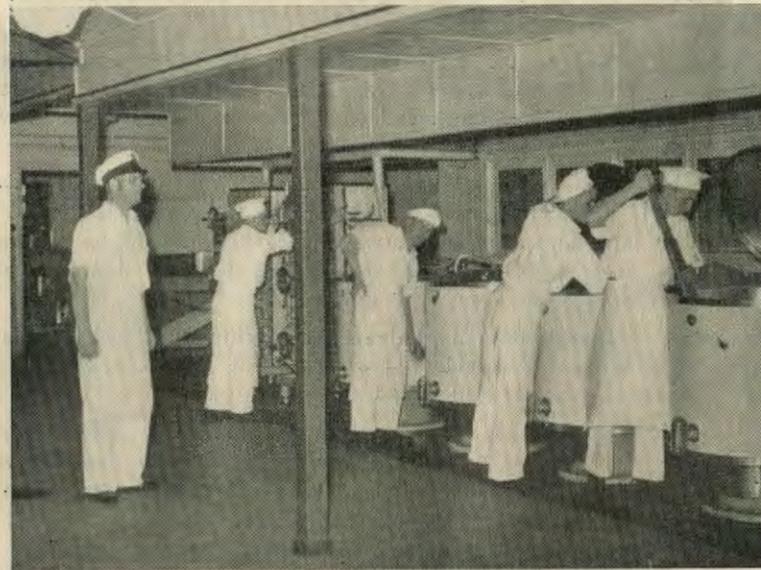
Interesting as the past may be, our concern is with the present *Illustrious*, which was built at Barrow-in-Furness, and completed her trials just after the fall of France.

Completed, May, 1940; length, 753 feet; beam, 95 feet; draught, 24 feet; speed, 31 knots; standard displacement, 23,000 tons; complement, 1,600; guns, 16 4.5 inch (dual purpose), numerous 40 mm. and 20 mm. A.A.; Built by Vickers-Armstrong, Barrow.

Although torpedoed, bombed and hit by suicide planes, H.M.S. *Illustrious*, Britain's 23,000 ton fleet carrier, emerged from the war "fighting fit," and with one of the finest records of the larger fighting units of the Royal Navy.

The outstanding achievement of *Illustrious's* war-time career was the part she played at Taranto in November, 1940, when her aircraft struck a crippling blow at the Italian Fleet, lying snugly behind their shore defences.

On the night of November 11th two striking forces of torpedo-bombing Swordfish, flown from the carrier, penetrated the harbour defences, and, in face of intensive anti-aircraft fire, launched a very successful attack against the pride of the Italian battle-fleet. After the attack a Littorio class battleship was lying with a heavy list, and her fo'castle awash, a Cavour class battleship with her stern under water as far as the after port, and a Duilio class battleship was beached and abandoned. Two cruisers were



A SCENE FROM THE SHIP'S GALLEY

also seen drifting to starboard, two fleet auxiliaries were lying with sterns awash, and a seaplane base and oil storage depot were severely damaged.

Illustrious fought in many bitter naval engagements in the Mediterranean in the days when naval convoys had to be fought through to Malta. She was once the main target in six air attacks in which nearly 100 German and Italian planes attempted to sink her. A combination of brilliant organisation, seamanship and gunnery saved her from total destruction.

In one attack, forty German dive-bombers concentrated on her, and several heavy bombs struck home. They caused several fires fore and aft, and put some of the anti-aircraft guns out of action. At one stage of the battle, the steering-gear of the carrier broke down, and she had to be steered with her engines. Fortunately her steering control was restarted, and she was able to fight her way into Malta harbour before the last alarm was raised. During these attacks at least twelve enemy aircraft were shot down, and others damaged.

A few weeks later, after *Illustrious* had been patched up at Malta, she slipped out of harbour and set course for Alexandria. She arrived there, safely passed through the Suez Canal, and made her way to the United States, where she was thoroughly repaired.

In 1942 she was again playing a prominent part in the war at sea, and was included in the strong striking force which supported operations in Madagascar.

When attached to the East Indies Fleet in 1944, aircraft from *Illustrious* attacked oil installations in Sumatra. The carrier was supported by battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines, and carried out several surprise raids.

At Sabang numerous direct hits were obtained on the dockyards, power stations, wharf, barracks, hangars, workshops and the radio station. In the town area large fires were left burning. Heavy bombs fell on two merchant ships of from 4,000 to 5,000 tons. Two Japanese destroyers and an escort vessel were strafed and set on fire.

A number of aircraft from the aircraft carrier *Illustrious*, took part in a co-ordinated air strike on Sourabaya in which British, American, Australian, French and Dutch units of various categories took part.

Shipping, naval installations, an oil refinery and aerodromes suffered heavy damage as a result of direct hits. Ten ships in the harbour totalling some 35,000 tons, including a small tanker and possibly a destroyer, received direct hits.

At Wonokromo an oil refinery was completely destroyed.

The next strike in which *Illustrious* participated was against Fort Blair. Considerable damage was done to military installations, including a power house, saw mills, workshops, motor transport yard, and a seaplane base, where an oil fire was started. One radar station was completely destroyed and a second damaged.

Another successful attack on the Sabang Naval base was made later by units of the Allied Eastern Fleet. Fort installations were subjected to a heavy scale bombardment soon after sunrise by a force of battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

Again complete surprise was achieved, and the bombardment which was covered and supported by carrier-borne aircraft, including aircraft from the *Illustrious*, lasted for thirty-five minutes, with effective results.

As a unit of the British Pacific Fleet in 1945, when Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Philip Vian, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., *Illustrious* led attacks on the Sakishima group of islands. During these operations she was persistently attacked by Japanese suicide planes, at least one of which crashed on her flight-deck. But, as in her stern battles in the Mediterranean, *Illustrious* proved again that she is one of the most soundly constructed ships in the Royal Navy; she escaped with comparatively minor damage.

Illustrious is now attached to the Home Fleet, and is used as a trials carrier.

BUSH SURVIVAL EXERCISE No. 3

The third Bush Survival Exercise organised by R.A.N. A.s., Nowra, commenced at 0900 Tuesday, 22nd August, and ended at 1609 Friday, 25th August, 1950.

As space will not permit full details, the following extracts are from the official report.

The party consisted of the following officers:—

Lt.-Cmdr. R. Hain, R.N.

Lt. G. G. R. Miller (S.E.S.O.).

Lt. R. Davies, R.A.N.

Tuesday, 22nd August.—The party was taken to Kangaroo Valley by transport. Arriving at the suspension bridge, we made our way down to the bank of the Kangaroo River and the exercise was deemed to have commenced. Our first task was to inflate our K-type dinghies and this was accomplished partially by mouth and completed with the dinghy inflator. The dinghies were placed in the river and we boarded, not without a few anxious moments, as it seemed quite likely that we should start the exercise with a ducking. However, we cheated the photographer who was on the bank, camera in hand, out of the chance of taking a shot of us three "survivors" floundering in the water. No doubt, had he been able to have taken such a photograph, it would have been the subject of hilarious mirth in the mess for months to come.

Having boarded the dinghies just below some rapids, we were given an encouraging start down stream and, using the hand paddles, it seemed that the exercise was going to be "just too easy." The sky, which had been overcast and showing every sign of rain, began to clear enough for the sun to shine through and we hadn't a care in the world.

Approaching the first rapids we decided to beach the dinghies and carry them down river to clear water. It was at this point that we received our first set-back, which was to alter the whole nature of the exercise. When disembarking, Hain's dinghy was damaged by rocks which tore the dinghies below the rapids and Hain complained of feeling very cold around the "backside." A quick glance was sufficient to convince him that his dinghy had sprung a leak and, as sitting in cold water was not his idea of comfort, no time was lost in getting back to the river bank. A conference was held and, although it was suggested that Miller and Davies should continue in their dinghies and Hain carry on, on foot, it was decided that this would be most unwise. The alternative was to lash the damaged dinghy to a serviceable one, with a frame work of saplings, and thus make a raft. This was achieved after about half an hour's work and, not without some misgivings, Miller and Hain launched the raft and stepped gingerly aboard. Using hand paddles, which had been lashed to saplings, reasonable progress was once again made down river.

Search aircraft were now overhead and the signal panels were waved to attract attention. This proved effective and after the pilot had indicated that he had seen us we laid out the panels, as shown in the "Ground/Air Emergency Code" to denote that all was well.

Later another aircraft came over and dropped a message which stated that supplies would be dropped the following forenoon.

By this time the light was failing rapidly and we had to dash smartly around to collect firewood before it became dark. Having gathered enough wood, fires were started and the task of erecting shelters began.

Wednesday, 23rd August.—When testing the bank of the river for a suitable boarding point, it was discovered that, what appeared to be firm sand was in fact very soft. This discovery was made by Hain, who promptly sank almost to his hips as soon as he stood on it and had to be hauled out.

We assumed that this was a form of quicksand and, for a lone survivor might prove dangerous. Anyway, for the remainder of the exercise we treated any suspicious looking portions of the river banks with greater respect.

During this part of the trip we saw a few wild ducks and several odd creatures floating on the surface of the river, which at first, we could not identify. Later we saw one at closer range and decided that it was a duck-billed platypus.

Thursday, 24th August.—Because of the rain, the ground was slippery and treacherous, and many muttered oaths could be heard as one or another of the party slipped and fell at, not infrequent, intervals. Our forenoon objective was the junction of the Kangaroo and Shoalhaven Rivers.



KANGAROO RIVER



INFLATING THE DINGHIES

Friday, 25th August.—We were up-and-about before dawn on this occasion as we intended making an early start, and try to get back to the Air Station that night.

Our immediate objective was the mouth of the Yalwall Creek, where we intended to work up creek for a short distance to locate a track which was shown on the map.

As we did not want any more supplies dropped, we laid out the signal panels in the shape of a letter "N," hoping that this would be interpreted as meaning "No supplies required." As no supplies were dropped we assumed that the pilot had put two and two together and had arrived at the right conclusion.

We had been walking for nearly ten hours with only one halt and, as we were informed that a lorry would be leaving for Nowra during the evening it was unanimously decided that we would consider Burrier to be the end of the exercise. We were all quite confident that had we continued walking, we would have arrived back at the Air Station during the early hours of Saturday morning. However, the temptation to accept a lift was too great and we arrived back at the Air Station at about 2000, very tired and undoubtedly scruffy men.

Conclusion.—The exercise developed into more of an endurance test than had been anticipated, but it did bring home very forcibly the importance of physical fitness for survival in this type of country.

THE ALBATROSS A.A.C.'s REPORT

An idea germinated in the mind of Frank McCaffrey, and, due to his hard work the Albatross Amateur Athletic Club was formed. The club is rather unusual, being one of the few of its kind in the whole world, and unique in Australia. The Club's first outing was a Relay run to Sydney from the camp gates. Fourteen members and one official took part and the run of 109 miles was completed in 9 hours 36 minutes. The relay baton contained a Jubilee greeting from the Captain to the Mayor of Marrickville. The Club on its first outing hit the headlines in a Sydney newspaper, and a large photograph was on the front page.

From this start the club went ahead, a Jubilee meeting at Wollongong, Cross Country at Carlingford, Parramatta and Strathfield. Several members ran in invitation meets with Sydney clubs and gained positions in most events. The Club then opened its own cross country season and "the grey-haired old man" forgot his years and gave the youngsters a lesson in the art of running over gruelling courses.

On the 7th July a team of six went to Ramsgate, Sydney, to compete in the State Novice Championships. From all teams competing "Albatross" came fourth, and J. Edward took 11th place to be the first Country member across the line, out of a field of 70. On the 28th July a team travelled to Campbelltown for the N.S.W. Country Cross Country Championships. The "Albatross Club" team was the only country team to complete the race as a team, while Frank McCaffrey, with superb running, captured the State title. The team was J. Edward, R. A. R. Kelly and F. McCaffrey.

The Cross Country season ended and points scored by members were totalled up. The final positions were:—

Fastest time: F. McCaffrey, J. Edward, R. Kelly.

Handicap: J. Love, J. Elliott, L. Baldwin, E. Rowe.

The club then held its dance in conjunction with the Ship's Coy., and Captain G. H. Beale, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N., presented the trophies for the past season. Johnnie Edward gave great help in decorating the hall and is responsible for the matelots who gaily swing on the crochets and quavers.

The track season found us without a track, so what better way to get one than to make it. This statement will no doubt clear up the mistaken ideal that during the month of August there were a large number of men undergoing punishment. When the track was complete the combined clubs of Camden and Campbelltown visited Nowra for a meeting. We were defeated by 70 points to 59. Outstanding among the athletes was McKnight, of Campbelltown, who alone accounted for 31 points. Bursells (Campbelltown), javelin throw, broke the existing N.S.W. Country record. The next Saturday, Eastern Suburbs sent a team which included Keith Pardon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

THE SHIRE OF SHOALHAVEN

(in which H.M.A.S. "Albatross" is stationed, 7 miles from Nowra)

AREA: The Shire of Shoalhaven embraces 1,800 square miles of the richest agricultural land and hardwood forests in New South Wales. It contains 1,100 miles of roads.

NOWRA: Nowra, which is the administrative headquarters of the Shire, is situated on the banks of the Shoalhaven River, 10 miles from the sea. It is the terminus of the South Coast railway, 95 miles from Sydney, by rail, and 101 miles from Sydney by the Prince's Highway.

It is 40 miles from Port Kembla-Wollongong district, which is the State's second biggest industrial centre, adjacent to the great South Coast coal fields.

EXTENT: It comprises a number of towns and settlements extending along a comparatively narrow coastal strip from Berry on the North, to beyond Ulladulla, on the South, a distance of approximately 80 miles, connected by a bitumen highway running through picturesque country devoted mainly to dairying and forestry. This highway connects up all the State capitals, and Canberra, the capital of the Commonwealth of Australia.

POPULATION: The population of Nowra, which is the headquarters of the Shire, is approximately 5,000, and that of the Shire, approximately 13,000.

CLIMATE: The climate is temperate.

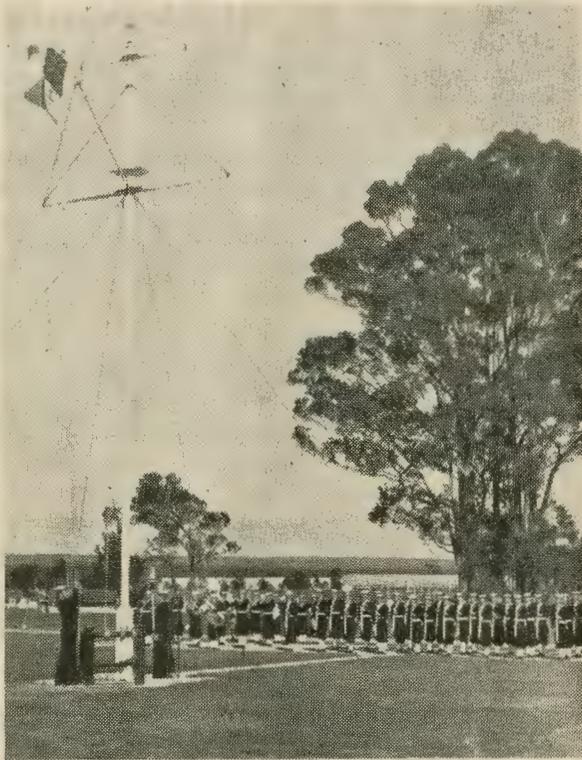
RAINFALL: The average annual rainfall, over 70 years, is 38 inches.

DAIRYING: The Nowra Co-operative Dairy Co., which is probably the biggest factory here handling milk, received 3,684,229 gallons of milk in the year ended 30th June, 1947, and during the year ended 30th June, 1950, the intake of milk was 5,034,551 gallons. One quarter of the milk supply for the city and suburbs of Sydney is produced in the Shire of Shoalhaven.

TIMBER: The timber industry in the Shire of Shoalhaven is second in importance to dairying. The area covered by State Forests alone, within the Shire, is 129,210 acres.

FISH: The fishing industry is only in its infancy here. Only recently fishermen found that sea prawns of great size can be obtained off our coast and they have already achieved excellent results in their operations. The Nowra District Fishermen's Co-operative Ltd., formed in 1947, produced 1,003,230 lb. of fish that year, and 1,230,724 lb. for the year ended June 30, 1950. The sales for that year amounted to £51,370. The centre of the growing trawling industry is at the ideal harbour of Ulladulla, in the South, which is one of the most important fishing bases in the Commonwealth for the amount of fish landed at that port, during the year ended June 30th, 1950, by Danish seine boats operating in the vicinity of the port, was 1,365,329 lb. This exceeds the catch of any other base from which Danish seine boats operate.

—SHOALHAVEN.



COLOURS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

"Right," said Number One, "Let's take a walk around and see how things are going."

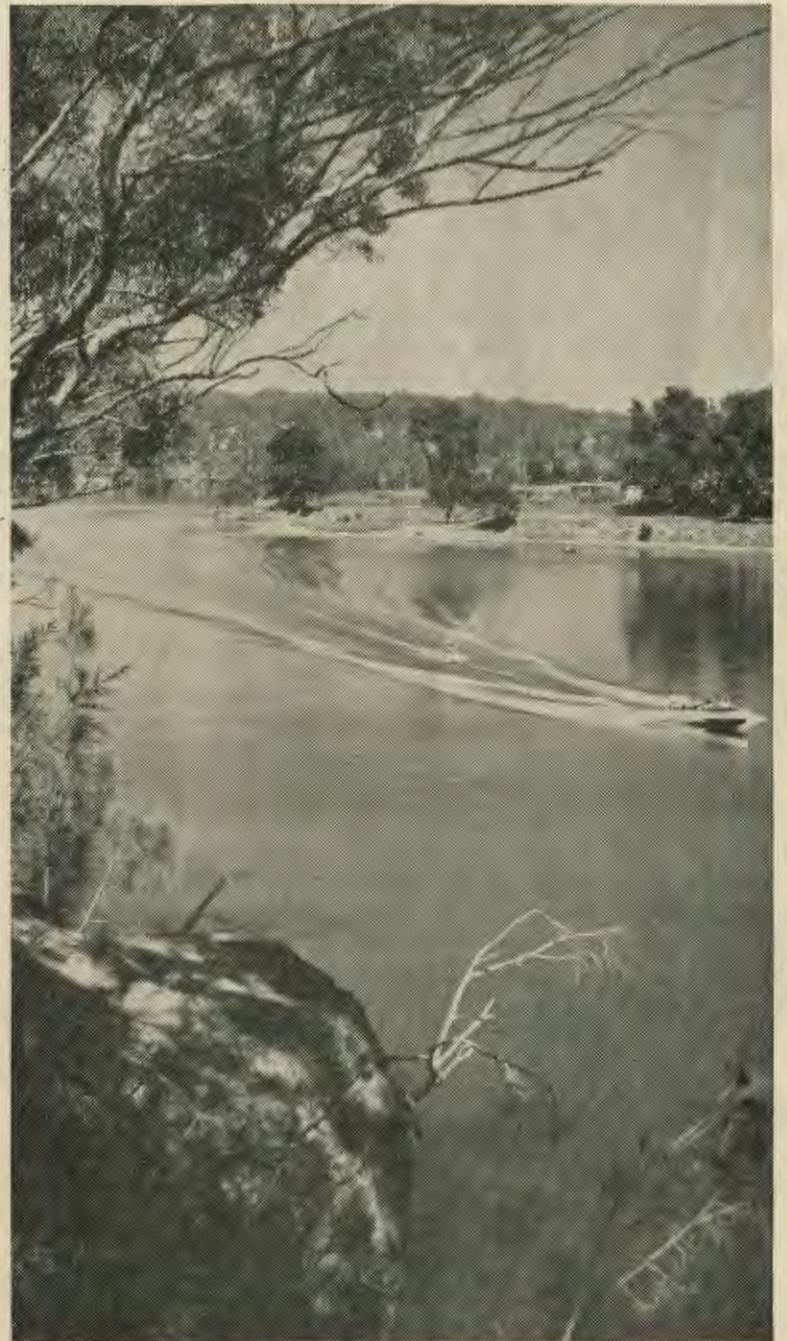
As we neared the Cinema, a bus full of singing matelots hurtled round the corner. Number One smiled indulgently as he hauled me back to safety.

"Just the Number Eleven men on their way to the Guardroom," he said.

"We do still have punishment, then?" I asked.

"Only for the more serious cases," he replied. "A couple of chaps shot a Leading Patrolman last week, and another fellow blew up the Control Tower. You can't close your eyes to cases like that, especially when they're aggravated offences. However, since we made punishment more attractive by introducing compulsory crib and pontoon, we've found a lot of chaps attend voluntarily."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



SCENE ON THE SHOALHAVEN RIVER
AT NOWRA, N.S.W.

TOC H AT H.M.A.S. "ALBATROSS"

Toc. H. has now been established and the meeting place is at the Ship's Company Library, at 2000 hours, on Tuesdays. Many servicemen have come into contact with Toc. H. in various parts of the world, either in main naval dockyard areas, such as Gibraltar, Malta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Bermuda, all depots in U.K., capital cities in other countries, F.N.D. Victoria, etc.

To, those who have not yet become acquainted, Toc. H. is the army signallers way of saying T.H. over the phone and those in turn are the initials of the original Talbot House Services Club, which was opened on 11th December, 1915, at Poperinghe, Flanders, and which continued to serve the troops until 1918, in the Ypres salient. The services club was named after Neville Talbot who was killed in that war. In the loft of this club or canteen, which was known as "The Old House," was a chapel known as the "Upper Room," where many soldiers had their last communion. From its fellowship sprung the present movement to which King George V granted a Royal Charter, in 1922. The objects as defined in this charter, are as follows:—

(1) To preserve amongst men and to transmit to future generations the traditions of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks during the Great War, thereby encouraging its members, through the common Christian life of the Association, to seek God, and helping them to find His will and do it.

(2) To encourage amongst the members of the Association the desire to perform, and to facilitate the performance of, all kinds of social service as between and for the benefit of all ranks of society.

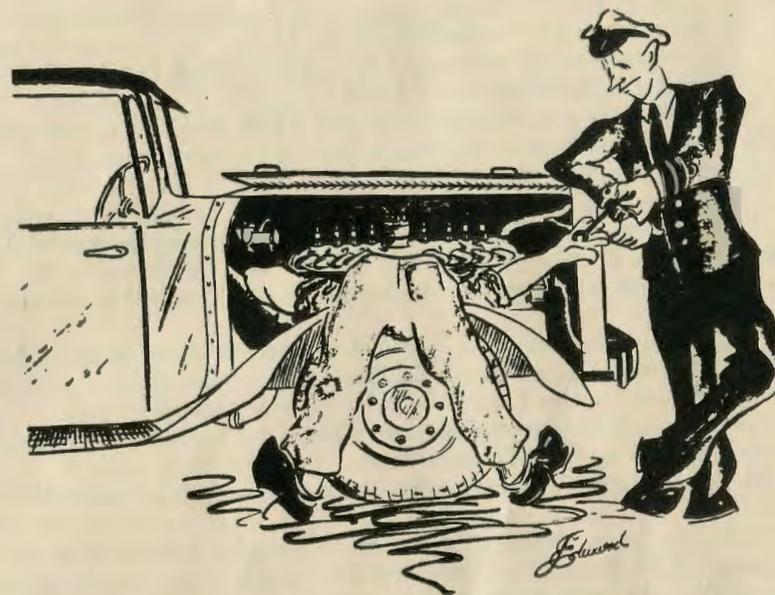
(3) To promote among all people a wide human interest in the lives and needs of their fellows and to foster in every man a sense of responsibility for the well-being of his fellow man.

(4) To mitigate by habit of mind and word and deed the evils of class-consciousness and to endeavour to create a body of public opinion free of all social antagonisms.

This Charter was more clearly defined by the Main Resolution passed by the Central Council in 1923, as follows:—

"Remembering with gratitude how God used the Old House to bring home to multitudes of men, that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His kingdom on earth; we pledge ourselves to strive; To listen now and always for the voice of God;

"To know His will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion or its successes for ourselves or this our family; and towards this end:



MOTOR TRANSPORT COMPOUND

"To think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, to build bravely." The "Old House" is still in existence and was presented to the movement and endowed by Lord Wakefield, in 1929. Because of Belgian Law, an Anglo-Belgian Association looks after it, and it has become a kind of "Mecca" for its adepts. The Guild Church is Tubby's (Rev. P. B. Clayton, C.H., M.C.). All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, where the Prince's Lamp is never extinguished. Several of the founder members of Toc. H. are still with us to-day, and Tubby, who is fairly well known to Naval and Tanker men, is one of them.

Toc. H. has spread through the Commonwealth of Nations and in other nations besides, and embraces people of all denominations and colour, civilians and servicemen, and now has a Women's Section, too.

Toc. H. is an Everyman's Club, and above the door is generally to be found the notice, "Abandon Rank All Ye Who Enter Here." This is a club where the view of the recruit carries as much weight as the views of the Admiral or Field Marshal, or the new office boy as the Company Director. Each contributes to the unit effort according to his ability and according to his means. It is work that counts and Toc. H. members don't go around with long faces or dog collars around their necks. You'll probably

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

By this time we had reached the Dining Hall.

"Like to see how we've improved this place?" asked Number One.

"Nothing can shake me now," I said.

We pushed our way through a group of Chiefs and P.O's, who were standing around with trays in their hands, waiting for more orders.

"Any complaints," shouted Number One.

"Yes, these flippin' cigars are too ruddy strong," came a voice, and—

"How about giving us a change from chicken once in a while?" shouted another.

Number One took notes of these complaints and promised to look into them.

"The Beer Bar must get pretty full with all these extra blokes aboard," I remarked as we passed the Canteen.

"Yes," said Number One, "We're having to get extensions made. We just can't cope with the crowds since we reduced the beer to 2d. a middy, and made the rest up from Treasury Funds."

"I expect Happy is pleased to see the recruiting drive so successful?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said Number One, "He's doing his best to help, too. He's adopted the British Standard Meat Pie, which is one inch bigger in diameter than the local make, and he's employing two full-time Gristle-spotters."

We walked down the road as far as the Aircraft Handlers' School.

"Things are very quiet in there," I remarked, "Must be an unusually interesting lecture going on."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

FOR VALUE

Try

P. WALSH and SONS
Nowra

Phone 28 for Groceries, Hardware, Glassware and
Kitchenware.

Deliveries to Air Station weekly.

ALBERT IN "ALBATROSS"

Albert was awakened from a restless sleep by a voice shouting "Change here for Nowra."

"How do I get to "Albatross?" enquired Albert.

"Follow me," said the March Hare, who was dressed in a blue jersey, round cap and trousers which spread outwards from the waist.

"You must wait here for a long time," said the March Hare, "although it is quicker to walk, the transport will collect us after it has called at Nowra." "Oh, dear," said Albert, "I do hope the Sheriff won't be angry at me for keeping him waiting."

Presently along came the Dormouse driving a truck and Albert was taken to a collection of wooden huts, where he was presented to the Dodo Bird.

"The Sheriff is waiting to see you," said the Dodo and took Albert along to a small room, where he found himself getting smaller and smaller.

"How untidy you look, Albert," said the Sheriff, "you can dress like that in the Technical area, but not this side of the fence."

"What is the Fence for?" asked Albert.

"It was built to help the March Hare and his friends to smoke cheaply but the Mad Hatter stopped all that," replied the Sheriff.

When Albert came out of the room he found himself growing taller and taller until he was back to his normal size. He next found himself in a long room with lots of tin boxes, full of wires and glass bulbs. The Gryphon came in. "When you have sorted all these out, there are more in store, and don't get too friendly with the March Hare," he grunted.

When the Gryphon went out Albert was joined by the March Hare, who looked at the tin boxes and muttered—

"Able Baker Charlie Dog

All U.S.

Oh, My God!"

Early next morning Albert was pushed along in a crowd towards a large square. Suddenly a white rabbit wearing a pair of Brown Gloves and fumbling with a watch underneath his long white shirt sleeves hurried past mumbling to himself—"Oh—my Telescope and Sextant, how late it is getting, we must hoist the ensign at eight, and it is almost that now."

He hurried along, followed by a brown and white dog which was singing—"Here we go every seven fifty-five, to be counted to see if we're alive."

Albert went with the crowd on to the square and when the mock turtle woke up the bugler, they all marched off.

Albert was feeling very lonely, when the March Hare asked him to join him at Maude's Commercial Bar. There Albert was given a bottle of brown liquid, and after drinking this, he went to sleep, and remained thus for all that the characters in this story know.

Author's Comment: Albert had only been three months one week in the Navy. And not a Xmas at home . . . THE DUKE OF SYDNEY.



“GOOD WEEK-END.
HAD A
WONDERFUL TIME.
DON'T REMEMBER
A THING.”

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

see a padre in a Toc. H. unit, but he doesn't run the show . . . he is there to contribute his share in the social life of the community. Men will be found running hospital libraries, helping the aged, infirm, lonely, organising and guiding scouts, rovers, etc., visiting orphanages and helping in the work discovered, helping delinquents, visiting prisons, leper colonies, etc. Each according to his station in life, his ability, his means, etc., unassumingly contributes to the common pool and all meet at regular intervals over a meal. By the dim light of the Rushlight of Toc H. Lamp each rededicates himself at each meeting by the exhortation: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

"Albatross" group has many more jobs than it can take on, with its present numbers and can cater for people of different temperaments, and differing social attainments . . . can we count on YOU?

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Sports Coats, Trousers and Suits promptly made to order.
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most helpful to all personnel

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

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NOTE FOR THE MET. OFFICE

I have recently observed with concern, a marked inaccuracy in your prognosis of the weather, which has twice resulted in my being caught in a torrential downpour of rain in isolated parts of the camp, without a rain-coat.

A local farmer has informed me that the behaviour of the cows is an infallible guide to the forthcoming state of the weather, and I therefore suggest that you base your future forecasts upon visual observations of these animals.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

(Australian Champion Hammer Throw) and Kevin Miller (N.S.W. Champion Hop, Step and Jump). We won the meeting 68 to 63. Keith Pardon gave an Exhibition of the hammer throw, and threw 154 feet 6 inches. Kevin Miller had to take off from a pile of sand due to the fact that his jump of 45ft 9ins. cleared the pit by six feet.

In the inter-club competition in Sydney, "Albatross" defeated Sydney University. And that to-date is what has been accomplished. What can be done is now up to the men on the station. If any man feels that he would like to join the Athletic Club, regardless of whether he feels that he can do anything, come along. Who knows, you may find that you're a world-beater. You will never know until you've tried. The Club's membership is nearly seventy, let's make the hundred. —OLYMPIAD.

"NUTS"

I'm just nuts about life on this station,
Everything is so happy and gay;
I'm terribly keen on the "Jossman"
For he is wiping out sorrow all day.

I think we're a happy big family
Each day is a pleasure and joy
The Cmdr. beams good-will and laughter,
And would sooner die than annoy.

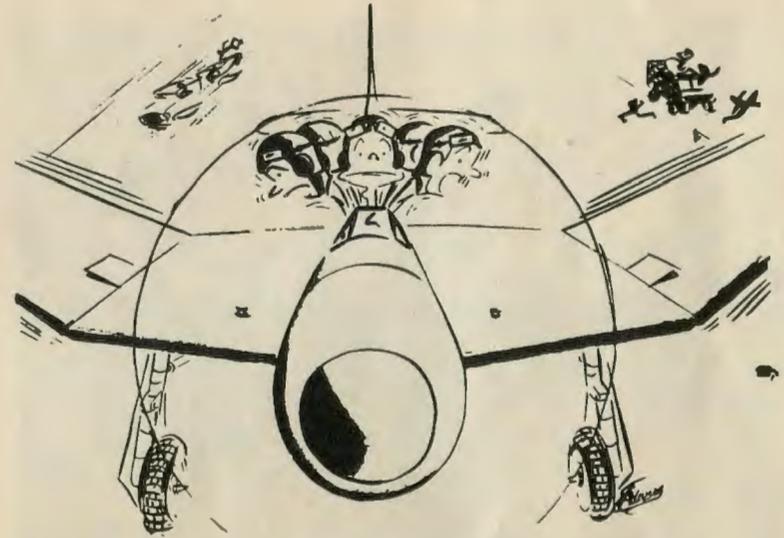
The routine and standing orders
Are arranged to banish all care
I've never been quite so happy—
To be sure, it's a set-up quite rare.

From daylight to dark it's a comfort
To know that the "Jimmie" can smile,
And in spite of all the set-backs he suffers,
He can manage to smile all the while.

I'll really be quite broken-hearted
If ever I'm drafted to sea,
For life in this rest home for sailors,
Is surely the best life for me.



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OFFICERS WHICH TOOK PART



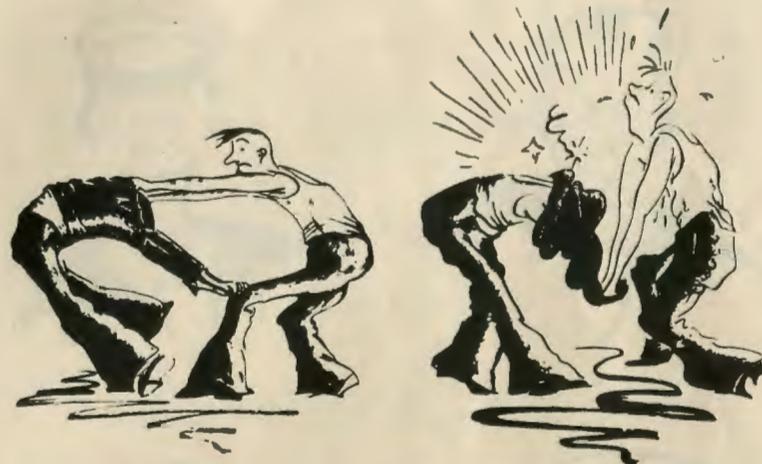
816 SQUADRON LONG RANGE NAVIGATION EXERCISE

For some time past a flight of this nature had been discussed in 816 Squadron. Eventually some convincing reasons why were put before Naval Board, and, in their wisdom, Naval Board approved the proposal for six Fireflies and a Dakota to carry out the following programme:

Stage	Nautical Miles	Date
Nowra—Brisbane (Amberley)	489	Tuesday, 2nd Oct., '51
Brisbane—Townsville (Garbitt)	637	Tuesday, 2nd Oct., '51
Townsville—Cloncurry	364	Thursday, 4th Oct., '51
Cloncurry—Daly Waters	492	Friday, 5th Oct., '51
Daly Waters—Darwin	265	Saturday, 6th Oct., '51
Darwin—Tennant Creek	475	Monday, 8th Oct., '51
Tennant Creek—Alice Springs	244	Tuesday, 9th Oct., '51
Alice Springs—Oodnadatta	248	Thursday, 11th Oct., '51
Oodnadatta—Adelaide (Parafield)	497	Thursday, 11th Oct., '51
Adelaide—Mildura	176	Saturday, 13th Oct., '51
Mildura—Nowra	425	Monday, 15th Oct., '51

Total Miles 4312

The flight was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it. All six Fireflies arrived back at Nowra on time, the Dakota, unfortunately, remained at Darwin for some weeks with engine trouble.



THE TRIALS OF A "TIDDLY" SUIT

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MOTOR AND GENERAL ENGINEERS.

Agents for SKODA, TATRAPLAN CARS.

RAILWAY ROAD, BOMADERRY.

PHONE NOWRA 237.

All classes of mechanical and body repairs. Prompt service.



Top Left: DESTROYER. Top Right: CRUISER.
Bot. Left: NATIONAL TRAINEE. Bot. Right: AIRCRAFT Carrier.

CASUAL CONVERSATION

Scene: The Ship's Office in H.M.S. "Victory"—pinned on the bulkheads are out-of-date calendars, numerous pictures of Lady Hamilton, odd memos and cartoons, etc.—the desk, which is scarred, scratched, ink-stained, scribbled on, etc., is covered with a litter of sundry parchments, broken quills, overflowing ashtrays and old copies of the "London Times."

Sitting hunched over the desk is a lonely, overworked and overlooked Leading Writer—the only sound is the screech of his quill as it skims over the paper.

Enter an Officer of the King's Navee: (Fuming)

Officer: Ho, there, varlot! art thou the senior hand of this den? Thou art! well pray . . . take note that the condition of the sovereigns in my pay to-day, left much to be desired; they were distinctly dirty and it must not happen again, after all—(time passes) . . . : So there! what's that? Commander (S) got them from the two-up school—oh well, in that case we will say no more. Exits mumbling in beard).

Banish all your "Dhobyng" worries — have it all done at

"Happy's Snow-White Laundry"

Out of the Blue comes the whitest wash, they say —but you haven't seen anything yet.

Also, have your dry cleaning up to scratch for the trip up the line. Remember the well-dressed sailor always gets the girl.

Moderate charges. Satisfaction always guaranteed.

Enter a C.P.O. of the King's Navee: (Singing)

C.P.O.: Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum! hey you son of a sea scribe. why wasn't I in for pay to-day? what! didn't know that I was here—why not, we came back from detached duties at the North Pole this morning, didn't we? Thee should have been able to guess that, thou clod. That's the trouble here, no organisation. Oh, well, put me in for a casual. (Exits, after being paid, looking disgusted).

Enter P.O. of the King's Navee: (Crying)

P.O.: I say, Leading Writer, what's the idea of halving my pay to-day? thee should know that I can't possibly keep up my social position on such a paltry sum—why, the ladies of the town will be frantic when I tell them. What's that? Had a pay and a half to go on leave with! Curse you! thou hast seen me off and I shall see some one. (Makes exit, scowling and growling).

Enter Leading Hand of the King's Navee: (Smiling)

Leading Hand: Hiya, George! How's your wench these days? Still go up to the "Empire" on Thursdays? By the way, put me in for a casual, would you, I spent all my pay on the board last night—yes, two shillings will see me through until next month. Thanks, George, seeya in the mess. (Makes exit, grinning gleefully).



Enter A.B. of the King's Navee: (Hoping)

A.B.: Number 13 on the Ship's Book if you please, couldst thou tell me why I struck a prevailing wind at payment to-day? What's that? Fourteen days at sixpence, equals seven shilling, minus allotments, minus tax, minus contributions, minus National Health, minus mulcts, minus stores lost, minus hospital stoppages, minus—thank you, I think that I see thy point—not entitled, I am, is it. (Makes exit, sighing soulfully).

Enter Recruit of the King's Navee: (Worrying)

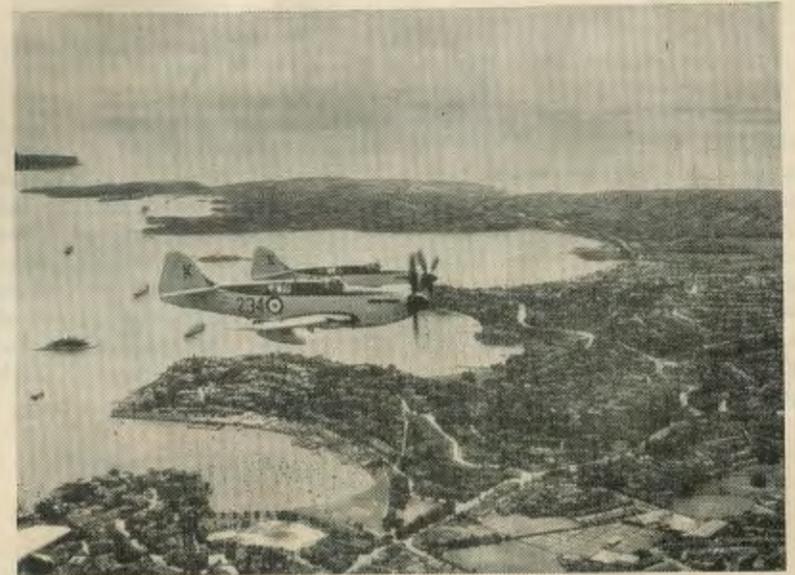
Recruit: Please, Sir, may I query my pay? Oh, but I feel that I must, and it will be too late next year, I think that you made a mistake! . . . but I . . . can't I . . . if I . . . Please don't court martial me, sir, I only thought that you gave me too much! What's that sir? don't worry about the court martial. Oh, thank you.

(Makes exit, looking righteously relieved).

The Leading Writer rises from his stool, unhunches himself, reluctantly closes the massive volume, throws his quill into the dardbord and departs for the nearest hostelry—sneering vigorously!

. . . . Curtain.

—(G.R.R.).



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ing; Petrols — Oils.

Our Hicaps are built **STRONGER** to last **LONGER**.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA, 1661.

From Journal of Edward Barlow, on board His Majesty's 14-Gunship
"Martaine Galley"

"We had but small Christmas cheer, not having Christmas Pie or roast beef, or plum padich and suchlike, I, remembering that the poorest people in all England would have a bit of something that was good, on such a day, and that many beggars would fare much better than we did: For we had nothing but a little bit of Irish beef for four men, which had lain in stinking oil or butter, which was all colours of the rainbow—many men in England greasing their cartwheels with better. Also we had not two or three days to play in or go where we would, as the worst of servants had in England, but as soon as we had ate our large dinner, which was done at three or four mouthfuls, we must work all day afterward, and maybe great part of the night."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

"Let's go and have a look," said Number One.

We opened the door and found about two hundred ratings jammed into the classroom, all listening intently to a lecture by the Chief Pusser. On the Blackboard was the heading:

GOVERNMENT STORES — MISAPPROPRIATION OF

Lesson One: Removal of Government Markings.

We listened for a few minutes while the class were told how to remove serial number from binoculars and the best way to remove the dye from 100 Octane.

After taking notes on some of the more useful tips, Number One led the way over to the Admin. Block.

"You'll see something really interesting here," he said, "A Stoker's running the Commander in for not saluting him."

"Now, I've heard everything," I said, as we entered the main door.

We were only just in time, for as we neared the Commander's Office, I heard a voice saying ". . . and I therefore consider the charge substantiated against him and sentence him to . . ."

But I never discovered what punishment was dished out to the Commander, and I'm not likely to find out until next week.

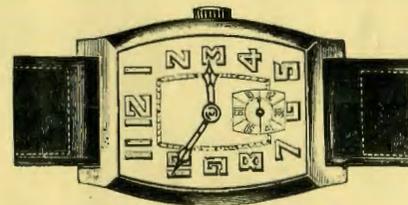
I have another appointment with the Toothwright next Tuesday at 2.30 sharp (four more extractions), and I shall insist on gas again.

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