



SLIPSTREAM



The Journal of H.M.A.S. "Albatross"

No. 11

MARCH, 1958

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“SLIPSTREAM”

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No. 11

MARCH, 1958

EDITOR: Lt. Cdr. Harvey.

SUB. EDITOR: Sub. Lt. Hockley.

SPORTS EDITOR: Sub. Lt. Sheridan.

ART EDITOR: P.O. Edward.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Sub.Lt. Hall.

The month has been notable for the visits of large numbers of important persons and judging by their complimentary remarks they seem to have been impressed by the Station. We have also seen the last of the Sea Furies in their operational role and bid them a sad farewell. We extend a welcome to the new jet-propelled 805 Squadron and wish them the best of fortune.

“SLIPSTREAM” is one year old next month and the next issue will be a birthday number. The present this child would appreciate most is a stack of really first class contributions. Prose, poetry, photographs, drawings, etc., are all needed and do not be disheartened if your effort does not appear immediately. We have an impressive file labelled “Future Copy”, which will be published as soon as space is available. Maximum support, please, for the April “SLIPSTREAM”.

— EDITOR.

FAREWELL THE FURY

The Sea Fury has been a well liked aircraft by the pilots who have been lucky enough to fly it. The old salts say it was not easy to deck land and even the sprogs know it loses some of its appeal after dark, but, if you analyse the various comments, you will find no one is glad to see it go.

Developed from the Tempest towards the end of the last war, the Fury never saw operational service until Korea where it proved its reliability under "maximum effort" conditions. I will not labour the story of the Fury shooting down a M.I.G., because I understand that the pilot responsible was even more surprised than the unfortunate M.I.G. pilot, but a Fury's performance leaves very little to be desired, even today. There has been a certain amount of controversy as to whether it is the fastest single engined piston aircraft in the world, but it is certain that it is right up with the leaders.

The R.A.N. was equipped with Sea Furies in 1949 and 805 Squadron has had a longer association with them than any other Squadron in the R.N. or R.A.N. Speaking to some of the Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers, who came ashore with the Furies nine years ago, I found that they reluctantly admitted that the aircraft has been one of the easiest to maintain. Although originally built as a pure fighter, 805 Squadron has operated it in just about every other role possible, including the glorious Watson Tracking Details. And most people will remember when a certain pilot used one to put a rocket through H.M.N.Z.S. "BELLONA'S" crack whaler just before the regatta.

Since September, last year, when there were sixteen Furies on the Station, their numbers have been steadily reduced, until there are only nine. Two were put down on Currarong Beach to help deplete the total number and the others have either had road accidents or grown too old for further use. The best five were painted silver and red and have recently given aerobatic displays over Melbourne and Sydney and local towns.

The retirement of the Fury has been given considerable space in the press and on the television screen. This fine aircraft has had to go in the name of progress, but I know that all who have been associated with it will not forget.

— J. D. EAGLES.

"I don't know what the enemy thinks of them, but they terrify me."—The Duke of Wellington, after a review of his troops.

After reading a particularly garbled piece of writing on an official paper, Sir Winston Churchill commented, "This is the sort of English up with which I will not put."



Station Personality

No. 11

C. A. F. DENEHY

Chief Airman Fitter (A) John Vincent (Duke of Sydney) Denehy joined the R.A.N.R. on 10th September, 1936, as a Stoker 2nd Class. At this time he was serving his apprenticeship with a Plumbing firm in Granville. As a Stoker 2, our personality did a cruise in H.M.A.S. "Canberra" to Adelaide for the Centenary and also underwent another period of training aboard H.M.A.S. "Swan".

In August, 1939, the call went out to mobilise the R.A.N.R. and Leading Stoker Denehy was called to the colours. For a short period he was in charge of the sentries guarding the oil tanks at Chowder Bay, and he was then drafted to H.M.A.S. "Manoora". "Manoora" served as an Armed Merchant Cruiser which operated in the Pacific and Indian Oceans and was the first ship to fire a hostile shot against the Italians when she sank the S.S. "Romulo", another A.M.C. "Manoora" returned to Townsville with 300 prisoners of war from the Italian ship. During the Duke's period aboard the "Manoora", the ship was responsible for the capture of four enemy tankers.

In 1942, our personality was advanced to Stoker Petty Officer while serving in H.M.A.S. "Wilcannia", an anti-submarine vessel which was credited with sinking a Japanese midget submarine outside Sydney Heads. In 1943, Stoker P.O. Denehy joined H.M.A.S. "Kanimbla" which was later engaged in the landings carried out by the American 7th Fleet in the Philippines and New Guinea. In the Lingayen campaign, P.O. Denehy led a party of Stokers ashore for the purpose of landing gear from L.C.Ms. For this action in the face of enemy fire, he was mentioned in despatches.

When the war ended our personality paid off from the Service but rejoined six months later and was drafted to Darwin. In 1948 he transferred to the Fleet Air Arm and was sent to U.K. to undergo technical courses at R.N. Air Stations Bramcote, Lossiemouth and Yeovilton. While at Lossiemouth, he received the cherished title of the "Duke of Sydney".

On his return from the U.K., P.O.A.F. Denehy was drafted to H.M.A.S. "Albatross" and in January, 1951, was rated Chief Airman Fitter. He served in the Movements Office for 18 months and then went to 816 Squadron which embarked in H.M.A.S. "Sydney" and saw service in Korea and Montebello. After 2½ years in 816, our personality returned to "Albatross", where he now works.

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"MR. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

(H.M.A.S. "MELBOURNE", 23rd March)

The "Melbourne" berthed at Macquarie Wharf, Hobart, at 7 p.m. on 20th February. By 9 o'clock that night, the ship was practically deserted, while a mob of eager sightseers spread to the furthest corners of the city, and set about viewing the sights through the bottoms of many upturned glasses.

A group of sailors spent the evening admiring the tapestries in the bar at the Seaview Hotel, and were told a tall story by one of the inhabitants there. It appears that several years ago, when the first tourist to come from Melbourne arrived in Hobart, he was not impressed by the place. His main complaint was that there was nothing distinctive about it. After all, the people of Melbourne could claim the Yarra as being the only river in the world where the mud flows over the water instead of vice-versa—but what did Hobart have that its people could point to and say—"You only find that in Hobart. That is unique to this city"—?

Disturbed by this criticism, a group of businessmen got together to discuss the problem and decide upon some symbol which they could claim as being peculiar to Hobart, as an attraction for future tourists. As a result, you can go into many hotels in the city today, and watch the barman half-fill your glass with bubbles from a high pressure pipe, and then top this up from a jug of very flat beer which has been standing on the bar for half an hour or so. Thus Hobart can claim to be the only city in the world where you get the froth at the bottom of your beer.

* * * *

After a fairly uneventful trip from Hobart the ship arrived in Sydney on 26th February, and was due to sail again on 5th March. Fortunately however, one of the "plumbers", (a Sydney native), managed to drop his spanner in the works, thus preventing the ship from sailing until the 6th.

* * * *

One day during the visit to Sydney, I happened to be waiting for a tram near that rectangular-shaped bay known as Circular Quay, and noticed some workmen nearby, demolishing a brick wall at the tramshed.

"That looks like fairly new brickwork you're knocking down," I said to one of them.

"It is," he said. "We only finished building it three weeks ago, but the Department decided it was a mistake, because it blocks the way for passengers getting off the trams who want to cross the street."

"Used you to be in the Navy?" I asked him. (He had tattoos on his arms).

"Yes," he said. "I got out in 1949 though."

"Ever thought about joining up again?"

"Who me?" he said. "Not likely! I'd rather be outside, doing something useful."

Quite a lot of relatives and friends came to see the ship off when she left Sydney at 10 a.m. on 6th March, accompanied by the "Quiberon". One Lieutenant Commander walked up the gangway at the last minute carrying a large bunch of flowers. There must be an interesting story behind that.

* * * * *
The ship took seven days from Sydney to Fremantle. During that time the ship's company were given their cholera and T.A.B. injections. As a result of this a new game was developed—You came up behind your friends and bumped them on their vaccinated arm to see how high they would jump. Some impressive standing leaps were achieved in this way, and a couple of sportsmen started taking bets on how high various people would go. However, all records were beaten by a Chief P.O., who reached a height of eight feet on hearing that there was to be a beer issue that night.

* * * * *
Apart from a parade through Perth of four hundred men and the bands of "Melbourne" and "Sydney", the four-day stay in Fremantle was a fairly quiet one. Most people seemed to be saving their money for Singapore and Hong Kong. We are one day from Singapore at present, and sweltering.

— GULLIVER.

THOUGHTS THOUGHT WHILST SITTING THINKING

I must go down to the steel again,
To the heaving pitching steel.
I must go out and try my hand
To see if it's all real.

I must attempt to keep my speed
Two knots above the stall,
I must go round and round and round
And have myself a ball.

I must keep out of the quarterdeck
And stay above the water,
My tendency will be high and fast
Though I shouldn't bloody orter.

I must remember to drop my hook
And watch the yellow line,
And as long as I don't fly at night
She'll be pretty bloody finc.

I must remember to watch my fuel
And always fly in the light,
I must remember to drink with WINGS
And say "owyerгойmateorright?"

— NINO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I would appreciate a small space in your columns for the purpose of drawing the attention of anyone interested in Light and Classical Music to the fact that the 1958 season has commenced. Any persons interested may obtain details from Lieutenant Commander McCrow, Extension 428.

"MAC".

Dear Sir,

It makes me much happy to know that Australia boy is coming again to Hong Kong. For years I have love Australia boy with big muscles, brown skin and much thirsty. He is very kind and he laughs always, always too he is drunk and also hungry.

When he goes I am sorry. I cry for two days; my heart pain like my head. He say "so long you ole bat, don't conk out before I get back," and it makes me so happy I cry.

"SUSIE WONG".

H.M.A.S. "ALBATROSS" TODAY

A good deal has been heard of the history of the old "Albatross", but how many know what finally happened to this well found ship?

In 1950, the S.S. "Hellenic Prince" entered Sydney Harbour. Old Naval and Dockyard men recognised her as the original "Albatross" despite her white paint, truncated foremast and lifeboats on the seaplane deck. The ship was sold by the Admiralty in 1946 for £35,000. Plans to convert her into a 300 passenger cruise liner fell through and it was then decided to make her a floating Cabaret at Torquay. Before this plan matured however, a Greco-British concern, the Yannoulatos group offered about £200,000 for her and the offer was accepted. A further £200,000 was spent converting the ship into a modern migrant ship and she was renamed "Hellenic Prince" as the deal was completed on the day Prince Charles, son of the Queen and Prince Philip of Greece and Denmark, was born.

"Hellenic Prince" carries 600 migrants under extremely comfortable conditions. She is air conditioned throughout, has a luxurious dining hall seating 560, a cinema and three fully staffed sick bays. It is claimed by her owners that she is the ideal migrant ship, and she has made many trips in this role both to Australia and other parts of the world.

—Leading Airman W. BOYD.



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AROUND THE STATION



Sub Lieutenant Springett adjusts Admiral Sir Gerald Gladstone's Mae West before a helicopter flight over Jervis Bay. Lieutenant Ignatieff and Leading Airman Leslie are the others in the photograph.

* * * * *

It is regretted that the Station was visited by only three Admirals this month, instead of the four predicted in February's "Slipstream". The members of the Industrial Mobilisation Course had some nice things to say about the Station and seemed to enjoy their visit. It was unfortunate that Admiral Gladstone's visit came on the heels of the heavy rain, when the paspalum jungle was only partly felled; nevertheless, he was impressed and the visit to Nowra was reported to be the best organised of his tour so far. We have been obliged to go to press somewhat earlier than usual this month and cannot report on F.O.I.C.E.A.'s stay at the Air Station.

* * * * *

Jimmy is clearly wrapped up in this extra pay for sea time. He has another boat on the slips and is beginning to be known in certain quarters as C-in-C Moonee Creek.

* * * * *

The Signal Officer may have expected his pumpkins to be attacked by various pests but we are willing to bet big money that he never thought of elephants. However, he awoke latish one Saturday morning to see three sinister grey trunks disappearing over his fence with the last of his pumpkin vines.

It has been suggested that the next Station tug of war team consist of Stores ratings using Pusser's rope. The other side would have no chance of getting it away from them without a 156.

* * * *

A new comer to bee-keeping is Mechanician Rashbrooke. He was advised by an expert (no names, but his initials spell PATCH) to keep his eye on the bees. Either he or the bee messed up the drill; the bee was on the eye. Mechanician Rashbrooke took a very one-eyed view of things the following day and it is reported that he only mustered half the hands.

* * * *

The mossies around the Station at present are bigger than ever. We are told that during night flying recently one landed outside 363 Hangar and the refueller pumped 100 gallons of AVGAS into it before the mistake was noticed.

* * * *

The recent visit of the Director of W.R.A.N.S. will have set hopeful tongues wagging again. Rumours have been reinforced by a report that the new accommodation building is being fitted with four inch bars on the windows and blast proof doors. We hate to disillusion anyone, but this is a replica of the buzz which was going around the Station in 1951.

* * * *

The Tubby Subby, who seems unable to keep out of the news, has been terrorising the Station again. A Pusser's utility is said, in his hands, to be virtually a lethal weapon and his staff live in constant dread of being called upon to ride with him.

* * * *

Charlie Morris's press agent must have been working overtime. He managed to bribe the papers into doing a half page on the man early this month.

* * * *

MORE HINTS FOR INTERPRETERS:

Voici l'Anglais avec sang froid habituel—Here come the Englishman with his usual bloody cold.

THEY WERE THERE LAST TIME

He said, "We're going prawning next week, Sir, would you like to come?"

I thought of my last prawning experience, 20 years ago in a small boat with a tiny hand net, a kerosene lamp, and a nice bit of homework alongside me, and replied in the affirmative.

"Do you get many?" I queried. "Do we get many," he said, "last time we went out we filled a four gallon kerosene tin in half an hour."

Now in any one's language that's a lot of prawns, apart from those who catch them, so my mouth was already beginning to water.

I rapidly worked out my share of the catch—enough for the family for the week-end, a couple of pounds for the next door neighbour, and a visit from the Health Inspector in search of the smell.

With enthusiasm I said "name the time and date chum, and the number of bottles required?" "Sir," he said with an injured air, "The Barbecue is the week after."

So, with the sun beating a hasty retreat on our starboard quarter, six of us in two cars, loaded with mysterious paraphernalia, made a smart get away.

By the time we got somewhere near where we were supposed to get it was completely dark.

"You know the way Charlie, don't you?" someone said, "because you're the one who found it last time."

"Yeah, that's right," said Charlie, "we turn left here, then a mile along the rough track, then turn right at the big log, and we're on the beach."

Well, for the next hour we covered every track leading in and out from Nowra to St. George's Basin, Shellharbour and Sussex Inlet.

The night was dark, and the air was blue. I've been brought up in a tough school, but I've never heard such exquisite metaphors and adjectives before and even our unfortunate guide must have wondered who his father was.

At last with a shout, three cheers and a couple of "I told you so's", we made the spot and the smell of the briny was in our nostrils.

"Come on lads, unpack, and let's get at 'em," someone said,—"even in your bare skin you'll get a sweat up hauling them in."

At this remark my hopes soared and I was momentarily wafted away, as it were, on a bed of prawns—and I could almost smell them.

We dragged out the nets from the car, Seine nets they called them—with insane users. Someone disappeared into the darkness with an axe, but soon reappeared with two poles about 6 ft. long.

"What do you do with those?" I asked. There was a period of deadly silence, then loud guffaws, but I ignored the comments which followed.

We rigged the poles to the net, and holding it upright like a five barred gate, waded out into the briny.

We had to keep talking because in the dark when speech became a gurgle, we knew the water was getting a little too deep.

After dragging the contraption along the bottom for about half a mile, someone said, "Come on lads, I can see the prawns jumping,—it must be full by now, let's go back and empty 'em in the box." This, by the way was as big as a packing case—nothing like being optimistic.

I said—"Looks to me as though they're all jumping out"—but how would I know—I'm only a new chum at this game.

We reached dry land at last, tugging away like Volga Boatmen in reverse, and emptied our catch—seven of 'em.



Our Spirits sank.

Someone said: "We were hauling them in by the bucket-ful last week"—the same old story I thought.

Well, to cut a long story short, after two hour's hard work and strong language and another two hour's mending the escape holes, we called it a day.

Will I go prawning again?

In the words of "My Fair Lady"—not b----- likely.

Around the Village . . .

Greetings to the newly elected members of the Village Welfare Association. Information on our meetings will come to you monthly through these articles. Here is a summary of the first meeting:

Suggestion Box:

This will appear shortly in the Village Store. Please make full use of it.

Doctor's Receptionists:

The receptionists are: Dr. Roberts, _____; Dr. Ryan, Mrs. Murrell; Dr. Kingston, Mrs. McCrow.

This job is unpaid and the Village residents wish to thank these ladies for their excellent work. Please help them by keeping the hall tidy.

Parks and Gardens:

Commander Purvis is chairman of this committee which plans to buy plants and tools, including a Victa mower, which will be hired out to the Villagers. See the Notice Board for details. There will be a garden competition next month. Start preparing now.

Bus Stop Seats:

Failing the supply of seats, stools have been obtained as a stop gap. Volunteers are required to cement them in. Contact Leading Airman Murrell at 15 Waterhen St., or ring Ext. 550.

GOLF:

Ladies may play every afternoon, except Wednesday, until 4 p.m. After 4 p.m. only if accompanied by husbands.

Watch for the Grand Opening of the Community Centre. Any suggestions for making the occasion a success will be gratefully received by the Committee.

R. MURRELL,

Hon. Secretary Village Welfare Association.

The Village Super Market had its grand opening on Tuesday, 18th, with specials for the ladies and ice creams, which were kindly donated by Mr. Flintoff, for the children.

We would like to forward our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Flintoff on the opening of the new shop and to thank them for the work and time that they have put in to make this Super Market possible; it is certainly a step in the right direction for the Village supporters.

* * * *

It is good to see a few more ladies turning up to divisions. Those that do come quite enjoy the afternoon out, so if you have not yet attended why not come along to the next divisions and bring the children, they get a big kick out of it.

* * * *

Congratulation to the following Mum's and Dad's:—

Girls to—Mrs. V. Smith, Mrs. P. Smith and Mrs. Wright.

Boy to—Mrs. Cooper.

* * * *

If any of the ladies are interested in forming a Social Club, for the nights their husbands are night flying or duty, please contact 26 Bedford Street.

Cars of Distinction



The vehicle whose mangled corpse appears above has been distinguished not by years or honours, but by downright ill luck. When Sub Lieutenant Chalmers bought this trim Standard Cadet brand new in 1955, he can have had no premonition that fate was hovering over it with its largest sledge hammer.

All went well for 12 months until Sub Lieutenant Chalmers happened to be cruising down Nowra Hill minding his own business. He applied the brakes at a corner in accordance with the drill book; nothing happened and the car wrapped itself quietly but determinedly round a post. Dents and things were straightened out at immense cost and the indomitable Chalmers set off again.

Six months later, the car was being driven along the Braidwood road at the usual 30 m.p.h. when it inexplicably performed a slow roll to starboard. The time was 2359, the weather was clear and there was not a wallaby in sight. Sub Lieutenant Chalmers is still at a loss to explain how it all happened.

Almost a year went by before Nemesis struck again. A Sea Fury driven by a pilot keeping his hand in (someone unkindly remarked that he had heard a buzz about an increase in flying pay) executed a sharp turn to port when passing the Control Tower. Without a moments hesitation, the Fury singled out the Standard in the A.T.C. park, collected it neatly between its oleos and reparked it firmly against the Emergency Generator building. Quick thinking on the part of the Fury, since the car acted as an excellent buffer between the aircraft and the building and after all what is a £900 Standard beside a £30,000 Sea Fury? Sub Lieutenant Chalmers, who witnessed the whole thing from the Control Tower, could not see it this way, but everyone else agreed that the Fury made a wise decision.

The car is badly wounded with a twisted chassis and an engine four inches farther back than in ought to be. Nevertheless it is expected that it will be mended and come back for more. The Insurance Company, who must reckon that this is the poorest risk they ever took on, appear to be resigned to the fact that once more they will have to pay up.

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Game Fishing Club — An Adventure By Sea



R.E.M. Boyd, Lt. Cdr. Thrum, R.E.M. Dundas, Lt. Cdr. Seed,
and C.A.A. Turner with the "Bob Dyer Trophy".



One Thursday morning last month, at 0500, AWB 436, the Game Fishing Club boat, sailed from Jervis Bay for Port Stephens for the annual competition between the Sydney Game Fishing Club and the Newcastle and Port Stephens G. F. C. The crew consisted of Lieutenant Commanders Thrum and Seed, C.A.A. Turner and R.E.M.s Boyd and Dundas, the boat was shipshape and more or less habitable and the weather was clear. After a smooth passage with a stop at Balmoral to refuel, Port Stephens was reached at 0700 the following day.

Our first visitor was Bob Dyer's boatman, closely followed by Bob himself and the Secretary and President of the S.G.F.C. and "Four Three Six" was made very welcome. The competition was to be held over two week-ends with trophies for the largest game fish, marlin and shark and a points score based on the weight of fish caught against the breaking strain of the line.

On the first week-end the water was as fiat as a bowling green and we had no luck. On the Sunday we cruised some twenty miles, saw some gay, handsome dolphins and eight seals, but caught nothing. Monday was spent scrubbing out and Boyd and Dundas tried water skiing in the dog watches. Tuesday was Ladies' Day and Fred Foll, the President of the N. and P.S.G.F.C., brought along Mrs. E. Thornton. Mrs. Thornton soon boated an 86 lb. Blue Marlin, for which a claim for an Australian Women's Record has been entered, and Boyd caught

a 12 lb. Yellow Fin Tuna. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday brought no luck but on the second Saturday we set out with high hopes.

We set course for South America, found blue water and altered course north at about 0930. Soon afterwards, Lieutenant Commander Seed spotted a Marlin gliding through the water astern of the baits. Lieutenant Commander Thrum manned the 50 lb. line and C.A.A. Turner took the 30 lb. line. After what seemed an eon of time, the Marlin grabbed the 50 lb. line and the fight was on. It lasted ten minutes and he did everything expected of a young 76 lb. fish — jumped, ran shook his beak, but the crew jubilantly hoisted him inboard.

No more for us that day. Piranha had a 764 lb. Tiger Shark and Bob Dyer in Tennessee II caught a world record 1164 lb. Tiger on an 80 lb. line.

Sunday blew a southerly and hard but we found blue water and a few boats came out to join us. Piranha got a 264 lb. Black Whaler Shark but our only result was a lost strike. That night "Four Three Six" was presented with the Bob Dyer Trophy for the heaviest Marlin boated during the competition. In fact it was the only Marlin, but eight others were caught during non-competition days. Our placing was sixth out of twenty five boats, and we felt well satisfied considering our inexperience.

The wind was too strong for a start to be made on Sunday night, but on Monday we set out in company with Piranha and Warrawi, and after a passage that was rough at first, we reached Jervis Bay at 1900 on Tuesday.

We learnt a lot, made some good friends and returned determined to do better in the virtually untouched fishing grounds in and around Jervis Bay.

WINTERBOTTOM'S PIGSTY VIEW

When I look through the wire of my pen,
I reflect on the queer ways of men.
For they act in a manner most odd,
And in fact, they are all a weird mob !

They've no feathers or wing,
Yet they climb in those things
That make such a hideous sound;
And scream into the sky,
I just cannot think why,
When it's quiet and so nice on the ground.

Now I wallow and eat, and I walk on my feet —
If men did the same they'd find a treat,
And see that it's all quite absurd
To try and go round like a bird !

— "HOGPEN MASH".

UNCLE JOSS'S COLUMN

Dear Uncle Joss,

I got my first badge the other day and my girl thinks I've been made a Sub-Lieutenant, and I haven't had the heart to tell her different. She's heard the officers are having a big party soon and keeps asking me why I haven't invited her. What should I do?

Yours worriedly, "FAINTHEART".

Go ahead and invite her. If half I hear of these Ward-room "dos" is correct, she'll be right once she gets inside the door.

* * * *

Dear Uncle Joss,

About that eighteen that accidently rolled down to the scrap dump after the Chief's dance. Me and the boys had no trouble with the beer, but can you tell us what to do with the empty keg?

Yours, "TOOHEYS TRAINED".

Certainly, but not in this column.

* * * *

Dear Uncle Joss,

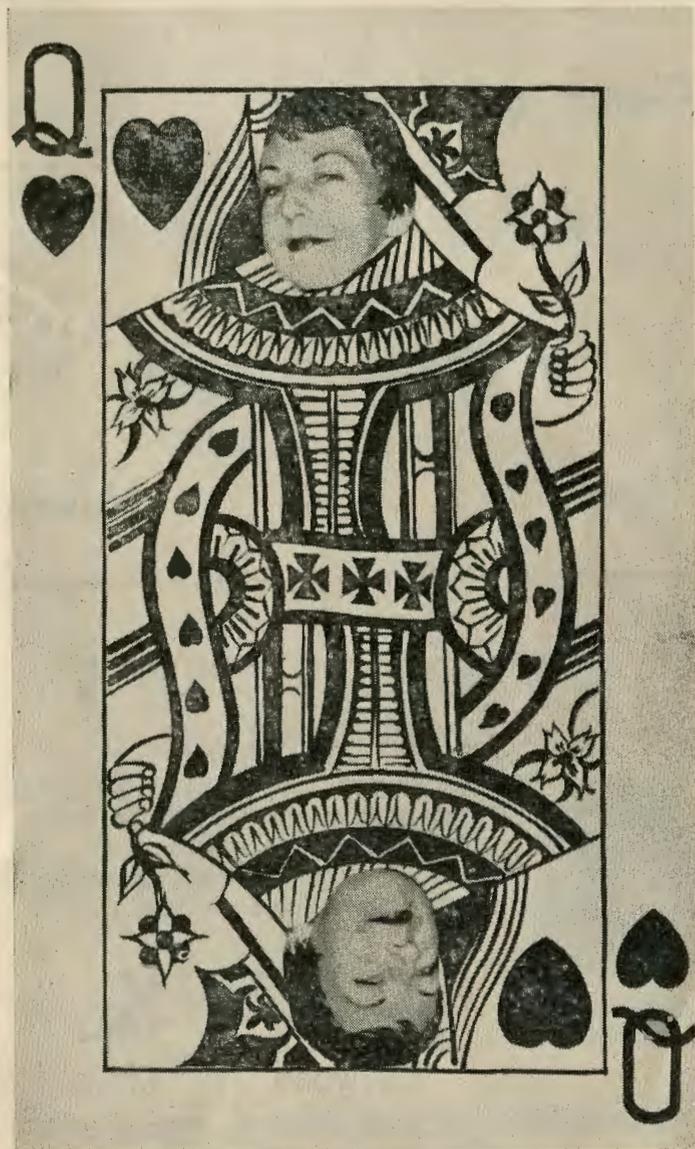
When I was in Hong Kong, I met a young lady who was sort of Chinese, but very European in every other way. Since I've been back I've found that Australian girls aren't quite the same somehow and I thought of getting her to come down but it seems the Immigration people are narrow minded about it. Can you help?

Yours in hope, "WANCHAI WAL".

I can indeed. I happen to be on draft myself, so just send along your friend's address and all that sort of thing and in six months' time the whole thing will be sorted out.

* * * *

Any problems? Any little nagging worries? Then just send them along to kindly old Uncle Joss. He'll soon straighten you out.



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Ball Race

With the water lapping round the office as I write these words, thoughts drift towards the aquatic diversion, which is due to take place on the date of issue of the magazine. One wonders how those of our acquaintances regularly conditioned to amphibious operations will perform under competitive conditions. For example, Blackie and his mate should form a perfect team, having after every shower of rain been forced to practise their bestest breast stroke twixt the fire and the anvil. The occupants of 366 hangar should also be in form, although lack of the usual sewerage content in the water may put them off their stride. Should the generator and scanner boys pull it off again, I can only assume that their air conditioned palaces are not as watertight as I had been led to believe.

THE LINE —

Overheard the aerobatic team of 805 Squadron singing their signature tune "Too close for comfort".

We were very sorry, in some ways, to see 805 reforming, but we will have Gunnedah to remind us of "Happy Fury Days". Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a ton of birdseed, please contact C.A.A. Basford on 542. He has been appointed C.A.A. in charge of birds.

L. T. M. U. —

The L.T.M.U. has been busily engaged in spraying five Sea Furies silver, in preparation for their final aerobatic displays. The Prof. had to add so many red flashes and things that we now feel that it would have been easier to spray the aircraft red and add the silver afterwards.

It is believed that the bearded gentleman from L.T.M.U. will no longer be available as Best Man — he did not get his picture in the paper at the last wedding. STOP PRESS — He's best man again at Easter — just to try the Melbourne papers.

SALVAGE —

We move them here,
We move them there,
We move those write-offs everywhere;
Are they in E Hangar
Or are they in F?
To all entreaties Chief is deaf;
So please won't someone hatch a plot
To accidentally burn the lot.

A variety of jobs has fallen to the Salvage Section lately to break the monotony of "picking up fallen angels". Two dead pigs (high) were loaded from Jimmy's Hobby Shop; a mangled Standard car was removed from the A.T.C. Park (also the offending Fury) and a grass mowing service has been established which is seriously threatening the services controlled by Commander (Air) and the Jimmy.

GRANNY'S STUFF —

Granny wishes to state that she has abandoned her attacks on ratings and now takes on the role of amateur philosopher.

—How to enjoy a Grouch—

1. Fall out of bed and be sure it is from the wrong side. Do this daily.
2. Don't bother to say good morning to anyone. If it is mentioned to you, state that it is not your fault.
3. Avoid all people who smile. They are laughing at you, but never mind, you'll get even one day.
4. Eat all food which disagrees with you. It will probably give you insomnia. In this way, you can be sure that you will be all set for tomorrow's grouch.
5. Go to bed with the resolution that, no matter what cheerfulness you have allowed to creep in during the day, you will start the next day with more firmness — no sunshine must be allowed to creep in.

The most cheerful pessimist known is the invalid who said he'd die laughing if he got well.

It has been said that thirty three persons are required for the proper functioning of a motor car. One to drive it, two to give advice, two to oil and grease it and to remove tools, four to step in front of it, two to devise means of speeding it up and four to devise means of slowing it down. One to draw pictures in the dust on the back, one to direct traffic round it, fifteen to lean their bicycles on it at traffic stops and one to fail to understand what's come over everybody nowadays.

FROM SOMEONE OR OTHER, WHO APOLOGISES TO LITTLE "F"

Three little hydrants with nothing to do,
Along came a bowser and then there were two.
Two little hydrants unable to run,
Along came a bowser and then there was one.
One little hydrant sitting in the sun,
Bowser came along and then there were none.
No little hydrants sitting on the Line,
Bowser driver's got the sack —
Everything's fine.

"She looked so cool and alluring sitting there in the seaweed."
Come and see

"MIRANDA"

Presented by the NOWRA PLAYERS, at the
School of Arts, Tomorrow, Friday, 28th March,
at 8 p.m.

Tickets from
L. E. SEYFFER, Jeweller, Junction Street, or at the door.
ADULTS 5/- — CHILDREN 2/6



"PRETTY GOOD FIT I'D SAY, SIR."

— Pussers Page —

Although beset by a combination of Admirals, V.I.P.'s. and flood weather the branch has maintained its well-known bright and cheerful disposition. There's still no dividend from the "Allison Wonderland" Committee, but we have hopes for better news next month.

— R. S.

COOKS (O) AND STEWARDS —

The Wardroom Staff are to be congratulated on their very fine sporting achievements during the last few weeks. They formed the main part of the Supply Athletics team (which came fourth) and particular credit is due to Steward DITTON, who came second in the Shot Put, and to Steward BRADY, who ran strongly in the mile, 880 yards, 440 yards and medley relay. Three members of the Division were selected for the Inter-Service swimming held in Sydney. They were Leading Cook (O) TOMLIN, Leading Cook (O) MANCER, and Steward DITTON. Although none of them was required to swim they all did very well to be selected as reserves.

The Cooks (O) are commended on producing an excellent dinner for the Industrial Symposium on Tuesday, 6th March, considering the present difficulties with the Galley. Doubtless the Staff are looking forward to moving back into the Wardroom Galley in April—presumably the Chiefs and P.O.'s. are looking forward to them moving out!

Congratulations to Leading Steward and Mrs. Smith on the birth of their second daughter on 6th March.

WRITERS —

This month has little of value in the way of news-stories of week-ends in Sydney, nights in Nowra and celebrations in the Canteen.

There is no truth in the rumour that a separate division is going to be formed in the Branch for those borne for sporting duties only. The motto will continue to be "Work before leisure—noses to the grindstone and shoulders to the wheel forever".

The efforts of the Allison committee studying Service pay and conditions continue to be noticed. Will there be an increase in all rates of pay to correspond with that given to the under age recruits? Continue to watch this column for startling announcements.

COOKS (S) —

Who was the Leading Cook we saw filling the Sub Lieutenant (Regulating) with beers in a Nowra hostelry? Seems that conscience follows him everywhere.

Reference Captain's Temporary Memorandum 16/58, we wish to know if the Branch referred to consist of Cockroaches, Crockery, or, as we suspect, Culinary Specialists. (C.T.M. 16/58 called for quarterly recommendations for the "Cokkery" Branch).

S. A's. (S) —

Drafting has been so fast and furious this month that Nobby Hall has given up even trying to keep track of it. One thing he knows with certainty—he hasn't got enough hands. Brian Haron received a nasty shock a week or so ago, but Manning saw reason at the last minute.

One who has grown grey in the Stores branch maintains that after having inspected the latest consignment of Fear-nought, the description should be altered to Slightly Afraid.

S. A's. (V) —

Too busy to write this month, but look at the food they lay on. You can't have everything.

SPORT —

Very good effort by the Supply Division at the Annual Sports. Old racecourse hands reckon our illustrious leader was robbed of certain victory in the Veterans' Race by being brought down in the first twenty yards.

We all hope for even greater things in the Swimming Sports this afternoon.



IF YOU EAT LIKE A
LION, YOU'LL LOVE

**BARON'S BEAUT
BURGERS**

Choicest Cuts Only—
From Stock Bred On
The Station.

THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

MEAL PRAYER

Not long ago I heard of a young mother who had a little girl about eight years old. Mother had quite a time teaching this daughter to say her meal prayers. One day she decided to give her girl an impressive lesson. The next tramp who knocked at the kitchen door for something to eat, she instructed to sit down to a meal, but to get up from the table and walk off without a word of thanks.

The hungry man bolted the food, got up, and left without a word of thanks. The little girl was shocked at such impoliteness. She complained: "Mother, don't ever give that ugly man another bite to eat. Why, he didn't even say 'thank you'."

When the mother told her daughter that was just what she was doing when she left the table or sat down to eat, without saying a prayer of thanks to Almighty God—the little girl realised how ungrateful and impolite she had been to God.

Meal Prayer, or Grace before and after meals, seems to be a trifling topic to write about, but it is timely. Especially when we realise that so many never say a word of thanks when they eat. The Gospel tells us that our Lord gave thanks to His Heavenly Father for the loaves and fishes. Our Lord said a Meal Prayer. It is not a sin to omit your Meal Prayer, but it is wrong never to say a Prayer at meals. For many that is the only time they would pray during the entire day. That is why it is important.

— CHAPLAIN L. T. BRESLAN.

"WHY GOOD FRIDAY?"

Most people know that the event commemorated every Good Friday was not a very pleasant affair. It was the death—it could be called the judicial murder—of a fine courageous young man, who dared to speak the truth. You might say that what came to him was only what has been the fate of many other good men who have been courageous enough to speak the truth, "never mind what".

Why commemorate this particular little tragedy for 1900 years, and why on earth call it GOOD Friday?

The answer depends on what, or who, you think Jesus Christ really was. If you take seriously his own claim to be God—God "scaled down" of course to match this planet, but none the less genuinely God and a real human being at the same time—then you can't regard it as a nasty little incident that happened ages ago; it rather changes your view of God. Conscience sometimes paints God as an angry Judge, and to a good many people he remains a shadowy remote power apparently indifferent to

this world's sufferings. You cannot think of the Power behind the Universe in that way, however, when you decide that in the Galilean God paid a personal visit to the planet. He made to exhibit his character in a way that men can understand, and allowed Himself even to become the target of evil, to suffer and die for man's sake. Those who think God did this almost incredible thing call it Good Friday because only an extremely good God could do a thing like that. The men who believe in Him can't forget the kind of Person such an act reveals. That's why they call it GOOD Friday.

To assist you to grasp the truth and significance of this event a special series of 15 minute devotionals will be held in St. Nicholas Church at 1900 commencing on Monday, 31st March, leading up to the Good Friday Service on 4th April.

— CHAPLAIN J. A. WILLSON, R.A.N.

OF DAYS THAT WERE OURS

Of the days that were ours,
In the years that are gone;
Remembering the past
And a love that was born.

Precious are thoughts
That memory brings,
Kindled with age
And trivial things.

Of names and places
Though far I may roam;
There springs to my mind
A vision of home.

As it often appears
In vaporous gleams,
A red-roofed cottage,
Disturbing my dreams.

— IAIN HUTCHISON.

CLASSIFIED ADDS

FOR SALE—Available end May, or by arrangement, 1946
OLDSMOBILE, good condition. 1, 8-Gallon Lango Electric
Clothes Boiler 1 year's use. 1, Double Mosquito Net, as new. 1,
"Little Nipper" H.M.V. Mantle Radio, as new, 2 years old. 1,
Double Stroller by Silver Cross, good condition. Apply: Lt. Cdr.
Andrew, S.A.M. (E), Ext. 461.

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SPORTING NOTES

ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

A very successful and enjoyable sports day was held in pleasant weather conditions on the Station last month. The full programme included events for the Ship's Company's families, who, in true gymkhana spirit, filled the novelty items which ranged from toddlers races to ladies' sack races. Afternoon tea was served in the Cinema throughout the afternoon — this amenity was much appreciated by the womenfolk in particular.

The antics of some competitors in the gruelling interpart obstacle race, especially when mounting the slippery wall, brought tears of laughter to the eyes of competitors and spectators alike. It is reported that the skirmishing party clearing up next day collected at least two buckets of skin which was left on the field after the race.

The field events were dominated again this year by L.E.M. Kelly, who, in addition to gaining the champion athlete "Victor Ludorum" trophy, was also awarded the Lieutenant Wyatt Memorial Trophy for the best in the high jump. R.E.M. Hayes surprised by his good day's showing. The tug of war, which kept people on their toes with excitement, was won by S.A.M.E. from Eng./Ordnance. Most of this winning team constituted the inter service tug of war team in the middle of this month. The Division to win highest aggregate points at the meeting was the Electrical division.

1958 INTERSERVICES SPORTS

The 1958 series, concluded recently at Moorebank Army Camp, was won by the R.A.A.F. with 207 points from ARMY 173 points and NAVY 160 points.

The field events brought up many points in Navy's favour by wins in the Shot Put, Javelin Throw, Discus Throw, High Jump, and seconds in the Hurdles and the Mile. Navy did not fare too well in the track events, however. Bad take-over of the baton cost us the mile medley relay and the 4 x 100 yards relay, though it should be stated that no "Albatross" runner was at fault in this regard. Indeed, "Albatross" representatives acquitted themselves very well. L.E.M. Kelly, S/Lt. Elliott, L.E.M. Batchelor, N/A. Hoskins, R.E.M. Hayes and Std. Ditton added quite some points to Navy's score. Other results for Navy were firsts in golf and water polo and seconds in basketball, boxing, cricket, swimming and diving.

Performances worth noting in the boxing were two wins each for L.E.M. Smith, N/A. Pengilly and N/A. Collings. The Legacy Cup for proficiency and fairness was won by L.E.M. Smith. Approximately 80 "Albatross" personnel represented our Service in the Sports. It is possible that next year, with Navy as the host service, the sports will be staged either at Nowra or Nirimba.

INTER DIVISIONAL ACTIVITIES

The tennis interpart grand-final was won early this month by the Petty Officers defeating Chief P.O.'s. Both teams were not up to normal strength owing to members competing at Moorebank. P.O. Bertram, however, is very pleased with the result; P.O.'s won it last year also. The Petty Officer's cricket team is at present contesting the interpart cricket final against the Eng/Ordnance division. The winners of this match are meeting the Officers in the grand-final. Last year Officers were defeated in the grand-final by S.A.M.E.

The interpart swimming and water polo comp. has been a hard fought series; the grand-final water polo match being played at the annual swimming carnival to-day, 27th March.

It should be noted that except for the senior divisional member all Officers, Chiefs and Petty Officers must play for their messes.

RUGBY LEAGUE AND UNION

"Albatross" has again entered a league team in each of the "A" Grade and Reserve Grade competitions. "Albatross" last year won the Reserve Grade Premiership. The league teams have already had trial matches against Nowra in preparation for the first fixture matches on April 12th. The Dempster Cup Union team, although trials have not yet been played, is steadily getting fit with gym. workouts and field training.

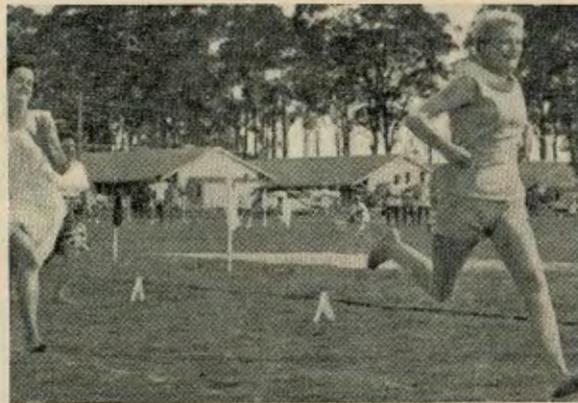
I. ZINGARI CRICKET SHIELD

"Albatross" cricket team is to be congratulated in being in the position that she cannot fail to be presented with the trophy. The winner has not yet been officially announced, but, the fact is that "Albatross", 85 competition points, and "Penguin", 71 points, cannot be shuffled to show a win for any team other than "Albatross".

SHOALHAVEN DISTRICT CRICKET

The Station side was not as successful in this competition as had been first thought early in the season. Nevertheless, it being a purely week-end comp., "Albatross" probably didn't just have the little bit of luck to enable the team to reach the semi-finals. The Station finds very little difficulty in maintaining a strong week-day side, but the effect of week-ends with libertymen away is reflected in the results of district matches. However, with cricket being always an unknown quantity, "Albatross" side staged good finishes in its last three matches by defeating the minor premiers, Nowra Warriors, and semi-finalists, Kangaroo Valley.

As a result of their performances during the season N/A. McWhinney and N/A. Beutel were selected in the Shoalhaven district side to compete in the inter-district comp.



Mrs. Radley winning the Ladies' Race at the Annual Sports.

"ALBATROSS" GOLF CLUB

R.E.L. Fisher, who won both his matches in the inter-services golf competition, followed this up with more impressive play by winning the Open Four Ball comp at Ryde - Parramatta in partnership with P.O. Royson of H.M.A.S. "Watson".

The Shoalhaven Cup was played for on Saturday, 16th March, and once again "Albatross" clubman, Tel. Brown, turned on some superb golf. He returned a 70 - 75, which gave him a nett 133. This gave him the best 36 Scratch Score; the best 36 Handicap Score; the best Morning Handicap Round and the best Afternoon Scratch Round. However, due to the rules, Brown could take out only one prize and was awarded the coveted Shoalhaven Golf Cup.

The first match of the season against Nowra will soon be on, so intending players (16 in number) please nominate with our secretary before the list closes.

The club would like to congratulate L.E.M. Kelly, R.E.L. Fisher, S/Lt. Wilson, N/A. Banks-Smith and Tel. Brown for their inclusion in the recent Interservices Golf competition, which Navy won for the second consecutive years.

GARDENING NOTES

I used to love my garden,
But now my love is dead;
Since I found a Bachelor's Button
In Black Eyed Susan's bed.

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JUST A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

"A Treasure of Immortal Performances" — Enrico Caruso — 12", 33 1/3 R.P.M.	57/6
"Operatic Highlights" — Richard Tucker — 12", 33 1/3 R.P.M.	57/6
"1938 Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert" — Benny Goodman — Two records	£4/12/0
"Mr. Emotion" — Johnnie Ray — 7", 45 R.P.M., Extended Play	15/-
"Calypso" — Harry Belafonte — 12", 33 1/3 R.P.M.	52/6
"Thursday's Child" — Eartha Kit — 12", 33 1/3 R.P.M.	52/6

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NOWRA HILL SCHOOL P. & C. ASSN.

At the Village School P. and C. Association Annual General Meeting, held at the School on the night of Thursday, 13th March, the following office bearers were elected:—

PRESIDENT — Mrs. V. A. Smith.

VICE-PRESIDENTS — Lt. Cdr. J. Dallaway and Mrs. J. Simpson.

TREASURER — Mrs. L. Learmount.

SECRETARY — Instr. Cdr. R. Fennessy.

The President, Mrs. Smith, read a comprehensive report on the previous year's activities, and thanked the parents for their willing co-operation in making the year's activities, highlighted by the School Fete, so very successful.

The Treasurer, Mrs. Learmount, presented the Annual Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts, which showed a healthy Credit Balance with which to begin the coming year.

THE VILLAGE SUPER MARKET

The Village Store has now been converted to a self-service supermarket. "Specials" will be on sale so watch for them. A review of prices is being carried out and these will be kept as low as possible.

Customers are reminded that credit is available, all accounts to be paid fortnightly.

Commonwealth Savings Banks and full Post Office facilities are available at the Store.

R. SHARP, Business Manager.

APRIL'S SLIPSTREAM —

The "FIRST BIRTHDAY" number will be a special issue. Many extra features, including competitions, cash prizes, etc.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY OF THE WHITE ENSIGN
CLUB, announce...

That a **CONCERT** will be held at the end of
May to raise funds for additional amenities
for the Club.

Stage Talent is urgently required for this production. Previous
experience not essential.

Contact MRS. SMITH, Ext. 202, Commander's Office.

ALSO A
"BRING AND BUY A HAT SALE"

at 2 p.m., on WEDNESDAY, 16th APRIL, 1958
at the WHITE ENSIGN CLUB

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The Wedgewood Gift Shop

Cedar Furniture and Lovely Gifts

AND

The Shoalhaven Piano Service



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All Musical Instruments.
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PHONE 653

A LAMENT ...



What have I done to deserve it?
Why am I treated this way?
In view of the things that have happened,
My good luck has run out—I'd say!

Caught taking a nap in the messdeck
Is enough to make anyone curse,
But as I am duty this week-end,
I doubt if my lot could be worse!

On Captain's defaulters tomorrow,
I'll get stoppage of leave that's for sure,
So when I have finished the week-end
I still won't be going ashore!

What a wearying, worrying morning
I've been through; you see what I mean?
If only the Jossman and Captain
Could realise the trouble they've been!

— J. E.

OUTDOORS ...

Disown the cities and towns,
Come live with honest pleasure.
Discard those office frowns,
And seek some tangible treasure.
Through the bushlands and the meadow,
In the farms and by the streams,
There you'll find the charms
Of life's most precious dreams.

— IAIN HUTCHISON.

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ESPRESSO COFFEE LOUNGE

KINGHORN STREET, NOWRA

Specialising in late Suppers and Afternoon Tea
Parties. Enquiries invited.

Hours: 11 a.m. till Midnight.

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MOTOR CAR TREASURE HUNT

on
Saturday, 19th April, at 2.30 p.m.

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(Back of R.S.L. Hall)

Only Brains — NO SPEEDING INVOLVED
3 GRAND PRIZES — 1st, Fire Ext.; 2nd, Set
Screw Drivers; 3rd, 12/6 Free Servicing for your
Car at Conrad's Garage.

TICKETS 7/6 per CAR, obtainable at Shire
Council Health Office, Cdr. (E)'s Office, or at
the Gate.

In Aid of NOWRA PRE-SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN.

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AT

The
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SAVE ON FARES

AND SAVE ON TIME

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