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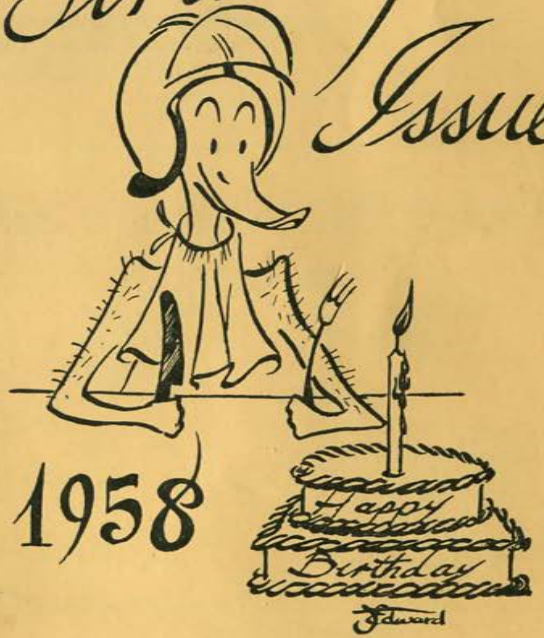
SLIPSTREAM

Birthday Issue



1958

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

No. 12 APRIL, 1958 Price 6d.

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"SLIPSTREAM"

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

FIRST BIRTHDAY NUMBER — APRIL, 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.

★

PER AUGUSTA AD AUGUSTA

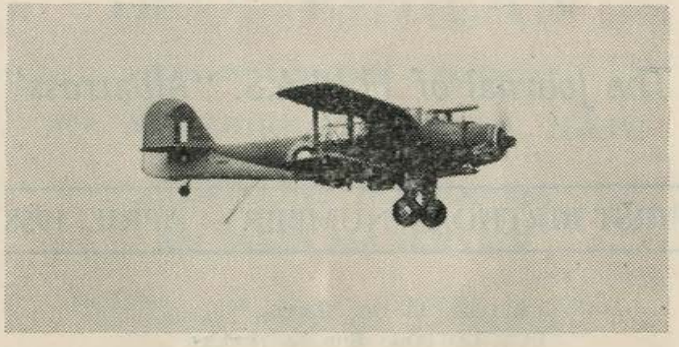
It is a good effort, especially on the part of the editorial staff and contributors that SLIPSTREAM is celebrating its first birthday. So often such magazines flourish for a short time, then fade away. SLIPSTREAM has gone from strength to strength and will continue to do so.

I will not attempt to mention all that has happened in the past year but, during that period, "Albatross," by hard work, cheerfulness and enthusiasm, has certainly played its part in the life of the R.A.N. and, in particular, of the Fleet Air Arm.

The Station and SLIPSTREAM can look forward with confidence to the next twelve months of our magazine's life.

V. A. T. SMITH, Captain.

FLEET AIR ARM TYPES OF THE PAST
No. 1 — The Fairy Albacore



Powered with a Bristol Taurus 1065 h.p. sleeve valve engine, this aircraft was a heavy biplane used for torpedo dropping, dive bombing and A/S roles. The fuselage was of monocoque construction and the wings fabric covered. Cockpits were fairly spacious and glassed in. The armament comprised a twin V.G.O. machine gun mounting for the air gunner and a single Browning in the lower mainplane.

The Albacore was designed to replace the Swordfish but never did so completely. It was slightly larger and not quite so manoeuvrable as the Swordfish. Initially, in common with other sleeve valve engined aircraft, trouble occurred due to over heating. These aircraft participated in many actions, including the following:—

Albacores from "Victorious" attacked the German battleship "Tirpitz" at sea off Narvik in very poor weather conditions in March, 1942. Unfortunately, "Tirpitz" sighted the strike through a gap in the cloud, and by clever manoeuvring was able to comb the torpedo tracks. Two aircraft were shot down.

In the Battle of Matapan, aircraft from "Formidable" attacked and hit the Italian battleship "Vittorio Veneto" with no loss to themselves. This was followed by other strikes, and, although a large attendant screen had to be penetrated, another two torpedo hits were scored. The cruiser "Pola" was also hit and was later sunk by the guns of the fleet together with the "Zara" and "Fiume".

"Indomitable's" Albacores dive bombed the French in the Madagascar campaign in support of landings.

Albacores operated in the Western Desert on night interdiction and from Malta and North Africa in night torpedo attacks against shipping. Its silent approach when throttled back and gliding in made it an ideal aircraft for these operations and many tons of German and Italian shipping were sunk.

These few examples indicate some of the useful work, rarely publicised, which was done by this old lady of the air.

Station Personality
No. 12

ENGINEER LIEUTENANT

LOGAN

Lieutenant Logan joined the Service at the age or 21 in May, 1926, as an Acting E.R.A. 4th class, after serving five years apprenticeship as a Fitter and Turner with Waugh and Josephson, a Sydney engineering firm. After passing the required Trade Test and undergoing the initial courses, our personality was drafted to H.M.A.S. Platypus, which was then the Fleet Repair Ship.

E.R.A.4 Logan then served in H.M.A.S. Success, an "S" class destroyer for a few months, after which he went to H.M.A.S. "Sydney" of Emden fame. A year later Sydney was paid off and scrapped.

In 1928, our personality went to U.K. to commission H.M.A.S. Canberra at John Brown's shipyard in Glasgow, returning to Australia in 1929. E.R.A. 3 Logan's next draft was to the R.A.N. College, Jervis Bay, where he was employed in the workshops instructing, among others, Captain V. A. T. Smith, then a cadet at the college. When the college moved to Flinders, E.R.A. Logan was drafted to H.M.A.S. Australia, where he served for five years. During this period, Australia saw loan service with the R.N. and was attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. In 1936, our personality went to the new cruiser Sydney. Two years later he was drafted to H.M.A.S. Adelaide, which had been extensively modernised.

In February, 1939, Chief E.R.A. Logan went to U.K. again, this time to commission H.M.A.S. Perth. World War II broke out while Perth was in Kingston, Jamaica, on its return voyage to Australia, and the ship began duties as a convoy escort before arriving in Australia in 1940. After a short leave period in Australia, Perth sailed for the Mediterranean, where she relieved H.M.A.S. Sydney. During her service in the Mediterranean, the ship was engaged in the evacuation of Greece and Crete and in the battle of Matapan.

Promoted to Commissioned Engineer in 1948, Mr. Logan was appointed to H.M.A.S. Labuan, an L.S.T. engaged in carrying Antarctic expeditions and their supplies to and from Heard and Macquarie Islands. After three years in Labaun, he was appointed to the Dockyard Staff at Garden Island and four years later came to Albatross as M.T. Maintenance Officer.

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1st Birthday

and Best Wishes for

the future.

FROM —

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"MR. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

(H.M.A.S. "MELBOURNE" — APRIL 22nd, 1958)

"Melbourne" arrived at the Naval Dockyard, Singapore, on March 25th, for a three-day visit. "Quiberon," "Voyager" and "Warramunga" were also there. In spite of the maniacal methods of the local taxi drivers, and the eighteen shilling fare from the dockyard to Singapore City, it wasn't long after the ship's arrival before several hundred sailors had invaded the shopping centre.

There was one near-fatality when a Naval Airman, on his first visit to this part of the world, narrowly escaped being run down by a bus, as he stood gaping at a cheongsam, that figure-clinging dress with a high slit in the skirt, worn by many Chinese women.

One of the best bargains in Singapore is clothes. Most people seemed to pay about thirteen pounds for a tailor-made suit, and I prided myself on having obtained one in a smart white flannel for only five guineas. I went to one of Singapore's exclusive clubs in it (I got in by posing as an eccentric baronet) and was disappointed when people at three separate tables snapped their fingers at me and yelled "Boy"! — Very snobby, some of these clubs. (I shall have more to say about them when we return to Singapore in May).

* * *

We sailed on March 28th for Hong Kong, carrying out exercises with ships of the British, Australian and New Zealand Fleets on the way. It was during this time that a plague of "Confucius" jokes swept the ship. You know the sort of thing — Confucius say "Ash in tray — good for carpet" —and others less printable. The ship's magazine, "Melbourne Mirror," silenced them all by publishing this one: Confucius' brother say "Confucius, he talk too much"!

* * *

On April 3rd, the "Melbourne" arrived in Hong Kong — apart from Pearl Harbour, the most eagerly awaited port of call of the cruise. Except for a few days at sea during the middle of the month, we have remained there ever since.

* * *

One day last week, Steve, a P.O. of the Air Group, approached me.

"Some of us are going off on a bit of a "run" to-night," he said. "And we thought you might need — er, like to come along. Does you good to get away from the ship for a while. You can watch the Navy at action ashore for a change, and you might get something to put in that column you write."

"That's very kind of you," I said. "But I've seen most of the sights already —the Botanical Garden, the cable car to the Peak, the Museum of Chinese Art, the Zoo, the new National Library — "

He gave me a queer look. "We're all keen tourists," he said. "We'll probably manage to find some new sights to interest you. We're going off about seven o'clock. Okay?"

"Okay," I said.

Half-a-dozen of us walked from the Dockyard that evening, and soon found ourselves in Wanchai, an area bright with neon lights, and packed with night clubs, restaurants, bars, etc.

"This is it," said Steve, as he led us into a place called "Suzie's Retreat." "Keep on eye on old Gulliver!"

Inside the place was dimly lit, with a few tables grouped around a tiny dance floor. In a corner a juke-box ground out a Hit Parade tune.

We had hardly sat down and taken a mouthful of our first beer, before a cluster of young Chinese ladies seemed to materialize from nowhere. One of them patted me on the head and said "You buy me a drink, Baldy?"

I was about to repel her when Steve interrupted and invited them all to join us. From then on things became confused. I remember Steve dancing, first on the normal floor, and subsequently on the table. As for me, I feel sure that someone must have put something in one of my drinks, for they tell me that when the place closed at 2 a.m., I refused to leave, and had to be forcibly taken back to the ship. The Officer of the Watch, immune to such sights, hardly glanced at us. Next morning I discovered I had lost my wallet.

* * *

To-morrow the ship leaves Hong Kong to return to Singapore. She will remain in that area for about a fortnight, before going to Manila.

— GULLIVER.

Sputnik met Vanguard in space. "Now that we're alone," it said, "Let's talk German!"

CROSSWORD COMPETITION

Turn to Page 41, where you may find something to your advantage

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

If the lack of road sense which persists on the Station is continued onto the highways, there is little wonder that there is wholesale slaughter.

It is particularly noticeable how little consideration is given to the "Give way to the car on the right" law. I am led to think that even the Service drivers have two left hands and no speedometer.

RED "X".

* * *

Dear Sir,

My Duty Night Social Club is a dismal failure. The first night night flying was cancelled and my husband came home unexpectedly early and consumed the few bottles of beer I had hidden for the occasion. The second was marred by a Police raid on our Two-up school. The third night ended in a brawl over which of our husbands had the most responsibility. I dread to think what will happen next.

WINGEING WINNIE.

* * *

Dear Mr. Editor,

May I, as a resident of the Village, be permitted through your columns, to express my appreciation of the efforts of Captain Smith and Commander Sharp in forging ahead with the extension and improvement to "Our Store."

Little is known of the work involved behind the scenes in order to achieve the splendid results which will greatly benefit us and our successors in the village.

We are indeed most fortunate in having a man with such foresight as Captain Smith, a financial wizard in Commander Sharp, and an energetic manager in Mr. Flintoff.

GRATEFUL HOUSEWIFE.

* * *

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would like to thank the Ship's Company, through the medium of your magazine, for their generous donations to the Empire Games Fund on my behalf. It may not be generally realised that each selected member of the Team competing in Cardiff costs the Empire Games Association £680. This sum is made up as follows:—

Tourist Air Fare, £580; Outfitting, £50; Printing, Advertising Officials expenses, etc., £30; Personal Expenses, £15; Inter Aust. Travel, £5.

The Empire Games Fund gives each selected team member £100 and expects the individual to find the rest.

So it is that athletes must appeal to clubs, friends, etc., to raise these funds.

The action of the Welfare fund in donating £100 is overwhelming and relieves me, in no small measure, from the personal worry that must come in raising so large a sum. Thank you all once again.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLIE MORRIS.

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AROUND THE STATION

Naval Airman Foley and Petty Officer Kelly traffic controlling in Air Watch.

F.O.I.C.E.A. passed through on his way to Jervis Bay in the middle of the month, but generally speaking, the V.I.P. season seems to be over, and we must prepare for our winter isolation with what fortitude we can muster.

* * *

805's commissioning went according to plan, and photographs of the ceremony showed the Squadron personnel and their aeroplane in practically every known permutation and combination.

* * *

The Committee of the White Ensign Club entertained a number of Divisional Officers during the month, the idea being to familiarise them with the activities of the club. The object was achieved with complete success, judging by their appearance the following morning.

* * *

The widening of the footpath between the M.T. Yard and the Engineering Block is puzzling most people. It has been suggested that the A.E.O. wangled a minor works order so that he could take a short cut to his office in that souped-up Ford Thunderbird of his.

Any rumour that the distilled water plant in the Battery Room is used for other purposes should be scotched forthwith.

Sub Lieutenant Morris's selection for the Empire Games team is a magnificent achievement and a fine example of what determination and dogged training, together with about 17 stone of gristle, can do. We all wish him a splendid journey to Cardiff, look, and world beating throws once he gets there.

R.A.O.B., Lodge Albatross, have recently lost one of their esteemed brothers in the person of A. J. Cox. A. J. has held the office of Sitting Primo of Lodge Albatross for the last four terms and his boundless wit will be long remembered. In appreciation, Lodge Albatross sent him on his way rejoicing with the newly acquired degree of Knight of Merit, which was bestowed amid bountiful Grazing and oceans of Gatter.

Overheard a Tel. say, "I suffer from Thrumbosis — my Divisional Officer called me a clot."

Lieutenant Commander Pittaway, inspecting the flashing beacon on Nowra Hill the other day, suffered a reVOLTing experience when leaning against the switchboard. He was SHOCKed to find the board very much alive. This BEHIND hand treatment is not usual in the Electrical Department, and G.L.S. is no longer his second OHM.

Battle of the Bomb Dump

In this engagement, which took place on Easter Monday, the home force consisting of three goats (four legged) bitterly resisted the invasion of the Air Officer of the Day and the Duty (O) P.O. who were carrying out Bomb Dump rounds.

The latter made the mistake of leaving both doors of the tilly open when they alighted to check a store-house, and returned to find the two black goats in possession of the vehicle with the white goat in a position to help ward off any counter-attack.

However, the duty boys responded valiantly. The A.O.O.D., after a short but smelly struggle, managed to recapture the tilly, while the P.O. met the white goats charge with a well aimed kick which landed right between its eyes. As the P.O. was picking himself up from the ground, the goat again charged and during the confused in-fighting which followed, the P.O. finished with one leg hooked across the goat's neck and was forced half-way around the bomb dump, hopping on one leg, before action could be broken off.

The result of this battle is still obscure, although the invaders reported mission accomplished. The goats are still undoubtedly in possession of the bomb dump, and its anybody's guess what might have happened had the goats (four legged) known how to drive a tilly.

A Day With The Brown Jobs

One brisk morning, a number of razor edge keen types embussed for a journey to the rugged mountains located south west of Nowra. From an Army Major, the C.B.G.L.O., our bus driver received his orders, curt and clipped, "Follow me, keep close." C.B.G.L.O. then enjeeped and the naval bus complied. At a point where we were thoroughly lost, we debussed and, after a short scouting foray, located some pongoes. We knew they were pongoes because they kept their hands in their pockets at all times and wore gum tips in their hats and belts. Without demur, we entered the back of a vehicle tastefully equipped with a tyre, an inner tube and a bed roll for seating accommodation.

Another Major jauntily seated himself beside the driver, barked an order, and we were off.

After a journey which made the Redex trial look like a run round the park, we detrucked and made a forced march to a howitzer battery. The vehicle could have easily negotiated this last distance, but as its progress would have disclosed the gun position, we walked. We preferred it that way.

Behind the guns, the controller issued instructions over a radio. When this communication failed, a sergeant used his voice unaided and demonstrated that radio is superfluous anyway. All the time an officer with a white handkerchief tied round his arm was leaping from gun to gun with the speed and agility of an Aussie Rules ruckman. We were told he was the Safety Officer. A few rounds were fired, everyone seemed pleased and said "Charlie India," which means "We've won," and we were once again in our Pioneer Coach, Army style. This next stage was to the forward area where we could observe the fall of shot. Again our vehicle performed miracles and also proved the theory that the human body is virtually indestructible.

By now it was late forenoon. Brisk mountain air, exercise and the fact that all I had had since night flying tea the day before was one slice of toast, idly made me think of lunch. "Back for lunch," we had been told, and it began to dawn on us that it would be a LATE lunch. Pooling of pockets produced four crushed sticks of chewing gum.

The shooting was good. Shells crashed down on the targets, the orders went out — "Doubtful line," " Scale one," "What is the delay?" "Say again," "Cancel my last" — until the final "Charlie India."

"Well," said the Colonel, "Awfully grateful for all you've done for us. Glad to do something in return. Sorry we can't invite you to lunch."

Desperately we began the return over the Burma Road. It seemed interminable and at one stage the driver stopped and informed me he thought we were lost. However he got a

fix as we crossed the next mountain cataract and finally rendezvoused with the Naval bus. Silence, broken only by the trickle of saliva, descended. Through the lines of mobile kitchens and aromatic cooking, Naval fortitude was upheld and nobody voiced the nagging doubt, "Would lunch be kept for us?"

We made it. Food, showers, sheets! No doubt at all, the Navy lives in luxury! Gratefully that evening I settled into my nice, comfortable Venom for a session of night flying with a full stomach.

★

That's Life!

Admirals come and Admirals go,
10's are all stained where they show,
Wavey cap and tatty bow —
Life gets tedious, don't it?

Collar's faded, holes in shoes,
Makes no diff'rence — whites or blues;
Slop room's shut — just got the news —
Life's demanding, ain't it?

Must'ring kits a daily chore,
Divisional Officer's really sore.
Just laid it on a dirty floor—
Life's most vexing, ain't it?

Hair cut short and shorts cut long—
Sounds alright — but I got it wrong;
Chiefy called me a "something" drong —
I think I'm getting bitter.

Week end's coming round again,
Leave is stopped — I'll not complain;
Get jugged up and miss the train,
And I can't afford a ticket.

Changed my job — but not for fun!
Working party for No. 1;
Can't even lie down in the sun,
But I get off divisions!

I'm not worrying — that's for sure!
Life's too short — I know the score;
I'm only in for 10 years more,
Then I'll sign on for pension!

— H. MARSH.

Around the Village . . .

Recently the 1st Albatross Brownies (Brown Owl, Miss Beryl Jones) carried off two of the coveted honours in the Shoalhaven and Districts Guides and Brownies Swimming Gala, held at the Nowra Olympic Pool, when Susan Dalloway won the Senior Brownies Championship and Joanna Talberg the Junior Championship — well done, girls! With the aid of the rest of the pack, we nearly captured the Districts Cup, but honours must go to the Huskisson Pack who, under the able direction of Mrs. Thrum, achieved this success.

* * *

The Cub movement now has a BALOO to assist AKELA. When the pack was asked to enlighten this very new assistant as to the meaning of the name, she was rather taken aback by one small boy's version. However, up to date, only one cracker has been lit under her feet (she presumes its out of respect for her age) and we wish her luck and hope she will survive and enjoy her new venture.

Congratulations from the Baloo and Pack to Lt. Ralph and his new bride.

* * *

As far as can be ascertained by our needle sharp reporter, no prospective villagers have been born this month. This, in itself, is a noteworthy occurrence.

* * *

VILLAGE WELFARE ASSOCIATION —

This month's meeting opened with a discussion on the new Community Centre Opening Fete. This is going to be a big event. It is to be held on Saturday, 10th May, and roughly the proceedings are:—

In the afternoon a fete similar to the recent school one will be held — Merry-go-round, Cartoons, Produce and Flower Stall, Afternoon Tea, and all the usual Novelties.

In the evening it is hoped to put on a short concert. This will be followed by a cabaret dance. Watch the notice boards.

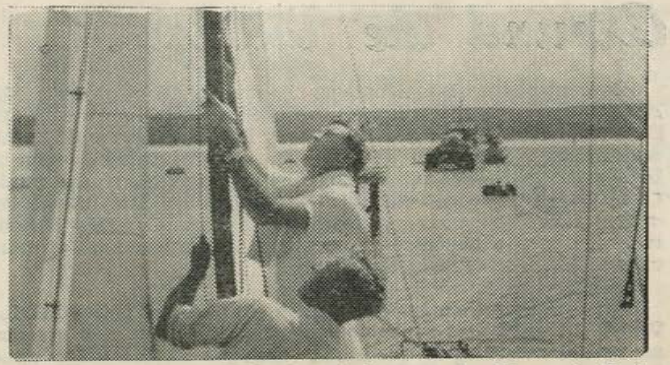
The motor mower service is now operating — see classified advertisements.

Volunteers are still required to put those bus seats in. A date has been set for Saturday, 3rd May, so if you can help, contact Leading Airman Murrell on Ext. 550.

The Play Centre Committee recently ran a cake stall. This was so successful that they have decided to hold them every month, so watch out for them.

Owners of motor vehicles are asked, for their own sake and the sake of the children, not to speed in the village. REMEMBER the SPEED LIMIT is 15 m.p.h

At a meeting of the Station Welfare Committee on 14th April, it was decided to allocate 1 per cent of the turnover in the Village Store to the Village Welfare Association. This generous decision will give the Association about £25 a month, and is very much appreciated.



The Commander and Lieutenant Commander Dixon rig their boat before the Albatross v. R.A.N.C. match.

ALBATROSS SAILING CLUB

Owing to the generosity of the White Ensign Club, we now have for use a well-sited boatshed on the Shoalhaven River, near the Olympic Swimming Pool.

The formation of the Club brought a welcome response for membership and we have some thirty applicants. As we have, at present, only six boats, three 14ft. R.N.S.A. dinghies and three Fireflies, we have been compelled, temporarily, to close the membership list.

Getting the Club on to an active footing is, inevitably, bound to be a slow business. There is a lot of work to be done in getting the boatshed, slipways, boats, etc., ready.

Very good progress has been made so far by an enthusiastic band of helpers, though there is still plenty of work to be done. In this connection, therefore, would members please inform Lieutenant Commander Willett (Ext. 443) whenever they will be free to do some work at the week-ends.

The details of how the Club should be run and of how we shall organise the sailing will have to be worked out at a general meeting, but briefly the proposals are as follows:—

(a) Racing on Saturdays and possibly one other evening each week.
(b) Cruising on Sundays.
(c) Sailing to continue throughout the year except for a short "close" period in the winter for major items of maintenance.
(d) A canoe section to be formed when funds become available.

Once we get water-borne the Club should be a great success. The Shoalhaven is a most attractive sailing ground, very safe, and easily accessible from the Air Station. Perhaps we may be able to get some of the locals interested in bringing their boats along and joining in with us. "Twenty boats in two years" should be our battle cry. — WET BOB.

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Ex - R.A.N.

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Stan Stewart,
Licensee.

Cars of Distinction

A few weeks ago I was requested to road test a Morrismobile tourer for one of our Engineering Officers. The course was from the Engineering Hadquarters to the Main Gate, returning on foot, time taken 3 hours.

The styling of the car is good, the replacement of the chrome work by rust being particularly impressive.

The body work is still in original condition, with three tones of colour — cream, green and an unusually predominant rust shade.

The interior is lavish, giving one the impression that it is the exterior looked at from the other side, there being no trim.

Instruments are easy to read, as they always read at zero.

Passenger comfort is first class, if the passengers are of small stature, and do not mind standing in a confined space.

The unit is fitted with automatic gearbox; the gears automatically jump out on overdrive.

Power steering is another functional extra. You would be surprised at the amount of human power required to turn the steering wheel.

The motor is easy to start by cranking, when the correct pair of wires are located under the dash and tied together; the other 394 wires are useless.

To save the cost of fuel it is necessary to fill the carburettor from a tin every 100 yards.

The sump will hold a gallon of SAE90 hypoid gear oil — every 50 miles.

Apart from piston slap, valve bounce, tappet knock, gudgeon rattle, big-end and main bearing play, only a few odd mechanical noises can be heard; in any case these are inaudible when the car is in motion, owing to the whine of the transmission.

THANKS VERY MUCH!

We would like to celebrate our first birthday by thanking some of those people whose names do not appear on the editorial page, but who have contributed to "SLIPSTREAM" in many ways. The following have earned our heartfelt gratitude:—

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION, who have given unstinted help and co-operation. The standard of photographs has been uniformly excellent and if the reproduction has not always been good, it is the fault of the printing process, not the photographer. Special mention to Naval Airman Trinder, our Photographer, but all the shutter bugs have contributed in some way.

COMMANDER RAYMONT, of H.M.A.S. SYDNEY, who continued to contribute to the magazine until well after he left the Station.

STORES P.O. WHILLIER, now in H.M.A.S. Creswell, our crossword man, who seems to be able to contrive puzzles of almost any complexity at a moment's notice.

JACK McKANE and his Staff at the "Nowra Leader," without whose expert advice we bumbling amateurs could not have produced a single issue.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS, particularly the regulars — Mr. Gulliver, Hogpen Mash, Nino, Martha Malaprop, Bull Rushes (all of whom, I assume, prefer to remain anonymous), the Chaplains, Mrs. Dalloway, Leading Airman Murrell, Naval Airman and Mrs. Radley (past and present "Around the Village" reporters), the S.C.O. and the writers of Pusser's Page and Ballrace, who delight in tearing each other to shreds each month.

SHORT CIRCUIT, which provides the much needed competition without which no literary venture can prosper.

and last, but by no means least —

OUR ADVERTISERS, without whose support Slipstream would have suffered swift financial death months ago.

Thought For To-Day

There was a young sailor, whose pride
Was so great that he wouldn't abide
By the "rules for fools,"
Taught in aircraft schools,
Till he walked through a jet stream and fried.

— J. E.

The Most Bogus Character I Have Ever Met

The most bogus character I have ever met was my Uncle Charlie. Uncle Charlie claimed to have been a sea faring man and was therefore supposed to be a character, and we children used to be sent to see him on Sundays when we would much rather have been trying to brew beer in the garage.

Uncle Charlie lived in a very nasty little house off Macleay Street, about a quarter of a mile (two cables, he called it) from Garden Island. When we arrived, he would stand at the door and blow a little whistle as we entered. He called this "piping the side". He would then invite us to put our hats and coats in the "locker" in the hall and take us into the sitting room for a revolting green drink which he called a goffer. He used to recount lurid tales of how he used to "punish the grog" in the old days, but, of course he never touched it now. As we knew from personal observation that he was carried home, stiff as a board, three nights a week, this assertion did not cut much ice with us.

The house was rather dirty, except for the brass ("bright-work" to Uncle Charlie), which shone like mad. There were a lot of photographs of girls, not all European, round the walls and these Uncle Charlie described, with an expression of indescribable lechery, as his conquests. When he was out one day, we took one of these out of its frame and found it had been cut out of "The Silver Screen". There were also pictures of some antiquated looking ships, clearly built even before guided missiles. and some equally ancient aircraft, since Uncle Charlie claimed to have been an aviator as well as a sailor. This was one of the things which made us suspicious of him, as we knew no one could be both.

Uncle Charlie's bedroom always fascinated us, as it was so small that you could hardly get in the door and had a peculiar high bed with a board down one side. "Keeps you in when she rolls", Uncle Charlie would cry jocularly. Having seen his form when he returned from the pub some nights, we had no doubt this was very necessary.

Afternoon tea was a thoroughly indigestible meal of things which looked like dog biscuits, "pusser's" jam and tea which was so strong as to be almost pure tannin. Afterwards we would listen with mounting boredom to Uncle Charlie's tales of the "Old Fleet Regatta at Hobart" and of unlikely events which were supposed to have occurred at some aerodrome on the South Coast. Fortunately, about this time, Uncle Charlie would start looking desperately thirsty, and, as he did not care to quench his thirst while we were around, he would suggest it was time for us to go. Thankfully we would grab our things and mumble hypocritical thanks. At the door, the piping ceremony would be repeated, and, as we sped down the road in the gathering dusk, we would look back and see Uncle Charlie, standing stiffly to attention, lowering a flag from a pole in his tiny front garden.

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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

So "Slipstream" has survived the first year! It really is amazing how tough some babies can be. Let me be the first to congratulate the parents, for I suppose somebody is responsible for it, although it does seem a pity they don't bring it up better. However, there are signs of improvement in recent issues. For one thing, I was allowed space in the February one, and, although it is my private opinion that this was due to the fact that the Editor was spoiling for a nice juicy little legal battle with the hated female sex (things always look much worse in print) at least we women penetrated the hard husk of this tough nut. In the interests of Culture, it is now up to us to keep chipping away at this crack in the defences.

Perhaps I shouldn't be too hard on the "Slipstream" family, for heaven knows bringing up anything is no joyride, be it a periodical or a family. One of my maiden aunts once remarked with limpid looks, that little children came from heaven. At this my grand-mother regarded her with cold blue eyes, and snapped "Stuff and nonsense, Agatha, quite the reverse, and it takes years to knock it out of them!" Although I think that my grand-mother was being deliberately harsh, because she didn't want Aunt Agatha to get any fancy ideas and think that she would swallow any silly stories like that. I do sometimes wonder where the little Malaprops get their cunning. It seems to be based on psychology of the highest order. From the word go, they showed an uncanny instinct as to when it would be profitable to assert their wishes and when not. For instance, a few weeks' old Malaprop could always be relied upon to bust up any little party which its exhausted parents had arranged. The methods developed with time from a good yelling session (complete with all symptoms of apoplexy, colic and other terrors) to demands for drinks of water, followed by Nature's inevitable reaction to same. Having put us through the hoop, and ruined our evening, our little treasures were expert at recognising sounds of departure by exasperated guests, and would go peacefully off to sleep, satisfied that they had made a good job of it. Furious parents arriving at the bedside were then made to feel like monsters by the sight of a rosy cherub, innocent in sleep.

I don't know why we all wait eagerly for that first word. Once they get going on the English language, they have a deadly weapon in their grasp. Ours had a positive genius for picking up words not found in the dictionary, nor used in the home except under duress, and using them for the first time in front of some visitor, like the Vicar. Very observant of strangers, too, and no item escaped their comment, especially if it was something really hilarious, like a wart on the nose or a really ghastly hat. I learned very early on to refrain from adverse comments on anybody likely to come in contact with my brood, for no dictaphone could play back better than they did and no button need be pressed to hear them loud and clear.

Having emerged, shop-soiled and lined from the early delights of parenthood, fairly convinced that we had carried out my grand-mother's advice and "knocked it out of them," any smug thoughts of relaxing were soon dispelled. It seemed that the Old Adam was not evicted. Miss Malaprop had digested the fact that some grown-ups, especially her mother, are often absent-minded. I think this fact went home finally when she watched, fascinated, as I carried a hot water bottle carefully into the bedroom and emptied it on to the eiderdown. When I returned to the kitchen and measured four spoonfuls of tea into it, she must have come to a decision. From that time, I have had to write down any little laws I have made, or I am likely to be told gently that I am under a misapprehension. Now that pocket money is instituted, it is hard for me to balance the housekeeping, as I am liable to forget that I have loaned a shilling for the purchase of a comic "until we get home."

Deafness is another good weapon. Put a book into the hands of a young Malaprop, and you can yell for the drying-up to be done until Doomsday.

Even the credit side of parenthood has to be paid for. Encourage hobbies by all means, but have a care which ones you foster. The starting of a scrap-book has cost Mr. Malaprop a new vacuum cleaner, for no broom could cope with the slivers of paper all over the house. The insect collection, or "Wog box," has nearly cost him a new wife. I am not a timorous creature, but although I can look a mouse in the eye, I confess that I cannot look an insect in anything. I have reached the stage where I never pick up a box without careful investigation, especially match boxes. All too often, I have opened one to have a vast great insect fly out at me, which sends me streaking for the door. Once there were twelve cicadas loose in the house, and I nearly left home, for it took three days to locate them all. Pet mice and hamsters have their drawbacks, especially the latter. The last one we had got out and ate it's way through a six inch spring mattress.

Teen age problems now rear their heads, with conflicting tastes in ties and jackets, some outlandish noise, which I am told is Rock and Roll, and arguments about what time they ought to be home. What does seem certain, is that, no matter what we think, we are going to have to abide by the rules of the "others" and do as they do, for what more damning label can we be given than "old fashioned" or "out of date"?

Ah me! One of these day I suppose I shall be a grandmother and can hand out pearls of wisdom, as mine did, but in the meantime I hope that Mr. Malaprop can afford to keep us both in brandy and preserve us for old age and peace, which will be awfully dull, I have no doubt.

Of course, the "Slipstream" outfit will have different problems, but I hope that the profits will enable them to keep up their spirits in the same manner, although if past issues are any guide, they have already done so, apparently with great enthusiasm.

— MARTHA MALAPROP.

Uncle Joss's Column

Dear Uncle Joss,

I am a Chief Air Fitter, aged 46, and have had never had much opportunity of going out or meeting girls or anything. Recently, however, a lady (the widow of a Gunnery Instructor who expired in unfortunate circumstances) has been forcing her attentions on me. I am sympathetic towards her, but she appears to be the dominating type and I am not sure that the companionate marriage I had in mind would be a success. What would you advise?

Yours anxiously,
LOTHARIO.

You are very wise not to rush into marriage as so many hot blooded young men of your age do these days. In fact, I would strongly advise you to request a draft to Manus or points North, and leave no address.

* * *

Dear Uncle Joss,

I have a problem that you may be able to answer. I have already written to Dorothy Dix, but have as yet received no reply. I asked my husband, Naval Airman C. Venom, to go to the Village Store for some vinegar. That was three years ago, and he has not returned yet. What should I do?

Your distracted
LIL.

I am appalled to hear that you have had so long to wait for this vital commodity. I am sure if you get in touch with the Canteen Manager he will arrange to have some vinegar sent over to you without delay.

* * *

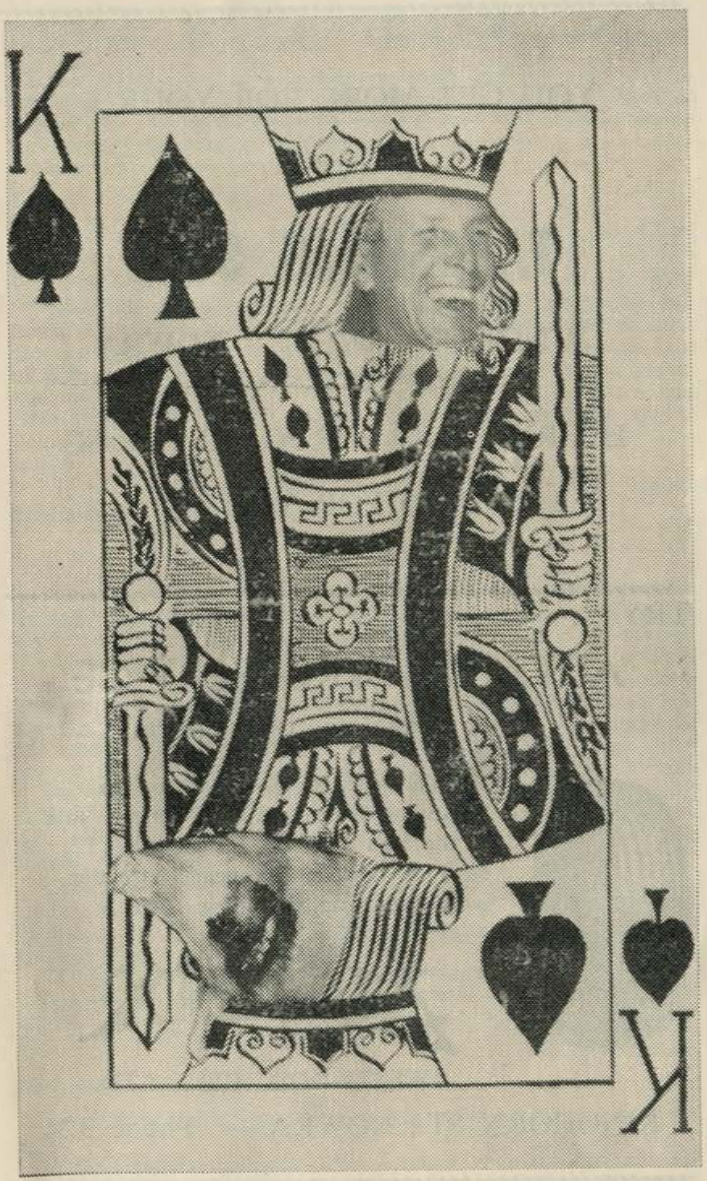
Dear Uncle Joss,

I have been in the Navy for 27 years and I am still an Able Seaman. I have never been approached by anyone with an offer of promotion, but I've been able to survive quite comfortably on the little extra I've been able to pick up from Swy, Crown and Anchor, Double Cards, etc., but I feel that I must soon accept some responsibility. Who should I see?

Yours eagerly,
STRIPEY.

Me !

If you have anything on your mind, why not unburden it to Uncle Joss? After a word with him you will realise that, previously, you had nothing to worry about at all.



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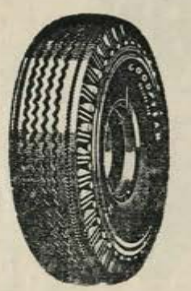

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— BALL RACE —

Congratulations to the Editors, past and present, on this the first birthday of this highly successful prodigy. This contributor will be delighted to make himself available to attend any party the present Editor may be considering as a celebration.

— J. L.

It is observed that the much drafted (but not to sea) Chief Air Fitter is now all at sea serving grog to very thirsty C.P.O.'s and trying to give the correct change — especially on pay days.

The old fellas (C.P.O.'s) managed to hold the young fish heads (Executive to the uninitiated) to a draw in the first Hockey game of the season. In fact the old 'uns had the best of the play but were just unable to score more goals, due to the eleven goalkeepers of the opposite side. The game was clean and keen and the only objection of the ancients was to being charged by the Execs brandishing their sticks like nulla nullas.

It is noted that several adverts appear for cheap wheelchairs in the C.P.O.'s Mess.

L. T. M. U. —

This has been a rather quiet month for the L.T.M.U., there having been no more than six panics for aircraft. Practically everyone in the section has contributed to "Out of Watch" overtime, including the C.A.A., one team making a gallant twenty-eight hour straight effort, this effort being punctuated between 0200 and 0400 by three wet starts, resulting in one Chief Airman Fitter ageing ten years rapidly, and the remainder of the team suffering from badly frayed nerves. The same Chief proved that it is possible to rise forty feet into the air from a Sea Venom cockpit, and get away to a flying start without the aid of a Bang seat. For all this, we are still turning them out, ably aided at times by the most senior S.U. Chief in the R.A.N.

We are wondering whether there is any truth in the buzz that a certain Naval Airman is taking over Flying control, as so many Fly boys are engaged in maintenance control, that there is no one left to do that job.

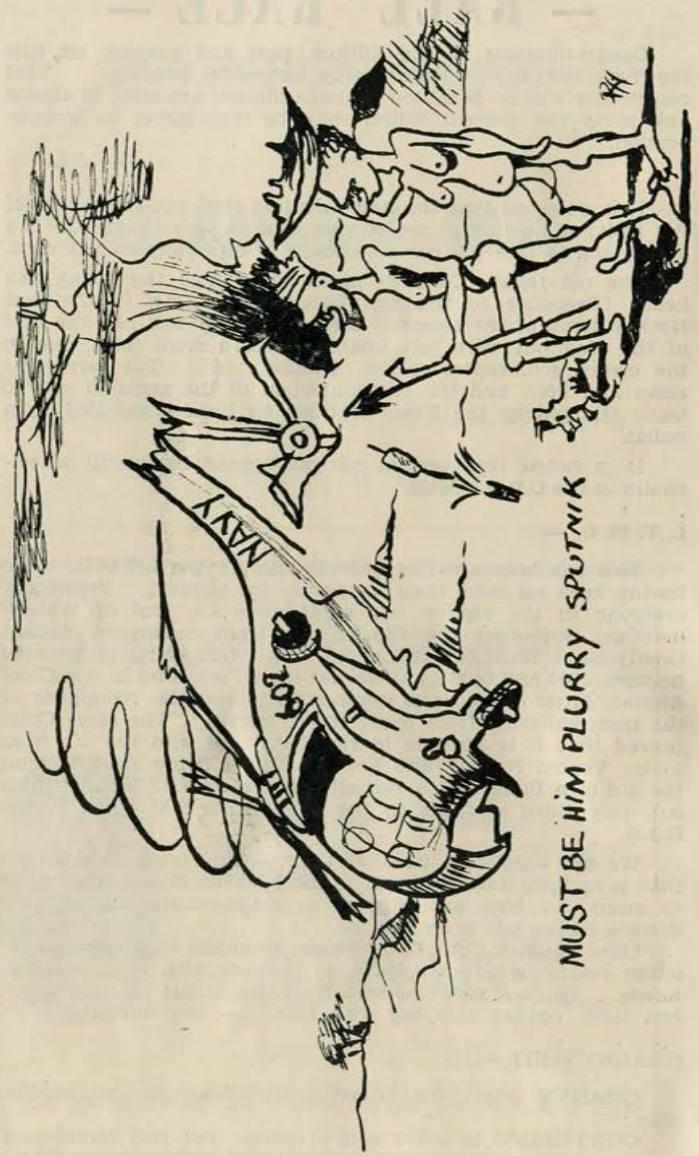
Once again the A.E.O. has been swamped with requests for either retard or advance leave, to coincide with wives confinements. There must be some sort of bug in the Married Quarters that requires spraying with D.D.T. — or something ! ! !

GRANNY'S BIT —

GRANNY offers the following definitions for information only : —

CONTRALTO is a low sort of music that only ladies sing.

A LITRE is a nest of young puppies.



The SPINAL COLUMN is a collection of bones running up and down your back, and keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

A SIMILE is a widening of the face when pleased.

HEREDITY means if your grand-father didn't have any children, then your father couldn't have had any, and you wouldn't neither.

GLUE, the past participle of the verb "to glow," was first made in Paris. This gives rise to the term PARASITE, meaning "something that sticks."

ORATORY is the art of making deep noises from the chest sound like important messages from the brain.

SILENCE is what you don't hear when you listen.

A SIREN is a girl you often hear singing in a factory.

A REFUGEE is a man who blows the whistle at a match.

There are two types of ANTS — the little black ones, and female uncles.

An ADULT is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and started in the middle.

FISHING is a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other.

— OBITUARY —

It is with deep regret that we report the death of GUNNEDAH, feloniously slain whilst still in the prime of life by a four footed fiend of a dog.

The morning of Saturday, 12th April, 1958, dawned bright and cold, and it was noted then that GUNNEDAH was sitting all fluffed up on his perch, and shivering as though with the ague. It was decided to give him the freedom of the offices and hangar, as has been done so often before. He was soon whistling and calling cheerfully, leaving his trademark with great impartiality everywhere, and, as is his wont, tearing to pieces one brand new twelve inch rule and several pencils.

Then came tragedy. Warned by squawks and squeals, snarls and growls, the duty watch, as one man, leapt to the rescue, but before the quickest of them, with flashing fists and feet, could reach the melee, the ghastly deed was done, and poor GUNNEDAH had been laid low, with feathers awry and neck broken. As tender hands lifted his poor battered body, he reluctantly released his hold on life, whispering softly "Fair go, Gill."

The funeral took place at 1100 Saturday, 12th April, 1958, and Gunnedah was borne to his last resting place on the east side of 364 hangar, to the tune of "Hearts of Oak," whistled in unison by one Leading Airman and two Naval Airmen.

— PUSSERS PAGE —

Our friendly enemies the Ball Racers and Short Circuits appear to have been lulled into unusual benevolence by the balmy Autumn weather and have ceased being openly rude to us. We in our turn have become almost open handed in our own way and are prepared to give away anything provided the regulations allow, signatures in triplicate are given, and you don't come too often. In addition, the beautiful food prepared by our skilled culinary artists is yours for the taking. Just bring your plates and fighting gear, and the issue will be made without acquittance.

— R. S.

S. A. (V) and BUTCHERS —

This month we say good-bye to Chief Butcher Klaen, who leaves after 31 years' service with powerful right arm muscles developed by his years of slicing Yak and Buffalo. Good luck in the outside world, Chief.

Our Chief Starver, C.P.O. North, has been relieved by P.O. Gosch, so please direct your compliments to him in future.

COOKS (O) and STEWARDS —

Our journalist is at present enjoying his annual ski-ing holiday, so our usual high calibre article must be compiled by a mere amateur.

One of the old men of the Division is buying his wife an eternity ring for Christmas before HIS birthday on Anzac Day. This is to avoid a repetition of the distinctly cool reception he found waiting for him last year when he returned home after the Anzac celebrations.

COOKS (S) —

It is heartening to see so many cooks, on being discharged, going into their trade in hotels, snack bars, etc. Contrary to the old adage "Who called the ——— a cook?" they are in big demand, which would appear to reflect a certain amount of credit on their training and experience.

We are proud of the poetic prowess of our Iain Hutchison. He has won some well earned space in the magazine with his poignant verses.

S.A. (S) —

During midnight swims at secluded beaches is a not-so-young member of the branch training for next season's water polo.

Noticed some long faces among the betting fraternity during ace-tipster "Sockem" Shawyer's stay in B.N.H.

A Stores P.O., ex-Army, ex-R.A.N.R., at present R.A.N., who is signing on in the R.A.F.R. on paying off, is said to be reading R.A.A.F. recruiting literature.

Station Personality No. 7, after fighting with some success a rearguard action with the powers that be, will have to fend for himself in the outside world after 1st May. Thirty years well done!

WRITERS —

Easter has come and gone and for a while it appeared that a member of the staff had accompanied it, but it now appears he had only developed a sudden interest in interstate hiking.

Our one and only "dyed in the wool" sailor has achieved his wishes and approval has been received for him to transfer to the Seaman branch.

The problem of accommodation, following the increased numbers due to drafting, has again become obvious and steps have been taken towards obtaining a new "donga." The brief sharing of C30 with the Stokers has been a happy association and it will be with a certain amount of regret that the relationship will be severed. It has been an example of harmony between two entirely different branches of the Service.

* * *

It is not clear why this item was submitted for Pusser's Page, but here it is:—

The 1958 Edition of the "Hobo Social Register" has excluded a number of top-ranking denizens of basement society, amongst whom were the following:

PEE-WEE SHARPIE: "Ever on the look-out for a live one, Sharpie is out for being a chronic and incurable chiseller. But when Sharpie has money and it's his turn to buy drink even the F.B.I. couldn't find him."

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Sir Edward Hallstrom after a flight in a T 31 B Tutor. Sir Edward gave a large sum of money to the Association some 18 months ago.

R.A.N. GLIDING ASSOCIATION

The R.A.N.G.A. is the largest and most active club in N.S.W., gaining more certificates than any other club in the State during its three years existence. As you can see, this is quite an achievement, as it is still a young club, with members coming and going, due to drafts, etc.

With the coming of winter an extensive training programme is planned, eight people already being in various stages of training, and eleven others waiting to begin. Everything well under control you might say — yes, everything with the exception of instructors. At least one C.F.I. is imperative, and the position is open to anyone who has the necessary qualifications (on application) and also possesses an abundance of the following: — Time, patience, energy, time, progressive disposition, patience, and if married, a very understanding wife (let her try it, she may turn out a better pilot than you). Any person who has these qualities must also have a love for flying and that is another essential.

This person, or preferably persons, is here and does not realise his potentialities. So why not come down and have a couple of flights and see what it's really like — even if you are a power jockey and hate the thought of being without an engine. This sounds to you like a plea for help, I suppose, and that's exactly what it is, and I'm looking forward to many answers to this call to give people who otherwise would not have the opportunity, the chance to learn to fly.

— L. S. A. HARON, Chairman.

CLASSIFIED ADDS

NEED YOUR LAWNS CUT? — Well, contact L.A. MURRELL or N.A. BRUNSWICK, at the Line (Ext. 550) and we will cut them with our motor mower. Charges: 5/- per hour or part thereof.

FOR SALE — Attractive Labour Saving HOUSE in Huskisson; 15 months old; 2 minutes shops. 2 B/R w. B.I. w'robes, large lounge, Colortile bathroom and kitchen, l'dry, large verandah, tastefully decorated inside and out. H.W.S., S.S. Sink, phone, clothes hoist, E.L. fittings and blinds. Land 66 x 155. Torrens Title. Apply LIEUT. (S) DAFFEY, Albatross Ext. 325 or Huskisson 54.

No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into gaol; for being in a ship is being in a gaol with the chance of being drowned. A man in gaol has more room, better food, and commonly better company.

— Dr. Samuel Johnson (1759).

A HAVEN FOR THE WEARY TRAVELLER . . .

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THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

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The serving man is always ready to give a helping hand to any worthy cause. Spastic centres, hospitals, leprosauriums are among a few of the institutions which have benefited greatly by the serving man's desire to relieve the suffering of mankind. Then there are countless numbers of individual cases of need, in which he has likewise helped. We all wish we could do more to help to alleviate the suffering in our world. There is something more that we can do. We can play an important part in restoring the light of the Christian Faith in a world where so many have become part of its tragic blackout. A person with this Faith has the same effect on the world around him as the sun coming through on a grey day. When he passes by somehow men look nobler and God seems nearer. A person without this Faith on the other hand is like a wet and clammy mist, soaking into men's spirits, depressing and disheartening, chilling their very souls, and making them feel God is far away.

Our Lord believed that the Christian could dispel the darkness and trouble caused by unbelief in the world. "Let your light shine" he commanded, and he made it clear where the light is needed. In the home first of all. A disciple who forgets his faith there, keeping an ill-humour for his home, adds to the world's darkness. The city needs this light too. We talk to neighbours, we walk the streets, work at common tasks, and play a part in the life of the community. This light is to shine in ever widening circles. "Ye are the light of the world." The world is our horizon of influence.

— CHAPLAIN J. A. WILLSON, R.A.N.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Some years ago the noted columnist, Susan Russell, told this touching story: "I was visiting in a State Penitentiary not long ago to interview a prisoner sent up for murder. Imagine my surprise on going through the men's division, to see on the walls of a cell a picture of a Good Shepherd — the one in which he is seeking the Lost Sheep. By permission of the warden I secured an interview with this man, who, after a day's work on the road, came back at night to this little cell. I asked about the picture. This is what he said:

"Well, long ago at home my mother had a picture like that. She always told us that no matter what we had done, if we were truly sorry, and tried to do better, one day the Good Shepherd would find us, and take us back to the shelter of His fold. She taught us a little prayer, too! Lady, I have wandered far and have never been any good to myself or to anyone else. But I am sorry for my wasted life. Every night I say that prayer, and somehow I like to think He will find me one day and take me back again."

"He told me this picture was given to him by a good shepherd Nun whom he had asked for it. One Catholic picture in a far away home came down through the years to a prison cell, to do its part in bringing back some Catholic mother's boy. Somehow, I too was sure, standing there, that the Good Shepherd would find him and bring him safely home. Without the memory of that picture, who knows if this man would ever have said a prayer again?"

— CHAPLAIN L. J. BRESLAN, R.A.N.

YOUR WHITE ENSIGN CLUB

The White Ensign Club in Nowra was the brain child of Commander Crabb, who was Executive Officer between 1952 and 1954. Commander Crabb came to the Air Station from Flinders, where he had been impressed by the White Ensign Club in Melbourne, particularly by the fact that the club there was managed by a civilian committee. He insisted that the Nowra club should be run on similar lines and the wisdom of this decision has been amply demonstrated.

The building was originally the Bridge Road Hospital and was bought for £10,000. The money was raised by Art Unions, fairs, dances and appeals, as well as loans from Canteen Funds, etc. After certain alterations, the club was opened on Trafalgar Day, 1954, and the sleeping annexe (bought from the B.T.U. for £50) was opened on Trafalgar Day, 1956.

In addition to the original outlay of £10,000, £22,000 has been spent on the White Ensign Club, and it reflects great credit on the management that the only outstanding liabilities are an overdraft of £1,500, and £1,000 owing to the Ship's Fund. The cost of running the club is £600 a month, and by cutting costs to bedrock it has been possible to show a satisfactory monthly profit, which is being ploughed back into the concern in the form of additional amenities.

The sleeping annexe will accommodate 44 in comfort and costs 7/6 a night, with shared rooms at 6/-. Breakfast at 4/- and other meals at 6/-, are first class value, and the high standard of cleanliness reflects great credit on the manager, Mr. Hickson, and his staff. The Captain has explained the legal aspects which make it necessary to charge a small membership fee.

Members may entertain ladies in the Ladies' Lounge, and there is a Powder Room, designed and furnished by a committee, under the guidance of Mrs. V. A. T. Smith.

A boat shed on the Shoalhaven has recently been bought by the club for £300 and is being used by the newly formed Sailing Club (see Page 14). Plans include the provision of tennis and squash courts.

The Committee consists of Mr. Albert Morison, Chairman, Mr. Spinner, Secretary, and Messrs. Watts, Seyffer, Emery, Phelan and Wilson. The Captain and Commander are the Naval representatives on the committee.

In every sense of the word, the White Ensign Club is your club. Treat it as such and it will go from strength to strength.

NOAH'S ARK

This remarkable account was printed in the Maltese "King's Herald" in 1920, having been contributed by a pilot of the White Russian Air Force, Vladimar Roskovitsky. As far as is known the story has never been discredited:—

It was in the days just before the Russian Revolution (1917) that this story began. A group of us Russian aviators were stationed at a lonely outpost about 25 miles north west of Mount Ararat. The day was terribly hot and we longed for some of the snow we could see on Mt. Ararat, soaring nearly 17,000 feet into the sky. Then the miracle happened. The Captain walked in and ordered my friend and I to carry out a high altitude test on a plane which had had a new supercharger installed. We wasted no time and in a few minutes were in the air.

We circled the field several times before we hit the 14,000 foot mark and then headed for the mountain. 25 miles doesn't seem much at 100 miles an hour and soon we were over the base of the great peak. I had heard that it had not been climbed since 700 B.C., when some pilgrims were said to have gone up to get tar from a shipwreck to make good luck emblems. Of course the story of the shipwreck on a mountain was fantastic.

A couple of miles around the snow-capped dome, and then a long swift glide down the south side, and then we suddenly came upon a perfect little gem of a lake, blue as sapphire, but still frozen over on the shady side. We circled round and returned for another look at it. I looked and nearly fainted! A submarine! No, it wasn't, for it had stubby masts, but the top was rounded over with only a flat cat-walk about five feet across, down the length of it. What a strange craft, built as though the designer had expected the waves to roll over the top most of the time, and had engineered it to wallow in the sea like a log, with those stubby masts carrying enough sail to keep it facing the waves.

We flew down as close as safety permitted, and took several circles round it. We were surprised, when we got close to it, at the immense size of the thing, for it was as long as a city block and compared favourably in size to a modern battleship of to-day. It was grounded on the shore of the lake, with about one-fourth under water. It had been partly dismantled on one side near the front, and on the other side there was a great doorway nearly twenty feet square, but with the other door gone. This seemed quite out of proportion, as even to-day ships seldom have doors even half that size. After seeing all we could from the air, we broke all speed records back down to the airport. When we related our find the laughter was loud and long. Some accused us of getting drunk on too much oxygen, and there were many other remarks.

The Captain, however, was serious, and insisted on flying over the mountain. "Astounding," he said on his return. "That strange craft is the Noah's Ark. It has been frozen for nine or ten months of the year and has been in cold storage for 5000 years. You have made the most amazing discovery of the age."

When the Captain sent in his report to the Russian Government it aroused considerable interest, and the Czar sent two special companies of soldiers to climb the mountain. One group of fifty men attacked one side, and the other group attacked the big mountain from the other side.

Two weeks of hard work were required to chop out a trail along the cliffs of the lower part of the mountain, and it was nearly a month before the Ark was reached. Complete measurements were taken, and plans drawn of it as well as many photographs, all of which were sent to the Czar of Russia.

The Ark was found to contain hundreds of small rooms, and some rooms very large with high ceilings. The unusually large rooms had a fence of great timbers across them, some of which were two feet thick, as if designed to hold beasts ten times the size of elephants. Other rooms were lined with tiers of cages, somewhat like one sees to-day at a poultry show, only instead of chicken-wire they had rows of tiny iron bars along the front.

Everything was heavily painted with a wax-like paint resembling shellac, and the workmanship of the craft showed all the signs of a high type of civilization. The wood used throughout was Oleander (Gopher) which belongs to the cypress family, and never rots; which, of course, coupled with the fact of it being painted and it being frozen most of the time, accounted for its perfect preservation.

The expedition found on the peak of the mountain above the ship the burned remains of the timbers which were missing out of one side of the ship. It seems as if these timbers had been hauled up to the top of the peak and used to build a tiny one-roomed shrine, inside of which was a rough stone hearth like the altars the Hebrews used for sacrifices, and it had either caught fire from the altar or had been struck by lightning, as the timbers were considerably charred and burnt over, and the roof was completely burnt off.

A few days after this expedition had sent its report to the Czar of Russia, the Government was overthrown, and Godless Bolshevism took over, so that the records were never made public; and were probably destroyed in the zeal of the Bolshevicks to discredit all religion and belief in the truth of the Bible. We White Russians of the Air Fleet escaped through Armenia, and four of us came to America, where we could be free to live according to the Good Old Book, which we have seen for ourselves to be absolutely true, even to as fantastic sounding a thing as a world flood.

— ASTRO.

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SPORTING NOTES

SUMMER SPORTS

Following an excellent season of interpart tennis, cricket, swimming and water polo, the Summer series ended in the week prior to Easter, when Air Engineering defeated Electrical in a hard-fought grand final for the Interpart Aquatics Trophy. The fast-swum relays and a "ding dong" water polo match kept the shouting crowd continually on their toes. Earlier, the buzz had got around that Bushe-Jones, of Electrics, was out of the Station, and would fail to make an appearance. This info more than pleased an already highly confident and strong Air Engineering team, who were licking their chops and just waiting for the push-over. However, the said "Bushy" in real Hollywood style, managed to make a dramatic dash to the pool shortly before the competitors went to the starter. The three relays were exciting affairs — two going to Air Eng., and Electrics collecting the other. Then followed the water polo which was hard-played throughout; Thompson and Clark, of Air Eng., and Bushe-Jones keeping up tireless attacks. Thompson's goals were a delight to watch. The match resulted Air Eng. (7 goals) Elect. (2 goals).

ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

This was held the day last "Slipstream" was published, and proved an enjoyable way of winding up the swimming season and giving the Ship's Company an opportunity of witnessing their best interpart and inter-service swimming boys in action. In fact the points gained by the divisions give ready proof of the competitive spirit that reigned during the carnival.

Electrical top scored with 56 points, whilst three divisions, Air Eng., Supply, and Air Dept., all tied for second, with 44 points each.

Sheather and McArdle, of Air Dept., swam well to win the 110 yards freestyle and 73 yards backstroke respectively. L/A Dugdale should be pleased with his form in taking the 73 yards butterfly and 220 yards freestyle from Bushe-Jones in both events. The underwater swim went to LEM Boucher, who managed one length of the pool. Petty Officer Mack showed great surprise at being disqualified in this event — nobody had told HIM that using an aqualung and flippers wasn't allowed. Worth mentioning here is Chief Fry's grand effort in the underwater swim last year — he came up after doing only three lengths. He said, " . . . . because I've got a bad cold!" Baverstock's Comical Diving Troupe which kept the crowd amused and relaxed, and the water polo match between Tommo's and Bushy's teams completed a worthwhile programme.

CRICKET GRAND FINAL

After a two-day battle of cricket tactics and strategy in a match for the imposing Perth Cup, the Officers downed the Petty Officers by an unprecedented outright win and only three minutes to spare. The first day's play gave a first innings lead of 34 runs to the P.O.'s. In their second innings next day they seemed content to stay on at the wickets between 3.30 and

5.30 and rely on their first innings lead to win the match — much easier than chasing and risking the 150 runs set them by Officers. But apparently the gods weren't happy about this after 5 o'clock. New faces apeared at the wicket in an endless stream until at 5.27 the last P.O. batsmen fell and ended the match in a reversal of fortunes. Winner of the Perth Cup last year was S.A.M.E., who downed the Officers.

The Inter-divisional Summer games resulted:

CRICKET — Officers 1, Petty Officers 2, Eng/Ordnance 3.

TENNIS — Petty Officers 1, Chief P.O.'s 2, Air Engineering 3

ATHLETICS — Electrical 1, Air Department 2, Petty Officers 3.

SWIMMING & WATER POLO — Air Engineering 1, Electrical 2, Supply Division 3.

I. ZINGARI CRICKET SHIELD

This trophy has been officially won by the Air Station and is now in process of being engraved for us. Team captain Hathaway, and Beutel, Kerr, Vine, Silsby, Luther and Keay did sterling work in a team which played fourteen matches for thirteen victories first time up. And it should be remembered that C.P.O. Prendergast, now in Penguin, gave Albatross a good lift towards securing this coveted trophy. Final Zingari results were:

1st, Albatross; 2nd, Penguin; 3rd, Sydney and Melbourne; 4th, Watson "A"; 5th, Watson "B"; 6th, Destroyers and Frigates; 7th, Kuttabul.

GOLF

There has been little major activity on the golf front recently, except to note that Fisher is maintaining his usual good form. A tentative date (30th April) has been announced for the play off between Nowra Golf Club and Albatross Golf Club for the Allan Davis Trophy (won by Albatross last year).

RUGBY LEAGUE

Albatross teams in Group 7 competition have been busy in recent weeks with trial matches at home and away; both teams competed in the Young Cup knockout comp. at Berry, where Reserves played in a semi-final. First fixture matches, "A" Grade Albatross v. Bomaderry, played at Bomaderry, resulted: Albatross, 15, def. Bomaderry, 4, and Reserve Grade, Albatross v. Nowra, at Nowra, resulted in a loss for Albatross 3 pts. to 4.

RUGBY UNION — DEMPSTER CUP

The first Dempster Cup match played against Watson at Trumper Park, on Monday, 14th April, proved disastrous for the Station side. Watson led us 13 points to 3 at half time — but this did not seem too dangerous. Soon after resuming, Albatross scored a try and kicked a goal, but from then onwards Watson's forward play completely outclassed our's, giving them a final reckoning of 32 points to 8. Albatross' next match is at Albatross, 29th April, versus Penguin.

SOCCER AND AUSTRALIAN RULES

Albatross, who hold the Rear Admiral Showers' trophy, will be in it again, and hope the ship's company will see some of the matches played down here. First games begin in May. Some difficulty is being encountered in Sydney in getting

N.A. Hamilton tackled by a Bomaderry opponent while N.A. Savage and N.A. Geiger come up in support.

enough teams interested in Australian Rules football towards holding a mid-week competition this year. So far only Albatross, Army and Sydney Naval Establishments have nominated. Hopes are that University, Police and Dept. of Govt. Transport will give their answer soon.

INTER-DIVISIONAL WINTER GAMES

The first matches in interpart Winter sport, Rugby, Soccer, Hockey and Australian Rules, commenced early this month with a string of drawn games. Electrical and Air Dept. drew with 6 points all in the first union match. Executive and Officers played a nil-all draw in soccer, and the hockey match, Executive versus Chief P.O.'s ended in a drawn match, one goal all. Petty Officers' Aussie Rules team, last year's premiers, and always hard to beat, disposed of S.A.M.E., 5 goals 8, to 3 goals 9, after a hard fought tussle. Eng/Ordnance and Chief P.O.'s disappointed by forfeiting their matches in soccer and Aust. Rules respectively. Divisions are requested to cut forfeiture down to the absolute minimum.

.22 RIFLE SHOOTING

Winners of the .22 Team Rifle shoot were A.T.C. (A), Lt. Cdr. Schultz, Lt. Cdr. Seed, Lt. Ignatieff, and Sub. Lt. O'Donnell. Second place went to an 805 Piston Engined team, and third place to a Wardroom team.

Highest team score was 278 by the Wardroom team in their shoot off for third place. Highest individual score was 80 by Lt. Rogers. After this effort, attempts were made to smuggle Lt. Rogers into another 724 team, but his conspicuous figure was soon spotted by an alert judge.

Next event in the small bore world will be the inter-departmental shoot. Anyone interested in joining the Nowra Rifle Club can obtain information from Sub Lt. Elliott, or C.A.F. Williams.

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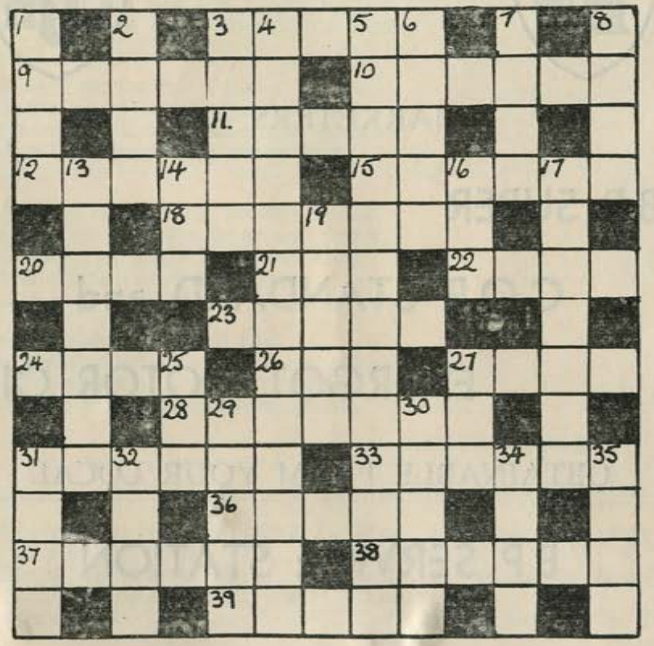

ACROSS

3. Take me to the U.S.A. and I'll entertain!
9. I salve the whole brief case
10. Fan Sue and you'll find it dangerous.
11. Broken busts produce these remnants.
12. Sounds as though I suggest looking for the tenant.
15. With 7 Down you are confused about the hips.
18. Possibly tall ones — but no doubt they'll 3 Across.
20. Look for 7 Down in it for dinner.
21. All about 23 fish eggs.
22. Always given it's way — we're told.
23. Gee! You and 21 make a scoundrel.
24. A volcano is found in the latter part of 5 Down.
26. What 12 Across would do.
27. A touch of French vivacity around the lane.
28. Nothing on a poster can be most wretched.
31. This is "The Day" for all Germans (3.3).
33. Shine around a hundred corners.
36. Torn sails of rope fibre.

(Continued on Page 43)

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Gae bring tae me the salt sea air
Frae that garden by the Forth,
Come bring tae me ye'r bonny hair,
That minds me o' my love i' the North.

Gae bring tae me the scenes o' Yarrow;
Yarrow's braes and Ettrick's shaws.
But leave behind the scents o' sorrow,
For ah ! my heart has many flaws.

Gae bring tae me the heather's tang,
The bracken and the woodland ferns,
Come bring to me the linnet's song,
And the wild cry o' the terns.

Frae Shetland's treeless isle,
Tae Border rich in story,
I've treked every lang Scots mile,
And sang o' its unsurpassed glory.

— IAIN HUTCHISON.

37. Leave these and go home for a while.
33. Simply nothing at all.
39. Confuses tests — then lets stand.

DOWN

1. Live around wickedness.
2. These fours on the legs.
3. A beastly way to begin an advantage.
4. Got rooms let, i.e. (to the weatherman).
5. Sounds like an undersea officer. Could be, too! (3.10).
6. She follows the printer's measure. It's bound to happen after!
7. He wrote; He could have ended in 20 Across.
8. Alarm about an evaded fare.
13. Have a right to Tile Ten.
14. This way for the tiny woman!
16. A lot of writing in these three letters.
17. Give life to a team in a turmoil.
19. This jolly flag is for the pirates.
25. The fitting thing about young Patrick.
27. Fetch the remainder in the middle.
29. So sea can be found churned up in the desert?
30. He's very confused about 36 Across.
31. What a silly mixed-up thing to put on aircraft!
32. The remainder of 28 Across.
34. Little more than a hug can be tremendous.
35. Toss around those heavy drinkers.

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SPORTSMEN'S MEETING AT THE WHITE ENSIGN CLUB

The Directors of the White Ensign Club, Nowra, are arranging for a SPORTSMEN'S MEETING, to be held at the Club on THURSDAY, 8th MAY, at 8 p.m.

The entire proceeds from the night will be given to our sportsman, CHARLIE MORRIS, to assist him financially when he represents Australia at the Empire Games.

The highlight of the night will be the indoor race meeting, complete with tote and bookmakers.

Almost all of the Sportsmen in the District are combining to make this a gala occasion and boost Charlie's purse.

If necessary, numbers must be restricted to members of the White Ensign Club and invited guests, and there'll be more ado about this function through the Commander's Office and the Manager of the White Ensign Club, Nowra.