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# SLIPSTREAM



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

No. 14

JUNE, 1958

Price 6d.

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# "SLIPSTREAM"

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

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No. 14

JUNE, 1958

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EDITOR: Lt. Cdr. Harvey.

SUB. EDITOR: Sub. Lt. Hockley.

SPORTS EDITOR: Sub. Lt. Sheridan.

ART EDITOR: P.O. Edward.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Sub.Lt. Hall.



As we go to press, the Press Liaison Officer at Pott's Point and his men are burning the midnight oil in their green eyeshades getting out the first issue of "NAVY NEWS", the Eastern Area paper.

The P.L.O. was good enough to assure us that this publication would in no way jeopardise "SLIPSTREAM", but although we are grateful for this assurance, we believe that it is unnecessary. There is ample room on the bookstalls for "Navy News", "Garden Island", "Slipstream", "Short Circuit" and any other literary ventures.

As for material, there is enough potential in "Albatross" alone to fill half a dozen papers, and we hope that everyone here will support the new journal wholeheartedly. Send your contribution along to the Editor of "Slipstream", who will endeavour not to steal the best bits before sending it on.

For our part we welcome "Navy News" and wish it every success.

— EDITOR.

## FLEET AIR ARM TYPES OF THE PAST

### No. 3 — The Fairy Swordfish

Of all Naval aircraft, the Swordfish is undoubtedly the best known and best loved. At the beginning of World War II, over half the Royal Navy's front line strength of 232 aircraft were Swordfish and for the greater part of the war it continued to be the Fleet Air Arm aircraft.

Originally built in 1934 as a torpedo spotter reconnaissance aircraft, the Swordfish was a three seat biplane, powered by a 775 h.p. nine cylinder Bristol Pegasus III radial engine. Fully loaded it was capable of a speed of 80 knots and a range of 400 nautical miles. Bombs were carried beneath the wings and a torpedo or mine could be carried between the fixed undercarriage legs. During the war, it was used as a bomber, torpedo bomber, minelayer and spotter and earned distinction in all these roles.

The Swordfish's most famous exploit took place at Taranto, in November, 1940. Two forces of 12 and 9 aircraft from H.M.S. "Illustrious" attacked the Italian Fleet in the inner harbour and torpedoed and sank three battleships, the "Littorio" and two of the "Giulio Cesare" class. Other units of the fleet were damaged. This one action altered the whole balance of naval power in the Mediterranean and had far reaching effects.

At Matapan, the battle which finally put the Italian Fleet out of the war, Swordfish, together with Albacores, hit the battleship "Vittorio Veneto" and the cruiser "Pola", causing the latter to stop, where she was later sunk by the fleet.

It was a Swordfish which scored a torpedo hit on the stern of the German battleship "Bismark". This wrecked her steering gear and jammed her rudder and enabled the fleet to catch and sink her.

Swordfish, operating from "Woolworth" carriers and M.A.C. ships, were extensively used against U boats in the Battle of the Atlantic and on Russian convoys and they carried out numerous minelaying operations. From Malta they attacked Axis convoys and harbours in Libya. In the landings in North Africa and Madagascar, they played an important supporting role.

When the German battlecruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau made their historic dash up the English Channel, six Swordfish carried out a torpedo attack in the face of the most intense A.A. fire. All six aircraft were shot down and their leader, Lieutenant Commander Esmonde, was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross.

The Swordfish was replaced in the later stages of the war by the Barracuda and Firefly, but was used by R.A.F. Coastal Command until V.E. day, one attacking a midget submarine 3½ hours before the armistice was signed.

Today one Swordfish remains in service at R.N.A.S. Lee-on-Solent, where it is flown on the anniversary of the Battle of Taranto and other occasions. It is fitting that the Boyd Trophy, presented annually to the best squadron or aviator in the Fleet Air Arm, is a silver model of a Swordfish.

## Station Personality

### No. 14

COMMANDER

S. R. G. SHARP, R.A.N.



Commander Sharp joined the R.A.N. in May, 1935, as a Paymaster Cadet and was appointed to H.M.A.S. "Canberra", where for six months he carried out Executive Midshipman's duties before going into serious training for a future Commander (S). During this period he was convinced that his future was not in the Executive branch when as Midshipman of the Captain's motor boat he ran the boat on the end of the Jervis Bay breakwater, thereby achieving the displeasure of the Captain and all those subordinate to the Captain.

In 1936 he joined H.M.A.S. "Australia" to leave her when she paid off and "H.M.A.S. "Albatross" was recommissioned in 1938, and to proceed to the United Kingdom where "Albatross" ship's company commissioned H.M.A.S. "Hobart". He was in "Hobart" until 1941, during which time she was engaged on patrol and convoy work in the Indian Ocean and Red Sea and in covering the evacuation of British Somaliland. From May, 1941, until November, 1943, Lieutenant Sharp served in H.M.A.S. "Australia" and saw convoy duty, the laying of magnetic mines at Kerguelen Island, the battle of the Coral Sea, the first landings at Guadalcanal and various unpleasantnesses in the New Guinea and Solomon Islands area. Then came nine months ashore in Darwin, followed by appointment to the minelayer H.M.A.S. "Bungaree", in which ship he was serving on V.J. Day.

Since the war Commander Sharp has served in H.M.A.S. "Rushcutter", H.M.A.S. "Harman", and surveying in H.M.A.S. "Warrego", during which time she carried out surveys in Exmouth Gulf, Spencer Gulf and Bass Strait. During this period he claims he qualified as an expert carrier of heavy weights and poles up steep and slippery slopes and in conjunction with the Engineer Officer as the recognised expert in erection of tide poles from steel scaffolding, also he developed an amazingly rapid and instinctive retreating technique when in the near vicinity of sharks or snakes. After this interlude he served in H.M.A.S. "Penguin", F.N.D. and has now arrived in H.M.A.S. "Albatross", where he assures us he is enjoying his first association with the Fleet Air Arm.

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## "MR. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

(H.M.A.S. MELBOURNE — 15th JUNE)

"Hola, Commarada," as we Spaniards say. Reach for the wine skin and pour thyself a stiff one. I have just finished reading Hemingway's "For Whom The Bell Tolls," and have news of a great seriousness to report.

Last February I told you about the Black Lollies that used to be part of the Aircrew Flying Rations, and how they haven't been seen of late, in spite of their popularity. Well, I don't know whether you've read "For Whom The Bell Tolls," but it is the story of an American adventurer, sent to blow up a bridge during the Spanish Civil War. Among the packfull of detonators, dynamite, and so on, with which he is provided for the job, there is some black putty-like material, which will explode under pressure.

By itself, there is nothing very remarkable in that fact, and I would normally not have paid any attention to it. But only a month ago, I read a report in a newspaper that an attempt by a team of Naval divers to blow up a submerged wreck, near Portsmouth, had failed. Their explosive had unaccountably refused to detonate. The paragraph, coupled with the passage from Hemingway, seems to me to have a sinister implication.

Can it be that someone, somewhere in the Naval Stores supply-line, has blundered? While the idea of a team of Naval divers trying to blow up a wreck with liquorice may be somewhat comical, the other side of the mix-up could have been positively tragic.

Picture some unsuspecting member of aircrew opening his rations: the light in his eye as he spots the black lolly: the first ecstatic bite: and then, as the smoke clears the he staggers to his feet, his discovery that his teeth are embedded in the ceiling like so much bucksot.

Even Hemingway wouldn't stand for that.

\* \* \* \*

During our visit to Japan a couple of weeks ago, two sailors went to Tokio one night for Suki Yaki—one of those dinners served in traditional Japanese style in small private dining rooms, and usually presided over by imitation Geisha-girls.

To cut a long story short, they were halfway through the meal, kneeling on the floor round a low table, when one of a party of Americans from the dining room next door, burst in on them. He had just been tipped off that there was an unlicensed gambling school at the back of the premises, and that the police were on their way to raid the place.

Leaving some money on the table, the sailors headed for the exit, only to find that their shoes, which they had, according to custom, left there as they entered, had gone. At that moment they though they could hear the distant wail of a police siren, so they went off down the street in their socks.

They managed to catch a taxi at the next corner. The driver obviously spoke very little English, but they waved money at him and repeated the word "shoes" several times, until the idea seemed to penetrate, and he drove confidently off.

Ten minutes later he pulled up outside what was obviously a house of ill-repute, and beaming fatuously at them and nodding his head, said, "Shoes, shoes — Yes, yes — Number One."

Realizing they were getting nowhere, they paid him off and sent him away. Then they walked on till they came to a hotel where the doorman spoke English, and explained the situation to him. He whistled up another taxi, and gave directions to the driver. As they drove away, the little crowd which had followed them along the street and had gathered round while they talked to the doorman, clapped and waved happily.

This time they did get to a shoe shop — one of the few open at that time of night — but unfortunately it catered only for the Japanese — size foot, and they had some difficulty in finding anything to fit them. In the end they succeeded, and an hour or so later came clattering up the ship's gangway. The Officer of the Watch, who had previously done a day's duty in both Manila and Hong Kong, saw nothing remarkable about two sailors coming back on board wearing wooden clogs.

— GULLIVER.

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## Spacemanship

Come, live with me and be my love,  
And we shall soar through realms above,  
To share the pleasures life can yield  
Beyond this earth's magnetic field.

In chromium rocket, snug and neat,  
Sharing one soft foam-rubber seat,  
We'll drive up through the sunlit night  
To our Venusian satellite.

There, as we travel fast and far,  
We'll run our own espresso bar;  
Through plastic tube's hygienic tip  
Celestial coffee you shall sip.

Where jewelled meteors round us flame,  
We'll watch TV's best panel game;  
Or uninhibitedly reel  
To LP discs of Tommy Steele.

— KENNETH KITCHEN.

Entry in a "Spectator" competition.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR,

I have the misfortune to be the owner of a farm at what I once thought to be a safe distance from your Air Station.

However, at about 3 a.m., on Thursday, 9th May, I had cause to visit a small outbuilding on my farm and to my utter frustration and dismay, I found a queue of about 60 men in nondescript clothing all heavily armed with sub-machine guns in complete possession of the building in question. I was seriously inconvenienced, as I was unable to enter the building until 4.30 a.m.

If these strange nocturnal episodes continue, I have grave fears for my sanity.

Yours, distractedly,  
"FRANTIC FARMER".

DEAR SIR,

I wish to object strongly to this slatternly Wong girl receiving publicity in this magazine.

She is in fact breaking up my home. My husband has been to Hong Kong a number of times and when I mention the place he blushes, mutters and changes the subject.

I can't take much more.

"WINGEING WINNIE".

DEAR SIR,

My boy from Melbourne ship show me your honourable paper when in Yokosuka. I see many letters from Hong Kong girl, Susie Wong, and she think herself one lush chick, but let me tell you Mr. Editor-san, that Australian boys all say Chinese are very cold numbers indeed alongside Japanese girls.

From now on that Susie, she all wash up.

"BABYSAN".

DEAR MR. EDDITOR,

Them airypplanes of yours was arown again the other nite and wot's worse they was chuckin bags of flower at us weer only a pore fambly livin in the bush i no but we doan wont no charritty from yez speshully when its only a rotten ole bit of flower and then their was those others an ole gray wun and wun with a prizen hare cut and wun they call Cheef Sumer doan think i dint see them sneekin arown I mean a man cant live peesable anymore.

Respectfully

"JO GROGG".

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There was a young man from Omagh,  
Who hadn't a lawful Papa,  
And when he had heard  
That his mother had erred,  
He said a lot more than Omagh!

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**AROUND THE STATION**  
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Naval Airman Fawcett looks apprehensive as Naval Airman Wright stands by to pull out the fid over the Wet Ditching Pool.

\* \* \* \*

With the Bushex behind and Winter Leave in front, this edition should reach a crowd of contented customers. Those whose blisters have healed will be darting through the gate almost as soon as this is in their hands and we wish them a nice quiet leave—they only have to stick it out till Monday, 7th July.

\* \* \* \*

The Bushex was the most notable event since our last issue. Much has been, and will continue to be, said about it but it seems to have been enjoyed (to their own surprise) by the majority. Fortunately everything looks better in retrospect. Anyway it has shown us what sheltered and comparatively luxurious lives we lead compared with the brown jobs.

\* \* \* \*

The dreaded word "Inspection" has been heard again lately although it seems scarcely a dog watch since the last one passed. Calypso blue and festival pink is being plastered on with gay abandon, soil is flying and plants are going in just in time to be killed off by the first frost. If everyone can keep their hands off the paintwork for the next three months, the place should look a picture.

For the benefit of General Service personnel, F.A.W. Squadron means Fighter All Weather Squadron, not, as the buzz goes, Flying Alternate Wednesdays Squadron.

\* \* \* \*

The Victualling Officer assures us that it was pure coincidence that the Victualling Office parrot disappeared the day before the Rugby League Club raffled two ducks.

\* \* \* \*

Overheard in the Wets. "When I first joined the Navy, we all knew each other by our Christian names."

"That's nothing, when I joined, the Dead Sea hadn't even reported sick."

\* \* \* \*

The ever obliging Chief in the Main Stores was stumped for once when asked recently to supply a Jenny Wench.

\* \* \* \*

One of our best known sporting stars, who recently suspected that he had contracted a leg injury, spent a restful afternoon in the Sick Bay with his leg under the infra red lamp. Unfortunately it was the wrong leg.

\* \* \* \*

Culled from Bushex reports:—

"I've just been attacked by a bat." "Well, don't just stand there; bring her in."

Recruit Naval Airman, hopelessly lost, to his mate, "Where are we?" "Dunno, I'll ask the boss." Mate, to Company Commander, "Here, mate, where are we?" Company Commander, "Do you know who I am?" Mate to Recruit N.A., "Gee, are we in strife. We don't know where we are and the bloke in charge don't know he he is."

"Lend me a knife." "What for?" "There's a bloke over here I don't like and I want to cut his throat while he's asleep."

"They ought to have these exercises more often—say once every five years."

\* \* \* \*

NOTICE—An H Company Reunion will be held on Anzac Day, 1959, at the Coy Club on the Parma Road, Map Ref. 5483.

A gambler who's about to wed  
Should seek a bride called Winifred.  
However fortune's wheel may spin,  
He can't miss much if bound to Win.

## A MEDICAL INTERLUDE

He was suffering from Venomitus and Gannetorrhea, the former being a kind of anxiety neurosis caused by worrying unduly about the readiness of certain aircraft, and the latter is not what you think it is, but a form of hallucination, or an illusion of seeing things floating before the eyes, such as being scanned by an artificial horizon. This is said to be caused by working too long after midnight.

Any how, he was to be admitted to B.N.H. for a thorough doing over, so with some apprehension he presented himself before the warders of this famous institution, which as everyone knows, is situated in idyllic surroundings in one of Sydney's select North Shore suburbs.

As the smoke signals from the South Coast hadn't penetrated at this stage, when our hero presented himself at the portals, nobody knew that he was a prospective inmate, so he had to do some fast talking to get in.

He was lucky enough to get a two berth cabin, and he at once noticed some startling improvements in the layout since last time he went in for a rest cure.

He said there is now a push alongside each bed so that you can call the attendant. This is a distinct advantage over the old system of knocking on the wall and yelling out (if you had any breath left) because whereas before nobody ever heard you, now, with this foolproof system the attendant rushes up at the double and wants to know why he has been interrupted in the middle of reading the latest "PIX".

There is also another switch whereby you can select three different radio programmes for your headset. These channels are "B" for bottle, "P" for pan, and "E" for enema.

And all his modern equipment only took six years to instal, so everybody is wondering why the works Dept. rushed this job through so quickly.

Our old and bold was delighted with the attention showered upon him from all quarters. Nothing was too much trouble. Even the meals were "A la Carte"—carted all the way from the galley, up lifts, and along corridors, so they always ended up as cold as collations. After all one can't expect too much poultry and caviare in a hospital—but where do the chickens go anyway.

Towards dusk he looked out of his window on to the beautiful panorama of Balmoral Beach. Everything was quiet and peaceful, with the duty watch serenely fishing off the wharf, and the duty chief finishing off the last of his rabbits.

After about two weeks of the treatment he began to realize he wasn't getting very far so he decided to mention it to the M.O. on his next rounds.

"Sir"—he said, "I've been here two weeks now, and although someone comes in twice a day to ask after my health and to make sure I haven't escaped, I've had no treatment yet and I feel alright." "What's up," said the M.O. with a pained expression on his face,—"don't you like this place. Look at the beautiful harbour views and the wonderful weather we're having, and let me remind you it would cost you 20 guineas a

week outside, and don't forget as there haven't been many car accidents lately, we're running short of customers, so stop worrying and be like Confucius who say 'relax and enjoy'."

"Yes, I know all about that sir," said our bold and brave, "but what about that Ghost engine I left lying about the hangar—the spectre is always before my eyes, and how will the flying chaps get there hours in if I don't finish off that Venom?"

Shortly after this he was discharged as an incurable case of schizophrenia, but he vowed and declared that next time they get him in there it would be his last.

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## NEWS FROM THE FLEET

The following extract from our distinguished contemporary, "The Melbourne Mirror", gives some idea of the hardships being endured by those in the Strategic Reserve:

Many conflicting stories have been circulating about a Chief Aircraft Handler and the Toilet Door episode in 'Anita's' Bar in Manila. It would appear that whilst a member of our run ashore team, he wandered into said 'bin' to partake of liquid refreshment—after which he ambled out towards the door marked "Toilet". Now it so happens that the local policeman had perchance locked one cuff of his handcuffs to a fitting on the toilet door, which incidentally was a very substantial door. Now—our handler espied the vacant 'cuff, and being full of curiosity, decided to try them for size—as a result of which found that they fitted perfectly!!—and thereby remained chained to the said door for some 30 minutes—much to the consternation of the management—the embarrassment of lady patrons, who on the occasion of opening the door, had to cause our handler much trotting backwards and forwards in unison. Never was he seen quite so miserable as during the latter part of that 30 minutes! C.A.F. (A) Heaven came to the rescue, however, and finding that the handcuffs operated on a ratchet system, thought that if he could ease the 'cuff almost onto the top of the next pawl and release them quickly, they might jump a pawl, and thus loosen to the point where the hand could be extracted. Unfortunately, however, Ted Heaven had also been consuming alcoholic stuff for the preceding five hours, and was finding great difficulty in getting the 'feel' of the 'cuffs, and at each attempt, managed to get them one notch tighter, until our handler's hand was blue, and quite unfit for handling anything. The situation was cleared up fairly amicably when the local gendarmerie entered with the key and released the offending 'cuff—much to the relief of the management, who were beginning to fear that when our boy left he would have to take the Toilet Door with him. It is well that the policeman appeared—for had he not—imagine the consternation of the O.O.W. on the arrival of our Chief Handler embracing a Manila 'bin's Toilet door, and requesting permission to proceed aboard.

## Around the Village . . .

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Dalloway leave us in July for a trip to England and will be back to settle in the near future, possibly in the Nowra district. We wish them every success and one and all would like to express their gratitude to Peggy Dalloway for her years of untiring work towards the welfare of the Village.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Miss Jones (Brown Owl of Albatross Brownie Pack) would like to thank all those people in the Village who were so helpful in finding jobs and donating generously for the Brownie's Willing Shilling Appeal during May.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mrs. Purton, one of the Play Centre teachers, has left after having done an excellent job which has earned our gratitude. Mrs. Hames has taken over and we wish her every success.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The dance held in the Hall on Friday, 6th June, was a great success. The music was good, P.O. and Mrs. Mack did sterling work with the liquid and solid refreshments and the Rock 'N' Rollers supplied light entertainment—all in all a first class evening.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Villagers are reminded once again that the speed limit is 15 m.p.h. A child's pet dog was run over and injured recently in Bedford Street; this could have been a child. Please keep to the limit.

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## REPORT FROM VILLAGE WELFARE ASSOCIATION

### BUS SHELTERS:

These are now completed and it is certain that everyone who has had to stand and wait for a bus is duly grateful. It is expected that shelters will be extended to all bus stops later.

### VILLAGE HALL:

There has been considerable activity in the Village Hall since its opening. You can book the Hall for any function, private or otherwise, and you should contact Petty Officer Mack, at 25 Bedford Street, if you wish to do so.

It is hoped to have a library running in the Hall in the near future.

### GARDENS:

Don't forget the Gardening Competition in the spring. Plants may be had from the Gardeners' Shed and tools may be borrowed from the First Lieutenant. If you want your lawns cut quickly and easily, see the mowing firm; there is very little waiting time (see notice board inside the Village Store).

### PHOTOGRAPH:

It has been decided that a photograph of the Captain and Chairman opening the Village Hall should be placed inside the Hall. The work put in by the Captain to make the Hall possible has been greatly appreciated by the Villagers.



#### GUTTERS:

The Welfare Association has discussed the question of the dangerous gutters around the Village, especially the one running behind the flats. It was decided to approach the Captain on this matter in an endeavour to improve the position before the wet weather sets in.

#### ELECTIONS:

Village residents are reminded that general elections will be held on Monday, 14th July. It is hoped that all Villagers will vote. This is your Village and your Welfare Association. Please support them.

R. MURRELL,  
Hon. Sec., Village Welfare Assn.

## SOCIAL NOTES

The Cabaret Night at the W.E.C. on Monday, 26th May, provided a high stand of entertainment. The music, which emanated from a combination of Seven Mariners, was heavily laden with a Rock 'N' Roll flavour but it was unanimously agreed that the music was as stimulating as the Lager.

Some impromptu entertainment was provided by those present; the R.A.N. College was well represented and Chief Cook Howell's rendition of Johnny Ray's "Cry" brought sobs of suppressed laughter. (There was some in-decision in the audience as to whether they should have laughed or cried).

A Rock 'N' Roll competition was won by a young couple whose rhythmic contortions amazed the representatives of the middle agers present.

The proceeds of the evening went to the Ladies' Auxiliary but at the time of going to press the total sum is not known. However, the insatiable "one armed bandits" contributed over £42. We hope the numerous gate-crashers felt them tugging at their pockets. The total is expected to reach £80.

An abundance of tempting 'vittles' was provided by the Ladies' Auxiliary and Mr. Hickson's staff.

Present on the occasion were a number of prominent Nowra citizens, Mr. Charles Shirley and his sister Pat, Mr. and Mrs. Barter (Mr. Barter is the Maths teacher at Nowra High School), and a number of others.

The Navy was represented by all Ranks and rates from Captain and Mrs. Smith down to Recruit N/A.'s and their attractive young friends from the nursing staff of the local Hospital.

One point suggests itself strongly to us and that is that these occasions could provide unlimited scope for promoting healthy public relations, as well as first class entertainment, where the not so prominent rub shoulders with the leaders of our Community.



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Ex - R.A.N.

# CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who has not, at least secretly, admired and unconsciously fallen into step with a Pussers Band on the march. We have, at some time or other claimed our particular department or branch of the Service has won public acclaim or been deserving of great credit, but our bands have been in the public's critical eye on occasions too numerous to mention and on each of these occasions has overshadowed and rendered seemingly puny any effort on the part of their counterparts in other Services to reach their high standard of both musical and marching accomplishment; for an example we need look no further than the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, where even the sceptics were proud to let it be known that "our" band had done it again.

The band at "Albatross", under Chief Bandmaster Lunn, consists of 17 and it is anticipated that before 1958 becomes "last year" the band will be up to its full strength of 21. The band's day is a full one; turning out for "colours", 4 hours of solid practice and rehearsal each day. On top of the routine is a heavy round of commitments in the Wardroom, Chief's and P.O.'s Messes and the Ship's Company Canteen. In addition to "Albatross" requirements there is also one day a week at the R.A.N.C. for the purpose of giving the Cadets the necessary experience in marching to music.

Musical arrangements by the bandmaster are usually done in the silent hours, and a recent arrangement of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" took 12 hours of relentless concentration. To the non-musical layman the complete arrangement on paper looked like a mass of unintelligible algebraic equations, but we were assured that in the hands of the band it would be a stirring rendition of the original. An allowance of £50 per year covers the purchase of the latest in music as well as replacement of the old.

The majority of the present "Albatross" band were unable to play any musical instrument before joining the Service; this speaks volumes for the efficiency of the methods employed in their training at F.N.D.

On the 25th August this year our band will be attending a Band Festival in Melbourne, and will be featured on Radio and T.V. On 6th October this year a band of 50 selected R.A.N. Musicians will be featured in a programme called "Sydney Tonight" on Channel 7.

It only remains to be said that, come what may, "Rock 'N' Roll", Swing, Bebop, Beethoven, or just plain Military Marching, our bands are second to none.

— "Il Maestro".

"Do you think we ought to tell Sir Malcolm and the boys about rounds this morning?"



# BUSHEX or NEVER AGAIN

It has been difficult to obtain coherent accounts from those who took part in the Bush Exercise, but we have been fortunate enough to secure a copy of a report understood to be that made by the Senior Army umpire to his superior officer:  
**THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING  
SOUTH COAST COMMAND,**

The following report on a Defence Exercise at the R.A.N. Air Station on 28th and 29th May is submitted.

2. Officers and Warrant Officers detailed to act as umpires arrived at the Air Station on the day before the exercise and briefing commenced in the Wardroom almost at once. At 0200 hours briefing was still in progress, but few umpires had a real grasp of the exercise by this time and it was reluctantly decided to adjourn until the morning.

3. At 1100 hours on 28th May, umpires were surprised to see a large body of men lounging near the hangars. These were at first thought to be Department of Works employees engaged on runway construction, but enquiries revealed that this was the Attacking Force parading preparatory to moving off. The men were issued with a small number of arms and a large quantity of provisions and the convoys departed.

4. On arrival at their starting points, companies were briefed by their commanders. These briefings produced some stirring oratory, one officer addressing his men in the following terms: "We shall fight them on, but not in, the creeks; down, but not up, the hills; in the galleys, not the valleys; and if anyone is up the creek, leave him there and do not worry about the paddle." Fired by these inspiring words, the troops advanced at a remarkable pace.

5. After three or four hours, companies halted for the evening meal and it appeared that the sailors believed this



"Bush exercise or no bush exercise, drop them chooks or I shoot"

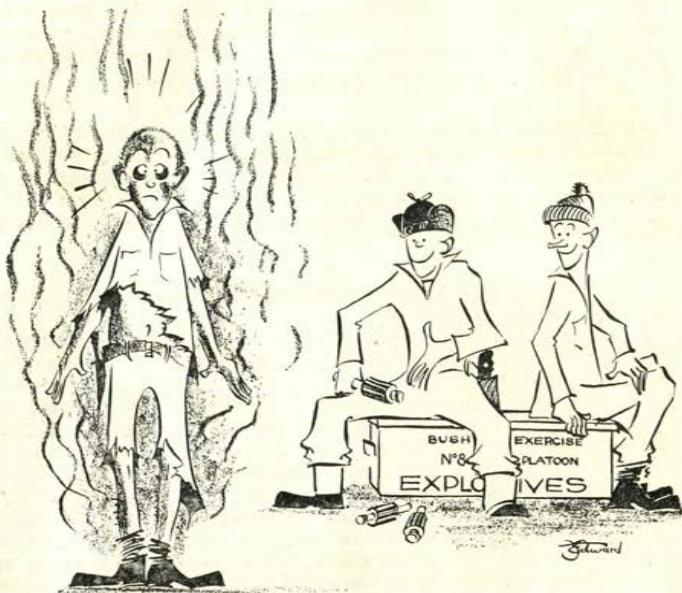
to be the major objective of the operation. Huge fires were lit, which promptly attracted aircraft of the Defence Force and sent the umpires diving for cover. Naval personnel, showing great courage and steadiness under fire, did not stir from their fires and not an ounce of the rations was wasted.

6. At about this time, the Defence Force was completing its dispositions, three companies being placed in strategic positions around the defence area. A strong force of brew-wetters, soup porters and other essential personnel were stationed round H.Q., the Control Tower, and the logistic support was extremely well organised.

7. By dark, the Attacking Forces were either probing the Defences, asleep or lost. G Coy, which was originally to have been commanded by the officer who devised the exercise, had been thoughtfully given an approach route, which involved scaling an 800 foot cliff and a march through 6 miles of impenetrable bush. The commander was bitterly disappointed at being called away to a conference in Sydney the day before the exercise and reluctantly handed over his company to his 2 i.c. E Company, a somewhat basic body of men, was curled up happily and malodourously in the Pig Farm. D Company developed an unaccustomed craving for water and recklessly threw in suicide squads with instructions to take the Wardroom, C.P.O.'s or P.O.'s bars at all costs. F Company were blowing up everything in sight, stealing cars and being a thorough nuisance to the umpires and non combatants and a mild irritant to the Defence. J Company, some of whose men had blackened their faces, had become inextricably confused with a party of aboriginals who had received a direct hit from a flour bomb, dropped by the helicopter. I Company was chiefly concerned in capturing the Defence's soup. H Coy was wisely conserving its strength before a large fire in a farmhouse, which was thought to be deserted; in fact the owner was merely out at the pictures. Patrols from B Coy were bravely attacking the heavily defended Rosebowl. K Coy, a Commando Force, officered by an elderly Aviator, two Paymasters and a Dentist, were harassing the defenders to good effect.

9. By 0600 Attacking Companies were in position and eating an exotic breakfast of "tidy-oggies" and 100-year-old Chinese eggs. The moral of the Defence Force, high until this time, dropped alarmingly when it was found that their breakfast had been captured. A good deal of the exercise, in fact, centred round the acquisition of food.

10. H hour, 0900 hours, was now approaching and considerable tension was evident on both sides. Air activity was intensified, especially by the helicopter, which, if claims are to be taken seriously, was shot down 37 times. However, despite crippling casualties, the attacking force reached their positions and at 0900, its Battalion Commander, who had wisely picked the top of a tall tree for his H.Q., saw 11 green Verey lights indicating that companies were ready to attack.



"Bet that give him a fright!"

11. The situation then became confused. Oddly clad men swarmed over the fences. A party of intrepid but earthy characters concealed themselves in the Garbage Truck and drove unmolested through the Defence lines. The Air was black with Chinese crackers as Attack and Defence Forces flung themselves upon each other with unmatched ferocity heedless of casualties or the umpire's decisions. At last the Control Tower, which had been the scene of atrocious carnage, was carried by the Attackers, the majority of whom had been declared casualties hours before.

12. Those umpires, whose nerves had been restored, attended a "wash up" later in the day. No attempt was made to determine which side had won but Naval officers present declared that their men had derived great value from the exercise. Military personnel were not in a position to judge this but all were unanimous that they themselves had had an unforgettable experience.

—B. MUZZLE, Major.



## Uncle Joss's Column



DEAR UNCLE JOSS,

I am a civilian who is contemplating enlisting in the "Silent Service". I have been accustomed to breakfast in bed, having my bed turned down, having my bath run for me and my clothes pressed and laid out. I am told that my habits will of necessity undergo minor adjustments to your Service life but I am looking forward eagerly to this new adventure.

I feel that I might make a good officer. Are there any vacancies?

Yours enthusiastically,

"ADVENTUROUS".

You strike me as the rugged type we need and I am looking forward to seeing you in uniform. There are some vacancies for Admiral but you must be patient.

DEAR UNCLE JOSS,

I've been in the Navy 17 years and I have never been out with a girl. I seem to be unable to meet one who will go out with me. I hear the Commander is running a Lonely Hearts Club. Could you please advise me on how to apply as the only time I ever see the Commander is with my cap in my hand.

"PEGLEG JACK".

It is as you say, Pegleg. Next time you see the Commander spin him the dit and he will fix everything—along with 14 days' stoppage

DEAR UNCLE JOSS,

When the WRANS come, is there any chance of the WRAN Jaunty taking over this column?

"PHILOGYNIST".

Not a hope, boy. If this place lives up to its reputation, she'll be too busy with her own problems.

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## — PUSSERS PAGE —

Alas no good news. We Pussers have recovered from Bushex and the Supply Officer has proved by personal experience that fresh cow dung does nothing at all for the complexion. The food was lovely wasn't it, and for once the only cooks you could blame were yourselves.

Remember your leave pay has to last you until 17th July.  
Good leave to all. —R.S.

### WRITERS:

Questioned as to why he was swimming in the fish pond outside one of the local hotels, a certain writer spluttered, "Well it's about time we had an Iceberg Club and I'm the first, and, I may add, the only member."

Found out recently why everyone was holding the left hand of the typist in the Captain's Office—an attractive engagement ring, no less. Sincere congratulations to the young lady and her fiance.

### COOKS (S):

What a pity all those people paying off before 1960 will not be here to see our plush new kitchen, which we expect to put in an appearance about then—£140,000 of Chef's dream. We perform near miracles in our stone age factory now. Wait till you see us under atomic age conditions.

It could never be justly said that we haven't got the welfare of our brothers, the "Birdies" at heart. We admit, however, that after some years in small ships, we cannot help regarding stand easy soup, hamburgers and night flying suppers with a rather jaundiced eye.

### S.A.'s (S):

The TubbySubby modestly admits that he has been rechristened the "Large Economy Size Sub Lieutenant" because he is expected to do the work of two ordinary sized Sub Lieutenants.

We welcome A.S.U.C.O. and his staff to our office, but a requisition is being placed to have his cubicle hermetically sealed. The delicious aroma of coffee early in the morning interferes with our work.

At least one member of the staff has "volunteered" for dog watch work in the garden. The Chief is most appreciative.

Snatches of "The Bells are Ringing for Me and My Girl" have been heard coming from the direction of the Priority Section lately.

### COOKS (O) and STEWARDS:

Challenged 805 to a Rugby match on Wednesday, 11th June 805 won 11-3.

We would like to advise other divisions of similar size

(about 60) that we are prepared to take them on at Soccer, Rugby, Hockey, Australian Rules or Cross Country Running. All challenges should be referred to Lieutenant Henshaw.

#### S.A.'s (V) and BUTCHERS:

It appears that some ratings cannot bear to go without the wholesome food that the Victualling Department places on the tables each day. Even though a break was given to most in Bushex, one company couldn't tolerate the thought of missing a meal and had to swipe the Depot's breakfast, which was later discovered bent but not quite broken.

All compliments for the next two weeks are to be passed to P.O. "Maxy", who has taken over while the Chief recovers from his nervous breakdown.

One L.S.A. will soon be sharing his scran with the fish.

We now have the Bomaderry darts champ. in our midst. Any challengers?

In answer to many questions asked of our Department, "No, it was not Lord Nelson working in the Veg. Locker".

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SPEND YOUR PAY

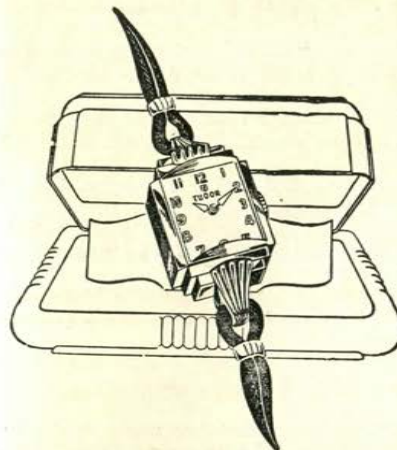
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## — BALL RACE —

Now that the interior decorating of the A/E Headquarters is complete, and there is no fear of being painted, the staff have resumed their usual static positions.

It is not true that since he returned from the Atomic Power conference, Commander (E) is radio active; he normally acts that way (Active, I mean!)

Anyone looking for a sudden and quick death need only mention "Signal Pistols" in front of the A.O.O.

It is requested that no one says to Mechanics (O) "Drop Dead," as it appears that they are officially to be allowed to "Die Out" in their own good time.

It is not true that the extension to the Chief's Mess was put up solely for the benefit of more elbow room for a certain Commander when playing darts.

— By A.J.C.

### L.T.M.U. —

Each man during his lifetime experience has many variants; the pitfalls that trap, the prickings that annoy and the occasional sweetmeats that gladden the heart. Into this latter category comes the issue of soup. Each morning just before 1000, one becomes aware that his nose has been lifted towards the sky in an effort to catch the first delicate aroma and the designer of the BISTO advertisement poster would turn green with envy if he could but see it.

To the man who first thought up the issue, we say "Thank You," may you always walk in the sunshine, and may your shadow never grow less. To the people who sanctioned the issue, and to the catering branch who produce it for us, we say "Good on yer" as cobbers.

Recently the port mainplane of Firefly WD 828 was used as a maternity hospital by a lady cat. This was not discovered until the litter was about 4 weeks old, and by that time they were all claws and teeth, as was proved by the ratings who had the job of removing them. Now that their air minded ambitions have been thwarted, both the cat and the kittens have deserted us.

I often wonder how many of you have really considered the dog in its capacity as a pet. Where else would you find an animal that is so'ely and wholly faithful to its master? Where else would you find the devotion and love that a dog will offer only to its master? Who on a bitterly cold night will willingly leave the comfort of the fireside and walk with the master to the nearest hotel? Only a doy! Who will leap and prance with joy each time his master arrives home? Only a dog! Who will willingly lay down his life for his master, his master's family and possessions? Again only a dog! Can you honestly wish for more? If I have convinced you, then get in touch with the Officer in charge of L.T.M.U., who has a large black labrador type dog, for which he wishes to find a home. This dog has been well house trained, prefers a feather mattress to inner springs, is very fond of children, requires no more than one 4-year-old each day to satisfy his appetite, and is guaranteed to be a good house dog. He'll let any B—— but the master, in.

### "YOU CAN'T WIN."

The Officer-in-charge R.A.N.A.M.E.B., according to one of the R.A.N.A.M.E.B. "fans," asked his writer to type the exam paper he had just prepared.

"It's the same as the last one," said the writer.

"Yes," said the Officer-in-charge, "But the answers are different."

\* \* \* \*

### "FAIR DINKUM."

The following conversation was heard at the recent game of Australian Rules football, Albatross v. Army.

1st Commander (arriving late): "What's the score?"

2nd Commander: "9-3 to 2-5."

1st Commander: "What does that mean?"

2nd Commander: "I don't know, but the 'Pussers' are in front."

\* \* \* \*

### GRANNY'S STUFF —

Since we live in a crazy mixed-up world, Granny offers these crazy, mixed-up definitions:

**SOCIALISM** — You have two cows and give one to your neighbour.

**COMMUNISM** — You have two cows. The government takes both and gives you some of the milk.

**FASCISM** — You have two cows. The government takes both and sells you the milk.

**NAZISM** — You have two cows. The government takes both and shoots you.

**CAPITALISM** — You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

**FAIR DEALISM** — If you have two cows, you shoot one, milk the other and get paid to throw part of the milk away.

**IMERIALISM** — If you have two cows, you steal somebody's bull.

**ANARCHISM** — If you have two cows, your neighbour shoots one and takes the other.

**LIGHT-PINK COMMUNISM** — If you have two cows you are a Capitalist!

**REALISM** — If you have two cows they are both dry.

**A PSYCHIATRIST** is one who dives deeper, stays down longer, and brings up more dirt.

**AN OPPORTUNIST** is a woman who meets the wolf at the door and then appears in a new fur coat.

**CHIVALRY** is the attitude of a man towards a strange woman.

**AN ATHEIST** is a man who has no visible means of support.

**THE BIBLE** was against **BIGAMY** when it said: "A man cannot serve two masters."

**GORILLA WARFARE** means the other side gets up to monkey tricks.

**A TONSURE** is a priest shaving his hair off instead of cutting it off.

**MAGNA CHARTA** said that kings were not to order taxis without the consent of Parliament.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

## THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

### MORAL LEADERSHIP COURSE FOR 1958

By the time this article goes to press the allocation of nine vacancies to "ALBATROSS" in No. 17 Moral Leadership Course (C. of E.) will have been well and truly filled. Applications are being received at a steady rate. It is good to see such evidence that these courses are now considered worthwhile in every way.

It is now time to apply for Moral Leadership Courses No. 17 (Protestant Denominations) and No. 18 (Roman Catholic).

Ten of the fifteen vacancies reserved for naval students on these courses have been reserved for "ALBATROSS". Applications for No. 17 Course (P.D.) close on 23rd June and for No. 18 Course (R.C.) on 7th July. Names should be submitted to your Chaplain through your Divisional Officer.

The Protestant Denominations Course will commence on 4th August and end on 15th August. The Roman Catholic Course will be held between 18th August and 29th August.

No. 17 Course is for Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, etc.

The Theme for Course No. 17 is "Design for Living". No Course is intended for lay preachers or trainee chaplains. The courses are intended primarily for men, who have found difficulties in accepting the faith of a Christian. You should not, therefore, allow any of your doubts or prejudices to deter you. You will find that your particular problems will be greatly respected by the lecturers, who want to know what serving men are thinking and saying. You will not only find that they will be readily interested in your point of view, but that they can also help in finding the answer to your problem, whether it be the truth of the Bible, the reality of God, the moral government of the universe, the claims of Jesus Christ, or problems relating to happy married life or to the role of the servicemen in helping to bring peace on earth.

It has been found in the past that those who have completed these courses have been able to gain a new admiration for standards of life and character necessary for good citizenship, and that these courses are therefore equipping men to exercise a sound moral leadership.

— by Chaplain J. Wilson, R.A.N.

### HONESTY —

On a certain Sunday a missionary on one of the Islands of the Pacific preached on honesty and justice. He pointed out the wrong of taking things that did not belong to you. Particularly he pointed out that everything stolen had to be given back. No matter how small the thing you have taken, if it does not belong to you, you must give it back to its owner.

Imagine his surprise next morning when he found his yard piled high with goods of all kinds. There was every kind of fruit, every type of garment, every style of weapon. There were sacks of grain and baskets of sweets. A cow was tied to his front

porch; a pig was rooting around by the fence; chickens, dogs, and almost every species of animal of the region were wandering around his place.

He hurried to find the cause of all this. "Well," explained one of the natives, "our gods whom we have been worshipping permit us to steal, but according to what you said in your sermon yesterday, Father, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this. In fact, you said that we must give back every single thing we have stolen. So we bring back all these things to you, to help us bring them back to their owners."

— Chaplain L. J. Breslan, R.A.N.

## Introducing Albert Morison

Albert Morison began life in Nowra and has remained there with some exceptions ever since.

His first job was Mercery salesman at what is known as Morison's Fabric Centre.

When war broke out in 1939, Albert volunteered for the R.A.A.F. He was placed on the reserve and was called to the colours in 1940. He trained as a pilot at Bradfield Park, Amberly and Narromine, and on completion of this training he was made Sergeant Pilot.

Shortly after qualifying, Sgt. Morison was selected for staff instruction duties, which took him to most R.A.A.F. establishments and units in the Commonwealth.

Promotion followed rapidly and in 1943 Warrant Officer Morison was commissioned and posted to Bairnsdale for training in Reconnaissance work. Following completion of this training, Flying Officer Morison was posted to No. 33 Squadron, in New Guinea, where he flew Dakotas and other aircraft over the greatest part of New Guinea and the Pacific war theatre, carrying out intelligence work and conveying V.I.P.'s. During this period, which ended in January, 1945, Flying Officer Morison was promoted to Flight Lieut. and was shortly after posted back to the mainland where he piloted aircraft containing V.I.P.'s throughout Australia and the Pacific war zone.

After the end of hostilities, Flight Lieut. Morison became a commercial pilot, carrying out air survey duties for the Commonwealth Government until 1949. When he gave up flying and returned to Nowra, where he bought the business in which he began as a Junior Salesman.

In 1952, Albert Morison, together with other business men, was approached by Commander Crabbe and Captain Beale and asked to form a committee with a view to establishing a White Ensign Club, in Nowra. The fantastic sum of £40,000 was mentioned as the only bar to the W.E.C. being established. However, the committee was formed and the unrelenting efforts of a body of men who knew just what was needed bore fruit and so it was that in two short years £10,000 was found to purchase the Bridge Road Hospital.

We are fortunate in having as our civilian representative a man with the business acumen of Albert Morison. He has been President of the Civilian Committee of Management since its inception and it requires no testimony on our part to convince members that the club goes from strength to strength.



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## SPORTING NOTES

### RUGBY UNION — (Dempster Cup)

The first round of the Dempster Cup series has just been concluded and will resume in the second round, after mid-winter leave. Points at present are as follows: Albatross 6; Watson 6; Nirimba 6; Kuttabul 8; Penguin 2 and the Destroyers/Frigate team 2.

Our second last game, versus Kuttabul and played at Trumper Park, began with a very easy try to Kuttabul, whose forwards followed through strongly after a penalty. Play from both teams then took on a spectacular aspect with Albatross forwards ploughing through regardless. The Station's first score came from N/A. McKenzie, who equalled with a penalty goal. Soon after, a great try by Copping put Albatross in the lead, where it remained until the half way bell. Upon resumption, Kuttabul put up a score, making it 8-6; from there until the final bell points see-sawed to 16-15 against us. In this hard-fought match, excellent play was given by P.O. Manuel, L/A. Dugdale and N/A. Kimmorley, with L.A.M. Lowcock showing most improved forward play.

In the last match of round one, Penguin visited Albatross to become soundly defeated by 29 points to 6. It is probable that our backs had never played better football until this match; whilst our forwards were inclined to take things easy, often allowing their opponents through the line-outs. Tries by Nolan, Dugdale, Manuel and kicking by McKenzie delighted the crowd on the touchline.

During the first round Albatross defeated Penguin 29-6, lost to Kuttabul 16-15, defeated Nirimba 16-6, lost to Watson 32-8 and defeated Destroyers/Frigates 31-8.

A challenge match from H.M.A.S. "Creswell" last week resulted in favour of Albatross, 14 points to 6. The match was very hard and rugged, an injured ankle being suffered by McKenzie and teeth lost by Kimmorley.

### RUGBY LEAGUE

Albatross met with barely average success in its last three home games, receiving forfeit points from Gerringong, a father of a hiding from the very mobile Berry team (36 to 2) and a draw with Kiama. Not forgetting the sizeable beating meted out to us by Albion Park only a week ago at Albion Park.

In gale force winds, Albatross team was completely at sea against Berry, who handled the weather conditions very well; they gained a little help, too, from our forwards, who tackled very weakly. In this match full-back Nolan played the worst game seen from him in a long time. Yet, in the following game, against Kiama, the said Nolan was the best player on the field for Albatross. P.O. Manuel, playing lock for the Station side, was sent off the field with his opposite number, and received a stand-down from play for one match. B. Witt was brought into play at centre during the last few minutes and received an injury which is likely to keep him out for some weeks.

Dugdale showed up well for Albatross—at one stage he scooped up a loose ball on Albatross's goal line, and with superior speed, raced away to score a good try for the home team. Wil-

son on the other wing, a convert from Aussie Rules by the way, played a sound, reliable game during which he scored a try.

Albatross hopes that vice-captain Martin will include a heavier pack of forwards for future matches; maybe get them from the new fellows now turning up at training.

#### **SOCCER — Rear Admiral Showers Trophy Competition**

The first round games for this handsome trophy began on 2nd June, when Albatross met Watson at the Station ground. The game started at a fast rate and with the exception of a few short spells, in which both teams regained their composure and collected their thoughts, the pace remained hot right to the final bell. With Steemson defending in goal Watson had little chance of forcing the ball through. At half-time the scores were 4 goals to one in favour of Albatross. The second-half proved almost a walkaway for Albatross, who added seven more goals to make an easy final score of 11 goals to 1.

In the same week Albatross team travelled to Balmoral to play the Penguin and Submarines team, where a much harder and more difficult match was experienced. Within ten minutes of final time, Albatross were down 5 to 4. The situation looked very shaky indeed for Albatross, then the 'miracle' happened. Unexpectedly, Sub. Lieut. Jones appeared on the side line from nowhere, quickly followed by P.O. Bolden and a couple of other Albatross crocks, who are inmates of B.N.H. The magic that these people cast over our team had to be seen to be believed. Two quick goals from the 'birdies' reversed the score to 6-5 in their favour, which was maintained until full-time. Congratulations to Steemson, Cole, Sargeson and Hutchison for a very fine effort.

On 9th June, Albatross side played their third match against Nirimba, at Nirimba, and came away with a victorious 5 goals to 1 win. This is certainly a big feather in the Albatross soccer cap—three matches in seven days for three wins is likely to make even Blackpool team envious. We definitely intend to keep this trophy in the trophy case for another year at least. Well done, soccer team.

#### **AUSTRALIAN RULES — Combined Services Competition**

In the match Albatross v. 1st Field Regiment, spoiling tactics and crowding the play were the reasons why no score was registered by either team in the first ten minutes of the game. For a short spell, Sumner, of Albatross, looked like injecting some life into proceedings by snapping two quick goals, but erratic team-play seemed to be the order of the day so far. However, the second quarter brought out more purposeful football when Thompson, Sumner and Gault booted the ball through the sticks. The home side took the hint and played powerfully until half-time to lead 10-4 to 1-1. On resumption we found Army pressing on heavily in the rucks and forward play, where for some time they enjoyed some success in rustling a string of six-pointers. Nevertheless, good defensive work by Gosch and Keay managed to clip the Army forwards wings before their threat became too serious. McLelland, Snell and O'Donnell played well for the Station side—final scores being: Albatross 12 goals, 13 behinds defeated Army 9 goals, 2 behinds.

Albatross met Watson at Trumper Park a week ago to be

#### **ALBATROSS AUSTRALIAN RULES TEAM**



Back Row (left to right): L.E.M. Holroyd, N.A. McNamara, P.O. Kelly, N.A. O'Donnell, P.O. Gault, Ch.Tel. Sumner, S.C.P.O. Gosch, P.O. McLelland. Centre Row: L.E.M. Mason, E.M. Snell, N.A. Reid, P.O. Conlan, L.Air Thompson, L.Air Dunlop. Front Row: L.E.M. Keay, N.A. Farquar, N.A. Staff, N.A. Mignon, N.A. Wells, L.Air Wilcox.

defeated for the first time in the comp., scores being Albatross 8 goals, 10 behinds and Watson 9 goals, 11 behinds. Albatross seemed slow in settling down and couldn't find their legs apparently for many chances to score came their way but were either missed or carelessly played. This shows in the half-way score—Albatross 1-1 to Watson 5-7. The last two quarters' play produced much better football and both sides battled hard with ruckmen Thompson and Dunlop and rovers Keay and Mignon in the thick of it. Gosch and Mason at full-back and centre half-back respectively, were practically impassable. The last quarter saw Albatross forwards really throwing all they had into the game, but it was then too late to pull the game out of the fire. Albatross in the last period put on four goals, eight behinds, to Watson's nil. Goals were kicked by Sumner (4), Keay, Mignon, McLelland and Thompson one each. Best players were considered to be Keay, Gosch and Mason.

#### **INTERDIVISIONAL SPORT**

Last month was too early to comment on Electrical's Union team progress in the interpart comp. They have taken the lead from Executive and Petty Officers, having won three games and drawn one (14 pts.). P.O.'s and Executive are sitting on 12 pts., from four games played, whilst Air Dept. have a better average with 10 points from three games played. Officers and S.A.M.E. so far have no points from three matches each.

Another code of football in which Electrical is showing its superiority in recent weeks is Soccer, where it is leading S.A.M.E., Air and P.O.'s by a handsome margin.

Continued on Page 35

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## JULY'S "SLIPSTREAM"

Certain changes, which we hope will be an improvement, will be made in next month's magazine. Since we keep on telling you that this is YOUR magazine until you are probably sick of hearing it, it is YOUR fair that you should know what is going on.

For some months, "SLIPSTREAM" has been running at a small loss. By exercising stringent economy, reducing the number of cartoons and photographs, etc., we could possibly make both ends meet, but we do not believe these measures would be popular. On the contrary, it is our desire to increase the number of blocks and produce a better and bigger magazine all round. To this end, the Welfare Committee (and a finer body of men we have never met) have come to our aid with a monthly subsidy, which, together with the revenue from sales and advertisements, will enable us to:

- (a) cover our present loss.
- (b) increase the size of the magazine  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch all round.
- (c) use better paper and get, we hope, better reproduction for photographs.

The cynical will no doubt assume that we are being spurred on by competition from "Navy News" and "Sea and Sand Saga". In fact our plans had been made before we heard of either of these journals, but we do not deny that a bit of healthy competition is a good thing.

Anyway, for better or for worse, the new look "SLIPSTREAM" appears next month.

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### Sporting Notes — Continued from Page 33

Outstanding teams in Aust. Rules at this stage are P.O.'s, Elect. and Executive with 12 points each. Air Engineering and Chief P.O.'s are not fielding teams.

Interpart Hockey is going to be a very hard fought competition this season having four strong and equal teams fielded by Petty Officers, Executive, S.A.M.E. and Chief P.O.'s (last year's premiers).

#### BASKETBALL

Following the exhibition basketball match between two Albatross teams at Nowra High School gymnasium a few weeks back, a newly formed district basketball competition has come into being in Nowra. This is good news to Station players of the game, who, until last year found that a weekly journey to the Wollongong comp. was at times too difficult to follow up.

In the first game in the local competition Albatross was drawn against the Teachers squad. The match resulted in a loss for Albatross, 25 to 13.

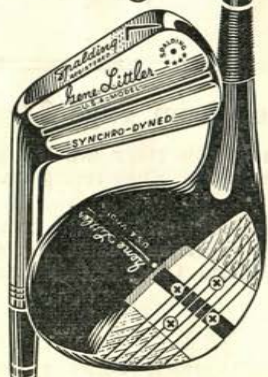
## Find The Ball Competition....

Some where in this photograph there should be a football. Mark the place where you think it should be with a pin prick in the centre of a pencilled cross and send it in, together with 6d., to Lieutenant Commander Harvey, Main Stores Office. The nearest competitor will be awarded £2. Entries to be in by 1200, on Tuesday, 8th July.



**SPALDING**

*Gene Littler*



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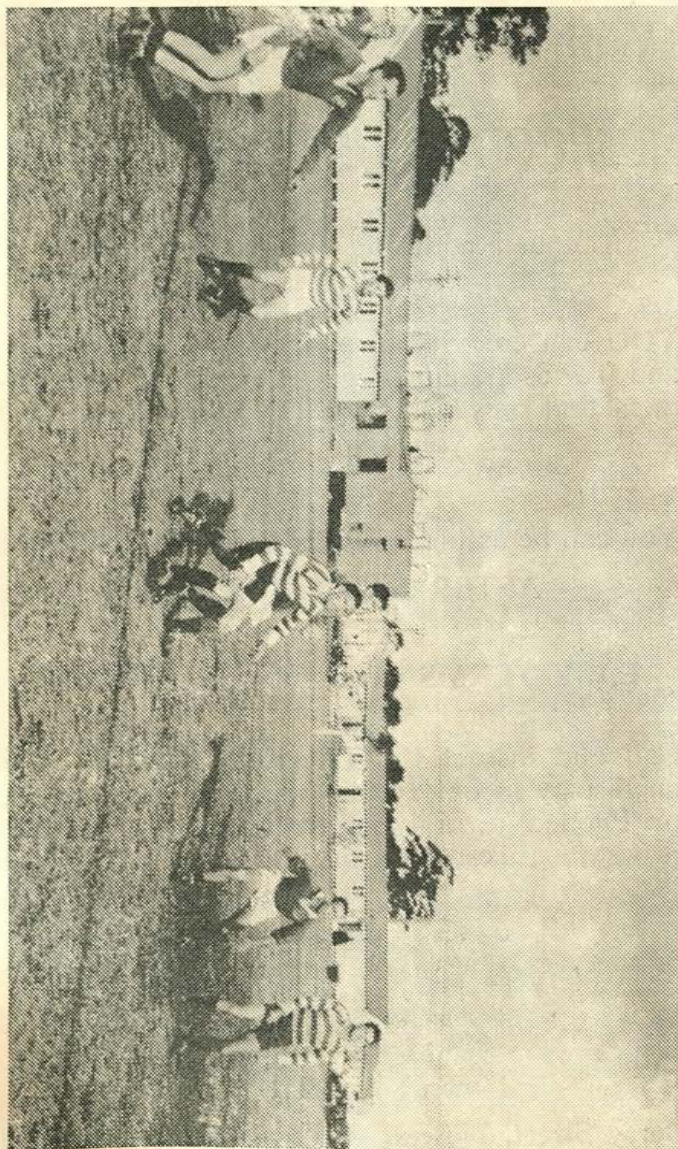
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**THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO WAS ORDERED TO  
EMPTY 18 BOTTLES OF WHISKY DOWN THE  
SINK OR ELSE !**

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured he contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whisky down the sink, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass, and poured the glass down the bottle, then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and g'assed the pour. When I had everything empty I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles and sinks, with the other, which were 29, and as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I'm not under the affluence of incohol as some tinkly peep, I'm not has as think, as you might think, I fool so feelish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.

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In the Navy if I'd answered to Roger,  
I'd have seemed a drip, a loafing dodger,  
A more suitable name, when ditching the gash,  
Would be Rhubarb Rog, or simply Bash.

— Ex-Able Seaman Roger Till.

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**CLASSIFIED ADDS**

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**F**OR SALE — Dandee Flat Ironer; good condition, £22/10/-.  
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afternoons. Further particulars from P.O. MACK, 25 Bedford  
Street, R.A.N.A.S., or Phone 421.

## CROSSWORD COMPETITION RESULTS

Last month's competition was won by C.A.F. CATTERALL.

Solution: ACROSS — 3 Offer; 9 Astute; 10 Ionian; 11 Hedgy; 12 Carmel; 15 Halves; 18 Bristle; 20 Ague; 21 Nee; 22 Show; 23 Agree; 24 Pisa; 26 Bun; 27 Axis; 28 Them How; 31 Threat; 33 Oblige; 36 Stole; 37 Minute; 38 Escape; 39 Erose.  
DOWN — 1 Talc; 2 Star; 3 Other; 4 Feeling Better; 5 Eighteen Holes; 6 Royal; 7 Kiev; 8 Onus; 13 Anguish; 14 M.B.E.; 16 Les; 17 Eroding; 19 Serum; 25 Ate; 27 Awl; 29 Haste; 30 Obese; 31 Time; 32 Ring; 34 Iran; 35 Ewer.

## ETYMOLOGY

The word nincompoop derives from "ninny-come-poop", a reference to the habit of simple sailors or "ninnies" to gather on the poop to pass the time of day. Now that there are no longer any wooden poops, they are called "quarterdeck officers".

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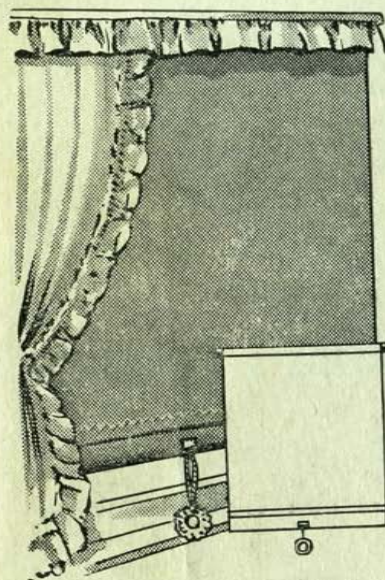
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