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SLIPSTREAM



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

No. 2 MAY, 1957 Price 6d

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Slipstream

A R T:
L/A Coates
N/A Heron



THE SHIP'S CREST

Until 1952, it is interesting to note, H.M.A.S. Albatross had no motto beneath the Crest, although many attempts had been made at finding one.

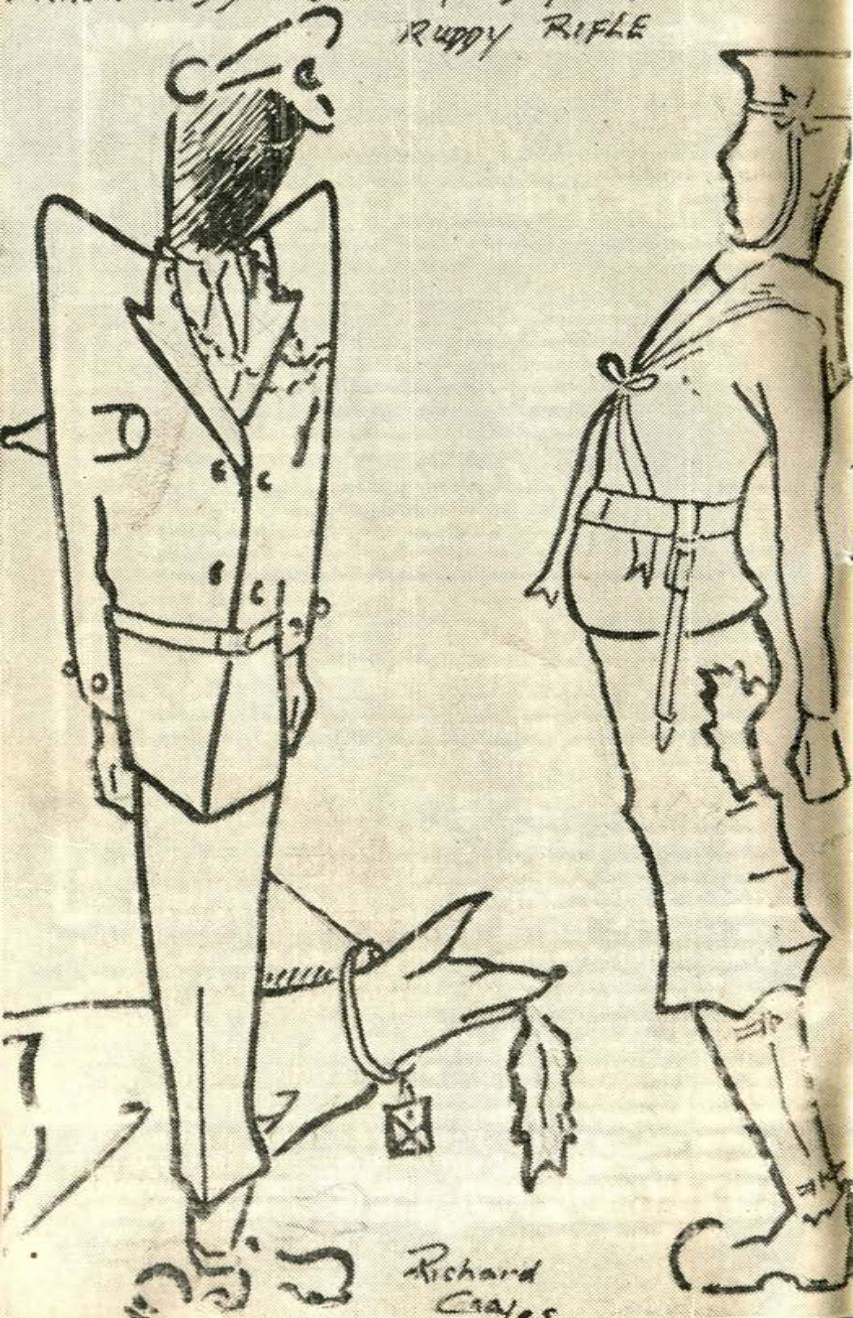
On 21st October, 1952, Captain G. H. Beale, then Commanding Officer of Albatross, suggested the words "Ever Watchful."

The reason he gave was that the Albatross (feathered variety) while on the wing is always watchful.

Commodore Price, then Commodore (Air) agreed because, as he said, "If there is one thing a modern aviator driving a high powered job must be, it is watchful, particularly if he is to A.D.D.L. and deck land."

And so it is that we are "Ever Watchful."

I know 'E did! But why did YER drop YER
RUPPY RIFLE



Station Personality No. 2 —

C.P.O. (G.I.) R. UTTING.

We all occasionally complain about our pay but when our Station Personality for this month (The Chief G.I.) joined the Royal Navy in 1935, as a Boy 2nd Class, his pay was 4/9 per week, of which he was actually allowed to draw the magnificent sum of 1/-.

He underwent his initial training in H.M.S. Ganges, which was a "Stone Frigate" at Shotley, in Suffolk. However, the masts from the original "Ganges" were there and climbing them was the Order of the Day. During his time in the R.N. he served in a battleship, two cruisers and two destroyers.

In these ships he saw service in the Mediterranean, the North Atlantic, the Pacific and in the waters around Russia. The latter area proved to be quite interesting and he recalls how his interest in the opposite sex nearly ended very abruptly. During a visit to Murmansk, he went "walkabout" and found a compound where a lot of Russian women were working, but before he could decide whether or not they were presentable he noticed a Russian sentry about to open fire. According to the Chief he would have outdistanced the shots by miles.

His original rate was as a Range Taker, (don't worry I'd never heard of it either), and when asked what it was he told the writer that "it was a cross between an eagle-eyed wizard and an organist" because he was required to take the range with one hand, adjust the elevation with the other, operate a cut push with his right foot and adjust the turret deflection with his left.

A draft to Australia in November, 1944, found him at H.M.S. Golden Hind (Warwick Farm racecourse) and he recalls how the Chief and Petty Officer's Bar was under the main grandstand.

His greatest laugh in the Navy was in 1946, when he was drafted off "Amethyst" just before the Yangtse incident during which his relief received a handful of shrapnel in a place which made sitting down extremely difficult.

C.P.O. Utting is happily married with one dog, and would like to point out that anyone drafted to Flinders should visit the WRANS canteen which his wife manages, as this will boost the family purse.

The Chief is happy in his job at Nowra (despite being a Crib Point native) and is forever being surprised at the changes in Amenities which have taken place since his entry into the Service.

R.A.N. GLIDING ASSOCIATION

This association, which aims to encourage Naval personnel to fly at a low personal cost, was the natural successor to the Albatross Gliding Club of earlier days. It is open to all personnel of the three Services and their wives, and at present has 30 members. With natural fluctuation due to drafting, the membership varies somewhat. At present, the Association would welcome members — last year we had to keep them away!

The Association has flown nearly 4,000 flights over the last two years, varying in length from 8 hours to less than one minute! Total flying hours so far are 350 on four types of gliders.

First, the high performance German LO 150 in which Commander Goodhart captured a world record, in flying around a 200 KM closed course at an average speed of 46.5 m.p.h. This may not sound fast, but it doubled the previous record. This glider has been sold recently, as has our Grunau Baby in which several members flew in the 1955/56 Australian Championships.

At present the Club owns a Slingsby Tutor for dual instruction and elementary soaring practice, and a Schneider Nymph, an Australian designed and built high performance sailplane.

What is the fascination of Gliding? Those who sail boats and cannot get that sport out of their system will understand that Gliding is akin to Sailing. The wind and the air are there to use — man's eternal battle with the elements is a challenge to all.

—A.G.B.

A GOOD STORY

During the war in the Mediterranean one of the Commanders of the Destroyers was well known for his theory that if the rating before him as a Defaulter had a story which he had never heard before he would dismiss the case.

After a particularly troublesome night in Malta he had four A.B.s on leave breaking charges and whilst they were waiting to be seen each one asked the senior man (an old Stripey) to think up a good story for them. He told each one of them to say that on the way back to the ship in a horse drawn cart their horses had died after climbing a well known hill. In each case they received the scale punishment. But when Stripey came before the Commander he said, "I would have been in time but when I got to the top of the hill, I couldn't get past for dead horses."

His case was dismissed.

—P.R.D.

THE WATCHKEEPER'S LAMENT

To Bosun's Mates and Q.M.'s too,
About these watches we have to do,
The Seventy Two on is our nightmare,
Do you think it just or fair?

The first Twenty Four is hard on you,
Then Forty Eight — still more to do,
Then Seventy Two — you've beat it now,
You'll get some needed sleep and how!

Your Seventy two off is now ahead,
And you think about a nice warm bed,
Where you will say as you go to sleep,
This watchkeeping Job — That they can keep.

Then it's gone and back on board,
You think of sleep you had to hoard,
To keep you going the whole night through,
Till your next off Seventy Two.

You go on watch, yes, on again,
Oh! to keep a one in ten,
But this was never meant to be,
For I'm a poor Q.M. you see.

All these things I known are true,
But we get lots of leave in lieu,
For hours on watch, long and dreary,
On leave we're happy, though very weary.

— I.D.C.

"IN A FUTURE WAR THE STRUGGLE AT
SEA WILL BE OF IMMEASURABLY
GREATER IMPORTANCE THAN IT WAS
IN THE LAST WAR."

Marshal Zhukov at 20th Communist
Party Congress.

EXPERIENCE OF A TEST PILOT

by Robert Sheridan

By breaking all road rules and speed regulations I managed to reach the airfield with only seconds to spare before take-off. Usually takes a lot to give me the jitters, but by this time I was as jumpy as a cat. What's more, this plane was new to me, not having an atom of previous experience with it except for what I'd hastily read and been told.

Yes, the butterflies in the pit of my stomach were going flat out. I sprinted over to Paul Baker who was standing by the plane and had been looking about anxiously for me, and asked him if everything was O.K. He already had the motor running which sounded powerful and healthy.

"Yep," he answered grimly, "Tanks full, everything checked and the motor's beaut."

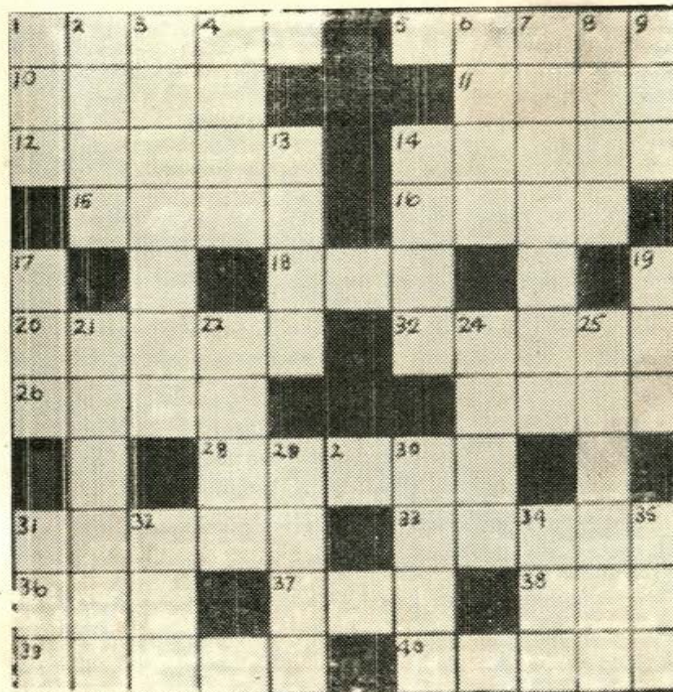
I nodded with grim satisfaction to him as I gave the controls a quick once-over. Within seconds I had the dove grey plane airborne. By concentrating all my attention to the job in hand part of the pent-up excitement and nervousness began to leave me. I settled down to learning as quickly as possible the tricks this powerful strange plane held in store for me. It seemed to nose-up much more than others I'd previously flown, so I carefully let it have its own way.

Soon, and without effort, she'd climbed to her maximum ceiling and I kept it in level flight for a while. I studied the weather which, that morning, hadn't been too promising on first setting out and which by now had deteriorated most alarmingly. Rain was driving at me and I couldn't see a thing; the plane meanwhile was bucking like a bronco. The butterflies within me had started up again making me feel sick and weak.

Slowly I nosed her down into a dive, hoping she'd hold together against the tremendous wind force and buffeting she was getting. My knuckles were clenched white, my jaws and teeth ached with the pressure I unconsciously exerted on them. A thought shot through me that I'd passed my peak at this work long ago and that new craft testing should be left to the youngsters. But, no! I'd land this thing in one piece if it were the last thing I'd do. My reputation depended on it.

Pulling on the controls and easing back the throttle, it came out of its dive and into a glide as smoothly as a paper dart. The ground was only feet below and exhilaration swept over me as I cut power for the craft to settle into an unforgettable three point landing.

Paul Baker's excited voice broke into my thoughts as he exclaimed pleadingly, "Your're a wizard, a real wizard. Please tell me she's a certainty to win Sunday's Model Aero Club Grand Prix!"



ACROSS:

1. Separates, as flour.
5. Drudge.
10. Notion.
11. Ledger entry.
12. Eating utensil.
14. Plant with pungent taste.
15. Formerly.
16. Stop.
18. Republic (inits.).
20. Boredom.
23. Marshland grasses.
26. Prevents from speaking.
27. Fall in drops.
28. Lengthening.
31. Bishop's headwear.
33. Eagle's nest.
36. Hall!
37. Pinch slightly.
38. Compass point.
39. Doctrine.
40. To force out.

DOWN:

1. Drink slowly.
2. Unemployed.
3. Anticipating with alarm.
4. Makes lace on shutter.
6. Italian coin.
7. Artist's studio.
8. Undergarment.
9. Printer's measure.
13. Pocket needlework case.
14. Singe.
17. Wooden fastener.
19. Poisonous African snake.
21. Indigenous.
22. Employer.
24. Border.
25. God-like.
29. English county.
30. Back of the neck.
31. Floor covering.
32. Number.
34. Untwilled fabric.
35. Snake-like fish.



A HEAD-ON COLLISION BETWEEN AN AUSTIN
AND A TRUCK (See Opposite Page)

ROAD SAFETY

As was mentioned in last month's issue we promised some hints on Road Safety for the Redexers on Friday evenings. This is not a lecture, but an honest to goodness effort to reduce accidents.

Take the character who was seen getting along the other Monday morning with a broken spring. The car was doing a rock and roll each time he hit a bump in the road. He could quite easily have caused an accident. If he knew he had a broken spring and still wanted to carry on, the obvious thing was to slow down. If he didn't know about it he should not be driving.

With the Friday afternoon rush you will always get the jockeying for positions. If this is to be accepted then a couple of hints on passing will not go amiss.

There is nothing more annoying to the careful driver than to have a maniac overtake him between here and Nowra. The offender usually swings hard over to the right and throws up more gravel than a roadgang would in a day. The victim's nicely polished car gets half a dozen chips out of it and the driver can hardly see through the dust.

If you must pass a vehicle, blow your horn and give him a chance to move over, and you'll find that there is no need to go onto the gravel.

Always remember that the man on the motorbike hasn't got the protection you've got. Recently one of our Chiefs was killed on a bike and knowing the man, I can only wonder how such a careful type could be involved in an accident.

Have a good look at the photograph on the opposite page. Reconstruction of that accident makes it appear that the driver of the Austin A40 (yes, that was an Austin) fell asleep at the wheel and, in an effort to avoid him, the truck ran up onto the bank. The sole occupant of the Austin was killed although the truck driver was only injured. You see, an accident needn't be your fault but the result is the same to a widow and her fatherless children.

If your lights go out, don't try and follow somebody else. I did that once and everything went wonderfully until a car came from the other direction and blinded me. Net result — £30 and a darn good score.

Tyres too, are an important thing. Quite a number of people drive at terrific speeds to Sydney with tyres that are smoother than a baby's cheeks. Just try and brake on a wet road with those and stand by for danger.

We all have the attitude of "it can't happen to me". That's how heroes get to be heroes but it's also how fools get to be fools.

Take another look at that photograph. Now, remember it's better to be late than "dead on time".

— A.G.B.

AROUND THE STATION

Volkswagens are a very versatile car it seems, in fact a certain member of the Regulating staff appears to be working as a removalist in his spare time. It must be a Terry-ble way to live unless you Treadlightly.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of L.E.M. (A) Clyde Player after a long illness in Balmoral Hospital. We would like to take this opportunity to express our sympathy to his family and friends. I'm sure we echo the thoughts of everyone at Albatross.

Have you noticed the number of dogs on the Station proudly wearing non-substantive rates?

Who is the Marlon Brando of Albatross? Anyone interested in winning the title contact S. A. Binnie.

A. B. Butler, our AJASS contributor, has left us to return to civilian life, and will be missed. However, he has left us an article on Road Safety, which is worth reading. It is in this issue.

We are sorry to record the death of C.A.A. Latimer, who was killed in a motor cycle accident on 6th April. C.A.A. Latimer was well known and liked in Albatross as well as in Nowra.

Did you know that Acting Sub Lieut. (P) Rohrshein was twice Australian Five Mile Motorcycle Track Champion?

There is no truth in the rumour that Lt. Cdr. Harvey (O.I.C. of the Observer's School) is giving Navigation problems to his new son.

Believe that Sub Lieut. Elliot (Parade Training Officer) has purchased miniature gaiters for his new daughter.

Congratulations to L.A. Barrett whose wife produced a daughter for him recently. By the way, congratulations to you, too, Mrs. Barrett.

To contact the Station Lonely Hearts column just ring Extension 250.

Congratulations to Lieutenant P. M. Hargreaves on the birth of a new daughter. Judging by the noise she makes she'll make a good Leading WRAN (reg.). Your long suffering Editor lives next door and I've heard her.

Congratulations to L/Airman Terry Coleman, whose wife produced a 12lb 7oz. son on April the 11th.

— A.G.B.

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THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

(Chaplain J. A. Wilson, R.A.N.)

St. Nicholas Chapel reports that extra seats were brought in for this year's Good Friday service, and that Easter Day communion services were popular.

A Book of Fellowship recently placed in the Chapel is having a ready appeal to worshippers. The book is intended to be a record of those who have worshipped in the Chapel at any time. The list of names is steadily growing, as the Chapel services increasingly become part of the life of this Air Station.

For the last six months the lights of the Chapel will have been noticed shining each evening between 1900 and 1915. During these 15 minutes each evening a devotional specially arranged for men is conducted by the Chaplain. The devotional centres around a theme for the week and consists of a brief commentary on a relevant Bible reading, selected prayers and a hymn.

Several men have indicated their interest in forming a choir. If you are interested in part singing or would like to learn, please inform the Chaplain.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

Getting even with a person means putting yourself on his level.

EASTER VICTORY

(Chaplain L. J. Breslan, R.A.N.)

Although he had been in ill health for some time, General Wolfe, who led the British capture of Quebec, was able to accompany his troops on the courageous climb up the steep bluff. Three shots wounded him fatally.

"Shall I go for a doctor?" asked one of his aides.

"There is no need," murmured Wolfe. "It is all over for me."

A short time later he heard a shout: "See how they run!"

"Who is running?" painfully asked Wolfe, slightly opening his eyes.

"The enemy, sir," replied his aide. "They are giving away at every point."

With a supreme effort Wolfe gave brief directions to the next in command, explaining just how he was to lead the attack on the fort. Exhausted and weary, he fell back. He closed his eyes, smiled, and whispered: "Now God be praised. I shall die in peace."

Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, also declared that His task was finished. He, too, had gained the most important victory in the world, the conquest of Satan and death.

HOW IS YOUR RADIO RECEPTION ?

(By the Signal Communication Officer)

The quality of reception of the Sydney broadcasting stations at Nowra is frequently the cause for much unhappy comment.

Being so far from Sydney the broadcasting station's radio waves become attenuated or weakened by the time they reach the Shoalhaven district. Broadcasting stations use medium frequencies and radio sets use that part of the wave which travels along the ground to reproduce the various forms of speech, music, Jack Davey, Bob Dyer and similar noises which form part of your own particular programme choice.

There is another wave known as the "Sky Wave" which travels from the transmitter upwards to a heavenly area known as the "Ionosphere," and is reflected back to the earth from various "ionised" layers.

From sunset onwards the distance the ground wave travels becomes gradually less, the sky wave begins to appear, and inter-State stations can be heard. These stations are arriving by sky wave. It also happens sometimes that your radio receives both the ground wave and the sky wave of the broadcasting station to which you are listening. Without going into technicalities, this causes fading and some form of distortion of the transmitted signal. It is most unkind of you to blame the announcer or your wireless set when you miss the most exciting part of your serial when this happens.

With a little care and knob twisting you should be able to get what you want out of your radio set. Here are a few hints which may help.

Rig an aerial. It should be as long and as high as you can get it, and preferably in a north and south direction. If an out-door aerial is not possible, then use an in-door one. Whatever you do put some form of aerial on your radio.

At night search around the dial for an interstate station which is broadcasting your programme. You will most likely receive it better from one of these stations than the Sydney one. This is especially true of the National stations.

Should you be the possessor of a dual wave radio, the national short wave station, VLI, can be found just above the 6 megacycle mark on your dial. This station gives excellent reception by day and is almost invariably free from annoying static and man-made noises. Try it out if you can, and observe the difference.

Should you have any reception difficulties contact the main wireless office, and perhaps verbal assistance can be given.

THE FLEET AIR ARM SONG

They say in the Air Force the landings okay,
If the pilot gets out and can still walk away;
But in the Fleet Air Arm, the outlook is grim
If the landings no good and the Pilot can't swim!

Chorus: Cracking sure I'm alive,
But I've still got to render my A25.

I came round the corner, just high enough, but
I was fifty feet up when the batsman gave cut,
Loud in my ears, then, the angels they sang,
Float, float, float, float, float — Barrier prang.

Chorus

When the Batsman gives lower I always go higher,
I drift off to Starboard and prang my Seafire,
The boys in the Goofers all think that I'm green,
But I get my commission from Supermarine.

Chorus

I don't fly for pleasure, I don't fly for fun,
I fly against Itie, I fly against Hun,
But, as for deck landings at night in the dark,
As I told Wings this morning, "Keep that for a lark."

Chorus

I sat on the booster awaiting the kick,
Amusing myself by rotating the stick,
Down went the green flag and the engine went cough—
"Gorblimey," said Wings, "He has wrote himself off!"

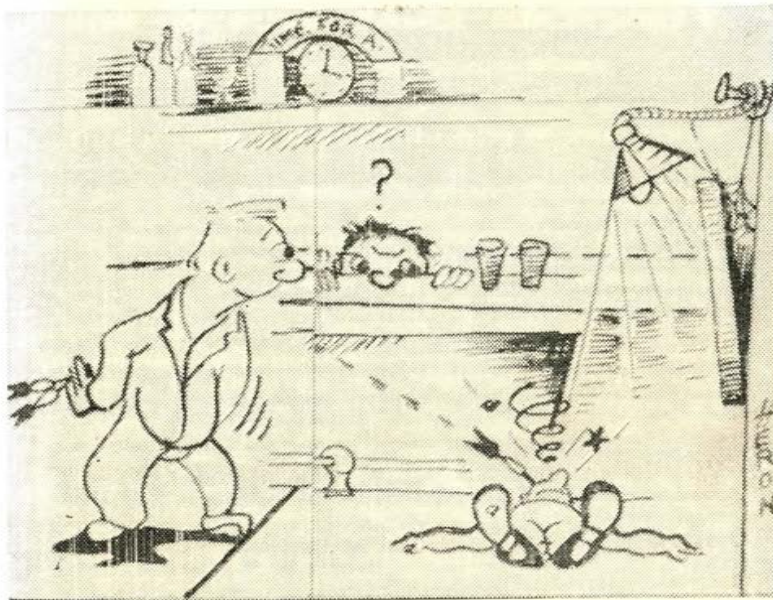
Chorus

When the one-time Australian cruiser Brisbane was
in Hongkong, the officers of H.M.S. Hawkins gave an at
home to enable the Australians to meet some of the
local girls. Whilst it was in progress a swarm of bees
settled on the quarter deck awning of the Brisbane.
The O.O.W. of Hawkins saw them and signalled:

HOW MANY BEES IN BRISBANE?

Back came the reply from the Australian O.O.W.:

HOW MANY HAWS IN HAWKINS?



MISGUIDED MISSILES

With the advent of the guided missiles in the R.A.N., the Air Engineering Department, always abreast with modern practice, has taken up propelling little feathered missiles at the local hostelry.

It appears the propulsion of these baby missiles requires almost as much fuel as their bigger brothers, as the two teams of twelve each managed to consume 18 gallons of propellant in the course of the evening. It is reported that the homing mechanism of the missiles became unpredictably erratic towards the end of the session.

Result of the first match — A.E.O. Headquarters vanquished Long Term Maintenance Unit. Other matches to follow.

"THERE MAY ALWAYS BE A NEED FOR
VESSELS FROM WHICH TO OPERATE
AIRCRAFT."

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery.

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"LIFE GETS TEDIOUS DON'T IT"

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
Ships watches keep coming round and round,
I just gets up and I hear pipe down,
Life gets tedious — don't it.

My chins be - whiskered but I don't care,
I ain't figuring on going nowhere,
Subie. tells me to cut my hair,
But that's just wasted effort.

Water in the shower's gettin lower and lower,
Won't have no fresh for a month or more,
But I've heard it said and it's true I'm sure,
Salt water's good for the complexion.

The mess deck leaks and the tables lean,
I'm gettin to know what rugged means,
Eggs went off so we're livin' on beans,
Just can't depend on nuthin'.

Cockroaches be sitten in my drawer,
Just don't know what they do it for,
I chase them out and kill a score,
But they're back again come sunup.

Hands to dinner on the dot,
I'm calculatin' whether to eat or not,
Then the wheel goes over and I lose the lot,
Gets real aggravatin' sometimes.

I open a scuttle and the sea comes in,
Close that scuttle and I'm swettin' agin,
They say it's a terrific service I'm in,
Must be physco I reckon.

Folks just all complain and moan,
Their spirits are lower than the Asdic dome,
Seem's they got a hankering to go home,
Their wives are gettin' lonesome.

Grief and misery pains and woes,
Chooks, stoppage, so it goes,
How stick it Heavens only knows,
Life gets tedious, don't it?

-- G.O.B.

SPORTING NOTES

INTER - SERVICE SPORTS, 1957

The 1957 Series proved very disastrous indeed for Navy; the Final Points Score for the Challenge Trophy: R.A.A.F. 243, 1st; ARMY 168, 2nd; NAVY 128, 3rd, being a stark contrast to last year's placings when only three points separated Army 1st and Navy 3rd. That year, our Service won Rugby, Cricket, Swimming, Boxing and Water Polo; a placing of 2nd (or a 1st) in any of the other sports would have secured the coveted trophy for us.

It's difficult to imagine how many years it will be before the Senior Service has such a wonderful run as in 1956.

Apart from the Golf which Navy won this year, and for the first time ever, not one other major or minor event was won by us.

Consider this: We lost the Water Polo and Boxing for the first time in four years and the Swimming and Rugby Union for the first time in three years. Where is Navy's talents in those sports now?

However, Albatross personnel who competed — particularly in athletics, boxing and swimming — are commended by the shipmates for a job well done. I refer to P.O. Turner who boxed the ears (and nose) off his Army opponent and N.A. Kerr who cleverly won both his bouts; L.E.M. Kelly for setting a new javelin throw record by 45 feet; P.O. Davis winning the shot put with a distance only 12 inches under the record, and L.A. Vinen for winning the discus throw. Recruit N. A. McKenzie was 2nd in the hop, step and jump; P.O. Mackie led for the first two miles in the three mile run and in the swimming L. A. Dugdale won the 100 metres butterfly. Of the eighty-two officers and men from the Station to attend trials and eliminations, a total of fifty-nine were selected for actual competition.

CRICKET

Albatross' semi-final match against Curambene in the Shoalhaven "A" Grade competition was one of the biggest lacings the Station side experienced during the season. With our team considered to be at its top strength by the inclusion of Beutel, McDermott, and Quauy, the sailors fully expected to represent in the Final. But it was not to be. The first day's results soon left no doubts as to which team was to be victor. Albatross was dismissed for 63 runs, the main damage being served out by an up-and-down bowler who allegedly used no tricks of the trade, but who gobbled up 7 Navy wickets for 14 runs and went on to knock up 81 runs! But, you can't tell with cricket, can you? Here endeth the lesson.

FOOTBALL

Our Dempster Cup Union team got away to a flying start in clearly defeating Penguin at Rushcutter, 15 to 3, and Voyager, 17 to 3, at the Station. It must be said that the boys deserve their wins, as they've been training hard since the end of February, and with REM Crichton (Capt.) at the helm, vice captain Crane looking after the backs, they should steer a formidable combination in the right direction again before many more cup matches are played out. Selectors Holton, Vance and Crichton can be relied upon to put top men on the field. But, a physically fit team isn't necessarily a winning team and we've got to fling that ball around to good purpose in future — remember, the Dempster Cup series has never been a walk-over.

The Station's League players are also into it with a will. The Reserve Grade boys particularly look like unwinding a long string of victories, having defeated their opponents in both early matches. Much credit should go to Davis, Kirwin and Gillespie for the manner in which the teams have shaped.

This establishment could do wonders with Aussie Rules, too — if there were a local competition. Only the other day our chaps trounced a combined team from Voyager and Quadrant, 11 goals 13 behinds to 3 goals 16 behinds. Main purpose that day was to select a Combined Fleet team. Let's hope a match against the Fleet isn't a long way off.

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S.E. CORNER

During the current year activities in the S.E. Section have been maintained at a high level. The training programme has been full as Recruit Naval Airmen, Midshipmen, Medical Officers and Observers have been given introductory lectures in S.E., and all squadrons have carried out synthetic training in Parachuting, and Dinghy Drill. Also an S.E.2 Course has been held and the Second S.E.2 Course is in progress. Our successes have included two Aircrew saved by the use of their dinghies, bringing the total number of saves to 21.

We're glad to see that P.O. Lee is now confirmed and although drafting and expiration of engagements have taken their toll we could still muster a score of thirs y S.E.'s to damage a niner or two at one of the local hostleries.

The cultivation of the S.E. corner has taxed our meagre manpower resources to the utmost but we appear to be holding our own against the paspalum and the onion weed.



WINGS PARADE

On 2nd May, Rear-Admiral Harrington awarded "Wings" to the 3rd Observer Course at Divisions.

He also presented the Albatross prize to Lieutenant A. R. Horton.

The prize is a grant of £10, with which a gift, of use to an Observer in his duties, is bought. It is given to the Officer with the best marks in each course.

The prize, this time, was a set of Navigational instruments.

Lieutenant A. a. H. Evans

Lieutenant A. R. Horton

Acting Sub Lieutenant K. Stoppord

Acting Sub Lieutenant D. G. Debus

Acting Sub Lieutenant D. A. Innes

WHITE ENSIGN CLUB

The Ladies' Auxiliary will be holding their next meeting on Wednesday, 29th May. New members will be very welcome. Transport to the meeting can be arranged by contacting Mrs. Smith (Ext. 202).

The Auxiliary have recently supplied the Club with a double coffee urn, a pie warmer, a bread slicer, a table tennis table, and several smaller articles.

Well done the Auxiliary — thank you!

An Admiral, leading a line of ships, watched a destroyer trying to cut through the line between his ship and the next astern, and in doing so, the destroyer cut too close to the flagship's stern. An unlucky roll brought his sea boat's davits in contact with the carrier's stern. The Admiral growled, "Make a signal." The message read:

To Destroyer: IF YOU TOUCH ME THERE AGAIN
I SHALL SCREAM.

An American destroyer was seen in the Atlantic, flying two flags — the Church Pennant and the Interogative. When asked what the signal meant, she replied: GOD, WHERE AM I?

THE NAVAL HEALTH BENEFITS SOCIETY

We have all heard of the Naval Health Benefits Society but because the details are a little obscure we have decided to publish the reasons why we think it would be in your interests to join.

Did you know that other organisations provide only for single persons or family units? A married officer or rating with one or more dependants is therefore required to pay the full rate of contribution in order to provide cover for his family unit (including himself) in spite of the fact that he is entitled to free service medical and hospital treatment and therefore should not need to claim any benefits from the organisation.

Did you know that other organisations do not, in many cases, provide for continuation of membership and benefits if the member and his family move interstate.

Did you know that other organisations do not necessarily provide home nursing benefits yet this is thought to be a service requirement!

The weekly rates are:—

With one dependant — 1/6.

With two or more dependants — 2/4.

It's so easy to claim too, all you have to do is to forward your claim to the Secretary, The Naval Health Benefits Society, Navy Office, Melbourne.

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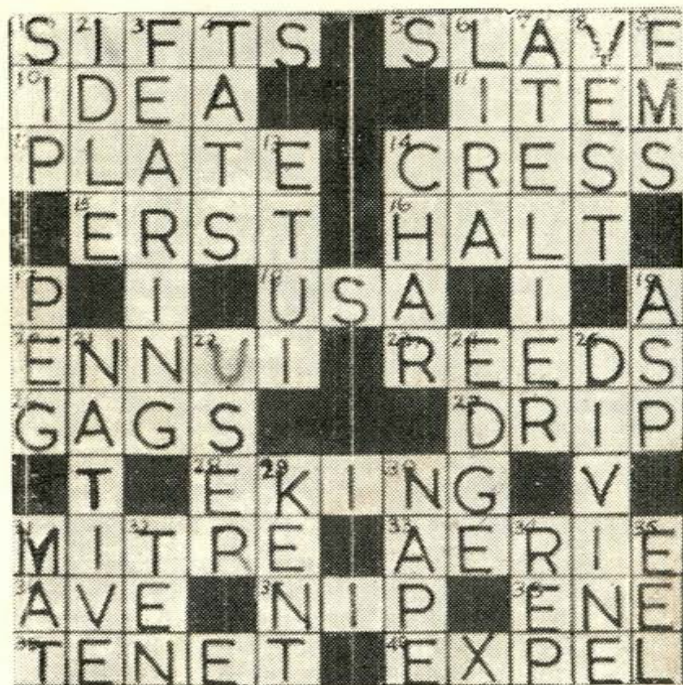
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WHY IS A SHIP A SHE ?

After weeks of intense research we have at last found the answer, and at great expense we hereby reproduce it.

A ship is called a she because there's always a great deal of bustle around her . . . because there's usually a gang of men around . . . because she has a waist and stays . . . because she takes a lot of paint to keep her looking good . . . because it's not the initial expense that breaks you it's the upkeep . . . because she's all decked out . . . because it takes a good man to handle her right . . . because she shows her topsides, hides her bottom and, when coming into port, always heads for the buoys.



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