

DREAMWORKS
1959

32



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SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 32

DECEMBER, 1959

EDITOR - - - - - Inst. Cdr. Histed
SUB. EDITOR - - - Surg. Lt. Thompson
SPORTS EDITOR - - - Lt. Cdr. Hanna
ART EDITOR - - - - - P.O. Edward
PHOTOGRAPHY - Albatross Phot. Section
BUSINESS MANAGER - - Sub. Lt. Hall

AS WE go to press in December, 1959, there are changes in the offing which occasion some deep thinking.

The most significant of these has been the sight of two monster flying machines parked on the airfield. True, they were here on A.J.A.S.S. exercises, but coupled with the announcement of the Minister for Defence, they seemed an ominous finger pointing to the future. While we wait for clarification of the security of our positions, some points are worth bearing in mind. When the Australian Fleet Air Arm began after World War 2, the mass of technicians were obtained by conversion courses from the personnel then in the Service. It appears probable that more conversions (or rather de-conversions) are ahead to absorb men back into those naval trades which will always require skilled men.

Again, if the numbers at present in the Air Arm prove too great for other branches to assimilate, then one concrete fact remains for comfort — we have been taught a skilled trade, and industry in general thinks very highly of naval training. With the enlightened scheme of rehabilitation, detailed elsewhere in this issue, no one need fear the thought of being lost in the ranks of the unemployed.

For those of us who need not worry — the general service accessories to the Fleet Air Arm, the Supply, Electrical, Engineering — life looks more hopeful. The pension scheme appears to have been liberalised (though it may cost us a little more), and some of the dissatisfying clauses deleted. For the six-year-plus man, the rate of gratuity has been increased. We await with interest the full details of the scheme.

An lastly, a change appears ahead which may be a boon — but will possibly prove a curse! The metal trades industry has been granted increased margins, while white collar workers have their case for pay increases heard by the court early in the New Year. The Defence Forces will no doubt be affected in good time. We look back on 1954 when this happened previously, with mixed feelings. It was rather pleasant to view the sudden fattening of the pay envelope — until our wives demanded more money for milk, for bread, for butter —



**THE
STAFF
WHO**



COMPOSE THIS MAGAZINE

WISH YOU A

Merry Christmas



STATION PERSONALITY No. 32

COMMANDER PETER RICHMOND



IN HIGHLIGHTING NAVAL AVIATION by our choice of this month's personality, "Slipstream" rudely thumbs the editorial nose at recent misguided and retrograde political decisions.

Although in 1934 when Cadet Peter Richmond first "joined the regiment" it was as an embryo engineer, and he was plunged immediately into the rigours and hardships of life aboard a training cruiser, H.M.S. Frobisher. Crossing the Atlantic on a first voyage he realised the excitement and thrills of salvaging Valverde, a burning oil tanker, which Frobisher towed to the West Indies. The £8 he received as his share of the salvage money confirmed Cadet Richmond's idea that the Navy was a good thing, but he has searched many horizons since without seeing as much as a drifting dinghy.

In those harder and less spoon-fed days, the 12 months sea-time came before the academic sessions, so it was having survived his period in Frobisher that our personality commenced his four years course at Keyham Engineering College. In learning to fly privately at the Plymouth Aero Club during this time, he showed his eagerness to become an aviator — the gesture costing him £25.

A sea-going appointment and the outbreak of war temporarily ended his aeronautical ambitions, indeed they almost ended all his ambitions. Asleep in his cabin aboard H.M.S. Royal Oak one dimly cold winter's night in Scapa Flow, he was awakened by successively louder explosions. It was soon obvious that the battleship was sinking. Sub. Lt. Richmond, as he was then, swam in the water for some twenty minutes before he was picked up by a drifter which had been moored alongside Royal Oak, and which

gallantly remained alongside as the battleship sank, 800 of the crew were never picked up.

Northern patrol duties in H.M.S. Newcastle reaffirmed Sub-Lt Richmond's desire to fly, but following a car accident an eye weakness developed which prevented this. A course of eye exercises were prescribed, and while endeavouring to bring his eyesight up to standard, he was allowed a little nearer service aircraft, for he was appointed Flight Deck "plumber" to H.M.S. Argus. Even this frightening experience failed to deter him, and his persistence was rewarded when in 1941 he was accepted and trained as a naval pilot. He very quickly found himself doing his initial deck landings . . . on Argus of course. The confidence he thus displayed in his own flight deck machinery points a moral somewhere.

The new naval pilot then spent twelve months with a squadron of "Fulmars" in Scotland. Every morning a section of aircraft was flown off to intercept the daily Nazi meteorological flight, usually conducted by a Junkers Ju. 88. Ancient aviators will now give a sympathetic nod and evince no surprise on learning that Lt. Richmond never once saw his quarry.

Keyham Engineering College was revisited to brush up on aeronautical engineering, and after some conversion courses, our subject found himself at the Observer Training School in Trinidad, where he was to do maintenance test flying until the end of 1944.

Following VE Day, appointments with the Intensive Flying Flight and the Service Trials Unit were enlivened by a trip to Kiel to sail home one of the many Nazi yachts which the Admiralty were "acquiring." Volunteers with sailing experience having been called for, Lt. Richmond, with some dinghy hours under his belt, found himself with a crew of three, faced with the task of sailing a ten ton yacht through the Dutch canals to England. Literally sailing, for there was no engine.

As if in recognition of the spirit, if not the circumspection of our subject, their Lordships approved his application to join the Empire Test Pilot's School. He graduated on No. 6 course, having flown many varied types at Cranfield and Farnborough. His next three years were spent as a test pilot. Some of the tasks were:

- ★ "Vampire" and "Sea Vampire" handling trials.
- ★ "Valetta" tropical trials at Khartoum.
- ★ "Seafire 47" gun installation trials.
- ★ "Wyvern" handling with Rolls-Royce Eagle piston engine.
- ★ Handling and deck-landing trials of the N7/47, later to become the "Sea Hawk."
- ★ Hawker 1052 handling trials — the "swept-back" "Sea Hawk."
- ★ Evaluation of the Blackburn and Fairey rivals for the G.R.17 contract. History records the eventual success of the Fairey G.R.17 as the "Gannet."

During this time, Lt. Cmd. Richmond was able to borrow a private "Auster" from a fellow test pilot, one Nicholas Goodhart, of gliding fame who was away in the U.S.A. Weekends in Paris became possible, and even the south of France was visited. On one occasion our personality realised an ambition of many service pilots, when he took his wife along in the "Auster" to France. He records that she only felt safe whilst they were over the Channel, where there were no bumps.

Australia and promotion followed in March, 1952, when Commander Richmond was loaned to Albatross as Air Engineering Officer. During his first spell in this country, he continued to fly all aviation types, and then in 1954 had a long rest from flying, an Admiralty appointment as DAMK claiming him. Retiring voluntarily from the Royal Navy in November, 1956, Commander Richmond joined the Emergency List of the R.A.N., and soon was flying again at Albatross.

A total of 1700 hours on over 60 types, including 176 deck landings on 10 types, summarises a varied and interesting career. With a firm belief in the future of Australia, and a desire to "go on the land" when Service days are over, life will obviously continue to be full and exciting for Commander Peter Richmond.

The staff of "Slipstream" wish all our advertisers a Merry Christmas — but for you we couldn't exist! And thanks, too, to the Phot Section for all the hard work they have put in to help make this a bumper issue.

STATION PERSONALITY No. 32a



"PROF"

PROF joined the Navy in 1948 and in those days his eyesight was so good that he could see without glasses! He was sent to FND where he learned how to tie "granny knots." He learned so well that he can tie them to this day.

The same year he was seasick en route to U.K. in H.M.A.S. Kanimbla.

In England he trained as an Airframes mechanic, and later returned to Australia where he was employed as a painter.

After a short stay at Albatross he served with various squadrons in H.M.A.S. Sydney, mainly as a painter.

At one time he served in H.M.A.S. Vengeance as a painter.

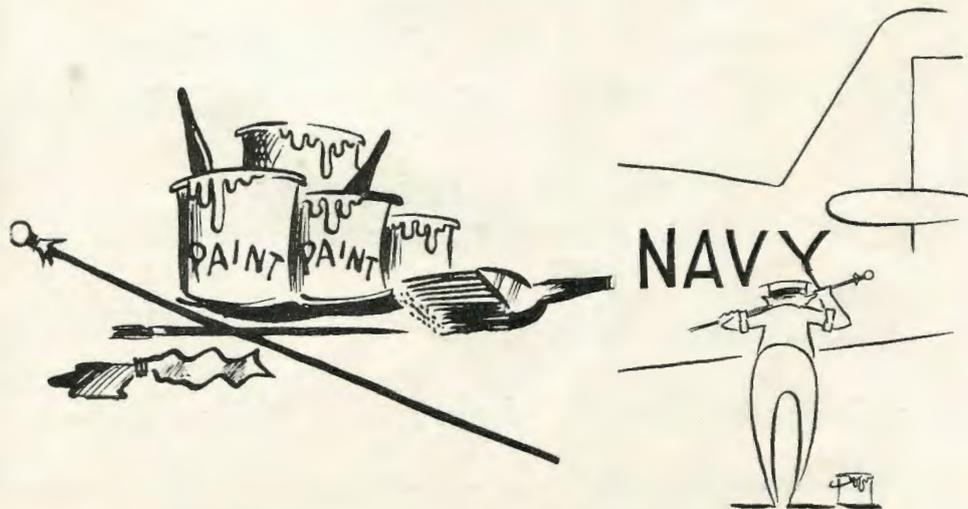
In 1953 he joined the Sydney in time for her "round the world" coronation cruise, being employed as a squadron painter.

In 1955 he went to U.K., travelling in R.M.S. Orcades, to train for work on jet aircraft and then helped form 816 Squadron at Culdrose in Cornwall — as a painter.

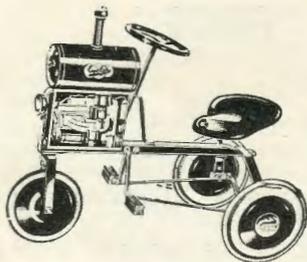
Later he served as a painter with 816 Squadron in H.M.A.S. Melbourne.

Eventually he returned to Albatross where he successfully completed his Petty Officer Air Fitter's course and reached the peak of his profession when he became — the Station painter.

Prof, who now wear glasses, is nearing the end of his time and will shortly leave the Navy after 12 years of service and a "Colourful Career."



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DIVISIONSHIP

On the face of it Divisionship is not a particularly unpleasant ordeal. You dress up in your best suit, spend half an hour or so basking in the sun, listening to the band, and then, after a short walk, go home. Nothing very terrible about that; on the contrary, many a citizen spends his Sunday afternoons in a similar manner — voluntarily. Nevertheless it is an indisputable fact that there is hardly a sailor born who does not prefer to spend an entire day breaking stones, shovelling that stuff down at the pig farm, doing any form of back breaking, unsavoury labour, in fact, rather than spend a couple of hours at Divisions. Why this should be so even the most eminent head shrinkers are unable to explain. It seems in fact that most people are entirely ignorant of the important art of Divisionship, that is the study of that beloved Naval institution, Divisions.

When you have been finally trapped to appear on Divisions, the first elementary principle is to fall in the rear rank somewhere near the centre. One does strike the odd Divisional Officer, who, after his Division has fallen in, will reverse the ranks. These men have warped minds, a quality which clearly shows in their faces, and should be instantly recognised. If faced with one of these, fall in in the centre rank.

Experienced Divisionmen, or Dividers, try and fall in near some sickly character on the off chance that he will throw a faint. If he does, grab him quickly; there will always be a dozen others keen to carry him off. Should the Sick Berth Attendant attempt to relieve you of the body, ignore him.

Once comfortably installed in the rear rank, your next ordeal is the inspection. You may be, in fact you are almost certain to be, picked up for something and you must have a few explanations prepared. Long hair is tricky to explain away but in a small ship you might get away with, "The trouble is, Sir, that I'm the only barber on board." "We've been having a lot of marching practice lately" could possibly cover down-at-heels boots, while faded collars can be explained by "Only washed once, Sir, I think they're putting bleach in the Pusser's soap."

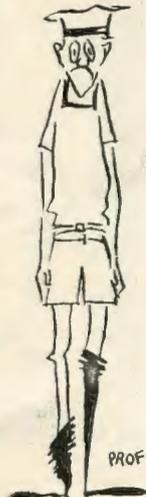
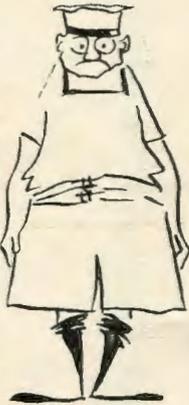
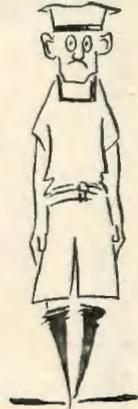
The waiting periods are inclined to be tedious, so make sure you are well provided with literature, pocket draughts sets and so on to while away the hour. If this does not appeal to you, teach yourself to doze off standing up and catch up on your sleep before the week-end. Horses can do it, why can't you?

The above, however, assume that you are actually on Divisions, whereas the height of Divisionship, the very pinnacle of the art, is not to be there at all. This needs a good deal of ingenuity since most of the old excuses are so well known that they are no longer taken seriously. "Excused boots," "My number one suit's at the cleaners," "Skin rash—can't shave" — this sort of thing raises no more than a hollow laugh and an hour or two later you find yourself out on the Parade with the rest. To achieve success you must use more imagination.

Some Dividers, after long practice, have perfected the art of marching half out of step. Nothing disorganizes a marching division quicker than this. If you can master the art, therefore, you are sure to be on the permanently excused list.

Another line is to have a comparatively new, but horribly ill fitting suit (bought from a fat friend) in your locker. After your first appearance in it at Divisions, you stand a good chance of being told not to appear again until you have had a decent one made. At the present rate of striking in the Commonwealth Clothing Factory, this should give you six months respite.

If your Divisional Officer is a contender in the Friday afternoon Grand Prix to Sydney, try "I'm afraid I won't be able to do that job on your car this afternoon, Sir, I'm on Divisions" — and you jolly soon won't be. This assumes, of course, that there is something wrong with your D.O.'s car in the first place, but surely you can arrange THAT.

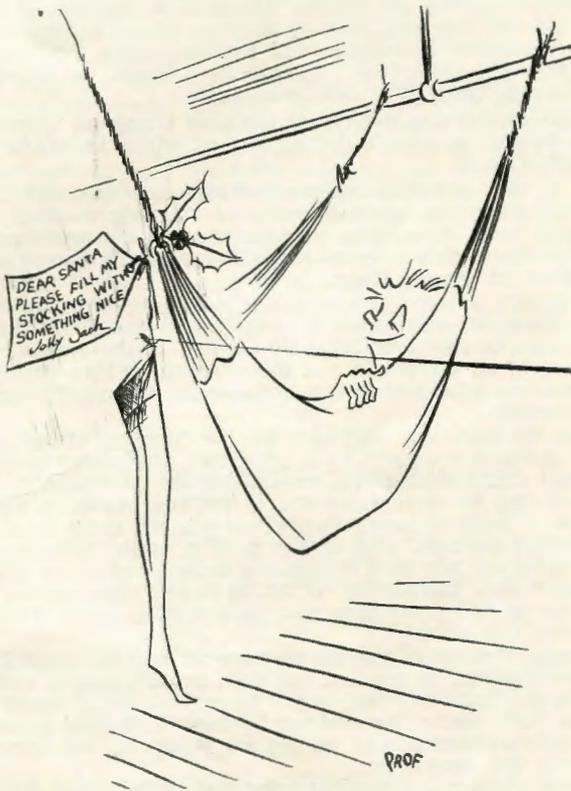




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CATERPILLAR CLUB — No. 3

P. B. Cooper

Last month I received a copy of "Slipstream" and a letter from Lieutenant-Commander Harvey asking if I would contribute an article for publication under the heading "The Caterpillar Club."

Without thinking I wrote back saying "Yes, I will be delighted." It seems now that had I given the request a little thought my answer should have been "No — it is too long ago and I can't remember the details." However, on the other hand, by doing a little research delving into my log book, and by thinking about it for the first time in eight years I have rediscovered intriguing and exciting names such as "Bromide Baker," "Sitting Duck" and "The Milk Run." Admittedly I don't remember what they mean, but perhaps that makes them even more exciting.

Had I given the matter any thought at the time I suppose Thursday, 13th December 1951, would have seemed as good a day as any on which to be shot down. Subsequent events proved this to be so.

Event "Able" of this day included our flight of four Sea Furies of 908 Squadron, briefed to carry out an armed reconnaissance of the west coast of Korea as far north as Hanchon, then to investigate troop concentrations to the south and the east of Hanchon, and finally to investigate reported camouflaged supply dumps on the banks of the Taedong Gang south of Pyong Yang.

Take off was at 0730, and we arrived in the vicinity of Hanchon without sighting any coastal traffic to attack. We knew from previous experience of flak around Hanchon, and some more to the east, so that even though we were in the area for some time looking for the reported troops we stayed clear of the town itself. No sighting was made of any troops but we did loose off a few rockets at some small junks in the Hanchon Estuary, with unobserved results.

From Hanchon we made our way east for the Taedong Gang; two aircraft of our flight carrying on down to the south for a prebriefed photographic mission.

The flight leader and I took a look around the area but failed to locate the reported supply dumps. However, we were successful in drifting closer to Pyong Yang, our reward for which was a burst of heavy flak, which was the cause of all my trouble. This prompted us to clear the area, and moving to the south we expended our remaining rockets on some stationary box cars. On pulling out of this rocket dive I noticed the oil pressure had dropped from the normal 90 lbs. to 60 lbs. This had no apparent effect on the performance but to be on the safe side, as the oil pressure dropped I climbed and headed west towards the coast.

Power failed completely with the oil pressure at zero at about 5,000 feet, by which time I was well on the way to crossing the high ground, and it was clear that I could make the low lying and relatively flat coastal plain. Not having heard of many successful jumps from a Sea Fury (quite the contrary in fact) I decided a forced landing would be the most desirable procedure, and carried on preparing for this by jettisoning the hood, and tightening the straps, etc.

Gliding at about 130 knots seemed to bring the ground closer with startling rapidity, and with it came a vision of not so flat country cut by fairly deep creek beds. No matter how much I disliked the thought of jumping I couldn't see myself walking away from a forced landing, and so out we went — head first. The altimeter showed 1,000 feet at this time which probably meant 800 feet above the ground.

After jumping, my next recollection was waking up on the ground with a head-ache. I never did think to look and see if the parachute had opened, but I imagine it did and the head-ache was due to hitting the ground hard in jumping from such a low altitude. The aircraft was burning some 100 yards away, and for the benefit of readers interested in details, my log book tells me the time was 0900, and the map reference was XD998108.

Things could have been worse — it was a nice winter day in Korea with the sun

beginning to appear, I was sound of limb, had a loaded .38 revolver, but even more important — one pocket of my flying suit contained a packet of "Digestif Rennies," and another pocket several sheets of four by four.

As the aircraft burned, the remaining 20 mm. shells were discharging, and thinking how discouraging it would be to be hit by one of one's own shells, I moved away.

I eventually went to ground some half mile away at a point which seemed to be roughly equidistant between five villages, approximately 100 miles behind the lines. This distance meant the helicopter would not arrive for 1½ to 2 hours and I might say it did not even occur to me that one wouldn't be on its way immediately. Such was my faith in the Escape and Evasion Division of the U.S. Far East Air Force.

From a vantage point underneath a small North Korean hay stack I observed enemy troops wandering around looking for me, and I took comfort by seeing the aircraft overhead covering me. At 1055 (1 hour, 55 minutes after I had landed) the helicopter approached from the west, and at this time we were covered by 4 Furies, 4 Meteors and 4 Mustangs. The "chopper" landed in the field by the hay stack and within 30 seconds I was inside and we were airborne.

Unfortunately, because of the long trek up the coast to get me, the chopper didn't have enough fuel to make the return trip to its base on the island of Paen Yong Do. This meant landing on the beach of a small island off the North Korean coast called Cho Do. A cache of 44 gallon drums had been left there for just such an occasion and was the means of us getting back home. We arrived at Paen Yong Do in time for lunch.

During the afternoon, Lieutenant Commander J. Bowles joined us on the island after having been shot down, and under cover of darkness we slipped away from the island in a launch manned by North Korean Marines and were taken aboard the destroyer "Tobruk." It was very agreeable to get on board to clean sheets and running H. and C., although my memory vaguely hints the hospitality didn't help my head-ache.

"Tobruk" repointed the screen the next day but weather conditions prevented our being transferred back to "Sydney" by high line. The next day the bad weather continued, but we were eventually transferred on Sunday, 16th December.

It was good to be home.

Seasonal Greetings

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ALCOHOL — THE FACTS

WITH THE festive season fast approaching again, it seems to us a good opportunity to publish a few facts about alcohol in order that all stalwart toppers might enjoy its effects better and, more important, that their unfortunate medical advisers might do so too without being disturbed.

First, let us squash once and for all this belief that alcohol is a stimulant. It is a depressant of the brain and nervous system. Human beings of all races and times seem to have felt the need of a drug to dull their senses, perhaps because life is inherently depressing and an escape is needed. Different races cater for the need with different drugs, the South American Indians use the betel nut whilst the Chinese use opium which not only produces extremely pleasant dreams, but also facilitates a marathon sexual performance, giving them something to dream about. It is also interesting to note that if a drug not normally used by a race of people is introduced among them, it has a rather disturbing effect. Opium is used quite sensibly by the Chinese and probably shortens their life but little on the whole; give it to Europeans, however, and they become raving addicts, similarly, alcohol has much the same effect on natives of the Congo.

The finer parts of the brain act much like a policeman in inhibiting the grosser tendencies of human nature and are not half as effective when pickled in alcohol, so that a latent desire to poke old Bill Bloggs on the snitch is quickly turned into action, and an urge to pinch his girl friend, literally or otherwise, may also cause subsequent embarrassment. Anyone coming in stone cold sober to a party well under way will notice how idiotic the conversation seems, and it is only after he has caught up and blunted his own judgment that the scintillating shafts of wit begin to fly.

Now, assuming that an occasional escape is desirable, let us see how our S.D. (sensible drinker) goes about dulling his faculties in the way that will give him maximum enjoyment and minimum discomfort. He might be going for a session with some N.S.D.'s (non sensible drinkers) or with some citizens who he knows have a greater capacity than himself. He would first make sure that his stomach was not empty by eating a fairly fatty meal, or if pushed for time he would swallow a pint of milk. Fat in the stomach slows the absorption of alcohol into the blood stream and it is fast absorption that causes the undignified spectacle of a stomach upset. At this stage it should be noted by those on weight reducing diets that alcohol is a food, and it is reported from America that some doctors have given it to patients unable to eat, by drip methods into a vein, with, they tell us, unqualified success from both the patients and nurses points of view.

Coming back to the S.D., however, he might find that his level of intoxication is getting dangerously low, and the party is no longer going with a "wow" so he will automatically move onto one of those liquors containing 10 per cent alcohol since this is the best concentration for speedy action. Strong beers, port wine, vintage cider or a Scotch and chaser would all suit him quite well. In this respect it should be noted that whisky and soda is more intoxicating than neat spirit because the latter has to be diluted by the stomach first before it can be absorbed. It will be seen too, that our S.D. is not averse to mixing his liquors since he knows that mixing has no effect in itself, the only factor is their alcoholic concentrations. He would be very chary of home brews, however, and the turnip wine that Auntie makes in the copper and which wouldn't hurt a baby, may be lethal in effect.

Upon leaving the party our S.D. would be careful to keep warm, knowing that alcohol does not warm one, it just dilates the blood vessels of the skin, giving the feeling of warmth. In fact, one loses heat quicker. On arriving home, (he would presumably have administered sleeping pills to his wife) he would drink a pint or so of water. The cause of a hangover is not certain but it is due in part to dehydration. After drinking a pint of beer, more than a pint of urine is gaily lost and this effect upon the protesting kidneys produces quite a drying up by the following morning, counteracted by the pint of water.

Now, let's assume our S.D. is one of those who prefer a steady intake over many years, i.e. a chronic alcoholic, how may he avoid those unpleasant complications of liver cirrhosis and chronic gastritis.

Medical research has come to the help of all S.D.'s in recent years by proving that an adequate diet is a form of insurance against cirrhosis and a lot of trouble with the disease in the past was simply due to poor nutrition, perhaps the pockets would not run to beer and cheese, so first things first, and the cheese lost. The chronic gastritis is usually suffered by neat spirit drinkers and can be avoided simply by dilution or by drinking beer (we are not sure if the ice-cold, fizzy mixture of chemicals known in Australia as beer qualifies in this respect).

Even a chronic gastritis can have advantages in some situations, to wit, the case of Rasputin who was given enough cyanide to poison the whole of Moscow by his enemies and it didn't touch him because his leathery insides could not absorb it. He, incidentally was finally shot, coshed on the head, and dropped through a hole in the ice — still alive. It would seem that if marital relations got really strained a leathery stomach might be a safeguard.

With these last few cheery thoughts we leave you — happy toping.

A. J. BACCHUS, M.B.



"Heavy Smoker, eh!"

Merry Christmas & New Year Greetings

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Around The Station

If parts of "Slipstream" this month show an un-Christmaslike spirit, please forgive us, for after all, we received a very unChristmaslike present from the Minister of Defence on November 24.

☆ ☆ ☆

Second to None and Still the Best?
Too good to last we might have guessed.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jane's "All the World's Aircraft," current edition, in showing the markings of Australian service aircraft makes no mention of Naval markings. Ah, well, it must have seemed easier to bury us than to amend "Janes."

☆ ☆ ☆

We hear that Naval Stores are planning to follow the lead of Queanbeyan shopkeepers and remain open during the afternoons.

In the operating theatre last week, they were re-opening an appendix case. As the old dressings were removed, a little note fell out from the layers of bandage—the text was as follows: "Hi Doc! Please do a neat job, same stitch holes if possible. My girl friend doesn't like scars and stitch marks every where down below."

☆ ☆ ☆

We Congratulate . . . Recruit N.A. Ferguson, who at Ballina on December 2, saved a girl from drowning. The girl, a nurse, was seen to be in difficulties in heavy surf. R.N.A. Ferguson went immediately to her assistance and although badly cut and bruised on rocks, succeeded in bringing her to safety. Well done!

☆ ☆ ☆

Passing out from Nerimba recently, the 7th Term Air Fitters were made ERAs immediately, instead of continuing to Albatross for their 6 months air course.

The finals of the H.M.A.S. Albatross Snooker Championship were played in the Ship's Company Billiard Room on the evening of Thursday, 26th November. In the semi-finals, C.P.O. Davey defeated P.O. Dun, and Lt. Leck defeated E.M. Simpson. In the final Lt. Leck defeated C.P.O. Davey.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

People grasping
Cocktail glasses,
People drinking,
Coughing, choking.
Getting stinking,
Some discreetly
Boiled or fried,
Some completely
Ossified.
Steady swilling,
Guzzling, slopping,
Liquid spilling
Bodies dripping.

Heavy smoking,
Air gets thicker,
Someone croaking
"No more liquor."
"WHAT! NO MORE LIQUOR!"
People snicker,
Unbelieving,
"No more liquor,
Let's be leaving."
No more drinking,
Sighs and kisses,
What a stinking
Party this is!

ANON.

A DAY AT THE ACADEMY

(i.e. The School of Learning — The Observer School)

- 0730 Writer Lawlor and Naval Airman Staff appear on the scene, unlock the various offices, and switch on the electric kettle. Writer Lawlor looks at a great stack of hand written notes on his desk which are to be typed, stencilled, and distributed to the seven midshipmen. He passes an uncomplimentary remark about the Senior Instructor.
- 0745 The backbone of the Instructional Staff arrive, namely the three chiefs. They make their entrance in stony silence. Chief Hughes selects an S.B.X. (Standard Buzzer Exercise, for the uninitiated) with icy deliberation, adopts his most ferocious scowl and strides purposefully over to the Buzzer Room.
- 0748 Seven midshipmen arrive and file disconsolately into the Buzzer Room. Chief Kenderdine leans against the chart table, lights a cigarette, and makes his first statement of the day: "Staff, where the something hell is that cup of brew?"
- 0750 The Senior Instructor arrives with a cheery "Good Morning, one and all." He normally arrives walking on his head as he is not fully acclimatised to the Southern Hemisphere as yet.
- 0751½ The Junior Instructor arrives, deposits a great pile of text books on his desk with a satisfying thump, and storms into the analysis room.
"Right," he roars, thumping the chart table, "Let's have a little bit more activity and a bit less more of the other!"
Storms out again.
Chief Hancox scratches his head and debates whether to ring the medical people or the Gendarmes.
- 0755 The O.I.C. arrives, scowls at everybody, slaps his pockets a couple of times, demands a brew, and retires to the inner sanctum muttering something about some illegitimate so and so wanting him to do another weekend duty.
- 0800 Colours.
- 0810 The crash alarm is tested and the stalwarts in the control tower open the airfield.
- 0815 Chief Hughes arrives back from the buzzer room with the results of the morning's exercise in his hand and beads of perspiration on his brow. All the staff gather round attentively:
"How were they this morning Chief?"
"Ah ow eeé gibber jibber jak gab (censired) bah!"
Excitable Walsh is rather hard to decipher, but the general impression is that the Midshipmen still leave something to be desired in the field of morse code.
- 0816 The Commander drives slowly past making his way to his office. This arouses a great deal of interest among the Chiefs, who are always concerned with the Commander's welfare and disposition.
- 0817 The second brew of the day is served.
- 0820 The O.I.C. walks out into the garden and counts the roses.
- 0830 The first lecture of the day commences in Class Room One. It is on Radar Theory, and is being presented by the Senior Instructor.
- 0835 Another brew.
- 0845 The Junior Instructor arrives in the analysis room with a dismal expression on his face.
"I say, Chief Kenderdine, a terrible thing has happened to me."
Chief Kenderdine take a small black book from his top pocket, thumbs through it rapidly, make a careful notation, and hands the Junior Instructor four cigarettes. "That makes one thousand three hundred and seventy six cigarettes you owe me, Lieutenant."
- 0855 "Yes, Chief. Thank you very much — must remember to do something about this."
There is a muffled explosion from Lecture Room No. 1. It appears that a magnetron has disintegrated while the Senior Instructor wasn't looking, and a renegade isotope has revolved in an anti-clockwise direction scoring three home runs. Also it appears that the class hasn't progressed beyond the introductory sentence,
Quote: "This lecture will be on Radar Theory . . ."

- 0859½ Duty Medical Officer arrives, applies artificial respiration, and administers tranquilizing pills.
- 0905 The Senior Instructor (somewhat shaken) continues with his lecture.
- 0910 Another brew.
- 0915 The Junior Instructor makes a formal complaint to R.A.N.A.M.E.B. It seems that the goldfish splashing around in the pond are distracting him. Chief Hancox comes up with a brilliant idea of obtaining a kitten and teaching him to swim underwater. (Note: This goldfish hazard is a very real one at the Academy).
- 0920 The Senior Instructor arrives in the analysis room after completing his lecture—he has exceeded his allotted period by 15 minutes which is quite normal. After some deliberation, he passes a remark concerning the midshipmen in general which would make their respective mothers blush. Chief Hughes is deeply shocked.
- 0925 Another brew.
- 0930 The Captain appears on the horizon taking his morning constitutional around the Air Station. Once again this evokes very favourable comment from the three Chiefs. Their concern is really touching!
- 0940 The Senior Watchkeeper of the D.L.C.'s union arrives to interview the O.I.C. After a somewhat heated exchange concerning weekend duties, the matter is settled amicably enough. The O.I.C. considers he is the injured party and chooses pistols at ten paces.
- 0950 Another brew.
- 1000-
- 1030 Stand Easy. (Note: The Academy does not always conform to Station regulations).
- 1045 The Instructor Lieutenant discovers his supply of cigarettes is finished, and Naval Staff is dispatched to the Canteen on a Duty Run to replenish same.
- 1050 Another brew.
- 1100 Another brew.
- 1115 Officers on the Instructional Staff secure for lunch. On the way across to the car park the Junior Instructor trips over a large sign situated right in the middle of R.A.N.A.M.E.B.'s prize lawn. This sign states: "Do not walk on the Grass."

O.I.C.'s COMMENT:

It is regretted that this illuminating article will never be finished as the author is busy packing in anticipation of a sudden appointment to Tarangau.

PARSNIP WINE

This recipe is too late for this coming Xmas, but if laid down now, by next Xmas you will have an excellent brew to help out with the Xmas festivities. This recipe has been tried by a Slipstream Special Correspondent and is unconditionally guaranteed. After one year this beverage tastes like parsnip wine; after being kept for two years it tastes like a passable whisky; we have only met one person who has drunk three year old parsnip wine and he is still speechless so we are not able to comment with any authority on three year old brew.

Ingredients:	5 lb. parsnips,	one orange,
	4 lb. sugar,	one lemon,
	1 gallon water,	1 oz. yeast,
	1 slice toast,	

Method:

Wash, but do not peel the parsnips. Cut in slices, place in a saucepan with the water. Cook till tender. Strain into a bowl and add sugar and sliced lemon and orange. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Spread yeast on slice of warm toast. Float toast on top of liquid. Leave in a cool place for ten days covered with a muslin cloth. Strain through muslin. Bottle and cork for eight weeks. Drive corks home and secure tightly with string. Stow bottles on their sides for at least another four months.

NOTE:

Slipstream accepts no responsibility for damage to property caused by exploding bottles of parsnip wine nor for loss of wages due to paralysis or any other ailments occasioned by misuse of this brew.

C.N.O. 9/59. — UNIFORM — OFFICERS — GOLD-LACED TROUSERS

Approval has been given to the re-introduction of gold lace trousers . . .



"DAMN IT, YOU SHOULD READ THESE THINGS MORE CAREFULLY"

Merry Christmas & New Year Greetings

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Christmas Greetings

Our Best Wishes for a Happy and Prosperous 1960.

YOUR A.M.P. SOCIETY AGENT

D. L. BRAY

94 Douglas Street, Nowra.

'Phone Nowra 679

LETTER FROM A.J.A.S.S.

THE NEW DEFENCE POGROM

THE AXE HAS FALLEN and Australia is to have the invidious distinction of becoming the only country in the world with a large coastline and no naval air arm. However, things are not too bad — the R.A.A.F. will soon be getting P2V7 aircraft which have nearly as much detection gear as the S2F. The latter aircraft of course has been operating from carriers of Melbourne's size for the last five years.

Guided missiles are arriving and if the press is to be believed sites are already being selected in Sydney for their placement. If the missiles are that far south we must be expecting the threat to come from the expanding white population of New Zealand. Alternatively if we are attacked from the north, think of the accurate navigation required by an enemy bomber to fly all the way across Australia to get himself on top of those bases.

One of the encouraging factors of the decision to buy new aircraft and missiles is that our equipment never becomes obsolete in service — we buy it that way.

The Army is to expand, and a drive is to take place to increase the number and strength of C.M.F. units. This may have dangerous repercussions as the whole junior ranks structure may suffer to the extent that there will be more men than officers.

The Navy is affected to the extent that the promotion signal due on December 31st this year will probably read . . .

- ★ Captains to Commander, 4.
- ★ Commander to Lt. Cmd., 15.
- ★ Lt. Cmds. to Lieutenant, 66.
- ★ Lt. Cmds. to Sub. Lt., 1 (to remain at AJASS).

The Navy having lost its carrier is getting a few small ships with an indication that submarines may be ultimately purchased. The extra few ships are to ensure that if all the Officers of Flag rank wish to go to sea on the one day there will be enough ships to go round.

But what of the future with the submarines as the keystone of our national defence? Will F.O.C.A.F. go to sea in a submarine and if so will it be a special dromedary class with two humps —one for the Captain and one for the Admiral?

With the expansion of the R.A.A.F. and Army and the contraction of the Navy it has been bruited abroad that Redundant Naval officers could perhaps be absorbed into the other services. No matter how gruesome the thought, the prospect is better than working for a living and should be examined.

The young short service officer will find many familiar faces among the R.A.A.F. junior aircrews. His first encounter with some of them would have been at his interview to join the R.A.N. As we could afford to pick and choose they joined the light blue brigade. The older aviators will find life just like the old war-time days in as much as they will hear again the sound of the piston engines noticeably absent from the R.A.N. for so many years.

For the aviator who likes a leisurely life the aim must be to get into a fighter squadron. This will ensure that he will enjoy the minimum of activity with the maximum of publicity. It will also practically guarantee no night flying.

Bombers are for the more adventurous. A tour in Malaya against the terrorists will prove as exciting as a tram trip down Collins Street at 1030 on any Sunday morning and the casualties produced will be much the same.

Transport is the growing thing and the latest aircraft are carrying up to about 1 per cent of the load of a medium sized freighter. This should ensure full employment for lots of aircraft and aircrew provided sufficient ships are available to bring in the aviation fuel.

Maritime warfare in the R.A.A.F. is as vague and rewarding as A/S warfare in the R.A.N. Members of the FAA who should wind up in the maritime squadrons will have a big advantage over their new colleagues as they will know what a submarine looks like.

On the ground side the new boy will find life in the R.A.A.F. much the same as in the Navy. The only difference will be the main stumbling block to progress called a different name — "equippo."

Adult Education and Hobby Courses at Nowra Technical College

Nowra Technical College offers a number of interesting courses to men and women in day or evening groups. Forty Albatross personnel and wives attended the courses in 1959. Some are enrolled in the Accountancy Certificate Course, while others are learning shorthand and typing, homecraft woodwork, and women's handicrafts. The accountancy certificate course requires an Intermediate standard for entry. It is studied by correspondence, with attendance at the College for one evening per week, when a tutor is available to iron out any difficulties. The course may be continued at sea.

Information will willingly be given about other trade courses, as well as professional courses and studies for Intermediate Certificate.

Homecraft woodwork requires no previous experience. Students are soon in a position to make such articles as step-ladders, bookshelves, occasional tables and standard lamp stands. Other courses which will be available in 1960 are Motor Maintenance, Oxy and Electric Welding, Rural Courses, Showcard and Ticket Writing, Junior Retailing and Cookery.

For the ladies there are courses in Accountancy, Motor Maintenance, Dressmaking, Ladies Tailoring, Lingerie Making, Soft Furnishing and Millinery. A class of Cake Decorating will commence next year, but there is a long waiting list. Other courses scheduled for 1960 are Cookery, and Art Appreciation and Expression.

Persons interested in enrolling for 1960 are urged to place their names on the College waiting lists by ringing Nowra 711. Charges average £1/5/- per term.



★ MR. TOMLINSON, College instructor, assists A.A.3 Bruce Hennings of 724 Squadron in finishing a table.



The Chaplain's Corner



Christmas — There must be a reason for it all

For 1959 years now, the world has been celebrating Christmas. Only the Scrooges amongst us fail to look back over happy Christmases of the past, or to look forward to the next one as the time draws near. And although it is a season when extra running around is required if we are to send out our cards and buy our presents, complete our holiday arrangements and plans to see our close relatives and friends, it is still a happy and festive occasion that we do not wish to miss.

Time has a bad habit of going faster as we find ourselves getting older, and as one Christmas succeeds another the danger of all the rush and the celebrating crowding out any thought about the reason behind the world's joy becomes all the more real. There must be a reason for it all, and one purpose behind the holiday time that is granted is to give all a chance to pause on Christmas Day and recall that stable at Bethlehem, the humble shepherds and the wise kings, the angels who sang their hymn of praise, the Carpenter and the Virgin Mother, and the Infant lying in the manger.

The details of that holy night are not difficult to remember. What does require more thought is the reason for it all. For on that Christmas night a Child was given to the world, Who notwithstanding the infinite nothingness and humble circumstances to which He had stooped, is God Eternal — the Creator of the universe Who rules and governs all things, and upon Whose shoulders rests the Divine and universal monarchy. A staggering thought this, as we see the new-born Babe in such surroundings and remember Who He is.

God never does anything without a reason, although with our limited intellects it is not always easy to understand His reasons. But as far as Bethlehem's stable is concerned, we can know His reason because He has told us all about it. It was His purpose to reveal God to men, to teach them by word and example the things they need to know about the eternal truths. For that reason Christmas will never die, because the human mind is never fully satisfied unless it sometimes thinks about the truths and values that are eternal. It was also Christ's plan to offer His own life as a Sacrifice for the whole human race, and that human body He took as His own was eventually to be suspended between heaven and earth to come between the wilful sins of men and the Justice of God. In that way was Christ to be a Mediator for the whole human race.

Staggering thoughts these, and Christmas can never be Christmas without them. They certainly give the world cause to rejoice, for man is no longer at a great distance from his God, no longer uncertain about the truths God wants him to know. He should begin to realize the immense value he has in God's eyes, for "greater love than this no man has, that a man lays down His life for His friends." Such were the reasons that brought Christ to Bethlehem's stable, the reason why the world has celebrated Christmas ever since. In understanding and appreciating them again, we can have a truly Happy Christmas. That is the kind of Christmas that the writer sincerely wishes one and all.

F. LYONS.

Christmas Message

Once upon a time, so the story goes, preparations were being made for a great feast. Things seemed to be going very well. There was everywhere evidence that a great throng would be at the festive occasion. When the night came, a great group of people gathered together; all the preparations had been made, and the feast was about to begin. Someone said, "But where is the guest of honour?" And it developed that in all the expensive and busy preparations everybody had forgotten to invite the guest of honour. The feast was there, and the people were there, but the guest of honour had not even been invited to come!

It is a parable of the kind of activity that characterises many people at this season of the year. There are festivities and feasts but the guest of honour has not been invited. At the very centre of all this vital energy there is a tragic emptiness, an ironic absence

where the guest of honour should have been. The mission of the Church at this time in Advent is to see to it that our people invite the Guest of Honour into the Christmas festivities so that Jesus Christ gives meaning to the season in our church and community, in our homes and in our hearts. Otherwise we will not get the benefit from this season, which we were meant to derive.

In the last verse of the Christmas carol by George S. Rowe attention is focussed on those who "have winter but no Christmas." The poet of course was thinking of Christmas in the northern hemisphere, where it is accompanied by a fall of snow, by the burning of the Yuletide log and the familiar family re-unions of that time of the year, and he is saying to us that in all these festivities, unless our hearts are gladdened first of all by what came to our world at the first Christmas, life remains unchanged for us. It is just "winter without Christmas."

It can be "winter without Christmas" not only in the northern hemisphere. The world can go on being very grey and bleak, wherever men live as though it were B.C. and not A.D.

There is healing, helpful, transforming power in the simplicities of the Christmas story, which make it clear that mankind matters so much to God, that He enters our life to make it something worthwhile enjoying for ourselves and our fellowmen. Through His Son He will make your Christmas a time of the very greatest happiness. Such a Christmas we wish for you all.

CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCE BOWL

The Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service of the World Council of Churches appeals once again for donations to aid in the relief of distressed refugees in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, totalling 45 million. Each Christmas a growing number of families place a remembrance bowl on their Christmas table for donations from each member for the needs of refugee children. It is hoped that the idea will appeal to every home connected with the Fleet Air Arm. Contributions will be gladly accepted at the Chaplain's Office after the leave period.

CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES

0800 — HOLY COMMUNION in St. Nicholas Chapel.

0930 — CHRISTMAS MORNING SERVICE.

J. A. WILLSON, Chaplain.



Grant, O Almighty God, that our annual commemoration of the birth into this world of Your Son, Jesus Christ, may bring us a greater understanding of Your Love for all men and promote the cause of true Peace and Justice on Earth.

Christmas



Pageant

By "PROF"



"Caught yer, Dad!"



"Another Lemonade and I think I'd have collapsed"



Now why would a sweet little boy like you be wanting a box of dynamite, an oxy-acetylene rig and a jemmy?

KNOW YOUR ALBATROSS

WHAT AM I?

Living a life of secrecy in hidden places
I am seldom seen.
Although, by the look on people's faces
You can see where I have been.

Despised by some, I am coveted by many
And my status is high.
I am exclusive!
My whereabouts elusive.

There is often talk of extermination,
"Down with the rabbit,"
Except, of course, those people
Whose regions I inhabit.

Life is hard,
No use invoking the constitution,
For my continued existence
Is one long round of persecution.

Yet I survive,
For there are people who connive
Despite censure, to ensure
That I remain alive.

"DROUGHT AND FLOODING RAIN"

Despite malicious rumours to the contrary, the Met. Office does serve a good and useful purpose in life, that is apart from frequently Wetting the Brew. One such useful purpose is the keeping of the Rainfall figures, which, although of only passing interest at the moment, are vitally important to the Statistician 50 years hence.

The average rainfall for this district is 42 inches, but 1957 has established a record. The total rainfall recorded up to the 30th November was 76½ inches, nearly half of which fell during October, when 32½ inches were measured. Between 19th October and 22nd October 10½ inches fell and again between 29th October and 31st October 16 inches were recorded. Compare these figures with the total rainfall for the following years:

1953, 26 inches.
1954, 28 inches.
1957, 19 inches.

little wonder that widespread flooding was our main worry for several days.

However, although these figures are unusually high for the South Coast of N.S.W., they are mere midgets against some of the mighty rainfalls of the Monsoon areas of the world.

Luzon (Philippine Is.) 46 inches in 24 hours.
Cromahurst (Q'land) 36 inches in 24 hours.
Port Douglas (Q'land) 31½ inches in 24 hours.
Whim Creek (W.A.) 29½ inches in 24 hours.
Cherrapunji (India) 905 inches in one year.

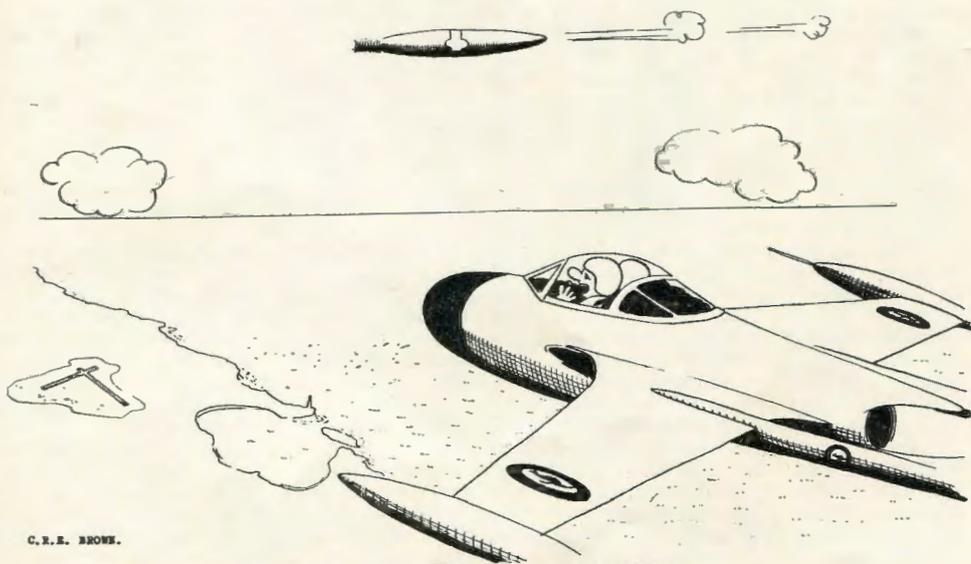
"BIRDIES OUT OF THE NEST"

OR NOTES FROM F.N.D.

Permanently staffed at F.N.D. from the Fleet Air Arm we have 9 Chiefs, 8 P.O.'s and 3 Leading Hands of various Branches. The Electrical School having the greatest number. Around the Festive Season our thoughts of good will go out to Nowra and we wish you all a

Merry Christmas

From F.A.A. Electrical Staff at F.N.D.



"Affirmative — Definitely Cigar Shaped!"

ON BEING DISCHARGED

TIME MARCHES ON, and each month a few personnel achieve what has been their greatest ambition ever since joining the R.A.N., if one is to believe the complaints which were heard everywhere — they can get out of the ——— outfit!

For those of you who don't have fabulous jobs lined up, paying thousands of pounds a year, here are some details of what the Service can do to help you, now that you have to work for a living.

C.N.O.79/59, a rathy lengthy screed containing some 45 paragraphs, gives all the relevant details. To save you the bother of reading, and of trying to translate them, I will give you some of the more pertinent points.

First of all, eligibility for resettlement benefits. Paragraphs 3(a) and (b) fit the bill here. They state: — (a) Officers and ratings with a minimum of 20 years service; (b) Officers and ratings being discharged compulsorily on reaching the age of retirement or discharge or to meet the needs of the service, and **with a minimum of 12 years service**; are eligible for resettlement benefits. If you don't have 12 years' service, the only other avenue is through Repatriation benefits which expire, at present, on 31st December, 1963. If you are being discharged medically, you qualify under paragraph 3(c), irrespective of length of service.

Now that you have established your eligibility, let's see what can be done. The Services Resettlement Scheme, which operates through the Department of Labour and National Service, endeavours to find a job for you, "the remuneration for which will, together with his service pension, provide him with an income broadly equivalent to that which he received in the service." Towards this end, the first requirement is that Form E.S.102 be completed and sent to the Department of Labour and National Service. This form can be obtained from the Resettlement Officer, who will assist in its completion and will send it to the right place. A large number of questions is asked, and they cover such things as service experience, courses taken (civilian and service), and preferences regarding employment and locality desired.

Once the Department of L & N.S. has been acquainted with your wishes, their regional officer will arrange through the Commonwealth Employment Service such employment assistance as may have been requested. It may be necessary for you to be interviewed by a C.E.S. officer. This may be done in Sydney, in Nowra, or, if numbers warrant, here at Albatross. If your prospective employer wishes to see you, and this is likely, special leave may be granted during the last month of service. If no employment has been arranged before discharge, the C.E.S. continues its efforts to find suitable employment.

The C.E.S. regional officer may decide that some form of training is desirable for a particular job. This training may be given either before or after discharge, but in the first case the decision regarding training rests with the Naval Board, and in the latter with the Resettlement Co-ordinating Committee.

The pre-discharge training will normally take the form of on-the-job training and may be done at any time within the last three months of service for a maximum period of four weeks. Post-discharge training will take the form of courses at Universities or technical colleges, similar to those provided for under C.N.O. 143/58, which deals with the Services Vocational and Educational Training Scheme. Training may be undertaken by correspondence, or by full or part-time attendance. Application must be made before discharge and the training period will extend for a maximum of three years from the commencement of the first course available after discharge. Refund of 100 per cent of the cost of the course may be obtained for all courses satisfactorily completed.

Benefits under the Repatriation Act are similar, and details are to be found in C.N.O. 754/59. Benefits from this, however, expire at the end of 1963.

The Services Resettlement Scheme has been in operation only since the end of 1958, but some good results have been achieved. To the end of May this year, 29 applications for post-discharge training had been received, 18 of which were approved, 6 were withdrawn and 5 were deferred or not approved. The courses undertaken include a University degree courses, and courses of a few months in personnel administration, selling, accountancy and industrial electronics.

Of the 2023 applicants for employment assistance to 31st March, 1959, 128 were not yet available, 870 made their own arrangements, and 601 had employment found for them by C.E.S., leaving 114 still waiting, which is not a bad average — 5.6 per cent unplaced to be exact. Most of those placed were found jobs of their own preference.

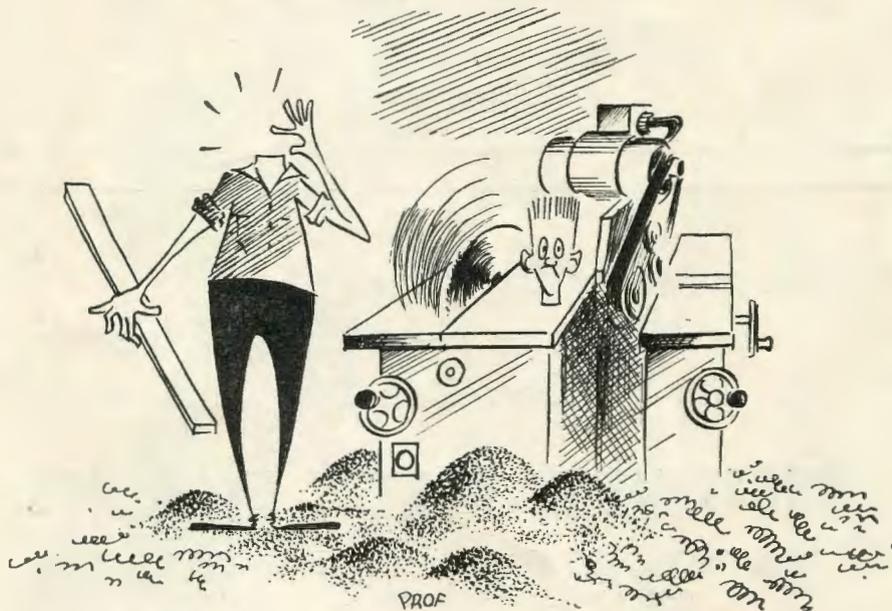
Further details of this may be had from the Resettlement Officer at the Education Centre (Ext. 248).

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PROF

"Two hamburgers, please!"



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SPECIAL MESSAGE
for the **CHILDREN!**

Santa Claus will be at Woodhill's on Friday, 18th December, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of Christmas Week — at 3 p.m. on weekdays and 9.30 a.m. on the Saturday.

R-E-M-E-M-B-E-R . . . call and meet SANTA CLAUS at

WOODHILL'S PTY. LTD.

(Nowra's Leading Store)

BERRY STREET — 'PHONE NOWRA 4

PASSING-OUT AT R.A.N.C.



★ The Minister for the Navy inspects Cadets at the R.A.N.C.

The Passing Out Parade of the R.A.N.C. was held on Thursday, 10th December, in brilliant sunshine, amid the jingling of swords and the glint of gold braid. Among the distinguished guests were The High Commissioner for New Zealand, the Chairman of the JOINT Chiefs of Staff, The Chief of Naval Staff, the Third Naval Member, and the Commandant of the Royal Australian Military College.

The Minister for the Navy, Senator the Hon. J. Gorton, reviewed the Guard, amid a battery of Press photographers. After a march past by the Cadets, the parade advanced in Review order, demonstrating that command of precision marching which long drill can instil into a disciplined body of men.

After the parade, the assembly mustered in the hall for presentation of prizes by the Minister for the Navy, who, in his speech to the Cadet Midshipmen, said:

"There is wide talk of changes in the Navy, but there is nothing more vital, nothing more sure, that as long as we shall live, there will still be need for skill in the profession of a Naval Officer.

"Nothing stays still in the Navy — the old slab-sided vessels of the days of Nelson gave way to steam ships, and we are now in another period of revolution, when in our time, we shall see atom power take the place of steam, and missiles replace guns. But all innovations are for the same end as the old ships and arms, and call for the same devotion from the personnel who man them. Australia is a maritime nation, and our trade in wartime must go on, either on, or under, the sea. There is no other way we can live. And trade can only be protected by ships, manned by Naval Officers. It may be — in fact, it will be — that most of our lives will be lived in peace, but during peace we hold the safety of our country in our hands.

"It is imperative that our keen-ness stays honed to razor pitch for when we are wanted it will be urgently. Thus, a Naval Officer must have these qualities: Determination, to concentrate on the job however unimportant it appears, and to perform it to perfection. He must have the ability to suffer injustice, and not to buck. If we are continually bucking injustice, we are always worse off than when we accept occasional injustice. As a junior officer, he must accept orders — he must be subordinate. This does not mean that he accepts his superiors words as gospel — but he must look as if he is accepting the word as gospel! He must avoid being pompous, whether at the top or in a junior position.

"If he can be, and do all these things, he will live a life of great interest in the cleanest element known to man. He will suffer a lack of gratitude from his country; he will not have the opportunity to accumulate large sums of money, but he will have done his job as a man — as a Naval Officer.

THIS I CAN'T BELIEVE

By DEREK BOME

I can't believe it, but it certainly looks as though a lot of us will be wearing jeans and carrying a bricklayer's hod in late 1963. Already it is almost impossible to obtain on the Station a copy of the Sydney Morning Herald, with the Situations Vacant column intact. I have heard of a terrific variety of jobs available, from opening sandwich shops to breeding racehorses. But if the worst comes to the worst, and there's always a chance it mightn't, the job I'd like best would be at Surfer's Paradise as a beer salesman.

BUSINESS VENTURES

Your old Uncle Derek got an invitation to the yearly drinks that the Wardroom have, to invite the Chiefs and P.O.'s and their wives. Struck up a conversation with that "Grand Old Man" of the Russian Convoys — Bill Gardiner. The topic was one very near to the hearts of us both — home brew.

If the breweries go ahead with their threat to increase prices, Bill and I reckon we could retail Home Bottled Beer for 6d. per bottle. Of course, you get 3d. back on the bottle returned. Those people who wish to get in early may lodge their orders now before the price increase. Members of the Lager-Lovers League will receive special discount.

SNAPPY DIALOGUE

This is one of the best pieces of repartee that I have ever reported. It seems that this sleek King's Cross creep in an equally sleek roadster pulls up at King's Cross Bus Stop and offers a sweet young thing a life. Sweet Young Thing: No answer (disdainful look). Sleek Creep: "Sorry, I thought you were my mother." Sweet Young Thing: "I couldn't be. I'm married."

MERRY CHRISTMAS

A Merry Christmas to all my readers, and I hope they both enjoy themselves immensely over the leave period, and full marks to the organisers of the Ship's Company Christmas Party. I have never seen my son so hot, dirty, sticky and contented before that day.

NOTE: I am still snarly at the Editor because he didn't give it a mention in the last issue — but a new little Bome arrived during October.

(Note by Editor: O.K. so now its been printed. Congratulations).

ALBATROSS UKKERS CHAMPIONSHIP

A record entry of eight teams accepted "Slipstream's" challenge to a battle, and the numbers were rapidly reduced to two, mostly by luck, good management and legerdemain. The final, played between 724 teams I and III, took place on Thursday, 8th, and here is our reporter's account of the treachery that took place.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHAMPIONS

If there is any game that will replace Rugby League in this decadent state it will be UKKERS.

The Grand Final of the "Slipstream" Ukkers Championship was held in the Briefing Room at the Control Tower between 724 No. I and No. III teams, and what a grand game it was too. I have never seen such grand lying, cheating, cursing, six-throwing and sheer jam. (For the uninitiated a glossary of Ukkers terms follows this article).

Keen fans started rolling into the stadium just after lunch, and by the time the game started the stands were packed. Junior Davidson and Les Powell won the toss, and the game started rolling at 1320.

Little did we realise that in no more than seventeen minutes time we were going to witness the "death" of an Ukkers team.



A Six!



The Winners

Junior was the first away with four straight 6's, an Les followed him up with two and then three 6's. This gave Junior and Les all their men out, while Joss and Noss had only one man running. Joss was finding 6's as rare as a serviceable Venom.

Junior and Les continued to run all over Joss and Noss, and they were dictating the trend of the game. I couldn't see at this stage what purpose Joss was serving, except sitting in the fourth corner. At this stage, the "Slipstream" cameraman arrived to get some action shots.

Joss and Noss were receiving many obscene and derogatory remarks on their ability to throw 6's. But the dice just wouldn't pounce their way. Junior and Les became a bit flippant and they could have been in trouble. Joss and Noss at last struck into stride, and slowly but surely started to change the game. Noss hacked two of Junior's, and Joss tried desperately to blob on his knob but couldn't.

At this stage the spectators really leapt into the game. Advice hurtled from everywhere. B. J. (Mr. Ukkers) Wheelahan muttered "Silly ukkers" as the players became flustered with the advice. Digby and Barney, disputing the title of the "The Greatest Ukker Player in the World" again clashed on the tactics of the players. Les went into his, what had now become, familiar, six-throwing routine, and raced all his men down the spout. If Joss and Noss could blob up now, and concentrate on hacking Junior, they would still have a chance of pulling the game out of the fire.

Les got all his men home, and then promptly threw a 6, so that in his turn he could use his score on Junior's men. This clinched the game. Noss and Joss were throwing the 6's now but it was too late.

It had been a grand game. The noise was deafening, the advice contradictory.

Statistics of the game proved that you have to throw 6's to win a Grand Final. It is a big help, too, if you are deaf.

Next year I hope "Slipstream" Officials will have one of the hangars available for the Final, and there will be no turning away of disappointed spectators. To sum up, I don't think Les and Junior can pull it off again next year — that sort of jam doesn't last that long.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

UKKERS — An advanced game of ludo played by grown-up men who are still boys at heart.

JAM — Called luck by culture vultures, this is an ability above the ordinary to throw sixes. A player considers his opponent to be more jammy, if his opponent throws more sixes than the player himself.

KNOB — The avenue through which a player must move his tokens to commence playing.

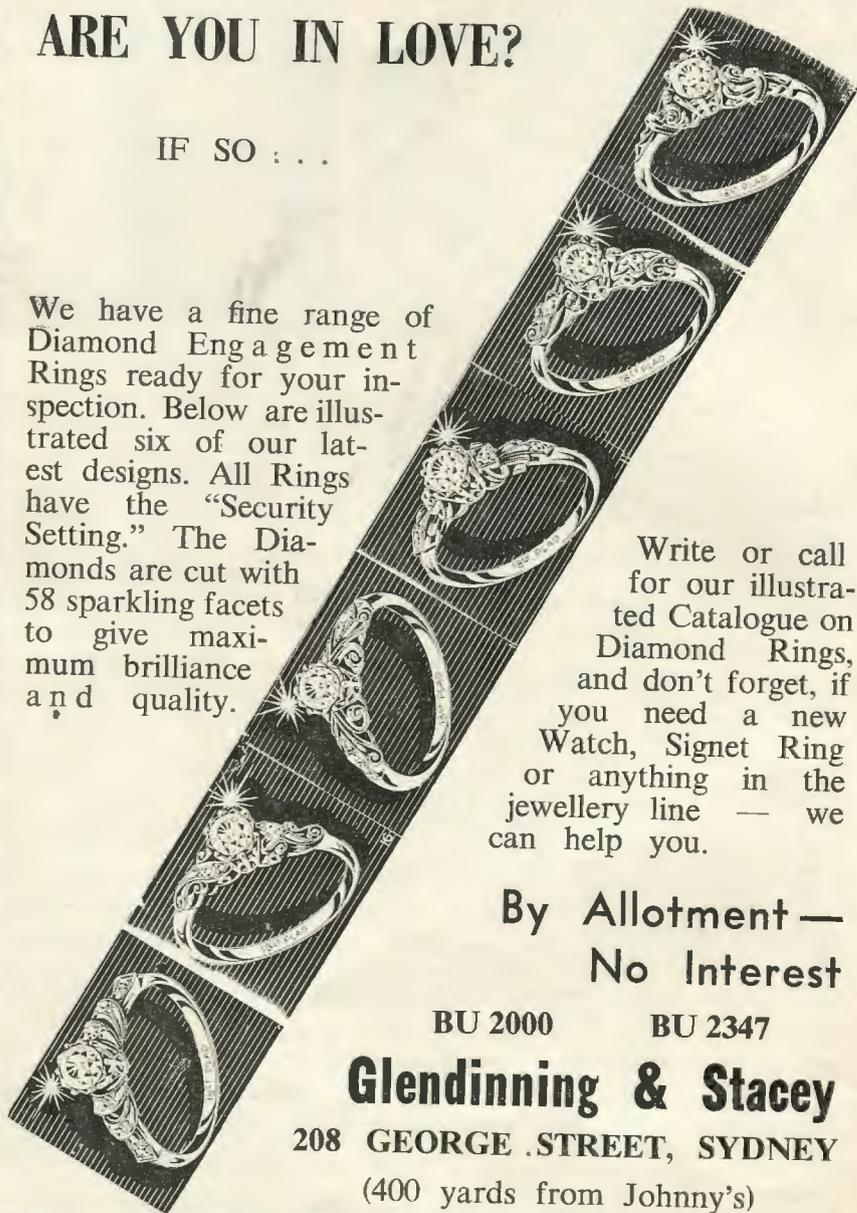
SPOU T — Alley down which player's men cannot be hacked. Hence the phrase "up the spout."

HACK — Killing an opponent's token.

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(400 yards from Johnny's)

ONCE A YEAR

Mass demonstrations by some 850 children against the decision to close down the Fleet Air Arm were staged on Wednesday, 9th December, under the guise of a Christmas party. Hot sun melting paddle pops, sticky fingers all over pusser's fire tender, champing jaws and babies crying in the cinema, lost children screaming . . . all the familiar devices were seen in the venting of the juvenile displeasure. The arrival by helicopter of happy Santa Claus proved a timely distraction, and prevented many casualties in the over 15 or middle-aged group.



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TRAIN FOR THE DAYS TO COME!

Courses may be arranged in a number of subjects. Our panel of expert instructors, with years of successful teaching to their credit, are available to help YOU.

Examples of courses available and the instructors concerned are:—

PIG BREEDING — Mr. Ham Kennedy (Graduate Albatross School of Agriculture), Mr. Murgatroyd Way (Nowra Society of Pig Farmers).

SPRAY PAINTING — Mr. Trader Horn (Associate Australian Society of Automotive Painters).

FAIR GROUND EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURE AND REPAIR — Mr. Stillson Johns (Late of Barnum and Bailey), A secondary course in this subject may be arranged with the "Queen's Chiseller" School of Carpentry.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY (GOAT SECTION) — Special arrangements may be made with Mr. A. S. O. Hall, or Mr. William Butter.

HOSTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE MANAGEMENT — A joint course covering all aspects of this subject is given by Mr. William and Mr. Love (Accommodation) and Mr. D. H. Beamish (Aust. Caterers Association).

FLOWER CULTURE AND NURSERY MANAGEMENT — Mr. D. O'Brien and Mr. E. Liston (Founders of the Albatross Nursery).

OFFICE MANAGEMENT PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION — Mr. Alonze Brook (Australian University of Business Management).

TRAPEZE ACTS, WIREWALKING AND LADDER BALANCING — Mr. Graham (Daredevil) Buffer. Watch for his next demonstration on a T.V. aerial.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING AND GROUNDSMANSHIP — Sir Lancelot Boag and a panel of instructors drawn from the other knights of the round playing field.

All the above courses are given under the general supervision of Mr. W. A. James-Perrin ("Jimmy" to his many happy pupils).

DON'T DELAY! YOU NEED A TRADE!

DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE LEFT WITH SWEET F.A.A.

Music Is Our Pleasure

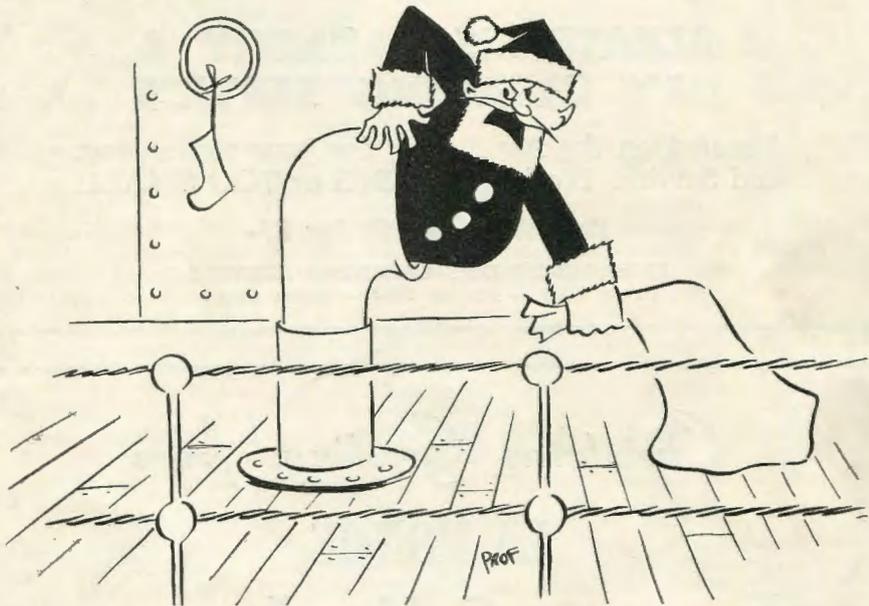
Any unsuspecting person in the vicinity of the cinema during the dogs in the last few weeks, may well believe the noises issuing therefrom indicate unmentionable horrors are being perpetrated on some person inside. This is not so. The sounds merely indicate the labour pains of the birth of a sailors' danceband.

Organising such a group, (apart from the lack of musicians, instruments, music and a tuned piano, the interference of Watches, shore-going, beer drinking and flying, the reluctance of bods to admit they can play, sing, dance or entertain) has proved comparatively easy.

We believe however, we have at last established the nucleus of a Sailor's band, and anyone who is interested in music — preferably owning his own instrument, and having had at least one music lesson prior to now, is most earnestly requested to contact P.O. Wtr. Jeffrey, either in the cinema, or Cabin 15, Block B.14.

THE SEVEN YEAR BITCH

Drinken' Whiskey in Ninteen Sixshty
Havin' fun in Sixty One
Nothin' to do in Sixty Two
Out for free in Sixty Three
Hungry and poor in Sixty Four
Barely alive in Sixty Five
Sick in the sticks in Sixty Six
Hell or Heaven in Sixty Seven.



“Why the devil can’t they have chimneys like everyone else?”

Merry Christmas & New Year Greetings



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Parties. — Enquiries Invited.**

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SPORTSMAN OF THE MONTH

“CY” DAKIN

LIEUTENANT (P) CYRIL ALFRED DAKIN was born at Brisbane in 1929. From as far back as he can remember he has always been happiest when hitting or throwing a ball around. His father, who had played representative sport in U.K., gave him every encouragement, even though the neighbour's windows sometimes suffered.

Cy received his primary education at the Windsor State School where he took an interest in all sports.

To gain experience he played in as many tennis tournaments as possible, and at the age of 13 years he won the School Junior Tennis Championship. He also played Australian Football for the school and was selected as a member of the Queensland Junior Cricket Coaching Squad.

Cy entered the Brisbane Industrial High School in 1943 where he played cricket and tennis for the school teams and represented in the Inter High School Athletics, competing at the sprints and mile events. During the weekends he played in the Brisbane First Grade Tennis Competition and his team were the winners for three seasons. Cy attributes a lot of his honour for the team's success to coach, Gar Moon, the Davis Cup player and Queensland National Champion. In 1945 Cy was opening batsman for the High School when the cricket team travelled to Sydney to play against Sydney University. During the same year he won the South Queensland Junior Doubles Tennis Championship being partenered by Ron Poon.

While at the High School he was elected Captain of the school during his final year. 1948 saw Cy enter the employ of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia where he still found time to play grade tennis, and in the finals of the Brisbane Junior Tennis Championships at Ipswich was narrowly defeated by Lex Vinson the Australian Junior Tennis Titleholder.

From early childhood our sportman had been intrigued by aircraft and many leisure hours were spent watching the flying at Archerfield and building scale models. In 1950 he joined the Fleet Air Arm as a trainee pilot and while at Flinders Naval Depot won the Mornington Peninsula Singles and Doubles Tennis Championships. With the exception of 1954, when he was in H.M.A.S. Sydney during the Korea Cruise, Cy represented the Navy at Inter-Service Tennis, being selected as captain in 1957 and 1959. Whilst on the Korea Cruise, Cy represented the Sydney at tennis and cricket, and, as a member of the 850 Squadron team, got into the finals of the Ship's Volly Ball Competition.

Cy was Sports Officer at R.A.N.C. when it was resited at Jervis Bay and helped to plan their present sports ground and facilities.

Earlier this season he was a member of the Albatross Table Tennis team which was narrowly defeated in the Grand Final of the Shoalhaven District Competition. At present he is one of the Albatross Tennis team which is doing well in the Sydney Army Competition.

Our sportsman is pleased to have been actively associated with the Fleet Air Arm and is thankful for the experience he has gained and for the comradeship, at work and at play, he has found whilst serving as a member of this service.

Sporting Notes

Cricket

The continuing story of good fielding and bowling being let down by mediocre batting performances is illustrated by the following figures. Some 57 individual innings have been completed this season for a total of 528 runs, an average of 7. Only once has 30 been exceeded, by Peters who scored 51 against Nowra. Double figures have only been reached on 20 occasions, and 20 "ducks" have quacked their way into the score book.

Recent matches against Watson and Nowra have been lost, that against Watson particularly being a disappointment. McWhinney excelled with the new ball against them, leaving a hat trick and also breaking a stump; but after this excellent start, having 4 Watson wickets down for 5 runs, they struggled to a total of 68. In familiar mould was the subsequent procession of Albatross batsmen as they scratched a meagre 59 runs together, of which 42 were made between Silsby and Hutchinson.

Five ducks were recorded.

Leading wickets so far are: McWhinney, 19 wickets for 115 runs; Thompson, 20 wickets for 127 runs; Green, 10 wickets for 100 runs.



L.E.M. Harris
A.M. Dickson

N.A. Jackman
Lieut. Dakin

N.A. Kirkman
P.O.E.L. Herron

Tennis

On Wednesday, 9th November, when playing against an Army team, the Albatross Tennis Team had to be extended for the first time in this Competition just to be able to manage to make a drawn match with the score at 4 sets each, 38 games each. In the last two sets there was considerable interest when Lt. Dakin and P.O. Herron went on to play, Albatross was down 3 games. Our pair went to a quick 3 love lead and the match seemed to be going to Albatross, but Lt. Dakin and P.O. Herron lost the set 6-5. The Army was now 4 games in front. To win the match we had to win the last set 6-1 or 6-2 for a drawn match. L.E.M. Harris and N.A. Jackman playing superb tennis, fought a keenly contested match and won the set 6-2. Albatross is amongst the leaders in this competition and could easily win it.

In the Inter-part games Electrical have gone to the lead, closely followed by S.A.M.(E) In the finals it should be contested by Electrical and S.A.M.(E) followed by Executive.

NOTE

In view of the festive season, followers of our popular series "Sport and Medicine," are referred elsewhere in "Slipstream" to the article on Alcohol.

Basketball

In recent weeks the only basketball played has been Inter-part which has produced some fine games. Executive are S.T.B., but several teams are improving so rapidly that we hope to see some very close games in future matches. "L" Dept. are fortunate in having the services of two very capable players in Rubly and Giles who have recently joined the Station from F.N.D.

725 Squadron started this round with a good strong team but recently have suffered two defeats due to the absence of seasoned players. Supply are combining well and are well to the fore. The attempts of Engineering to gain their first victory are admirable — they lack nothing in enthusiasm and with perseverance should win a game before long.

S.A.M.E. have had mixed success. Improvement is necessary if they hope to make the final four. Engineering, 724 Squadron, Air Department and Observers School are in the bottom bracket and it appears that the "Wooden Spoons" will come from this quartet. Vounteer referees are required for Inter-part games. Names to Sports Store, 216.

Parachuting

Since the recent write up on parachuting in "Slipstream" and "Navy News" there have been quite a few enquiries made by ratings interested, from Albatross as well as other shore establishments and ships of the fleet.

We now have six active parachutists from Albatross participating in this sport with several more under training. Over the past few months, unsettled weather conditions have led to some rather amusing incidents on the D.Z. including a water jump, a couple of fence hoppers and a collision with a cow, to name a few.

Unfortunately, the Navy was not represented at the recent Inter Dominion Championships. However, the N.S.W. School of Parachuting with which our boys are jumping, fought their way into third place, the winners being N.Z. and the second place going to Newcastle Parachute Club. Both these teams, particularly the N.Z.ers fielded very stiff competition, having had a year of experience in this field.

We hope that by the time the next competition event comes up, we'll have some Navy boys in the act and that we can show them a bit of stiff opposition.

Golf

Welcome back to all you MAG golfers who have returned to the Station once more—no doubt you have benefited from your matches played inter-state and in New Zealand.

On Sunday, 29th November, an "Open Bucks Day" was held on the Station Course. The response from the civilian clubs who were invited to participate was a little disappointing but understandable on such a hot day. However, all those who attended were of the opinion that it was one of the best days they had ever attended and the President of the Illawarra Association (Mr. Mat Mattes) suggested in his speech that if it was intended to hold a similar day next year that he be informed and he would get the day listed in the Illawarra Golf Calendar as there would be very few golfers who would miss such a day as this. The flamboyant shirts that were worn in evidence really gave the day the picnic atmosphere that was intended. The "refreshments" and barbecue were very enthusiastically patronised. Our thanks are due to Commander Gladstone for kindly coming along to present the trophies and very many thanks too, to all those who helped in different ways to make the day a success.

On Wednesday, 2nd December, a 18 hole Stableford Competition was held on the Station course where a burglar came to light in the form of L.A. Thompson who notched 41 Stableford points (Handicapper please note!). And whilst on the subject of burglars, there are a few more in the club who are at present living in a state of false security but who will find themselves short of a few strokes before the next "Slipstream" appears!

Don't forget to get plenty of practice in over the leave period in readiness for the commencement of the inter-part golf competition early in the new year. Another item on the early post leave agenda is the "Challenge Match of the Year" — Officers versus Ratings — to be played over 18 holes at the Nowra Golf Club. It will be match play off handicap. The number of players making up the teams to be mutually determined by the opposing captains. There is a "buzz" that the "Trophy" will be one of those keg-shaped objects which will be donated by the losing team.

So until next time, a happy Xmas to all golfers and lots of luck and plenty of birdies for the New Year.



★ THE CAPTAIN presents prizes to Commander (Air) and Lt. Cdr. (Flying) by a strange coincidence the latter is captain of the Albatross Golf Club.

Gymnasium Jottings

Ten Gymnasts dressed in white
Attempting perfection in speed and flight,
A stumble here—a mishap there
Whilst twisting through the air
The instructors cry, "Legs, straighten the knees,"
And the hearts seem to freeze
Show the position, quicken the run
Remember the motto, "IT WILL COME."

Hard training for the squad over the last fortnight, has moulded together a fair unit for their first display. They are lucky in having the use of a small spring board from the R.A.N.C. which has helped their form considerably. There is no doubt that "Kanga" Kinross is aptly named. The distance, height and form, shown by him in a dive roll is exceptionally good. This lad has the natural ability and the determination and should go far. Jim Hawkins is slowly being pegged back though his vaulting form is near perfection.

Water Polo

The first matches of the season resulted in two easy wins for the Station team. Petty Officer Bush-Jones played and swam well, his ball handling and positioning of his self was very good. Petty Officer Mackenzie in goal defended well and should hold his place

The bouquets over, now the facts — in my opinion the whole team is weak, the reason being:—

- (a) Swimming condition, bad.
- (b) Ball handling, bad.
- (c) Positioning, bad.
- (d) Passing, bad.
- (e) General play and listening to advice, bad.

There can be no excuse for this team not to win the Lorraine Crapp Trophy. It is up to you. Train! Train! Train!

Athletics

The match against R.A.N.C. this month proved to be a very close one, the final points score being R.A.N.C. 151, R.A.N.A.S. 132. After the first three events the College had secured maximum points with Albatross trailing badly.

Our field events men proved to be the Saviours of the side, outstanding was L.E.M. Kelly, who won the Javelin, Shot and Discus, as well as being placed in the Long Jump, High Jump and Hop, Step and Jump. E.M. Kinross rose to the occasion and produced good form to win the High Jump at 5'6". L.A.M. Connellan, with no training at all, ran well in the 440 yards to come second. The Mile proved to be too short a distance for C.E.A. Barrett and E.M. Hingston who both finished quite fresh but without speed. Our sprinters were badly off form too, Lt. Carter pulling a hamstring and N.A. Hoskins and E.M. Oakley being a bit short of condition.

The final event, the 4 x 110 yards Relay, was won by Albatross when the College was disqualified for interference.

It is hoped to have at least two matches against R.A.N.C. and R.A.N.A.T.E. during February and March, by which time the Air Station team will have benefited greatly from training during Wednesday Sports Afternoons and from racing in the Inter-part Athletics League which will start immediately after leave.

Game Fishing Club

Greetings once again. We have been pretty quiet of late and you haven't heard much from us as the weather has not been conducive to good fishing, but we are back in business again with the boat fresh from a refit and the game fish are again becoming interested. LREM Dundas got us off to a good start last Sunday week when he landed a 42 lb. Bluefin Tuna on 3 thread (12 lb. breaking strain). This is just 10½ lbs. off the record which has stood for over 6 years. It took 3½ hours to land and fought to the death. This is just a taste of more to come. The blue water, which is sometimes 40 miles out, is now right in to the coast and with a lot of fry around the big fellows will soon be showing a fin. In the meantime there are plenty of kingies around to keep you in trim and from the bottom the pan size schnapper are beating the butchers to the bait. Why don't you join us? Meetings 1230 every Thursday. Ring Lt. Cdr. Robinson, Ext 266.

Gliding Association

During the past month, lack of soaring conditions has limited our activities to circuit flying. To add variety to the sport an intensive checking programme for the Solo Pilots was carried out and a high standard of flying was achieved by the Solo Group.

Aero towing was used on two occasions to demonstrate the technique of handling the glider when on tow. Aero towing has one big advantage over truck towing, the tow pilot flies around until he finds a nice big thermal and then the glider pilot is released from the tow and winds up in the rising air until he reaches cloud base or has enough height to go on a cross country flight. Local topography in the Nowra district is such that cross country flying involves too many risks when faced with an away from home home landing. Successful first solo aero tows were carried out by N.A.M.'s Perkins, McPherson and B/M Towson. Several members including Wtr. Owens, C.A.A. Hodges, and N.A.M. Minell had aero tow instruction. Our C.F.I. and tow Pilot Surg/Lt. Thompson have been unable to solve the problem of how to be in both the Auster and the Kookaburra at the one time. Any reasonable suggestions will be welcome.

Our Chairman has recently returned from a two weeks Gliding Instructors Course held at the National Gliding School, Gawler, S.A. (No perks, Xmas leave in lieu). He wishes to report that our flying standard safety policy and instructional technique is on most cases ahead of other gliding clubs. Our aim to keep ahead.

Weight-Training Club

Many of the members of the Weight Training Club have made great progress in the last month, both in their handling of the greater weights in the various exercises and the building up of their general physiques.

We have had many enquiries from prospective starters and as usual we welcome all who are really keen to better themselves. It must be stressed however, that Weight Training is not easy, and to overcome the effects of the monotony and sheer hard work new recruits must be extra keen and determined.

For those who want to "toughen up" join the wrestling classes in "D" Hangar.

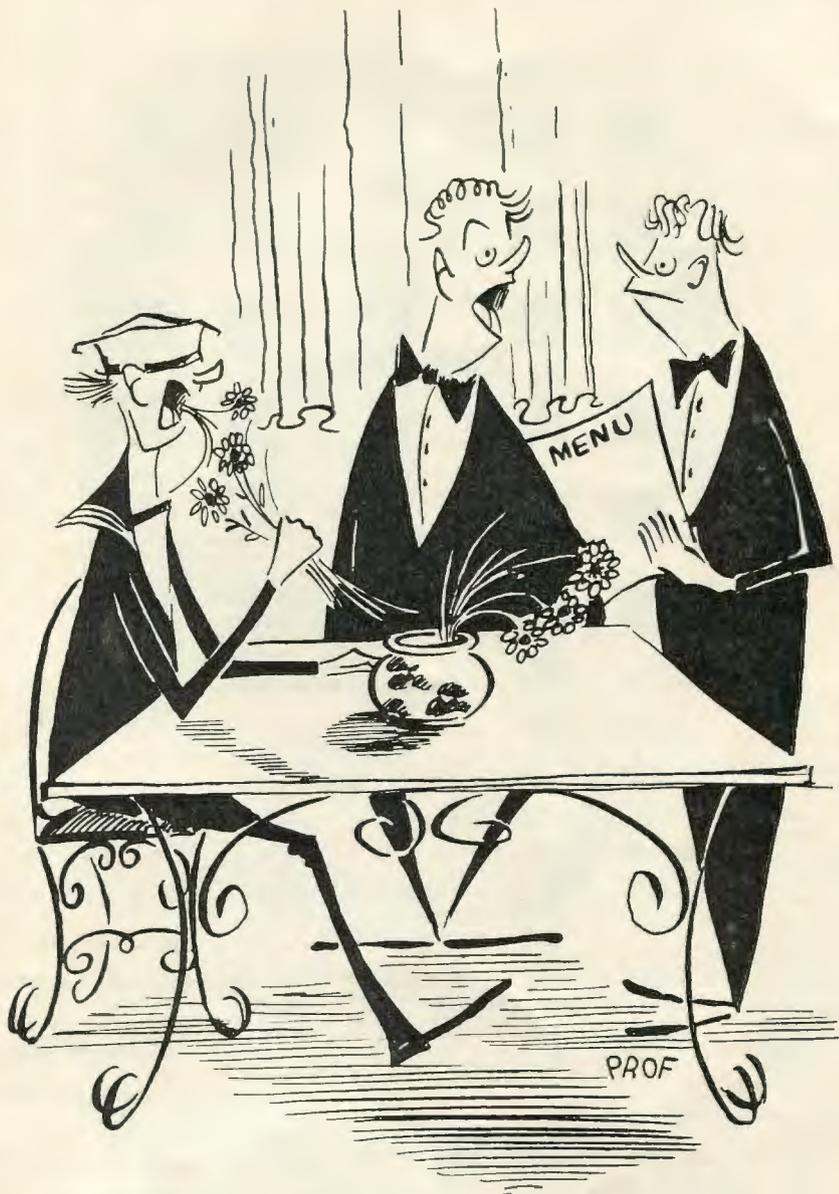
LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD

Last month's crossword was won by C.A.F.(A) J. E. Fry.

The correct solution was:

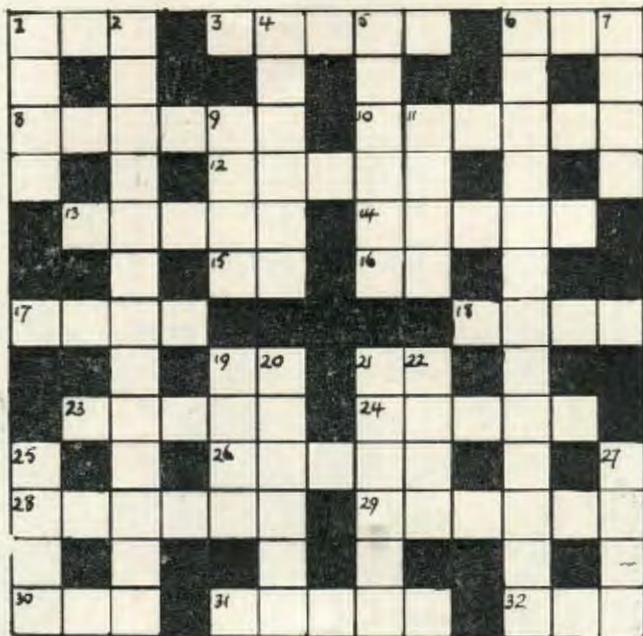
ACROSS: 1. Second; 4. Tropic; 8. Normal; 10. Diving; 11. Resin; 12. Over; 14. Lean; 15. Roisterer; 17. Disrobing; 20. Iron; 21. Trot; 22. Flora; 24. Fairey; 25. Kinder; 26. Elects; 27. Purses.

DOWN: 1. Senior 2. Corner; 3. Near; 5. Rain; 6. Primer; 7. Cogent; 9. Leisurely; 10. Disembark; 13. Rosin; 14. Leant; 16. Riffle; 17. Docile; 18. Grades; 19. Starts; 22. Felt; 23. Ainu.



“He says he likes flowers!”

No prize is offered this month, but we hope this will help to pass the time on the long train journey home on leave.



ACROSS

1. Japanese have a longing for it.
3. Fork point.
6. A bad actor, but well liked at Christmas.
8. Signal back to confound the enemy.
10. Simmonds heard this and knew the law-hounds were close.
12. Old European alphabet.
13. On the move.
14. A sour answer.
15. Steamship.
16. Diminutive of the composer of this puzzle.
17. In the distance.
18. Requests.
19. Greek letter.
21. Opposite of from.
23. Produced from flax.
24. Elephants are sorry that this was ever discovered.
26. Goes with onions.
28. Cathedral town sees a famous street.
29. Your first book.
30. Arnotts have made a fortune out of these.

31. Scatter about.
32. May-day from the ship.

DOWN

1. He fills us with horror, but has cold feet himself.
2. Riley's on S.S. ACE. (Anagram. 2 words).
4. It happens again.
5. Marriageable.
6. These deserve severe punishment (2 words).
7. Sages who brought gifts.
9. It controls the amount of light entering the eye.
11. Makes you pleased when your opponent is this.
19. To measure
20. Statement about the Air Arm has caused this.
21. "Fishes that _____ in the deep." — Lovelace.
22. Six or eight completes it.
25. A focussing device.
27. Careful of his arrow.

Here's to a Merry Xmas to all!

You can make it a Merry Xmas with a Sunbeam Gift from
Waltons Stores, Kinghorn Street, Nowra.

For "HERS" . . . there is the Superseded Model Mixmaster for only £24/10/-
cash.

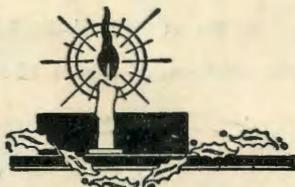
For "HIS" . . . there is the Superseded Model Shavemaster for only £12/19/6
cash.



As a Special Xmas Offer you can purchase a combined "HIS" and "HERS"
for only 8/- weekly.

Of course, there are trade-ins accepted on all Sunbeam products, especially
from now till New Year's Eve.

WALTONS STORES



*Wishing you a Merry Christmas &
a Happy New Year*

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of

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