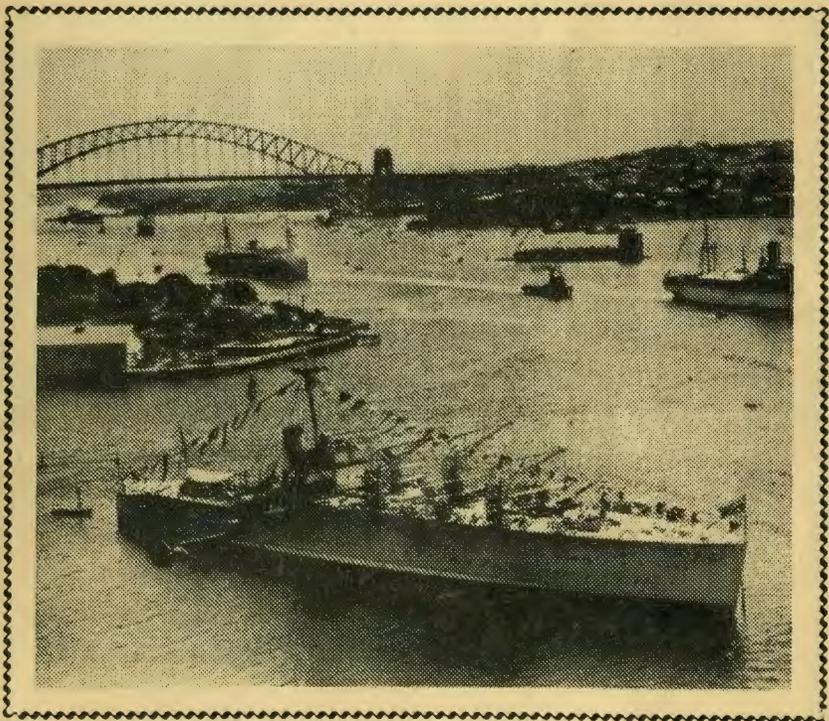


540



SLIPSTREAM

THE JOURNAL OF H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS



No. 40

AUGUST, 1960

Commodore J. D. Potts



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SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 40

AUGUST, 1960

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P.O. Gray, Ext. 394



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THIS MONTH'S COVER

H.M.A.S. Albatross, 1926-1938

EDITORIAL

IT SEEMS only a few months since the last one, but a year must have elapsed. For the past few weeks bodies one never knew existed have appeared fleetingly, emptied a bucket of gash, and scuttled back to their caves to continue rummaging through their stores.

The date, of course, is September 13. An unlucky number, perhaps, for some — particularly those troglodytes who continually escape divisions, yet whose excuses will, this time, be brushed aside — "Be there, or else!"

As always in times of great demand, supply becomes short, and prices rise. The bartering value of a gallon of paint is at present fantastically inflated, while a tin of polish is not to be obtained for love nor money. (Your scribe, with supercilious pride, is chuckling — his painting was completed before leave and his store is bulging with polish and cleaning rags).

One hears the usual grumbles . . . "A waste of time"; "Interrupts the normal work of the Station"; "Why can't the Admiral suddenly descend and see us as we are" . . . and so on. Yet who can deny, observing the amount of waste being hauled out from odd corners, that a yearly inspection is a good thing? So much junk clutters up our stores; kept because "It will come in useful some day"; junk that one's eye becomes so used to, that it is part of the furniture; that peeling paint or spider's web has adorned the walls so long that it must always have been there; and only at inspection time does the suddenly keener glance notice it.

And this month or two of extra work pays dividends in feelings of pride:

1958

OUR MOTTO: "Second to none."

ADMIRAL'S REPORT: "I saw once more the F.A.A. at work and the support given by a smart and efficient Station — the appearance could only have been produced by hard work, self-respect and pride in the Service."
1959

OUR MOTTO: "Still the best."

ADMIRAL'S REPORT: "I was impressed by the high standard displayed in all departments. The establishment . . . fully meets the exacting standard expected in the R.A.N. The watchword 'Still the best' is not . . . inappropriate."
1960

OUR MOTTO: "First as always."

And we shall soon discover what the answer will be.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Albatross,
4th August.

Dear Sir,

I have just discovered that I have a fourth ear beginning to grow on my third head. Is this normal?

Yours Ever,

FRANK N. STEIN.
Albatross
7th August.

Dear Mr. Stein,

Perfectly. Don't let it worry you unless you find it painful.

Yours,

THE EDITOR.

STATION PERSONALITY No. 40

COMMANDER J. D. GOBLE R.A.N.



JOHN GOBLE has strong connections with the Fleet Air Arm, for his father served for four years in the Royal Naval Air Service before it became part of the Air Force. Commander Goble joined the navy because he wanted to, and also because Dad knew which was the best service. Graduating from the Naval College, he joined his first ship, H.M.A.S. Canberra, on 8th December, 1941; on 9th December, 1941, he was under four weeks stoppage of leave for mishandling a motor boat.

He served in "Canberra" for about four months, then joined H.M.A.S. Australia in which he spent over a year, being in the ship during the Coral Sea engagement and the landings at Guadalcanal.

Following Lieutenant's courses in U.K. during the latter part of 1943, he then served seven months in Combined Operations and took part in the first assault wave at Normandy on 6th June, 1944. His "First Command"

blew up and sank after being mined on a submerged beach obstacle while on despatch duties some three hours after the initial landings. Later, serving in H.M.A.S. Battler, an escort carrier, and undeterred by watching the intrepid birdmen, he applied for and was accepted for "Birdie" training. He was half way through this when the war ended and the rundown following cessation of hostilities delayed his training somewhat, until in 1947 he finally joined 827 Squadron aboard H.M.S. Triumph in the Mediterranean. After a year here he returned to the U.K. to become a founder member of 816 Squadron when it formed for the R.A.N.

A big step from Firefly 1's to Firefly 5's then followed the usual run between Albatross and Sydney and vice versa, until a course at the Central Flying School in U.K. and two years instructing began in 1951.

Returning to Australia he assumed command of 817 Squadron — Firefly 6's!!! — until April, 1955, when the Squadron paid off to reform on Gannets. At this time "J.D." began eighteen months at Navy Office. Between 1957 and 1960 he served about equal time as First Lieutenant of H.M.A.S. Tobruk and as Commander (Air) of "Melbourne".

He comes to us as a recent graduate of the United States Armed Forces Staff College and, despite the need for desk work, he hopes to continue his active flying on all types and to add to his total of some five hundred deck landings while here. In fact he has been observed getting acquainted with the Firefly Trainer already.

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Around The Station

First As Always; Navy News of July 15 published an article on gliding which had previously appeared in "Slipstream" in March.

★ ★ ★
This journal has had many a laugh at the R.A.A.F.'s expense, but this time we are glad to hand them a bouquet. The prompt mail deliveries by R.A.A.F. to H.M.A.S. Melbourne during the last cruise were much appreciated. Thanks fellers.

★ ★ ★
Congratulations to Navy on winning the inter-service Rugby Union, and especially to the manager and six Albatross players in the team.

★ ★ ★
After publication of last month's "Station Personality," in which the name Szymoniczek occurred eight times, we expected trouble from the "Nowra Leader." We imagined Caxton's Mob would picket the Editor, bearing banners headed "Unfair to Compositors," or "Linotype Operators Demand New Deal" and we were prepared to offer penalty rates for words containing more than one Z. However, our fears were needless — they printed it without a murmur.

★ ★ ★
We are glad to see the satisfactory number who have enrolled in classes for the next E.T.1. and H.E.T. Exams. Keep at it chaps, and remember, as Benjamin Franklin once said, "An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."

★ ★ ★
Here's something that should be in Derek Bome's column, because this we can't believe, but our Business Manager swears that someone handed him a five-pound note for five shares in the "Beautoil" Company we advertised last month.

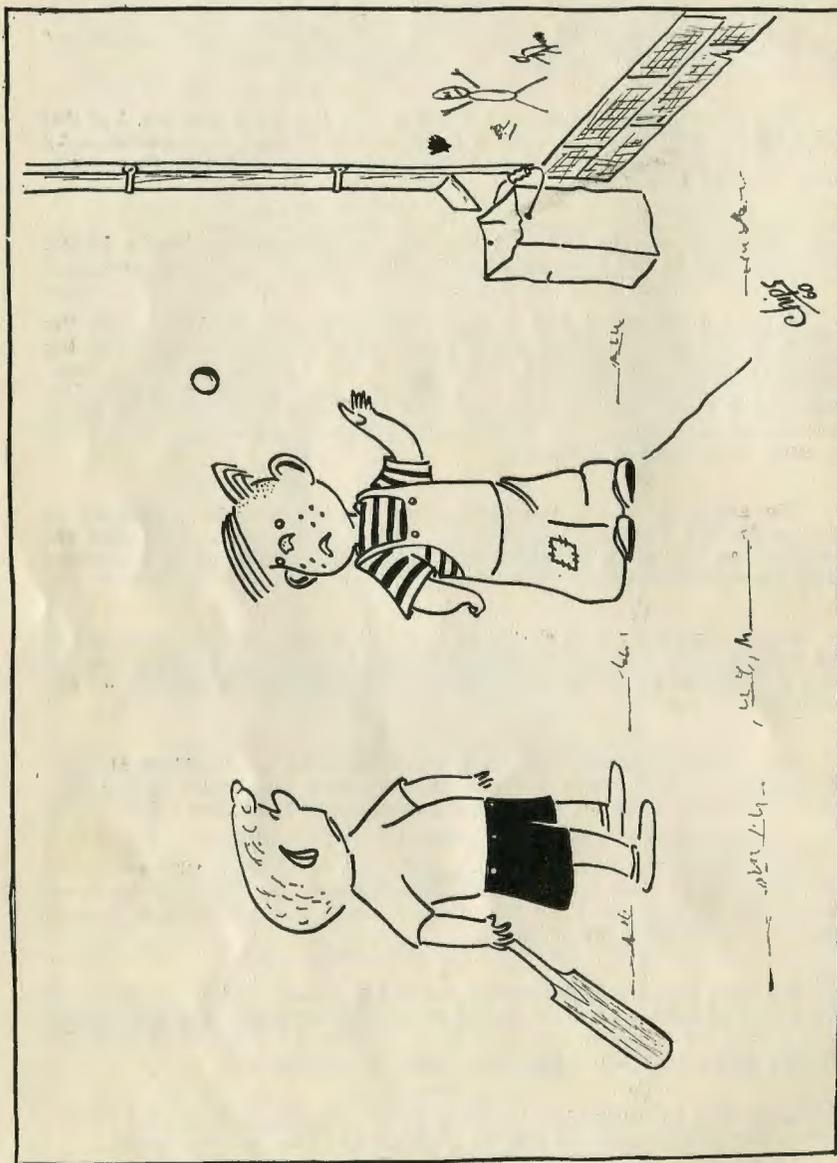
★ ★ ★
One of our readers suggests the formation of an Ex-Fleet-Air-Arm Association in 1963, when the axe falls. Perhaps he doesn't realise that there is already such an Association in existence. It's called QANTAS.

★ ★ ★
Welcome to the Army's small detachment of aircrew, who are busily learning how to carry out vertical take-offs, with 723 Squadron. Air Arms come and go, and we hope that theirs doesn't end up doing a vertical descent like another we know of.

★ ★ ★
We have heard a whisper that the R.A.N. also scored a victory in the Inter-service finals of a weird brand of football popular in the deep South. The reason we mention this, is that there were no fewer than TEN Albatross players in the team.

★ ★ ★
There will be no tenders let for the job of demolishing the old control tower. The white ants will just be instructed to stop holding hands.

★ ★ ★
723 Squadron received a letter of thanks from the Commissioner of Police for their part in the search for Graeme Thorne.



"If I'm not allowed to 'chuck' the ball anymore, I won't play; So there!"

THIS I CAN'T BELIEVE

By Derek Bome

I still don't believe this, but I have a signed affidavit that it's true. On Wednesday, 10th August, down came the rain (110 points). The M.A.G. cancelled touch-and-goes; The giant war-canoe remained at anchor in the bay; the Station Sports Day was cancelled . . . there was nothing unusual about this, but there was one chappie standing under a shelter, hosing the lawn outside Ground Electrics.

★ ★ ★

One of the more austere D.O.'s from the M.A.G. finally succumbed to the entreaties of the rowdier elements of his division, and went to the "Rock-An'-Roll" for a few comradely ales. Time became an unimportant factor and the D.O. became more and more comradely. He eventually met one of the darling dolls of the docks, with blonde hair, sprayed-on matador pants and two blue eyes, which faced in opposite directions.

He was amazed that the doll seemed to know most of his division, and spurred on to renewed efforts, he haltingly said, "Darling, I could worship the ground you walk on, if only you lived in a better neighbourhood."

★ ★ ★

The city editor was working feverishly to get the morning paper on the rollers before the deadline, when the phone rang:

Voice: I got some news for ya!

Editor: What's the news?

Voice: Dog bites man, out at Paddington.

Editor: That ain't news. That went out with Louis Pasteur.

Voice: Yeah? When the dog rings up to tell ya?

★ ★ ★

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the Village who banded together to form the "Dooley Bome Bush Rescue Party," this month.

★ ★ ★

You can say what you like about the glorious 725th Transport Squadron, but everyone must admit that they have a sense of humour.

Jerry O'Day and Johnny Nestor spent a fortnight of ground study and flying, to bring a few of the new O.F.S. Gannet pilots to solo day. When that day arrived, this is exactly what they printed on the 725th Flying Programme:

NOTE: 1. 1st Solos P.M. as applicable.

2. Consolation in the Trnr P.M. if required.

So don't worry if you bounced onto the runway, fellas, you probably enjoyed that little weep in the trainer!

★ ★ ★

Did you notice that gem of a cinema programme at the Station "fleas an' itches" on August 11 — "Desire Under the Elms," followed by "Space Children.

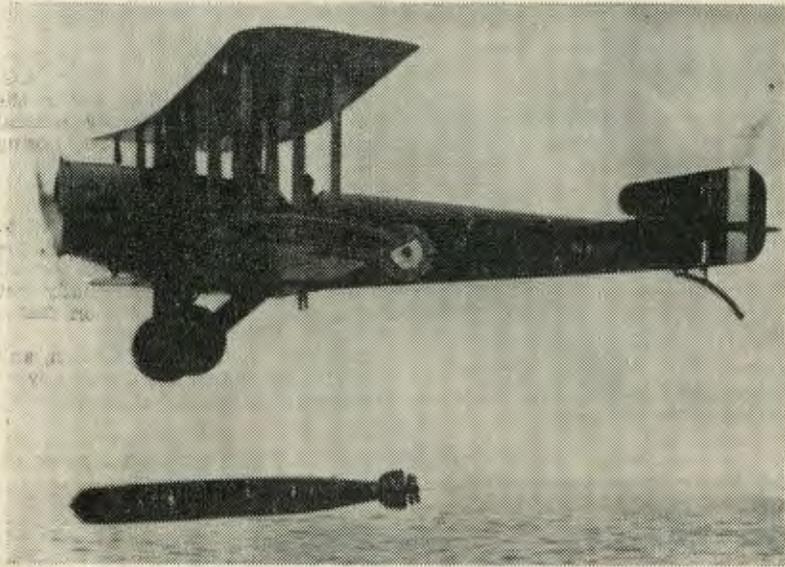
It's just a matter of time before we get such classics as "Man in the Grey Flannel Suit," followed by "Shorts."

★ ★ ★

Just thought you might like to know that this airfield, from August 1 to August 5 inclusive, knocked up a little old 3641 aircraft movements.

This compares favourably with Mascot's maximum of 164 movements per day.

WHAT WAS IT?



This aircraft was a single-seat torpedo-bomber flown by the R.A.N. A.S. in 1918. Can you name it? £1 for the first correct answer received by the Editor. Last month's mystery aircraft was a B.E.2D. The £1 prize goes to Sub Lieut. McLean.

SHE - SHIPS

All ships are she-ships, and I'll tell you for why:

1. Firstly, they never behave the same way, under the same circumstances, twice.
2. If they get a drop too much wind they're damned unpleasant.
3. Some are tall and stately, some short and squat, some are graceful, some hideous, but they're all broad in the beam.
4. They need continuous touching up with paint to keep them looking at their best.
5. They need a man at the helm to keep them straight.
5. They have knees, aprons, bonnets, earrings, waists, stays, slips, eyes and shoes.
7. They get taken aback when caught in stays — which might result in a man finding himself in irons.
8. A good mate guides them through the dangers of the night, and keeps them from going on the rocks.
9. No man can be the master of two.
10. They look best trimmed with no roll on and everything taut.

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I FLY SPIES FOR THE F.B.I.

By Oscar Carter-Romeo

OUTSIDE it was a cold rainy morning, and inside I'd left a warm passionate blonde. I figured by now she must have the same damp, disenchanted feeling that I had.

The persistent ringing of the phone had woken me. "Yeah?" I said harshly. "Good morning Lieutenant," the cultured, pleasant voice said familiarly.

"Not you again," I snarled, "What the hell do you want this time."

"I have another message for you," he said briskly, "I hope you're concentrating, Lieutenant."

"I am not," I said, "I'm not even hearing you — but maybe you'd better tell me, anyway."

"Take off in thirty minutes," said the voice, suddenly becoming steely and authoritative, "Call central control and they will pass the instructions from homicide. That is all."

I picked up the cop north of the city; I could see by his grim expression as he climbed into the "chopper" that it was going to be a tough assignment. I instinctively moved my hand to the comforting bulge in my shoulder pocket. Reassured, I turned my attention back to the cop, (small brown paper bags have got more than one of my cops out of a tight spot before).

"Okay, buster!" he said, stabbing his finger at a map, "We rendezvous here with the ground parties. We've got half the combine bottled up a mile along the canyon there." Again the finger stabbed. "It's a dead end!" (He shuddered involuntarily at his last word). I hesitated, not willing to show my ignorance — at last. "What combine?" I asked. He looked at me stupefied, (I always look a bit that way at first thing). "The Mass Mutilators, son," he said, "heard of 'em?" I gasped coolly, and clenched my teeth, my hand at my pocket again. (In my career, I have found it wise to keep my teeth in my pocket on an assignment like this — a Spy Fly's life isn't all blondes and bourbon).

We took off, hovered soundlessly for a second, then the engine came good again and we swooped off in the direction of the canyon. I was going to be tough alright.

The cop had his binoculars to his face as we approached area operation-mass-mutilators. He was looking fixedly at a point ahead. We drew nearer; the cop still looked ahead. He did a lot of looking that cop, most of it apprehensive.

"Look there!" I said sharply, as my trained eyes spotted something moving in the savage undergrowth. The cop didn't move — he remained green and silent — I reached for my pocket . . .

I was alone now — the cop was with me in body only — He had plenty of guts that cop, I'll say that for him!

My eyes darted back to the savage undergrowth; yep, there was movement going on all right. It was the crooks, cutting for cover in the caves.

With a sudden flash of inspiration, my hand reached for the paper bags, bulging now — I dived toward the cowering crooks, hesitated momentarily at the thought of the awful judgement I was bringing to them. Then, with a shrug, let go. Four of the bags in quick succession — they'd had it coming to them!

Prudence opened the door of her penthouse suite and looked at me in mild surprise. "You should have told me you were coming," she said.

My eyes were still dazzled with the glare from the press cameras and television lights, but I was sure she was wearing a nylon negligee over nothing . . .

Yeah, its a tough existence this — all the work, none of the rewards. A job well done is its own reward my boss says, but its rugged, boy, rugged!

723 Squadron Penthouse.
8th. August, 1960.

THE GUNNERY OFFICER'S DILEMMA

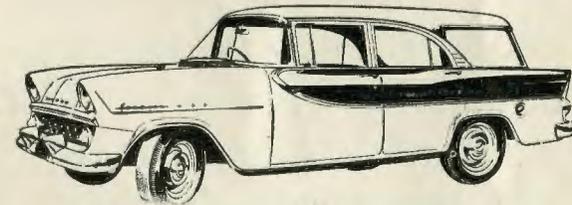
(With apuologies to C. R. Benstead)

(and to William S.)

To fire or not to fire: that is the question;
Whether 'tis worth the toil of practice shoot,
With all the damage done to paint and brightwork,
When, by simply dropping overboard the shells,
One can, untroubled, lose them? To load, to fire,
No more; to use the ash-shute rather than the gun,
And so avoid the ear-ache and the mess
That comes with gunfire; 'tis a means of 'scape
Delightfully attractive. To load, to fire,
And then to clean the ship with brasso; ay, there's the rub —

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PHONE NOWRA 192

Around The Village

Hear Derek Bome's young son went walkabout the other day — obviously couldn't listen any more to his father reading his own column aloud!

☆ ★ ☆

Big changes in Perth Drive. Nearly all the officers' houses have changed hands, and the daredevil "Perth Drive Push" of two to four-year-olds has folded up. Cars may now proceed at 15 m.p.h. with impunity. The iceman no longer has a screaming horde at his heels, and the baker has only been seen to retrieve one child from inside the back of his van in a week!

☆ ★ ☆

ATTENTION FIRST LIEUTENANT!

With the price of beef so high nowadays, your little red bull who escapes regularly is in dire danger! Big Brother is watching him!

P.S. Your worm-drenching operation was a howling success. As the Commander elegently nonchalant, leaned on the gate to watch, our tribe of young hopefuls appeared undecided upon the profession of Naval Officer of cowpuncher.

☆ ★ ☆

Congratulations, Village committee. A bouquet for those swings erected in the play areas. They swarm with children all day — what about a few more?

☆ ★ ☆

A big thank you from the Kindergarten Committee to Mr. Salway for that donation of toys. They will be greatly appreciated.

☆ ★ ☆

Success at last. After the Welfare Meeting on the 10th August, your new efficient Committee is: President: Lt. Waddell-Wood; Vice-President: C.N.S. Pritchard; Treasurer: Mrs. Waddell-Wood; Secretary: P.O. Wtr. Campbell.

Play Centre Committee: Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. James, Mrs. Salthouse, Mrs. Gray, Sub. Lt. Turner.

Social Committee: Mrs. Hennings, Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Dalby, Mrs. Burdett, Mrs. Healey, Mrs. Hancox, Mrs. Cooper, Mr. Miller, Mr. Brookes, Mr. Charlton.

Surgery Committee: Mrs. Lecky, Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. Fenn, Mrs. Carl- ing, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Burdett.

PHC 40

The Ramjets



After long being known as the Silent Service, the Navy (at least the F.A.A.), has begun to realise the value of publicity.

Touring the world at the present time is a Movitone film of our own 724 Squadron Aerobatic Team. It is estimated that over 40 million people in the U.S., U.K., Europe and Australia have seen this black and white, action-packed film of the lads proving that the Australian F.A.A. pilots are among the best in the world.

This film was so impressive that Movitone then decided to make one twice as long, using Eastman colour, for use with the Australian Diary series. The team was led by Lt. Cdr. Ian Josselyn with Lts. Frank Hillier, Barry Roberts and Bill Callan completing the foursome. Lt. "Roly" Waddell-Wood did a magnificent job following the aerobatic team in a Vampire with a rather frightened photographer.

Altogether approximately 2000 ft. of colour film were shot of which 600 to 700 ft., lasting 6 minutes, will be used. For once the weather was kind at Nowra, with bright sunny days and just enough cloud to give a

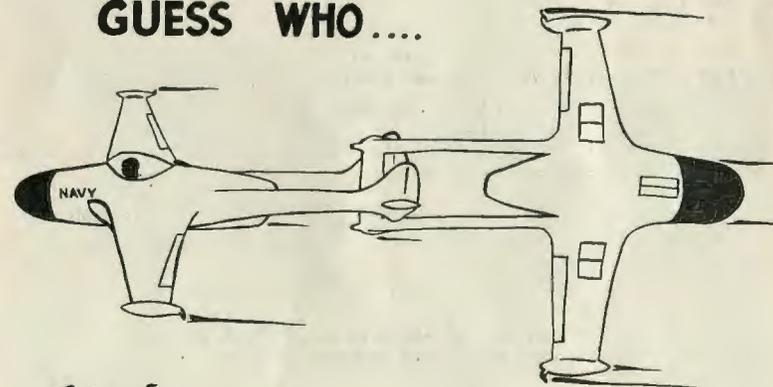
suitable background. Ground shots of the crews manning and starting up were taken from the chopper, and then a very brave photographer filmed the aircraft racing towards him in a box take-off, while another very hopeful one chased them down the runway in a car. This particular chap had previously tried standing on top of the car, but had discovered that jet wash is not so hot for the complexion.

The team was filmed in various close formations and in sequence of of loops and rolls, with the delightful view of Jervis Bay and the Shoalhaven River on a sunny day in the background. Although they had not had time to practise, they then carried out a spectacular Prince of Wales Feather. They completed the display with a circuit and landing in box formation. The Ram-Jets were the first to appear on film, certainly in Australia, and to the best of my knowledge, anywhere, carrying out a box landing.

It is expected that even more people will see this film than the previous one, and by the time it has covered the world, I'm sure our team will have displaced the famous American "Blue Angels" from the lime-light. In the next three months they will have demonstrated their skill at at least ten Air Displays in Australia.

Perhaps by 1963 the gentlemen in Canberra will have decided that we can do without the R.A.A.F., but definitely not the F.A.A.!

GUESS WHO



Fred

+ The Chaplain's Corner +

AN ADVANCE TOWARDS CHURCH UNION

For many years now, negotiations for Church Union have been going on among the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Churches of Australia. As evidence of the complete union, which these churches hope to accomplish before long, comes the news that through their co-operation a United Church has been built and opened for worship in Darwin.

It is to be hoped that further steps will indeed soon be taken to heal our unfortunate denominational differences, for as Bishop Lesslie Newbigin recently asked, "How can we claim that there is a fellowship in Christ big enough and deep enough to hold together all the races and peoples of the earth in all their colossal variety, if we confess that we do not have a fellowship big enough and deep enough to hold us Christian people together in one family?"

The coming together of the branches of the Christian Church could mean nothing less than a tremendous gain for the spiritual life of our country. As it is, the Christian Faith is at once the foundation and the essential for the survival of our democratic way of life. The Christian doctrine of God and man are fundamental to Australia's future. We are strenuously opposed to communism and to fascism because the Christian idea of the value of each individual man is at the basis of our way of life. We cannot afford to lose this outlook, which makes life for men full and free in Australia. A strong Church supported by the loyalty of all Australians is the only guarantee that we shall remain free. We need to be on our guard against the notion that God doesn't matter. It is the people who advocate godless living who are the enemies of our Australian way of life.

FILM SERVICES

Fact and Faith Films, produced by the Moody Institute of Science, are being screened in St. Nicholas' Chapel, every Wednesday, at 1930.

FELLOWSHIP HOUR

A Fellowship Hour is held in the Chaplain's Office every Thursday at 1930, and provides opportunity for Bible study and help in finding answers to any problems. All welcome.

—CHAPLAIN J. WILLSON.

WHY AND HOW WE LOVE GOD

Why do we, or why should we, love God? As we think of this, we see that there are two very good reasons. God is infinitely good in Himself. We know this, but because of God's infinity we cannot realise all that it means. God is also infinitely good to us. He made us. He has promised a happy home with Himself, and offered all the graces and help we require to get to that happy home.

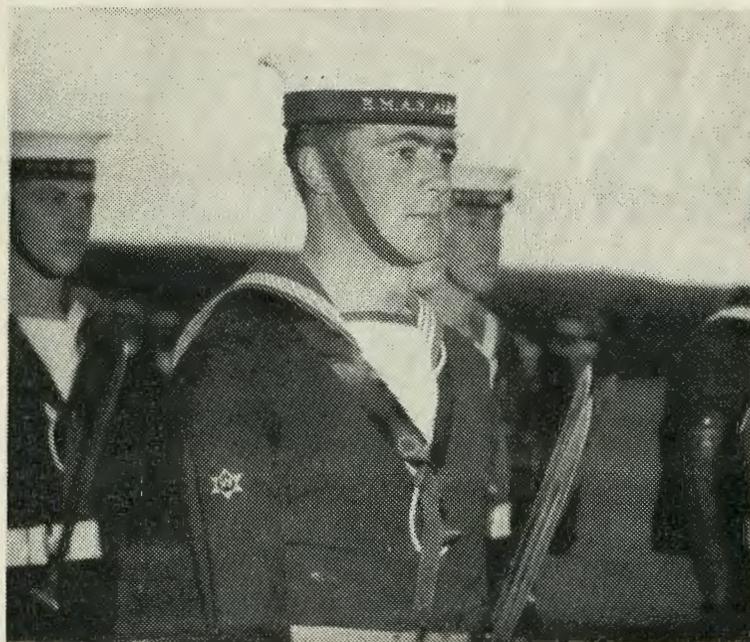
Thinking of His Goodness to us we can appreciate how good God must be in Himself. We recognise the goodness of our mother from her goodness to us. In like manner we get to know more and more the Godness of God in Himself when we consider His Goodness to mankind.

So much for why we should love God. But how do we know if we do love Him? He has told us "If you Love Me, keep my commandments." It is not enough to say "My God. I love you." He requires practical proof of our love. The proof of our love of God is in how I am keeping His commandments. God asks for our obedience. What would you think of a child who said that it loved its parents, but continued to disobey them? What would you say of a man who said that he loved God, but who continued to keep only a few of the Commandments, or even none of them?

God has given us the Commandments because He loves us, because He wants to get that happy home He has promised us.

—CHAPLAIN L. J. BRESLAN.

A CHANGE OF RIG



Who is this man? A Seaman? A Naval Airman? An Electrician? No, he is none of these. The picture shows Writer R. Baird in his new rig, which will shortly be worn by all in his Branch.



FAREWELL TO THE MELBOURNE



A boat load of happy sea-goers on their way out to the ship, on August 11.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

The year — circa 1900. The place — Albatross. It was an age of adventure and of seemingly miraculous inventions — the horseless carriage, and now this! A group of rugged pioneers gathered to test the Wright Brothers' assertion that a heavier-than-air craft was a practical proposition.

Drawn from every corner of the globe (as their rig attests), the group were known as "805 Squadron" or "The 20th C.A.G. Boys" ("Choleric And Grotesque")

Their names, as in the photo opposite, are:

Left to Right — Standing: Bowles, Sherbourne, Rob'nson, Cunningham, Manners-Clarke, Jude, Dyke, Ellison. Crouching: Stanley, Robatham. Reclining: Seed, Baker.

H.M.A.S. "Melbourne" Long Cruise, 1960

An informal report of proceedings

THE DEPARTURE of the Great Iron Monster saw the usual mixture of glum and happy faces, leaving behind a sorrowful array of wives, sweethearts, gardens, creditors and publicans. Bank accounts were emptied, all available allotments stopped, and the inevitable penny and trey bit tins showed visible signs of having been ratted in preparation for the greatest rabbit run of the season. A short stop in Adelaide culled the sheep from the goats, but the Commander's Table after Hobart showed there were still a few goats left after all. Exercise star-globe, pronounced by the experts as Highly Successful, and which, incidentally, we won, was an excellent warm up for that other big game — (the one that interrupts the shopping in Singapore, but clears the heads (HA!) for the more important business of having a go at Honkers) — and earned everyone a ten days "rest" in Sydney. I won't elaborate on that subject, on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me, but what I'd like to know is why, no matter where we go, a certain Naval Airman always manages to get run over by a bus. They seem to be pretty expensive buses, too!

A quiet P & O type run up around the cape, with associated scenery and sunshine, prepared us for Darwin — (Please don't swim in the Harbour, because its the time of day when the crocs and sharks fight for water superiority, and it could be messy!) You'll notice I've said nothing about flying. You might say "But this is an Aircraft Carrier — how about some Birdie Propaganda?" Never mind, we'll get around to it. You mightn't like it, but we'll get around to it! Back to Darwin — Have you ever wondered how so many people can get into so much trouble in a place with lousy pub hours, lousy beer prices and x-*x-* hot weather. Praps its because the natives are so fri-ndly. This brief but happy visit resulted in an excellent movie of wild buffalo for the Big White Chief, although the moving shadows of rotor blades tended to spoil it a bit. A certain Chopper pilot was seen fingering a revolving fire spitter, muttering "How close is a crocodile when you see the whites of his eyes?"

ON! ON! Like — when do we get to Singapore man? At this stage we enter the land of the flat water and nil wind, and witness the spectacle of Venom crews gaily strutting down to their steeds and gloomily stomping back again, after the available Gannets have charged off into the blue (or black, depending on the time). Actually, now is the time when everyone is getting into his stride — you know how it is — favourite B.R. in the hip pocket, favourite Flight Deck officer yelling blue murder — things like that.

Singapore was its usual bustle of first rabbiting, first sight of Cheongsams for some, and, I fear, first hangovers and tattoos for a few. Somebody got run over by a bus again. The usual truck loads of Nori-take Dinner Sets and push bikes arrived on the wharf, and an eight foot plaster reproduction of Alley Oop, thumped by an enterprising drunk stood guard at the for-ard brow in mute testimony of a night never remembered.

Your correspondent (I mean 'writer,' not 'divorcee') regrets to advise that the next three weeks are rather hazy, since he spent a short holiday with the R.A.F. throughout this period, and can't recall a terrible lot about it. However, he WAS told about a 3-place double-mamba flying snorkle-people-seeker with one short man at the wheel, being flung down the booster track with a head in the pilot's cockpit waving frantically from side to side, followed by a spectacular splash and the rapid recovery of three aviators with surprised looks on their faces. Well done the Mag! He was also told that Exercise Sea Lion went off exceptionally well, and did much to promote new friendships and cement old ones among the nations of SEATO. He was very sedate, having dipped out on Manila, but his taste for Rum (and perhaps ground glass and ammonia) has waned over the years, and besides, he was grappling with a large TIGER at the time (all roars and claws next morn).

Hong Kong was next on the list, and a week of glorious spending — on what, I can but hazard a guess — Rabbits, Cheongsams, little green covered boots — and I'm told a few people even went sight seeing! (Landscape variety). Most people managed to get through every cent saved or scrounged over the past 12 months, anticipating that Japan would be no cheaper and dollars hard to come by. Of course, on arrival in Japan they found exactly the opposite. Prices of most things were certainly well down, and many people could be seen kicking themselves around the flight deck, because the radiogram they bought for 25 quid in H.K. was only 15 to 20 quid in the P.X. up the road. Food for thought for next year! Somebody got run over by a bus again. In fact, in H.K. all he got for 700 dollars was one Guerilla and the knowledge that that bus had been at him again! As usual, the Americans played host to a large majority of the wandering Platypi in no uncertain fashion, and those who missed out on this extra-Seato Australian-American association seemed to do pretty well at looking after themselves. Much sight seeing was done, although Tokyo was out for most because of the demonstrations in progress at the time (which, fortunately, were not as violent as expected). The green U.K.-type countryside produced many coloured photos to be taken home to Mum, and the dark Japanese-type bins produced many empty wallets to be taken home to those previously mentioned even sadder-faced creditors.

The next few days after leaving Japan were spent in preparation for an important piece of diplomacy — Djakarta. The welcome from the Indonesians was quite warm although they made a bit of a welter of rubbing necking about our Home Sweet Home. Parties had been organised in our honour, and it would appear that everybody was happy with everybody else. Perhaps it was the Martial Law in force at the time, and the fact that the buses weren't running — anyway, our star wasn't run over this time.

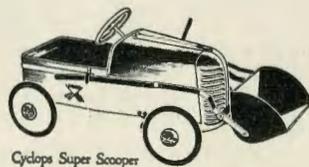
Now we started looking for some cooler weather and people who speak Australian as she is writ. Certainly the run downhill was a joy to all, particularly with Perth at the other end. The moths emerged from old address books, and after many days at sea the gleam in lots of eyes turned into a bright glare, so we stopped night flying. In Perth there were dozens of buses, and I think our friend was run over by every one of them. Everybody else was quite sure that the West had lived up to its well-earned reputation for hospitality. (Our friend was not available for comment at this stage).

The short run to Melbourne had the effect of adding coals to the fire, and by sailing-time for Jervis Bay, your correspondent had the most uncomfortable and downright sickening feeling that he'd been run over by a bus.

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NARY A SCRATCH



..... **BELIEVE IT OR NOT!**

On 30th March, Gannet XA 356 returned to H.M.A.S. Melbourne after completing a mission of tactical reconnaissance in the Bundaberg area. Her crew was Lieutenant P. F. McNay, Lieutenant P. H. Cummuskey and Sub-Lieutenant D. G. Debus.

The sortie ended, however, in a spectacular crash, which can be best appreciated from the accompanying photograph. It is difficult to imagine that it would be possible for the crew to escape uninjured, but that was indeed the case.

(Continued Overleaf)

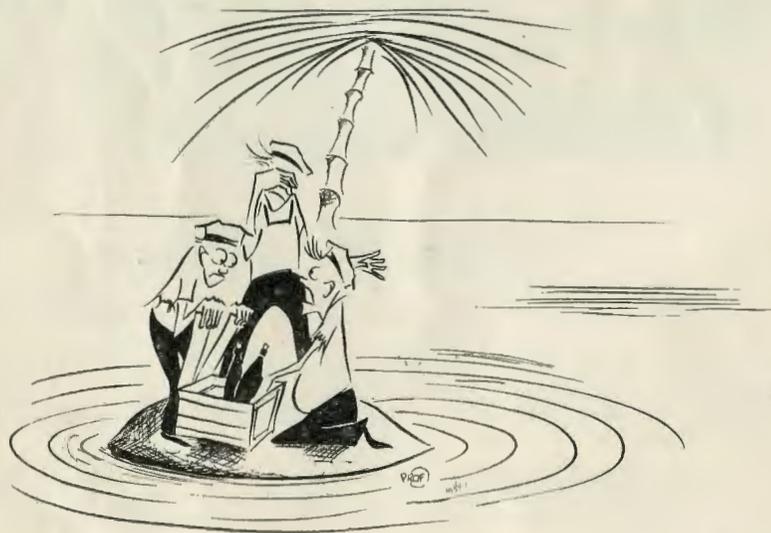
“NARY A SCRATCH” — Continued

by One Who Did It Backwards

It has been suggested to me that my experience of the crash on deck may be interesting to some readers, as I had no warning of the impending accident. Perhaps I was fortunate. From my position in the rear cockpit, I was blissfully unaware of what was about to occur and felt only confidence that this would prove to be an uneventful landing. During the final stage of the approach, however, and through lack of imagination or a refusal to accept anything worse, I thought tht I would settle for One Wire . . . maybe even a short taxi to One . . . !

A split second after these thoughts had flashed through my mind, I found that I could study the deck in detail, as it was only two feet or so from my shoulder. Becoming aware of the fuel that was streaming over my canopy and with visions of it being transformed into a wall of flame, I hastened to remove myself and get as far away as possible. I hurried aft and was confronted with the port mainplane, but was able to duck between it and the tailplane to reach the safety of the starboard side of the flight deck. I was joined by Lieut. Pat Cummskey and we watched the crash crew arrive at the aircraft, intent on their job of freeing the piloting and eliminating any danger of fire.

We were extremely lucky to escape uninjured and our crash provided a topic of conversation on board for many days. For those “shutterbugs” who were not able to capture it on film, consolation was provided when the fuselage was dropped over the side to the accompanying “click” of scores of cameras.



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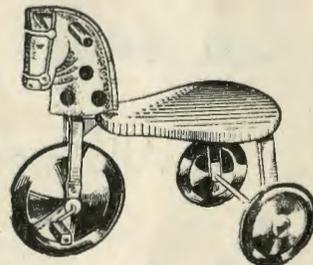
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SPORTSMAN OF THE MONTH

N.A.1 (A.H.)2 STRUHS, I. A.

ALTHOUGH STRUHS is the P.T.I.'s yeoman, it is not for this that he is this month's "Sportsman of the Month." Rather it is the fact that he is one of the up and coming sportsmen of the Station. He played his first really "big" match as far as the Navy is concerned in the Navy team in the recent Aussie Rules Interservice Competition.

Born at Bairnsdale, Victoria, in 1939 (a bit of a sprog really) Struhs went to the Farraday St. Primary School in Carlton and later the Collingwood Technical High and it was there that our lad became interested in Australian Rules Football. He represented his school in the 1st 18 and the team was runner-up in the Melbourne competition.

Whilst at school Struhs played in the under 18 competition for the Carlton Youth Foundation and there again made the first 18. This team was also runner-up in its series.

Young Ian Struhs became R/NA Struhs with all due pomp and ceremony whilst in his 17th year and his R.A.N. sporting career began with his being the recipient of the trophy for the best and fairest player in the F.N.D. 2nd 18 in 1956.

Struhs arrived here at R.A.N.A.S. Nowra in August, 1956, and remained here until in 1957 he joined H.M.A.S. Melbourne. During his stay in Albatross he played in the 1st 18 and also in the No 1 Basketball team.

Joining the Melbourne in good time for the Pearl Harbour cruise of 1958, Struhs again represented his ship at Aussie Rules and Basketball. He played for the Fleet against U.S.S. Philippine Sea in Singapore and in various matches.

Back at Nowra, Struhs again won his way into the 1st Australian Rules team and the Station Basketball team. He went on to top off his Service Aussie Rules by representing Navy at the 1960 Interservice Sports at R.A.A.F. Richmond.

Struhs plays for the Sydney Naval team in the 1st grade Australian Rules Competition in Sydney over the weekends and is a great supporter of his team even against the most vitriolic supporter of the fighting South Sydney team (N.A. Sedgwick to be exact).

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Sporting Notes

TENNIS

During the past month the tennis has been highlighted by a couple of excellent matches in the Eastern Command Competition. Both of these were played in Sydney, against teams who in the previous round had come down to Albatross, and having enjoyed their day here, were all set to entertain our chaps in a similar spirit. This they did. The Base W/S match we lost, and they are the only team we have yet to master, although C.A.A. Eastgate and A.M.2 Dickson created a stir by beating their No. 1 pair, who were previously undefeated in about three years of the competition.

The S.M.E. match added to our score of wins, which total 9, with 4 losses and 3 draws.

On the 10th of August the B.O.D. team arrived, together with the bad weather, and although the game was washed out, their players much appreciated being able to look around Albatross, and have nothing but praise for the establishment.



RUGBY UNION

Destroyers and Frigates journeyed from Sydney to play the home side on Monday, 1st August. It was not a good day for football with a strong wind blowing across the field. From the kick-off Dest. & Frig. forced the play. D. and F. were off-side and Peters tried for the goal from an acute angle but missed. With a fast passing burst, Davis went over in the corner; Peters converted, making the score 5 to nil. From the kick, the ball went to the back line to Horton, backing up well, out to Cunningham, who crossed. Peters failed with the kick. From an off-side by D. & F., Peters kicked a penalty. Two more off-sides by the D. & F. — Peters kicked one and failed with one. The forwards were playing well and holding the opposition. The back line were throwing the ball around and the full-back moved up to make the extra man, sending McKenzie over. The kick went astray. Peters again scored with a penalty. The forwards burst through and with the line wide open, Rogers' pass went wild. From an off-side by Albatross, D. & F. followed through, caught Peters, who passed to Horton, the ball was fumbled, D. & F. kicked through, and scored. Martin goaled. D. & F. gained heart and after a strong attacking burst, Jones gathered and scored. He failed with the kick and the score stood at 18 to 8. On the ball, Harness took the loose ball and scrambled over. Peters goaled, making the final score 23 to 8 in favour of Albatross.

The inter service matches were played at Richmond. We had five representatives — Holton, Harkness, Julius, Manul and Lewis.

KNOW YOUR SPORT — (5)

HOCKEY

THIS IS AN OUTDOOR GAME that has been played for centuries in various countries under various names. In Ireland, a similar game is known as hurley, in Scotland as skinty, and in Wales as bandy. The earliest form of the game is traceable to Ireland and appears to have been originally played by one individual against another. The Irish game is referred to in the will the first Irish king, Cathair Moir. Cathair gave a certain Crumthaun fifty hurling balls made of brass, with an equal number of brazen hurllets. (Yes, hurllets!), This was in the year 148 A.D.

As now played, hockey became a recognised game about 1383, when a standard set of rules was framed by the Wimbledon Club. In the same year, the game was adapted by Cambridge and later by Oxford University; the first inter-varsity match being contested in 1890. On January 18th, 1886, the Hockey Association was founded. Its organisation gave a great impetus to the game, and Irish, Welsh, Scottish and English county associations sprang into existence.

Although originally a game for men only, hockey was recognised as a suitable pastime for women, and in 1895 the All English Women's Hockey Association was instituted. Irish, Welsh and Scottish associations for ladies have now existed for many years.

Representative games were started in 1890, teams representing the North and South of England being opposed. In 1895, the first International game was decided, England defeating Ireland at Richmond by 5-0. In the same year, international ladies' teams representing these countries at Brighton.

Hockey is played between two teams of eleven players, correct team formation being five forwards, three half-backs, two backs and a goal keeper. Each player has a stick made of ash, having a flat front surface, with a curved blade or hook and may not weigh more than 23 ounces. The ball is a leather cricket ball, painted white or made of white leather. The game is of 70 minutes duration, comprising 35 minute halves, when teams change ends. The hockey field dimensions are 100 yards long and from 55 to 60 yards wide. This is divided across field at 25 yard intervals, a 7 yard line is parallel to the side line, and a 15 yard half-circle encloses the goal. To score, an attacker must strike the ball from inside this circle. Various breaches for which a player may be penalised are, off-side, kicking the ball, hooking, tripping, barging, etc. Rules and penalties governing the game are as laid down in the current rule book.

HOWLER OF THE MONTH

(From the Sydney "Sun," August, 1960) —

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The scene at the Hockey carnival held at Albatross on Sunday, August 14th. Captain Morrison presented the prizes to the winning teams.

ASSOCIATION HOCKEY

On the Wednesday prior to leave, we were visited by R.A.A.F. Richmond, who unfortunately, were outclassed by our team. At half time we had a lead of seven-nil, and went on to win by 14-1. Lt. Cummuskey playing at inside left, showed that the cruise to northern ports had not affected his game, by netting almost half the total score.

Saturday, July 9th, saw our Minor Division team travelling to Wollongong, where they were narrowly defeated one-nil, by Woonona. No other matches were played during the leave period. On July 30th, both teams travelled to Wollongong, where the Major Division team played, and were defeated three-one, by A.I.S. United, while the Minor Division team played and defeated A.I.S. Rovers by one-nil.

Saturday, August 6th, saw us again in Wollongong, with both matches being against St. Michael's, on the showground. The Minor team played off first, and with the ground rapidly turning into a mud puddle, ran out winners by seven-nil. The Major team did not fare so well, but after a hard tussle went down by two-one.

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PUZZLE CORNER

By LIEUT. COHEN

There are two possible solutions to this month's problems.

Three persons wish to divide 21 identical bottles of wine between them. Seven of these bottles are full of wine, seven are half full and seven are empty. Wine is not to be poured from one bottle to another or otherwise disposed of but each person is to receive the same number of bottles and an equal amount of wine. How can the division be made?

ALTHOUGH the solution to last month's puzzle is a little involved, many readers seem to have worked out the answer without too much difficulty.

Call the three boys A B and C and assume that A is the boy who proves that he is wearing a blue hat. His reasoning is as follows:

"Suppose that I am wearing a white hat. Then boy B can see one blue hat (on C) and one white hat (on A). Instantly B would realise that if he were wearing a white hat C would be able to see two white hats and would know for sure that he was wearing a blue hat. Now C hasn't claimed the prize, so B must know that he (B) cannot be wearing a white hat. If B knows that he cannot be wearing a white hat he would claim the prize because he must know that he is wearing a blue one. Once he has worked this out A realises that he cannot be wearing a white hat since neither B nor C have come forward.

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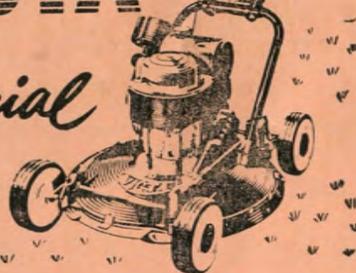
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