



SLIPSTREAM



John
Edward

December, 1960

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Christmas and a Bright
New Year.

See us for T.V. in 1961.

FROM

IAN HENDERSON

27/FEB 1961

SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 44.

DECEMBER, 1960.

EDITOR - - - - - Lt. Anderson, Ext. 504
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IT IS INTERESTING to look back at last year's Christmas issue of "Slipstream" and note the comments that appeared in it regarding that unwelcome announcement by the Minister for Defence. It seemed then that the decision was final, and however well we could see the need for an air arm, those above us would never be convinced of it. Our Navy was to be reduced from a small, but nevertheless potent force, to a smaller and comparatively ineffectual one, capable perhaps of giving support to the "big guns" of our allies, but on its own able to achieve very little. For, to quote from Captain's Standing Orders, "A modern fleet is relatively powerless without an air arm of its own."

Now the pendulum has begun to swing back again, and with the announcement that the R.A.N. will obtain A.S. helicopters we see hope of the air arm continuing indefinitely—in a different form perhaps—but still surviving. And the R.A.N. itself, since this announcement, remains a force to be reckoned with in the South East Asian Area.

We look forward to 1961 then, as the beginning of our "new" air arm, and trust that from this fresh start will come a renewed vigour. The fortunes of "Slipstream" of course are intimately connected with those of the air arm and we hope that the magazine will share in this new lease of life.

This month we farewell two of our steadyest supporters — Instructor Commander Histed and Lieutenant Commander O'Connell. Commander Histed was for some months editor of "Slipstream," and relinquished the position recently when he was appointed to H.M.A.S. "Melbourne." In addition to editing, he has written many articles, slogged through the proofs and composed a monthly crossword puzzle (the last of which appears in this issue). Lt. Commander O'Connell has been a regular contributor to "Slipstream" almost since it was founded, and the stormy letter received from his lair at AJASS have been a highlight of the magazine. He will join H.M.A.S. "Watson" in the New Year.

We would like to take this opportunity of wishing our contributors a Merry Christmas — particularly those "regulars" whom we can always rely on for an article, a cartoon, or an idea. Our best wishes too to our advertisers, and of course to you, dear reader. Without you "Slipstream" would be short-lived as the Fleet Air Arm appeared to be just a few weeks ago!

A MERRY

CHRISTMAS

REFLECT
AND
MAYBE
THE



“Anymore of this low flying and I’ll have you grounded”



A Christmas Message from the Captain



ANOTHER YEAR is practically over and it has been very successful in all respects — except perhaps for the weather!

We seem to have had a greater share of winds and rains than is normal, and the warm pleasant summery weather has been delayed. The second day of Admiral's inspection was washed out, and later on the Duty Lieutenant-Commander and Executive Officer had fun and games getting us into tropical rig under Antarctic conditions. It is easy to believe that the centre of the aerodrome was once a shallow lake where duck shooting went on.

The beginning of 1960 found us all in the doldrums with the thought of mid-1963 to the fore. Still, there was plenty of work to do in maintaining our high standard of training; of providing aircraft for Fleet requirements, Navy Week, Banks-town and other air displays. Also, the usual number of rescue and mercy missions arose and received prompt attention, even at week-ends.

724 Squadron is to be congratulated on winning the Collins Trophy two years in succession, and 723 and 725 for their efficiency and rescue work. We must not lose sight of our duty to provide aircraft for the carrier, and 805 and 816 have continued to maintain their high standards and to uphold the good name of the R.A.N. Fleet Air Arm overseas.

While thinking of these highlights, we must congratulate the team-work behind the scenes — the Medical and Victualling staffs; the ready availability of stores when required; and the quiet efficiency of M.R.S. and the squadrons on maintenance work.

In the sporting field we got to the top but lost quite a number of events in the finals. This applied to Soccer, League and Union, and Basketball, but the Australian Rules was an exception, the team winning the final, and providing two-thirds of the successful Inter-Service and Sydney-Naval teams. A very fine effort, with which we all should feel pleased and proud. The Tug-o-war team excelled themselves by pure fitness and determination to bring home the trophy for the first time since 1936.

The Admiral's inspection went off well, and the cleanliness of the station, to which everyone contributed, was most pleasing.

The end of the year finds us with a new lease of life, with planning in hand for a purely anti-submarine Fleet Air Arm comprised largely of helicopters.

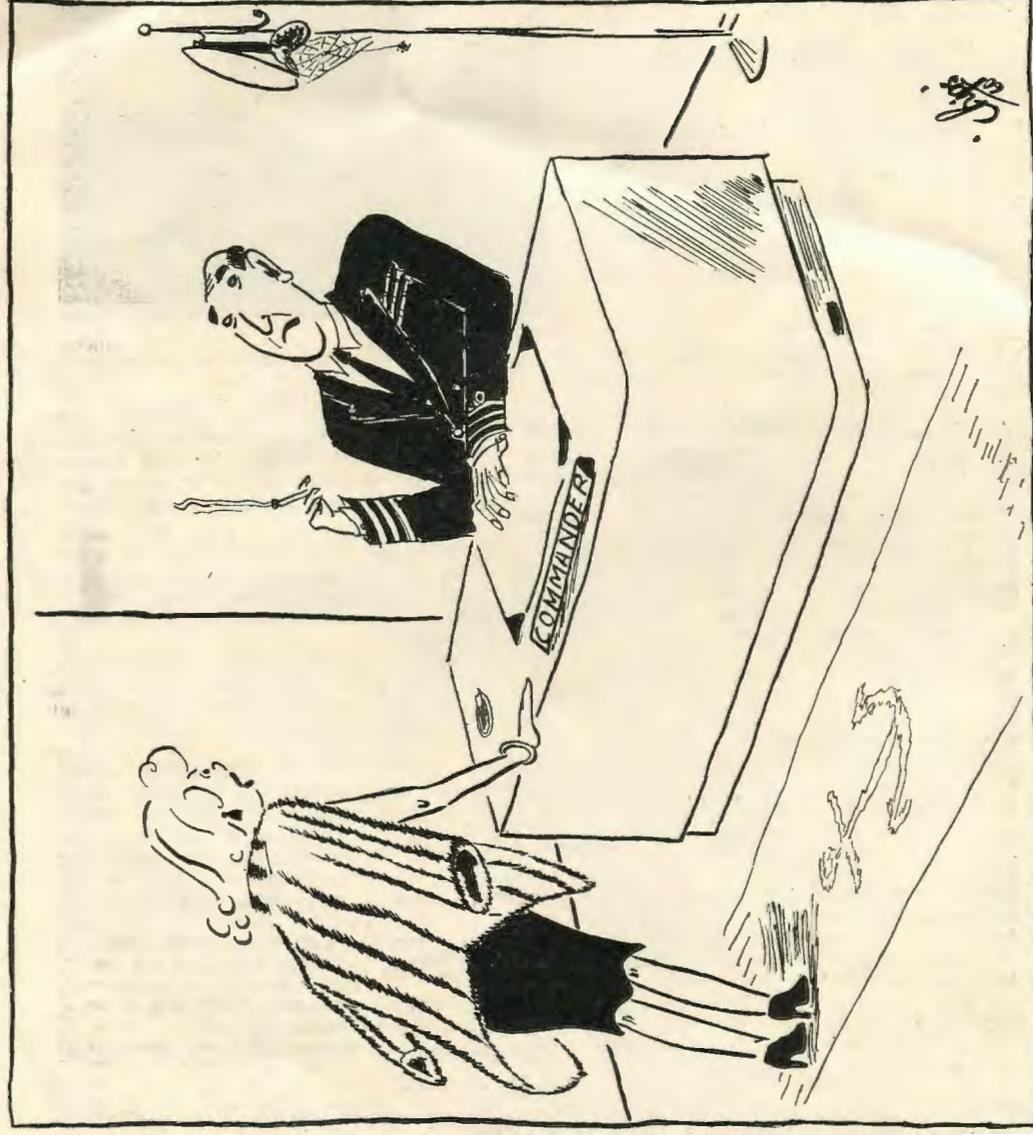
A helicopter of the anti-submarine type is designated H.S.S., so we have cribbed on this to get our slogan for 1961:

"Higher Standard Still"

which we must live up to in the same way that we earned our previous slogans "Second to None," "Still the Best" and "First as Always."

I wish you all a good leave, with a Happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

CAPTAIN.



“ . . . and furthermore, I’ll give him any stoppage of privileges that’s required.”

Around The Station

At Divisions recently, a Naval Airman was picked up by the Captain for wearing very old and very battered shoes. Later, he had to report to his Divisional Officer.

Said the D.O.: "Smith, why did you wear those disgraceful shoes?"

"Because I can't afford a new pair, sir."

"Why not? A pair of shoes costs only two or three pounds, and you earn six times that amount every week."

"No, sir — I only draw thirty shillings a fortnight."

"What on earth do you do with the rest of your money?"

"I bank it, sir!"



An Old Hand was reminiscing the other day about "Johnny's". According to him, it's not like it was in the good-old days.

It seems that they used to have a special way of waking hung-over sailors. Any man who arrived at "Johnny's" after 1 a.m., and the worse for wear, was led (or carried) to a large ground floor room. This room contained no beds, just a long rope stretching chest-high from one side of the room to the other. One end of this rope was secured to the wall by a cable slip.

As each man arrived he was draped over this rope, until by early morning it was straining under the weight of twenty or so unconscious bodies. Then, at 0600, with a cry of "Wakey, Wakey!" someone would knock the slip away, and . . .



How keen can you get? An R.A.A.F. officer recently spent a week of his leave having a look round "Albatross," and flying with us.



Now that we come to think of it, did anyone check that he WAS an R.A.A.F. officer? Some foreign powers are damned clever at espionage.



During one of last month's torrential downpours, the rain beat in through the open window of a Wardroom cabin. Whose cabin was it? You're right — the Met Officer's.



At 1040 on December 1st we carried out practice aircraft crash procedure.

At 1110 on the same day the Sydney "Sun" rang Commander Air, asking for a story on the Sea Venom which they had been told had just crashed.



Last month's appeal for more contributions for "Slipstream" brought a gratifying response. Let's keep it up in the New Year. If you have some spare time during leave, why not write something for us? And don't be discouraged if your efforts don't make it first time—even Shakespeare had his failures.



There's a pilot on the Station who suffers from a compulsion to be different. When he was on a R.A.A.F. Station he used to come down the ladder from his aircraft forwards, to show them he was in the Navy. Now he's back at Albatross, he comes down the ladder backwards, to show he's a "birdie."

STATION PERSONALITY No. 44

SUB-LIEUTENANT "KNOBBY" HALL



OUR PERSONALITY, cold, barefoot and hungry, looked around for a soft billet and joined the Navy in 1938. It is typical of his luck that after a course at F.N.D. and then commissioning H.M.A.S. Australia, in 1939, war broke out; so he remained hungry, if not barefoot, for the next few years.

He was drafted to H.M.A.S. Adelaide early in 1940, the ship being engaged in escorting convoys from Freemantle — until Adelaide and the S.S. Coptic collided — and Knobby was again looking for a job. This turned up — he commissioned the corvette H.M.A.S. Mildura, and had an easy lurk until she, in her turn, rounded Sydney Heads and nudged S.S. Berkshire in the ribs, whereupon both ships retired into the Harbour to nurse their wounds.

Some good emerges from any evil — our personality obtained ten days' leave! Thence he was drafted to H.M.A.S. Canberra — and she of course, became involved in the Battle of Savo Island one night, so Knobby and the rest of the crew adjourned to U.S.S. Blue to watch her sink! It was during this action that our personality achieved the height of any sailor's ambition — he helped the wounded Captain over the side!

By this time Knobby knew that the only real ships were cruisers, so he wangled a draft to H.M.A.S. Hobart. His luck followed him — she was torpedoed soon after, limping

into Espiritu Santos to patch her wounds. There was only one cruiser left, so Knobby joined her — H.M.A.S. Shropshire. He had the honour to be on board when the ship anchored in Tokio Bay to see the Japanese sign the Peace Treaty

After a trip to the United Kingdom to take part in the Victory Parade through the streets of London, he decided that the life of a range-taker was becoming uninteresting, (big guns were going out of fashion), so a request was put in to transfer to the Quartermaster Branch. Request approved and forwarded. Soon after, in good old Naval fashion, Knobby found himself at Albatross — in the Air Branch!

Possessing the requisite amount of wind and hot air, our personality became a Meteorological observer, and proceeded to England for a course at H.M.S. Harrier, at Kete, in Wales.

The Navy decided to bring him home the posh way, so H.M.A.S. Sydney picked him up, allowing him to work his passage back to Australia. Before the ship left, Knobby had his most thrilling experience — Sydney gave a day's outing to a flock of WRNS; but due to bad weather, they could not be landed that afternoon, so had to sleep on board. The only WRNS officer escorting the girls was given Cdr. (Air)'s cabin.

Our innocent personality took Cdr. Air a cup of tea at 0630 the next morning, and was confronted with an apparition in the act of inserting itself into a filmy transparent undergarment! Knobby, knocked completely silly, looked dazedly around and said "Where's Commander Air?"

However, he must have recovered, because he was caught later by the Master-Arms kissing the female jaunty! H.M.A.S. Sydney brought him safely back to Australia, to Albatross in 1951 — AND HE IS STILL HERE! On 11th January 1961, he will have done a ten-year stretch — surely an unbeatable record.

Various efforts have been made to dig him out of his den, but to not avail. However, your reporter knows a thing or two — there may be a vacancy in the Armament Stores office soon!

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NUMBER NINES SUPERSEDED

A DRAFT TO ALBATROSS, Splendid! This was my reaction as a rather bored M.O. vegetating in Sydney. When I got here and had been shown over the Station my impression was most favourable. The complexities of Gannets and Venoms, the spaciousness of the hangars and their peculiar air of industry, and at night the noise, the ghostly New Control Tower and the nightlight lined runways were all striking and even exciting to a sheltered and myopic denizen of the laboratory. Here too was the only chance I should ever have of pottering into a hangar and my presence not only being tolerated, but my imbecile questions even be assured of a patient reply, phrased less tersely than they might deserve. Best of all I might get a few flights and expand my experience of flying, so far limited to London and Paris (at night, asleep before a Rugby match), and Paris to London (in the day but again unconscious after three days of French hospitality and the strictest exclusion of solid food). For an amateur student of psychology it would be interesting too to live amongst, get to know, and quietly make a study of that curious genus "Flyer." I might even get some hint as to what makes them stick to the humdrum business of driving aeroplanes.

The anatomy, physiology, indications and complications of ejection seats were explained to me. My enthusiasm waned a little, but was to some extent revived by a short, low trip in a helicopter. Later I found an elderly Gannet pilot who seemed to have every intention of reaching retiring age, and persuaded him to take me for a leisurely trip. I managed to preserve a stiff upper lip while being instructed in the use of all sorts of safety equipment designed to avoid death in any twenty ways if we had to bail out, as it appeared certain in everybody's mind that we should have to do. The trip was interesting, but I saw little of it as I was continually checking the various knobs, buttons, rings and hooks that I should have to negotiate when the emergency arose. We had landed safely before I had realised there was a reasonable chance of doing so without mishap.

It only remained for me to get a ride in a jet. I began looking for a suitable chauffeur. Perhaps regular attenders at the sick bay might be expected to have high regard for their safety. Investigations showed however that the only pilots who attended regularly were those who sought relief from recurrent hangovers. I tried another tack. I found a married one who had recently become a father and seemed delighted about it. He had not long to serve before paying off and seemed a sober and reliable citizen. I approached him. He was prepared to take me up as a passenger the next week. The days passed and I found myself becoming irritable. Patients with temperatures of 104 found themselves doing full duty. S.B.A.s kept out of sight. I had increased by life insurance and started wearing two pairs of socks, when my pilot came in with a sore throat. It was the work of a moment to convince first myself and then him that he was suffering from some dread disease and could only be cured by a long period of complete rest. Only when I had seen him tucked safely into bed did I feel myself again, but later the reaction set in and I became nauseatingly hearty. A Sub. Lieutenant rang me up about a game of squash. "Certainly my dear chap, and when are you going to take me up in a Venom?"

"Two o'clock this afternoon?"

"Oh. Well. Thanks very much. I'll see if the boss can do without me for an hour or so. We are pretty busy this afternoon and I am not sure they will be able to cope without me. Yes, see you at lunch to confirm it."

It seemed I was not as indispensable as I had imagined. The boss could very well do without me. Still one chance—my fitness to fly. My colleague ignored my symptoms, refused to examine me and signed the chit with a laugh. So much for the profession sticking together. Verily I said to myself, you are in, yea, even up to the neck.

Two o'clock. Briefing. Battle exercise. The Squadron had a new C.O. who would probably put them through their paces thoroughly. They in turn would be showing him it was a'1 kids' stuff to them. Still perhaps they would not be able to find a crash helmet that would fit my oversize head. They could of course, and I was led to a Venom.

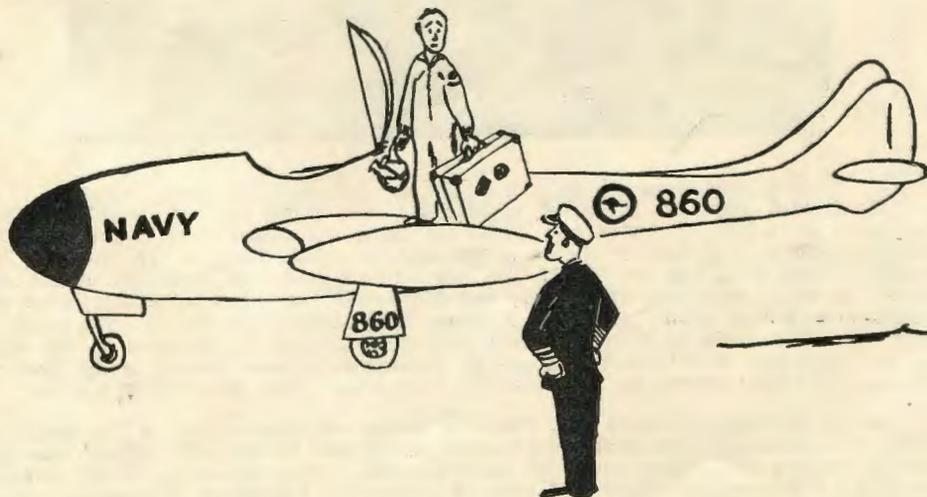
About the happenings in the next half hour I am a little vague. Luckily someone had provided me with a plastic bag just big enough to hold my lunch. This it soon did. After this I just retched. We met another squadron and "shot them down" after many uncomfortable and worrying evolutions. My pilot only made one or two remarks, each time to say he had not noticed some plane we had just narrowly missed. This did not make me any happier, and no more did the satisfaction in his voice when he reported to the C.O. "Passenger trouble sir." It was only two weeks before that I had sent an empty pill box with a note to the effect that drugs and flying don't mix to this very squadron, when they had requested aspirin one morning after a mess dinner. It had seemed (to me) particularly funny at the time. It did not seem so now!

Shortly after landing I was smitten by an acute attack of diarrhoea which I reflected was caused by reflex stimulation from my inner ears which had been upset by the motion. As I could not quite convince myself of this I made no attempt to explain it to the delighted members of the squadron.

I am now older and a little wiser. I have my feet firmly on the deck and shall keep them there. In my psychological studies at Albatross I seem to have learned rather more about myself than about the chaps I thought I might study. If anyone is hoping to swop his wings for a thin red stripe he must try elsewhere, even if he has a brass hat to throw in as well.

However, it is an ill wind that blows no good at all, and when somebody comes in now complaining "It's the bowels, doctor," no longer do I reach for the pad to prescribe No. 9s; all I need to do is to phone a certain Sub Lieutenant and refer my patient to the airfield.

Fred



"Sorry, you just can't take it home on leave with you."

FAREWELL TO COMMANDER HISTED

THIS MONTH we say a sad farewell to our former editor and the man who has done most to bring Slipstream to its present standard of entertaining reading — Instructor Commander George Histed. Cdr. Histed took the reins in his capable hands in December, 1959, and now leaves us for his first trip north when he joins the "Melbourne" in January. He is, of course, a "Banana Bender," born in 1925 to a fishing family in sunny Queensland and educated at Brisbane State High School, known affectionately to its rivals as the "hooligan school."



He decided upon the noble art of teaching as a profession but found the work too hard; so in 1947 he retired and joined the Royal Australian Navy as an Instructor Sub Lieutenant. He was, by the way, the only Inst. Sub. Lieut. in any navy in the world at that time, and the R.A.N. has never really recovered from the impact yet. After the usual interludes at Flinders and Watson he was given nine months at the Adelaide School of Mines. It was at Flinders Naval Depot that he was first initiated into the naval sense of humour. After instructing a class he returned to the office to find his battle dress jacket missing. He discovered it later, pinned to the back of the emu strutting around its enclosure—the second Inst. Sub. Lieut. in any navy.

Having nothing else to do with him, Our Lords sent him to sea in "Australia" in 1949, but apparently that wasn't far enough away, and in 1951 Cdr. Histed trod the soil of England for the first time. He spent the first year at the School of Meteorology at H.M.S. "Harrier" in Wales and then two years at Abbotsinch in Scotland. As a Queenslander he found the climate rather bracing. In fact for five days at one stage the temperature was below 22 deg. F. and the visibility below 15 yards; this, as he confirmed, made forecasting easy. Whether it was because of this weather or not, he won't say, but he married before his return to Australia in 1954.

He spent some time at the DEE Department and then back to Flinders where there was some trouble with an emu who refused to salute. From Flinders he arrived here in October, 1959, via "Sydney," Watson and Nirimba. It was not a very popular arrival as he brought 32 inches of rain with him. If his association with the aircrew here has done nothing to improve his temper, at least it has improved his uckers. In his own words, he is an expert fisherman and uckers player, plays golf badly, and he plays bridge.

He has a great admiration for the toe-hanging sloth whom he imitates whenever possible (see photo) and the tortoise which, although slow moving, at least lives for hundreds of years. Jest aside, Commander Histed's departure will be a loss to "Albatross" as a whole, and to "Slipstream" in particular, and we take this opportunity to wish him all the best in his future employment, and sincerely hope that his next appointment will be right back to "Albatross."

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Please thank Mr. Lewis, his helpers, and Santa Claus for a lovely party.

GWYNETH and JENNIFER HALL.



Seasonal Greetings

Our Best Wishes for a Happy and Prosperous 1961.

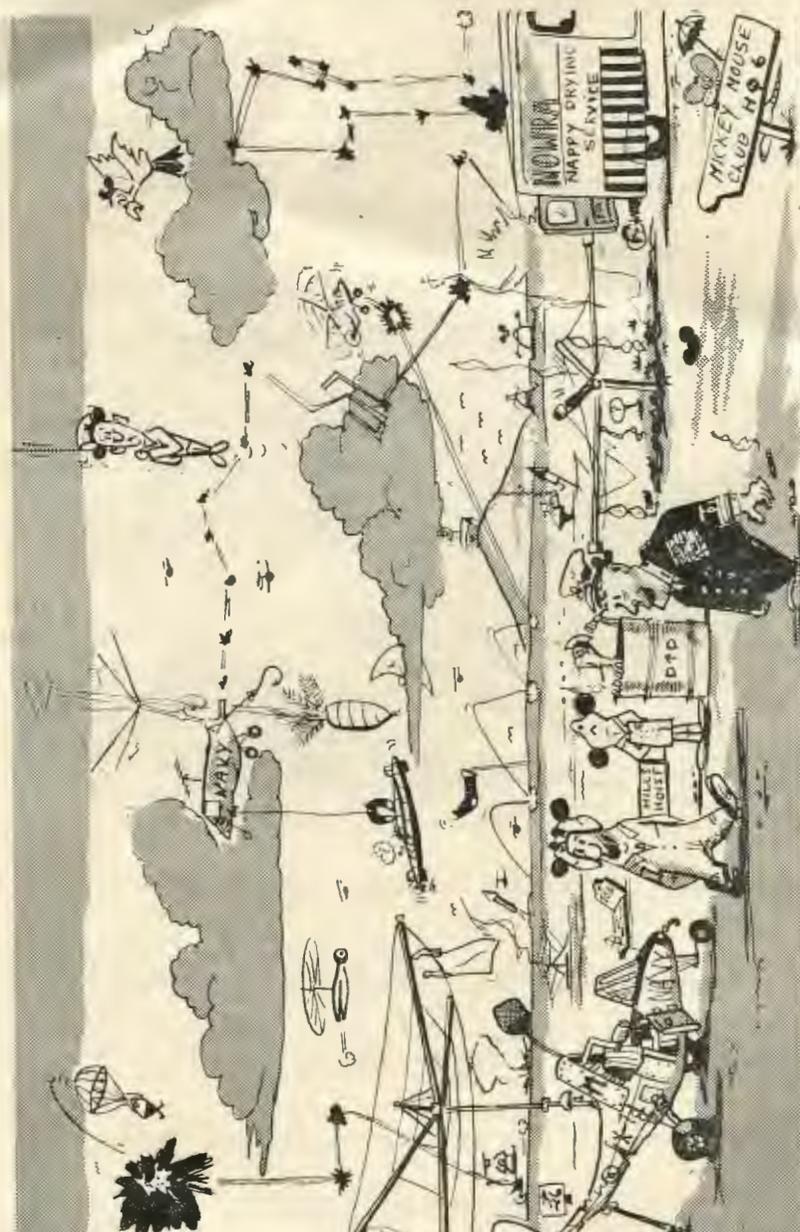
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ews Flash — “R.A.N. to re-equip with Helicopters.”



Of course a few little things need ironing out.....

THE FUTURE OF NAVAL AIRCRAFT

Acknowledgements to the "Times Weekly Review"

Plans for a new generation of carriers for the Royal Navy are now being worked out. Ships envisaged are somewhat bigger than the 43,000 tons Ark Royal. Future ships must be capable not only of handling the aircraft in service in 10 years time, but must be able to be adapted to cope with aircraft of 25 years hence, for the most forward looking experts do not visualise a Fleet without piloted aircraft for at least 25 years.

On the Admiralty drawing boards are designs for a new carrier which incorporates radical re-thinking, incorporating the ideas of those who are serving in the present generation of ships.

The angled deck should disappear, and the island structure will move to a point amidships, enabling aircraft to land on the port side, and taxi round to a parking and refuelling position on the other side of the island. The island itself, instead of being the turret-like structure, will be narrower at the base — perhaps only 10 feet, with overhanging bridge and flying control, something like a modern railway signal box.

One of the main reasons for the belief that no more carriers would be built was the assumption that a new ship would have to be nuclear propelled; which assumed an enormous cost. However, America has done some re-thinking on this point and in fact her next carrier will go back to conventional propulsion. Due to enormous running costs, there are nothing like the advantages for the carrier as for the submarine in nuclear propulsion. What the initial cost of a nuclear carrier to Great Britain would be could be nothing more than a wild guess, but it had been put as high as one fifth of the whole Navy Vote; or four times the cost of the Ark Royal — and she cost £21 million.

It is claimed that for the next 25 years, the mobility of the carrier will provide reasonable immunity from attack by long range surface-to-surface landbased rockets. But guided rockets as now mounted on some of the newer Russian destroyers would have to be met by strike aircraft; while fighter aircraft would be given the role, with support from our own guided missile ships, of dealing with bomber attacks.

The real menace, of course, comes from the submarine. It is admitted frankly that the submarine still holds the advantage of detection, but the gap is narrowing, and it is believed that some form of anti-submarine barrier will emerge from recent developments at the Under Water Detection Establishment at Portland, while the new anti-submarine helicopters in all weathers will increase the present detection range tenfold. Something like parity will be achieved, between the surface and sub-surface operator.

Within the N.A.T.O. concept of defence, the part to be played by the carrier is in no doubt, and the United States, while proud of her achievements with nuclear submarines, has never lost sight of the value of the aircraft carrier. While Britain has been glad of the help from the U.S.A. in developing the Dreadnaught, America gratefully acknowledges the improvements in her carriers by British inventions.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I should like to thank you for your kind farewell to me in the last issue. If possible through "Slipstream" I should like to say goodbye to the many friends both my wife and I have made here, and to say that we both hope to see them all again one day.

Our main complaint against Australia is the difficulty of winning the lottery and the impossibility of winning the Albatross Tombola.

Yours sincerely

NICK COHEN

Around the World in 80 Delays



The author finds the natives friendly on arrival in Hawaii.

RECENTLY I happened to be walking through A.J.A.S.S. on my way to the Wardroom when I was called into the Director's office and asked whether I'd like to go for a trip. As I'd been to Bankstown twice already this year I declined with thanks. However, when I was told that it was a trip that the Director's normally do I accepted with great haste and went to have my overdraft converted to dollars.

The next step was to get a new identity card. This entailed no difficulty and the secretary presented me with one duly stamped and signed. This card was invaluable as it got me into all service establishments and was required every time I cashed a travellers cheque — a very frequent happening. The only thing wrong with the card was that it had the incorrect name on it. All of which shows how observant we all are, particularly as I gave my right name every time I showed the card.

After a slight delay at Richmond, due to weather, we eventually set course for Fiji. My position in the aircraft was in the nose. This is reached by descending through a hatch and proceeding along a tunnel up to the perspex blister. The tunnel looked as if it had been designed by an ex-P.O.W. and had the added modification of having jagged metal projections which ensured a well ventilated flying suit.

The trip to Fiji was uneventful and the boredom was punctuated by the odd crusts and chicken bones the crew tossed down into my cage. The new terminal at Nandi is a magnificent set-up, fully air conditioned and containing a duty-free shop and liquor store for overseas travellers. By comparison Mascot is just a bush shack. Although the airfield is a civil one it has the characteristic of a service one in that it is miles from anywhere. The airfield hotel is very comfortable but has one draw-back.

In the bar American, New Zealand, Fijian and Australian currency are used. As a result your change is likely to be a mixture of the four. One feels like complaining, but as the barman is a 6' 6" Fijian and built in proportion, the argument would only be academic. The solution of course is obvious — you stay there till you get rid of all your foreign change.

The next hop was to Canton Island. This island consists of a few houses for the Qantas staff, two post offices, a dormitory, a bar and a few huts which house an American detachment. Apart from this the island is bare and one cannot help but wonder why such a fine site has been overlooked as a location for a Naval Air Station. The two post offices exist because the island is a Joint U.S.-U.K. concern. Presumably they sell stamps to each other as there is hardly anyone else there to buy them.

During the night an American Hercules landed, complete with ski type undercarriage for use in the Antarctic. This type of equipment is virtually the same as the landing gear 86 Wing are about to invent for service in the Antarctic.

The ride to Honolulu was very quiet except that the captain decided we must arrive in a shaven condition. I immediately applied for permission to grow but the request was not granted. However, for the thrill of a lifetime there is nothing to equal shaving in a service aircraft. Actually the Americans were quite impressed with my tropical rig with the bright red collar.

On touching down we were greeted by a band and several charming young ladies, (if my wife reads this, I'm only kidding, dear), who draped leis around our necks. After meeting all the brass we were given name tallies to wear whilst on the station. This is an excellent idea as some mornings I had to look at mine to find out who I was.

Several R.A.N. officers and men have paid brief visits to N.A.S. Barbers Point and have made their mark there. In fact they are still painting some of them over from "Melbourne's" visit.

The quarters are very good. My cabin contained two built-in cupboards, chest of drawers, table, standard lamp and lounge suite. There was also a bed which I gazed at occasionally with a certain amount of longing. Sanitation was a bit primitive as I was required to share my bathroom and toilet with another officer. The U.S.N. seems to have the odd philosophy that discomfort and discipline are not synonymous.

During our stay we were attached to a Neptune squadron. Life on squadrons seems to be the same anywhere, (some of our younger readers may be surprised to learn that I was once on a squadron), but strangely their crew-rooms don't seem as comfortable as ours. However the ear drums are not assailed by the shouts of the ukkers players nor the credulity strained by the lurid tales of the junior birdmen. Vending machines abound in the hangars and it is possible to purchase ice cream, soft drinks, sweets, gum and cigarettes through this medium. Unfortunately they haven't thought how to put blondes in a machine yet.

The enlisted man is well catered for at Barbers Point. His quarters are good and each block is complete with lounge and T.V. sets. All ratings eat in the same building served from a central galley. However the dining room is divided into 3 sections, one for Chiefs and 1st Class P.O.'s, one for Waves and one for junior rates. Service is cafeteria style but you can have as much as you like, (waste however is not tolerated).

Amenities on the base include indoor and outdoor cinemas, tennis and handball courts, swimming, bowling alleys and a private beach. Most impressive however was the P.X. This shop has the floor space equivalent to about twice the average suburban Woolworths and sells an amazing range of goods. Anything not stocked can be obtained through a special order department. Prices are generally one third less than store prices. To cope with Christmas toy buying a building of similar size to the P.X. is opened and contains toys of all descriptions.

Incidentally, I also visited Hickam Air Force Base, where I saw two F86's in use. (This is the aircraft that the R.A.A.F. is talking of getting). At Hickam they had one F86 as an ornament at the main gate, and the other was in the children's playground.

A special hotel for servicemen and their families is maintained on Waikiki beach and accommodation is one dollar per head. This compares more than favourably with the adjacent civilian hotels which charge up to 22 dollars for a room.

The only disappointment at Waikiki is the beach. The sand strip is very narrow and the surf resembles Balmoral on a rough day. The girl-watching, a major sport, nevertheless is very good.

In a rash moment I visited the hotel where "Hawaii Eye" T.V. show is filmed. This is an extremely luxurious establishment and for the trifling sum of 2 dollars (18/-), I purchased a scotch and water. I made this the longest drink in my life but still felt like eating the glass to get my money's worth.

Due to some oversight I went to sea in a submarine. Apart from this and a few conferences, lectures, etc., there was plenty of time to get on with the serious things of life.

Eventually time came to depart, and laden with loot we returned to our Neptune. After Honolulu the trip back was an anti-climax. We proceeded via Pago Pago where we spent the night. As you wouldn't believe me if I wrote about this place we'll draw a veil — besides, this magazine might fall into the hands of children. One phenomena worth reporting is that although it's American territory Australian canned beer is the popular beverage.

Eventually we reached Richmond and having told the usual lies to the Customs we were free to return home.

Having been in tropical gear for three weeks — need I go on, or shall I let you guess who the fellow was who arrived at work in whites to find everyone else in blues.

A Letter to All Helicopter Pilots, H.M.A.S. Albatross, Nowra

Contributed by a mother of two small children who have attended the Station Parties, and are convinced that the Albatross Santa is the TRUE Father Christmas.

Your "chopper" is a noisy bird,
Often seen and always heard.

"Why must they hover over US?"
Cries Mum amid the bedtime fuss.

But, oh, for weeks how thankful I have been,
When at this time your "chopper" can be seen.

"Quick children, into bed, for Santa's peeping,
To see if kiddies down below are sleeping!"

They're into bed without a pause,
Convinced you're ferrying Santa Claus!

Although for you night flying may be grim,
To countless little hearts you're HIM.

So thank you, "Santas," in your modern sleighs,
I wish you Christmas Cheer and Joy always.

THE BOTTLE DRIVE

The Nowra Hill Cub Pack would like to apologise for disturbing so many residents of the "Patch" before lunch on 19th November. It must be very annoying to be woken before 11 a.m. on a peaceful Saturday morning, but it was all for a good cause, and netted some 56 bags of beer bottles, 20 boxes of cordial bottles, and a further 30 odd cardboard boxes of mixed "vintage" bottles.

The cubs entered into the "spirit" of the occasion, and the Patch rang with happy cries of "Over here chaps" — "Bring more bags" — "What a find!" — "There must be thousands under this house!"

One public spirited resident even told the cubs to hang on for a few minutes, and they could collect a couple of empties, icy cold — (at 10 a.m. in the morning too!)

A certain amount of careful thought has gone into the question of fixing the date for the next drive. We intend to collect about the third week in January, '61. This will give everyone a chance to stack away bottles after the Xmas-New Year period. We anticipate a bumper harvest.

My thanks to all the suppliers and helpers who made this effort successful, (particularly to the consumers of the bottle contents), and we look forward to seeing our clientele at about 9 a.m. on the 21st January.

F.F.L.

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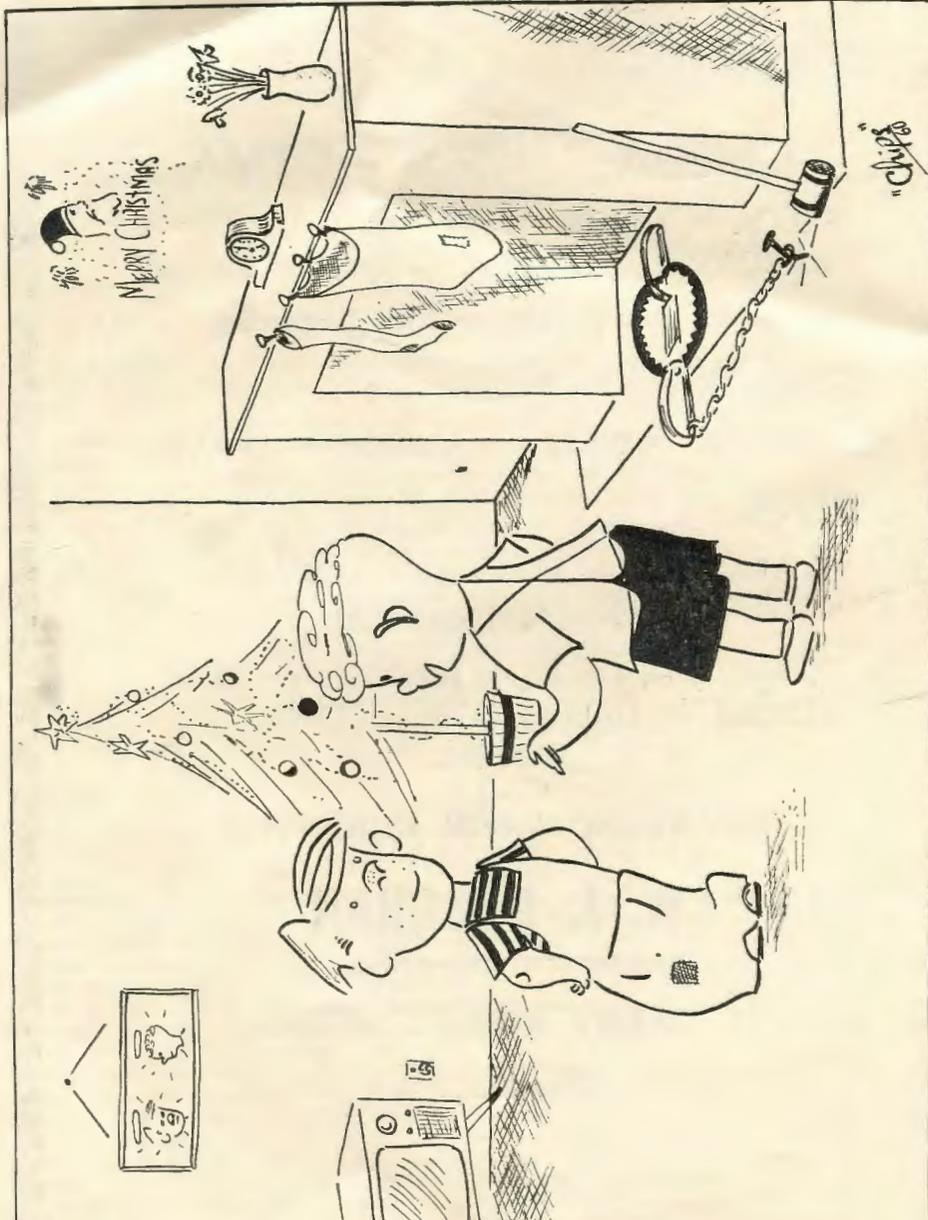
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"This year I'm determined to learn the truth!"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT — IT'S IN YOUR INTERESTS

A few times a year "Needles" are in season. Judging from the general enthusiasm and the number of mismusters (one of whom, by the way, was eventually discovered lurking in bed in the Sick Bay) this is a time of great suffering introduced solely to satisfy the sadism of Medical Officers and Wardmasters. One looks at a queue waiting for the dreaded "Needle" and wonders whether these can really be the intrepid sailors who stand between the Australian people and the yellow hordes.

For a start, the term "Needle" is a rotten one. Injection. Please! The needle is purely a method of introducing substances, which may be life saving, into the body. These substances, each one specific against a particular disease, like almost everything else in the Navy are known by initials, apparently designed to obscure their purpose and confuse everybody. T.P.T. protects us from tetanus, T.A.B. from typhoid and paratyphoid. I propose briefly to explain what these injections are and why we are given them.

The diseases from which My Lords of the Admiralty seek to spare us are Smallpox, Typhoid, Paratyphoid, Tetanus, Cholera and Poliomyelitis. I wonder whether the readers of "Slipstream" (who do no doubt include the majority of those who complain so bitterly about their "Needles") really know what these diseases entail. If they do, it is difficult to understand why they are so reluctant to undergo the prick of an occasional needle.

Smallpox is an acute, highly infectious fever which was common before vaccination became general. In some epidemics 40 to 50 per cent of cases have perished. Typhoid is an infectious fever in which ulcers form in parts of the intestine. Recovery is the rule but several weeks of severe disability and pain must be expected from the unmodified disease. Paratyphoid runs a similar course but is less severe. Tetanus is commonly known as "Lockjaw." The causative organism may be introduced by any wound, particularly if it be dirty and deep. Death is unpleasant and not uncommon. The home of Cholera is in the Far East, where it may easily be contracted from infected water supplies. The mortality rate in epidemics has varied between 30 and 80 per cent. Poliomyelitis, once usually called Infantile Paralysis, is now attacking a higher age group. The victim stands a smallish but significant chance of death or life as a cripple. These are the diseases which the routine injections protect us from. And let's face it, pretty nasty diseases they are too.

How do they do it? If you get measles once, the odds are very much against you ever getting it again. This is because the body is stimulated by the first attack to build up specific antibodies against the measles virus. These prevent further attacks. Although the same principle applies with other diseases it would hardly be practical to give each recruit smallpox, cholera, etc., with his draft in routine just to prevent him getting them later. If the buzz got round it might well discourage people from joining up. However it has been found by clever boffin type doctors (these should be distinguished from doctors who wear thick horn rimmed spectacles to give the impression of wisdom), that the manufacture of specific antibodies can also be stimulated by inoculation with killed or specially treated organisms which themselves will not cause disease. These are the preparations which are pushed into us via the dreaded needle.

The period of immunity produced by the injections varies with each disease and in the case of poliomyelitis and tetanus it can be prolonged considerably by a course of these injections over 6 to 12 months in the first instance. After this, periodical single booster doses only are required, unless too long an interval elapses between them. The injections we receive are as small and as few as possible, to maintain the resistance necessary to avoid a disease completely, or at least to modify it almost beyond recognition.

Prevention is better than cure. It may not be so dramatic, but it's much, much better.

COLIN ANDREWS
MALCOLM DARROCH

“Have Dinner With Us”

“HAVE ANOTHER DRINK. Another beer, or would you like a brandy and ginger ale now?”

“George, its 11 o'clock. We must be going.”

“Oh, you can't go yet. I haven't shown you the slides I took on our last trip to North Queensland. Here, have another, and you have one, too, George, while I set up the projector.”

“Well”

“Here she is. Bought her on the last trip to Hong Kong. No doubt about the Japs, they turn out some good optical things now. This is one of the automatic ones — just press a button and the next slide comes up. I've got the table rigged — the screen generally sits against the wall here. It's one of those that stay up like this . . . Joyce, have you been playing with the screen? Won't be a minute, George . . . Joyce, will you go and get the copper stick? . . . if I put it upright it ought to hold the screen up . . . thanks love . . . There”

“These boxes of slides are really first-class. You just put the whole box of thirty or so in this holder here, and as you press the button, each one comes up automatically. Will you turn out the light, love”

“Yes, we started last December, and took a fortnight on the trip.” CLICK — “Joyce, put the light on again for a minute . . . get George and Lil another grog while I fix this up . . . won't be a minute, George.”

“Now, here's the first. That's our car loaded up for the trip. There's Joyce in the background, Joyce, who's that little girl there — is that little Sally from next door?”

“No, it's a bit out of focus, but I think that is the Thompson girl. Little terror she is, too — yes, that's her — you'll have to speak to the Thompsons, sweetie; she's always coming into our yard and upsetting Bobbie.”

“This next one is when we left — no, that's the camelia shrub — isn't it a lovely sight in full bloom? . . . there, that's the one — our house taken just before we started off. That's a nice bit of colour in the foreground — I took that one. Joyce always seems to get them out of focus, so I don't let her play with the camera much. Funny how women never seem to be able to manage mechanical things.”

“We went through Wollongong, George, and this next one is of the new through road they've built. There's the hospital in the background.”

“There's the Harbour Bridge. I didn't take that one — it's bought. Not bad, of course, but they never seem to get the right composition that I can manage with the ones I take — Got to Sydney in 3½ hours, George, which wasn't bad with a full load.”

“This next one is the new bridge at Forster — no, what the devil is that one Joyce? I konw — surely that's the one we took of you and the kids in Melbourne that time? Yes, there's David Kelly; we stayed with them for a week — that one is out of the right order, George.”

“Yes, here it is; the new bridge at Forster. Cost a million and a quarter or something. Ever been over it, George? Worth taking a trip up there. We go quite often, of course — Did a quick trip up to Grafton, where they have the festival; Joyce, what do they call those trees? The big flowering ones? Not hibiscus — something like that — anyhow, they make a wonderful show, in flower all along the streets — we couldn't get a photo of them, though. I think it was the wrong season, or something.”

“This next box of slides is about Brisbane. We stayed three days there.” — CLICK — “That's the Herringbone family that we stayed with. There's Bill — he does something in the sewerage works — got a good job, they tell me. But six kids, we were glad to get away. I can tell you. And little Bobbie was always being bullied by them. This is their house, George. And here's the house from another angle. Nice place they've got — this is looking at it from the north”

"This one is — Joyce, how did that one get in this box? Have you been playing with the projector? That's our camelia again, George. Look at that colour."

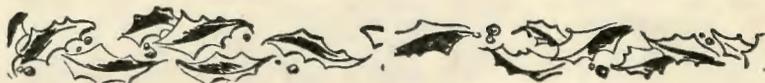
"This next one is going up the North Coast — Joyce, you have been mucking about with these boxes — surely you know enough not to put them in upside down! Lil, will you put the light on for a minute — Joyce, get some more drinks — I do wish you wouldn't play with my projector. Thanks Lil."

"Here's the next one — oh, that's Bobbie when he was a baby! He was a beautiful child. And you can see how intelligent he is, even at that age. Joyce, isn't that Grandma's rug he's sitting on? Yes, I thought that was the one. It's been handed down through the family, Lil."

"This one will be on the North Coast Road, George. No, that's a turtle we took a photo of at Green Island. What do they call them? Greenback . . . no, not tortoise-shell . . . Joyce, what are they? Anyhow, George, they can carry kids on their backs, and apparently they lay hundreds of eggs as big as cricket balls. Really fascinating, the things you find out on these holiday trips, Makes you feel a man of the world; a traveller; if you know what I mean. You ought to do a trip, George — it's the only way to get a bit of culture."

"This next one . . . What's that noise? Joyce, do you here that noise? Quick, turn the projector off. Put the light on, quick . . ."

"Here, wake up George!"



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Christmas Greetings to "SLIPSTREAMITES"

THIS I CAN'T BELIEVE

By Derek Bome

I can't believe that this Air Station will give way to only Helicopters. I'm hoping, as are a lot of people, that this may only be the wedge, to open the door to a variety of aircraft, which this outfit needs, and in the light of past events is entitled to have for its use.

☆ ★ ☆

The village Christmas dance was a great success, due to the large crowd and fine organising by the social committee. Boom-boom Ferguson was again well to the fore, as was Bomber Brunswick.

☆ ★ ☆

A Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to you both!

☆ ★ ☆

Don't be surprised if you see a lot of new, identical watches being worn around the Station. They come supplied with 100 razor blades for the princely sum of 52/6. The watches have been standing up well, but it means you have to grow a beard.

☆ ★ ☆

Well, we can all look back on a pretty successful year. The Fleet Air Arm continues. the Admiral's Inspection was good and the flying task adequately met. The flying flag was shown at many public gatherings, and we successfully opened the Warragamba Dam. So now we can look forward (?) to more and more flying, bigger and better flying displays, and bigger and better dam openings in 1961.

☆ ★ ☆

I liked the epitaph on the beatnik's grave-stone —
"Don't dig me, man! I'm really gone now!"

☆ ★ ☆

The arrival of the West Indians to play cricket this summer must have thrilled the poetic hearts of the cricket writers.

Already we have had news of "The calypso collapse" when they were all out for 111 runs; the "Calypso capers" when Kanhoi and Cammie Smith got some quick runs, but the Sydney Hill came out with the best one. As Norman O'Neill went out to bat against the dusky West Indians he got advice from one wit, "You makum plenty runs, paleface!"

☆ ★ ☆

A couple of stories have filtered in from the American Presidential elections. One is of particular interest to local lagar lovers league members, i.e. "A Kennedy Cocktail — America."

☆ ★ ☆

In case you are curious, the line in the £200 Xmas Tombola went off in 11 numbers.

What is a Meteorologist?

Last month's photo of a Met rating about to launch a Radio Sonde balloon has prompted one of our readers to send us this definition:

"A meteorologist is a person who passes as an expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude an infinite series of incomprehensible reports calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematic accuracy by persons of dubious reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a chimerical group of exotic fanatics referred to all too frequently as practical aerographers or meteorologists."

IT MAY BE RAPID — BUT IS IT READING?

VARIOUS NEWSPAPERS have lately extolled a brand new course for those who wish to get on — “RAPID READING,” whereby the initiated can devour a novel in half an hour!

It's fun — your reporter is at present half-way through a course, and as the Navy plans to extend their teaching facilities, a disclosure of the magic art should interest everyone.

On being offered a course, the obvious question that everyone asks is, “Why bother?” Novels come rather expensive, and if the afternoon is free for reading, why complete the book while smoking one cigarette? The answer: One can sleep for the rest of the time! The course is really designed to teach people to CONTROL their reading rate; whereby the novel can be stretched out for hours, but when time is of value, a great sheaf of files and memos can be dealt with quickly. And still on the novel — the first hundred pages can be read at speed, allowing the reader to reach the spicy parts quickly and spend more time on them!

And — this is proved — COMPREHENSION increases as reading speed increases.

The average intelligent person (you, gentle reader,) can meander along at 200 to 250 words per minute, and your comprehension (now don't argue) is about 40%. After twenty periods of concentrated application of an hour each, you, whether you are highly intelligent or a slow plodder, can easily reach 1200 words per minute, with comprehension increased to 80%. And some geni at the R.A.N. College coast along at 3,000 W.P.M.! As the average novel is 100,000 words, work it out for yourself!

The theory, like many other arts of efficiency, is simple. While reading this, your eyes are resting on each word for about one fifteenth of a second, then jumping to the next, and stopping again. Now, if you READ THESE THREE words at one glance, by looking at “these” and seeing “read” and “three” out of the corners of your eye, then the eye does not have to stop so often while covering a line

IF YOU READ THESE WORDS ONE AT A TIME, YOUR EYE WILL HAVE MADE 24 JUMPS AND 24 STOPS AND THIS OBVIOUSLY WASTES TIME. BUT IF YOU LOOK AT THE CENTRE OF THESE GROUPS YOU WILL HAVE READ THE SAME NUMBER OF WORDS BUT WITH ONLY EIGHT JUMPS.

Get the idea?

THE ULTIMATE OF COURSE IS TO EXTEND THE EYE SPAN SO MUCH THAT FINALLY WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THE COURSE YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE LINE BY LOOKING AT THE CENTRE OF THE PAGE.

Then the expert reads a page of print

by
skipping
down
the
centre

and each full line is seen at one glance.

The aids used on the course are fearsome — a projector throws a line of print on a screen for a fiftieth of a second; various eye exercises are designed to widen the field of vision; and a metal plate chases down a page and your eye has to go like the dickens to keep ahead..

Always lurking in the background, of course, are comprehension tests, ready to cut the too adventurous speedster back to size!

But it's fun — and already is proving most useful to your reporter — his desk is clear of files, and he is just waiting now for “Lady Chatterley's Lover.”

☆

☆

☆

Now, without reading over any of the article, test your comprehension by answering these questions:

1. What is the real design of the course:
(a) to read intelligently.

- (b) to read quickly.
(c) to control reading rate.
(d) a combination of (a) and (b).
2. How much of the course has the writer completed:
(a) $\frac{1}{2}$ (b) $\frac{2}{3}$ (c) $\frac{3}{4}$ (d) all of the course.
 3. What was the answer to the question: "Why complete a book while smoking a cigarette?"
 4. What is the average reader's rate before starting a course:
(a) 100 to 150 (b) 150 to 200 (c) 200 to 250 (d) 250 to 300.
 5. What figures of reading rate are given for the average reader after a course:
(a) 900 (b) 1200 (c) 1500 (d) 1800.
 6. How many lectures are given on the course:
(a) 12 (b) 14 (c) 18 (d) 20.
 7. How many types of aids to the course were mentioned:
(a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 4 (d) 5.
 8. Does the writer believe
(a) that the course is a waste of time.
(b) the course is useful only for reading novels.
(c) the course is useful only for reading memos.
(d) the course is useful for all reading.
 9. Is rapid reading described as:
(a) a science (b) an art (c) a combination of (a) and (b).
(d) a waste of time.
 10. Is proficiency at rapid reading the result of:
(a) intelligence (b) hard work (c) a combination of (a) and (b).
(d) interest in the subject.

LA RONDE

Espresso Coffee Lounge

KINGHORN STREET, NOWRA

We thank you for your patronage during the past year and look forward to a bright and prosperous 1961.

We enjoyed having you.
Come again!

"JOY-FLIGHT"

We have received an interesting story from the Royal Aero Club, Sydney, about a Scotsman who turned up at the club with his wife, asking for a joy-flight.

When they told him the cost of a flight, he was horrified. Eventually one pilot offered to take him and his wife for a trip for half price, on condition neither of them uttered a word during the flight. If they did, then the Scotsman would have to pay twice the normal fee.

The three people climbed into the aircraft, and they took off. The pilot did every trick he knew with the plane — loops, spins, rolls, stall turns, low flying — the lot. There was not a murmur from the back. Eventually the pilot landed, worn out.

He climbed out of the aircraft and shook the Scotsman by the hand. "Well done," he said. "It must have been quite an effort not to say anything when you were being thrown around like that."

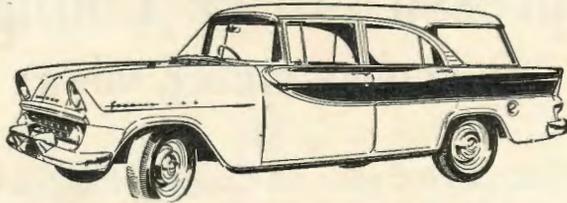
"Aye, it was," said the Scotsman: "I very nearly spoke when the wife fell out."

ANSWERS TO COMPREHENSIVE QUIZ

1. c.
2. b.
3. One can sleep for the rest of the time.
4. c.
5. b.
6. d.
7. b.
8. d.
9. b.
10. b.

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SAM (E) SOLAR WATER HEATER



Whilst not a "thing of beauty" the solar water heater at SAM(E) is an efficient apparatus. The absorber and tank were completely built by Mechanician No. 8 Class as a copper smithing exercise. The class contacted the CSIRO and are very grateful for the co-operation and help that ensued.

A simple 16 sq. ft. absorber and a tank of 32 gallons was decided on. This being the smallest unit that would work efficiently under Nowra's weather conditions. The complete installation is built of copper. This is essential as hot water and dissimilar metals cause corrosion. The absorber must be built of copper to readily assimilate heat.

Pipes of $\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter rise from gallery pipes of 1" diameter. Light guage copper flanges are brazed between all "risers" to provide a large area for heat contact. The pipes and flanges are then painted matt black.

Insulating material is placed underneath the absorber and two sheets of glass 1" apart are contained in a wooden box which houses the absorber unit. This unit must face due north and be inclined to an angle equal to the latitude plus 5 degrees. This is considered to be the ideal position to obtain maximum solar heat during winter months.

The tank is placed at least 2ft. above the top of the absorber and water circulates from the absorber by thermo flow.

Water temperature varies in accordance with the prevailing conditions but warm water is available even after ten days of wet and cold weather. Summer days of 90 degrees sun will produce boiling water. In a normal house installation "off Peak" electricity would raise the temperature to the required degree for household use. The figures available from CSIRO state that an annual saving of 60% in power consumption can be obtained by connecting a 30 sq. ft. solar heater to the home water system. These figures are applicable to the Melbourne area.

The initial cost of these installations may appear high but "do-it-yourself" kits are available at a reasonable price. If the idea is incorporated in the original plans of a house it need not detract from the general appearance. It can readily be built into the roof or erected as an awning over a car port.

If anyone contemplates building themselves a solar system, all particulars are available from CSIRO Melbourne, and members of Mechanician No. 8 Class will only be too happy to advise.



“I see you’re ready for the children’s Xmas party, Lieutenant.”

SHOALHAVEN BOTTLE EXCHANGE

Have a Merry Christmas

A Happy New Year

An enjoyable leave

A round of parties

Leave your bottles with us.

J. S. HOLLINGWORTH

Jervis Street, Nowra

Merry Christmas and a Happy Leave

from

“Digger” and all the Staff at

GLENDINNING & STACEY

Don't forget the Christmas Party — all customers are
invited to Johnny's,

Friday, 23rd December, 1960.



The Chaplain's Corner



God's Moments

Christmas is the most widely celebrated happy day in the world. This is so because we have realised that Christmas is one of God's great Moments in history.

God's first great moment was the moment of creation when He made the universe and set the worlds in motion. This world was just like a great lump of hot slag that had gone on spinning off the sun and was cooling down. The last thing you would have ever dreamed, had you been able to see that event, was that such a thing could have any life upon it. Yet, when this earth cooled down, life came. This was the second of God's Moments.

Later still something else happened. Into this life that was as dull as a jelly-fish, there came consciousness. It was the third of God's moments. Once more God had stepped into history and set new forces in motion.

But there was a greater Moment to come. Somehow, at some time there came into one of God's creatures the power to imagine, to plan and to create with mind and hands. It is the beginning of another era, one of God's Moments, and man came to sense the presence of a Creator; his mind endorsed his sense and he came to realise his kinship and power to commune with his Maker.

Each of these great moments of God is a decisive moment of our history. Each one breaks new ground, each one begins a new era, each one stands in its own right both challenging and inexplicable except by the recognition that God is at work.

Christmas is the last and the greatest of these Moments of God. It is God's own self-identification with His creation to lift us sinful men and lead us to His goal. This is God's greatest Moment and our greatest, for by it we see how much each one of us counts with Him, and know "God was in our Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

The soft light from a stable door
Streams o'er the world of men,
Whatever clouds may veil the sun,
Never is night again.

Wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I do so with the sincere hope that this Christmas will prove to be one of God's Moments for us all.

The World Council of Churches invites us all to make this Christmas another of God's great Moments in history by doing something more to rid the world of hunger and homelessness. Gifts from Christian countries in 1959 (World Refugee Year) totalled £33,000,000 and enabled the World Council of Churches to close some Refugee Camps in Europe and restore normal home life, health and opportunity to scores of thousands of Refugees. Thousands more were resettled overseas. Hunger and malnutrition were reduced. But for everyone enjoying a new life 100 still see no hope; for there are 1,500,000,000 other hungry and underprivileged men, women and children. The idea of a Remembrance Bowl on every Christmas table, to help these as others have helped, is commended to readers. I shall gladly channel any family offerings to the World Council of Churches at the end of the forthcoming leave period.

XMAS SERVICES

18th December (Xmas Sunday) — 0730 — Holy Communion; 0930 — Divine Service
25th December (Xmas Day) — 0845 — Holy Communion; 1000 — Xmas Service.

CHAPLAIN J WILLSON.

A Child Is Born

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told a story. It is one that is not new to us. It is the story about the birth of a Child, not just any ordinary Child, but a Child whose love for man was so great that He gave His life for man. Yet to so many this act of Love is unknown. Unknown to many because they do not want to know of it, or because those who do not know of it fail to live a life of love for that Child Who is Love.

The story is a simple one. Caesar Augustus, the Roman Emperor issued a decree "That the whole world should be enrolled." Each one had to give his name "in his own city," i.e. in the tribe and city to which he belonged. The Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph were no exception. They travelled from Gallilee to Bethlehem, the city of David, because they were of the family of that King.

When they arrived in Bethlehem they were unable to find accommodation. There were so many people in the city that they were forced to go outside the city, and the only accommodation they could find was a stable. "And it came to pass that, when they were there, Mary brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

A Child is born. One who would open Heaven for those who had rejected Him. Because Man rejected God, Man suffered as a result. He could not do good. But God's Love for Man was Infinite. God wished Man to do good, and so this Child, the Redeemer of the human race obtained all that was necessary for Man to do good. What Love? "God so loved the world, as to give His onlybegotten Son." (John 3, 16). "Let us therefore love God, because God first loved us" (1 John 4, 19).

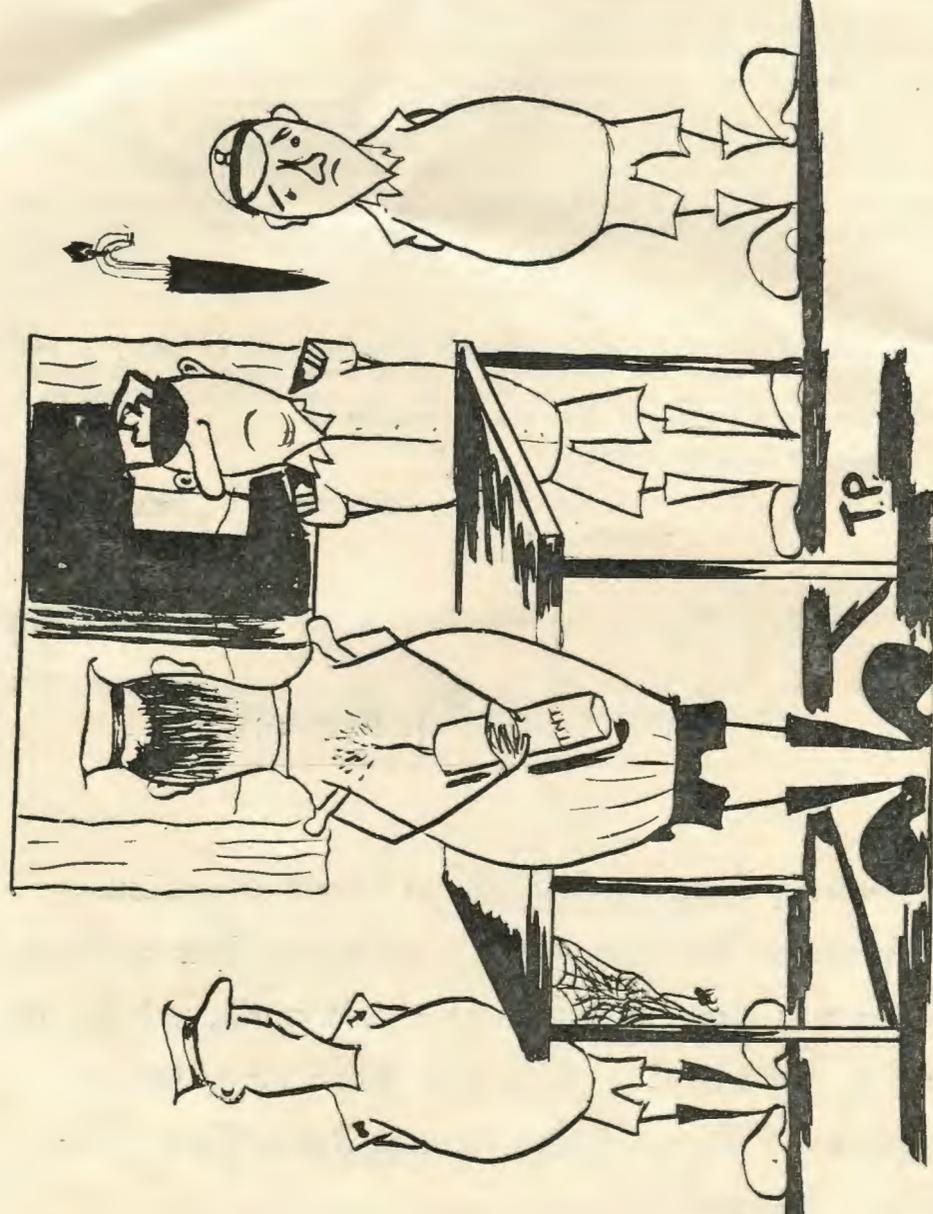
In a few days we will celebrate the Birthday of the Child who has shown you such love. My prayer for you is that this Christmas will be a very happy one, and that the Divine Child will bless you in the New Year. May you experience True Happiness in knowing, loving and serving the Child who has so loved you.

A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

CHAPLAIN L. J. BRESLAN, R.A.N.

A Prayer at Christmastide

We Beseech Thee, O God, let our hearts be graciously enlightened by the radiance of the dayspring from on High, that we may escape the darkness of this world, and by the Guiding Light of Thy Son, Our Lord, attain to the brightness of Eternal Light: through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.



“This time you’ll go with a bang, Smith.”

"CALL ME TARZAN"

(Or — Canungra Revisited)

"Mummy, who is that man robbing the refrigerator?"

"Hush, son. That's your Daddy."

"Oh no, Mummy; My Daddy's a suave bon-vivant aviator — he told me so. This man looks like the prisoner in Channel 9's "Torture by Twilight."

Sad but true. This was the conversation that ensued when I returned home after qualifying for the Canungra Veteran's Pension — (one foot of choice quality carpet snake per annum).

Having now regained sufficient strength to lift a pen, I will try to explain the reasons for the remarkable transformation in myself and several other aircrew.

To begin with our departure was the result of a kind letter written by some friends in our sister service, the R.A.A.F. In this letter they generously invited a number of aircrew to join them for a fortnight's rest and recreation at their holiday camp in National Park, Queensland. What camaraderie! What thoughtfulness! What miserable trickery! Besides food and accommodation they offered us the opportunity of taking scenic walks through natural jungle, and of viewing at close hand the quaint animals (jungle rats) and reptiles (taipans), that inhabit this part of the country.

On arrival at Canungra I was slightly shocked to discover that my home for the next week consisted of nothing more than a parachute. After ten easy lessons and four hours of hard work, this was transformed into a "pup-tent." (As its name implies, this dwelling is suitable habitation for the smaller members of the canine family only).

The first week of the course was taken up by such subtle forms of brain-washing as fire-lighting, cooking one's own meals, and constructing beds from bamboo and grass. Also encountered during this week was the "Machete" — something the size of a Samauri sword, and as dangerous in unaccustomed hands.

After about five days, the Chief Instructor announced that we would be taking a small walk the next day.

"Just a simple Jungle Navex chaps," smirked the C.I. "We'll start about 7 a.m. and as you have only about four miles to walk, we should all be finished by about dark."

"It was some minutes before I could trust myself to speak. The thought was too laughable for words! Only four miles to walk and he expected us to take about ten hours! What a sense of humour the man had.

At four the next afternoon, having travelled some two miles in eight hours, I found myself in the centre of a square mile of lantana, and as lost as a babe in the woods. As a last straw to the day's load I was confronted by a singularly repulsive reptile, the dimensions of which are hard to imagine and impossible to describe. Being the devout coward I am, I returned the snake's greeting with a quick flick of my tongue, and carried out a smart retreat. It took some time to recover from this encounter, but worse was yet to come.

The course moved into its second week, and to celebrate the fact that there were, (so far), no fatalities, a small party was held one night at Surfer's Paradise. This was a diabolical trick for the next day, still overcome by the effects of the bad peanuts I had eaten the night before, (a strange thing — I have never encountered a hotel that does not serve bad peanuts), I was pushed into the bush for six days. I found myself, light of stomach and heavy of head, in the middle of nowhere with nought but two small tins of food, a map, and a companion in no better state than I.

I had always cherished a desire to be regarded as something of a Jungle Jim, and I now set out to follow the tracks of my companion — (a comparatively simple matter since he could not yet face the thought of upright living, and was crawling through the undergrowth on all fours). To add to the terrors of the unknown, we also had to keep a wary eye out for a bunch of pongos, (who had to get into the act somewhere). A vicious rumour had swept through the course that each time they caught anyone they removed one nutty bar from his pack and forced him to undergo the exquisite torture of seeing it eaten before his eyes.

However, sheer animal cunning, and the naval-acquired art of not being seen except when absolutely necessary, won through. Two days, two sleepless nights, four snakes, ten leeches and innumerable ticks later, we arrived at our rendezvous. A back-breaking blitz ride, a few kindly words of advice, ("Now remember not to camouflage your face with poison ivy again.") and they dropped us back in the jungle. No pongos this time, just keep alive for the next few days. A simple problem you say, but it was not until the third day that I conditioned myself not to look for bottles of milk outside my tent in the mornings. During this period a remarkable change came over my companion and me. We had both started with much the same feelings about the eating of snakes, eels, etc. ("Stomach those revolting creatures! Not likely!") — Not much! — Now we set enough lines in the creek to cause a traffic hazard, and any unwary snake that came our way was soon reduced to "reptile au naturel." And so the four days passed — full of thoughts of civilization — food — hot showers — food — beds — food — clean clothes — food — food — FOOD!

We survived of course — (Having the keen brain that is hidden behind the sloping foreheads of all "Slipstream" readers, you will by now have deduced this) — and for the next few weeks took a fiendish delight in informing the candidates for the next course what awaited them at Camp Canungra.

"INJUN BULLETIN"

If engine shake in sky and no shake on earth, get new flyboy; when get new flyboy, get big one to fill up seat tight so no shake from or in seat. Sometimes flyboy shaking because no trust engine.

If many flyboys say engine shake too much, maybe good idea see whatsamatta.

Get ground boy sit in gunpowder chair (ejection seat) and work kerosene handles. When engine turning and shake like hell, stop and check whatsamatta.

Number one for make engine shake is loose electric machine, tighten like devil.

After whatsamatta check up . . . take off hot pipe and count buckets on wheel. If fire wheel lose buckets, because flyboy work kerosene handle too fast. If engine "kafloom-kafloom" too many times, hot box and fire go to hell soon. If fire wheel good kind, go see whatsamatta air compressing wheel.

Take care flying machine men allatime lose tools in front air tunnel, makes compressing wheel heap sick, also make engine shake.

Sometime ball bearing lose marbles and engine shake like hell. This because get-ready fly men don't re-oil bearings.

If ground boy no find whatsamatta, then call electric man with black box. Man with black box tell whether fire wheel shake or front end shimmying. Black box always tell truth whether flyboy or ground boy feel engine shake by seat or not . . .

NAME THE PIG COMPETITION

This competition has been won by Leading Airman Keedle, who named the new boar at the Pig Farm "LONG SAM." This earns him one guinea, which we hope will come in useful for Christmas.

Our thanks to those others who sent in suggestions. Mrs. Napier's "YETI" was perhaps second favourite.

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DECEMBER 7 — COUP D'ETAT AT ALBATROSS



“Santa,” the leader of the rebel forces, is winched into the battle area.



Troops of the insurgent armies pause for a brief meal.

SHIP'S XMAS PARTY — DECEMBER 7, 1960



L.E.M. Miller and Mechanician Hay busy packing presents for the "Albatross" children's Xmas party.

AFTER NEARLY FOUR DAYS of wintery conditions, the weatherman pulled a fine warm day out of the bag, to enable 860 children and 650 adults to join us for the ship's company Xmas party.

As early as 1315 visitors started to enter the main gate. Each child received a bag of sweets and a party hat as they came aboard. Entertainment consisted of cartoons at the cinema, round-abouts, slippery dip, see-saw, train and fire tender. Paddle pops were issued as each child left the cinema. Pirates also patrolled the area.

Afternoon tea was served at 1500, and many adults appeared to be more in need of it than the children. Full marks to the Cookery Officer, who provided:

300 lbs. of bread, made up into sandwiches; 100 lbs. of bread and butter, with trimmings; 1000 scones; 1000 lamingtons. 1000 apple turnovers; 1000 cakes; 30 gallons of tea; 20 gallons of milk; 80 dozen bottles of soft drink.

At 1600 the crowd converged on the cinema, and sure enough, Father Christmas appeared, dangling from a helicopter. He had no sooner hit the deck than he was surrounded by a milling throng, and spent the next hour distributing presents. Soon after, our weary guests departed.

Our special guests were the children of Legacy from Nowra, Inasmuch Children's Home at Falls Creek, and the United Aboriginal Mission at Bomaderry.

Our thanks to the officers and men of all departments whose efforts made the day such a success. This was truly a combined effort by all sections of the station. Thanks too, to "Santa" —Happy Hawkins. Let's hope next year's party is as great a success!

F. F. "L".

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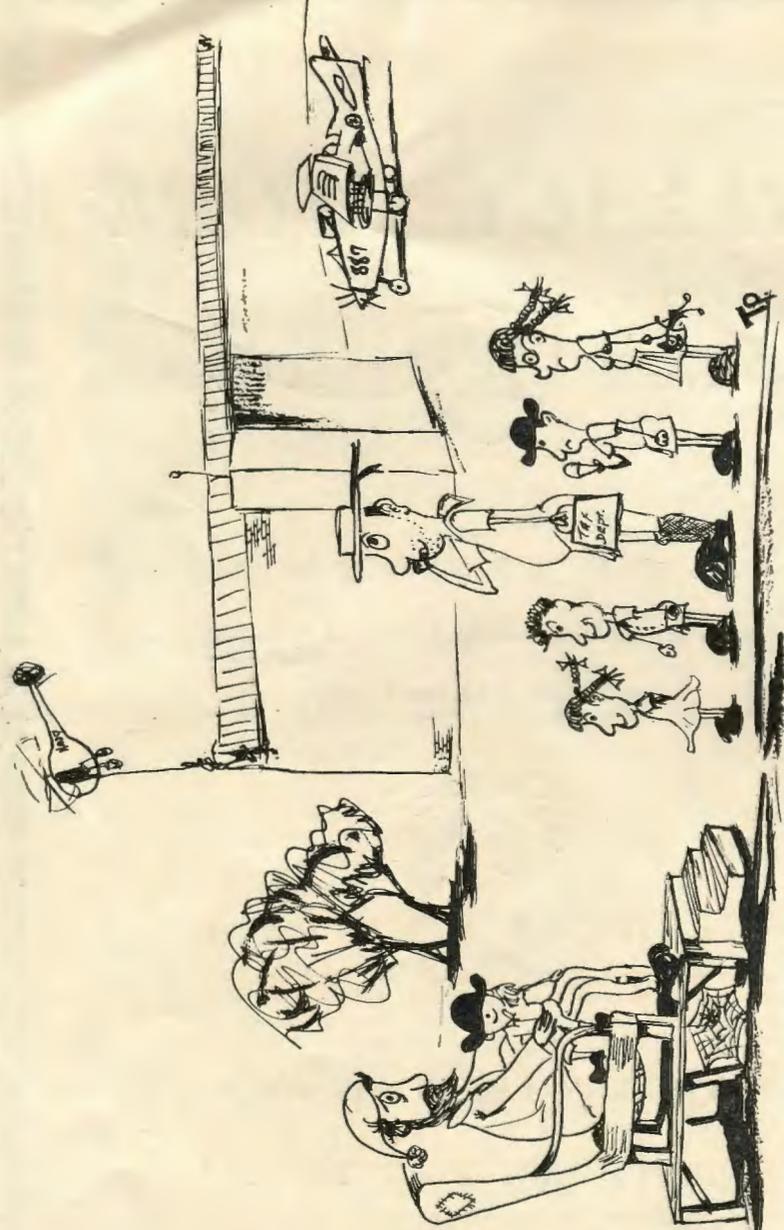


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News Item — "Taxation Department to investigate part-time Santas"

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Happy Hawkins and his Staff wish
you all a Merry Christmas
and a good leave.

SPORTSMEN OF THE MONTH

THIS MONTH we have changed the title to tell you a little about the men who made the Navy victory in the Inter-Service Tug-o-War possible. The team consisted of 12 men and coach and ten men were fielded on the day to pull against the other Services.

The reader will notice that all the team were selected from fit men many of whom were not very heavy. For those who do not realise it, there is far more to tug-o-war than putting a lot of big fellows on a rope and telling them to pull. Tug-o-War requires physical fitness, stamina and the will to win. The competition will, however, only be won if the correct tactics are used and the team is trained to pull against other experienced teams. To this end the Navy team was built up by their coach from a lot of enthusiastic but mainly untried and inexperienced beginners, to a solid well knit team who understood each other and who had the physical attributes and tactical know-how to defeat the other Services. Even so it took that little extra will to win, that finally defeated the sound Army team.

The team was:

G. Loyd, 12 stone 2 lbs.; D. Allen, 11 st. 5 lbs.; R. Brealey, 12 st. 10 lbs. (The Team Captain); N. Cowgill, 11st. 2 lbs.; P. Miller, 12 st. 8 lbs.; G. Kelsow, 12 st. 5 lbs.; D. Winzar, 12 st. 5 lbs.; C. Boucher, 12 st. 5 lbs.; R. Christie, 13 st. 2 lbs.; R. Kirby, 15 st. (Anchorman); C. Barton (reserve); R. Collins (reserve).

Leading Airman Hawkins coached the team and based the training on his experience of last years Inter-Service Tug-o-War. To devote his full time to this task Hawkins gave up his claim to represent the Navy in his own right as an athlete.

Anyone interested in joining next years training squad had better get himself fit and get his bid in early as the team is out to hold onto that Shield and Cup they won this year.

Well done the Tug-o-War Team.



DO YOU SUFFER FROM INSOMNIA?

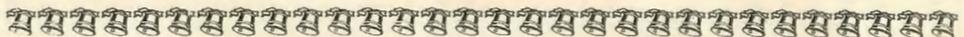
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BEFORE . . .



AND AFTER . . .



Sporting Notes

Inter-Service Athletics

The Inter-Service Athletics this year were held at the R.A.A.F. Station, Richmond, on Friday, 18th November.

The Navy team was drafted to Nirimba a week prior to the day for final training and to be coached by C.P.O. Sivell, P.O. Fargher and P.O. Rodgers. The team trained twice daily and all members were in good condition for the competition.

The tug-o-war team did all its training at Albatross, and joined the squad at Nirimba the day prior to the event. The team consisted of ten well trained men from Albatross, coached by L.A. Hawkins.

On the day, all Navy competitors performed well and we are proud of our team. N.A. Christie is to be congratulated for his fine effort in winning the discus for Navy with a throw of 105 feet. Well done, Bob! N.A.A. Maclean won the 100 yards sprint for Navy with a sizzling run of 10.2 secs. He also won the Metro-Goldwyn Meyer cup for this event.

E.M. Gazia fought out a close tussle in the high jump and finished second to Army with a jump of 5ft. 8ins.

In the women's division, W.R.A.N. Jan Pridmore gave an excellent performance in winning the discus and javelin throws, creating new records in these events.

The climax of the day was a thrilling battle in the tug-o-war final between Navy and Army, in which our Albatross boys gave a magnificent display, resulting in a victory for Navy.

Navy also won the Schweppes trophy for field events.

Well done the Navy Athletic Team, and keep training, because we'll need you next year.

Gliding Association

AS THERE ARE now only ten days until the R.A.N. Gliding Association teams leave for Gawler, S.A., and the Australian National Championship, the final touches are being put to our competition gliders and the necessary paper work completed in preparation for our long trip to South Australia.

It is intended that we leave the Air Station on 22nd December, 1960, and return on 12th January, 1961, transporting our gliders and some team members by truck and land rover.

Owing to some excellent periods of week-end weather conditions recently, most Club members have found good thermals and have enjoyed some very pleasant soaring.

Quite frequently, our Kookaburra has been taken aloft on a soaring flight to 3,000 feet for an average time of 45 minutes.

On Saturday, 19th November, 1960, in particular, several flights of 45 minutes duration and heights of 3000 feet plus, were obtained. On days such as these it is a common sight to see two of our gliders in the air together and often in the same thermal.

As previously mentioned in "Slipstream," there is a marked indication of enthusiasm for gliding, borne out by what must be a strange sight, to the casual observer of the sport, of a group of enthusiasts sheltering under a wing of a glider in the centre of a runway with rain falling in sheets all about them. With the last drops of rain falling, there is a sudden burst of action and once again the gliders are air borne.

Our congratulations go to N.A.M.1 (E) "Laurie" Bale, on gaining his "A" and "B" Certificates for his recent solo achievement.

Inquiries from any interested gliding enthusiasts are welcomed by Aircraft Mechanician Strickland on extension 216 or 361.

May we take this opportunity of wishing the readers of this Christmas issue of "Slipstream" a very Happy and Merry Christmas, followed by a prosperous New Year, from the R.A.N. Gliding Association.



Inter-Service Clay Pigeon

After several practice shoots at Penguin and a social shoot at R.A.A.F. Richmond, the Navy team still had difficulty in choosing its best shooters. "Possibles" seemed to be the order of the day and we became very consistant at it.

However, it was decided to pick the team at the "eye openers" ("warmers" for non-initiated) and it was chosen with extreme difficulty from our 12 top shooters and then only on a count back.

NIRIMBA 2 — Lieutenant, Cmdr. Hurst, P.O. Kirkup.

MELBOURNE 2 — P.O. G. I. Walton, A. B. Cook.

PENGUIN — NIL.

ALBATROSS — N.A. Harrison.

It was apparant that the Navy was going to lead from the first round and at the end of the days shoot the scores were as follows:—

| ROUND | NAVY | ARMY | R.A.A.F. |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1 | 23-25 | 17-25 | 18-25 |
| 2 | 23-25 | 18-25 | 19-25 |
| 3 | 24-25 | 19-25 | 17-25 |
| 4 | 23-25 | 18-25 | 21-25 |
| TOTALS | 93-100 | 72-100 | 75-100 |
| Navy | 93 | | |
| R.A.A.F. | 75 | | |
| Army | 72 | | |

Our hosts the R.A.A.F. provided light refreshments after which there were a few social shoots to end up the day.

N.A. Harrison (Albatross) and P.O. Kirkup (Nirimba) are both to be congratulated on obtaining the only "possible" marks in their shoots.

N.A. Harrison was top score for the day on a count-back using only 3 second barrels against P.O. Kirkup's 4.

Next year it is hoped Albatross will have at least 2 shooters or more in the Navy team and in the New Year we would like to see more new members on the Skeet Range.

Anyone interested may contact Lieutenant Commander Perryman (A.J.A.S.S.) or the Chief G.I. (290).

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Inter-Service Tug-o-War

GREAT WIN BY NAVY

The three teams (of ten men) weighed in at the R.A.A.F., Richmond, sick quarters, at 0930, coaches witnessing the weigh-in.

The Army team weighed 129 stone 12½ lbs.; R.A.A.F., 129 stone 9 lbs.; Navy, 127 stone.

After a delay of some 3 hours (due to the rope being of insufficient length) the standard 150ft. length rope was produced and the first competition pull — Army v R.A.A.F. — took place at 1315.

The polished and disciplined Army team disposed of the R.A.A.F. in two straight pulls of approximately 11 seconds and 10 seconds respectively, using a "jumping heave" style that left little to be desired in as much as power and precision pulling were concerned.

The next pull was R.A.A.F. v Navy, which resulted in a win for the smart looking Navy team, which used a "chopping back heave" style, but in the relatively slower times of 12 seconds and 18 seconds.

The Army were quite clearly firm favourites to beat the Navy in the final pull of the day, and the large crowd of spectators buzzed with excitement and anticipation as both teams marched out to their positions on the rope.

Army v Navy — The first pull was won by the Navy. 2nd pull was an Army victory; 3rd and DECIDING pull — there was a hushed silence from the crowd as both teams took up the rope and took "the strain," but it changed to a deafening roar when the order "HEAVE" was called by the referee.

The support from the barrackers was so enthusiastic that it drowned the calling of the coaches, but this did not really affect the teams or the final results; it only made both teams try harder.

At one stage in the final pull the Army had the Navy team within 18 inches of their victory line, but the sailors held on determinedly and would not give another inch, then they crushed the Army's hopes completely by rhythmically dragging them back twenty-two and a half feet to score the first Navy victory in this event for twenty-four years.

Air Vice-Marshall Hancock summed it up aptly when he commented: "The highlight of a wonderful day's athletics was the titanic struggle of the Army and Navy Tug-o-War teams."

Inter-Service Basketball (1960)

The Navy inter-service basketball team had great hopes when, in their first match together, they defeated a Sydney Y.M.C.A., 56-52. Teamwork was good, but undoubtedly the stars of the game were "Wringer" Wright (Melbourne), "Mick" Dunstan (Kuttabal), whose accurate shooting did them great credit. "Moose" MacKenzie and Ian Struhs (Albatross) guarded very well and forced the Y.M.C.A. forwards into numerous errors with their shooting.

MacKenzie's luck was to fail him the following day, when he injured his ankle while training and was unable to take part in the inter-service matches.

The first of the inter-service matches came after a week of intensive training at the Y.M.C.A. with "Moose" MacKenzie as coach.

The Navy and Army crossed swords at the North Head School of Artillery, in the first match of the series. Size is a well known advantage in basketball and the Army team were without a doubt the taller side; this, along with the fact that the Navy were playing for the first time on a full size court, appears to have disheartened the Navy team. The team were all at sea on the court and the Army finished 6 points in front at the final bell. The scores being 42-36.

The sailors' worst defeat was yet to come, when the R.A.A.F. defeated them the following day. Extremely accurate shooting gave the R.A.A.F. an 11 point lead after only 10 minutes of play.

In desperation the Navy side were withdrawn and five substitute players went on for the remainder of the time. The R.A.A.F. lead was rapidly reduced to 3 points by half time, and hopes for a victory were rising.

Good play and ball handling by Ian Struhs and "Kanga" Kinross, both from Albatross, enabled the Navy to be right on the R.A.A.F.'s heels at half time.

In the second half the scoring was goal for goal, but the Navy couldn't quite gain the upper hand. With only five minutes to play, Ian Struhs was unlucky to be sent from the court with five fouls.

This appeared to upset the Navy's game, and the R.A.A.F. went on to score a fine victory of 46-36.

On the following day, the R.A.A.F. played the Army for the final honours, and the Army ran out the final victors after a very thrilling game, in which extra time had to be played.

Inter-Service Boxing

The Inter-Service Boxing was held at R.A.A.F., Richmond, on the night of 16th November. The evening did not start too well, as the R.A.A.F. promptly withdrew from the competition, due to lack of a team. In lieu of their team not competing, the R.A.A.F. commenced the evening with three exhibition fights against Army boxers. All three decisions went to the Army.

The first competition fight of the evening, in the bantam weight division, was between a sixteen year old Navy apprentice and a rather older and more experienced Army boxer. This was won by the Army on a t.k.o., after a game fight by the apprentice.

In the second fight, the Navy came good, and this proved to be the fight of the evening. It was the feather weight division fight between A/B Charlie Hughes, of Kuttabul, and an experienced Army boxer. The bout opened with the Army man attacking with heavy left and right body punches. As soon as Hughes found his measure he began countering these with hard and effective straight lefts to the head followed by crashing right crosses and hooks. The audience was on its feet with excitement for most of the round.

The second round opened in the same manner as the first, and continued until Hughes landed a heavy left hook to his opponent's head, which caused the Army man to back pedal for the remainder of the round, with Hughes in command of the fight.

The final round was a repetition of the latter part of the second round, with the Army man trying to clear his head by clinching and moving away, and a tiring Hughes still scoring with many good punches. As a result of his display in this match Hughes won the Legacy cup for the best exhibition of boxing during the evening.

The only other Naval win came in the light heavyweight division, in which Snow Mountly represented Navy. Although Snow appeared to be half asleep during most of the fight, he threw some explosive lefts and rights to the head, until the Army boy appeared to be making like "Elvis" as he rocked around the ring. The Army certainly proved to be the superior service at boxing, winning five bouts, one on a forfeit, and the Navy winning two. All the Navy team, which included three Albatross boxers, are to be congratulated on a good effort, and also C.P.O. Fox, of Melbourne, for his work in training the team.



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Two members of the Judo Club working out in the gymnasium.

Judo

Since the last issue, the Judo Club has received a grant from Welfare, which is deeply appreciated, and will enable us to buy a further six judo suits for the Club.

The visit to the Wollongong Judo Club by twelve members of the Albatross Club was a great success, but since there were only seven suits, the remaining five members cemented relations with the lady members of the Wollongong Club while waiting for a session on the mat. (Editor's Note: We'll let that one go, but watch it!).

The seven with suits were fortunate enough to have a fight with the Black Belt holder, which was really appreciated by all.

The friendly competition of the Albatross boys against the Wollongong boys showed our boys to be coming on very nicely. We hope to be visiting the Wollongong Club again shortly, and certainly for the grading, which we hope will be in January, during which most of the Albatross boys should gain a coloured belt.

Squash

During the last few weeks an attempt has been made to form a Station Squash Club. Correspondence has been sent to the Illawarra League and the New South Wales Squash Association to find out the rules governing the forming of a club.

There is no Squash League in the Shoalhaven area at present, but with courts available in Nowra, it is possible that one or two clubs may be formed around the district, thus bringing the competition nearer to the Station.

A date for the next meeting will not be set until the receipt of letters already written is acknowledged, and it is hoped that all those interested will attend.

Notices will be placed on the notice boards at the courts, giving further information, etc. Roll up to the next meeting and let's get the Club going.

*Season's
Greetings*

AND BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR



to

H.M.A.S. Albatross, Nowra

from

Wright Motors

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The Underwater Club

The fishy inhabitants of Jervis Bay should be getting used to the not-so-social calls that we have been inflicting upon them lately. Our last half-dozen outings have been spent diving in those infamous waters.

Unfortunately, the edible fish must be growing wiser; they have been keeping well out of range of the spear guns. Undaunted, and thirsting for a kill, a few members of the club have been trying to satisfy their lust by shooting a few sharks. First blood went to L/A Brown and L.E.M. Suter who, being unable to swim fast enough to catch any Grey Nurses or Tigers, had to be content with a six foot Wobbegong.

Last week's outing was spent in (to most members) fresh waters, round by the north head of the bay at the "Tubes." Once again Deryck Brown tried to star, but was thwarted. A large (twenty pounds) groper, not being a sporting type, refused to stay on the head of the spear. S/Lt. Morris had similar luck with another big one, so, it was L.E.M. Suter who took the day when he brought ashore a six pounder. Obviously good proper country.

Next week, the club is going to Crookhaven Heads. The fishing is usually good there, so those eagle-eyed members, who have been practising on those fish that have the white of the egg still clinging to them, should have plenty of success with the big ones.

Golf Club Notes

Local Station talent made its presence felt on many golf courses in recent weeks. At the local Nowra Golf Club, barely a competition day passes without some, or all, of the spoils of war finding their way back to the Air Station Petty Officer J. Dun has been consistently lowering his handicap along with C.P.O. Wakefield and Lt. Cdr. Salthouse. Apart from these, Captain Morrison, Sub Lieut. Wilson, L/Wtr. Humphry, P.O. Winnem and Surg. Cdr. Treloar have had their fair share of success. Lt. Cdr. Johns had a far more financial success in the Melbourne Cup Calcutta Sweep held at the Golf Club (he's still wondering when he can collect), while Dr. Darroch will welcome any enquiries with reference to future sweeps of such a kind.

Further from home, Albatross was well represented in the Inter-Service golf team, providing six out of the thirteen players, and also the first reserve. This team was led by Surg. Cdr. Treloar, and ran out the victors for the fourth year in succession, scoring 319 points against 297 from the Army and 288 from the R.A.A.F. Surg. Lt. Darroch top scored for the team with a neatly compiled 32 points, on the testing Eleanor Country Club course. For those who queried why the airfield opened at 0715 on Thursday, 10th November, they can rest assured that their extra effort played some part in the team's victory. Thank you!

In the R.A.N. E.A.A. Golf Inter-ship competition, Albatross has now completed the first round, with wins in all five matches. The most recent successes were against Penguin, played at Ashlar Golf Club, where Albatross ran out the winners by 206 to 175 points, and again on Sunday, 27th November, playing Destroyers and Frigates, at Nowra, this team winning by 208 to 126. In all matches our team has averaged over 20 points per player. This reflects the improvement and added interest in service golf during the past 4-5 years.

Shortly we are to lose a few of our regular players. Lt. Cdr. Johns, Lt. Cdr. Salthouse, Surg. Lt. Darroch, and L/Wtr. Humphrey will be moving on to other ships during the Christmas period, but with the interest shown by many others it is hoped to field a strong team again next year. L/Wtr. Humphrey has carried out the task as Secretary to the Albatross Golf Club for over a year now, and his interest in the Club will be sorely missed.

Rumour hath it that the Commander is shortly to dust the cobwebs off a niblick or two, and there is also a buzz that a certain officer from 725 Squadron is secretly practising in the lunch hour. We hope to see more new faces appear on the links shortly, to swell the numbers of our Golf Club, and provide the nucleus for our representative teams.

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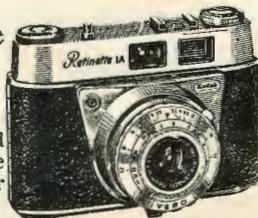
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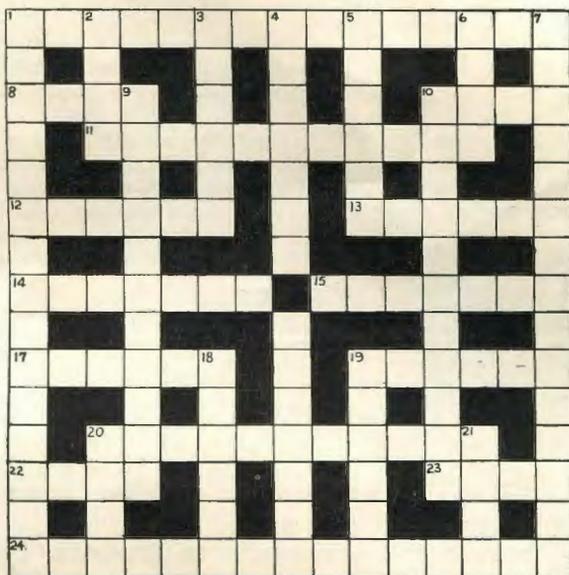
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ALBATROSS CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. From his title, you would think him the oldest officer. (5, 10).
8. Made a mound for the ball.
10. He held sway over all the Russias.
11. The Christmas goings-on.
12. Disclose.
13. Rather pointed clue for this one.
14. Upset female garment needs a shave.
15. This, when hot, makes the cats jumpy (3, 4).
17. Ready for baking (2, 4).
19. Burnt wood in the cooking vessel — an alkali.
20. Baser ones among us consider these are guilty of piracy on the high "C's" (3, 8).
22. Most honoured Christian name.
23. The separation can take effect — unless!
24. That Christmas salutation. (7, 8).

DOWN

1. Present producer. (6, 9).
2. Trap for the unwary navigator.
3. Fodder — but makes good soup.
4. Raise.
5. Rather weighty associate of Neptune.
6. Associate Member of the Zoological Society.
7. Royal male seat. (6, 2, 3, 4).
9. Protectingly.
10. Some end up with a hangover after this.
16. The children's act which we dislike the morning after 10 down.
18. Tennis. (anag. 4, 2).
19. Commendation.
20. To be sung alone.
21. Definitely "Yes" in Latin America.

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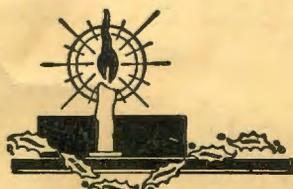
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