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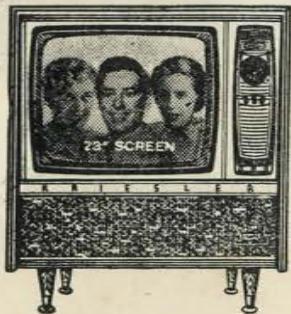
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SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 56

DECEMBER, 1961.

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The Staff of "Slipstream" wishes all our readers
a Merry Xmas and a Prosperous 1962.



Christmas Message

FROM THE CAPTAIN

1961 is coming to a close and it has been a year of changes, hard work and, once again, plenty of rain.

The number of aircraft on the home front has been somewhat reduced and 725 Squadron was merged with 724 Squadron and carried on under the latter designation. The training load in these or this Squadron was reduced but their F.R.U. commitments stepped up. The training of the Front Line Squadrons continued at an even pace. The work of 723 Squadron was increased enormously and they met their heavy task in a determined, efficient and cheerful manner, spending long hours on the job to maintain the helicopters which were running up the hours at a high rate converting our pilots. Helicopters flying round at all hours of the day and evening gave us a glimpse of the future.

816 Squadron is to be congratulated on winning the Collins Trophy for their general all round ability and especially for their anti-submarine work and a very high maintenance standard while embarked. The Admiral informed us at Divisions that 723 Squadron ran them a close second.

Our sporting teams continued to enjoy themselves and play well but it was a repetition of last year and we got into a lot of finals but only won in Cricket, Basketball and Soccer. Perhaps our turn will come next year.

We have suffered during the year from the installation of a new sewer line and new water mains. We have the new pipes but little else to show for it except mud and clay. The work is continuing and there will be plenty of work to do when it is completed to get our normal clean and pleasant appearance.

We can look forward to the challenge of the Wessex Helicopter with confidence and I am sure the predominately Helicopter Fleet Air Arm will prove a worthy successor to the present Fleet Air Arm and will become a most efficient and potent force in the defence of our country. We cannot look too far ahead but I will leave you with the thought that many changes are taking place and that the Minister for the Navy did mention VTOL aircraft when he opened our display in October.

I wish you all a good leave, with a Happy Christmas and a bright future. May I genuinely say that I will be sorry not to be with you all next year.

Drawers, Leg Type, Desks for the Use Of

Now all good fairy stories begin: once upon a time. This is not a figment of the imagination however but a grim reminder that facing most of us today is a problem. Imagine trying to condone the fact that your drawers, always presumed to be fixture in the R.N. had suddenly been transferred to the permanent loan list. It all began this way . . .

I was sitting in my office, contemplating my novel, a Mickey Spillane, when the door opened and in came a store's assistant, M.S. was doing at the time what I always wanted to do and when I tried, got slapped for it. He was getting away with it.

"Yes, what do you want?" barely glancing up.

"Sir, the Shipwright Officer said would you please sign for your drawers?"

"I trust you are not taking the Mickey" said I, rather pleased with the pun.

"No . . . The Shipwright Officer said that he's fed up with having everyone's drawers on P.L. and they are all going to be transferred." Well, I'm a bit fussy about who transfers my drawers and said so. The light dawned on the S.A.'s face, "You have it wrong Sir, the drawers to which I refer are those under the desk, those there on the right hand side, under your feet!" I lifted the offending feet away to regard these drawers. Four in number they were made as part of the desk, how on earth could these be P.L. items. With true Naval finesse I said "Tell the Shipwright, I'm not signing!" And with that I returned to Spillane.

You have got to hand it to those private eyes, they get into more delightful positions, meet more delightful babes and have more agreeable adventures than most of us can find in Wanchai in a lifetime. Well Mickey had just sized up this big blonde moll, when in burst the Chippie, "Are you going to sign for these so and so drawers or aren't you?" Helpful and as tactful as always I replied "No," and returned to the hero now sizing up a redhead with a Sabrina build. The door slammed and once more I was alone . . . but not for long. The forces were ganging up; the door burst open at the "Moment critique" and in strode the Deputy Supply Officer. "You are to take these drawers on your permanent loan forthwith, render form S156 in duplicate and amend your ledger page accordingly in the manner laid down in ABR 4 (amended to AL6 to date this month). At the same time you are to do likewise for the Master At Arms who holds drawers identical to you in the office next door."

The spirit of Spillane was roused and in the best nonchalant manner I raised my eyes and said "I don't want the drawers, please return them to stores and we will have no further trouble. In fact there's no key for these drawers and they have been locked as long as I have been in the ship. Furthermore (I loved that word) I will not sign for the Master's drawers. Why should I, I hardly know him!"



"Merry Christmas, Luv."

The stores officer, somewhat mollified by this statement, said "Now don't be silly old man, you can't return the drawers to stores. If you do the desk will fall down."

Being at this stage very disgruntled I was in no mood to retract, said so and the Chippie complete with the D.S.O. retired in high dudgeon or low spirits, or what ever they retire in, and they departed my office. There the matter rested until Spillane was due to retire himself . . . with bated breath I read on "and Spillane donned his best silk pyjamas and turned out the light to get a good night's rest, turning on to his left hand side and closing his eyes he said "Move over, do you want the whole bed . . ." and then it happened . . . in they came. The Supply Officer, the Deputy Supply Officer (coward that he was), the Shipwright Officer, the Deputy fourth class and I wilted, "Sign" screamed the D.S.O. "Put your blankety blank name on the 156" said the Chippie. "I can't move them you know, said the shipwright fourth class. "May I suggest, Sir, that if they are removed you will have no where to rest your feet" said the Stores assistant. Now if there's one thing I like its logic. This last remark was most true, where indeed. "Alright I'll sign, but only for mine. I'm not going to sign for any one elses drawers and that's final." There the matter rests to this day. I'm glad now that I did sign for them for at long last I got a duplicate key off the chippie. My predecessor was an officer with discernment for the desk was chock a flipping block with Carter Browns. One thought worries me at times, I wonder who ever did sign for the Master At Arms drawers . . . ?

C. J. M.

A FAREWELL MESSAGE TO THE CAPTAIN

On Friday, 5th January, 1962, Captain T. K. Morison, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.A.N., relinquishes command to take up his appointment as Deputy Chief of Naval Staff.

It is always with mixed feelings that a Ship's Company bids farewell to a Commanding Officer. As the Captain himself was overheard to say at a recent farewell in his honour — "I never know whether these farewells mean that people are glad to see me go, or whether they're genuinely sorry to see me go."

We at Albatross can say, quite sincerely, that both statements apply in this case. We can say that we are glad to see Captain Morrison go — but only because it means his promotion to flag rank. Also, we are genuinely sorry to lose him. In his two years at Albatross we have found him to be firm but fair, sympathetic and, perhaps most important, always approachable. The many officers and ratings who have taken their problems, Service or private, to the Captain have been grateful for the friendly and commonsense advice they have received. Those who have been closely associated with him have been impressed constantly with his ready grasp of the substance of any proposal submitted to him and his ability to get down to essentials.

After his three years association with the Fleet Air Arm, firstly as Captain of Melbourne and then at Albatross, we know that he will take to his new appointment a very sound knowledge of air matters. In his capacity as D.C.N.S. that knowledge will be most useful in the determination of future R.A.N. Policy. He knows well the capabilities of Naval air power, the difficulties and problems associated with it. We can be sure that whatever recommendations he may make will be based on the clear knowledge of what is most necessary for the efficient operation of our service.

A farewell message to Captain Morrison would not be complete unless some reference were made to Mrs. Morrison. Mrs. Morrison has always met cheerfully the many demands made on her as the Captain's wife. We will miss her gracious charm and friendly manner.

On your departure, Sir, may we, the Ship's Company of H.M.A.S. Albatross express our gratitude for all you have done for the Station, wish you all success in your new appointment, and say how we look forward to the pleasure and privilege of serving under your command in the future.



"Wow — What a party!!"



UNCLE

JASPER'S

COLUMN

Dear Uncle Jasper,

I am to be married at Christmas to a sailor who is covered in tattoos. Will our children be affected?

WORRIED BRIDE-TO-BE.

Dear Worried Bride-To-Be,

No! Unless they join the Navy.

Dear Uncle Jasper,

My wife has become very friendly with a victualling C.P.O. and we now have meals the same as "Pussers" menu. Is this grounds for divorce?

"BI CARB."

Dear Bi-Carb,

Yes! With a substantial cash settlement.

Dear Uncle Jasper,

During an overnight stay in a Sydney Hotel recently, a gorgeous blonde in a filmy negligee twice knocked on my door. She slipped a note under my door eventually, but didn't sign it. Do you think the Hotel would now let me have her name?

TIMID TELEGRAPHIST.

Dear T.T.,

No! But her name would not have been Opportunity, because she only knocks once.

Dear Uncle Jasper,

I am 23 years old, have auburn hair, large brown eyes and a very affectionate nature. I have a 38 - 23 - 35 figure and am considered by my friends to be beautiful. I am, however, afraid my husband is losing interest in me. What can I do?

LOW CUT LORNA.

Dear L.C.L.,

Please send me your address.

Dear Uncle Jasper,

My husband insists on a second honeymoon. We have only been married one week. What do you suggest?

DISILLUSIONED.

Dear Disillusioned,

I suggest you look up the meaning of the word honeymoon.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH



Lieutenant S.D.) E. F. Wilkinson (A.V.) R.A.N.

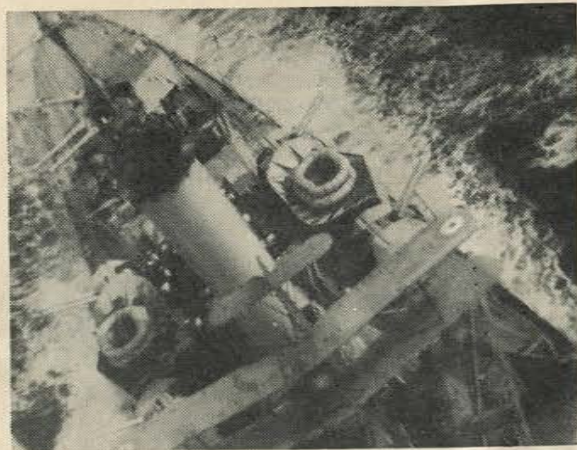
HAVING COMPLETED almost 22 years in the R.A.N., Lieutenant Wilkinson states that time slips by far too quickly. He is, however, looking forward to his remaining 16 years service with alacrity, trusting the years will provide activity and adventure as in the past.

Our personality claims that he was born at a very early age at Carlton, N.S.W., on 17th September, 1922, to be precise. He knew he was a boy right from the start because he looked under the blankets and saw his blue bootees.

Leaving school too early, due to the effects of the depression on the family resources, he was apprenticed to a butcher for some three years. However, 21/3 a week and 4.30 a.m. starts turned his thoughts anew to a life-long ambition to go to sea.

As his father was unable to raise the bounty required in those days, our personality at the age of 17 missed a cadetship in Macdhuil, a Burns Philp steamer. This was fortuitous really, as the ship was bombed and sank some four years later in Moresby harbour.

World War II commenced and encouraged some straight thinking, and finally reporting onboard H.M.A.S. Penguin (2650 H.P.) at Cockatoo Island on the afternoon of 2nd April, 1940, our personality commenced a twelve



HOBART from aloft — 1941

in the troopship Aquitania he joined the cruiser Hobart (200 H.P.) (Captain H. L. Howden) operating in the Red Sea theatre and later in mid-1941 in the Eastern Mediterranean with the British Fleet, based on Alexandria.

His main impression of "Hobart" from a Sto.III point of view is that it was a very clean and strict ship. They always seemed to be cleaning boilers, bilges and funnel up-takes an integral part of which, he frequently found himself. He claims that being long and skinny had its advantages in the more inaccessible corners. Even one's mess-mates seemed strict and God help the stoker found on the upper deck in boiler room boots. He considers the senior rates in that ship superb, particularly in the painstaking manner they taught the youngsters their duty and in maintaining morale generally.

He recalls one hoary old Chief Stoker taking him to task on the Boiler room plates, insisting: "A clean shave is worth four hours sleep! Always come on watch with your hair combed and a smile for your Chief!"

Our personality distinguished himself in that ship by taking a skull-cracking header down a deep hatchway, when the ship was near-missed by a bomb during an air attack on the Fleet.

Other memory etching incidents of that period includes the sinking of the Battleship Queen Elizabeth in Alexandria harbour, and the loss of the Battleship Barham during an offensive sweep on the Eastern Mediterranean. Under night bombing at Port Twyfik and the salvage attempt of the bombed and grounded Gleneagle; the night bombardments off the North African coast and the feelings in the mess the night the little Pararamatta was lost with most of her crew.

December 1941 brought news of the loss of sister-ship "Sydney" with all hands and on the 7th the Japanese entered the conflict and saw "Hobart" on her way through Suez and into Australian waters by way of Singapore and Batavia. After several alarms and excursions in the face of the very rapidly advancing Japanese, leading up to the loss of her sole remaining sister-ship Perth, the ship arrived at Fremantle where Stoker Wilkinson was drafted in March, 1942, to stand-by the new destroyer Quickmatch, building in the south of England, alongside her sister Quiberon

Quickmatch (4000 H.P.) (Lt. Cdr. R. Rhoades) commissioned in September of that year, and after working up at the famous and salubrious British naval base at Scapa Flow, carried out escort duties in the Atlantic. One such escort was in December 1942, when accompanied by some 60,000 troops in twenty three ships, and a small escorting force of sloops and destroyers, an enemy merchantman, Cortelazzo, was surprised and captured in the Bay of Biscay by Quickmatch and Redoubt. Due to heavy weather, the U-boat situation and the importance of the now distant convoy precluding the taking of a prize, the enemy were forced to abandon her before she was put down by torpedo and gunfire.

After a short period off Algiers and Oran with troops in support of the North African landing, Christmas was spent in appalling weather mid-Atlantic, enroute to Bermuda and Norfolk, Virginia. Next, down to Curacao to collect some tankers in very pleasant weather and what a change, after four months of winter in the North Atlantic!

An endless procession of convoys and picking up survivors seemed to be the order-of-the-day in the Indian Ocean in 1945, and after Christmas spent at Mombasa the ship, now under the command of Commander O. H. Becher, joined up with the newly formed Eastern Fleet based on Trincomalee before returning to Australia in October, 1944.

The Quickmatch was a keen, happy ship and with the motto "Swift to Strike" she could ill afford to be otherwise. The men had been together for so long now, the ship to them had become a living thing. Lieutenant Wilkinson was by now a Stoker Petty Officer, and his ship took successful roles in the raids on Nicobar and Sourabaja. On one occasion in 1944 after an unrewarding practice shoot prior to the inshore raid on the Japanese naval installation at Sabang, the Cptain made a statement which in more recent times, raised eye-brows in some British circles when similarly made by the Duke of Edinburgh: "finger out lads and your mind on the job!" Needless to say, Sabang was a successful job.

Once, when escorting an American troopship, the following signal was received: "If you will undertake to escort us right to our destination, my

thirty lovely nurses will stage a 'Strip-tease' for you." The Captain regretted his inability to comply with such a good suggestion and the Quickmatch closed for her inspection before departing on her lawful occasions.

Our personality states that being back home after 2½ years absence brought its problems, for the ship sailed the very next day after arrival at Syd-



ney, to give aid to the stricken cruiser Australia, severely damaged by Kamikaze and lying at Espirito de Santos, in the Solomons.

On the 25th December, 1944, while on leave, a recall left Christmas dinner cold on the table at home as Quickmatch ran south off Jervis Bay to hunt for the enemy submarine and pick up survivors of the unfortunate libertyship which had been torpedoed that morning. In between these dig-

gressions, our personality found time to marry his West Australian bride, an occasion that was somewhat marred by spending his honeymoon in hospital.

A new year, 1954, saw a new ship for our personality in corvette Wagga (2000 H.P. (Lt. Cdr. G. Guille). For the last eight months of the Pacific war, the ship had a roving commission as a maid of all work in the waters north of New Guinea. VP day was no doubt a heart-warming occasion for all, as S.P.O. Wilkinson steamed his ship northwards to Lingayan Gulf and later, commenced minesweeping the approaches to Hongkong to enable a British unit to enter and administer the surrender of the Japanese force.



Mombasa Maids —
Christmas, 1943

Our personality states that Hong Kong lacked the present day glamour, which was little wonder after 3½ years Japanese occupation. Every commodity was in short supply or, non-existent, and one could purchase almost all he surveyed for a threepenny bar of Cadbury's. Leave was short, and negative after sunset and movement between Kowloon and Victoria, forbidden. Dis-arming some 60,000 add sons-of-Nippon and provision of Curfew and Star ferry patrols took men out of the ship for a spell, but in the main, the time was arduously spent minesweeping or an anti-piracy patrol on and around the numerous islands of the Si-Kiang River and off Macao. Mail was a thing of the past, and on his arrival back home, our personality received over eighty letters from his wife. Such were he early days of peace!

Since the war, our personality commissioned and steamed Shoalhaven (2750 H.P.) (Commander R. Rhoades), short periods in Barwon, (Lt. Cdr. H. Gunn) and Platypus (2650 H.P.). He was employed on yet another stretch of minesweeping in the Kavieng — Bougainville area in Swan (2000 H.P.) (Captain R. Wheatley).

Before leaving the fleet to become a "birdie" S.P.O. Wilkinson spent 13 months in charge of the Naval oil fuel installation at Onslow, North Western Australia, a period that he considers one of the most enlightening of his life. In a town of some 28 white people, a dozen houses and a couple of hundred thousand pounds worth of OFI, a complete lack of natural water with little else but beer to drink, it could hardly have been otherwise. Over 1000 miles north of Perth, amid sand and spinifex, he one day apprehended two Royal Navy deserters who, in their wildest imagination never guessed they would be recognised in their sailor-cum-civvie outfits in such an odd place.

After courses at R.N. Air Stations, Bramcote, St. Merryn and Yeovil, our personality returned to Nowra in 1949 as an air mechanics(E) (NQ of course), and soon, a C.A.F. (E) (still NQ). In view of the wide horizon now opened up to personnel by the acquisition of naval aviation into the Service, he managed to fudge his way through the HET and, in 1952, proceeded to U.K. for courses to become the first Australian Commissioned Airman. He has since served at R.N. Air Station Eglinton, as FAPDO, in Sydney as SE and Hangar Officer, Melbourne for Air Explosives and at Nowra as FAPDO, MTO and presently, as ASO.



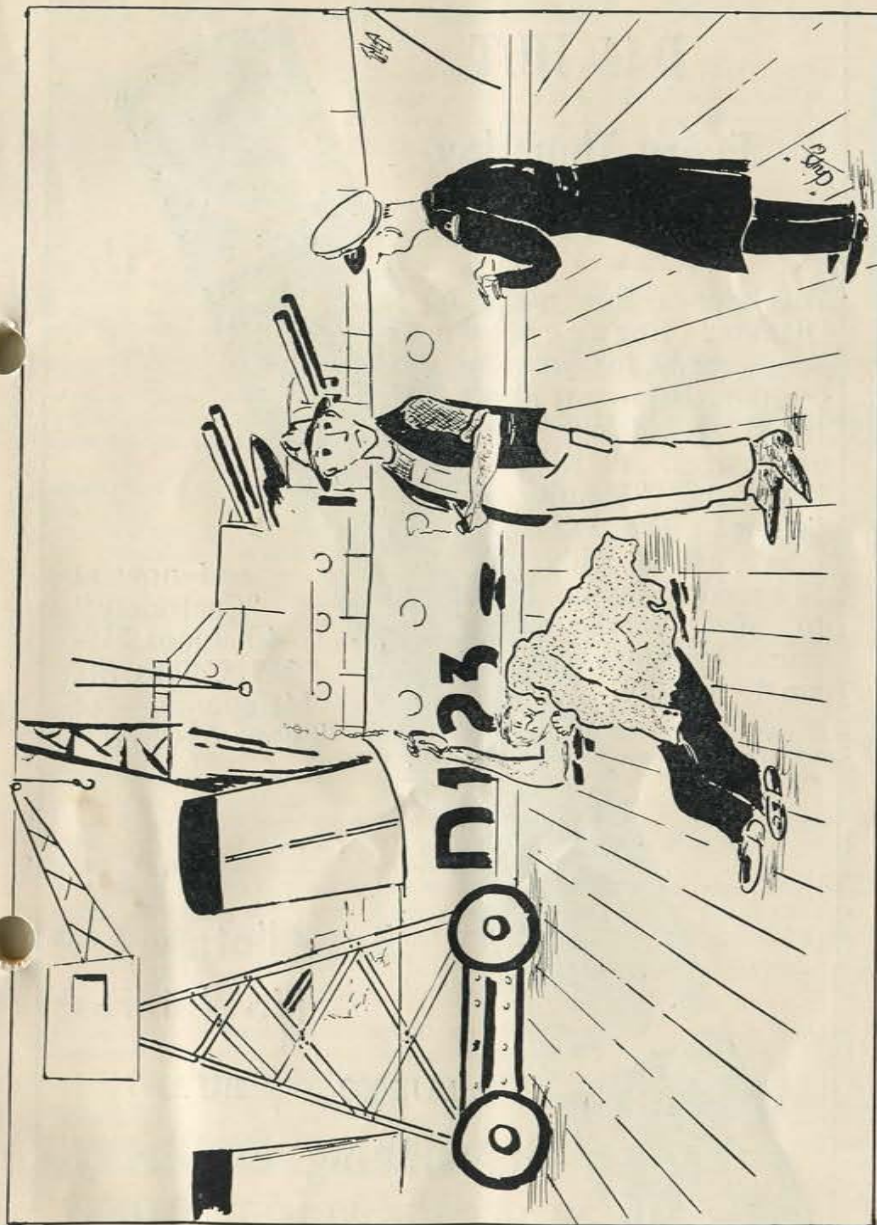
"— THEN THE BEE GOES FROM THAT FLOWER TO THIS FLOWER..."

Promoted to Lieutenant in 1957, our personality hopes that there is yet more sea service ahead for him as he has not lost that early ambition.

Lieutenant Wilkinson says that sailors have been complaining just the same for the past 20 years, that the bad times, are by far, outnumbered by the good ones. His only real complaint against the system is that when he was a rating, the officers got all the good looking girls and now that he is an officer, the ratings are getting them all.

Asked what he considered the best moment of his career, he stated "when I was made a leading hand."

Commenting on the Service as a career, he said, "the opportunities are far better than ever before My advice to th young sailor is, **THINK NAVY!** Don't rely on re-engagement as a means to an end but rather, as an implement to achieve a purpose. Times counts for everything in the Service, so don't waste it! Aim high! There is nowhere else to aim you know. Maintain good personal standards, work hard and have fun.



Sympathetic Sub: "But if he's badly hurt why doesn't he report to the dockyard surgery?"
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THE JOYS OF GENERAL SERVICE

(And it came to pass that Lieutenant Oswald Smythe — a night fighter observer of infinite wisdom and sagacity! — was appointed to a small ship, H.M.A.S. "Gasbag," for general service experience . . . and to add a certain amount of couth and culture to our brothers-in-arms . . . the FISH HEADS!).

"Mouse that flake, Quarter Master!" roared Smythe, stepping smartly onboard, "And ease to the lifelines! Lieutenant Oswald Smythe in person has just joined from 'Alcatraz'!"

(Note: Smythe had been well briefed by his "Birdie" friends, and was fully conversant with "Fish Head" jargon).

Unfortunately our hero's majestic arrival was somewhat marred by the fact that he slipped on the last rung of the brow, and adopted a rather ungainly head-down base-uppermost attitude on the Quarterdeck.

"I say, old man," said the First Lieutenant, a true-blue "Scaly," "What is going on here?"

"Just carrying out a close inspection of this deck, old boy, old cock," answered Smythe, showing bags of initiative, "This rust certainly needs some attention."

Of course, all real "Fish Heads" — and especially First Lieutenants! — are frightfully rust conscious and spend mot of their waking hours thinking up new ways of attacking the dreaded oxidisation.

"Oh," said the First Lieutenant, scratching his head, "Then you must be this 'Birdie' we're expecting?"

"None other!" agreed Smythe, slapping the First Lieutenant heartily on the back, "You lucky, lucky people! No preferential treatment, please. Just treat me as an equal. After all we're both in the same boat, what. And if I can help you in any way I'm always available.

"Oh . . . Er . . . Quite." The First Lieutenant was slightly perplexed "Excuse me, Sir," said a Sub-Lieutenant, who appeared on the scene, "You must be Lieutenant Smythe. In my capacity as Sports Officer and Social Secretary, could I have your sports and interests, please?"

A big, happy leer spread slowly across Smyth's handsome features: "Wine, women, and seven card stud, boy! And call me if it comes on to blow . . . but not before nine-thirty, please!"

And so our hero wended his way happily to his cabin, his mind full of high thoughts and noble ideas. After all, if Hornblower could make it from Midshipman to Captain in a mere two instalments, why could not he — Oswald Smythe — do likewise?

Meanwhile back at "Alcatraz," a certain somewhat harassed-looking Squadron Commander breathed a great sigh of relief, lit a cigarette, and joyously re-read the appointment list on his desk.

"I hope the fleet can stand it," he thought fervently, "and still retain some semblance of order. The general service boys have managed to get through two world wars with a pretty good record, but then again they've never experienced anything like Smythe before."

"Now, Oswald," said the First Lieutenant, "as much as I admire our American allies, I'm afraid that smoking big cigars and chewing gum isn't quite the done thing in the R.A.N. And as I'm about to take you to meet the Captain, perhaps you would care to replace that baseball cap with the standard service issue?"

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"Certainly, Wunce," agreed Smythe cheerfully, who was somewhat prone to nicknames, "Now, from personal observation, I would say that most of the trouble with the general service is lack of responsibility. You people are too tied up with tradition and red-tape. We must get this circus rove to advantage, and Avast and Belay all this nonsensical jazz. Of course, I'm not mad about smoking cigars because they tend to give me indigestion. But still, originlity is the thing, what!"

"What ever you say, Oswald," the First Lieutenant found it best to agree with Smythe, but even so there was a faint ringing in his ears.

And so with a boldstep these two stalwart officers approached the inner sanctum — the Captain's cabin! — and the First Lieutenant knocked bravely on the curtain.

"Captain, Sir. May I introduce Lieutenant Smythe who has joined us from 'Alcatraz'."

"Certainly. How do you do Smythe. Come in and sit down, please. That will be all, thank you, Number One."

The Captain pushed back his chair, and eyed Smythe warily. Looks harmless enough, he thought, but still one can never tell.

"Well, Smythe, welcome onboard, and I hope you enjoy your stay with us. I've heard quite a bit about you —" Smythe brightened perceptibly — "but I'm not one to condemn a man on heresay alone."

"In fact Smythe," the Captain continued, "when it became known that you were joining the fleet the captains had a meeing to decide which ship you would join. Unfortunately, I was absent on leave at the time."

Oh well, thought Smythe, that's the luck of the draw. It is a nuisance being so popular, but they couldn't all have me.

"Now Smythe. Just a few general questions. I suppose you know what a 'Buffer' is?"

"Certainly, Sir. Most Squadron Commanders are very keen on this. The best buffer is a wad of cotton rag, and you polish away madly any aircraft in sight. I've spent a lot of time 'buffering and champering.' Come to think of it, most of it has been done in my own time, too" — Smythe paused reflectively.

"No! No! You misunderstood me completely. When we refer to the 'Buffer' in a small ship, we mean the First Lieutenant's right hand man. This is usually a Chief or Petty Officer of the seaman branch. Now, —" the Captain paused and mopped his brow — "What do you know about the Rule of the Road?"

"That's an easy one, Sir. Always drive on the left hand side, never drink when driving, and if a lady driver gives a hand signal, it means only one thing."

"Oh," said the Captain weakly, "and what is that?"

"That the window is open, Sir."

"Err . . . Arrr . . . Indeed," the Captain choked, "Well, that will be all for now, Smythe . . . you may go . . ." — cough, choke, snort — "and next time don't stub your blaster cigars out on the deck! This is a new carpet!"

"Aye Aye, Sir," said Smythe saluting, and executing a smart about turn, "Steer for the sound of the guns, what!"

But misfortune dogged our hero. Whilst making a smart exit from the Captain's cabin, his head came into contact with a large overhead fan, and bouncing off the sideboard on the recoil, he managed to smash the Captain's prize sherry decanter.

And so eventually H.M.A.S. "Gasbag" sailed for the northern reaches of Australia to assist in the Army survey programme. There was one small incident worthy of note prior to her sailing. This resulted in one new



"I'm getting married over leave. My girl's learning to cook and sew, so I thought I'd better learn something too."

motor cutter being damaged beyond repair, a mediterranean ladder being completely smashed, the Captain developing high blood pressure and Oswald Smythe being reverted to a Sub-Lieutenant!

"Right, Leading Cook," said Smythe, striding purposefully into the galley. "This is an impromptu, independent, on the spot inspection!"

"Aye Aye, Sir," the Leading Cook stepped back two paces, and cast a quick glance about him for means of escape. He had the utmost respect for Smythe.

"Now, what have we here," said Smythe, eyeing a bright shining pan-nikin bubbling on the range, "Soup, eh. Well, I'll just sample some of this."

"But . . . but . . ."

"No buts, Leading Cook," snapped Smythe, lading out a large spoonful, "If this soup isn't up to scratch, I'll want to know the reason why!"

"But, Sir . . . don't . . ."

"Owww! — Haark! — Phewee! . . . This is absolutely foul! What are you trying to do leading Cook, establish a new type of germ warfare? More salt, man! It needs more salt!"

"But . . . as I've been trying to tell you Sir, that isn't soup. That's the washing-up water."

"Oh, er . . . er . . . yes, of course! I'm glad you picked up my deliberate error, Leading Cook. Shows plenty of initiative Just keep up the good work."

"Good morning, Smythe," said the Captain, appearing on the bridge, "Now as Officer of the Watch, your main responsibility is the safety of the ship. You must remember also that this area is very poorly charted, and a good look-out is essential."

"Of course, Sir," said Smythe hawk-eyed, and sweeping the horizon with his binoculars.

"Smythe, you don't look through THAT end of the binoculars!"

"Er . . . Yes." Smythe thought it best to change the subject, "Cigarette, Sir?"

"Thank you," the Captain settled himself comfortably into his chair, "Now where were we? Now . . . I say" — springing to his feet — "what is that white spray close on the port bow?"

"Porpoises, Sir!"

"Porpoises, my eye! Those are rocks awash! Now what do you intend to do about this situation?"

"Well, Sir," answered Smythe after careful deliberation, "In this instance there is only one thing to do!"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Don't knock the rock!"

And so H.M.A.S. "Gasbag" battled her way perilously around the north Australian coast. Unsung and unheralded, this important, tedious work was continued in the face of all adversity; and Smythe went from fame to fame.

Unfortunately, our hero's efforts were not understood by his immediate superiors, and after an Army survey team had been lost for a fortnight in the wilds of Arnhem Land, Smythe was reverted to a Midshipman.

All too soon it seemed, the good ship returned to Sydney, and the time came for Smythe to say farewell to his "Fish Head" friends.

"As you are leaving today, Smythe," said the Captain with obvious relief, "It is my pleasure to award you this watch-keeping certificate."

"Thank you, Sir. 'Twas nothing really. Just brains, ability, and all that jazz, you know."

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"Quite. However this is a modified ticket, and it means that I'm quite happy for you to take charge of non-powered boats in isolated waterways Well, good-bye Smythe, and good luck."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Oh, by the way Smythe, do you know your next appointment?"

"No, Sir."

"You have been appointed R.T.O. of Jasper's Brush!"

HOLLAND MULBILL

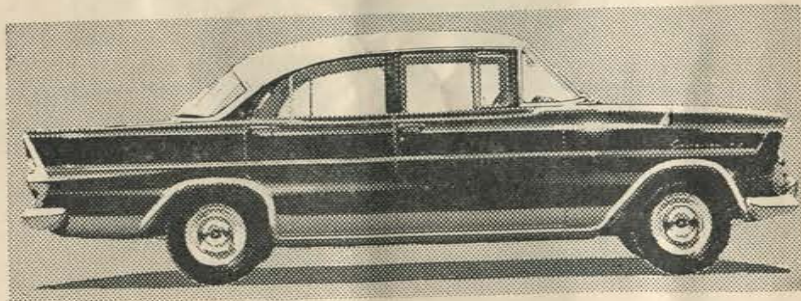


M.O. WOULD YOU COME TO ME WITH A TRIVIAL COMPLAINT LIKE THIS IF WE WERE CIVILIANS?"

IKE. "NO SIR! I'D SEND FOR YOU."



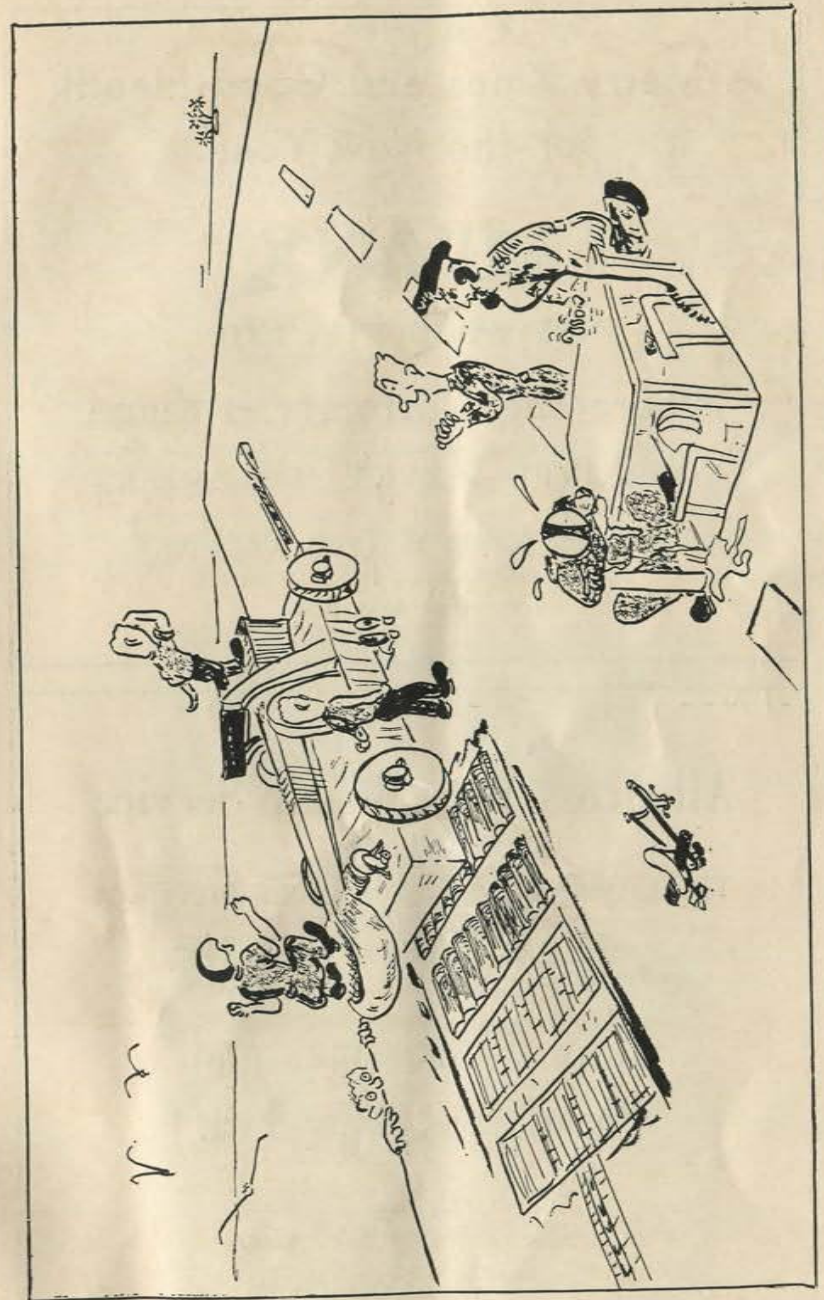
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**Happy Christmas and
Prosperous New Year**

Looking forward to your
requirements in 1962

ALBATROSS PHILATELIC SOCIETY

We would like to wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year and to our way of thinking what could be more appropriate than to do so by displaying the six stamps issued by the Post Office to commemorate this festive season.

Again Australia led the field by being the first Commonwealth country to produce a stamp to mark this yearly celebration. That it is a good idea there is no doubt, and last year New Zealand followed suit and also brought out a special issue. Whereas the latter is a copy of a famous painting of the Nativity the Australian theme has always been a simple one and for that reason has perhaps seemed a little more sincere in its greetings and less like a collector's piece.

The 1960 and 1961 issues were virtually commemorative commemoratives as not only did they celebrate Christmas but they also marked the beginning and end of the World Bible Year — a noteworthy achievement showing foresight and planning as it takes almost two years to design, print and issue a special stamp. This the R.A.N. found to its cost when it approached the Post Office and asked for a special 50th anniversary stamp this year.

Having used the "Three Wise Men" theme twice in succeeding years it will be interesting to see what design will be adopted in 1962.

We all look forward to the hopes and promises of the New Year but we as philatelists also look forward to the new designs.

"WRACK"



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● P.O. (Snozz) Durant, L.S/E Brian Carroll and N.A. Alan Mignon preparing gifts for the Station's Christmas Party.

THEY SAY

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two women, but never more than one "fiddly" or one idea at a time, like Filtered cigarettes, they are all made of the same materials, the only difference being that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking they may be divided into three groups, husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible man of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types: prizes, surprizes and consolationprizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity — mostly charity. If you flatter a man you frighten him to death. If you want him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you agree with him in everything, you cease to charm. If you believe in all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool. If you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge and silly hats, he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a brown beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women in gay colours, rouge and silly hats.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles for a while, and finally some bird gets him. — So they say —

"HO HUM"



The Chaplain's Corner



CHRISTMAS — 1961

Already the preparations for Christmas are under way. The stores, both great and small, are being decorated with trees and tinsel to attract the shopper, and also to remind us that the commercial world is as awake to the financial gains of this festival as it is to Mothers' Day. Already determined little groups of children are singing the carols and practising their sweet importunity on the householders. Christmas is near.

Christmas as a festival has always been observed with joy and merry making — save during the puritan years after the execution of King Charles the First — and it has always, par excellence, been the feast of the family. Twenty-one years ago when I was a slum curate in London, my vicar, and the rest of the clergy on the staff, were unmarried. It was his custom on Christmas Day to invite for the Christmas Dinner all those who had to be away from home or had no home. In this way he created his own family around him. On that day would sit down twenty or more people — tramps and actors, soldiers, sailors and airmen, and any fatherless children who happened to be in Waterloo. There at the table we created our own temporary family and shared the spirit of Christmas, rounding off the occasion by listening to the King's speech at 3 p.m. For those of us who were present there was always something rather special about these dinners.

We keep Christmas this year in a world that is vastly changed from the simple, peaceful one of our parents. As we celebrate the coming of the Holy Child of Bethlehem our minds and, sad to say our fears, are stirred in a variety of ways. In the world of human affairs we live an uneasy truce during the cold war and see the brash materialism of communism on the march. The leaders of the West are resolute in their desire to oppose communism, but are confused at times in the methods they will adopt. We see conflict between races and not least in South Africa where the Church is raising what seems to be a lone voice in protest against the apathoid policy of the government. In the scientific world the achievements of man seem almost unbounded and it gives us but cold comfort to think that man has now accomplished the means of his own and the world's destruction. It is in these circumstances that the message of the Church is:

"Prepare to meet thy God."

For it is to humanity, this very humanity of ours, blind and fearful, that our Lord took on himself to redeem. We should translate the words of the Te Deum "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man" as "When thou tookest upon thee man — to deliver him" because this is the verse that states most wonderfully the significance of what God did for us on Christmas Day.

Our Lord Jesus Christ took to himself the whole nature of man, to redeem it — not just the pious parts. His way was and is the only way. There is no other to whom we can turn with confidence and joy.

Even now, at this late date, if we could commit the kingdoms of the world into his hands he would lead us out of this morass into which our fears have betrayed us. It is fear that walks around the world to-day and Jesus Christ is the only one who can cast out fear. So this Christmas let it be our prayer that throughout the nations many hearts may turn towards the Babe of Bethlehem and draw from his powerful weakness the inspiration to seek his will and the grace to fulfil it.

"Of perfect love, our passing sight,
O light beyond our ken;
Come down through all the world
And heal the hearts of men.

— Rev. J. TRAINER, R.A.N.

"Peace to Men of Good Will"

These words you know very well. They are words of the Angels on the night of the birth of Jesus Christ. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." On this night was born Our Lord Who had come to bring peace to men. Our Lord brought this peace by reconciling earth to heaven, and by winning for man pardon and grace. This peace which Our Lord won for man can be obtained only by those of good will. By these we mean those who believe the doctrines of Our Lord and who correspond with His Graces.

This is what Our Lord asks of us if we desire peace. As we study what is happening in the world today, and consider the various proposals for peace, how far remote are they from what Our Lord has told us if we wish peace. How can they expect peace when they deny the very source of peace? How can they hope for peace who do not deny the existence of God, but who deny Him what is His due — the observance of the Sabbath Day? To these the Sabbath Day is a day of rest, which excludes for them the effort they must make to attend their place of worship. They deny what is due to God, and yet they are not slow to complain when God sends them reminders, now and then, of His existence and of His continual remembrance of them.

Before we can even think of restoring peace to the world we must all be united in the belief that there is a God, and that which is due to God — the acknowledging of that Existence. Your conscience will tell you how you are to acknowledge that Existence. It is only when we have reached this stage that we can hope to do something for the rest of the world who are not at peace.

Pope John XXIII at a recent appeal for peace had this to say. He was speaking on the occasion of his 80th Birthday. "Pray to God that men and nations, overcoming the questions of material interests which divide them, may know how to raise themselves ever more to those supreme values of the spirit which bring them closer, and which alone can lead them toward solid and lasting peace." "We are joining this anguished appeal with a fatherly heart and we beseech the Almighty with great fervour that He may enlighten the minds, protect your nations and all of the human race, uniting them ever more in concord and peace."

No matter what maybe our religious differences let us all be united this Christmas in prayer for peace. May this effort continue to purify the minds of men, and obtain peace for men of good will.

A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
TO YOU ALL.

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

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A Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year
To All

816 SQUADRON

DUE TO THE high standard of maintenance achieved by the squadron this year, 816 flew more hours and sorties than in any one year since its inception. Under the command of Lt. Cdr. B. G. Hill until the end of June, and currently Lt. Cdr. K. M. Barnett, 816 Squadron participated in three major anti-submarine exercises, and the excellent results obtained culminated in the presentation of the Collin's Trophy to us.

The long cruise this year took in such interesting and absorbing places as Trinco, Bombay and Karachi. Subic Bay, where typical American hospitality overflowed, became the downfall of many squadron members. However, our short stay appeared to be an occasion for the convivial "spirit" to dominate. The "lucky few" who are remaining on the squadron eagerly look forward to their return there next year.

Eight aircraft were disembarked to R.A.F. Soletar, where they acquitted themselves extremely well in the International Air Display. Two Gannets also carried out detached flying duties at Kai Tak.

"Pony Express," the major S.E.A.T.O. exercise, gave the A/S squadrons the opportunity to perform at their utmost efficiency, and with 100 per cent serviceability throughout, and ten confirmed submarine "kills" to our credit, many complimentary signals and messages were received on the performance of our aircraft.

During the latter half of the year we were, as is sometimes the case with front line squadrons, plagued with two Admiral's Inspections which entailed the usual concentrated preparation with satisfying results.

"Tucker Box" in the Coral Sea during the short cruise, was further proof of the value of fixed-wing A/S aircraft. And so, after 1265 deck landings and 2,250 flying hours, to Nowra for a well earned rest (Ice Breaker, Longex, Focus 61 and Swan Song), change of squadron personnel (95 per cent of whom are leaving), leave, and to prepare for the onslaught on Japan next year.

— L.E.P., D.G.D., and R.J.H.



● Lt. Cdr. K. M. Barnett, receiving the Collin's Trophy on behalf of the Squadron.

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CK AND ROLL



HERE COMES MY MOTHER IKE, DON'T
LET ON WE'VE BEEN DRINKING.

"It costs a great deal more than one would think to become a broad minded, intelligent man of the world."

"I don't blame you for saving your money."

Spectator at THE dull boxing match:

"Put the lights out, ref. and let 'em go to sleep."

Voice from across the ring:

"No, don't do that — I'm reading."

Have you heard about the devil who backed into a lawn mower, then went into the liquor store because he heard they retailed spirits?

Two little boys were standing on the corner. A little girl passed by and the first one said: "Her neck's dirty." The other one said: "Her does."

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

WHO'S ZOO

(FILL IN THE MISSING WORD)

1. Jenny Lind, the Swedish _____
2. Tarzan of the _____
3. Shakespeare the _____ of Avon.
4. The White _____ (Galsworthy).
5. A Papal _____
6. Travels with a _____ (R. L. Stevenson).
7. As pants the _____ for cooling streams (hymn).
8. The _____ in the ointment.
9. The cricketers' bird.
10. The Trojan _____

COLOUR BLIND?

11. The _____ Pimpernel (Orczy).
12. The _____ Goddess (William Archer).
13. Rhapsody in _____ (Gershwin).
14. The House with the _____ Shutters (George Douglas).
15. The _____ Lagoon (Stacpoole).
16. The _____ Peril.
17. The _____ Company (Conan Doyle).
18. The _____ Boy (Gainsborough).
19. _____ Beauty (Anna Sewell).
20. The _____ Incorruptible (Robespierre).

NUMBER, PLEASE

21. _____ Just Men (Edgar Wallace).
22. _____ Men in a Boat (Jerome).
23. The _____ Wonders of the World.
24. The _____ Musketeers (Dumas).
25. _____ Little Maids from School are We (Mikado).
26. The _____ Feathers (Mason).
27. The Roaring _____
28. There are _____ lines in a sonnet.
29. A golf clubhouse is known as the _____ hole.
30. The _____ Seas.

Answers on Page 39

Logs of Great Skippers

40th Day — The dove came back to-night with an Olive leaf. Well, he'll get no medal from me. I don't like Olives.
Capt. Noah (Master of the Ark).

11th October, 1492 — If nothing turns up by to-morrow, I'm heading home. No sense falling off the edge of the earth.
Christopher Columbus (Adm. flagship Santa Maria).

19th July, 1588 — Methinks I would have bowled my first 300 game this day if the Spanish hadn't shown up with their ruddy Armada.
Sir Francis Drake (Admiral R.N.).

23 September, 1779 — Was practicing a jolly hornpipe on my fife when British man-of-war 'Serapis' hove to alongside. It's master, obviously no music lover, shouted "Why don't you give up?" To which I retorted "I have not yet begun to fife!" Guess that started it.
J. Paul Jones (Comdr. Bonne Homme Richard).

9 March, 1862 — Some brass hat in Washington has it in for me alright — ordering me out to sea in an iron raft. Any fool knows iron won't float.

Lt. John L. Wordon (Comdr. Monitor).

6 April, 1909 — Arrived North Pole. There is no Santa Claus.
Robert E. Peary (Comdr. U.S.N.).

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Having Trouble With Your Airmanship

The following list has been compiled at great expense of time and will no doubt be of great value to those who will be doing Airmanship Examinations in the future. These are random Questions and Answers (very random) taken from old examination papers.

1. You are travelling from R.A.N.A.S. to Williamstown and you should have reached Gosford by 1513 but you haven't, where are you?

Answer — Lost.

2. What is Empennage?

Answer — If you don't get off it and get to work you won't pass this

test.

3. What is the difference between Attitude and Altitude?

Answer — Spelling.

4. Name two methods of Aerial Navigation?

Answer — Yours and Mine.

5. Name an advantage of Flaps?

Answer — When buttoned they keep things from falling out of your pockets in inverted flight.

6. If stalling speed is greater in a turn than in straight and level flight, what precautions should the pilot take?

Answer — Don't make turns stupid.

7. Where is the Point of No Return?

Answer — It's the instant after touching down when you find out that you forgot to put the gear down.

8. What causes lightning?

Answer — God.

9. What information does a pilot need before going cross country?

Answer — A list of Bars with Airfields adjacent.

10. What is the most probable reason for excessive damage and injury in forced landings.

Answer — The sudden stop.

11. When flying near a thunderstorm what conditions would lead you to believe there was hail in the vicinity?

Answer — A persistent drumming sound accompanied by holes in the wings.

12. Why should you increase your height when flying near mountains?

Answer — There may not be a tunnel handy.

13. Define: Acceleration Error.

Answer — You should have used the brakes. Not the throttle.

14. Does the air speed indicator read faster or slower with altitude?

Answer — Depends on whether you're going up or down.

15. How would you calculate true air speed?

Answer — It depends on who's telling the story.

16. What indicates carburettor ice to the pilot?

Answer — Quiet in the cockpit.

17. What is weather?

Answer — That's what they lie about in the Met. Office.

18. What is the normal firing order of a seven cylinder Radial engine?

Answer — Huh?

19. What is a fix?

Answer — That's what you're in if you use these answers in your examination.

SCREWBALL.

With acknowledgement to A.O.P.A. Monthly.

"All mankind shall
be as brothers"

a thought for Christmas and
the whole new year.

Paul Farrent

CHEMIST

Berry Street, Nowra. 'Phone 2 2652

SUMMER IS HERE

(In six days over forty inches of rain fell in the Nowra area)

And suddenly the torrent ceased
Leaving Summer here with us;
The gentle roses nod serenely in the breeze
Would God it were ever thus.

The leaden skies did numb my senses
My mind, my body, my very heart:
Hardly dare I hope that sun could shine
Quickening again my every part.

Yes the storm, the grey, the rain is done,
And the little birds can peep again,
The Jacaranda now unfolds its splendour,
And my heart swells forth its gain.

J.T.

WHO'S ZOO

ANSWERS

1. Nightingale; 2. Apes; 3. Swan; 4. Monkey; 5. Bull; 6. Donkey;
8. Fly; 9. Duck; 10. Horse.
11. Scarlet; 12. Green; 13. Blue; 14. Green; 15. Blue; 16. Yellow;
17. White; 18. Blue; 19. Black; 20. Sea Green.
21. Four; 22. Three; 23. Seven; 24. Three; 25. Three; 26. Four;
27. Forties; 28. Fourteen; 29th Nineteenth; 30. Seven.



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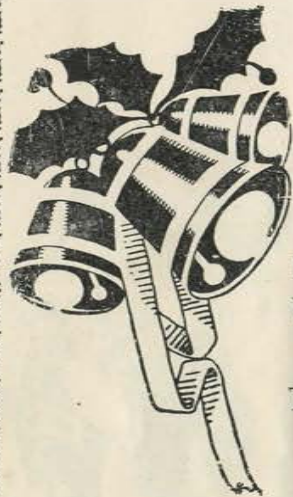
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Sporting Notes

SPORT, 1961

The Sporting Year has now been completed and the Electrical Department are to be congratulated on winning the Aggregate Shield for 1961. Engineering Division were worthy runners-up, but I had the feeling that had Engineering provided a team in all sports they might well have altered the final result.

At representative sport, the Station has done quite well, and although we have not won as many trophies as last year, I think the year can be looked back on with pride as one in which Albatross enhanced its fine sporting reputation. In inter-service sport, the Station was, as usual, prominent.

I would like to thank all those who have worked so hard for the various sporting clubs and also the groundsmen who always produced first class grounds and wickets for all fixtures, even when the elements seemed to be set against sport.

Finally, let me thank all those scribes who have contributed sporting articles to this magazine throughout the year. Without your efforts "Slipstream" would often have been a very thin booklet.

Merry Xmas to all, and lets make 1962 a first class sporting year. Remember, Navy are inter-service hosts, and many fixtures will be held at the Station.

— SPORTS EDITOR.

The Stumper's Allergy to a Rain Soaked Wicket

A front has come, a front has past,
This low is here to last and last.

Since last Slipstream went to press
The State's been in a sorry mess.

No games played,
No runs made.

In fact no cricket of any sort
Since last October's Sports Report.

The wicket's wet, our throats are dry
And no break yet in all our sky.

So we work in durance vile
With nary a chance to make a pile.

We hope next issue for better news
Once more in prose — with all the views.

ALBATROSS GOLF CLUB NOTES

As the end of the year approaches one might reflect a little on the activities of the club during the past year. 1961 has been a very satisfying year as far as the golfing sportsmen were concerned. Albatross was undefeated in the inter ship competition which concluded in the first half of the year, in fact, the only match lost was one in the Davis & Co. Shield series with Nowra Golf Club. The Club has had several outings to other courses during the year, and members seemed to enjoy these visits farther afield.

The last of these visits was to Catalina Country Club at Bateman's Bay on 1st November, when 26 made the journey. Our hosts made absolutely sure that all of us were thoroughly welcome, and after an enjoyable game in the afternoon, we were well entertained at a barbecue in the evening. To some it was the first experience on sand greens and this provided the downfall of quite a few. It is hoped to return the hospitality of Catalina Country Club next year.

It is pleasing to note that several of our members represented Nowra Golf Club in Pennant and White Horse Cup matches, and also featured quite prominently in club championships.

As in all naval golf clubs members come and members go and this year has been no exception. Unfortunately we are shortly to lose our club President, Captain T. K. Morrison, who has always been a keen advocate of golf and has supported our club so ably during his time with us. We wish him well in his new appointment and offer him our thanks for acting as our president and teammate in so many representative matches.

Albatross provided seven of the 15 players in the Inter-Service team which played on Friday, 1st December. Unfortunately this match was abandoned because of rain after nine holes had been played, and this year there will be no result. This was certainly most disappointing for those who had spent quite a deal of time practising for this event. It is to be hoped that weather conditions will be kinder for this event next year. The course for the match was New South Wales which is a very testing course at the best of times, and those who participated learnt a lot after the comparatively easy layout at Nowra.

Now we can look forward to golf during the next year knowing that the club put up a very creditable performance for 1961. The committee trusts that all members spend an enjoyable leave and that the Xmas and New Year festivities don't interfere too much with your golfing prowess.

HEARD THAT

Elliott Ness of the "Untouchables" has opened an Espresso Bar in Chicago — name of the joint — Nescafe!

ALBATROSS RUGBY LEAGUE CLUB

The Coach, President and Secretary of this Club, extends Christmas Greetings to all its members, supporters and all other sporting groups in the Station, and wishes them all the best for the coming New Year. It is felt certain that this Club can repeat its success of the past season, with the renewed support of all Club members in the New Year.

A special New Year wish goes to families who leave the Service shortly to become "civvies." They are, L.E.M. Russell and wife Shirlee and E.M. Hickey and his wife Marie; both these players and their wives and families are well known to all Club members for their staunch support, and we wish them well for the future. A mention also for L.M.(E) Daniels and wife Anne, who leave in January for a two year spell on that tropical Island up North — good luck to you both and watch those crocodiles.

COACH.

ALBATROSS SAILING CLUB

With the end of the year drawing to a close, we say good-bye to certain members of the Club who are going on the "Big Sailing Ship" with the M.A.G. and we welcome new members that have just returned.

We also say good-bye and extend our best wishes to our Commodore, Captain T. K. Morrison, who is leaving us.

This year was not what might be called a highly successful year as far as competitive sailing went, but this has been caused through lack of boats, coxswains and especially bad weather. Even though there has been no racing some very enjoyable weekends have been spent cruising in

Our first big race of the season was scheduled for November 18 against the Midshipmen at Jervis Bay, but because of very rough weather, the race had to be cancelled.

Plans for the New Year as far as sailing goes is another meet with the Midshipmen, the start of our own point-score racing and a possible race against H.M.A.S. Nirimba.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members concerned for the hard work put in during the year at the Club and especially during the midwinter overhaul on the boats and we all hope for a very successful New Year.



"You don't have to believe everything you read in the Kinsey Report, you know!"

JUDO CLUB

In the twelve months since its foundation, the Albatross Amateur Judo Club has certainly had its share of ups and downs. The "ups" have consisted mainly of several members being unsuccessful at Gradings early in the year, the formation of the Nowra Judo Club, its amalgamation with the A.A.J.C. and last but not least, the gain of several new and very keen members.

The "downs" can be attributed largely to the Naval Board in as much as the Giant War Canoe claiming the services of the majority of our ranks (as yet I have no real influence at Manning so am powerless to prevent this blatant poaching). However, we wish the lads leaving us this time lots of luck and maybe they can pick up a few pointers from the "Yellow Hordes."

Our most serious draw-back at the moment is the lack of advanced tuition and to this end the valuable services of Eddie Lamb are sorely missed. Roll on September '62.

As this is the Xmas issue of this Magazine, we of the Judo Club would like to take this opportunity of extending the Season's Greetings to all who may read this article and we invite anyone who is interested in partaking of a self-satisfying competitive (and handy) sport, to come along and see us in the Gym on a Monday night or Wednesday afternoon after leave.

HA JIME.

ALBATROSS GAME FISHING CLUB

A few weeks ago, the Game Fishing boat was slipped for general repairs and bottom scraping and is now in tip-top condition. Special thanks for the carrying out of this laborious chore go to P.O.'s Proud, Durante, Cundy and L/A Bruce. Another thank you to Lieutenant Salmon and Lieutenant Hill of Creswell for their fine co-operation.

The club is once again registered with the Sydney G.F.C. for the season. This affiliation allows us to take part in N.S.W. Game Fishing Competition and claim records under the Game Fishing rules of Australia.

Due to the adverse weather conditions (or the 50 Megaton bomb) the fishing has been very poor. A number of King Fish have been boated and although sharks have been sighted, the Marlin remain as elusive as ever.

The season is still in its infancy and the prospect of better fishing lies ahead.

Good fishing over leave, everyone.

BURLEY.

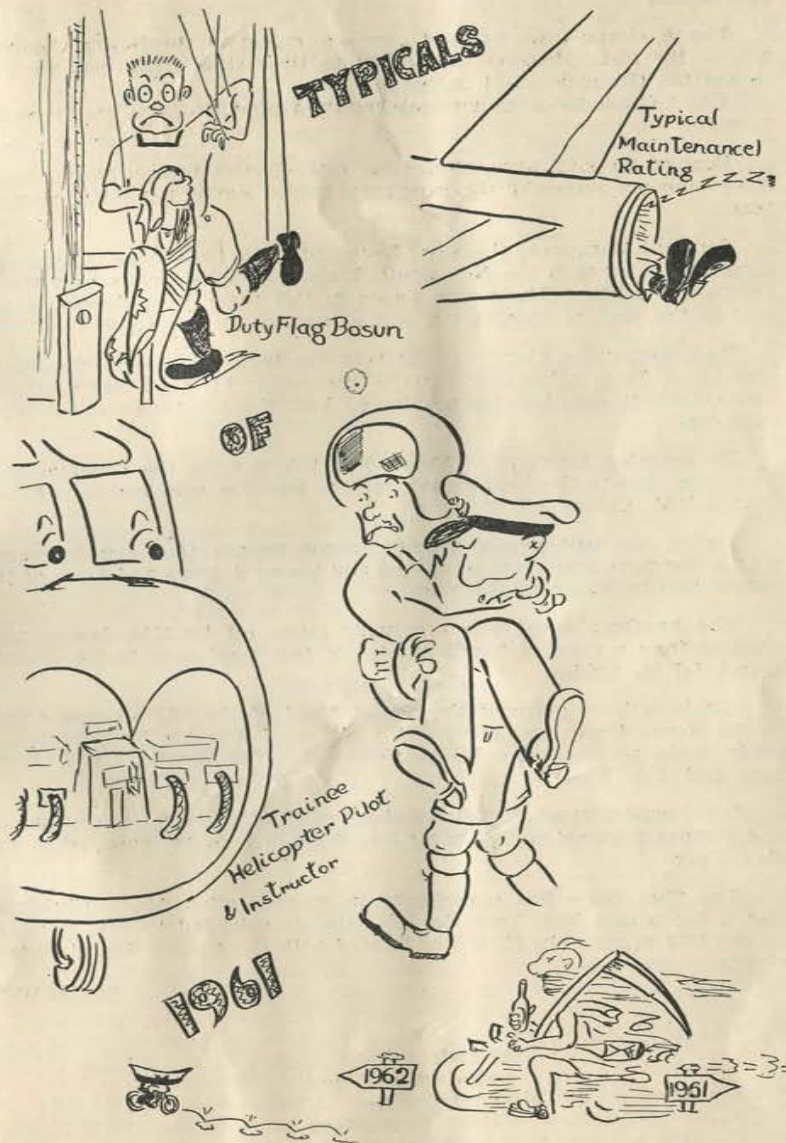
HOCKEY CLUB

The hockey season drew to a close in September with both of our teams beaten in the Grand Finals played in Wollongong. This was surprising as both "A" and "B" teams were hot favourites being Minor Premiers, the "B" team unbeaten until the finals and the "A" team with only a couple of defeats.

Our two goalies, Dave Marks and Norm Smith, were highly praised for their defence during the Final matches, so that we were beaten by only 1 goal in both games.

Next season's team will be endeavouring to do better and regain the Major Premierships.

We would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to Commander Goble for his support and keen interest as President throughout the season, and wish all at Albatross a good leave, Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.



ALBATROSS SQUASH CLUB

The Club was formed during the year and has had a very successful first season.

The A Grade team suffered only one defeat in the Nowra Competition — the final! However they overcame their stage fright and went on to win the Grand Final 11 games to 9.

The A Grade Reserves have reached the Grand Final and are favourites to win.

Four of the club were selected for Inter-Service Squash and although Navy were not successful the experience gained should pay dividends next year.

Sergeant Marsden of the Naval Dockyard Police has offered to arrange coaching classes with the New South Wales Champion before next Inter-Service competition. Those who played in this years' Inter-Service realise that tactics play as important a part as stamina in this game.

The outstanding player for the year has been the present Champion, Ray Loser. From a beginner early in the season his game has developed very quickly to earn him top position on both the Albatross and the Nowra ladder.

He defeated Lieutenants Mears 9-6; 9-3; 9-6, in the Championship Final and despite the handicappers efforts won the handicap competition from L.E.M. Collins off Minus 6.

During the past weeks, activity in the Squash Club has increased, with a Handicap event just completed and the semi-finals and finals of the competition in Nowra taking place.

The handicap event was eventually taken off by E.M. Loeser who, starting from a minus 5 handicap, showed very good form in the final to defeat L.E.M. Collins.

Albatross have entered the Grand Final of the "A" Reserve Grade in the Nowra Comp. by defeating the McCoys 5-3 in the Semi-finals last week (main players being L.E.M. Collins, L.R.E.M. Martin L.E.M. Kirkman and L.A. Reid).

It is hoped to stage another handicap event after the main leave period and further information regarding this event will be promulgated in the New Year.

The Club takes this opportunity in wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. An invitation is extended to new members in the 1962 season. The Club is a affiliated with the Garden Island Squash Courts.

SQUASHER.

I hate guys
who criticize and
minimize the
other guys whose
enterprize has
made them rise
above the guys
who criticize.

ATHLETICS

Once more this year the athletes of Albatross proved themselves worthy of the reputation Albatross has of displaying ability and sportsmanship. Each year on the track and field a handful of men carry on this task for Albatross to keep its high standard.

More support is needed from the Heads of Departments to encourage our younger set in the ways of athletics. A little bit of fostering here and there would go a long way. There is no reason why an Albatross athlete, if looked after, can't become world standard. To extract such a quality, it would take pressure in the form of competition on our own oval.

The "Birdies" were the backbone of the Navy inter-service team which was victorious at Yulong over Morebank. Much effort was needed in taking the well prized shield from the R.A.A.F., and our Navy team deserved the pride and respect that it gained on that day.

On the 28th October, Albatross fielded a team at Jervis Bay for the annual triangular meeting of Creswell, Albatross and Nirimba. Although very much under full strength, our team gave a fine performance and finished the day second on the point score behind Creswell.

At home, the yearly inter-departmental sports day was held on the 3rd November, the Electrical Division taking the cup for the fifth year in succession. There were many excellent performances and the Victor Ludorum trophy was keenly contested. L.R.E.M. Hayes took this "cake" and was closely followed by several other contestants.

As 1961 draws to a close, we can say "Well done, Albatross, and best wishes for the athletics in 1962."

BASKET BALL

In all, the "Tross" have had a very good season, for the first time they have won the "A" GradeComp., as this was their 4th time in the Grand Final, it was well deserved.

The "B" Grade team unfortunately lost in the final, with a team that should have won, a great pity, for player coach Les Sheppard who put everything into last season.

The "Tross" had a good showing in the Inter-Service trials, 6 players being selected for the "Inter-Service Squad."

As usual, Navy came last, the reason — Lack of Organisation — the Navy Squad, on arriving at Nirimba for a weeks trining, found the R.A.A.F. Inter-Service using Nirimba's basket ball court, our team, with no one in charge, no officials and no one with any authority, after chasing around, finally were offered a court at Marrickville by the Army.

The Nirimba Apprentices, who are looked on with awe, for their stylish and forceful play, by other Services, were given no chance to train with the rest of the squad except for two 1 hour periods in the dogs. I'd like to point out the only time in recent years the Navy has won the Inter-Service basketball, was when they allowed the seleded apprentices to train for 1 week away from Nirimba, surely this is worth noting.

Merry Xmas to all!

A Merry Christmas
To All



Post Leave thought: "Now, all I gotta do is to get the blood out of my eyeballs and back into my veins."

WALTONS wish one and all a
very Happy Xmas and a
Prosperous New Year

Be sure this will be a safe and
happy Xmas for your family by
checking over the tyres and bat-
tery on your car right now in
readiness for your holidays.

Replacements for any type of
car are available through Wal-
tons Store on very easy terms, in
fact, the best terms in Nowra!



You can be sure that whatever you buy,
its better bought at

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