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



No. 60

MAY, 1962

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# SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 60

MAY, 1962

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## *Features*

The Sex Life of an Oyster . . . . . Page 3

"Removals Anyone?" . . . . . Page 13

I Loined About Flyin' From Dat . . . . . Page 16

Bankstown Air Show . . . . . Page 35

Sporting Notes . . . . . Page 35

## EDITORIAL

SLIPSTREAM with this the 60th issue, is five years old. The Editorial Staff was so surprised, that we called in some of the "characters" who have kept it alive over the years and threw a party.

The death rate among magazines is notoriously high; but at Albatross we see no reason for this to be. Why should it be? Throw a thousand sailors into any confined space, in the bush south of Sydney, and you have enough material to write a book. Seriously though, "The Journal of H.M. A.S. Albatross" is for you, the readers, and we are entirely dependent upon your interest and contributions to keep it alive.

Over the years the Ed. Staff has changed many times, a lot of new ideas and layouts have been tried, and we believe the standard of your articles and cartoons has remained consistently high. Talking about new ideas, someone suggested we change the title to "DOWNDRAFT" when the Wessex come along. The answer to that is NEVER, there are some of us in the Air Arm who ardently cling to the belief that these odd aircraft (?) will never get off the ground.

At five we have achieved some degree of maturity, and so as an adult Birthday treat, we have pleasure in publishing a delightful article entitled "The Sex Life of an Oyster."

We hope you enjoy it.

## A Short Cut to a Power Full Memory

The Ground Electrical Officer is reported as having received a letter from the Far East with the following quote . . . I understand my wife has departed from Nowra to the warmer climate of North Queensland and whilst I must make allowances for the unpredictable actions of the fairer sex, I shall wager that she did not contact you about having the meters read and the power disconnected at — Perth Drive. Unquote.

A reasonable request from a most discerning member of our service — he fully realises how forgetful wives can be. The G.L.O. sent the usual service squad to deal with the matter and upon their arrival at the residence, a quick check revealed that the bloke in the "Magic East" had in fact forgotten where he lives . . .

In case he should read this we would like to remind him that he got the number right but he really lives in Bedford Street, and the power is now cut off.

SIRROCCO.

SCENE: OPS. ROOM (Enter the Major smiling — Ops. bending over plotting table).

"Well, good morning, Colonel. How are the troops? Washed out I hear."

Major: "Nothing unusual in that old boy. Infantry you know. Happened to me in . . ."

## The Sex Life of an Oyster



The oyster is the only food which we cheerfully eat alive.

However, this unenviable fate is probably welcomed by the average oyster, whose career is a series of bitter frustrations.

Adrift at birth in the unfriendly ocean, unsure of its sex and loved only by the gourmet, the oyster's chances of a happy life and a natural death are few.

The modern oyster, by reason of its near pearl price without the jewellery, is in the mink and ermine class among sea foods.

Doctors, professors, scientists, chemists and what not now spend thousands of pounds annually in an endeavour to add more meat to the innocent oyster and shorten his, or her, life by a couple of years.

Incidentally, they run an anti-whelk campaign and tinker with the oysters' bath water trying to exterminate a few natural enemies. That's all right for science, but does the oyster-devouring public ever give a thought to the poor oyster?

In the Spring Mrs. Oyster gets the motherly urge and casts some two million eggs upon the waters.

Not having inhibitions about birth control, and not having to watch closely the effects of the basic wage, she sportingly repeats the performance in the Autumn.

There is only one qualification to this statement, by Autumn Mrs. Oyster may have become Mr. Oyster.

For some strange reason the oyster periodically changes its sex. Hence the frustrations, which probably account for the wrinkles on the oyster's brow or that part of the anatomy that carries the wrinkles.

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Nothing could be more frustrating or more humiliating to Mrs. Oyster after casting langorous glances at a buck some few feet up the mangrove stick all Winter to find that when Spring arrives she is metaphorically wearing the trousers.

In the normal course of events, if Mr. Oyster happens to be handy and feels the urge of Spring, he also deposits millions of fertilising cells on the hit or miss principle. Everyone hopes for the best.

But it's a very chancy affair, anyway, and most of the original two million can be written off at once.

However, a certain proportion of eggs is fertilised and in due course the baby oysters arrive.

Ten days after birth the little oyster has a shell, a foot and a diameter of 1/75th of an inch. This tiny foot is probably the source of the age-old tradition that the oyster has a kick.

At least it enables the mite to kick its way through the water and along the bottom of the sea.

It is not suggested, even by the oyster's best friend, that this mode of progression is either modern or very effective. Even the squid anticipated the jet.

In the absence of steering gear of any kind, the baby oyster's destination is as chancy as its birth.

It is at this stage of the oyster's growth that it decides to settle down on a permanent anchor for life — and the oyster likes its bed rough.

Oyster farmers pander to this curious habit and smear long sticks and planks with thin cement which, when dry, provides the "inner spring" for the future supper.

The babe likes the rough feeling on the sole of its foot and clamps down for its brief existence of about four years. Provided, of course, that it is not taken to a laboratory and psychoanalysed or given a course of vitamin pills.

What happens to our oysters after this is just a matter of dry statistics and a continuous check on his or her health by a horde of scientists who want to halve its already brief life span and double its size for gourmets all over Australia.

The Walrus and the Carpenter of "Alice" were tenderhearted compared with the present wet-nurses of our near eight million dozen annual crop — at least they did shed a silent tear.

JOCK.

## Odd Ode to the Boys in the CRR

To call a chamois, shammy,  
Is perfectly alright.  
But to call a chamois, shamois  
Is an error — in fact, a slight  
Upon the deer old antelope  
Who climbs the mountains high;  
Whose skin you use to clean the desks  
Of those who once could fly.

"You are the third lot to come in here checking on night clothing!"



## PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH



### CHIEF PETTY OFFICER (PHOT) DAVE WHITE

**O**UR PERSONALITY when a callow youth of fifteen years and nine months joined the Royal Navy on the 22nd April, 1933, undergoing training for Boy Seaman at H.M.S. Ganges, a shore establishment on the East Coast of England.

The Royal Navy's investment was not of a particularly high order, but on the other hand neither was his remuneration, namely 4/6 per week of which he received 1/-. On being rated Boy 1st Class the sum jumped to 7/6 with a total cash return of 1/6. Despite what young readers may think it purchased very little even in those days. Discipline was enforced with a cane, giving him a respectful if jaundiced view of authority.

Training completed in July 1934 and the writer graduated without distinction, leaving H.M.S. Ganges without regret, he joined H.M.S. Ramillies at Sheerness which subsequently sailed to join the Mediterranean Fleet. H.M.S. Ramillies was of the Royal Sovereign class of Battleship, the older of the two classes then in commission. The ensuing year was spent on leisurely cruises in the classical style of the pre-war Navy. In mid 1935 the Mediterranean Fleet was recalled to England to take part in the Jubilee Celebrations of King George V, during which period the entire crew of H.M.S. Ramillies was transferred to H.M.S. Valiant, a Battleship of the "Queen Elizabeth Class."

During this operation, Mussolini, taking advantage of the absence of the Mediterranean Fleet, declared war on Abyssinia, resulting in H.M.S. Valiant with the Mediterranean Fleet, being despatched at short notice to Alexandria, Egypt. The year which followed was served around the area of the Suez Canal until H.M.S. Valiant was eventually recalled to England to pay off at Sheerness, Xmas 1936, preparatory to an exclusive refit.

Leaving H.M.S. Valiant as an Able Seaman he underwent training for Seaman Gunner at Chatham Barracks and in September 1937 joined H.M.S. Fortune, a new class of destroyer attached to the Home Fleet. Much of the following year was spent patrolling the Spanish Coast during the Spanish Civil War.

By Xmas 1938, both the writer and his superior were of the opinion that he made a mediocre Seaman, and was prompted to volunteer for the

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Photographic Branch, in June 1939, and underwent training as a photographer. At this time the Fleet Air Arm was in the process of reorganisation, and before the completion of the course the Photographic Branch was intergrated in the Fleet Air Arm, and our personality found himself at H.M.S. Peregrine training in air photography.

During this period war broke out and he was drafted back to the completely modernised H.M.S. Valiant and sailed for the West Indies to carry out trials, and thence to Halifax Nova Scotia to join a convoy bound for England, and subsequently joined the Atlantic Fleet in Scapa Flow.

He was to serve in H.M.S. Valiant during the invasion of Norway and to witness the landing of the ill fated North West Expeditionary Force in Narvic and its withdrawal a few weeks later. Unbeknown to the writer, he had a shipmate a certain Boy 1st Class George Blondell, now Chief Airman Blondell.

In June 1940 he was drafted to H.M.S. Dunluce Castle to join the Fleet Photographic Section. The Dunluce Castle, an ex Castle Line ship of uncertain vintage, whose holds were converted to mess decks, served as a depot ship for the Fleet. The main task of the Fleet Photographic Section was to carry out photographic Gunnery Marking on board the two Fleet Tugs, H.M.S. Buccaneer and Bandit. The writer served the following two years towing targets over a particularly rough stretch of water between Dunnott Head and a peculiar rock formation known as "Old Man of Hoy."

Apart from seasickness there were some hazards, mainly from the erratic shooting of newly commissioned ships and occasional salvage operations in the Atlantic. The work was both dreary and arduous.

Relief came in April '42 when he left Scapa Flow as a Leading Photographer to join H.M.S. Peregrine to be trained as a 1st Class Photographer from whence he was drafted to 879 Squadron.

879 Squadron, equipped with Fulmar aircraft, was soon to be one of the first Squadrons to receive Seafires. In mid 1943 879 Squadron embarked in H.M.S. Attacker, a lease lend aircraft carrier capable of 18 knots. Attacker, in company with other aircraft carriers was present at the Salerno landings in Italy. There was little sign of enemy aircraft but nevertheless due to lack of speed and wind almost the entire complement of aircraft in the Fleet were either lost or unserviceable when the operation ended.

He left 879 Squadron as a Petty Officer and was drafted to H.M.S. Sparrowhawk, an Air Station at Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands, where he was to remain until the end of the war in Europe.

H.M.S. Sparrowhawk paid off in April 1944 and P.O. (Phot.) White was drafted to H.M.S. Queen, a ruler class aircraft carrier which had been converted into a troop transport. H.M.S. Queen completed three trooping trips to the Far East and Australia.

The writer was employed by a team from the Admiralty Research Laboratory during this period and left the ship in time to be home for Xmas 1946.

There followed a period of service at H.M.S. Siskin, and served there until September 1948, when he joined H.M.A.S. Kanimbla for passage to Australia, for loan service in the R.A.N. On arrival at Flinders Naval Depot he was drafted to Navy Office Melbourne for empolyment with the Naval Public Relations office and was to return to England at the end of 1951 to join the C in C's Staff onboard H.M.S. Vanguard, then in her last commission. In the spring of 1953 he volunteered for further service with the R.A.N. and joined H.M.A.S. Sydney during the Coronation celebrations of Elizabeth II and returned to Australia to serve at H.M.A.S. Albatross as an instructor at the School of Photography returning to England for discharge from the Royal Navy in 1957.

On discharge from the Royal Navy he transferred to the R.A.N. and was returned to H.M.A.S. Albatross once more and has served at the Photographic Section for the past four and a half years. He is due for discharge in September 1963. (P.O. Photographers take note).

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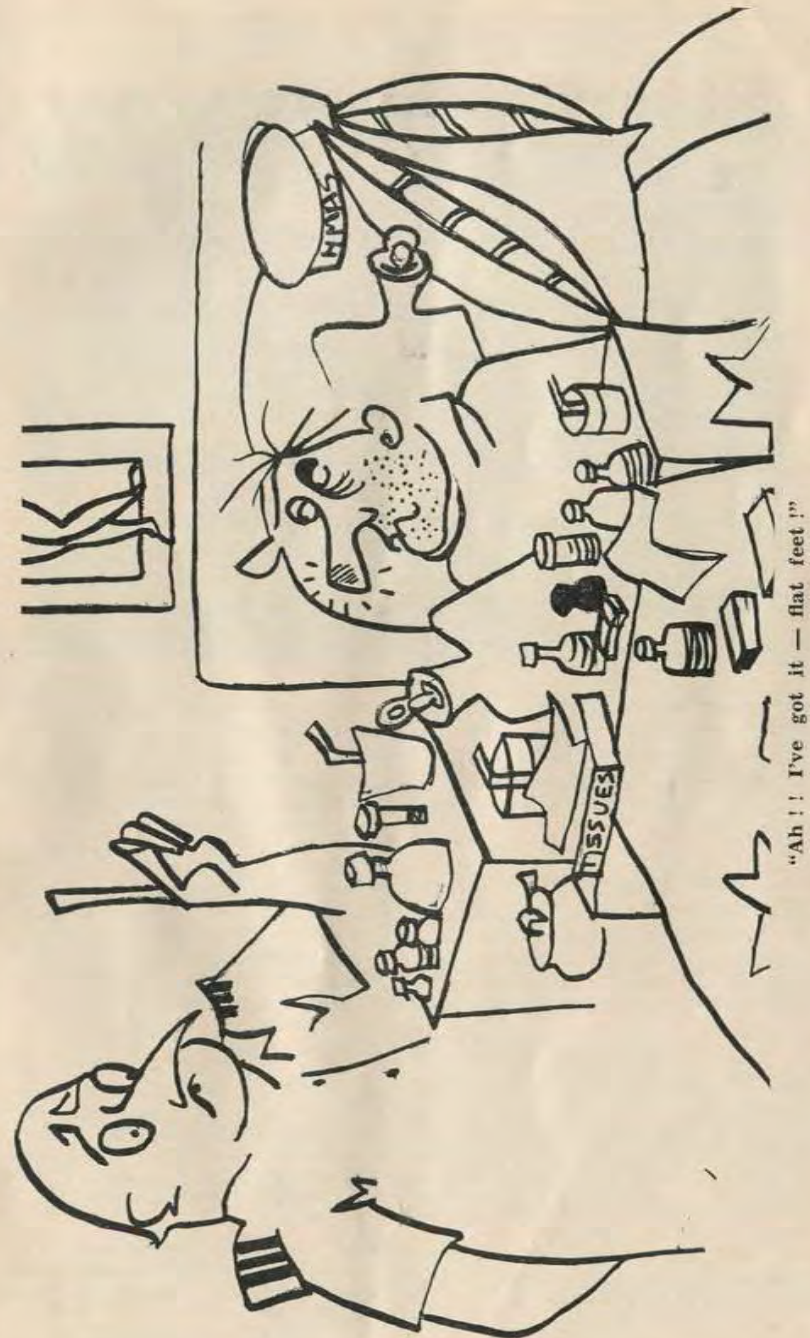
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Commander J. D. Goble and Commander H. E. Bailey conferring during the recent handover as "The Chief of all the Pilots."

Commander Goble has now departed for Malta and the world of fish-heading to take up his new appointment as Executive Officer of "TIDE AUSTRAL."

All at Albatross wish him a successful and interesting voyage.

Commander Bailey served with the R.A.A.F. during World War II as a Torpedo, General Reconnaissance, Transport pilot, and later as an instructor. As a Torpedo pilot Commander Bailey first flew from Nowra in 1943. For you non-mathematicians, that was 19 years ago.

After savouring the academic life at the University of Melbourne he repented and joined the Fleet Air Arm in 1948.

On completion of refresher courses and a multitude of SMAC's Commander Bailey joined 817 Squadron for the 21st C.A.G. in the dignified position of 25-3. After many trials and tribulations including one war and one Coronation, he took command of 817 Squadron in December 1956.

From disbandment of the Squadron in 1958 Commander Bailey has been in the U.K. serving at H.M.S. Vernon with his revered Observer Commander Gordon, and lately at Navy Office as Deputy Director of Plans when he was relieved again by his former observer.

## "REMOVALS, ANYONE?"

By J. P. BIESTLEY

I became aware of the dog barking and a banging on the back door of my married quarter. Leaving my lukewarm bed, I stumbled along the dark passage and switched on the light. A glance at the clock in the kitchen through the open door showed the time as 2.30.

"Alright, alright, I'm coming" I shouted as the banging continued during my progress through the laundry. I opened the back door and switched on the porch light.

"What do you want?" I said to the man standing there.

"I'm from Bolt Bros. and come to do the removal," he said.

"What removal?" I said, wondering if I were dreaming all this.

"Furniture and effects from here to Brisbane" he said waving a piece of paper.

"But I don't want a removal, there must be some mistake." I knew that removalists just love coming late at night in spite of firm arrangements for 0900 starts. They invariably get lost somewhere picking up other loads, and, instead of a relatively leisurely loading in daylight, you have to make emergency arrangements for the family, sleep in an armchair, and throw everything aboard in great haste when they do arrive.

"This is 107 Perth Drive isn't it." The man was still there.

"That's right but . . . . ."

"Then I have to move the furniture and effects."

"But I don't want a removal, I'm not going anywhere."

By this time the whole house was awake. I could see we weren't getting anywhere on the back porch so I invited him in for tea and a discussion. Sure enough he did have an order to move my effects to Brisbane. There was a list of furniture and effects which my wife scanned and said with envy that she'd go to Brisbane just to get it. The removal man said that he didn't care who got them so long as he got them first. I said that he wasn't going to get them here, and after a casual glance around the room he agreed and departed saying he'd call again when I straightened out the confusion.

The next morning found me informing those concerned of the error, and when the removal man called again I told him to return to Sydney — everything was under control.

The correspondence started a week later.

First from Brothers Bolt who noted that I had refused their service and what was my complaint and they intended to inform the proper authorities. This letter was sent on by us to our Admin. Authority with a covering letter of explanation.

The next letter was from Navy Office to Admin. Authority saying my application for removal had been refused on the grounds that I'd had one in the previous twelve months.

An indignant reply was despatched saying that I denied both the application and the previous removal.

Bolt Bros. sent a letter of apology saying that they'd received the explanation verbally from the Admin. Authority and that they would be happy to move my effects to Melbourne on the next truck going that way. Navy Office now came back acknowledging that I'd had no removal in the previous twelve months and my application would now be approved and please send the inventory.

The Sec. now asked when I proposed doing "draft-out" procedure. I said I wasn't going anywhere but no-one would believe me until all lists were microscopically examined. A letter was despatched to Navy Office setting out the story and asking if it was intended that I should be moved. All this took time and effort. The Sec. scathingly suggested I set up a sub-section in his office to deal with my removal correspondence.



However, this activity quietened down — just a couple of letters from Navy Office, one saying I wouldn't be moved, and the other asking for my inventory. Leave time came around and I took the family away for fourteen days.

After a wonderful time we arrived back.

"Got the key, darling" I said.

"Yes, you open up while I let the dog go," she said.

"Its nice to be back" I was saying, putting the key in the lock, "although I'll probably have to write some more letters."

I opened the door and stopped in my tracks. My wife following behind peered over my shoulder.

"I think you'd better start writing" she said.

There wasn't a stick of furniture in the place.

So here I am in charge of all removal enquiries relating to the disappearance of furniture. All this happened 12 months ago. It's not too bad really. I'm stopped draft, have my own typist, and I'm so much a part of the landscape I am being Work Studied next week. My furniture? — I don't know where it is, but I've seen four loads of other people's furniture go into my place. I'm now trying to stop more going into it — the place is bulging and my problem now is I can't get anyone to take it away.

So beware all of you. If you hear a knock on your back door at 2.30 in the morning, don't answer. You may lose your furniture and get mine in its place.

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### AIRFIELD DEFENCE ANYONE?

Who was the Naval Airman from Air Department, claiming good knowledge of airfield layout, immediately led his section into a channel knee deep with mud and water — obviously "blinded" by the RAIN?

---

Heard in 724 Espresso Bar after that mid air collision:  
"Touch me there again and I'll scream."

---

During the same incident the Salvage Officer was interviewing one of his lads up at the Station Motel. The R.P.O. retired from the scene thinking the S.O. would be at least 10 mins. Off went the crash alarm, the R.P.O. sipped his brew, and our Bert was left pounding in anguish on those steel bars.

## "I Loined About Flyin' From Dat"

IT WAS A TYPICAL DAY IN OREGON. Low ceilings, with drizzle and about enough visibility to see the radiator ornaments as I drove towards our airport.

I had just soloed the day previously, and wasn't about to let the weather deter me from another exciting experience at the controls of an airplane. I admit that I was pretty proud of my accomplishment, and had invited my next-door neighbour to ride with me. I planned to fly to a neighbouring town about 200 miles away where I knew there was a good restaurant.

On the way to the airport, my neighbour, John Williams, expressed some worry about the trip.

"Don't worry about a thing," I reassured him, "I understand their hamburgers are excellent."

When we arrived at the field, the drizzle had turned to a hard, steady rain. This concerned me a little, as I was wearing my brown and white shoes, and my mother had warned me about getting them muddy. We checked with the local operator and found that my regular airplane, a Cessna 120, was down for repairs.

The operator was a good-hearted fellow, though, and when he saw my disappointment he assigned me another one, N3341P, which turned out to be a Piper Apache.

"It's practically the same as a 120," he told me when I discovered there was an extra engine. "Just remember you have to pull the gear up."

After a pre-flight check of the airplane (I noticed the tail-wheel was missing, but didn't say anything to the operator for fear he would cancel the trip) we climbed aboard and began looking for the starter.

Just then the operator came running out to tell me there were severe thunderstorms at my destination, and warned me to be careful. I assured him I was not afraid of thunderstorms.

The take-off was uneventful, but we did use what seemed to be a lot of runway for an airplane with two engines. (I learned later, we had taken off down-wind with the parking brake on).

We climbed into a solid overcast at about 400 feet. This was a bad disappointment, as I knew John would have been interested in the scenery. The air was pretty smooth, though, and except for the ice that kept forming over the windshield, there was little to see.

For a pilot with only six hours, I thought I handled the controls pretty smoothly, although, for some strange reason, things occasionally flew out of my pockets up to the roof. John didn't seem to notice.

In fact, he kept staring straight ahead with a sort of glassy expression. I guess he was afraid of the height, as some non-pilots are.

After about an hour, I began to be concerned over the fact that I could not see anything. It was going to be difficult to spot other traffic around the airport at our destination, and I hoped the other pilots would use a little good sense and keep a sharp eye in such bad weather.

It was obvious that I was going to have to get down lower, if I wanted to see anything. It was too bad that the altimeter was so unreliable. It kept winding and unwinding rapidly, and I guess that it hadn't been kept in good repair.

Anyway, following this plan, I began to come down. Just then the left engine quit. No warning, nothing. It just quit. John made a sort of gurgling noise then, and it was about the first thing he had said since we left. I explained that there was nothing to worry about, as we had another engine that we hadn't even used yet. So I started the right engine, and John felt better after that, and he went to sleep.



Well, pretty soon we did get down far enough so that I could see the ground. It was pretty dark under the clouds, and if it wasn't for the lightning flashes it would have been hard to find any good landmarks. Then I spotted a highway, and remembered there was a highway near the airport we were headed toward, so I followed it. It was difficult to read the road signs in all that rain, and I had to stay pretty low. Several cars ran off the road when we passed them, and I could see it was true about flying being a lot safer than driving.

After a while we did find the airport, but I had to fly around the tower a few times to make sure it was the right one. I didn't want to make a mistake and have everyone know I was just a student pilot. They were very hospitable at the airport, and flashed all sorts of coloured lights as a welcome. So I landed and slid up to the parking area. (the operator should have mentioned that you had to put the gear down again). Everybody there was pretty excited. It was easy to see they had never seen a Piper Apache before. John was still sleeping soundly, and I had to have help to carry him into the restaurant.

Well, I certainly learned about flying from that, and I want to pass on some good advice to other student pilots:

Don't believe everything you hear — the food was terrible (Stolen from "Air Clues" who reprinted from an article in U.S.A.F. Flight Safety Officer's Kit, taken on charge by Editor, "Slipstream," in gratitude to the originators.)



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## Apologia to the Son of the Sydney Morning Herald

The very old naval airman carefully removed his posterior from the very dirty desks, carefully dusting his trousers he picked up his heliographs manual to translate the slowly flashing signal coming from the slow reconnaissance aeroplane, a Sea Venom Mk.53, chuffing idly past the control tower at five knots. A vital message this for after a further fifteen minutes when the message ended, the Naval Airman saw on his pad in front of him . . . . . LARGE NAVIGATIONAL HAZARD STOP FORTY MILES EAST JERVIS BAY STOP UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT APPEARS TO BE IN MAJOR SHIPPING LANE STOP. Immediately the might of the air arm swung into motion and a very keen young officer, CHAMOIS leather in hand rushed from the CCR, to dust the desk where the Naval Airman had been sitting.

Action being the watchword, on the morrow the very old Naval Airman ambled across to see his mate in the Photographic Shop, told him of the message and asked whether there was a lad keen enough to fly out and have a look at this object. Luckily there was a course going through, one of the members of which had that beautiful Kodak box camera with flash attachment which is advertised so freely on Channel Seven on Sunday evenings. The lad was sent over to see the Commanding Officer of the Seven Hundredth and Twenty Fourth very slow reconnaissance squadron.

The C.O. lifted his eyes from the L.B. Crossword, (in that other unmentionable rag), and made arrangements. Proud of his squadron and its name, The Waffling Widgeons, he soon had another Venom in the air. Two hours later the aircraft was over the target.

A large lump of land appeared to have broken away from the mainland and was sailing along. Yes sailing, for, suspended from the only two trees visible (sycamores, I think) were two large yellow nylon sails. At the far end of the island was a fire made from those big branches of the sycamore, around which sat several nurses! The Venom came to the hover, the pilot clambered out leaving the phot lad to hold the collective, and slowly approached the group.

He stopped and spoke, "There appears to be a crime here."

The Senior Nurse, the one with the lamp, replied, "Not Crimea. Actually, (for she was an English Nurse) I'm taking this bunch of birds to Italy. You could say that they are Florence bound Nightingales!"

And so another mystery of the sea had been solved by the intrepid sailors of the Air Station on the North Coast.

Editors Note. This article was specially written for your favourite newspaper by one of our most DEADQUATED reporters.

SIRROCCO.

According to the London "Daily Mirror" the Naval Medical School at Pensacola, Florida, wanted to put Miss Jerrie Cobb, a potential astronaut, through a series of special space tests and sent this signal to the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington.

"Request authority for civilian Miss Jerrie Cobb to fly in naval aircraft for purpose of baseline studies designed to determine fundamental difference between male and female astronauts."

Back came the reply from the Admiral: "If you don't know the difference already, we refuse to put money into the project."

"PETE."



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## + The Chaplain's Corner +

### Why the Cross?

The Christian world has just relived the events of almost two thousand years ago, Palm Sunday and the triumphal entry of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem; Holy Thursday, and the institution of the Blessed Eucharist; Good Friday the passion and death of the God-Man, and Easter Sunday, his victory over death.

The plunge of the Son of God into His Suffering, Passion and death has been the object of deep contemplation by Christians for centuries. Today it continues to be the central theme of thought for Christians, the motivation for lives of sacrifice and love of God in the earnest efforts of the many to give back to God proof of their appreciation of His love for them.

But why the Cross? Why did the Divine person in His human nature freely give Himself up to His executioners?

Mankind from the first, through the past ages, men of the present and the future, form a totality of kind. All are involved in the original revolt of the first human pair against God, an impulse that tends to the satisfaction of personal tendencies rather than the moral law God has for Man. And for this hostile attitude towards God, there was no human cure because a breach had been forced by man separating him from God, the source of Divine life and health.

No human act could erase this state of guilt from man — for no human act could be equal in dignity or value to the infinite Dignity of the offended God. But an act of the Son of God could. Though blameless in His Human Nature, He usurped the guilt of ours. His human Death was offered in space and time as an act of a man, but since He was God as well, His action of dying was timeless stretching back to the beginning and reaching forward too, embracing the total world of humanity. And so the events of Good Friday adequately restored and reinstated mankind's condition before God and won a reprieve for our guilty nature.

Such then is how redemption was accomplished on the Cross. The malediction and wrath of God, the guilt of man is at an end, human nature is open to the supernatural as it was in the beginning. Granted we still bear some scars and still carry the weakness of our original conflict with God, but now it rests with us to use what God has restored to us.

In countless numbers of lives the effect of the Passion of Christ works silently and invisibly. Drawn by His love, men return love for love yet He does not withdraw the gift of liberty which made possible the first revolt against Him and so lets each one of us give or refuse love, obey or disobey. The Cross, Easter, therefore is a sign, not of reconciliation only but of contradiction. It will divide men to the very end. God made us in love, and in love redeemed us: but if we reject the love which brought Christ to the Cross, He cannot save us against our own will.

H. McDONALD, Chaplain, R.A.N.

### Easter: The Spiritual Victory

Christians find in the great event of Easter a certainty which is quite different to the certainty of a mathematical proof. It cannot indeed be proved by the ordinary processes of human reason although its certainty is entirely reasonable. Christians can and do claim that the weight of evidence and argument firmly establishes our faith in the Risen Christ, but the act of faith is not merely the conclusion of an argument — it is the grasping of a moral certainty with the whole of our moral being.

As we read the ever-fresh story of Jesus of Nazareth we see His authority and the spiritual mastery with which He reveals God to us. We also see the growing conflict between His goodness and the selfishness of ordinary men. We see in Good Friday the nightmare of cruelty, stupidity, and wrongness of human nature — extinguishing the lights of hope and pity and love and leaving the world in total moral darkness. Easter Day comes upon us and startles us all with its incredibility and then its inevitability. It is then that we learn the certainty of moral truth — How could we believe that evil and chaos, and innocent suffering are the last word about mankind? At Easter we thank God that they are not and rejoice that through the resurrection of Jesus Christ hope and courage are born anew.

But Easter Day does not mean an easy way out for Christians. No-one can see the Risen Christ unless he has also seen the crucified Christ and perceived the reasons for that crucifixion. Jesus willingly embraced God's will because He loved it too dearly to betray it. He also knew and loved men too well to betray them by betraying God. Jesus has purchased us to Himself by a great sacrifice. We are called to suffer with Christ if we would also share in His victory.

This enables us to look the world in the face and say with moral certainty that the one thing necessary for man's existence is spiritual victory. That victory can only be gained by spiritual redemption from sin and evil and such redemption is a hard and costly business. It is certain that we cannot achieve it unaided: God in Christ alone can gain us the victory. Our personal redemption must be shaped by God's Love and by God's Truth and these are uneasy and uncomfortable things to live with. They forbid the easy way that offends truth and equally they forbid the cruel way that offends love. Part of the message of Easter is that Christians join battle with those who claim that the easy way out is the right way or that the violent way is the right way.

In all this we must remember that Easter Day is not the promise of victory for man's endeavours but the certainty of victory for God's truth and love and therefore of our victory when we commit ourselves to Him and at the price which Jesus paid.

REVEREND J. TRAINER, R.A.N.

## INDUSTRIAL MOBILISATION SYMPOSIUM 1962

Hiding behind this awesome sounding title is the need for Australian industry to be prepared to convert to full war time production at comparatively short notice.

The symposium is an opportunity for representatives of Industry and members of the Services and Public Service to get together and examine some of the problems associated with our current Defence Policy and similarly to examine Australia's industrial potential with respect to Defence requirements.

Prior to the last world war the Armed Forces obtained a considerable amount of equipment from Britain. Now, thanks to the rapid post-war expansion of our secondary industries we can look forward to becoming increasingly self-supporting. Admittedly we have not yet reached the stage where we can indulge in enormously expensive development projects and for this reason a lot of our "defence shopping" is done overseas with a view to manufacturing under license in Australia. Notable exceptions to this idea are the development of the "Jindivik" and "Malkara" by the Department of Supply, considerable orders for each having been received from abroad.

The first Symposium of the 1962 Industrial Mobilisation Course was held at Nowra during March. The Chairman was Rear Admiral P. Perry, C.B.E., the Fourth Naval Member.



## BANKSTOWN AIR SHOW

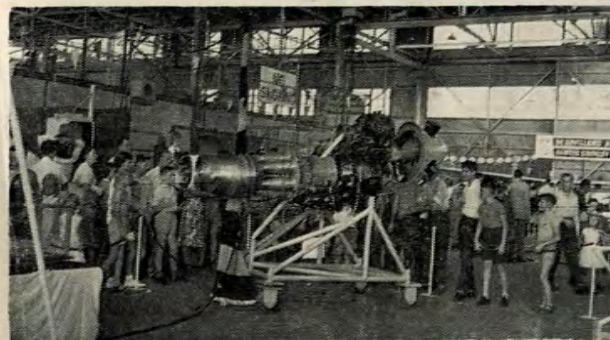
### 1962

#### THE "RAMJETS" 1962

● Left to right: Lt.(P) D. Eckersley (Eck); Lt.(P) D. McLean (Mac); Lt.(O) W. Vallack (Bill); Lt.Cdr.(P) A. E. Payne (The Boss); Lt.(P) J. Franklin (Judge); Lt.(P) R. Waddell-Wood (Rowley).

724 Squadron's Sea Venom aerobatic team, The "Ramjets," was first formed in 1960, since when their polished and spectacular performance has been the highlight of numerous Air Displays throughout N.S.W. and Victoria. The current team got together for the first time only one week before the Bankstown Show with Lt. "Rowley" Waddell-Wood, the one original member, and thrilled the vast crowd at the Display with their precision formation aerobatics.

● The Station Safety Equipment and Air Ordnance Sections combined to produce a very popular static display.



● The R.A.N. Static Display at Bankstown Air Show attracted an interested crowd throughout the day. Our demonstrators were kept busy answering questions and defending the decorative rope surrounding which threatened to collapse as the more youthful members of the crowd pressed closer in their eagerness to collect these pearls of wisdom.

ative rope surrounding which threatened to collapse as the more youthful members of the crowd pressed closer in their eagerness to collect these pearls of wisdom.



● Items which received a lot of interest from the younger generation were the fully kitted aircrew of the present and "Eggbert" our rather stout dummy in his Mk.4A ejection seat.

● Miss Coral Lawton of Greenacre was one of the many visitors amazed by the A17 radar display at the Bankstown air show on Sunday, 8th April. C.P.O. Lawford and R.E.M. Winckel seen in the photo had a busy afternoon answering numerous questions put to them by hundreds of interested spectators.



● Seen at the Display, the R.A.N. Dakota which provided the necessary ground support for the Sea Fury, three Sycamores and three Gannets participating in the show. The two Sycamores in the foreground had just completed their performance when this picture was taken while a Gannet approaches the field for another spectacular demonstration before bombing a target on the airfield.

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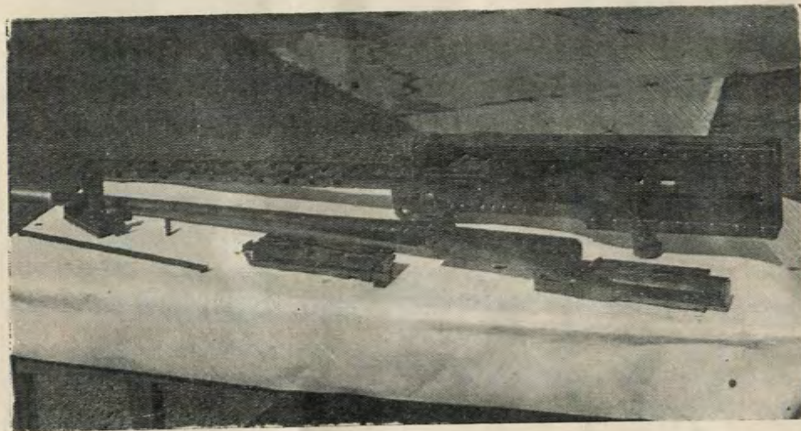
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be happy to help.

**D. J. GLASS** — Next to Newsagency, Nowra

## Recovery of Crashed Aircraft from St. George's Basin

A recent news item of interest, was the salvaging by local residents, of the crashed R.N. Corsair fighter aircraft from St. George's Basin, where it had lain since 1944, after the pilot had ditched when fire occurred in the engine bay.

When word was first received by N.A.S. Nowra that the aircraft had been recovered, it was suspected that the guns in the aircraft were loaded, and POAF(O) Tiffen was sent to St. George's Basin on Sunday, 31st March, to check the guns and unload them if necessary. He returned to the Station with 2,200 rounds of point five ammunition which he had removed from the crashed aircraft, two of these rounds having been recovered from the breeches of the guns. The ammunition was in poor condition, but the two rounds recovered from the breeches were in fair condition and quite capable of being fired.



To follow up CAA(O) Field, POAF(O) Parsons, and NAM(O) Lowe were sent to St. George's Basin on Monday, 1st April to remove the guns. They returned with six guns which were in such good condition, that it was decided to attempt to restore one of the guns to its original condition. The accompanying photograph shows the result, this particular gun, serial No. 767410, is now capable of being used fully operational. This reflects credit on the care lavished on it by the Ordnance rating responsible for its servicing in 1944. The excellence of its manufacture, and to some extent, the preservative effect of the St. George's Basin mud, although CAA Fields claims that its smell off-sets any advantages that it might have.

The guns are:— Point five calibre machine guns, manufactured by the Colts Patent Fire Arm Company, Hartford, Connecticut, United States of America. They are capable of firing between 400 and 800 rounds per minute and was the gun fitted in almost all American aircraft at that time.

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Three hundred troops of No. 1 R.A.R. moved into Tianjara during April for rough terrain training, and boy was it rough.

The rains came — the Infantry was dug in, and the holes slowly filled with water and slush as the deluge poured down. More water — more digging of holes — still more water.

Then came the order "up musket and groundsheet" lads, and get thee to N.A.S. Nowra."

What an enjoyable exercise in combined operations this turned out to be. The Wets had record sales, every sporting facility on the Station was used, the chefs combined to produce whatever chefs do produce, and in all a jolly time was had by all. To date no report has been received of the route march (early on the Monday morning) from Nowra to Kiama.

We secretly suspect our Army friends were very pleased they were washed out of the exercise. WE were delighted to have them.



## "BLUE'S BOMB"

In the car park midst the dust  
Lies a heap of coloured rust  
Once a mighty car of fame  
Now its just a sailors shame.

Long ago there was a time  
When this car was in its prime  
But now its just a wreck run down  
Used for "drinking runs" in town.

The owner of this forlorn heap  
Said he'd sell the darn thing cheap  
But when I told him what I'd pay  
He said she'll last for many a day.

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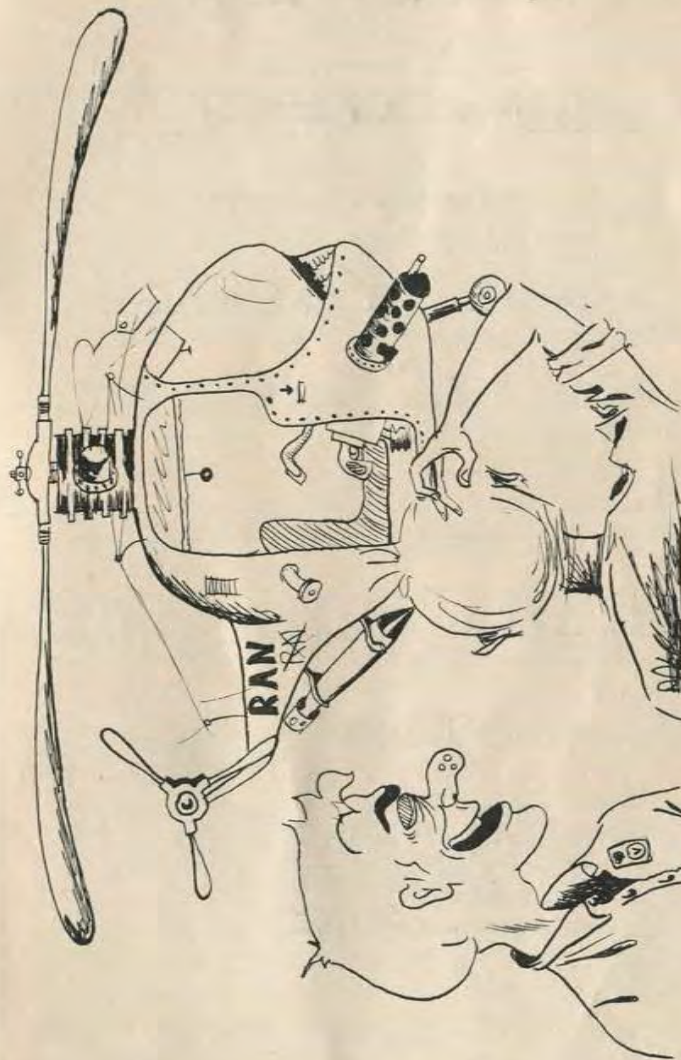
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## GENERAL SPORTS NOTES

A refreshing change appeared a few short weeks ago over the sports fields as the white posts and goals appeared at opposite ends of the fields and brawny, bustling men in coloured jerseys were seen running after that "pigskin" of various shapes and sizes.

"That Wicket" which won high praise by all who have been fortunate to play on it, is being top-dressed in preparation for what we hope will be another successful season next year.

Congratulations and thanks must go to the groundsmen, Arthur Jennings and Harry Ramage who put so much diligent work and preparation into the wicket and outfield and also for the smart changeover of the grounds from cricket to the various football codes.

The summer inter-part sports honours were generally equally distributed by points. The Electrical Division won the Swimming and Water Polo. Air Department won the Cricket and Tennis. The Squash and Basketball competition will carry on until June.

On the Inter-service side, Navy won the Bowls, were second in the Water-polo, men and women Swimming and third in the Rifle Shooting and Cricket.

In the representative competitions, Albatross won the I. Zingari cricket, the local Shoalhaven district 6-a-side competition cricket, the Lorraine Crapp water-polo trophy and successfully defended the Niaid Cup against H.M.A.S. Melbourne in golf. In all, a successful season.

Once again it is anticipated that Albatross will be well in the fore in the winter competitions. The Australian Rules side have got away to a very good start by defeating the I.R.A.R. 138 points to 44. The coach, Col Mason, of course, is brimming with confidence, and with good reason. It will be a hard team to toss.

The golfers continue to have success in representative matches and we anticipate that the Niaid Cup will be in our trophy case for a long while yet.

Albatross has the fields and facilities to produce some very good teams and know that all those participating in the various games will prove to be sportsmen.

We wish all the winter sportsmen a successful season.



● Albatross Australian Rules Club, 1962. 2 games — 2 very good wins.



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"Thanks Sir, and can I catch the mid-day train?"

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## RUGBY UNION

The season got underway on Wednesday, 2nd May, when Albatross played Watson at home. Unfortunately we have only been able to arrange one outside match as a pre-season shake-down. On 29th April, a touring team of the New Zealand Police Force have challenged us to a game. This mach has been arranged on our home ground. From all accounts they are an extremely good team and we can look forward to a keen tussle. It is rather an honour to have a touring team here, so let's have a good roll up of supporters.

From the practice matches we have had so far, it is anticipated that even with a lot of our stars at sea in the Melbourne, the "Tross should be well in the running for the Dempster Cup again this season.

The East Australia Area Rugby Union meeting was held on the 6th April, at Naval Headquarters and the following were selected to the Committee:—

President: Captain R. A. H. Miller R.A.N.; Secretary: Lieutenant K. Murray R.A.N.; Selectors: Lieutenant Toohey R.A.N., L/Butcher Main, C.A. Finch; House Committee: Lt. Cdr. Laws; Lieutenant Toohey, C.P.O. Fargher; Referees: Dr. Vanderfield, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Harper, C.P.O. Gilbert. C.P.O. Finch was elected as Inter-Service manager.

The Inter-Service matches will be as follows:—

16th JULY — NAVY v. ARMY — Reg Bartley Oval, Sydney.

18th JULY — NAVY v. R.A.A.F. — Reg Bartley Oval, Sydney.

20th JULY — ARMY v. R.A.A.F. — Reg Bartley Oval, Sydney.

A meeting of the Albatross R.U.F.C. was held on 3rd April and the following were appointed as office bearers:—

President (Ex Officio): Captain J. A. Mesley M.V.O., D.S.C., R.A.N.; President and Treasurer: A/Sub. Lt. W. J. Monaghan(W) R.A.N.; Secretary: C.E.L. Lawford; Coach: C.E.L. Cox, Assistant Coach: P.O. Burns; E.A.A. Rep.: C.A. Finch.

All readers who wish to become members of the Club should contact S/Lt. Monaghan or C.E.L. Lawford.

It looks as though we will have a bright season of Rugby with plenty of interesting tussles and with every second match on our home ground, there should be plenty of spectator interest.

SPARROW.

## ALBATROSS HOCKEY CLUB

The Albatross Hockey Club began the season with a match against the Cadets from Cresswell, held at Albatross on Saturday, 31st March. Although the weather was not very good both teams enjoyed the match. Albatross winning five goals to two. Further matches with the Cadets will be held during the winter season.

Although we had intended to enter two teams in the Annual Knock-out Carnival at Wollongong, we were only able to enter one due to members not being available at the time.

Our first match was against St. Michael's first team who beat us 1-0. The goal being scored early in the first half. After this our team settled down and were unlucky in missing several near goals. A much better match was played against University in which we came out winners 3-0.

On Saturday, 14th April, we beat St. Michael's in the semi-finals 3-0 and played Woonoona in the final, which we won by two penalty corners to receive the Second Division Cup.

This season a Wollongong business man has offered a prize for the best player of each month, also the Illawarra Association is to select a squad of twenty-two players to represent district during the season. It is expected that competition will be keen in all matches and we hope to have some of our players selected.

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## ALBATROSS GOLF CLUB NOTES

Recently most members have had the opportunity of playing in competitions on the station course on two occasions. The first occurred on Sunday, 25th March, when the Nowra Golf Club was engaged for the Shoalhaven Cup and members from Nowra who were ineligible for the Shoalhaven Cup together with some associates were invited to play on the station course. Some forty starters competed.

The following Wednesday a competition was held on the station course and 51 starters tried to score as many stableford points as possible. Both A and B grade competitions were run together with a draw for an aggregate stableford. All participants seemed to enjoy the afternoon and some pretty startling scores were posted. The results were:

### A GRADE

B. Hutchinson (Nowra 37 points; L.E.M. Harris (Albatross 36; Cdr. Treloar (Albatross) 35.

### B GRADE

C.P.O. Ferguson (Albatross) 41 points; C.P.O. Gregory (Albatross) 39 on count back; P. Francis (Nowra) 39.

### 4 BALL AGGREGATE

P.O. Fellenberg and Jack Hobbs 71 points on count back; Capt. Mesley and C.P.O. Pettifer 71.

### BRADMAN TROPHY

R.E.M. Greer.

It was pleasing to see such a good attendance and the nineteenth hole was played in the Sportsman's Club after the game. The course was playing exceptionally well although some of the greens had a few brown patches. By the time this makes the press it is hoped that all greens will have been top dressed and in first class condition. Volunteers are always required to assist with course maintenance, and anyone with an hour or so to spare is asked to contact P.O. Dun on Ext. 465.

Over the past two months the knockout competition for the Happy Hawkins Trophy has been in progress. Some very grim struggles have taken place and eventually the two finalists met at Nowra Golf Club on Wednesday, 11th April. C.P.O. "Bob" Howes and P.O. "Maurie" Tiffen fought out the final in near perfect conditions. They both must have been trying very hard because the game see-sawed throughout its entirety. There was never more than two holes difference and for the majority of the match they were all square. However a brilliant birdie on the last hole gave the match to Laurie 1 up, thus concluding a very exciting competition. All who participated provided very keen competition and continuing interest in the outcome. Happy presented the trophy at the conclusion of the match and said how much he enjoyed being able to assist the Golf Club in this way. All members of Albatross Golf Club thank Happy for his continued interest in the club and assure him that we are most grateful for his support.

Two Inter Ship matches have been played recently, the first against Watson on the 14th April, at the Nowra course. This year our team is not quite as strong as last year, but the members of the team played really well to defeat Watson in both scratch and handicap matches. The scores were 201 to 157 in the scratch event and 297 to 257 in the handicap section.

On Wednesday, 11th April, Kuttabul made a journey to Nowra and gave our members quite a fright for a while. Albatross was fortunate to once again win both matches but not so convincingly as the previous game. The scores were 172 to 155 in the scratch event and 286 to 274 in the handicap section. Both teams were suitably entertained at the conclusion of each match.

Coming events include a trip to Mollmook Golf Club on 2nd May, and a visit by members of Catalina Country Club to Albatross on 13th May, so keep these dates in mind.

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## GAME FISHING

With the game fishing season almost over, I have to report a very interesting and successful season by the R.A.N. Game Fishing Club. The snapper and kingfish have been biting-well at the "Banks" off Shoalhaven Heads, whilst the flathead are still frequenting their favourite spot in J.B. Sharks have been around quite a bit and we have accounted for five.

Perhaps you've read of Moosh's marlin that got away, but as you can see by the photo we did eventually land one of these too. Top marks to Moosh Turner who landed this 63lb. one on a breaking strain line of only

10lb. after an exciting hour being towed around the ocean. This was no mean task for the coxswain either, Snoz Durant, who did a very fine job following the marlin under difficult conditions. Both marlin were hooked in the same locality, so we're hoping, with only one more competition day remaining, we may be successful in landing yet another. The same day yours truly landed his first shark, weighing 100lbs., so with Moosh's marlin we feel we must have been very high in the points score but to date have had no confirmation as to whether we were successful enough to score top marks.

The club conducted a very successful Ladies' Day during the season. Four ladies attended and all voted it a very interesting day. The weather couldn't have been better, so we were able to go to the "Banks" as usual and show the ladies just where we spend our Sundays. There was plenty of excitement with the shark line and the catch, a 63lb. bronze whaler, was landed by Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Dick was the envy of all with her 4lb. flathead. The best laugh of the day for the ladies was provided by an octopus which was about to land with Les Cooper's assistance, when it objected strongly and Moosh received the full spray of its black ink straight in his face with Les a little more fortunate.

"MULLETT"



Football is a game composed of other sports, which include boxing, wrestling, foot-running, gymnastics, soccer, weight-lifting, judo, leap-frog, and "stacks-on-the-mill." There is one official referee and thousands of unofficial ones, also a set of rules to be used if necessary.



"So you thought we had a push-button Navy, eh?"

## BOWLS

On Thursday, 29th and Friday, 30th March, the Inter-Service Bowls was held at the Parramatta Bowling Club. The R.A.N. bowlers put up a great display against the opposition and took possession of the trophy at the end of the match.

Albatross was well represented in the team and fully justified their selection. Full marks must go to Lofty Walliker for his consistent leading and Bill Gardiner for exuberant confidence and concentration. Buck Howells managed to put up some masterful draw shots just when they were needed. Abdul Hamilton had the pleasure of skippering a fine bunch of blokes.

Tubby Lambert, a social asset and a player with many years of Inter-Service representation ahead of him and Noel Jolly, a cheerful player and potential champion, combined with Chuckles Brown, a trier and improving with every bowl he puts down, made up the reserves.

With the nucleus of players available at Albatross and the Sydney area, it is anticipated that the Navy should be able to remain at the top of the tree for some time to come.

Bowls like all other games have many incidents which need expert umpires to give the decisions. To become an accredited umpire, it is necessary to have a 100% knowledge of the game. All umpires are given a stiff examination before they can qualify. There is no remuneration for their services. In order to test the knowledge of bowlers and other interested readers, a series of questions and answers of "You be the Umpire" will be published in "Slipstream" from now on.

ABDUL.

## YOU BE THE UMPIRE

1. A bowl has been played OUT OF TURN, but before it can be stopped and while in course it touches and moves the jack. What can be done?

2. A bowl comes to rest on an unoccupied adjacent rink and is not removed. The next bowl, while in course, touches it. Is the bowl in course replayable?

3. A measurer is about to measure a bowl at the conclusion of an end, but before he can do so it falls over. Can the bowl be replaced?

4. When is an end actually completed?

5. May a dispute in a fours match be decided by the Captains or must it be referred to the Umpire?

6. May a leader or second player point out possible scoring shots to his measurer at the conclusion of an end?

(A number of the above questions have been requested by players.)  
If you wish to compare your answers please turn to page 46.

## ALBATROSS BOAT CLUB NOTES

"Blow! Blow thou winter wind."

On Sunday, 8th April, Albatross Boat Club sent four crews to sail in a regatta at Jervis Bay, to race in a three sided event against the R.A.N.C., Wardroom and the R.N.S.A. from Sydney.

The race started at 1315 in what we considered to be half a gale, but what was actually a fresh South Easterly blow. Twelve 14 ft. dinghies started and a catamaran sailed over the same course.

N.A.M. Keith Staff (Albatross) sailing with three up took over the lead soon after the start, and retained his advantage right throughout the race. It was a really masterful piece of sailing and was a joy to watch. Each turn was an example of first class manoeuvring and perfect timing, and his win was seldom in doubt.

Lieutenant Venamore (Albatross) also sailing with three up, followed right behind Staff and finished in second place.

N.A. Gibbs (Albatross) who did not really feel at home with the howling wind and the salt water, gave us all a thrilling demonstration of flying gybes, and the last one was his undoing when he gracefully capsized after turning the last bouy. (We still don't quite know whether there are sharks in Jervis Bay).

The race finished with Albatross in 1st, 2nd and also last place.

The points score showed: Albatross 36, R.N.S.A. 36, R.A.N.C. 27.

The trophies were presented to N.A.M. Staff and Lieutenant Venamore for the first two boats home.

On this occasion the Albatross crews were all uniformly dressed in green jerseys with white collars and blue shorts. This fact was a considerable boost to the morale and the team spirit of our men, and their friends and relatives who came to watch the race. The Committee of the club has decided that this will be the rule in future events, and a club badge is being designed to be worn on the jersey.

The Committee and Members of the A.B.C. wish to thank the Captain of H.M.A.S. Creswell and the R.A.N.C. for the hospitality extended to us, and particularly for the wonderful barbecue lunch before the race. It was a most enjoyable and rewarding day's sailing, and we now realise how much we lack on the becalmed and muddy Shoalhaven.

CLUB CAPTAIN.



On the 16th May, the Inter-Service Squash is to be held at Albatross. The Navy team of 5 will be finalised at Albatross on the weekend of the 12th May. Local talent with a good chance of selection are Father MacDonald, Surgeon Lieutenant McDonnell, Lt. Mears, E.M. King, L.E.M. Kirkman and L.E.M. Harris.

The "Happy" Hawkins Handicap Trophy should be completed by the time this reaches the press. On present form the winner of the 6 crystal goblets should come from Father MacDonald, Lieutenant Mears or E.M. Parrington. The latter player has the handicap to cause an upset against the "scratch" markers.

Two teams have been entered in the Nowra Competition and providing drafting does not affect the teams, should go close to winning the A Grade and A Reserve Competitions.



● Lt. Don Mears in action winning the Happy Hawkins Handicap Trophy.

## DID YOU GIVE THESE ANSWERS?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 45

1. LAW 8 (3) states that if a bowl is not stopped and while in course touches any portion of the head, the opponent shall immediately decide whether the head shall remain as so disturbed or whether the end shall be dead.

2. The bowl in course, provided it was delivered on the correct bias, is replayable. Law 12 (1).

3. No! If the bowl falls over of its own accord it must remain where it falls.

4. LAW 1 (H2) states that an end shall be deemed to be completed immediately the result has been agreed upon or the head has been disturbed in the agreed purpose of counting. (Any bowl not played by then is forfeited.)

5. If the Captains agree, they can decide any dispute, other than the result of an end. If the Captains disagree, then the Umpire should be called. (The measurer, with his opponent, has the authority to determine the result of an end. Law 5 (D2). The Captains have no authority in this regard.)

6. Why not? All are interested in the result and it would be a matter of courtesy but the measurer is under no obligation to accept such advice.



● "Slipstream" throws a party — unfortunately one of our major contributors, "Sirrocco," could not attend. We hear he was reading somebody's "meter" at the time.

## JUDO

Now that the activity that preceded the gradings has calmed off a lot, the club is offering congratulations to the following who gained 5th KYU. W. Walters, A. G. Thomas, B. Hingston, also to the three players from Nowra who were successful.

We are to lose our secretary very shortly, he has been drafted to "Hols-worthy" for a short spell, best of luck to him up there and hoping he can keep up the sport.

The General Meeting which resulted, voted in R. G. Thomas as the new secretary (Ext. 516 for enquiries).

New canvas was successfully obtained but now the hold up is for more felt to pack the flooring, but hopes are held that this will soon be corrected.

In the Inter-club series Balgownie ran out the eventual winners beating the far superior Wollongong Club.

TATAHI.

TIME: Saturday P.M.

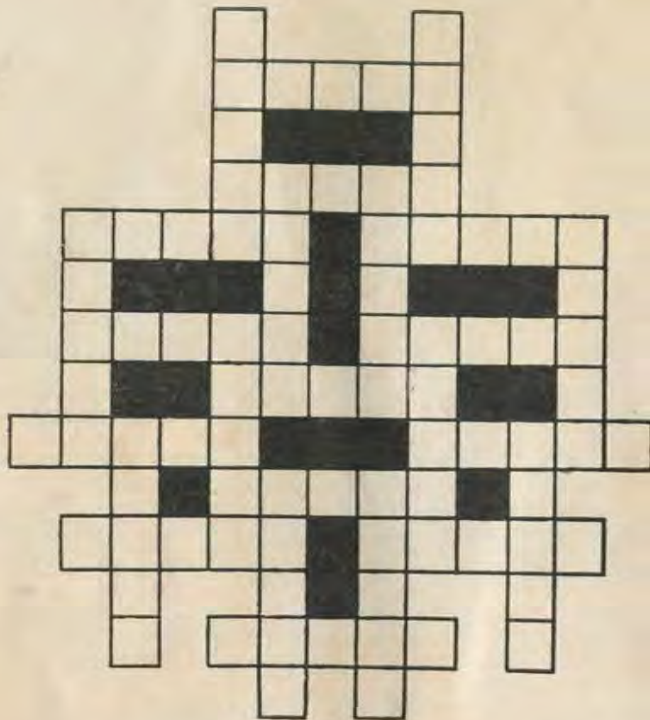
Wife to husband, who is pacing the floor like a caged animal:  
"Why don't you go and play golf with George like you used to?"

Husband: "Would you play golf with a bloke who fiddles the score-card, kicks the ball off the green and then won't pay his round at the clubhouse?"

Wife: "No, I certainly would not."

Husband: "Neither will George."

## Build Words No. 3



NAME .....

SECTION .....

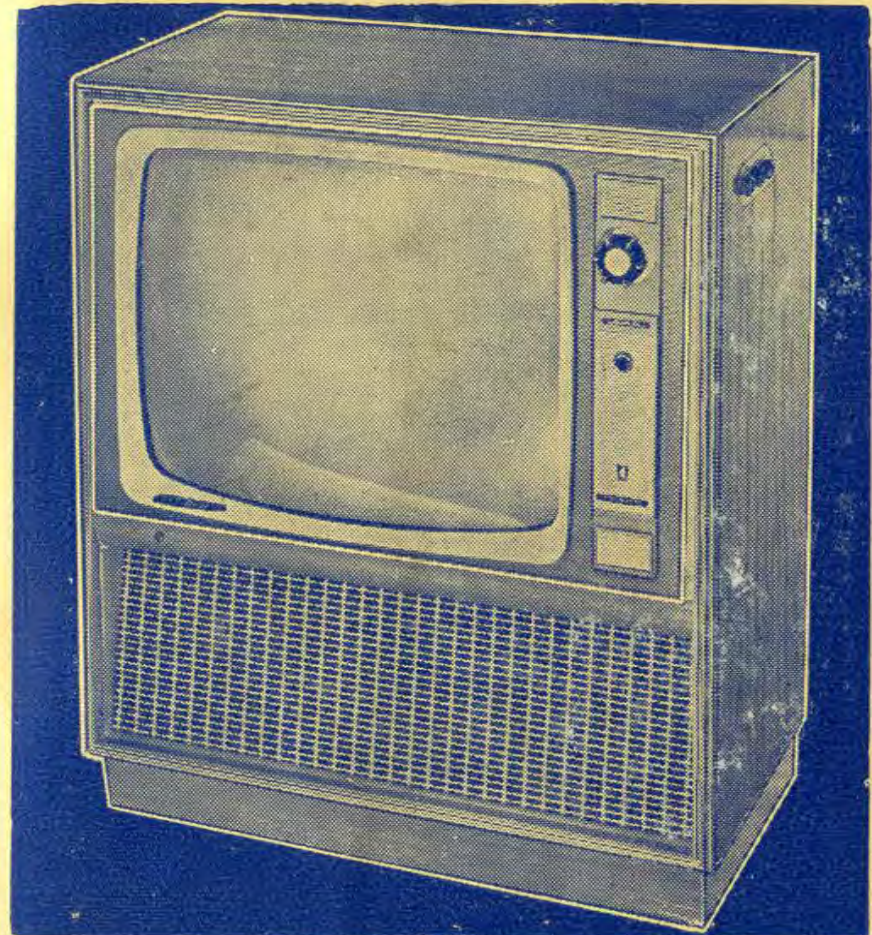
YOUR TOTAL POINTS .....

EDITOR'S DECISION WILL BE FINAL

The prize for Build Words No. 3 is again Five Pounds. All entries must be handed in by Tuesday, 5th June.

Each word may be used once only in the block. For those of you who may require dictionaries, a few are available from N.A. Middleton, at the Ship's Company Library.

A 19; B 20; C 28; D 30; E 33; F 21; H 23; I 22; J 16;  
K 13; L 26; M 27; N 22; O 18; P 15; Q 17; R 26; S 30;  
T 25; U 28; V 17; W 16; X 19; Y 24; Z 34.



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