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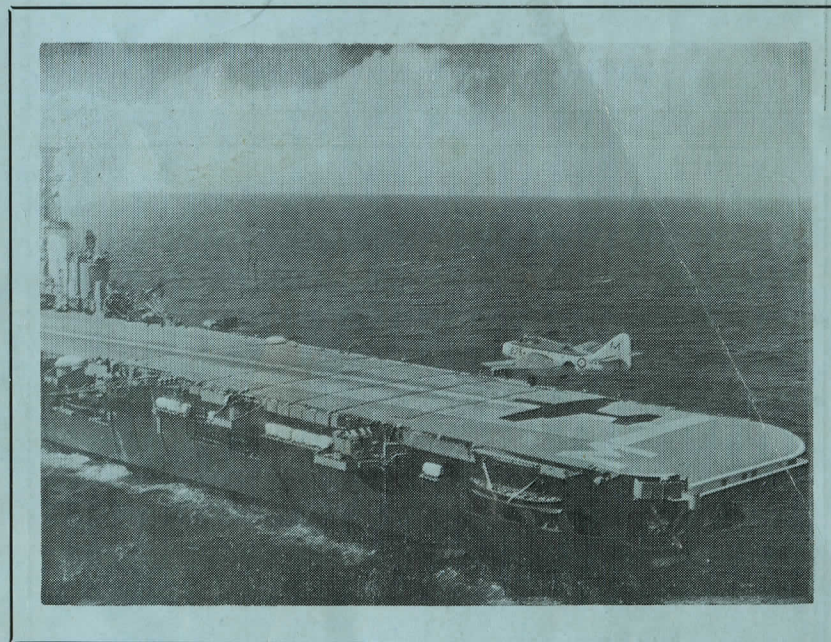
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WELCOME BACK ISSUE



SLIPSTREAM

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



No. 62

JULY, 1962.

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

No. 62

JULY, 1962.

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BUSINESS MANAGER
Wardmaster Sub.-Lt. Andrews, Ext. 395
ART EDITOR - - - - - L.S.B.A. B. O'Leary, Ext. 295

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Albatross in Action Centre Pages

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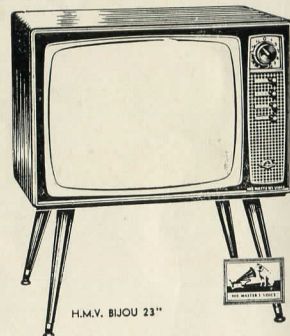
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EDITORIAL

PERHAPS this should be called a Sub-Editorial owing to the fact that the Editor has secured temporary relief from Slipstream preparation by counting C.B.'s in Sydney. I have found that one of the privileges of being an Editor is access to the files of Slipstream, and the consequent opportunity to read all the issues missed because of service elsewhere. As one reads through them, one cannot help being most impressed by the consistent excellence of the publication throughout its five years life, and the realisation of the hard work necessary to maintain the standard in issues of the future. In this regard you can say that we, the present population of Albatross, are the guardians of the present, and that our life here at this time, our accomplishment of our myriad tasks, will be reflected in the Slipstreams of our era. This is therefore an appeal to support Slipstream in every way possible. In this issue we commence some new features for you to support if you cannot make an individual contribution. They are:

ALBATROSS IN ACTION — Slipstream photographers will cover a different department each month.

PURPLE PATTERN — PUSSERS PAGE — ANGEL'S CORNER — Pages for publishing Interpart prowess. (Surely there are more than 3 departments at Albatross).

VILLAGE NEWS — Young Wives Tales (Reporter wanted).

AROUND THE STATION — Tell the Editor — he'll do the rest.

If you can make an individual contribution, we'd welcome it gladly. Most people are usually good for one short story, and many a funny yarn could be written down and offered for publication. Or you may have a good idea for a cartoon but can't draw — just contact our Art Editor who will eliminate that small problem. If you are a member of a sporting team or club, don't forget to take a picture of that important or interesting occasion. To sum up this long-winded discourse — Slipstream is made by all the people of Albatross, and an excellent publication depends upon a vast volume of material supplied by you. So don't forget —

BE SLIPSTREAM MINDED.

PUZZLE CORNER

1. Translate this message:— DYOT OTLH TOVI RSES.
2. The following is an addition sum. Find the value of each digit. Given that S equals 3.

CROSS ROADS

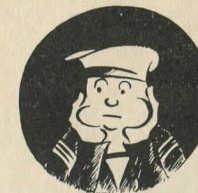
DANGER

- | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 3. Find the missing number. | 1, 3, 8, 13, 21, —, | | | | | | | | | |
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| 2 | 5 | 117 | | | | | | | | |
| 4 | 7 | 279 | | | | | | | | |
| 6 | 9 | --- | | | | | | | | |

A prize of £1 will be paid for the first correct entry opened after the closing date. Entries should be addressed to:—

PUZZLE CORNER, Slipstream, C/o Education Centre.
Closing date 19th July.

Around The Station



We hear that our Foremost Aviator and a Leading Airman fight a duel most Wednesday afternoons. The weapons are shotguns and their targets are those surplus black ash-trays. (These have been rejected as ash-trays because of their fragility). We don't think its true that the leading Airman is muttering about his opponent using drugs to improve his eyesight, but perhaps the Wild Fowl Trust may be reviewing this threat to their interests.

☆ ☆ ☆

One of our officers, about to join Work Study, has been carrying out preliminary training, and used as his subject his wife's preparation of breakfast, with a view to the elimination of wasted effort. Before Work Study she took twenty minutes. Now he does it in twelve.

☆ ☆ ☆

The recent mercy flight on a Sunday by our Dakota was subsequently reported in the Press as an R.A.A.F. accomplishment. This is nothing new of course, its been going on for years. "R.A.A.F. helicopters rescue crew of sinking ship" — that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, the only time they couldn't claim credit was when we shot the Auster down for them.

☆ ☆ ☆

J.P.B.

Welcome to the M.A.G., back again at headquarters for a short visit. From our point of view, it means more people to favour us with contributions, and of course, more sales. So come on M.A.G., tell us all about it.

☆ ☆ ☆

We heard that that noted author Holland Mulbill had arrived with the aircraft, but a reporter sent to bring back a hot despatch was unable to contact him. He must have immediately hidden himself to write his next story.

☆ ☆ ☆

Chippy has been spotted working in the evening. Such Fleet Air Arm-like activity is worth reporting on its own, but we can't resist repeating the rumour that he was making Plans for the Wrans.

☆ ☆ ☆

To prove that we read our own magazine, we noticed in our last issue that the punchline had inadvertently been missed from one of our gags. We therefore take pleasure in rectifying the omission.

"Crystal Palace, and described it as a 'test of endurance'."

What's that? — mislaid your copy of the last issue? — Never mind, our Business Manager will be glad to sell you another.

Jan 64

PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH

Recruit Naval Airman Mechanic Class No. 3

This month for a change we are throwing the spotlight on a cross section of the new recruits who form part of the new Fleet Air Arm. They have yet to make their way in the service, and it could possibly be that one of these lads may score a repeat appearance in this feature many years hence.

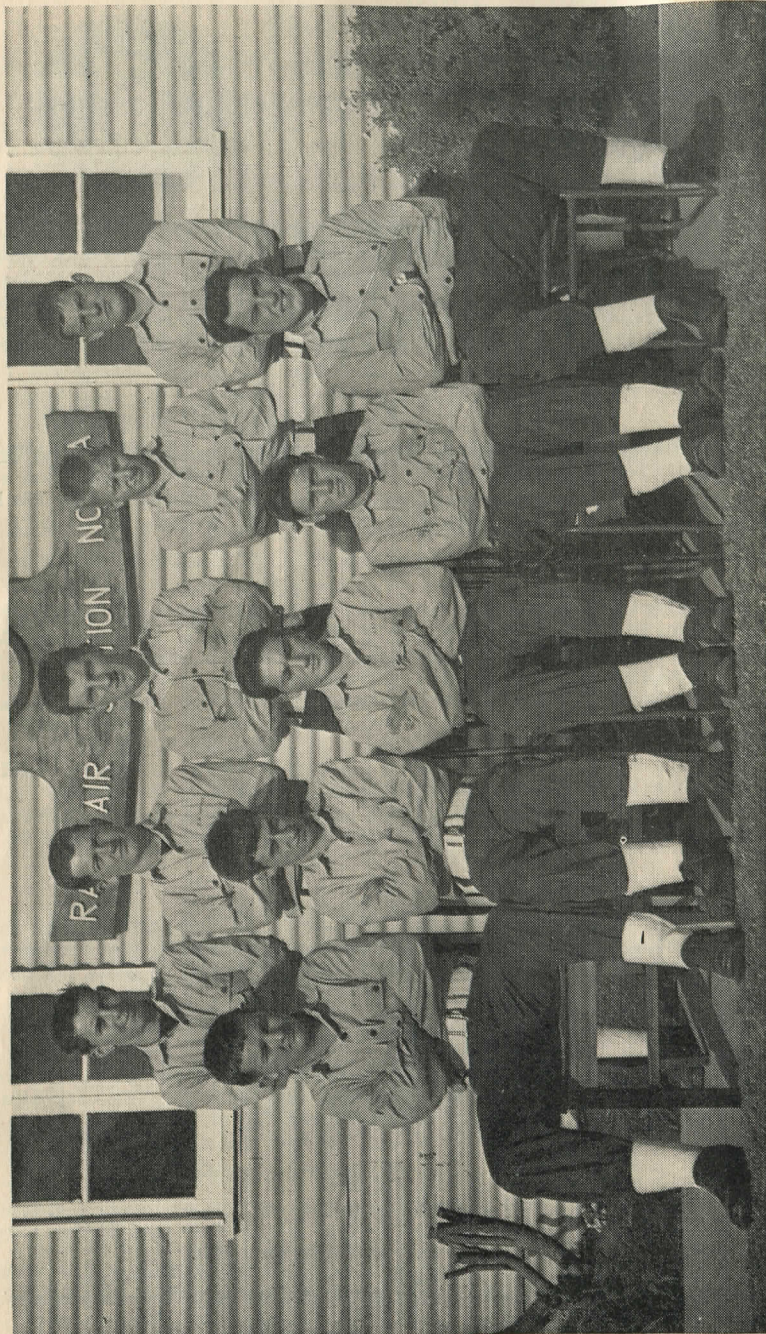
Antony Michael PENNO — Was born at Hindmarsh, Adelaide on 5th February, 1945. He lived at Woodville for approximately 2 years and thence at Hove for 6 years. While living there he attended Brighton Primary School up to Grade 6. A family removal to South Brighton followed where he lived for 9 years. He continued his education at Dover Gardens Primary School for 2 years then attended Mitchell Park Boys Tech High School for 3 years. In his 3rd year he applied for the R.A.A.F. but was unsuccessful so, as a second choice, joined the Fleet Air Arm on 12th February, 1962. Is interested in sailing, cricket, and Aussie Rules.

Jeffrey MOORE — Was born at St. Asaph in Wales (U.K.) on 17th May, 1944. After living in Holywell (Wales) for 9 years he moved to Chester (England) until he was 15 years old. It was at this stage that his family migrated to Australia where they lived in Melbourne for a year before he joined the Fleet Air Arm. His education was obtained at Blacon Junior School and at Chester College, and he distinguished himself by winning the award for art at both schools. He then went to Chester Technical School and after arrival in Australia he was an apprentice fitter and turner for nearly two years until joining the Navy. His studies were augmented by 3 years of evening class at art school. In addition he likes Rugby, Cycling, Swimming, Table Tennis and Cricket.

David William MASTERS — Was born at Horsham, Victoria on 28th October, 1944. He attended school at Horsham Primary until aged 11 then moved temporarily to Sunshine Melbourne for 2 months. From there the family moved to Adelaide and he transferred to Le Fevre Boys Technical High School, Port Adelaide where he gained the Intermediate. After leaving school he worked for two years at Southern Cross Machinery (Agricultural Machinery). This failed to satisfy his restless spirit, and as he had always a desire to join the Navy, he made the big decision on 12th February, 1962, and did just that. His interests encompass Aussie Rules, Tennis and Rifle Shooting.

Ralph Lester BURGE — Was born at Monto, Queensland on 29th September, 1943. He attended various Country State Schools throughout Queensland in pursuit of an education. This and his interest in cricket led him to Downlands College in Toowoomba where he gained the Junior Certificate. His senior years studies failed to bear fruit and he therefore joined Dalgety & Co. to gain income and concentrate on cricket to try and reach the standard of test cricketer uncle. By this time he was living in what he describes as the best and biggest city in Australia — Brisbane. (Letters to the Editor on this point will be considered for publication — Ed.). One day he had a disagreement with his boss at work and decided to join the Navy. Besides cricket he likes Aussie Rules, Tennis, Athletics, Swimming, Coin Collecting, Bee Keeping, and Model Aircraft.

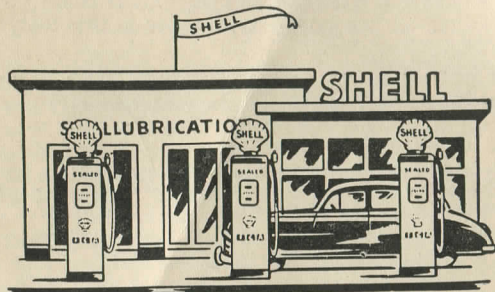
Terrance John FENWICK — Was born at Crystal Brook, South Australia on 10th March, 1944. His schools included Port Pirie East, Port Germein Primary, Port Pirie High, and Gawler High. He left school at the In-



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intermediate stage and joined the Electricity and Water Supply Department as a Recording Clerk. His ambition to follow a career turned his eyes to the Navy, which he joined in September, 1961, as a Recruit L.B. and subsequently transferred to Recruit N.A.M. on 12th April, 1962. His family now reside in Maitland N.S.W. Interest include tennis, golf, swimming, and shooting.

Alfred Otto VERMEER — Was born at Delft in Holland on 10th August, 1944. When he was 10 years old his family migrated to Australia where they settled in Adelaide. His education at Norwood High School followed and there he overcame the language barrier to obtain an intermediate Certificate. At this stage he became interested in the Navy as a means of developing a worthwhile career. He is keen on continuing his education, and in fishing, hunting and spearfishing.

Henry Edward George SUE — Born at Cairns on 3rd October, 1942. He received his education at St. Augustines College, Cairns, where he gained a Scholarship and Junior Certificate. After leaving school he spent 2 years surveying at Condoneal, Northern Queensland, and two years as a shop assistant before joining the Navy in February, 1962. He is a proficient boxer and runner-up in the featherweight of the Australian Amateur Boxing Championships. It is practically certain he will be chosen for the Empire games in Perth. He was married at the start of the winter leave and will reside in Nowra. Should he now have time for them, his other interests are cricket, tennis, Rugby League, Squash and Hockey.

Adriannus Johannes KOENEN — Born at Wittem in Holland on 8th March, 1944. He grew up in this small country town where the fact that his father was a policeman made his early life quite interesting. When the family grew to seven it was decided to migrate to Australia to improve the family's financial position. This was accomplished in 1954 and they settled in Briarhill, Victoria. At first things were difficult, but after picking up the language, they quickly made friends. Secondary education at Watsonia Technical School was successfully accomplished for the award of the Intermediate Certificate. His ambition is to be a pilot and considers the Navy the best way of achieving his aim. To this end he is continuing with his educational studies. He is keen on Soccer, Gymnastics, Judo and Sailing.

Norman Francis HAMS — Born at Rockhampton 10th December, 1944. He describes Rocky as "that towering city." It was there he attended Primary school and later on North Rockhampton High School where he was persuaded to stay long enough to obtain a Junior Certificate after a high speed escape from the school was neatly intercepted by his father who insisted he join him as a carpenter. However, this occupation didn't appeal to him so he decided to become a Junior Postal Officer, but after tasting stamps for some time he suddenly had a craving for salt water and joined the Navy in February, 1962. Interests include Rugby, Swimming, Shooting, Spear Fishing.

Ross Lloyd HERBERT — Was born at Bathurst, N.S.W. on 24th December, 1943 and now complains bitterly about the Christmas/Birthday combination presents given to him. His education was formerly completed at Scots College, Bathurst, with the award of the Intermediate Certificate, and he subsequently trained as a bank clerk before joining the Navy in January. He is a keen gymnast and is a fair exponent of tennis and cricket. He also displays considerable imaginative talent in short story composition. It is hoped that Slipstream will be favoured with his contributions. His other interests are Rugby, Shooting, Swimming, Basketball.

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LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

The M.A.G. are back with us — and another long cruise is over. The cruise can be summarised in terms of sea miles covered, exercises participated, hours flown, etc., etc. Its success will be measured by statistics and the relations, created or bettered with our fellow navies and so on. But there is another side of the story. The reunions of husbands with wives and families will bring home to many the very serious personal demands our Service makes on the lives of the family men.

The Navy parent is under grave difficulties in his work of raising and educating his children. In common today, with all parents, he has to battle with the many influences outside of the home that are established for children — television, movies, magazines, school companions, but has as well, the added complications of long periods of absence and separation from his family.

Then there are the many youth organisations and clubs, which whilst good in themselves, have the tendency to take over children, as though these agencies were foster parents.

But in spite of all this competition, the primary educators of children are and remain always, the parents. It is they who must guide the child in finding his own identity, in acquiring his maturity and in taking his place in the world with others. It is the parents who must be the "selective consumer" of the daily stuff pushed at him through press and advertising. So following the caution of his parents, Junior will not accept every facet or aspect of modern culture, and make it his own.

The duty of parents in the formation of their children is one of precious responsibility. It is their care to develop a person, to form morals and knowledge of right and wrong; to inspire respect and tolerance; to guide the choice of specialisation in a career; and to know the skills required and the satisfaction to be expected; in all, to develop, to form, the whole of the man to be.

For our Navy fathers, much personal guidance is lost by dint of serving away from home. Time lost in this so important task is not easily regained. So time available gives this task first priority always.

CHAPLAIN H. McDONALD, R.A.N.

WHY READ THE BIBLE?

I think it is sometimes helpful to think of the Church of God as an Army — if any part of it is weak then it puts up a poor show; if it is strong it puts up a good show. And, like an Army, it must remember not only its training and objectives, but also its traditions. In the early days of the Church the spoken word was sufficient but not for very long. Leaders of the Church who had known and seen Jesus, wrote down what He had said and done, and gave the history of the early days of the Church. They also wrote letters to Christians in other places and gave them advice and teaching. Thus we have what we now call the New Testament.

But the Church did not start with the New Testament. In a very real sense it started long before when God called out a special nation to carry out His design for mankind. God chose the Hebrews and

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trained them to be His army. They were a very mixed lot and some of them were very unruly. But those of them who understood something of what God wanted wrote it down — a little history — a little prophecy — a good deal of Divine Law. And that is the Old Testament.

The Hebrews failed but God had established a tradition which men could learn and understand — they knew what God was after, they also knew something of what God was like. When Jesus Christ came He took this tradition and made it available for all and gave mankind its final orders. The Bible as we have it is the record of God in action. We read the Bible to see how God acts and how man reacts. To use the Bible properly we should begin with the Gospels, as they are the record of what Jesus did and said. In the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles we find the Church in action, fresh from the hand of Jesus, going out to turn the world upside down and right side up.

The Old Testament is more difficult and you may need a helping hand. It covers 1000 years of history. But it is bursting out with great strengthening passages that show us how the Jews prepared for the coming of the Saviour. It shows that Christ's coming was no accident but part of God's plan.

The Bible then is the most fascinating book in the world as well as being the best-seller. In it we find in the Old Testament the story of a nation with a destiny which it could not fulfil, but a nation which even in its hour of deepest impotence never lost the hope that justice, truth, and holiness would win the final victory. In the New Testament we have the record that the battle over sin, evil, disease, and death has been won. In the New Testament we find mankind, freed from the restraints of nationalism and bigotry, offered a new and exhilarating fellowship transcending all the barriers of race, class and tongue. It is the story of the creation of a People of God, destined to become a world-wide community bound in loyalty to Jesus Christ.

So then we should read the Bible not bothering too much about the bits we don't understand because there is plenty that everyone can understand. There is nothing that pierces to the heart and sticks and strengthens like the words and deeds of Jesus. The Church of God sends its members to the Bible and says read it if you want to be an intelligent follower of Jesus.

— REV. J. TRAINER, R.A.N.

Albatross Rifle Club

Six members of the Rifle Club mustered at the Long Bay Rifle Range on Thursday, 28th June, to shoot for the Eastern Area Rifle Club Championship Trophy.

Three of the members were successful, taking First, Second and Third Prizes.

In a field of 34 shooters drawn from the Fleet and Sydney shore establishments, five of the ten finalists chosen to shoot from the 600 yard mound were from Albatross.

Congratulations to Naval Airman Mannkoph who shot brilliantly under changing conditions of light, and gusty winds, to become the Eastern Area Club Champion for 1962.

Congratulations also to Petty Officers Jenkins and Weaver who shot second and third respectively.

The Club has shown a great improvement in membership over the last few weeks, averaging an attendance of at least 15 shooters every Sports Afternoon.

The Intership and Inter Establishment Shoot commences on 12th July and results in the next edition.



“Mirror, Mirror, on the wall . . .



Who is the fairest one of all?”

VILLAGE NEWS

Junior Girls Concert

Some four months ago two schoolgirls decided to put on a concert in the back yard of one of them. The idea developed until 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, 16th June last, when a full scale concert lasting one hour was presented in the Nowra Hill Village Hall before about 80 people mainly children, with a sprinkling of adults.

The programme went along with a swing and was quite good entertainment worthy of a more adult cast. The stage “props” were from various houses in the “Patch” and from the Station. The costumes were very good and were produced by Mrs. Benner, Mrs. Eyre and Mrs. Mills. The piano accompanist was Mrs. Stopford.

The programme which was compered by Miss Penny Trainer, aged all of nine years, consisted of:

Marching Display — the Cast.

Sailors Hornpipe (Dance — Jane and Elaine Eyre and Janice Mills, Hole in the Bucket (Song and Sketch) — Gillian Treloar and Susan French.

Hawaiian Dance (Song and Dance) — Louise Gray, Janice Mills and Jane Eyre.

The stolen Cough Mixture (Sketch) — Gillian Treloar, Susan French, Debra Bailey and Sandra Shepherd.

My Grandfather's Clock (Song) — Janice Mills and Debra Bailey.

Baggy Breeches (Song and Dance) — Susan French, Elaine Eyre and Sandra Shepherd.

Alice Blue Gown (Song) — Gillian Treloar.

Ballet — Louise Gray, Jane Eyre, Elaine Eyre and Janice Mills.

Penny Trainer put over some “Breakfast Session” type jokes between acts that outdid Rus. Tyson. The Trainer twins aged 7 years manipulated the curtains.

At the conclusion the junior girls, aged from 7 to 10 years, thanked Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Benner who were the main advisors and directors.

The Junior Girls cleared £9/9/- from the concert which they are presenting to Legacy. The girls wish to thank all the people of the village and the Station for their donations and assistance.

An acquaintance of ours recently received a No. 3 letter from a finance company. In case you don't know what it is, a No. 3 letter is the one in which they drop all pretence of politeness and threaten dire consequences. He studied this thoughtfully for a while, then wrote this back to them:—

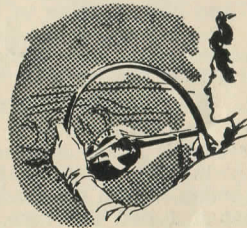
Sir,

With reference to your recent letter, I wish to clear up a misunderstanding on your part by explaining how we pay bills at this house. Each month we decide how much surplus money we have for the purpose of paying outstanding bills. When this is computed we put all the names of creditors into a hat, then my youngest son is blindfolded and draws them out one by one until that month's supply of money is exhausted. I think you will agree that this is an extremely fair system so be careful — if I have any more damn nonsense from you I'll make sure that your name won't even go into the hat.”

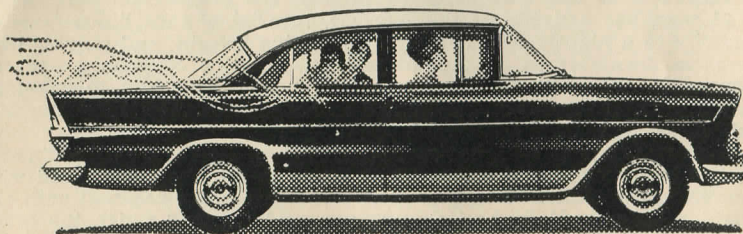
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and date again. Yes, I was right, it was tonight. Panic gripped me. Perhaps the show had been suspended for some trivial reason (like declaration of war, or a personal ban by the Prime Minister). I must find out, but how?

Just then I heard the sound of revelry coming from a hut across the way. My feet were frozen by this time, but I forced them into motion, and butting into the teeth of the cold Westerly wind, made my way to the hut of revelry.

Opening a door marked above with the legend "FAPDO" revealed a group of men dressed in submarine jerseys and enormous sea boots busily engaged in balancing a fire bucket high over a desk, and rigging a release mechanism to the telephone. One of them spotted me, grabbed a fire extinguisher, and advanced menacingly. "What do you want," he said.

I said "When does the cinema open" jerking my thumb over my shoulder. He looked in the direction of my thumb and said "That's not the cinema sport, that's the AJASS play room. You must be new here, the cinema's over there" pointing past the quarter deck. I thanked him and hurried away, declining an invitation to squirt an extinguisher or two, and cursing myself for the wasted time.

I arrived at the building pointed out to me. It turned out to be a place with crinkly sides — the sort that I knew would give trouble to researchers in 2057 who would never know how we built them. The front of it seemed to be boarded up except for a small opening. This turned out to be the entrance as I discovered when I poked my head in and viewed the gloomy interior. After a contortionist entrance caused by starting off on the wrong foot, I entered rearwards on all fours, and found myself being lifted up by two men and being propelled towards a glass fronted and candy striped office. One of the men left me, and darted into the office, came up to the glass, and said in a voice muffled by his Balaclava helmet "How many?" I said "One," and he sighed "Ah well, that'll be two bob" and gave me a ticket. Meanwhile the other man shouted up the stairs "We've got one" whereupon all the lights in the cinema came on.

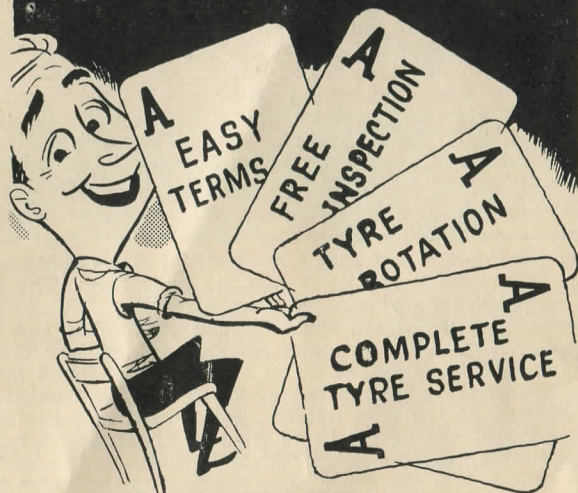
I walked to the door, where my ticket was taken from me by the first man in exchange for a curt "Sit anywhere." Quite a reasonable instruction in the circumstances since I was the only occupant of the vast auditorium "Why is there no-one else" I asked. "Are you kidding" he said, "It's Yippee night on the T.V.—Wagon Train, Rawhide and Gunslinger. I'm going myself as soon as this starts."

So helping myself to a chair from the stack, I sat down to wait for the show to commence. Apparently music is severely rationed when small audiences appear; at any rate my ears were not assailed by warning strains. "The Skaters Waltz" would have suited the surroundings, which were reminiscent of St. Moritz Ice Rink in a cold spell. However, by vigorously stamping my feet, and warming my hands on my glowing cigarette, I managed to ward off frost bite. Abruptly the lights went out, and I noticed for the first time a red glow from the walls as the heaters struggled to hoist the temperature of the Cinema by at least one degree before the show finished for the night. Now the film was running — "Espresso Jungle" — sheer torture for this fan of Eve Eden.

I bounced to my feet, shot to the door, and said to the man in the box office, (who was then counting the night's takings), "Can't we have Summer's Sweetness first." "Nothing to do with me" he said, "You'll have to see the operator." So on up the stairs I went and found the operator. His face showed signs of strain as he fiddled with the lamp housing and the thrashing projector of somewhat ancient vintage.

"Why can't we have Summer's Sweetness first" I shouted above the racket of machinery.

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"Can't do it," he shouted back. "Orders say small film first and the main feature last."

"But why?"

"Well, we have to whet the appetite of the audience, besides it helps the nutty sales at the interval."

"But I am the only member of the audience, my appetite is fully whetted, and I don't believe in intervals."

"Don't tell me your troubles — see the Cinema Officer in the morning. Now do me a favour and buzz off and let me operate."

After this sympathetic consideration of my case, I had no alternative but to endure "Espresso Jungle." I therefore returned to the refrigerated auditorium, alive and jumping now with jangling guitars and screeching rock and rollers. "Would it never end," I thought as the minutes crawled by and I steadily became more frozen. I felt weary from my runway sweeping exertions, and thought longingly of my warm bed. The warmth was a comparatively recent addition — ever since I had perfected the technique of augmenting Pussers blanket supply by tastefully draping my entire kit over the top of the bed. I was wondering if the addition of the kit bag would help to keep the whole lot in place, when I heard a cosy voice calling to me above the noise of the guitars. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable" it said. I turned round and there she was, reclining on a sumptuous divan surrounded by at least twenty electric fires all going full blast.

"Eve," I said, for it was surely she, "What are you doing here?" Strange enough I didn't seem to be surprised at seeing her.

"I could see you were cold and miserable while you were waiting to see me, so I thought I'd come down to see you instead," she replied, vigorously waving two fans as the waves of heat swept over her. She gazed at me invitingly, and patted the divan beside her. I glanced nervously over my shoulder — surely I'd get into trouble if someone saw her there. My imagination envisaged the Commanders Table—Conduct to the prejudice of good order and naval discipline in that he did bring one flimsily clad film star into the cinema for unspecified reasons and without prior permission or approval. However, faced with an unexpected situation, and having made sure that the cinema was deserted, I decided to carry out some research on this phenomenon. Since I might as well be warm while doing this I moved over and joined her on the divan.

With an air of one granting the freedom of the city, she handed me the fans. Now that I was closer, I could see that she was dressed for tropical climes and that Phil. A. Paige's warm comments were indeed correct. As a matter of fact I was getting quite warm myself, and had to manipulate the fans vigorously.

Time slipped by as we chatted pleasantly about a wide range of topics like the European Common Market, the development of the Australian Stock Exchange, the archaeological wonders of the world, and many similar I was now thoroughly at ease in my wonderfully warm surroundings; my eyelids drooped and I started to doze off.

Eve reached over and shook my shoulder. "Wake up," she said, "Come on, its time to go." I refused to respond. Oblivion is so delightful. "Wake up," she repeated, vigorously shaking, her voice curiously deeper in tone. The shaking grew more robust and started to hurt.

"Please Eve, stop it," I protested, opening my eyes. I carefully brought them into focus. Eve, the divan, and the 20 electric fires had vanished. The lights were on and the hand on my shoulder belonged instead to the ticket man on the door. "Wake up," he said, "Its time to go."

"What about the second feature film," I asked.

"Both films have been shown, its now 11 o'clock, I'm cold, and I want to lock up and turn in so please shove off" he said.

I was stunned. not only that, I realised I was frozen stiff and my legs were numb. I tottered to the door, and gritting my teeth, managed to climb the stairs to the projection room.

"Please," I said to the operator, who was re-winding film, "Did you really show "Summer's Sweetness?"

"Sure did," he said, "Why?"

"I seem to have missed it" I said, gloom now settling fast. "Tell me, what was it like?"

"Don't rightly know," he said, "I never watch the films when I'm operating. But I tell you this much, it seemed a bit peculiar."

"Peculiar?"

"Yes, you see there didn't seem to be any talking except by a bloke occasionally. It seemed to be little bits of music, and quite a lot of what sounded like someone having a bath, or splashing in a rocky pool."

"A b-b-bath." I stuttered. It was too much. I wandered from the Cinema in a daze. Then it suddenly hit me — the reason the operator didn't hear Eve was because she was with me the whole time the picture was being shown. I'm sure if he'd looked he wouldn't have seen anyone in the bath or rock pool either.

Of course no one believes my story, on the other hand no one can disprove it — the film was returned immediately, and I can't find any one who has seen it. Anyway, I prefer not to argue. I know what I know, and one thing I know is that the evening was the best two bob's worth I have ever had at the movies! Yes Sir!

J.P.B.



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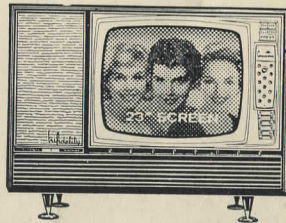


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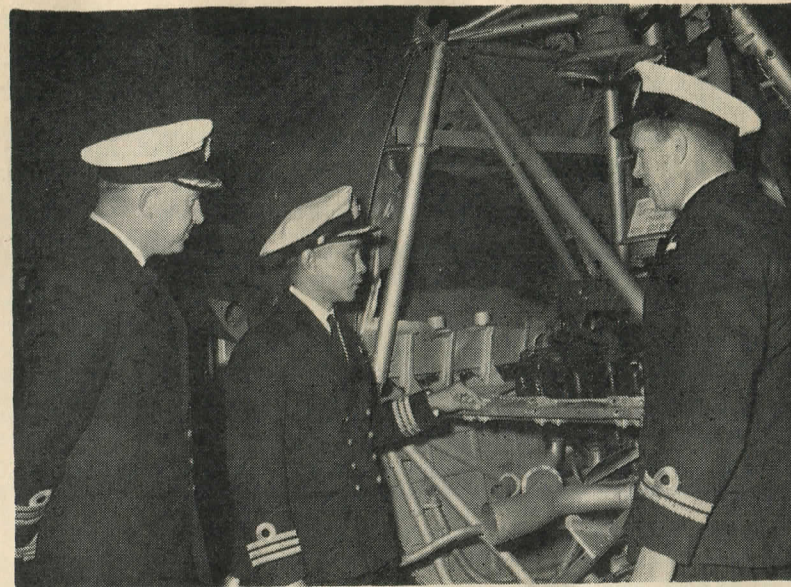
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● COMMANDER WICKETT looks on approvingly as Lieutenant Spring-ett attempts to sell the S.A.M.(E) Helicopter to Commander Snit of the Royal Thai Air Force.

THE GREAT TAKE-OVER

Now that Purple Empire Ltd., has acquired all the stock in Naval Electrical Industries, it has become necessary to provide Purple's staff with technical knowhow regarding their new subsidiary, so that they may be qualified to make the necessary policy decisions and deal with the day to day administrative matters. "Slipstream" has kindly consented to the publication of the following short course designed to achieve the above aims, and would be pleased to receive for future issues any comments from former members of Naval Electrical Industries.

A Shorter History of Electricity

The Greeks invented electricity. They did it by rubbing amber on cat's fur. This made the amber attract small particles and the cat's fur to stand on end. It was only natural really, as the cats did not care much for being rubbed on amber.

The Greeks did not do anything else about electricity, as they were busy at the time with a war; the next to do anything was an Italian called Galvani.

Galvani found a way to make frogs' legs twitch by electrictrickery. Neurotic frogs could twitch alright without Galvani, but nevertheless the discovery was very important and it led Volta to invent his cell.

Volta's cell was most useful and popular and he made a great deal of money out of it; hence the expression "Volta's Pile." Volta also invented

volts, which are the things which push amps around the circuit. Actually amps were not invented until fifty years later, so the volts had to be pushed around on their own for quite a bit. This gave rise to static electricity. Static electricity is very interesting but not very useful. It is used mostly for lightning.

After Volta, the electricity business became quite brisk. Ampere invented amps, Ohms invented ohms, Watt invented watts, Milly invented milli-amps and Meg invented meg-ohms, so clearly showing the influence of women on electricity. The Russians, however, have since claimed that all these were invented in Russia by Serge Arkover, but failed to mention it at the time.

The turn of the century was now nigh. It turned after 1899 as predicted and electricity went along at a great pace. Coulomb invented coulombs, Henry invented henries, Eddy invented eddy-currents, Gauss invented geese, Evershed invented Vignoles and Baden-Powell invented Boy Scouts. At this stage electricity was getting along very nicely when Clark Maxwell put the whole thing on a mathematical basis and thereby took half the pleasure out of it.

The greatest inventor of all in the electrical field was Faraday. Faraday was sickly as a youth, but he got better and invented electro-magnetic induction. This enabled electricity to be made in large pieces and without it we should not have all the benefits of modern civilization such as television sets and hydrogen bombs. Faraday was a prolific experimenter and some of his experiments are classics. He conducted the Ice Pail Experiment, the Butterfly Net Experiment, the Faraday Cage Experiment; he also experimented with electricity.

After Faraday, the electricity business got very big and it was not long before people starting selling it for money. This took the other half of the pleasure out of it, and gave rise to a vast hierarchy now under the control of administrators and policy makers. These are very important people and are very busy making policies. They are naturally of much more importance than the old fashioned types who only make the electricity.

Nowadays there are two sorts of Electricity — D.C. and A.C.

D.C. is a bit old fashioned and goes the same way all the time, but A.C. comes and goes. It goes mostly in the mornings about eight o'clock just when you need it most.

The supply keeps getting better, but the demand gets better as well so nothing happens. This is called a vicious circle.

Vicious circles are very dangerous and can turn into inflationary spirals if not carefully handled. This is called economics. Economics is a very tricky subject but it is altogether different from Electrickery.

Doc and Jim were confirmed golfing rivals who fought so consistently that they finally agreed not to talk at all during a match to lessen the chance of gamesmanship affecting the result.

All went smoothly and silently until the sixteenth hole, when Doc walked ahead to a ball on the edge of the green while Jim climbed into a sand trap to play out. Jim took one swing, then another, and another, finally topping a shot clear across the green into a trap the other side. Then he whanged the ball back into trap number one. As he wearily recrossed the green, Doc broke the silence. "May I say one word?" he asked. "Well," snarled Jim, "what is it." Doc replied, "You're playing with my ball."

Purple Patter

Once more into the what'not, dear friends, as the Bishop said to the Barmaid. The Purple Empire rouses itself from a long sleep to provide these eagerly awaited snippets of information on what the largest Department on the Station is doing.

We have lately said goodbye to Commander Walmsley as our big White Chief (by the way, what scandal prompted another Head of Department to refer to him as Fearless Frank when we all knew him as Wealthy Wal?) and welcome Commander Wickett in his place. The new A.E.O. looks a little weary under the heavy cap he is now sporting but the more ancient of us will remember him for a previous stint as Senior.

It does the heart good to see SAM(E) in full swing again — even the gardens are approaching their past glories. Word has it that directly after leave there will be nine courses running concurrently and that Works already have a requisition for installation of a second Brew Boat and Beer Bar. By the way, my spies tell me that all the Civvies hanging around there lately are not extra gardeners but the experts from DeHavillands getting the word on the Wessex. It is now confirmed that DeHavillands will be the Civilian contractors for our helicopters so it looks as though we are stuck with Charlie Grose (we're only kidding Charlie).

As we go to press, the other Whirly-birds have realised their secret weapon, to the amazed gaze of the populace. We have it on good authority that the Station Darts Team have scanned the international rules and can find nothing to prevent the use of an airborne dart 12 foot long, so look out R.S.L.!

An interesting milestone was passed in the last month when the first Venom, WZ937, reached 1000 airframe hours. There are now Gannets, Vampire, Sycamores and Venoms flying, all over the 1000 hour mark — good advertisement when it is realised that the average Firefly and Fury were pensioned off around 500 hours.

Slipstreams may come and go but the Duke still reigns supreme in AMRO. To the new recruits, we would mention that to cross Gipsy Rose Denehy's palm with silver is a waste of time because your future movements are controlled by wind and water (begging the Senior Engineer's pardon). You may rest assured, however, that nobody will put the skids under you for that delightful three month period on the Jimmy's Sullage truck — even your best friends won't know you.

The vocabulary of the Department is changing these days — if you can't answer the following quiz make your way to Holesworthy not stopping at the Main Gates:—

"WESSEX" is:

- (a) A retirement fund for aged SAM(E) instructors.
- (b) A mechanised dish washer with spin drier attachment.
- (c) Fun and games in the Ditching Pool.

"GAZELLE" is:

- (a) A lark in the woods.
- (b) Napier's nausea.
- (c) A ten stage meat mixer for pulverising unwary airmen.

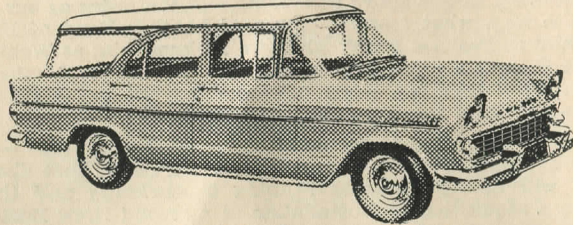
"AUTORATION" is:

- (a) Taking Kiama bends at 90 knots.
- (b) That certain sinking feeling.
- (c) One girl in the back seat of five cars.

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Rumour has it that a certain CAA not far from the Sheetmetal shop has a sure remedy for 'flu — we recommend takers of the course book their hospital bed with the Wardmaster well in advance.

In passing comment on the successes and (occasional) failures of the Engineering Branch in Inter Divisional Sports, the most noticeable feature is the role played by some of our stalwarts who are, with due respect, becoming long in the tooth. The active participation in a variety of sports, including field games, of such personalities as CAF "Griff" Williams, CAF Lou Luther, CAF Willie McBain and CAA "Buzz" Warfield, to name a few, has provided the Division with an experienced core around which we have formed our teams for the various sports. However, our potential is now developing rapidly, having survived the flat spot in recruiting for the F.A.A. by the intake of Recruit Naval Airman Mechanics who have already made their presence felt on the sports field.

As this is an introductory feature we are taking the opportunity to bring all interested readers up to date with our progress thus far in the current sporting year. NOTE: We are sure interested readers will include the "L" Branch, who no doubt will be spurred to greater efforts in:—

SUMMER SPORTS — Completed | WINTER SPORTS — In Progress

Swimming 3rd Place.
Water Polo 3rd Place.
Tennis 2nd Place.
Squash 2nd Place.
Basket Ball 3rd Place.
Cricket 3rd Place.

Aust. Rules — in Semi-finals.
Hockey, 2 wins, nil defeats.
Soccer, 1 win, 1 defeat.
Rugby Union, 1 win 2 defeats.

This gives us a total of 34 points to lead the competition on completion of summer sports.

In our last game of Rugby Union, against the Station Division, we suffered our worst injuries to date. Three players were injured, the worst injury being suffered by POAM "Taff" Lloyd who is in Sick Bay with two broken bones in the lower leg. We are all indeed sorry to hear that "Taff" will be laid up for several weeks and will not play again this season. A severe loss to our Rugby team.

As a closing note we must record the claim made by three CPO's (very keen Golfers) that Cdr. "E" took advantage of their interest in the MAG aircraft passing overhead to execute some Gary Player like strokes at the last two holes, thus establishing his position among the leading wielders of "make and mend sticks" in the Engineering Division.

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If you don't, you still have two chances,
You'll escape or you won't.

If you don't, you still have two chances,
If you escape, you have nothing to worry about.
You'll come out alive someday, or you won't.

If you come out alive, you have nothing to worry about.
If you die — Well, you still have two chances!

PETE.

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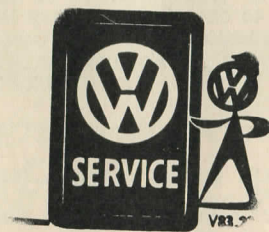
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A.J.A.S.S. REVISITED

After 16 months parole at Watson our former A.J.A.S.S. correspondent returned to finish his sentence and has forwarded his impressions of the establishment after life in the big city.

The approach to Albatross is a thing of rare beauty. One sweeps around the Golf course, sees the newly painted married quarters, stops the car, is sick and proceeds to the main gate.

At the gate stands a large hunk of metal, apparently in mourning for a Fleet Air Arm that was. Perhaps its white clown like nose is appropriate.

Inside the gate there is what offers to be a strict monastery. Its members never seem to venture out but occasionally a faint white hand waves at passing cars. Further along there are some barred cells obviously reserved for the more devout of the sect.

A.J.A.S.S. seems to have changed little. How good it was to stand in the tactical floor once more and see those fine old buckets in place catching the drip of water from those fine old holes in the roof.

Gone are the days when English and Australian voices were raised in argument. Now we have English Australian and American accents screaming at each other. A.J.A.S.S. with its United Nations is just as peaceful as the United Nations elsewhere.

The Director R.A.N. seemed overcome with emotion when I arrived. Obviously a religious man he muttered "Good God" and bowed his head in silent prayer. Emotionally he informed me I was to have my old job back again. This pleased me immensely as I consider myself one of the best tea makers in the business.

Unfortunately as it was only 1015 the rest of the staff hadn't arrived so I proceeded to the Wardroom. Its really amazing to think that people travel overseas to visit the ruins of ancient Rome and Greece when Nowra is only 100 miles from Sydney.

The cabin allocated me was in contemporary style with wall to wall floor boards, wind operated doors, overhead roof and stained glass windows and a 40 yard walk in the rain to the showers. With my great age, seniority and flying pay my salary is now what the Tax Department calls the upper 5 per cent of wage earners. How delightful to be a member of this group but how much more exclusive to be a member of a smaller group of the 5 per cent which has to walk 40 yards in the rain to have a shower.

Apart from these minor inconveniences life at the Hamilton Hilton proceeds slowly. Occasionally life is dangerous, mostly on night flying nights at 1630 where to stand near the dining room is dangerous. At this time a game of musical chairs is held. The aim of the game seems to be for Schoolies, A.T.C. Plumbers and L officers to fill all the seats reserved for night flying suppers before any of these wretched aviators can get there. — hence the old expression "as rare as an aviator at a night flying supper."

A visit to the tower is well worth while and shows how much more care we take of our aviators. Previously when we had only four Squadrons of 12 planes each Lieut. Cdr. (F) and Lt. (O) used to do air traffic control in their spare time. How much better the system is now where every aircraft has its own controller.

In one office I visited there was a tall distinguished pilot, completely grey, except for his hair which was jet black. His uniform coat was covered in fruit salad and his hat had scrambled eggs all along the edge. He told me he wasn't particularly brave — just a messy eater.

(To Be Continued).

Squash

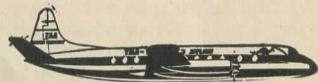
Wednesday, 20th, saw the success of the A Reserve grade team in the Nowra District competition, going through undefeated in all matches. Congratulations to the A Reserves who were, E/M Parrington, LE/M Modwylic, N/A Tull, N/A Gordon and N/A Cannane, the latter being unbeaten in all matches.

The A Grade team are in second position, and are sure of reaching the semi-finals. However, the loss of Lt. Mears, Wells, and McDonnell have cast a shadow on our chances. The return of P.O.R/E Martin has improved us, and we would be only too thankful to hear from anybody who is of high standard.

A new made millionaire in Sydney was impressing his friends by showing them around his modernistic "push-button" mansion. "This is the best gadget of the lot," he exulted. "After a night out, I sometimes feel like stepping into a nice hot bath right here without the trouble of going to the bathroom. I just press this button —" He pressed the button, and in rolled the bathtub, full of nice hot water — and the millionaire's wife.

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Angel's Corner

Before going any further, this is not another Padre's report and the editors have no thought of re-naming the magazine "War Cry." The reason for this title is that the authorities, in their wisdom, decided that the Engineering and Electrical Branches should be united and be known wholly and solely as "Engineers," but that to save an unholy muddle the Electricians would henceforth be known as Eng(L)'s — and that's that.

Obviously some bitter arguments were likely to ensue from such a merger and it was decided that at the earliest opportunity one Engineering and Electrical officer would be sent to a Moral Leadership Course to teach them tolerance, forgiveness of past sins, and the way to live peacefully together. Such was the failure of this scheme that one officer has been sent to Sydney to regain his worldliness, and the other will soon be deported to England to serve with that colony's Navy.

So after six months of confusion things are back to normal with the Electricians winning the sporting trophies, and providing over half of all the ships representative sports teams, and with the engineers blaming the former for keeping aircraft on the ground in an unserviceable condition. As an aside it must be admitted that it could be embarrassing to a pilot to find that switching on the windscreen wiper did nothing except indicate on his instruments that his rotors were rotating backwards, and that he was flying upside down — who did cross connect those leads any way.

The preparations being made for the receipt of the Wessex are reaching frightening proportions — at the paperwork stage if not at the material. In fact so much is being churned out and so rapid are the comings and goings of learned personnel "adding their little bit" that it is rumoured that L.H.Q. is now named "The Wessex Mirror" and that this is no reflection on the L.O. who has been seen allegedly wearing a green eye shade and smoking a large cigar.

The rest of the work has continued at a steady rate (sic), and the Branch was pleased to welcome its Director in May. This was Captain Heads first visit to Nowra and from all reports he was well pleased with all he saw, and was convinced that the electricians of the Air Arm are in good hands. We were able to show him, among other things, a very important piece of machinery recently imported from Sweden. It would be a poor choice of words to describe this apparatus as "hush-hush" — for its name would bely that description.

The Bang Generator now reposes in the workshop, and could well lead to an early court martial. It is embarrassing to tell Senior Officers that this immaculate looking machine generates bangs — no-one believes such a story, and honour can only be saved by switching on the compressed air and giving a demonstration. One day soon it won't work and no doubt that will be the day those dreaded words will be heard "Very funny, report to me in my office . . ."

By the time this report reaches the publication stage we will have lost two of our officers — Lt. Cdr. Stevenes will be at Nirimba, and Lt. Vance will be afloat in the Melbourne. We wish them both good luck in their new surroundings, and we also take this opportunity of welcoming to our midst Lt. Cdr. York and Lt. Young, and hope they will enjoy their stay.

HALO.

Pusser's Page

STORES CHORES

Well, first I must welcome the M.A.G. back. They'll probably cause a great deal of work for us, but as some S/A would say "We've got broad shoulders, we can take it." Anyway we hope that they have a pleasant and safe stay at the Station.

Since Lt. Cdr. Brash has departed, Lt. Cdr. Hinch has had a full time job being both Deputy Supply Officer and S.O. Cash. He is assisted in the Naval Stores Section by Sub. Lt. Haron who is a staunch gliding fan. Let us hope (Sirocco) that we get more work out of Sub. Lt. Haron than we did out of our swimmer Sub. Lt. Henderson.

By the way, what has happened to Sirocco? — has he gone on draft or just faded from the scene?

I do hope that those who are associated with the Vict. Dept. will appreciate their motto on one of the desks in the office. It says "Think! — There must be a harder way to do it."

With one thing and another I think S & S has just about taken over this edition of Slipstream, what with the Grocers Gossip, Victualling Vogue, Writers Ravings, and photos all over the middle pages.

Oh, by the way, our favourite squadron 723 has been very quiet lately, and we've had no URR's on Wednesday afternoons for about a month. Is everybody well over there, or have the choppers been on their best behaviour.

If anyone should see a short round S.A. rolling around the Station in a daze, would they ring 345. That way we can nab him and get some work out of him.

The two civilians at R and D are at last living in comfort after the recent supply of a radiator.

But now its time to wrap this up. Next month we will be preparing to receive the Wessex parts — more work for us over-burdened S.A.'s.

PAUNCHO.

KOOK'S CORNER

Scran must be getting better. Now they howl when they don't get any. With the MAG back could be they won't get any more often.

Have heard the pigs (Wardroom West) are screaming. With the advent of Bat Masterson there's not so much waste going to them. (No comment by the D.S.O.).

If all Navy cooks are Sidebottom trained men, who is the clot who trained Sidebottom?

Cooks are in great demand these days. They cook (?), they garden, they do colour and depot guard. They are now asked to be journalists. No wonder the place has the name of South Coast Asylum. Wonder what will be thought up next.

KOOKIE.

GROCERS' GOSSIP

Who would ever have thought that Bat Masterson would change over from T.V. westerns to Naval comedy? You can see for yourself — at noon each week-day ol' Bat rides herd on the scran queues. Looks pretty comfy perched on "the old you can't bend it" whilst watching the "hit it with your head" game too. Who knows, he may install a hidden sword in it and end up doing a sub. for the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Kev Boller is due to pay off shortly and Navy Board are at their "sign on young man" tactics again. They've organised him a short leisure cruise on the big white liner for the winter months. Look out the "Barcoo-Maroo," you may have him longer than you think.

Seems like they've got tired of receiving complaints about Kev Reilley groping around the bunkers on the local golf links and have sent him back to the west. Plenty of sand over there Kev, so no need to upset Norman von Grennin anymore.

The Tubby Subby has returned to "Stalag" once more, maybe to rejuvenate the Gliding Club. Haven't seen him piloting any machineless monsters as yet.

Saw Sterling Potter doing speed trials into Nowra in preparation for the next Le Mans. Don't know whether the explosion was him breaking the sound barrier or his low slung muffler hitting a bump. Who said a '38 Austin has no guts? He passed two cars last week, (both stationery).

Wayne Cox is trying to put weighing machines out of the market. He drops oleo legs on his foot to guess their weight. If they don't bounce then they ARE heavy.

Nick Whyter has been drinking Golden Syrup in preparation for his draft to Cerberus 2 for the Tide Austral, claims someone told him it tastes like "Scrumpy." If that's true, he's due for some sweet hangovers.

Seems that since the results of the last hookies exam came through, some of the macaroons have been jacking on. Well I hope Wayne Cox and Wiggy Bennett like wheaties as there may be a surprise waiting in the next packet for them. Congratulations anyhow.

Ah well, that's grocers for you.

PLOGGG.

WRITERS' RAVING

With the major part of the station merrily preparing to down tools and go on leave, spare a thought for the unsung victims of the System, the scribes.

Doing their utmost to be helpful, they organise a special leave pay. But their generous donation of the extra work involved is laughingly brushed aside by (a) Departments who change or delay leave arrangements without telling anybody (even, often, the rating himself); (b) Regulating staff and the Commanders Office staff who have the same rating going on main leave, being part of the party staying back and doing a draft out of routine, and (c) Those chosen few who consider they don't have to tell anybody what they're doing, but of course expect leave pay and travelling arrangements to be made anyway.

Add a few things like quarterly electricity bills coming right on leave, an extra 300 S/Cs and Pay Cards, and the (apparently) strange idea that Writers too, like to have leave, and you'll see that that smug feeling of a holiday well earned which you'll slip on as you go out the gate at 1200 Friday (if you're running late) is largely due to the handful of scribes, most of whom will be onboard, in two watches, and working twice as hard.

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VICTUALLING VOGUE

This article is through the thoughtfulness of our Boss, who said, "Write an article for Slipstream or else" so here goes!

We have a few potential Film Stars, the other day a Photographer from Slipstream came to the Workers Department and took some Action Shots (one Rating was noticed to be combing his hair before allowing the Photographer to take his photo).

Ask a certain Rating what he was doing at the back of the Clothing Store the other day when the Chief left and locked him in, he claims that he was studying (any other suggestions).

One of our Ratings is very upset, in fact he can't talk to anyone without growling, seems his Dark Skinned Lady paid him off.

The staff is sick and tired of seeing Paint Pots and Brushes laying around the Yard, although we must admit that the place looks like a new pin.

Well, that's all for this issue. Read the next exciting chapter in the next thrill packed issue of Slipstream.

SAM SHOE.

Albatross Sailing Club

"The wind blows through us carrying clean away
The dust that long has settled on our hearts
The flying motes blowin in from street and marts
And all the idle business of the day."

The 1961-62 sailing season is over. The highlights of the past year were our trips to Wallagoot Lake, Bega, in January, and to Lake Illawarra in March. It is most creditable that our comparatively heavy and cumbersome boats put up a good showing wherever they went, despite the fact that our new rudders dissolved when immersed in water! Our thanks to the Albatross shipwrights who hardly batted an eyelid when confronted with the sodden pulp to repair.

The inter-club competition held during the year was won by N.A.M.(O) Campbell, who finished with the excellent score of seven wins out of eight races. Lieutenant Venamore ran a close second, and right up to the end the result was in doubt.

Our new boathouse member "Swampy" Marsh has almost completed the work in the changing room and the kitchen, both needed fully redecorating after the damage done by the three floods.

In preparation for next year's events there are now twelve club jerseys with the badges sewn on waiting to be used. It is particularly pleasing for the Committee to see that so many new and enthusiastic members have joined this year, and that most of them have become qualified coxswains, and also that they encouraged their families and friends to come along and take an interest in our activities thereby giving the men more chance for actual sailing.

During the 1962-63 season it is the intention of the committee to overhaul the motor boat and all the sailing boats beginning immediately after the Mid-Winter leave, and to have everything ready for a fresh start in September. It is also proposed that the club should attend as many competitive regattas as possible, to hold the inter-club races as soon as the season opens, and to hold a number of picnics and camps up and down the river.

Following our end-of-season party at the White Ensign on 9th June, and looking for new out'ets for the adventurous spirit of the club, some of our members took part in the Nowra Auto Club navigation Trial held on the 10th June. Out of a total of 21 cars they won 1st, 2nd and 4th places!!!



- ALBATROSS shows the way to cheaper golf with their successful two club tournament.

ALBATROSS GOLF

On the afternoon of Wednesday, 13th June, thirty-eight golfers assembled at the first tee on the Albatross course to do battle with par using the barest essentials — two golf clubs. Everybody had a lot of fun and some of the well-known Albatross burglars revelled in the Texas wedge type of play.

"Shiner" Wright had his best round ever with a nett 61, to take out the "B" grade prize. Using a ball manufactured by Dunlops in 1935, a 3 iron and a 2 wood, he satisfied the handicapper that he should lose 2 strokes from his handicap. I wonder how many strokes he will do when he uses all his clubs and a NEW ball.

The "A" grade was won by the local "Bushranger," P.O. Ck. Ramsay with a nett 63; 2nd was CPO Howes, and 3rd PO Dunn. The "B" grade runner-up was L/Stwd. Smith (Nett 63) with the third place going to Capt. Mesley with a nett 65. Mick Winnem, our handicapper, was very interested in the result and looked as though he was going to do a bit of homework that night.

The Albatross course is in first class condition at the moment, the greens are in perfect condition. With the green-keeper, Fred Baxter, keeping an eagle eye on things, it should remain that way. Golfers are reminded that ripple-soled shoes are banned on the Albatross golf course.

The Nowra Club championship has been played for 1962 and once again Geoff Williams showed his superiority with an easy win. All I can hear from the Albatross members who competed are mutterings of "4 putts . . . out-of-bounds . . . lost balls . . . creeks . . . etc"

With 14 days leave and golf practice behind them, the Albatross members are looking forward to good golf in the second part of the year. The inter-ship matches to be held in Sydney should supply a lot of experience for the teams taking part.

ALL "B" GRADERS BEWARE:— Laurie Jago and "Champ" Manning have just found out what "preferred lie thru' the green" means, so look out for those hot scores from now on.

Headline in Daily Paper:— Arnold Palmer beaten in U.S. Open. Maurie Tiffen sells his golf clubs.

That's all for this month folks, don't forget golfing etiquette, otherwise the old "Bunkers" might see you and your name might appear in print. Ta-Ta for now and good putting.

Albatross Golf Club Notes

Only one representative match has been played since last going to press and that was the second round of the Davis Shield against Nowra Golf Club. Unfortunately the home teams faces were a bit red after that math when Nowra defeated us on our own course by the small margin of five points. This game was staged on May 30 and was well attended by both sides. Over fifty players hit off including 14 from Nowra. When the addition had been made it was evident that we were undone, and are now in the unenviable position of having to win the remaining three matches to win the series.

Golf on the local course has certainly been increasing over the past month, and the Wednesday afternoon competitions have produced a lot of interest. Occassionally Sunday ball competitions have been organised and these too have been well attended. Quite a few new faces have been seen smiting the little white ball, and no doubt th handicapper will have to keep a wary eye out for the budding burglars.

On Wednesday, 13th June, a novelty event was staged on the local course, this taking the form of a two club event. A variety of combinations took the field and some very good scores were posted. This just supports the view that in the case of relative beginners in the game, too many clubs can be a disadvantage. Far too many strive to play the classic shot and get into trouble, when if they only thought for a moment they are not supposed to get on the green in regulation figures. That is the whole purpose of handicaps. On the day of this competition quite a number broke their handicaps by a considerable amount and played far better than if they had had their normal bag of sticks.

Some 34 players started in this event which was divided into two grades. "Shiner" Wright certainly did shine this day and took out the B Grade with a net 61. Petty Officer Ramsay surmounted all in the A Grade with a nett 63 and the sweepstakes ran down to 67 in B Grade and 70 in A Grade.

When this goes to press leave will be completed and we will be looking forward to the latter half of the golfing year. There is quite a lot on in the golfing calendar for the next six months including many inter-ship matches. Unfortunately the game against Destroyers and Frigates set down for June 20 had to be postponed as they could not field a team on that date. On July 29, there will be a social match held on the local course against a social club from Bulli, and no doubt there will be a good roll up on that day.

Late in September we will be hosts for the Inter Service Golf to be played at Nowra Golf Club. It is hoped that Albatross will have a reasonable representation in that team. All teams will be quartered at Albatross.

It has been noted on several occasions in recent weeks that something human is trying to commit acts of vandalism on the greens of our course. Originally these acts were thought to be due to some animal, but the latest instance proved to be definitely of human origin. It is hoped that all members will keep a close look out for such malpractice and if they see anybody deliberately trying to deface our course, will apprehend the offenders and report the matter to the Committee.

It is hoped that all enjoyed their leave and gained the necessary bit of practice to cause a reduction in handicap during the latter part of this year. Mick is watching you ! ! !

R.A.N.G.A.

The Royal Australian Naval Gliding Association is starting a Gliding Course on the 28th July, anyone interested contact C.A.A. Hodges at the Metal Workshop ext. 364 or come to the Gliding site of a weekend for a trial flight, it costs nothing.

Membership of the Association is open to any member of the R.A.N. and the cost is £5/- yearly subscription, £5/- flying fees which covers all costs until you have done three solo flights.

You then pay 2/6 per flight up to 15 minutes so if you are in the air for 1 hour it costs 10/-.

All pre-solo training is done in a 2 seater side by side Aircraft with competent Gliding Federation of Australia approved instructors.

Members progress is on the following stages:—

- (1.) Pre-solo training approx 35 flights.
- (2.) Solo consolidation with frequent check flights with Instructors.
- (3.) Mutual flying (Two pilots of same standard fly together).
- (4.) Conversion to other types of gliders.
- (5.) Aero tow experience.
- (6.) Cross country flying and away landings.
- (7.) Aerobatics.
- (8.) Instructional Technique.
- (9.) Attend National Gliding School 2 weeks at Gawler, South Australia as Trainee Instructors.
- (10) Grade 2 Gliding Instructor.
- (11.) Grade 1 Gliding Instructor.

The association competes in the National Gliding Championships and every two years an dthe state championships every other year (depending on Naval approval).

Members usually attend their 1st comps as Ground Crew and then as Pilots.

There is a lot of hard work and self discipline involved in gliding for it takes six people to put one in the air which calls for teamwork, the person in the air depends on Self Confidence, Individuality and the ability to think and act quickly in the right direction.

We are very keen to attract people to gliding, much of the future of this country depends on airmindedness and there is no better way of achieving this than by gliding. But we do not offer gliding without frustration, without really hard work. Only by life being of necessity just that little bit difficult are the right people attracted, the worthwhile people retained.

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The Nowra Auto Club

The newly formed Nowra Auto Club made its debut on Sunday the 10th June by staging a three hour navigation trial. An open invitation was extended to the general public.

Every man considers himself to be a better driver than his fellow and is always ready and willing to prove it. Response from the "Tross was so enthusiastic that, for awhile, it appeared as if the Navy would dominate the trial by sheer weight of numbers.

Where the civvy entrants lacked in quantity they made up for in quality, or at least, experience. One crew had actually won a trial before!

Although they were mere "rawbones" compared with the civvies, the Navy reps. prepared for the trial with the intention of being — what else but? — second to none!

If given certain factors, one can find one's way from "A" to "B". This procedure is known as "navigation." It's been in use for centuries. On this particular day the ground fairly rumbled as Magellan and his like turned in their graves.

Quite a few people made a remarkable discovery during the first half of the run:— there is more than one way of getting to "B"! One hundred points lost, was the price paid by fourteen of the seventeen cars for that simple lesson.

Lesson No. 2 was "learning how to tell the time." It isn't difficult to work out the time required to cover a certain distance if one knows the distance and speed involved. Of course, if one takes the wrong route the distance will alter considerably. So will the time, if the original average speed is kept constant. Consequently, the average speed (which is hard enough to keep at the best of times what with hills, bends, rough roads and other natural hazards) has to be amended.

Such problems are usually overcome with a reasonable degree of success. That is, until coming upon a secret control point when one realises that one was on the right route in the first place. This is one of those moments when the navigator really needs a certain brand of Makka's.

Thus progressed the trial; from Nowra, south around the hinterland of Greenwell Point, back around Nowra and the foot of Cambewarra, thence to Berry and return via the Mountain and the Lookout.

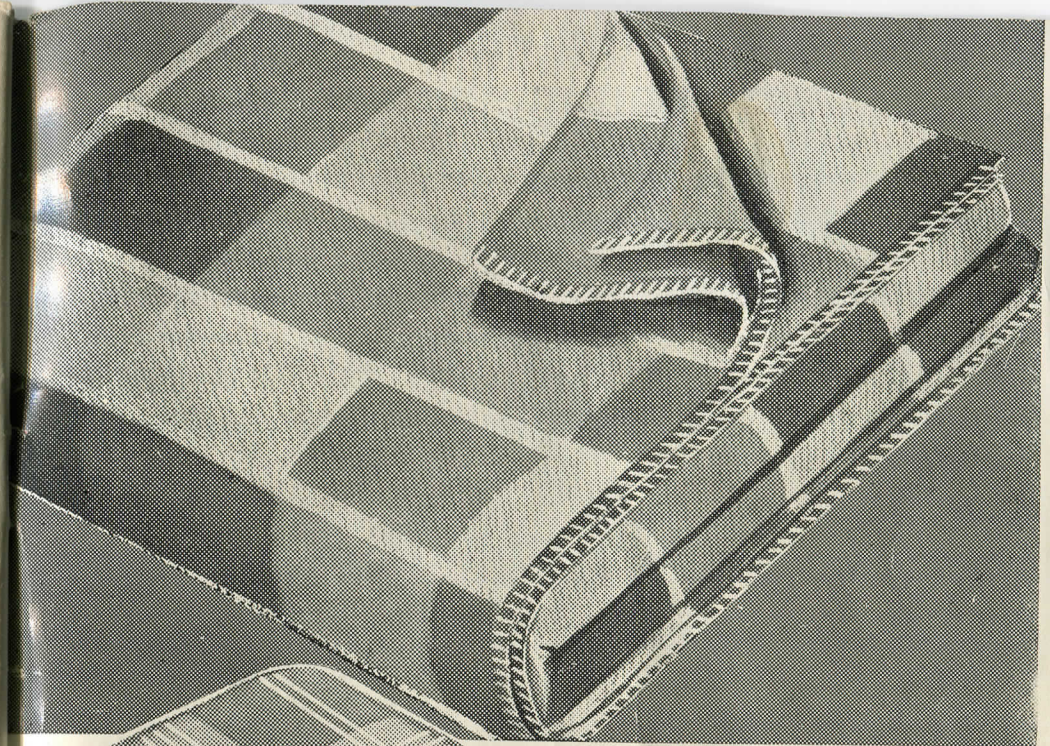
At the lunchtime control point, the favourites were the three cars that hadn't lost the hundred points penalty for taking the wrong route. Naturally, they were all navigated by Navy personnel, namely Sub. Lt. Andrews and his navigator L/a Marsh, Lt. Venamore and NA Herman, and Lt. L/A Brown with N/A Strong.

Two of these crews managed to keep their feet dry during the second half of the trip, but Messrs. Brown and Strong, (who were probably relaxing under a false sense of security) slipped back to fifth in the final placings. Sub. Lt. Andrews and L/A Marsh won an indisputable first place.

The Venamore/Herman team managed a comfortable second, sixty points behind the winners, with N/A Venn and Turton trailing forty points astern for third.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth places were also filled by Albatross, namely N/A Campbell and Staff, L/A Brown and N/A Strong, and N/A Stewart and Tull, respectively.

At the post mortem there were so many "I'll know better next times" that the place getters from this trial will really have to be "on the ball" to retain their advantage in the progressive points score for the Club's seasonal trophy.



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