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Kiddieraft, Playskool and Wendy Boston will take good care of the children on those slightly trying after Christmas days.

We could go on forever — but come and see for yourself. You'll find a short trip into Berry Street most rewarding.

SEE YOU SOON

Paul Farrent

CHEMIST

Berry Street, Nowra. Phone 2 2652

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66



SLIPSTREAM

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

Christmas and Leave Issue



No. 66

November, 1962

Price 1/-

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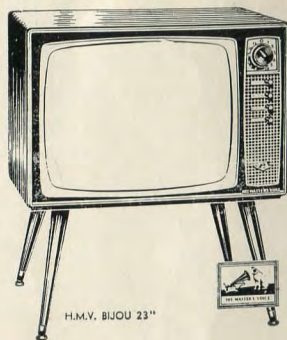
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SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 65

OCTOBER, 1962.

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EDITORIAL

December is almost upon us—and this issue of Slipstream, the final one for the year, combines that end of year feeling with thoughts of the New Year ahead.

And what a year it has been. The Furies have gone and the Wessex has arrived and flown, We have seen the resumption of F.A.A. recruiting—the inception of a new system of advancement—the prospects of more sea training for recruits. The R.A.N.C. has commenced Upper Yardman training. Closer to home we have had the commissioning of 725 Squadron—pilot and observer training for “choppers” is fully under way—there have been courses in cross training of (AH) and (SE) N.A.M.(E) and (A) rates. A new style of Airmanship Board exists—courses for (E) and (L) in Wessex complexities are on. Domestically we have had a work study of the Main Galley and Cafeteria system.

For the General Service types we have seen the re-commissioning of HMAS SUPPLY, the acquisition of 6 coastal minesweepers, the trials of STUART and the promise of DERWENT. The building of the new survey vessel HMAS MORESBY is proceeding apace at Newcastle. The arrival of two Charles F. Adams is one year closer. The transfer of SYDNEY from FOICEA to FOCAF's charge is accompanied by a move to accommodate the majority of FOCAF's staff in SYDNEY.

Commander K. D. GRAY, DFC, RAN, is leaving early in January for Canberra and the staff of DNP. His successor will be Commander A. H. McINTOSH, RAN, the present Captain of HARMAN.

As this is my last editorial for Slipstream my personal thanks go to that small band of contributors who have kept Slipstream going these past few months, and also to our patrons who seem to buy out the whole issue in record time.

The Editor and Staff wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

OCT 62

The Captain's Christmas Greetings



As 1962 passes rapidly towards history, it is perhaps appropriate briefly to take stock of what the year has meant to us in HMAS ALBATROSS, and more generally to the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Australian Navy.

I think we will all agree that this year has been especially significant as one of rejuvenation, admittedly planned previously but taking visible form during this year.

It is not so long ago that the future of the Fleet Air Arm and ALBATROSS was extremely gloomy and the "run-down" was being effected towards ultimate extinction in 1963. Fortunately for us, this programme was halted and the policy reversed.

During this year of 1962, recruiting for the Air Arm has been recommenced, intense training and cross-training programmes have been carried out and are continuing, and recently the arrival, assembly and operation of the first Wessex helicopters have exemplified the new era and promise a bright future. Throughout the year the normal chores and routine tasks have been carried out in addition to the more obvious and glamorous achievements. The M.A.G. has been embarked for its usual periods of sea-time and shopping run. We have fared reasonably well in our numerous and varied sporting and recreational ventures, including being host for the Inter-Service Sports and the Combined Services v NSWAAA meeting. We have had a very successful Admiral's Inspection. Slipstream has added monthly to the appreciation of our problems and our enjoyment of the local scene.

All this and much I haven't mentioned have not been achieved without a lot of hard work and the loyal and diligent co-operation of many individuals both here at ALBATROSS and in many other centres of activity in Australia and overseas. We can all feel justly proud of our share in the successes of the year.

I thank all members of the Ship's Company of HMAS ALBATROSS and of the Air Squadrons for their loyal support and constant efforts throughout the year and wish them, their wives and families, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

J. S. MESLEY,
Captain.

OUR COVER

- Lt. Cdr. Van Gelder and Lt. Cook about to take the Furies away for the last time (see page 32).

The Commander's Farewell Message



I imagine that it is only natural, after two years as Commander of an establishment of the size and importance of H.M.A.S. Albatross, to take stock of what one has achieved. Indeed, I would hope that everyone on his relief would look back critically at his work. But, for a Commander, it can be a very frustrating experience. So frustrating in fact that it pays to get onto a different tack. Perhaps many of you who read last month's article — "A Day in the Life of the Commander" — thought it to be a delightful piece of satire. So it was (I didn't write it) but like all good satire there was a strong grain of truth running through it. The day to day life of the Commander is so filled that there is little time to get down to creative thought. And, this I'm afraid, is the story of my life. My life so far as Albatross is concerned, anyway. So many things I would have liked to have done but so few of them completed.

Instead of bemoaning things not done let me turn to my time here. When I received my appointment I was greatly flattered. This has long been regarded as a challenging job; I have found it just that. Professionally it has been very exciting. Domestically it has been very happy. My family has enjoyed the many beautiful scenic attractions in the district, and the splendid amenities of the Station. We've made many new lasting friendships, consolidated some old ones. We shall always look back on these two years as one of the more pleasant periods in our Service life.

During my time here the most impressive feature has been the very high morale which has shown out wherever a special effort has been required. Despite the many shortcomings in accommodation, the way in which everyone digs out at inspection time is most impressive. There is a fierce natural pride here, a spirit of independence, which has grown with the Station. Keep that pride, foster it, develop it. You have every right to be proud of the achievements of the Fleet Air Arm. But don't forget that your loyalty is to the Service as a whole, not only to your Department or Branch.

Another most impressive feature has been the high standard of behaviour. In a Station of this size one would expect, if not welcome, a good deal higher incidence of serious crime. Certainly we do have our share of skates but on the whole the behaviour is very good. The pattern of life has changed very greatly in recent years and this has contributed greatly to standards of conduct. From my many contacts in the local area I know that the Albatross Sailor is highly regarded. Keep it that way. Remember the civilian judges the Service by the conduct of its members.

I would like to just intrude one sour note. The most disappointing feature of my time here has been a certain apathy by a large majority towards their own welfare. Far too many things are left to the same willing few. Dig out, take an interest in your own welfare. Not only will you achieve more, but you will find great satisfaction in so doing.

On the eve of my departure from Albatross I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and say simply — "Thank you Albatross, I've enjoyed it.."

KENNETH D. GRAY.

Dining Out ?

We recommend

Travelodge Motel Restaurant

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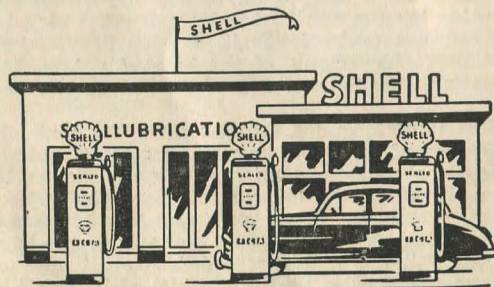
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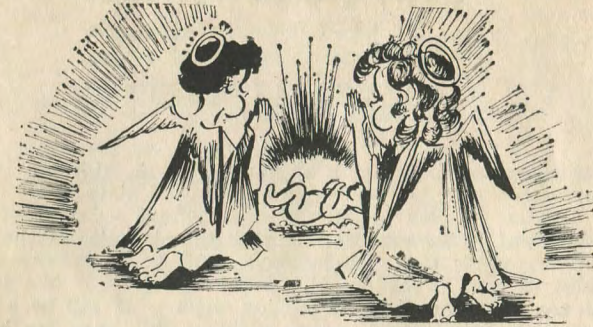
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Christmas

In the dawning light of the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity, men of every race and colour, men free to worship and men oppressed, prepare to consider again with pride and with joy, God's greatest gift to us, His son.

To us in this Year of Our Lord, no less than in His own day, this holy event is a light in darkness. It recalls in the minds of Christians, thoughts of God born for men, so that men could live for God. In a world of tension and anguish, the quiet, thoughtful contemplation of Christ in Christmas causes an aura of hope. This Feast of peace and love, spreads its Goodness and ever new joy, as people everywhere re-echo the "Venite Adoremus" — come let us adore. And to those many in suffering and tribulation who see their happiness broken and their freedom shattered by hate and strife, their silent "Venite" stirs love, mercy and strength.

Truly the welcome of the world to Christ this Christmas, resembles that of almost two thousand years ago. Then, there was no room for Him in the Inn. Nor later was there room for Him in all Palestine. Nor later again did there seem to be room for Him in the whole world — except on the Cross of Calvary. And to-day the deceit and distrust between nations; the injustice and pagan practices; the excesses of social behaviours, His exclusion from the minds and hearts of the individuals He became Man for turn back the rays of His love and prevent the establishing of His rule of "peace to men of good will".

But for everyone, Christmas is a re-presentation of this invitation to come and adore, as did the shepherds. An invitation to bring to the Infant God nothing more than ourselves — to look and to see our God and our Saviour — to learn there His Humility, Obedience, Truth, Charity, and to take away with us, whoever we are, the mind of Christ Himself — that they "may know Thee, the One True God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent" (John 17/3).

We ask finally by our prayer and our Christ-like celebration of this Christmas, that the peace of Christ will become the peace of the world, that men, families, nations, will be drawn this Christmas, as by the perennial star, to the Grotto of Bethlehem and everywhere cause Christ to be better known, better loved, better served.

May the Child Jesus give to you all the Blessing of a Happy and Holy Christmas.

— H. McDONALD, Chaplain, R.A.N.

Christmas 1962

ABOVE ALL ELSE

Christmas means that God is at hand. He is with us. Christmas is not merely one day out of three hundred and sixty-five. It is true of course that we go back to work after Christmas — some of us weary and over-indulged. Some of us sick with the statistics of the dead and mtimed on our roads over the holiday. We become aware, after the brief respite, of how precarious the world's peace is. We look up to the sky to see what new thing is circling there. It will be a long time before December 25th comes round again. But once we have made room in our hearts for the Lord Jesus, then the fact of Christmas is with us every day. That fact is a simple one — the fact that God so loved the world that He comes into it. And having come He does not go away.

This is what Christmas means to christians. Jesus of Nazareth, a first-century man who lived in Palestine, was nevertheless "God of God, light of light, very God of very God. . . Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven . . . and was made man". This is what God did in Christ. When Jesus Christ came it was not to inaugurate an annual binge, when good will and generosity might be shown. God came into the world to lead us out of our frustration and helplessness and despair. He comes now, as He came that first Christmas. He comes, and loves, and saves and frees us.

A Liberian Chritian in West Africa wrote these words:

Whoever on the night of the
celebrations of the birth of Christ,
carries warm water, and a sleeping mat
for a weary stranger.

Gives wood from his own fire
to a helpless neighbour,

Takes medicine to one
sick with malaria,

Brings words of peace
to one who is bound with fear,

Gives food to children
who are thin and hungry,

Provides a torch for a traveller
in the forest,
Whoever does these things
will receive gifts of happiness
greater than that of receiving a son
returning after a long absence,
so that though he live to be old
yet will life be sweet for him,
he will have peace,
as one whose rice harvest is great
and who hears his neighbours
praise the exploits of his youth.

So you will receive happiness
if you do these acts of love and service
on the night of the celebration of Christmas,
the birth of Christ.

— REV. J. TRAINER, R.A.N.

*Wishing you a Merry Christmas &
a Happy New Year*

La Ronde
Espresso Coffee Lounge

KINGHORN STREET, NOWRA

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Continuing the Series of

HOW THE OTHER MAN WORKS

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SQUADRON C.O.

- 0735 Our hero feels a sharp tap in ribs with the injunction "Time to get up."
Panic ensues — however college training in quick changing and methods of cleansing work studied in U.K. land come to rescue.
- 0744 Races away to crash of gears.
- 0745½ Reduces speed to compulsory 15 m.p.h. 20 yards from Main Gate — reduces to 5 m.p.h. at threshold of Albatross — accelerates rapidly to 25 m.p.h. at Main Cinema — frequent backward glances for bone domed SAM CATCHEM.
- 0745½ Parks car amidst a scene reminiscent of Broadway Motors on an early Sunday morn.
- 0747½ Storms of cheers and claps on entering Briefing Room. Tumult and shouting dies — money changes hands — briefing commences.
- 0749 Ops. Office incants time honoured formula "in 37 seconds it will be 9 minutes and 23 seconds to eight" — everybody confused — normal Albatross standards — negative flying due to south easterly drift.
- 0756 Briefing finishes — Scene outside Control Tower now reminiscent of start at Silverstone.
- 0756½ Ratings on bikes hurl themselves away from path of our hero's juggernaut.
- 0756½ Airfield deserted.
- 0756½ Passing Ground Electrics — pangs of hunger grip our hero — decides on a swift Wardroom breakfast.
- 0859 Feeling replete enters Squadron office — crewroom rapidly empties — figures carrying slips of paper scurry in all directions.
- 0901 Feeling of boredom — refuses to talk cricket — Commandeers Squadron utility and tours Station.
- 0910 Arrives at Ship's Co. Canteen — asks for a packet of 10 Capstan and some Shoe Cleaner — insists on Nugget rather than proffered Johnson's — purchases packet of nutty to assuage hunger.
- 0915 Enters Control Tower — realises he is one hour early for Commander (Air)'s meeting — decides on a game of uckers in Air Traffic Control — fails to realise establishment is under new management and no longer caters for games of chance.
- 0920 Picks up latest copy of Playboy — settles back.
- 0925 Accepts gratefully cup of coffee.
- 1020 Starts to read captions under photographs.
- 1025 Wends way to Commander (Air)'s meeting, with cry of C'est si "bong bong."
- 1031 Launches into immediate conversation with "I say, Sir, isn't it about time my Squadron had a cross country to Perth."
Cdr.(Air) "But it was only last week you had three nights at Amberley, the week before was spent at Hobart — the week before that was at Williamstown and next week off to Elizabeth."
"Yes, but I have been here four solid days and it does get a bit wearing."
- 1039 Tray with 10 cups of tea and biscuits appears — our famished hero grabs one cup and two biscuits.
- 1040 Meeting closes.
- 1045 Back in Squadron Office — bored.

- 1047 Drives own car to Canteen garage.
- 1049 Orders innocently a grease and oil change — idly picks up tension wrench and engages mechanic in conversation.
- 1155 Extracts pistons and big ends through top of cylinder block.
- 1200 Feels peckish — waves to Cdr. (Air) — lift to Wardroom — liquid lunch — meets Senior Pilot and Senior Observer, A.E.O. and A.L.O. bids them good day and discusses Squadron activities.
- 1330 Back in Squadron Office.
- 1331 Bored — desperately picks up latest issue of "Flight" — swiftly evaluates merits of Boeing 727 and Caravelle 10A.
- 1459 Cup of coffee — calls for staff officer — signs Squadron Daily Orders for following day.
- 1500 Notes clear sky — realises its is a sport's afternoon.
- 1501 Gets lift in Squadron ute to Canteen Garage — finds car reassembled — roars away with clash of gears.
- 1504 Arrives home — changes rig — picks up golf sticks.
- 1507 Parks outside Works Compound.
- 1508 Hits of 1st tee.
- 1853 Sunset — pauses for Colours.
- 1910 Loses ball in darkness.
- 1915 Arrives Wardroom — meets Senior Pilot, Senior Observer, A.E.O. and A.L.O. — asks for serviceability of aircraft for tomorrow.
- 1930 Home.
- 200 At Wardroom.
- 2330 Home — coffee — bed.

I want to be a Pilot

This letter was written by a fourteen-year-old boy:—

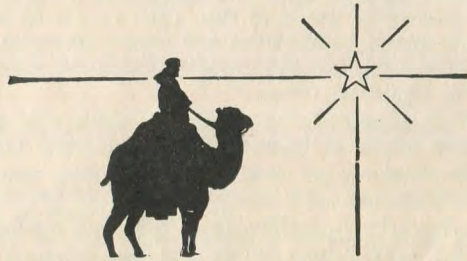
"When I grow up I want to be a pilot because it's fun and easy to do. That's why there are so many pilots flying around these days. Pilots don't need much school, they just have to learn to read road maps too, so they can find their way if they get lost.

"Pilots should be brave so they won't get scared if it's foggy, and they can't see, or if a wing or motor falls off they should stay calm so they'll know what to do.

"Pilots have good eyes to see through clouds, and they can't be afraid of lightning or thunder because they are much closer to them than we are.

"The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they know what to do with.

"This is because most people think flying is dangerous, except pilots who don't because they know how easy it is. I hope I don't get airsick because I get carsick, and if I get airsick I couldn't be a pilot and then I would have to go to work."



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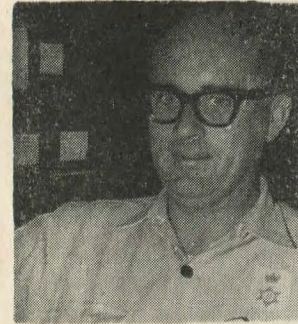
116 Junction Street, Nowra
SYDNEY MELBOURNE

'PHONE: 2 2669

PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH

Once again we feature four Chief Petty Officers,
this time from the Supply Branch

STORES CHIEF PETTY OFFICER (S) J. W. NORMAN



If the cap fits ! ! !

Stores Chief Norman joined the R.A.N. for 2 years in February 1947 as a Probationary Stores Assistant (2nd Class). In May 1948, having received his first "hook" and married the Buffer's daughter, he decided to complete 12 years service.

The next few years were very quiet — a little service on "Latrobe," a year on "Australia," and 12 months in Darwin in 1952 as a Petty Officer.

In 1954 he joined "Vengeance" for a trip to Japan (R.A.A.F. No. 77 Squadron embarked there for its return home). He joined "Sydney" in 1955 for nearly 2 years and enjoyed many cruises before arriving in "Albatross" in 1957. An interesting and

busy 2 years followed his draft to Jervis Bay in the Advance Party for the commissioning of "Creswell."

Before donning his "wings" again in 1961 he spent 12 months swimming, sunbaking, and playing tennis at "Tarangau." He is now looking forward with relish to his next appointment. Likes driving fast motor cars.

STORES C.P.O. H. LINKINS



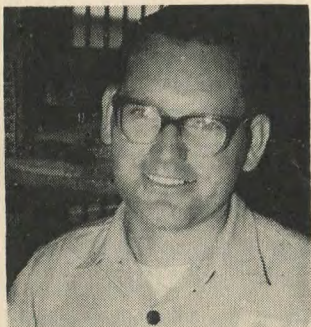
Plenty for everyone.

Chief Linkins joined the R.N. V.R. at Portsmouth in September, 1939, and served in the R.N. Air Station Lee-on-Solent until 1942 when he was overseas to H.M.S. "Lanka" Ceylon for a short period.

After serving in Mairouie, East Africa, for two years he returned to U.K. where he was demobilised in December, 1945. During his short period in civilian life he married Nancy King. After three years of happy married life he joined the R.A.N. and came to Australia in H.M.A.S. Sydney and joined Albatross where his wife joined him seven months later. 1952 saw S.P.O.

drafted to Rushcutter for two years before serving in Quickmatch for three years.

S.C.P.O.(V) RITCHEY, S. W.



Just sign for it here.

New Guinea. Rated L.S.A. in January 1950 he was on leave when the Tara kan blew up alongside Garden Island.

March 1952 saw S.P.O.(V) Ritchey on his way west to assist in preparations for the first atom test at Monte Bello. From the west he went to the Far East in Murchison during the Korean War Truce period. Back in Australia again he served in Lonsdale before being drafted to Nirimba for re-commissioning and subsequently to Voyager for commissioning in 1957. Drafted off Voyager before she went North he joined H.M.A.S. Swan and went to New Zealand. On the trip he was rated Chief.

On returning from New Zealand he was sent to Penguin before being drafted to Albatross where he may be found at the Clothing Store during the prescribed hours (S.S.O. H. 10).

S.C.P.O. (V) R. COSTER



You want it — I've got it

His next ship was H.M.A.S. Warramunga, which also served in Japan until called to service in China during the Communist take-over, the main duty being in the Yangtze River, and standing by at Nanking, the hten capital. to evacuate hte embassies on the fall of the city.

Our Clothing Store Chief, whose motto is "The Customer's always right" is a married man with two children and lives in an outer suburb of Sydney.

He first joined the R.N. in November 1944 as a Stores Boy and served mostly with Combined Operations until he was demobilised in February 1947. He returned to civilian life and after discovering what a hard cruel world it was he joined the R.A.N. for the commissioning of H.M.A.S. Sydney and passage to the land of milk and honey. On arrival he was sent to Penguin for a short time before being drafted to Taranakan for a quick trip to Manus and

Manus and

Manus and

R.A.N.A.S. Victualling Chief S.C.P.O. (V) Richard Coster, matriculated at the Marist Brothers. Kogarah, before joining the R.A.N. early in 1946.

On completion of training he was drafted to H.M.A.S. Arunta which was operating mainly in Japanese waters on occupational duties.

From the Warramunga he went to the Balmoral Naval Hospital for victual duties and then to H.M.A.S. Rushcutter, prior to sailing for the United Kingdom on the R.M.S. Austurias, to commission the H.M.A.S. Vengeance, on which he served until it sailed for England to be returned to the R.N.

Then he was drafted once again to H.M.A.S. Rushcutter, this time for Reserve training before two years duty at H.M.A.S. Melville, Darwin.

Before joining Albatross last year he was stationed at H.M.A.S. Kuttabul.



The fact that you can't sew, Snodgrass, is no excuse.



Chief G.I. C. J. McClosker
"I go — I come back"

BIRDIES STRIKE BACK

After being Hunned, Unhunned, Singled, Doubled, Trebled, Brought Back Again, and Retired, the Birdies have at last struck back at our one and only Birdie Chief G.I. C. J. McClosker, R.N.

How they went about it is shown in the above photo. He was got in, strapped in, plugged in and given a basket to perk in. But he didn't pike.

Now, after some false alarms, we hear that he is definitely going outside — on Xmas Day, of all days.

Minutes of a General Mess Meeting

*Held in the Chief Petty Officer's Mess, H.M.A.S. Albatrocity,
Tuesday, 13th November, 1962*

The meeting was due to commence at 1220, but, due to the unexpected arrival of the Beer supplies on the convoy, the President was unable to gain the attention of the Mess members until 1300.

The President declared the meeting open and called on the Secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. Unfortunately the Secretary having mustered the Bar Stock that morning was a little befuddled and started to read a letter he had received from a solicitor representing an aboriginal lady from Jaspers Brush. The President, showing commendable alertness, stopped him before the interesting part was reached and the Minutes were eventually presented to the Mess.

These were passed by the Mess, after some discussion on an alleged resolution at the last meeting that the Secretary's Honorarium be increased by £2 a week. The Secretary stated that both the proposer and seconder of this motion had since been drafted to "Tarangau" and so could not offer confirmation. The Secretary quickly passed on to the Financial statement which showed a balance in hand of 16s and 3d being money due on empty bottles. There was also some discussion over the entry of "Postage—£560/19/6½." A. A. Davis enquired whether the Mess should have more than 16s and 3d in hand considering that the price of beer has been raised 7 times in the last 9 weeks. The President promised to have the matter looked into when the Treasurer returned from weekend leave—he was at present 8 days overdue.

C.A.F. (O) Hayes then suggested that in view of the depleted state of finances, that the Mess take steps to build up a working reserve. C. A. F. Hayes also suggested that as an initial move, the Mess Billiard Table be sold ashore.

Objections were raised by S.C.P.O. (S) Norman, as the Billiard Table was a Naval Stores Item however when the matter was put to the vote the decision was unanimous. Naval Shipwright Stafford volunteered to replace the green baize, which at the moment was being used as a curtain in the Ladies' Heads, before the table was sold.

S.B.C.P.O. Nash complained to the President regarding the large number of dogs in the Mess. Yesterday he had noticed no less than 16 different breeds in the dining hall, and asked that in future they be given separate dining tables from the C.P.O.'s on grounds of hygiene. After much discussion and barking it was decided that the dogs should continue to enjoy C.P.O.'s privileges but would be liable to pay Mess Fees. If the owners of the dogs failed to pay these fees then they would be shot. C.P.O. Wtr. Carrol, who was completely confused on the issue, said he doubted whether Q.R. & A.I.'s gave the President power to shoot C.P.O.'s for such an offence.

C. A. McCulloch addressed the Mess on the proposal to purchase 6 in no. additional Crown and Anchor Boards for use on Pay Nights. The 12 at present in use were proving insufficient. C. A. Pettifer (Welfare Rep) said he would raise the matter at the next Welfare meeting, but only under protest, as he was opposed to any games of chance or other gambling. In any case, he was doubtful of the outcome.

C. El Cronin asked the President if he could personally ensure that in future, the water added to the beer was quite fresh. The last three beers he had purchased tasted distinctly soapy.

The President expressed his regret that the beer had to be watered at all, but in view of the present shortage, it was the only way to ensure that everyone got a share. However, C. A. F. Denehy had purchased for the Mess, from an undisclosed source, 50 dozen bottles of High Quality Port which would retail to the Mess at 1s and 9½d a bottle and would offset, to some extent, the low gravity beer.

At this juncture, the President noted that the only members still awake were, himself, the Secretary and the Barman, so the meeting was declared closed and the Mess alarm clock set for 1615.

CHRISTMAS CHEERS

Hail to the summer vacation,
A blessing to rejoice,
It leaves you in shape to go back to work,
And so broke that you have no choice.

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GOING, GOING, GONE

BIRDS ON THE WING

LIEUTENANT R. BLOFFWITCH



Lieutenant Bloffwitch, leaves the Service this month after almost nine years service with the Fleet Air Arm. He is a keen rifle shooter, and his services will be missed in the Navy team. Best of luck Bob in the hard cruel world outside.

LIEUTENANT P. J. VICKERS



Another aviator, who is leaving Albatross for civilian life is Lt. Vickers who is a Queenslander, born in Brisbane in June, 1935. After schooling at Nambour High School and the Queensland Agricultural College, Pat obtained the Diplomas of Agriculture, Animal Husbandry and Horticulture.

He later attended the Queensland Teachers' College and was employed as a teacher at the Queensland Ag. College and the Warwick Technical College, in the years 1954-55.

Joining the R.A.N. in January, 1956, he has served in Melbourne and at Albatross in Sea Venom and Chopper Squadrons.

Currently studying as an external student at the University of Queensland, he has whilst in the Service obtained the Diploma of Commerce.

LIEUTENANT WADDELL-WOOD



The Navy first saw him in 1954 as a R/N.A.(A.C.) at F.N.D. Lieut. Waddell-Wood then flew Tiger Moths, Wirraways, Fireflies and Sea Furies until a jet conversion took him on to Vampires and Sea Venoms. After this he dabbled in formation aerobatics and considers himself honoured to have eventually become leader of the Ramjets and the Checkmates. His appointments have included S.P. 724, C.P. 724, a permanent commission, Helicopter Conversion, Maintenance Test Pilot, Air Weapons Officer and his present appointment is to U.K. next February for a Helicopter

Instructions Course and 2 years exchange. We wish him au revoir and good flying in the rotary wing beasties.

Lieutenant John Slemark left us this month after 8½ years of happy Navy service. He has won a Scholarship with D.C.A. and on completion of his course will take up commercial flying with T.A.A.

LIEUTENANT B. J. WHEELAHAN



Lieutenant Brian "Wheels" Wheelahan is leaving the Service next month. Attached at the moment to 724 Squadron as an Observer, he is the custodian of the Line Book and Diary.

His aim in life is to be the owner of his own little "Pub," an ambition he shares with many others. However where there's a will there's a way, and information leads one to believe that ere long you will find him as "Mine Host" wherever he settles down.

INSTR. CDR. E. Y. HOKIN



Twenty four months of Albatross weather and fifteen issues of Slipstream as Editor have reduced this once jovial person to a greyer, sadder, aged individual. Noted in M.T. circles for the variety of Service vehicle he has used, there remains only the Sullage truck, which up till now has always been unavailable.

His next appointment is as Fleet Instructor Officer, attached to F.O.C.A.F.'s staff. With the move to "Sydney" in the offing, his one concern is that he will not be disturbed at night by the roaring of the Lions off Taronga Park.

LT. CDR. B. E. SEYMOUR



D. of B.: 1. 1.25
Blood Group: 04 Marital State:
Form AS 101X Holder. Chicken

Drives bolognaise coloured pre Chrysler Simca — Navigated by prominent Pig Farmer — accident prone in Ousley — Monday — crack-of-dayn, hill fog.

Has spent two years at Nowra forecasting and guarding the vault in the Crypto Office to accumulate sufficient points to qualify to do likewise in "Melbourne" come January.

Educational Qualifications:
H.E.T. (2 subjects).

Sports — See D. of B. and Blood Group.

Wardroom Mess Treasurer (Treasurer (Holds E.T.1)

Ambitions — (a) to pick the South Easterly Drift.

(b) to give the Rothman's (?) Weather saga on WIN 4.

Favourite Word — ACE.

Achievements — Made 29/11 on Stock Exchange in Fiscal Year 1961-62.

INSTRUCTOR LIEUTENANT C. D. MEARES



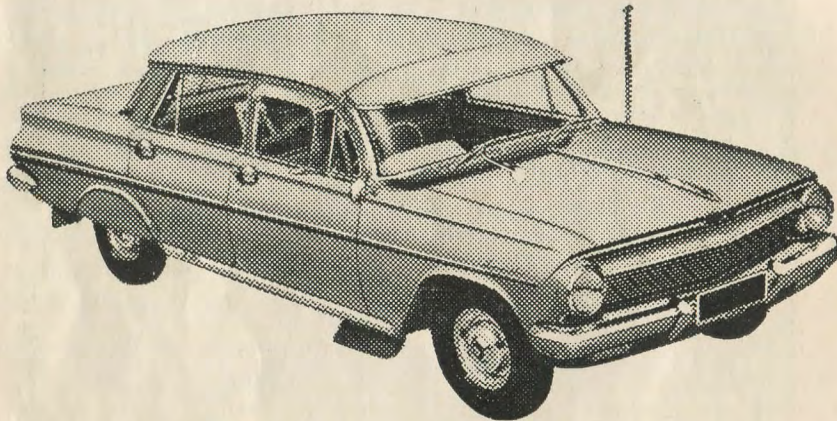
Also leaving Albatross is Instr. Lt. Don Meares, who is headed for Nirimba. Whilst at Albatross he has led a varied life, what with Interservice Representation in Squash and Basketball, repped in Rifleshooting, plays cricket for which club he has also been President.

He is also an expert at the art of Terpischore and had the pleasure of escorting Miss N.S.W. at a recent Sydney Ball. Arthur Murray has offered him a tentative contract. Versatility is his watchword and he has also been Station Security Officer and Officer of the Guard. Of

a somewhat "Scarlet Pimpernel" nature, he has been located in the Education Block. Highlights of his period here have been the gruelling Canungra Course and his association with the F.A.A.



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DO YOU WORRY?

BY IVAN ULCER

There are two main kinds of worry: BASIC worry and BAROQUE worry. BASIC worry is when you worry about something fundamental like life and death or your Mother-in-Law or how much to tip (if at all).

BAROQUE worry is when you worry about something nobody else bothers to worry about, like who buys "Weekend," what time Dave Brubeck is playing, or why King Saud of Arabia has so many wives.

Here is a list of BASIC worries—

Bad breath. Why Rip Kirby doesn't live with Honey Dorian. The Australian Kangaroo. Why Sabrina isn't on the "Drinka Pinta Milka Day" posters. Being seen in a parked car in Centennial Park. The Federal Taxation Department. How Andy Capp gets away with it. Being shipwrecked on a raft with Prince Philip and Eric Baume. Mr. Krushchev's warts. J. P. Beistley's next article for SLIPSTREAM. The First Lieutenant's beard. Snakes. The Customs Officer seeing your dirty underwear.

Here is a list of BAROQUE worries—

Dialling for the time and hearing Ava Gardner's voice. What Richie Benaud has to hide. Whether to bow to Lord Snowdon. Do people with handle-bar moustaches all have hair-lips? Bing Crosby's daughters-in-law.

What Field Marshal Montgomery sees in Budgerigars. What Dr. Schweitzer taught Olga Deterding. Billy Cotton. Is James Bond sterile? Should your navel be convex or concave? What Bob Dyer does on Mother's Day.

There are some worries that are so enormous that they transcend BASIC and BAROQUE worry and become NON WORRY. Examples are: The population explosion. The bomb. Elizabeth Taylor.

Worry about not being mentioned in SLIPSTREAM is BASIC. Worry about being mentioned is BAROQUE. Worry about being asked to parties is BASIC. Worry about not being asked is BAROQUE.

Worry about your wife's/husband's sex life is BASIC—worry about your own is BAROQUE. Worry about a porcupine's sex life is bordering on NON WORRY. Worry about Mrs. Richard Burton is BASIC. Worry about Mr. Richard Burton is BAROQUE. Worry about Eddie Fisher is a FULL TIME WORRY. Worry about what those people in Russia are doing right now is BAROQUE. Worry about what those people are doing right now in that house across the street is BASIC.

If you do not know how to worry.

1. Read Captains and Commanders' Memos.
2. Telephone Mr. Kennedy (White House 1111).
3. Look at the photographs of any Cabinet Minister.
4. Take out a subscription for the Bulletin.
5. Travel from Nowra to Sydney by car on Friday afternoons.

And then think about—

1. King Farouk in the nude.
2. Mr. Menzies' last TV talk.
3. The infiltration of the Communist Party by the Civil Service.
4. Ben Casey in charge of "Waggon Train."
5. Your liver.

(To be continued).



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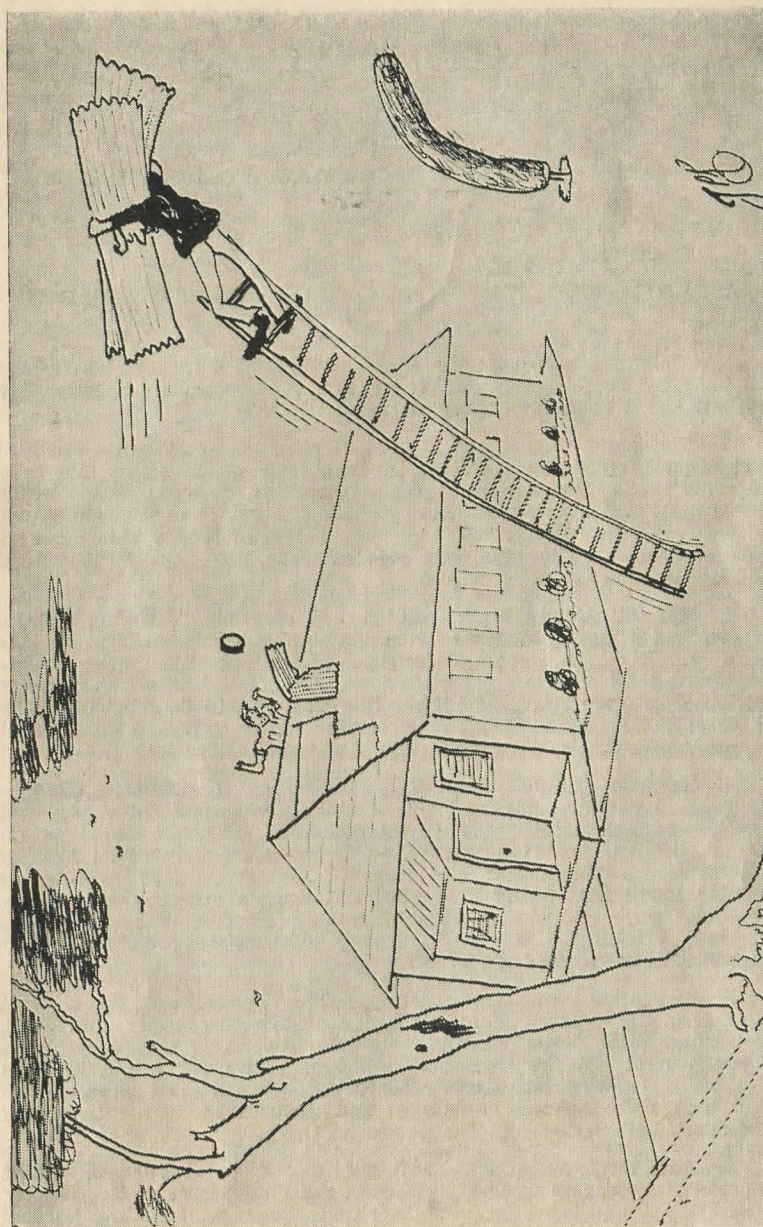
There are hundreds of Gifts from which to choose all under the one roof at Nowra's Leading Store.

Be sure to see WOODHILL'S "WONDERLAND OF TOYS" — Toys of every shape and size — a wonderful selection from which to choose.

FOR THE CHILDREN — Santa Claus will be at Woodhill's Store again this year, so watch the papers for details of his visits.

Santa has a Mail Box in Woodhill's Toyland. It is cleared every afternoon at 4 o'clock and all letters (with a name and address) will be answered.

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"Lock your undercarriage, Jack, before you land."

Letters To An Administrative Authority

OUR PARTY

Officer in Charge,
Maintenance Party,
R.A.N.A.S., BOMBINJERRY.

THE FLAG OFFICER IN CHARGE,
SOUTH COAST.

R.A.N.A.S. BOMBINJERRY — REPORT ON CHILDREN'S PARTY

The following report on the annual Children's Christmas Party held at R.A.N.A.S., Bombinjerry, on Wednesday, 5th December, is submitted in accordance with South Coast General Order 1329.

2.—The party commenced at 1400, Service transport being provided for children of personnel resident in Bombinjerry. However, due to a most unfortunate misunderstanding, the drivers of the buses waited inside the Prince of Wales Hotel instead of outside the Prince of Wales Theatre, and it was not until nearly 1600 that some scores of tearful children were finally embarked. The children's greatest fear was that all the food would be eaten before they arrived.

3.—The Shipwright Staff had worked overtime preparing swings, see-saws and slides, and these were extremely popular, except in the case of Milly Jankers, the small daughter of the Sub. Lieutenant (Regulating), who received a large splinter each time she rode the slides. Some suspicion rests upon Harry McChook, who was seen to be following Milly and whose father, N. A. McChook, is serving ten days No. 10 Punishment as a result of charges laid by the Sub. Lieutenant (Regulating).

4.—Early in the afternoon it was observed that certain children were displaying highly exuberant spirits while others appeared drowsy and yet others were most belligerent in their actions. This last manifestation came to a head when Willie Tucker, aged nine years, insisted on fighting the local school Headmaster and three of his female staff together. It was later found that owing to a most unfortunate error in catering the Wardroom bowl of iced rum punch had been diverted to the children's refreshment marquee, while Wardroom guests were inbibing copious draughts of home-brewed ginger ale.

5.—The arrival of Santa Claus by Fire Tender brought a great ovation from the children. The distribution of gifts was mostly uneventful, except when little Bertie Plonker, who had apparently sipped freely at the punch bowl, set fire to Santa's whiskers and stuck a pin into his leg to see if he was real. Further slight confusion reigned when it was found that some persons unknown, but believed to be men under punishment, had changed all the names on the gift parcels.

6.—The Magician (C.P.O. Fumble) was a great success, except when he borrowed a five pound note from the First Lieutenant for one of his tricks. Having torn the note to shreds he explained that he had unfortunately forgotten the rest of the trick and was unable to restore it. The First Lieutenant's indignation was only exceeded by that of the Electrical Officer, whose wrist watch was subjected to vicious hammer

blows in another unsuccessful trick and is now a complete write off. It is now recalled that C.P.O. Fumble had previously helped dispense drinks in the Children's Marquee. His act was interrupted when he fell asleep while attempting to juggle 3 Indian Clubs, an empty bottle, 4 cricket balls and the G.I.'s dog.

7.—The "Lost Children's Bureau," conducted by N.A. Fergus McHaggis, was considered a great success, until it was found that he was enticing children to the booth with offers of ice cream (not fulfilled) and then charging the distraught parents five shillings per head storage and recovery fee. McHaggis was relieved of his duties and transferred to the Jumble Sale, where it was thought that his special business instincts could be used to greater advantage. As the Jumble Sale showed a final deficit of £42/17/9½, this supposition would appear to have been correct.

8.—Some unpleasantness arose when certain parents complained that their children had lost all their spending money in a "game of chance". Investigation showed that N.A. Perks, a business associate of N.A. McHaggis, was conducting a Crown and Anchor Board for the older children behind "B" Hangar. Perks' winnings totalled 14/8½ in small change, three lozenges (slightly soiled), and a piece of chewing gum (partly used). N.A. Perks has been severely reprimanded.

9.—Considerable excitement arose when Ronny Avpol tried to show little Aggie Ampgas how his father, who is in the Salvage Section, drives the 20-ton Crane. By some mischance Ronney succeeded in starting the Crane, but was unable to stop it until it went through the walls of two Hangars, demolishing three Sea Venom aircraft en route, and finally coming to rest on the wreckage of the wreckage of the Salvage Section, narrowly missing Ronney's father, who was asleep inside.

10.—The call to afternoon tea was followed by a stampede of children in which three Officers, eight Ratings and twelve women volunteer helpers were trampled under foot, suffering severe lacerations and head injuries. The Buffer's dog was mutilated beyond recognition.

11.—A full report on damage to buildings, aircraft, vehicles and personal injuries suffered by helpers will be forwarded when final assessment is made.

O. T. SNORKER, Lieut. Commander.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

1. It is no art to sleep; to achieve it one must keep awake all day.
2. No man is exempt from saying silly things. The misfortune is to say them painstakingly.
3. Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck by the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.
4. Whenever two people meet there are really six people present. There is each man as he sees himself, each man as the other person sees him, and each man as he really is.

INSPECTION



- Rear Admiral G. G. O. Gatacre C.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar talks to N.A. Pavier, with N.A. K. Staff and N.A. Strong alongside.

Matelot on the phone: "Is that the Salvation Army?"

Answer: "Yes, it is."

Matelot: "Is it true that you save young girls?"

Answer: "Yes, it is."

Matelot: "Well, please save me one for Saturday night."

The chairman of a Naval type Medical Clinical meeting for Ear, Nose and Throat Specialists' declared on the stage: "You have now heard the motion. All in favour, say Ahhhhhh."

Worth Noting

WHACKO

Extract from A.F.O. 1730/62 Para. 1 Note (i):
"If any woman is entered at Shoeburyness, Pendine, Tondy or inside Woolwich Arsenal, the Admiralty should be asked to say what rates are to be paid."

ONE FROM THE FILES

BEDS — SINGLE — TUBULAR STEEL

By Barackmaster:—
"Even the new specifications will not give much reserve strength, e.g. it would not be unusual for two people to sit on the side of a bed and their combined weight could well exceed the 304lbs. . . . I hope the WRANS don't arrive before we get suitable beds."

— A. L. B.

Albatross Motor Transport

Once upon a time there was a Transport Section which had so many vehicles (and drivers) that no one had to walk.

This situation didn't last long, however, and now everyone has to walk — that is the impression gained from the ear piece of the M.T.O.'s telephone.

The M.T.O. and his staff have tried for the past 15 months to draw roller skates from Naval Stores for very deserving cases, but so far have only managed to obtain one half-worn Victa mower tyre (found by a wide-awake driver on the J.B. road).

On the factual side of this story, Albatross owns a total of 97 vehicles — approximately 1/3rd of the total in the East Australia Area — ranging from motor cycles to a bulldozer and 70ft. long Low Loader.

In the 12 months from 1st October 1961, to 31st October, 1962, these vehicles travelled close to 480,000 miles and used almost 44,000 gallons of M.T. petrol. No estimation can be given of the cost of maintaining them, nor of spare parts provided, but suffice to say that I'd hate to pay the bill.

Also in this period there have only been four "reportable" accidents and less than ten minor scrapes (more if you count the number of times the staunchion at the Sick Bay jumps out at the ambulance front fender). The estimated cost of damage in our worst accident was in the region of £750, so you see we can't afford any more

The photographs accompanying this article were all posed for, except the boss, who was caught marking off his tombola card, so don't be fooled into phoning us for a truck, car, utility, motor cycle or roller skates, because its "business as usual".

Albatross at Work — "The Wheels"



T.S.A. BAWLEY
ENG. STORER



W.A.A.H. WITHERS
FOOD MGMT.



O.H.A.A. WAKEFIELD.
ENG.



CH. AIR. (LOU) PETTIFER.
MT. REG. CH.



S/LT. MACKENZIE.
"BOSE"



W.A.A.H. LORRY BYASS.
"LOFTY" 6'8"



W.A.A.H. PETER STEWART.
DRIVER.



P.O. "SHINER" NIGHT.
ELECTRICAL (ENG).



I/A.A.H. HORN. CHAMAN.
CAPT'S. DRIVER.



W.A.A.H. GEORGE FLARE.
DRIVER.



W.A.A.H. SPESSER.
DRIVER.



W.A. KEN STAFF.
DRIVER.



P.O.A.H. DAVE LAIRD



W.A. POLLY PERKINS.
DRIVER.



O.H.A.A. JEFF.
ENG.



P.O.A.H. DAVE LAIRD



W.A.A.H. CESS SMITH.
DRIVER.



P.O. LEES.
"MACKY"



M.E. (1) MONEY.
DRIVER.



P.O.A.H. DAVE LAIRD

THE END OF AN ERA



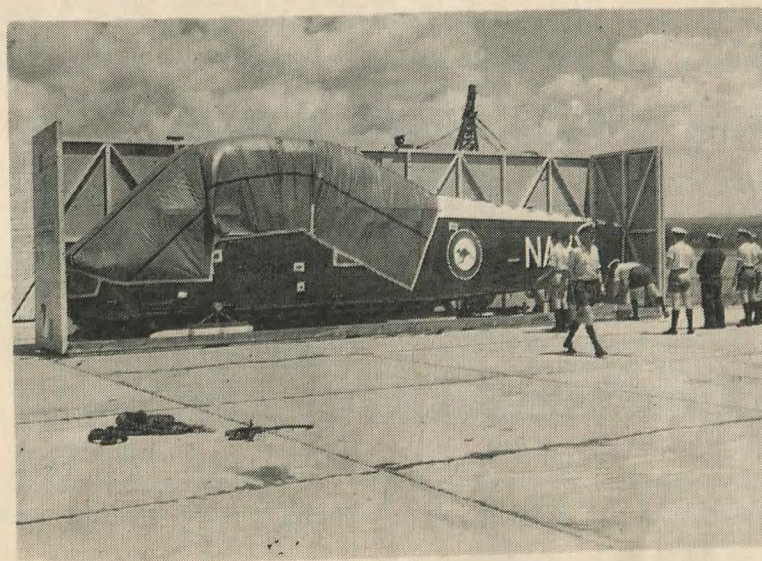
- Leading Airmen Cole and Smith on their last task before the Furies depart.

Tuesday, October 30, 1962 marked the end in RAN service of the Sea Fury. On this day the last two of the breed still flying, WH 588 and WH 589, departed from Albatross for final retirement at Bankstown where they will join other retired fixed wing aircraft with the fitting categorisation of R.I.P. These two particular aircraft had arrived in Australia in March, 1952 in an embalmed condition, and were stored until they were brought forward for use in October, 1957. Upon retirement, they had achieved 350 and 400 hours flying time, respectively.

Many consider the Sea Fury to have been the best propeller fighter aircraft of them all, and it is true to say that it has had long and honourable service in the Fleet Air Arm, having been first introduced in 1948 with the 20th Carrier Air Group.

Sea Fury aerobatics were always a popular feature at Air Days and we were reminded of the reason why when Lt. Cdr. Van Gelder and Lt. Cooke gave a final display over the Air Station. Their spectacular "beat up" will be long remembered by all who saw it (and there were plenty of people attracted by the now unusual musical note of Centaurus at high power). It was a most fitting farewell to an old friend.

— The Start of a New



- Another stage of the "Wessex Story" — The Chrysalis has been broken open and the butterfly is about to emerge.

DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS

A local overseer was rushed to the stomach specialist in a considerable amount of pain. The specialist peered down the unfortunate fellow's throat, and exclaimed: "In my time I've looked down into a lot of stomachs, but I must say that this is the first one that ever looked back at me."

DIAGNOSIS: The overseer had swallowed his glass eye.

A newly-married ex-WRAN was determined to prove to her husband what an accomplished cook she was, and on her husband's day off, set about cooking a chicken for his dinner. She plucked the fowl carefully, arranged it neatly in a pot, and put it in the oven. Two hours later she heard a loud banging on the oven door. Investigation proved that the disturbance was being made by the chicken. "Lady," it cried. "Either give me back my feathers or turn on the gas. I'm freezing to death in this ruddy oven."

Doctor MAC tells of one Medico who wrote out a prescription in the usual legible fashion doctors use on such occasion. The patient used it for two years as a railway pass. Twice it got him into Chequers, once into the "Rockers". It came in handy as a letter for his employer, to the cashier to increase his salary. And to cap the climax, his daughter played it on the piano and won a scholarship to the Sydney Music Conservatory. (Apologies to Ben Casey).

HOWLERS IN CLAIMS BY DRIVERS

A report by Mr. H. G. Hughan, of the Wairarapa Automobile Association Insurance Co., provided a bright spot at the North Island Motor Union conference at Wairakei.

Mr. Hughan gave the conference some of the explanations people had put on their insurance claims. They included—

"I considered neither vehicle was to blame, but if either was to blame it was the other one."

"I knocked over a man and he admitted that it was his fault, as he had been knocked down before."

"I looked for the sign, but the more I looked the more I couldn't find it."

"The accident was due to the other man narrowly missing me."
"I collided with a stationary tree."

"The accident was due to the road bending."

"The other man altered his mind and I had to run into him."
"I told the idiot what he was and went on."

"A cow wandered into my vehicle and I was afterwards informed that the cow was half-witted."

"If the other driver had stopped a few yards behind himself it would not have happened."

"I heard a horn blow and was struck violently on the back. Evidently it was a lady trying to pass me."

"I misjudged a lady crossing the street."

"Three women were all talking to each other and when one stepped back and the other forward, I had to have an accident."

"I blew my horn, but it would not work as it was stolen."

HOW TO GET ON

An Officer in the Royal Navy being considered for promotion may submit a letter to the Admiralty concerning his fitness. Such a letter can invite attention to some talent previously unnoted in the official record, some past success previously unheralded, or attempt to cast a more favourable light on some aspect of his career that was not so successful.

The tone of the letter is invariably formal, correct and solemn. So when the following letter reached the Admiralty not long ago, it created quite a stir:

"As Their Lordships are no doubt aware, there is always one name on every promotion list of whom everyone remarks, 'How on earth did HE make it?' I wish Their Lordships to be assured that I shall not be the least bit discomfited if, upon publication of the next Commander list, I am that officer."

P.S: He made it.

M.C.C. TOURING TEAM

Duke of Norfolk
Manager

Alec Bedser
Assistant-Manager

TED DEXTER (27) Capt.
R.H. bat; M.P. bowler.

David Allen (26)
Right-hand off-spinner.

Peter Parfitt (25)
Left-hand batsman.

Ken Barrington (31)
R.H. bat; Leg spinner.

Geoff Pullar (26)
L.H. opening batsman.

Len Coldwell (29)
R.H. med-pace bowler

Alan Smith (25)
Keeper; R.H. Batsman.

Colin Cowdrey (29)
Right-hand batsman.

John Murray (27)
Keeper; R.H. Batsman.

Tom Graveney (35)
Right-hand batsman.

Freddie Trueman (31)
Right-hand Fast Bowler.

Ray Illingworth (30)
R.H. off-spin; Batsman.

Rev. David Sheppard (37)
Right-hand batsman.

Barry Knight (24)
R.H. bat; M.P. bowler.

Brian Statham (32)
Right-hand Fast Bowler.

David Larter (22)
Right-hand Fast Bowler.

Fred Titmus (29)
Right-hand off-spinner.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
BILL FLOWERS

THE TOWN HALL HOTEL
SYDNEY

(Opposite Sydney Town Hall)



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KNOW YOUR CRICKET TERMS



M.C.C. ITINERARY - 1962-63

- Oct. 16-17 — v. W.A. Country (at Kalgoorlie)
 Oct. 19-23 — v. Western Australia (at Perth).
 Oct. 26-30 — v. Combined Team (at Perth).
 Nov. 2-6 — v. South Australia (at Adelaide).
 Nov. 9-13 — v. an Australian Eleven (at Melbourne).
 Nov. 14 — v. N.S.W. Country (at Griffith).
 Nov. 16-20 — v. New South Wales (at Sydney).
 Nov. 23-27 — v. Queensland (at Brisbane).
 Nov. 28 — v. Queensland Country (at Toowoomba).
 Nov. 30-Dec. 5 — FIRST TEST (at Brisbane).
 Dec. 7-8 — v. Queensland Country (at Townsville).
 Dec. 10-11 — v. Victorian Country (at Bendigo).
 Dec. 12 — v. Victorian Country (at Shepparton).
 Dec. 14-18 — v. Victoria (at Melbourne).
 Dec. 20 — v. S.A. Country (at Port Lincoln).
 Dec. 22-27 — v. South Australia (at Adelaide).
 Dec. 29-Jan. 3 — SECOND TEST (at Melbourne).
 Jan. 4-7 — v. Combined Team (at Launceston).
 Jan. 8-9 — v. Tasmania (at Hobart).
 Jan. 11-16 — THIRD TEST (at Sydney).
 Jan. 18-21 — v. N.S.W. Country (at Newcastle).
 Jan. 25-30 — FOURTH TEST (at Adelaide).
 Feb. 1-5 — v. Victoria (at Melbourne).
 Feb. 6 — v. Prime Minister's XI (at Canberra).
 Feb. 8-9 — v. N.S.W. Country (at Dubbo).
 Feb. 11-12 — v. N.S.W. Country (at Tamworth).
 Feb. 15-20 — FIFTH TEST (at Sydney).

THE MARRIAGE WHEEL

* BEFORE ROMANCE — † DURING COURTSHIP
 ‡ AFTER MARRIAGE

- * "Why should I get married? I'm living it up, Pal."
 † "I didn't know what living meant until I met you."
 ‡ "How you ever hooked me I'll never know!"
 :: :: ::
- * "There's nothing too good for me."
 † "There's nothing too good for you."
 ‡ "We can't afford it!"
 :: :: ::
- * "It says here that women are a lot stronger physically than men are."
 † "Be sure and wear your galoshes. I don't want my little babydoll catching cold."
 ‡ "For gosh sakes, take a couple of aspirin and shut up!"
 :: :: ::
- * "I'm going to have the most beautiful bachelor apartment you've ever seen."
 † "We'll save and scrimp and some day we'll have enough for a down payment on a little house."
 ‡ "Why won't your folks let us live with them?"
 :: :: ::
- * "Kids drive me nuts!"
 † "We'll have a girl for you and a boy for me."
 ‡ "Kids drive me nuts!"

FAREWELL TO ALBATROSS



Friends of N.A. Jack (Jailhouse) Rock was pleased to know that at last he has made it. In January, 1963 he is to join Melbourne for the cruise up North.

He joined the Service on 8th January, 1951. He remembers vividly sea-time spent aboard Sydney during the Montebello Cruise around Australia in 1952 and a year in Vengeance ending in July, 1954.

After a spell outside lasting eighteen months, he rejoined the R.A.N. and since has become a familiar figure in the Salvage Section; however the tide has turned and it's a roving the deep again.

He enjoys Service life and considers the Navy "Red, White and Blue."

Advancement



“Get with them lad — I know the Chief is unbeatable but he’s making up your perf to-day.”

DEFT DEFINITIONS

HUSBAND: The necessity of convention.

COWBOY: A chap who can make a lass “oo”.

NET PROFIT: A prawner’s reward.

VIPER. Handkerchief.

CENSOR: One who knows more than he thinks other people should.

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WISH YOU ALL A MERRY XMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



We thank you for your patronage and
look forward to being of greater
service to you next year.

Round and About

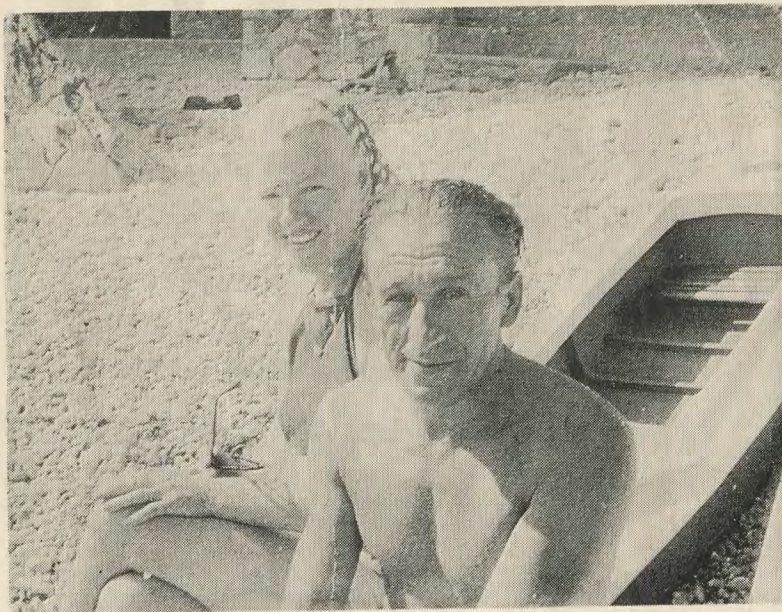
Heard that the Chief's Mess are forming a gymnastics team with Chief Hocking as instructor. The week-ends are becoming too rugged.

If anyone feels game, go down to 816 Squadron and ask how their work is coming along. Sick Bay facilities are always available.

If you feel lonely on a pay Thursday night, just drop in to the Warrawong Ten Pin Bowling Alley, as there are more Albatross personnel there than civvies. The manager can be seen racing around the different groups trying to coax them into entering leagues. Might have some success in the New Year. Navy to the fore again.

Tombola is going well in the Village and it is expected to continue over leave period, so your full support is needed. The jackpot is £13 at the moment and still rising, and there is a special of £2 every evening. Mrs. Boyd is very keen and would play all night if possible.

People I Have Met



SMOOTH, MAN, SMOOTH.

I wonder if you will recognise the lady in the photograph? Most will know who the gent is — Chief Petty Officer Henry Hocking currently on the Station. The lady is none other than Gracie Fields.

While on leave from H.M.S. Eagle in 1956, just prior to the Suez incident, Chief Hocking was on the beach on the Isle of Capri and met Miss Fields there with her husband. The meeting was a result of a bet with his mate and Miss Fields provided the proof by the photograph.

Chief Hocking is a "Salty" from way back; among his many ships was the H.M.S. Ark Royal with squadrons of Swordfish aircraft. The photograph shows a Swordfish on fire after crashing on the flight deck just prior to World War 2.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

DAIRY: "If our eggs were any fresher, they'd be insulting."

DELICATESSEN: "If you can't smell it, we ain't got it."

OPTOMETRISTS: "Eyes examined while you wait."

TRIAL AND ERROR

After being successfully brainwashed on the Wessex course, most of us proceeded to M.R.S. to await the arrival of the new "wonder birds" of the Fleet Air Arm and found that some of us were back on the old "Untouchables" (Gannets) for a short period. A definite blow to the pride!

However, the big day finally arrived and there were two very large boxes of "goodies" on the hardstanding outside the hangar and M.R.S. suddenly became the station drawcard. One could see white and blue shorted backsides disappearing through the little hatches in each box all day long.

Quite a crowd of people were gathered in the area when "operation disembox" began and suggestions and comments were numerous as various types of slinging arrangements were tried out. The crane driver from Salvage had a dazed look on his face as orders were shot at him from a dozen or so Chiefs and Officers.

Soon, however, the sides were off and there stood a Wessex in all her glory. By secure, the undercarriage was on and it was in the hangar safe and sound. A quick muster showed that no one had been lost in the operation, which was very surprising, to say the least!

A certain AEO had his eye on the big plastic cover on the aircraft but being so busy, someone sniped it before he had a chance. A couple of quid in the right place might bring the sniper to light.

One senior aviator (very senior) was thought to be very keen as he was observed going through his cockpit drill before the aircraft was on its wheels.

Eventually, both aircraft were in the hangar, the only incident occurring when the Phot. P.O. was madly filming two crews of Chiefs and P.O.'s attaching the undercarriage while the aircraft was on the sling and they suddenly found that they were putting the legs to the wrong side. With Cdr. (E) standing watching, everyone was a bit sheepish as the change was made. The Phot. man wanted the same crew on the respective side so that his film would still be O.K., but things got a bit mixed up anyway so he went ahead. Might take some working out when looking at the film.

Work began fitting the various items to the aircraft and discovering the ins and outs of them, but the number of 'goofers' made it necessary to display notices to keep them at a safe distance. Overheard one Naval Airman say to his mate that everyone bar the Doc. had been in to have a look. Sure enough, about 10 minutes later, the Doc. arrived with a bag of Aspros. Must have heard of our troubles.

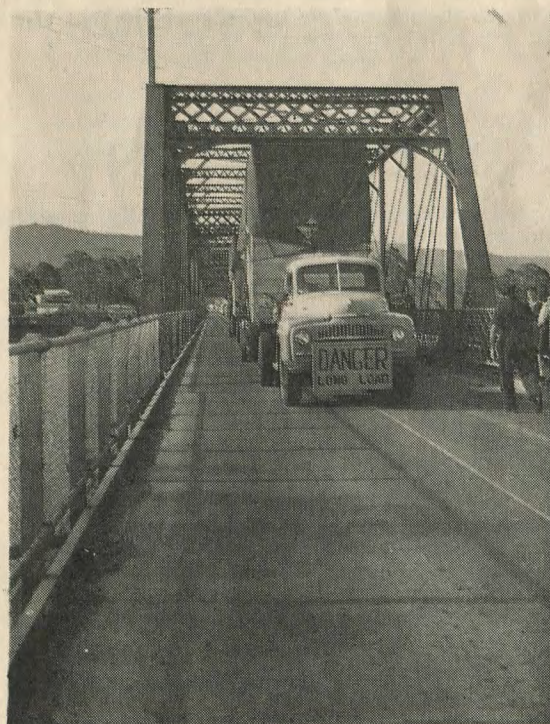
A few delays were caused by lack of correct tools and the Machine Shop was busy manufacturing a monster 10-foot tommy-bar which served the purpose very well. The first run was expected on Friday, 16th, but a slight confusion arose with the supply of engine oil. CAF McCarley had a mad dash into the Railway station only to find that the oil had already been picked up by the routine truck and delivered to the R. & D. department. When finally the oil was brought to the hangar some strange Ref. numbers were found on the tins so the run was postponed to Monday, 19th, much to the relief of those who would have been required to stay back after secure.

On Monday, the stage was set — the Captain and Commander had arrived — everyone had a good vantage point — the Jet-start air trolley was positioned — and then — catastrophe! When the valve was turned on the trolley there was a hiss and a loud "Woosh" and the thing started making a noise like someone having a good snore. Those in the vicinity jumped about two feet in the air and looked at it as though expecting it to explode. Owing to an unserviceable valve, the run had to be postponed again until the other trolley was set up.

The Captain and Commander departed with a disappointed look and the crowd drifted away. At 1600, a successful start was obtained and as the Captain arrived a signal was given, and Lt. Cdr. Simmonds, the test pilot, engaged the rotors.

Before going to print it is hoped that a test flight will have been made and before long, both should be ready for squadron use. Much has been learnt in assembling these two and new additions should prove less difficult to prepare.

(Signed) THE WESSEXER.



CLOSE SHAVE.

A few inches higher and some alternative would have been necessary.

FOR THE MEDICO AND TOOTHWRIGHT

Here is a C.N.O. which we think you would enjoy. Don't know if it will pass the censor, but if it does, take note.

COPY C.N.O. 582/61.

DISPOSAL OF MONEY OR ARTICLES FOUND IN H.M.A. SHIPS AND ESTABLISHMENTS

Under QR & AI, Article 1842, Captains of H.M.A. Ships and Establishments are required to include in ship's orders, specific instructions for the disposal of all articles found lying about, which are not the property of the finder.

It has recently come to notice that some articles, which had not been claimed by their owners within three months, had been thrown over the ship's side at sea. Whilst this method of disposal may be appropriate for articles of a particularly personal nature, such as spectacles, false teeth, etc., no article of value, which would be of any use to other persons, is to be disposed of in this manner.

So there you are. You have been warned. If you leave your false teet sculling on the upper deck the chances are that very soon after some fish head will be wearing them.

MULTIPLICATION

For those that cannot multiply and consequently cannot pass E.T. 1 the Naval Work study team have come up with a new system that cuts corners and gives you the answer without thought.

To illustrate the method, we will use the case of multiplying by four.

1. The last number of the number multiplied is subtracted from 10 and put down as the first number of the answer. If the number is odd add 5.
2. All the other numbers are subtracted from 9 and added to one half of the neighbour to the right. If the number is odd add 5.
3. Divide the first number of the number multiplied in half and take away one to get the first number of your answer. i.e.

$$\begin{array}{r} 674 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 2696 \end{array}$$

You deduct the 4 (last number of number multiplied) from 10 and get the first number of your answer. Subtract your second number, which is 7 from 9 and get 2. You add the 2 to one half of the neighbour to the right, the 4, and get 4. Since 7 is an odd number, you then add a 5 and get 9. Subtract the third number, which is 6, from 9, and you get 3. Add it to one half of the neighbouring figure to the right the 7 — (remembering to take the smallest half) and get 6. For the last number of your answer you divide the 6 — first number of the number multiplied — and get 3. You then subtract 1 and you get 2.

Easy wasn't it! There is a whole series of examples. Further enquiries c/o Occupant, Cell 9, Psychiatric Dept., B.N.H.

THAT'S LIFE!

Admirals come and Admirals go
10's are all stained where they show,
Wavey cap and tatty bow—
Life gets tedious don't it?

Collars faded, holes in shoes.
Makes no difference—whites or blues;
Slop room's shut—just got the news—
Life's demanding ain't it?

Must'ring kits a daily chore,
Divisional Officer's really sore,
Just laid it on a dirty floor—
Life's most vexing, ain't it?

Hair cut short and shorts cut long—
Sounds all right —but I got it wrong;
Chiefly called me a "something" drong—
I think I'm getting bitter.

Weekend's coming round again,
Leave is stopped—I'll not complain;
Get jugged up and miss the train,
And I can't afford a ticket.

Changed my job—but not for fun!
Working party for No. 1;
Can't even lie down in the sun,
But I get off divisions!

I'm not worrying—that's for sure!
Life's too short—I know the score;
I'm only in for 10 years more,
Then I'll sign on for pension!

SIMPLE HARMONIC MOTION

You've a crick
It's all
Your head
Willy
To
Like a gate
After Watching
Tennis

in your neck
rather silly
keeps swivelling
nilly
and fro
with no latch
on all day
Match

Engineering Notes

PURPLE PATTERN

Scriptus was nodding at his desk in the pleasant Nowra sun, dreaming of the coming round of Christmas tonsil washing, when a faint ragged cheer broke the still air. Pausing only to drink his tenth cup of tea, your faithful scribe mounted the messenger's tricycle and with the wind assistance managed to coast to MRS despite the permanent road blockage of recruits outside SAM(E).

To his amazement there appeared to be a civil riot, commotion, cyclone, hurricane, flood and any other Act of God that the Insurance Companies can claim exemption on, taking place in the centre of the hardstanding. A large seething mass of humanity fought and struggled around a Heath Robinson contraption resembling nothing ever seen by man before. Into the vitals of this monster, like feeding time at Taronga, vanished pipes, wires, gardening sprinklers, red carpets and Captain's requestmen and defaulters.

As your reporter gazed with fascination upon this quasi Roman orgy, the crowd fell silent in a hush of expectations and from the adjacent hangar strode the intrepid aviator who was shortly to ride and tame this ravaging beast. A second crowd surrounded this man, known as the MTP, and pleaded with him to append his autograph in a large bound Visitor's book (A700 to you). With a Dexter like disdain, he dashed off a few words on the virgin page to the effect that he was happy to be here and he hoped everybody would support him in the drive for brighter flying.

Now the tension became unbearable as the MTP climbed up the side of the monster and into the gaping maw. The tension subsided somewhat, as after settling in his seat the MTP began to tick off what appeared to be every page in Mrs. Beaton's cookery book. Two hours later and suffering from Writer's cramp and the palsy (to say nothing of the Persian Curse), he raised a shaking finger. At this juncture your scribe became a little dazed by events — a large blue box on which he was sitting belched like an Alka Seltzer advert, clouds of white smoke poured from the nostrils of the monster and Commander (E) retired to contemplate upon the evils of unrestricted hot air.

When the smoke cleared, the monster was waving four arms around its head and spitting clouds of Nowra red dust at all and sundry. Advancing in a solid phalanx, four abreast, was a crowd of bowler hatted Civil Servants, bearing on high a standard device known as a VIP seat, and chanting in unison "Reserved for the personal use of RGM." Following them came a gentleman in sun glasses and white flying suit with the monogram Duke of E blazoned in magneta across one lapel. With a nonchalant wave to the applauding crowd he climbed to the second seat and took over the controls. As if waiting for this magical touch, the monster rose vertically with a fearful roar and remained suspended six feet from the ground like a Walt Disney elephant performing the Indian Rope Trick.

The amazed crowd fell to their knees at this demonstration of the powers of the great blue and white beast from over the seas, and Scriptus fell out of his chair reaching for his eleventh cup of tea. The dream was over but one thing was certain, the first Wessex in Australia, WA 200, had actually flown.

P.S. Apologies to Bob Simmonds, the MTP — he didn't need any help to fly the monster, in fact he had it tamed before it was brought out of its cave.

SCRIPTUS PURPILLICUS.

THE PERSIAN CURSE

The advent of the Wessex has brought us the first Generation of Aircraft where practically everything (including the Pilot's eyeballs) is torque loaded. The following story may illustrate the pitfalls of this method of tightening a nut and a bolt.

There were these two Greek wrestlers, see? Long time ago. And they travelled all round. To wrestle, that is. So they bought this chariot see? Never mind. Read the story and you'll see.

It has been recorded — more or less faithfully — in the histories of the Classic Sports Museum of Archeology in Athens that a couple of ancient Greek club fighters by the name of Castor and Pollux made "a notable contribution to mechanics," as well as being the inventors of wrestling.

Until recently, classic scholars had been convinced that this first example of two-man mayhem represented nothing more than interesting examples of the ancient art of the fight promoter. Recent archeological work has revealed that nothing could be further from the truth. Actually, these two ancestors of Georgeous George and Bouncing Benito were mechanical wizards of the first order and spent the greater part of their adult life in luxury as the direct result of founding and operating the only inter-city chain of chariot service centers in the Ancient World.

All of this came about, these ancient records reveal as the result of two inventions. Castor, who was the thinker, invented the bolt. Sometime later, Pollux, not nearly as smart but much more practical, invented the wrench.

It seems that the boys were clever enough to be their own promoters, and, since their schedule often called for them to travel extensively from town to town to keep various club dates, they had invested heavily to buy a classy foreign sports chariot from Persia.

While it gave them good mileage and was more comfortable than the mass-produced chariots, it developed a habit of throwing its left wheel, since the thong and pin hardware of the Persians while better than that that the local boys produced, was still not very dependable.

After the two heroes had missed a couple of very heavy purses as the result of a thrown wheel, making it very tough for them to keep up their payments to the Happy Persian, only Athenian Distributor of foreign sports chariots, Castor came up with the idea for the bolt. This did the job. Instead of throwing a wheel on every trip, the boys would go for as long as two weeks on the road without a single breakdown. There was only one trouble, no matter how hard they tightened the bolts with their fingers — and the boys were plenty strong as the result of a life-long diet of unicorn steak and nymph milk — the bolts would eventually work loose.

This is where Pollux came in. It was just about a year after Castor's bolt that Pullux invented the wrench. From then on the boys had it made. The Happy Persian, and some other back alley operators, had already stolen the bolt idea — but the boys managed to keep the wrench a secret. It was the wrench that gave them the ability to make good a 90 day guarantee on wheel fastenings — something which no other operator could even approach. This in turn led directly to the founding of their first service centre. Then with their great advertising slogan — "If it's fastened by Castor and Pollux it can't be bolixed" then went on to found the first great inter-city service centre empire.

This archeological study has answered once and for all the classic question of "which came first — the bolt or wrench?"

Closer study of the records has revealed that it wasn't all nectar and ambrosia for the two Greeks. In the early days the boys were still in rugged shape, sticking to their training table diet. Many times they would tighten the bolts so tight with their new magic tool — the wrench — that the wheels wouldn't turn at all. There are ancient court records of suits

against the two boys by irate chariot owners — but the verdicts were all in favour of the two boys since their guarantee was that the wheels wouldn't come off and not necessarily that they wouldn't turn. And, while the boys were smart, they weren't supermen. What they didn't know was that they were up against the old black magic we call torque. They never did coin a name for it.

Throughout their entire career the boys were plagued by torque. After a while, when they were really getting in the money, they abandoned their training table habits and went in for easy living. Naturally, they got weaker — couldn't fasten the bolts as tightly — and in later years had to pay off many times on their guarantee. There is still preserved an ancient tablet which attributes this increasing failure of the bolts to stay fastened for 90 days to a curse laid upon them by their ancient foreign enemy, the Happy Persian. Indeed, local gossip had it that this was one of the chief causes of the Greek-Persian wars, since the two boys were very popular in Athen.

As history rolled by, the invention was taken over by the Romans and through them spread all over the ancient world. But with it went always the problem of torque. In these ancient times it was called "The Persian Curse" and among charioteers and ancient military supply sergeants a whole religion grew up around this problem.

Actually, one of the most potent political organisations in ancient times was developed by chariot wheel mechanics. The most dreaded labor-relations tool in those days was the threat of the chariot wheel mechanics to call down the "Persian Curse" on a military commander or even on a city. Overnight every chariot wheel in the vicinity would be frozen tight, unable to turn a revolution.

It was Caesar who first used the Persian Curse as an offensive military weapon. His armies were the first to use an effective "Fifth Column." In the initial invasion of the British Isles, his agents "leaked" the secret of the bolt and wrench to the British charioteers. They also told them to get their strongest men — and the longest wrenches they could find — to tighten the chariot wheel bolts just before battle. Thus the secret of the Persian Curse was finally revealed in the bloody slaughter of the blue painted British charioteers — in locked wheel chariots — on the channel beachhead.

Like so many of the wonders of the ancient world, the bolt and wrench — and the secret of the Persian Curse — were lost during the dark ages. It was during the halcyon days of the Italian Renaissance that a very smart operator by the name of Mike Angelo stumbled on the whole idea. He was doing a "hot rod" modification job on a phaeton for the local political boss — a fellow called "Borgy" — at the time. And, in order to make sure that he had the very latest design modifications, he had been spending night after night poring over a trunk full of ancient garage records which had been dug up when they were putting in the foundation for a new Pizza Drive-in on the Appian Way.

As luck would have it, this ancient garage proprietor was a retired Sergeant of Caesar's British Legion, the very man who had been assigned to leak the story of the Persian Curse to the British. He had recorded in his terse military language the complete details of the whole bloody mess . . . to give as an Ides of March Day speech at his local legion post.

Well, that was all Mike Angelo needed. He was smart enough to figure out the details of the Persian Curse and do something about it. He discussed the whole problem over wine at lunch one day with a friend of his who was busy re-inventing algebra, and together they worked out a whole series of wrenches, having varied length handles. As a matter of fact, this friend of Mike Angelo's was a refugee French Post Card Painter named Oscar de Torques who came from the little French Village of Salle de Bain. It is a tribute to Angelo's greatness that in return for his lunchtime contribution Angelo gave his friend's name to the law they invented . . .al-

though some detractors have said it was strictly due to the fact that de Torques paid for the wine. Thus, what in the middle ages was known as "Loi de Torques" came down to us, in translation, as the law of torque, or, more simply, torque.

This, in its beautiful simplicity, is the statement of the law Angelo and deTorques invented; Force times Distance equals Torque.

These first wrenches that Angelo and de Torque evolved were necessarily crude — not because the boys were poor mechanics, but because they both had a sense of historical fitness. Anyway, the whole thing was tied up with the development of the law of the lever — promulgated by one of the early Lever Brothers, who even in that day and age were people with whom you had to "come clean."

The whole point of this outstanding development of historical accuracy is to point out that even today, in this nuclear age, mankind is not free of the ancient Persian Curse. Wherever there is a mechanic plus a bolt or nut, plus a wrench you have set up all of the elements necessary to make this dread scourge of the ancient wheel-wrights operative. Even though today's torque wrench is a precision tool of instrument quality, over or under torque (that old black magic, the Persian Curse) can creep into the picture. Generally, today, the ancient scourge comes in when an extension is used to reach a nut in a difficult area. The extension, for example, changes the value of the reading on the torque wrench gauge — and since even the most modern gauge wrench does not incorporate a computer you've got to exorcise the ancient Persians — and here's the formula to do it with; Force times Length plus Extension equals Torque.

So — if you want to sleep nights, undisturbed by the Persian Curse, use the torque settings in the A.P.'s and even though the Greeks didn't have a word for it, you will.

Acknowledgement to George Cole, Service Engineer, Convaire).

Tools and Their Uses

Now that Air Mechanician Training in Albatross is moving its practical training to Nirimba, we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of their notes, extracts of which are appended below.

HAMMER: The most useful tool of the whole lot. Can be used in self defence and for fitting big end bearings and other precision work.

CENTRE PUNCH: Used for marking other peoples tools with three dots which you then claim as your own mark of ownership.

OIL CAN: Gives an outstanding performance when placed in the ear of an unsuspecting person and pressed.

FEELERGAUGES: May be used for joining a spanner of the wrong size on to a nut.

COLD CHISEL: May be employed to remove stubborn keys, taper pins, etc. Usually used in conjunction with a large hammer. If you find you strike your hand the easiest way to prevent this is to grip the hammer with both hands.

MICROMETER: Its good design and workmanship make it an admirable tool for cracking Brazil nuts and hard toffee. Also used as a leather punch.

FILE: Used as a punch, tommy bar, jack handle also for filing.

STILLSONS: More expensive than a hammer, but just as good.

FOOTPRINTS: Work well as a primitive lever for removing hexagons from nuts.

CALIPERS: (Outside) Used for picking small pieces out of inaccessible places.

RULE: Used as a scraper, screwdriver, packing and sometimes — usually quite unsuccessfully — for measuring.

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Supply Notes

COUNTER JUMPERS' CORNER

Well, this month we have a new writer for this column as Plogg has left us to live a life of luxury at H.M.A.S. Kuttabul, lucky chap. I hope I can carry on with the good work he has done, I also take the pleasure of saying best of luck but not goodbye because you'll be back to boidy land before too long.

Social Life:— You could not possibly realise just how quiet the S.A.'s have been, Oh, there was a run to Sydney by three up-and-coming S.A.'s who visited Chequers. (Incidentally they are bound to make the social pages of the Sunday Mirror soon, if they keep going that is). Next visit boys, try bigger and smaller cigars. The ones in your photos are much much too small.

Last Sunday was a memorable day for some in our Mess, you see, about ninish an L.S.A. returned and standing at the door proceeded to tell us all about the way he had spent his day. He was holding a twisted branch and said he had been collecteing sticks to take photos of, for some Photographic competition. I believe he called it "Hoartyculcha" or some such similar name, no one could get the hang of the word. As a matter of fact, the whole thing was a bit hard to understand as our L.S.A. had just returned from Husky.

I would like to welcome S.C.P.O. (S) Linkins to Boidy Land and I hope your stay here will be an enjoyable one and it should be — if you can keep clear of all aircraft.S.C.P.O. (S) Howes has now left us for the FIGHTING FLAG. UGH.

We at laste have the problem of the surfies solved. Thanks to one of our S.A.'s Could his initials be L. F.?

You see there is a branch of surfies called surfies and there is a branch of surfies called rockies. The rockies are the ones that gate crash parties and the surfies are the ones that go to the parties — invited. Simple is it not?

That "Vehicle" that was mentioned in the last issue (not Gratis issue either) has now departed for a facelift. No further offers will be accepted. Speaking of vehicles, noticed our Chief (Big Bad Jim) sporting a different set of wheels.

In the last issue of S/S, in the Kook's Korner, it was noticed, a remark about Naval Stores. Something to do with Rounds I believe. This little ode was composed in retaliation.

Rounds in the Galley on Friday,
No mess to be made that day,
Don't use any grease for cookin'
Or the Kooks will be scrubbin' all day.
Just for the sailors a bit of Salad and stuff.
With Bread and Butter custard for Duff.

KOOKS CORNER

1. We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But Albatross Birds cannot live without Cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

He may live without love—what is passion but pining?

But where is the Birdie that can live without dining?

2. Kids' Xmas Party coming up on the 5th of Next Month. Sincerely hope we don't see the nauseating sights of the last two kids' parties.

To wit: 400 or 500 big hulking adults throwing cakes, ice-cream and lolly water into their faces as if they never had a feed in their lives.

Remember, this is a KIDS' PARTY, so let the kids have the gear.
—Thanks.

3. Some ways in which the new points system can be of advantage or disadvantage:

	Points Gained
Invite Divvy Officer to the wets	70
Wash and polish Chief Cook's car	80
Rat to Chief Cook on other Cooks	50
When you do something wrong, don't wait for Sam Catchem to catchem. Phone up and make it easy for him	30
	Points Lost
Invite Divvy Officer to the wets and then bite him for a fiver	100
Wash and polish Chief Cook's car with a handful of steel wool	80
Give a Birdie two helpings of duff	50

4. This being the last issue of "Slipstream" this year, may we, the Cooks (S) (cream of the Service) wish all other branches the very best for Xmas and the coming New Year. May you come back from home cooked scrans fighting fit and ready to do battle with the champs of the R.A.N.

VICTUALLING VOGUE

In the next few weeks we'll be saying farewell to L.S.A.(v)'s ASHER & DOUDLE & S.A.(v)'s HOBBELIN, COSTER & COOPER, and we wish them the best of luck in their new drafts, the rest of the staff envy you, still our turn will come, even if COX thinks he is a fixture.

Honest John has at last realised you can't always rely on a forecast Concur John?

I believe Happy Hawkins is having a sale of good used "buttons," he is a very enthusiastic collector, at least the Ship's Company think so.

We have had our complaints about too many issues of Tomato Juice, as it is too heavy to drink. Are the Jet boys worried about their effecting their ability to climb into the cockpit, or off the ground?

The buzz about the Wrens taking over the galley in the near future is not true, they can't, they're not Sidebottom trained.

The Chief Pusser's Special for this week:—

"Chef's Steamed out of date pudding with sweet wessex sauce".

BEAGLES CORNER

The Supply Branch received a shot in the arm for their cricket team. by the arrival of CPO STD. Travers (Inter-Service standard of play). Norm has also been selected for the Ship's team.

The departure of many of the staff for leave and draft is now under way and more than half will be changed over by the New Year.

Your favourite and most popular correspondent is also leaving for the Big Ship next month.

I believe AJASS were upset that the SOSP was cancelled but needless to say, we of the staff were not unduly perturbed; in fact a big sigh of relief was given.

It had to come about that a list of possible points to be gained or lost by the new system, be devised by some wit. But the Kooks have published their own version originated by a W.R. staff. So, if you want the details, see Kooks' Korner.

— "DUSTY"

ELECTRICAL NOTES

It is regretted that this month's issue will not be featuring an article from the Electrical Department. Evidently they're all as busy as amps. Reluctance — high? Retentivity — above average? Capacity — residual?

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FOR THE NATURE LOVER:

The Shoalhaven

The Shoalhaven can without doubt offer the best combined mountain and river scenery in New South Wales. For a distance of nearly 120 miles it passes through a steep-sided gorge 900 feet high which, in places rises almost double that height.

For its entire length, beautiful white sandy beaches can be found from anything up to a quarter to half a mile apart. Protected and shaded by overhanging river oaks, they make attractive camp sites. Piles of driftwood offer a plentiful supply of firewood, and with the increasing popularity of canoeing as a sport, it is not to be wondered at that so many people are spending their holidays in this picturesque and secluded spot.

I say secluded, for there are only a limited number of places that one can gain access to the river. For a large part of its length, the steep sides of the gorge are topped by a perpendicular rock wall, which makes entry into the gorge impossible, except in the few places that this rocky barrier has collapsed.

The most notable of these entry places is "Badgery's Crossing." Most canoeists start their trips from here, and have given enthusiastic reports of the country through which they have passed. However, here I would venture to say that they have missed the best parts of the river scenery by about 30 miles, for from "Badgery's Crossing" to the coast, both the river and the surroundings are not nearly as exciting as what is available higher upstream.

Every year since 1945 a party under the leadership of Fred Pollock, ex-vice-president of the N.S.W. Canoe Club, has canoed about 120 miles of the Shoalhaven from a spot called "Sewell's Point" to the coast. There is a crude track down the cliff-face at "Sewell's Point", built by an old prospector called Matthews, and it is here that I have commenced the four trips that I have made with Fred. "Sewell's Point" can be reached by car from Windellama, the nearest township, but entails a bit of rough riding for the last two to three miles through the bush.

My first trip was in the Christmas holidays of 1947, and those readers who can cast their minds back that far will remember the miserable time even city dwellers spent during the wet weather that lasted for nearly five weeks. When I first cast eyes on the Shoalhaven it was from the protective cover of a rain cape and hood, but all that was visible was the opposite side of the gorge and vast quantities of billowing mist that crawled and squirmed where the river should have been. I shall never forget that nightmare descent into the gorge, crammed rucksack on back, kerosene tin of stores in each hand, slipping and sliding as I scrambled down the 900 feet of loose treacherous shale hampered by my rain resistant garb, made miserable by the ceaseless drizzle, down, down into . . . well, at that stage I didn't know really what was ahead. One of the party, Don Glen, taking care not to puncture the bottom of his tins on the sharp edges of the shale, slipped and he was forced to let one go in order to grasp a support to prevent himself from being first to the bottom. His tin described what is known, I understand, in mathematical circles, as a graceful parabola, and as it hit the ground, seemed to explode in a spray of Kraft cheese, biscuits and dried fruit.

Poor Don was most upset, but Fred, in his cheerful way, consoled him by saying that it was a very minor incident, and that there would be much worse than that. Rather a doubtful consolation we thought.

However, we did reach the bottom without further incident, and had tea in a torrential thunderstorm, which at times was so amplified by the narrow gorge, that it seemed to be actually in the tent with us. Fred left the next morning to return to Sydney for the rest of the party and the second canoe.

Miraculously, it was fine. (One of the two complete fine days we had until the end of the trip). The three of us who were left, Don, Malcolm Gerrard and I, amused ourselves shooting the rapid opposite our campsite. None of us had done any previous canoeing and the thrill of bumping and jolting over the rocks was a new experience to us. We known now it is an experience a seasoned canoeist avoids wherever possible. Looking back now, it is a wonder that there was a shred of canvas left on the plywood bottom of the canoe, and when we explained to Fred how the canoe had tipped over in the rapids and we had been thrown into the water amid our gleeful shrieks of merriment, we swear his hair greyed perceptibly at the temples.

The Sewell's Point Rapid is one of the worst on the entire river. I mention this as an instance of how inexperience can lead to possible disaster, and it should show that there should always be at least one experienced person in any party. Having mentioned perviously the inclement nature of the weather, I should also draw your attention to the corresponding height of the river level, which at Sewell's Point, approximately 120 miles from the coast, was about four feet above normal. We three realise now we had a very lucky escape. It was not the first I was to experience on this trip.

On a normally delightful little beach, just below Cowhole Creek, a minor tributary of the Shoalhaven, we pulled up to camp the night in the now accepted drizzle of rain. We tied the canoes up to a shea-oak well above the river, had tea and turned in. In decent weather this charming spot is the epitome of peacefulness and tranquility, just the sort of atmosphere one could wish, in which to while away the declining years of life. And this is just about what we did. At 3 a.m. the following morning, we were awakened by torrential rain beating down on the tent.

We all re-arranged our ground sheets so that the water coming in under the sides of the tent ran onto the person in the next sleeping bag and prepared to doze off again. Our rest was disturbed a few minutes later by a series of deafening roars and earth-shaking crashes, but no one felt like going out in the rain to see what had caused it, so we just sat huddled together, cheering each other up, and awaited the dawn.

It appears that a mighty boulder had chosen 3 a.m. as its departure time and had collided with a large gum tree as it was leaving. Both had landed not far from our camp. We did not linger in this particular spot. Hastily loading our canoes, which we found dangling at the end of twenty feet of rope just out of reach of the next rapid, we departed, post haste.

The river had risen just on twelve feet during the night, which accounted for the canoe's change of position, and we experienced a little difficulty negotiating the next rapid, which is a notoriously difficult one, even in the best of times. As we crept down the inside of the bend which was in the form of an "S", we were able to get support from the trees, and hung onto the canoe with our free hands. Half-way down, Don stepped into a hole, and the force of water coming behind him piled up on his back and started to spill over into the canoe, which commenced

to fill rapidly. Don saw what was happening and with great presence of mind, let go the canoe and allowed himself to be swept down the rapid. I was at the bow at the time peering ahead into the murk, and was most surprised to see Don hurtle past with his legs in the air.

We laugh about it now, but it was another of the incidents which could have brought the trip to a disastrous ending. Don was heard to mumble afterwards what a good idea it would be to have sandshoes with suckers on the bottom as well as on the top.

Another humorous incident which comes to mind concerned two of the proverbial dear old ladies, who by some miraculous means, had reached the river by the track from the shelter shed at the Long Point Lookout. As the canoes drew up to the beach, they greeted us with a flood of questions about the river and the conditions higher upstream.

"And what do you have in those tins?" queried one. Fred, rather tired of their barrage, answered, "Well we use quite a bit of fresh water on a trip like this." They were satisfied.

No matter what outside interests the canoeist may have, it is practically certain he can find an outlet for them somewhere along the Shoalhaven. For those with historical leanings, the river presents an intriguing problem. All along the banks evidences of the prospecting which has taken place there in the past, bear witness to the courage and tenacity of the men who, in the days when hard work was not despised, toiled in these isolated gorges in search of the elusive yellow metal.

An interesting day can be spent amongst the ruins of the old mine at Talwong Creek. As one paddles slowly down a long pool absorbing the peace and tranquility of the surroundings, it is with a sharp jolt back to reality that the chimney stacks of the long-deserted smelting works appear. It is a strange spectacle to see these two solidly constructed brick piles projecting above the tops of the surrounding gum trees, miles from any habitation. At its height, the mine supported a little township of nearly two hundred persons. Contact with the railway and other towns was made via a huge flying fox, which stretched across the river.

Even at the present time there are two partners working a claim at the Great Horseshoe Bend.

To one with any geological knowledge at all, here again the river presents a challenge. The twisted and contorted strata which is in great evidence all down the Shoalhaven, shows that at some time there have been gigantic subterranean movements right through the area. A geologist could spend years trying to work out exactly what has happened, whatever it was, it has left us with a sight that, once seen, can never be forgotten.

In particular, here I refer to the 'Block Up'. The name 'Block Up' has been given to a section of the Shoalhaven Gorge in which the sides rise up sheer from the river to the unbelievable height of nearly 1800 feet. The condition of the sides makes it impossible to get through the "Block Up" on foot, and it is necessary to swim several hundred yards to get through. Hence the name.

With a canoe it is possible to linger there and appreciate fully what is, without doubt, the most spectacular section of the river. Great spires of variegated rock, orange, brown, yellow, splashed here and there with the green of a little tree fighting for existence, are gigantic monuments to the work of Nature. The columns of slate standing erect where other softer portions have eroded away, create a cathedral-like atmosphere, and it is not uncommon for newcomers to the spot to lower their voices to reverent whispers, as the canoe drifts silently through.

Another remarkable sight is Bungonia Gorge. It is up a short side tributary of the Shoalhaven, but well worth the visit to see. Similar in height to the "Block Up", it is only 30 yards wide at the bottom. This narrow chasm has been eaten through a limestone belt by the waters of Bungonia Creek, and presents an amazing spectacle when the sun penetrates to its bottom at noon each day.

It was whilst here that we spent an interesting half-hour watching the antics of a lyre-bird on our last trip. Like most places which are unspoiled as yet by alleged lovers of the bush, it is possible to see some of our more timid native birds and animals in their natural habitat here. However, this experience is not confined to Bungonia. Right down the entire river, kangaroos, wombats, lyre-birds, ant-eaters and hosts of birds can readily be encountered. It is the inaccessibility of the region which has protected them for so long.

What a thrill it is to be able to drift silently downstream and suddenly come upon a group of wallabies drinking at the water's edge. They can do no harm to fences or crops here, and no necessity arises to blast them with rifles and shotguns. With time and a vast amount of patience, it is possible to secure some unique photographs.

No doubt, the prospect of fishing has been uppermost in your minds since you first started to devour this article. Let me assure you, that you, too, will not be disappointed.

Perch (Bass) are plentiful, to such an extent that in one day we caught 93, of sizes varying from 2½ pounds to tiddlers. We kept six of them and threw back the others.

Last trip we hooked our biggest to date, 3¾ pounds, on the "De-liar." On this occasion we thought we had hooked a snag with our spinner, as it trailed behind the canoe. Fred dived overboard to free it, as the red single-Sydney spinner we had been using had been deadly up till then and we did not want to lose it. Swimming underwater all the time, he freed the line, a light French nylon, from a log it had mysteriously been entangled on, and commenced to follow it up. It led round rocks and under more trees, until finally he found himself staring into the face of the fish.

Lower down the river, below its junction with the Kangaroo River, mullet are also quite plentiful at times. On one occasion we were interrupted at tea by a splashing opposite the camp. Taking a torch out in the canoe to investigate, we were surprised to have several mullet actually jump into the canoe as we flashed the torch about; the splashing had been caused by these fish rising.

Large flocks of both black and wood ducks are encountered, and in the event of an annual open season being declared they, too, could offer an exciting opportunity to the hunter.

In my opinion, the Shoalhaven has everything. In places where the river narrows to 20 or 30 feet in width, and takes a plunge beneath overhanging willows, endless thrills are provided as the canoe speeds down the rapids in a curtain of spray amidst the crash and roar of the foaming waters. Naturally, there is an element of risk attached to a sport such as this, or even going into such a primitive and rugged area as the Shoalhaven.

But don't most sports have that danger about them that makes them so well worth playing? Then there's hard work attached, too. One needs to be fit to be able to carry an eight pound canoe down a 900 feet cliff-side with sufficient gear and food to last three weeks. But there is a reward, and of such magnitude as to make every risk, every hardship, every inconvenience and every petty mishap fade into insignificance.—J.P.

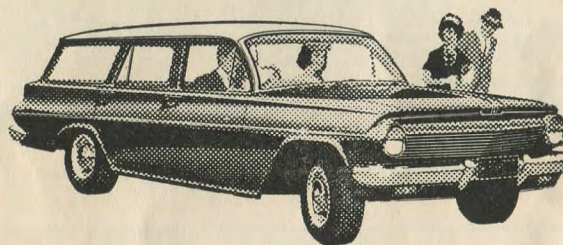
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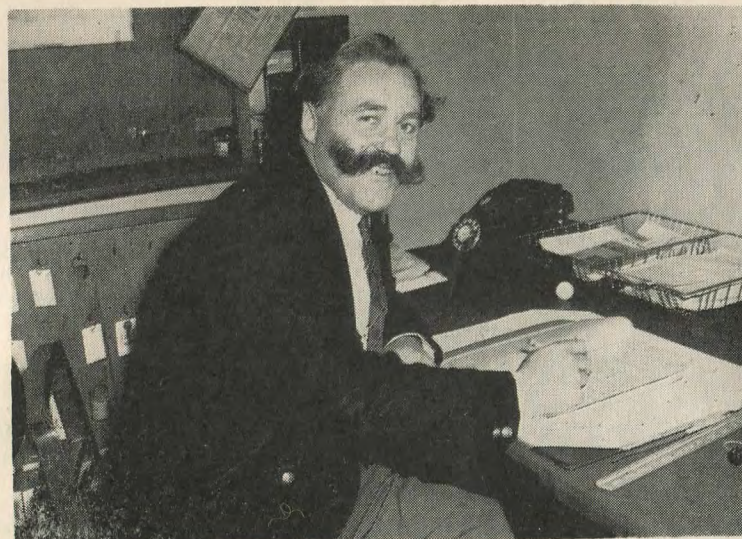
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The White Ensign Club.

In further publicising the White Ensign Club, we bring you this month, the Manager, Les Young.

For Les, this is almost his first commission ashore, prior to joining the Staff of the Club he was Chief Steward of the Royal Motor Yacht Squadron at Point Piper.

Born 14th August, 1920, at Exeter, Devon, he was educated at Lady-smith School, a school very prominent for its sporting activities, where Cliff Bastin, the English Golden Boy of Soccer of the '30's was reared for stardom.

Leaving school in 37, with a strong inclination for travel, Les joined the Royal Marines at Plymouth and travelled far and wide with various units. Saw active service with the M.N.B.D.O. and the R.M.F.U. Being a signaller, he spent most of his time bunting tossing, semaphoring, hoisting flags, tapping out Morse on tank sets, H.F. Sets, walkies talkies, Aldis lamps. Played Soccer as goalkeeper for Plymouth and Portsmouth divisions. Played Soccer against the Portuguese at Madeira, and barefooted natives at Sierra Leone. Played Table Tennis for the ship against the ballet-dancing fireman of Funchal. Finished service with the Marines in 1950 with a 2½ years commission on H.M.S. Theseus, a light fleet carrier.

After leaving the Royal Marines and still with itchy feet, Les joined the Merchant Navy, and did his first of 29 trips to Australia on the Orontes. During the next eight years he served in many capacities aboard Oronsay, Arcadia, Orion, Orcades, finishing off as Head Waiter on the Strathnaver. Midway through this period he changed companies and did two trips around Africa with the Union Castle Line on the Braemar Castle. Was on the first pre-war trip to Honolulu and San Francisco with the Oronsay. Has visited most of the Bars of the Gut in Malta, the Texas Bars in many countries, and many other places of interest unknown to most travellers.

On one of these trips to Australia he met a certain lady coming out to Australia as a migrant and that was the end of Les and his seafaring life.

Sporting Notes

Golf Club Notes

With the main golfing season completed for the year the number of representative matches has now been reduced to almost nil. As this will be the last issue of Slipstream for 1962, perhaps it would be well to review the activities of the Albatross Golf Club for 1962.

1962 was a year of mixed success, and on the credit side we first noticed an increase in membership and in interest in the game. The local course on the end of 03 runway has shown considerable improvement, and many more players now seem to be using this course. Mid week and week-end competitions have no doubt contributed to this enthusiasm.

In representative matches against other ships our team was unbeaten during the year and successfully defended the Naiad Cup against Melbourne on two occasions.

On the debit side we faired badly in this year's Davis Shield matches against Nowra Golf Club, losing four matches to one. Recently Creswell, with the aid of a number of non-naval players, managed to wrest the Naiad Cup from us after quite a close struggle. Our players don't seem to handle the Jervis Bay lay-out too well and no doubt this trophy will return to Albatross when played on a golf course.

During the year quite a number of players played representatives matches for Nowra Golf Club and accredited themselves very well. Also a large part of the Inter-Service Golf Team was comprised of Albatross players and the R.A.N. victory in this event was due in part to the Albatross Golf Club.

It is unfortunate that Wednesday competitions at Nowra Golf Club will now be without Albatross representation except on very few occasions as these competitions did much to improve the golf of many of our players. However inter part competitions have been arranged on the local course and these should give many golfers a chance to compete in match play, a form of golf which most players tend to neglect.

These competitions will be played over twelve holes and teams will consist of at least five a side.

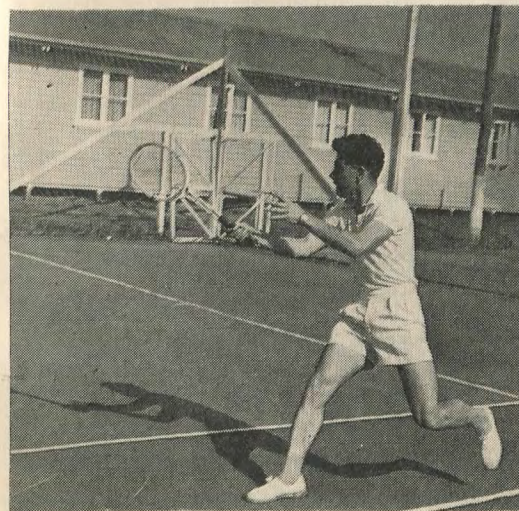
Now we can look forward to 1963 with high expectations of yet another year of success to the Albatross Golf Club. The Annual General Meeting will be held early in January and notice of this will be posted in daily orders. Also subscriptions of five shillings will be due and payable in January and we look forward to welcoming new members. Perhaps 1963 will be the year in which we get our own club house.

The committee wishes all members a Merry Xmas and good golfing for 1963.

CRICKET



L.A. BRIAN MELVILLE
throwing up a curly one
at an Interpart Game.



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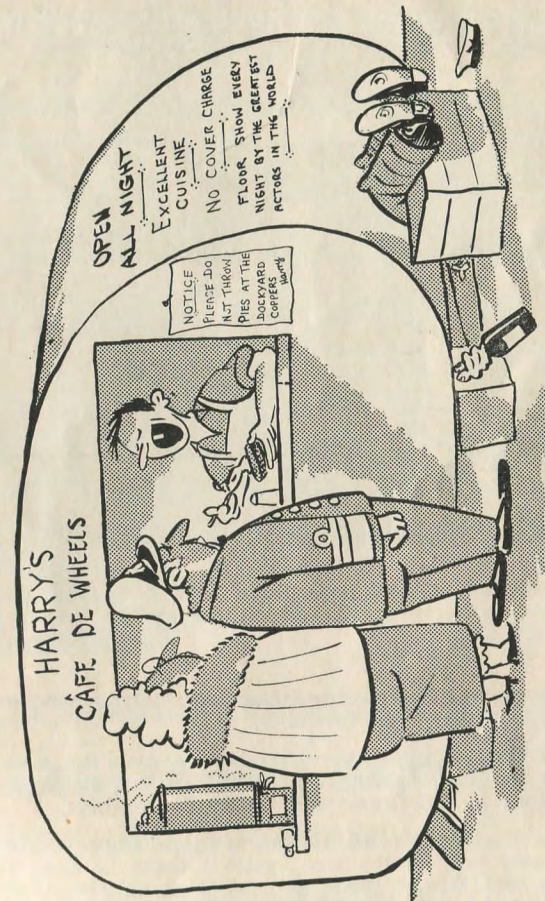
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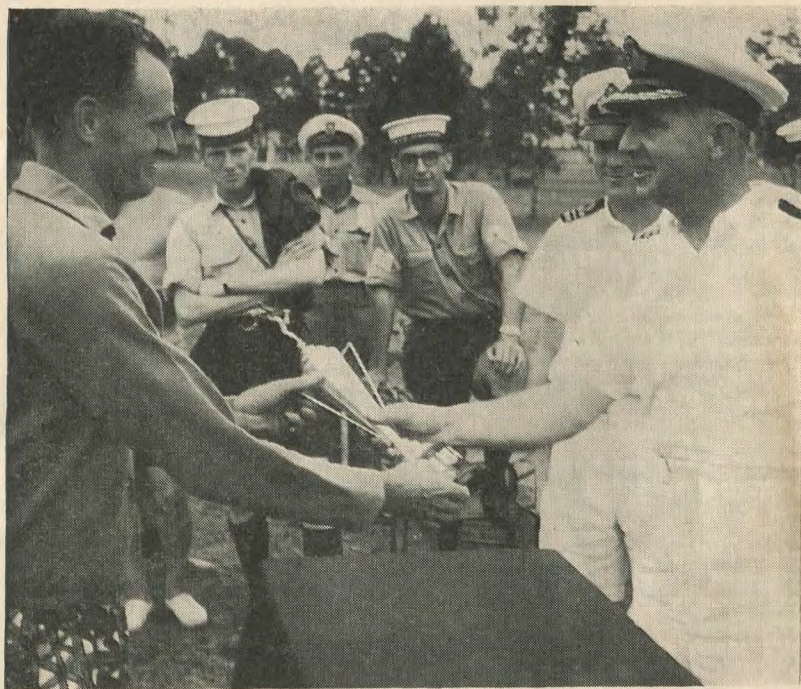
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"And what's your Sheila having, sport?"

Station Cross Country Championship



- CDR. K. G. GRAY presenting Ch. R. E. Eagleton with the trophy for the team event which was won by the Electric.

The annual Station Cross Country Championship got under way at 1500 on Thursday, 9th November.

The starters got away in good style with the favoured runners all up near the lead, namely N/A Cevaal, Ch.R.E. Eagleton, Ch.E.A. Barrett, LEM Hingston, RO Rogers and two or three others.

The climb up Nowra Hill really spread-eagled the field and as they came down towards the main gate it could be seen that N/A Cevaal had the race shot to pieces at this stage and so it proved right when he reached the finishing line a good 50 yards ahead of the second place getter, Ch.El. Eagleton, with LEM Hingston close by in third place.

Although the course was slightly shorter than last year, N/A Cevaal ran the good time of 16 mnutes 4.6 seconds.

The team event was once again won by the L Dept., who had seven men finish in the first ten. A special mention must go to Ch.El. Cox, as this old fellow never gives up and still finished in 10th place.



THE WINNER

N.A. CEVAAL showing grim determination at the finish.

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R.A.N. GLIDING ASSOCIATION

The club was invited to visit Cootamundra over the long weekend in October to operate our Mk. 4 Kookaburra there to demonstrate a Glider club in operation. The initiator of this invitation was John Wakefield, an ex-Navy man and old member of this club, who is now doing aircraft maintenance and flying at Coota. Being a keen glider pilot, he aroused local interest in the hope of forming a club there and as a result our club received much publicity before and during our visit.

Our club members arrived there early on the Friday night and were billeted as arranged by Wakefield. Early on Saturday morning everyone met at the Cootamundra airfield to begin flying. A Tiger Moth was loaned, free of charge, by Air Lance, to provide aero tows and the local doctor, Dr. Hudson, piloted the aircraft for us.

Flying was carried out all weekend, consisting of some 30 auto tows and 36 aero tows. The auto tows were done by our Ford utility. Many of the locals were taken on flights and some travelled 70-odd miles to participate. The hospitality was rather overwhelming and a very enjoyable time was had by all.

Flying has continued here each weekend, although most has had to be done at Jervis Bay owing to Station flying commitments. At the moment the Nymph is nearing completion of an extensive inspection to have it in full preparation for the National Championships at Narromine at Christmas.

Owing to drafting and Station commitments, the crews to attend the championships have been limited. However the Mk. 4 and the Nymph will be competing and best wishes for their success are given by all.

Congratulations to Harry Beardsell and Nigel Lee on attaining their A and B certificates. They, together with Barry Lister, are now striving for their C certificate. Peter Walsh and Sid Bell are on dual instruction and are very close to solo standard. Congratulations to Don Daniels, who is now the chief flying instructor. Keith Hodges will be out of circulation for some time as he is drafted to the Melbourne.

Lunch Time Volley Ball Competition

The competition has been in progress for three weeks now and there are three teams that have not been defeated as yet, Stirling 1 and 2, and Phillip Top. The outcome of the matches when they clash will be watched with much interest. One team, D8, officially left the competition, due to flying commitments, leaving only 11 teams to fight out the battle.

The Policemen are improving steadily and will no doubt cause some alarm amongst the Stirling boys when they meet later. Jugheads serve was suspect for some time but the rules prove it to be quite legal.

The Recruits' team have been trying very hard in all their games, but although they have not made the grade so far, time should see a change for the better.

As every one knows, the taller your team in Volley ball, the more chance you have. This fact was proved rather painfully to the Petty Officers in a social match against Phillip Top. Appears that some types of Radar sets are built very close to the deck.

SHs . . . SHs . . . SHs

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Water Polo

My opening paragraph of the season is dedicated to L/M.E. Fisher and the ditching pool. By his hand and those with him, he made the pool ready early in the season. The breakdowns have been very very few and we (the Water Polo team) hope they remain so.

The season opened with very good potential in the line up but this will dwindle over the mas period. Experienced hands such as E.M. Johnny Cole, E.M. "Huk" Moss, E.M. Norm Gidman and N.A. Paul Dougdale, are being drafted to H.M.A.S. Melbourne in December. L.E.M. "Specs" Hingsten and E.M. B. Snell, D.E.E. in the near future. R.E.M. Dave Parker going home to Oggie Land in January, but those left, though very inexperienced will be moulded into a good team.

Making the best of those mentioned above we have won our first two games against Melbourne (at home) and Rushcutter Penguin Destroyers (away) 10-1 and 12-1 respectively.

Our next game will be against Watson at home, and should give us no trouble. Touch Wood!

The roll up each training period has been good. As many as eight people have given up their dinner hour daily, repeat daily, to train for the depot side.

To end up, my thanks to the Cooks in the Main Galley, for persevering with the daily requests for late scrans.

JIM WINCKEL,
Capt. Tres. Pres. Coach.

Judo Club Notes

Having now played Balgownie No. 1 team and also South Coast No. 2 team in the Illawarra District Monthly Competiteion, we haven't done too badly considering the opposition we've played.

We wente down to the Balgownie team by 7 points to 3. Eddie Lamb was beaten by State green belt champion B. Keyes. Stewart and Wright was beaten while P. Kemp won and R. J. Thomas drew.

South Coast No. 2 beat us by a margin of 2 points at 6 to 4 E. Lamb drew with his brown belt opponent but Stewart and Kemp were beaten.

Our promising newcomer Mike Andrews beat his opponent while B. Butler in his second contest this season played a draw. Unfortunately Bernie Butler was injured in a practice session with Arthur Ische the Black belt and looks like being off the mat for some time. We hope he will recover quickly..

We are now looking forward, rather dubiously, to a visit by the strong South Coast No. 1 team who could field a Black belt, brown, blue and the remainder green belts.

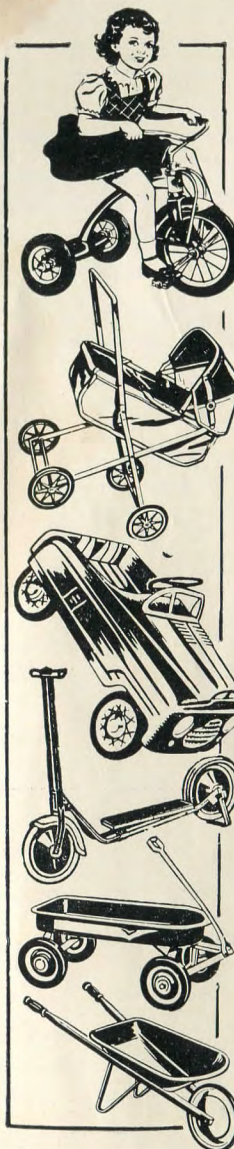
The general meeting held on 14th November resulted in the change of officers of President to E. Lamb and Secretary to Mrs. Lamb. Our congratulateions.

ONLY 3 WEEKS TO XMAS!



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