

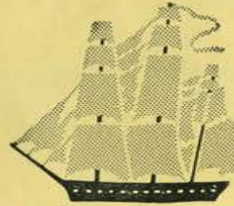


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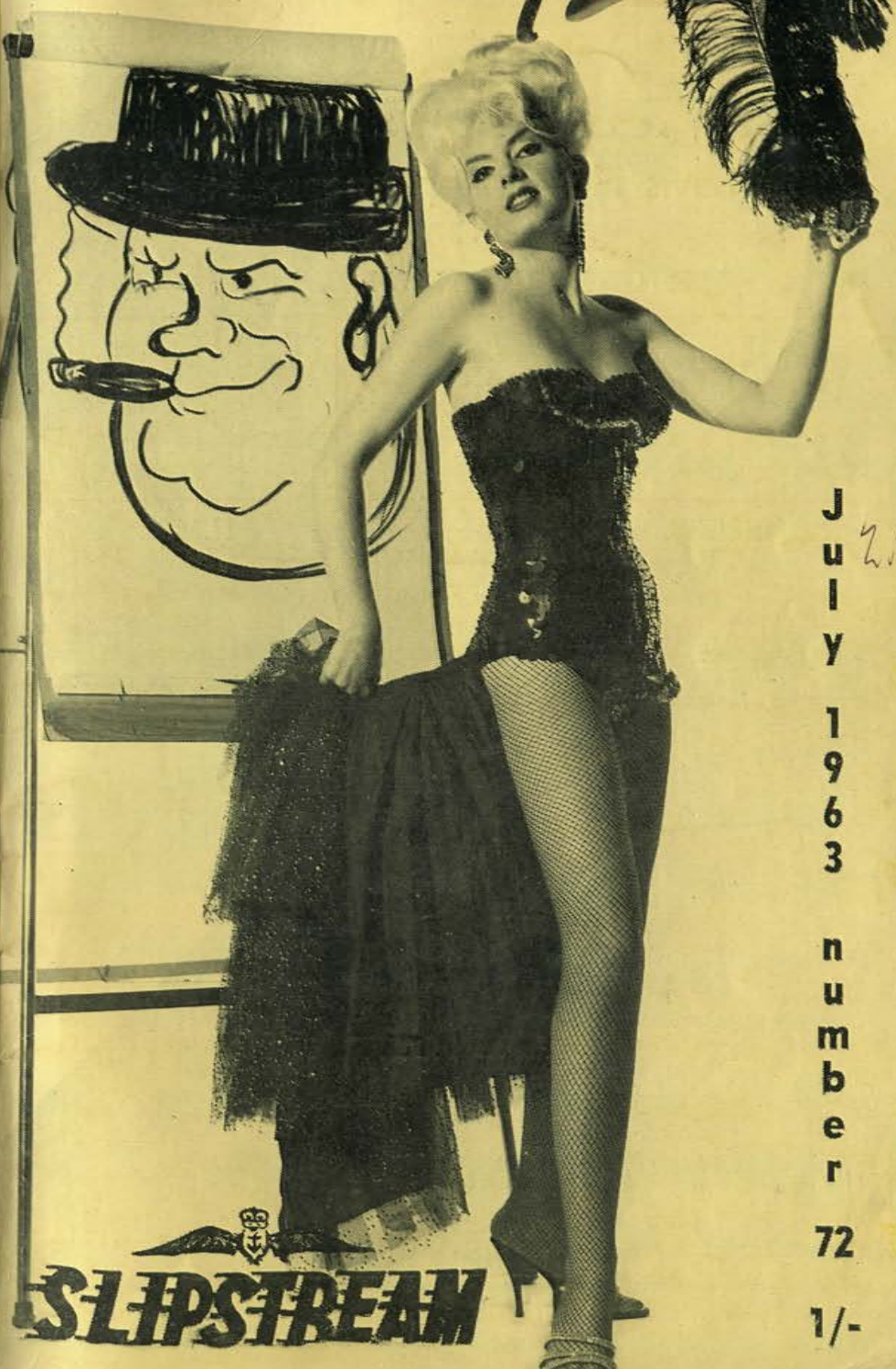
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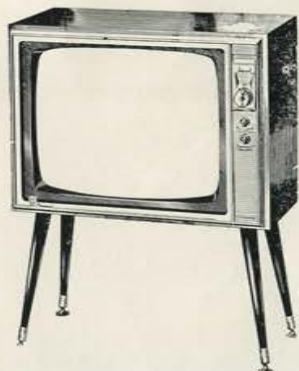
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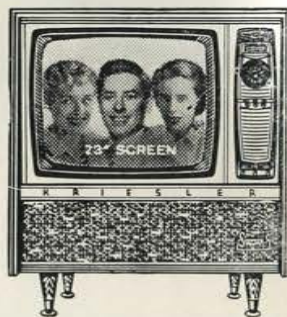
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# SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 72

JULY, 1963

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## Features

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| Personality of the Month . . . . . | Page 6  |
| Albatross Album . . . . .          | Page 16 |
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| Sports Section . . . . .           | Page 41 |

## Our Cover

Take a good look at her, you wharf-rats! Her name is DIANA WEST, and you can see more of her — in the flesh — later on in the year. A sparkling line up of talent has been offered to the Junior Rates Club to give you a night of entertainment you'll remember, and with luck, they'll be here soon.

At the moment, the Committee are arguing the toss as regards dates, finance, and other minor details — while the artists and their agents just kick along in the top Sydney spots — but there's bound to be some action and positive movement soon.

With Miss West will come MYLEENIE, currently starring at the Latin Quarter, an exotic dancer, and comperes, comedians and vocalists . . . not bad for the little old "Tross!"

. . . . I hear shouts of "Who invited Winston Churchill"?!! Relax, men; it's part of the act!

More on page 30.

## EDITORIAL

IT IS WITH extreme difficulty that this issue of Slipstream has reached the stands, to be avidly snatched up by you willing readers. It appears that the Post-Leave-Lethargy has set in with a vengeance in the literary field, and bludgeoning, badgering and button-holing has been necessary to get us into print!! However, the break has perhaps sharpened the wits a little, and some good contributions have come to hand. My thanks to all concerned.

This month we welcome 817 Squadron to the fold — and Air Department Divisions, with Rear Admiral V. A. T. Smith present, were held for the Commissioning Ceremony on 18th July.

Slipstream's congratulations, we feel, will voice those felt by all at Albatross.

Leave was apparently a success for most, and despite the weather and a lack of funds in the pockets of most of us, we can look back on it with some pleasure in happy days — May the Tax refunds be large and bountiful, and add just that little extra something to this!

EDITOR.

Then there was the beaknik sailor who went to the canteen for a pie. The conversation went something like this:

Beat Sailor: Say, chick, like, gimme a pie.

Girl behind counter: Pies are gone.

B.S.: Crazy — gimme two!

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## + The Chaplain's Corner +

### THE PROFUMO AFFAIR IN PERSPECTIVE

One of the unfortunate realisms we live with today is the sensational journalism of the press. With a few papers excepted, headline captions of relatively trivial importance are the day-to-day journalistic masterpieces pushed through to the reader-public.

**How many weeks our breakfast was served with the Bogle-Chandler inquest, I forget, And now, the reported corruption and vice surrounding a prostitute's infamy is bringing her publicity and more money than the degrading business she operated.**

To take the current "Profumo Affair" as an article for Slipstream, the author could be accused of contributing further to the already undue publicity it has received. However, despite all that has been written, there are a few aspects that are worthy of comment.

In our country over recent years, there have been frequent occasions in the press when the American Security provisions have been labelled "McCarthyism." The implication has been that the quiet, efficient and smooth system of British Security is the model to be imitated, here and elsewhere. The Profumo affair has made it so, that it will be a long time before comparisons can be made again. Reports that the prostitute Keeler was asked to secure Military Secrets from her lover, a Cabinet Minister and member of the Defence Committee, were known to the Security Service as far back as last February, and that these reports were not passed on to the Prime Minister, was described as "unfortunate." That statement would be "The Understatement" of the century! Further, it is hardly believable that a man like Dr. Steph-

en Ward, described by the British Opposition Leader as "caught up in the world of vice and dope, marijuana, blackmail and counter blackmail," could have had direct access to the Foreign Office. It is now known he conveyed a message from the Russian, Ivanov, requesting the British to mediate between the Soviet and America during the Cuba crisis last year! Such actions do not heap glory on any Service of a country.

A further lesson can be learned from all this. It hardly needs saying, that the lives of really dedicated men are not often the exciting material that becomes world news. The lives of such men contain none of the climaxes or notoriety that throws the spot light on their careers. But the exposure of the weakness of the people concerned in the Profumo incident should serve warning on those men who aspire to high office. Today, when war is the stark possibility of international policy, proper and right conduct of the men who form policy should be an essential qualification of their right to hold office, and their loyalty to and service of their country, should not be rendered vulnerable by dishonesty in private life.

If an outcome of this sordid incident is the awakening of the responsibility in us, the people, to pray for our leader, then something important is salvaged. We should pray that those destined to serve mankind in positions of grave responsibility will be prudent and wise, that they be very aware of their great power FOR GODD, and will courageously attempt and achieve the good they seek.

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

## + The Chaplain's Corner +

### TIGER IN THE HOUSE

A few years ago, in Sydney, a little girl woke up during the night and called out to her father: "Daddy, quick, help me. Stop this big dog licking my face. He's on my bed."

The father went into the child's room and stopped frozen with horror. A TIGER was on the bed licking the face of his seven-year-old daughter who was cowering under the covers, while her three-year-old sister slept undisturbed beside her.

Quietly the father took his .22 rifle and went into action. Taking careful aim he fired, and the bullet went through the tiger's nose and jaw. Like a flash the tiger dashed through the door into the street. It had escaped from a nearby circus and was later found dying from loss of blood.

Modern dangers that threaten young people are not so easy to detect and correct as a tiger licking a child's face. For the last fifty years there has been a world-wide agreement — fostered by the press, films,

and other means of mass media — to inculcate the idea that children should not be taught that they are made in the image of God. They are left to choose for themselves about religion and worship and they get little or no example from their parents. The parents fail to realise that all they are teaching their children implicitly is that they are no better than animals. The effects of this can now be seen in delinquency, irreligion, and immorality on a scale never known before.

Jesus said that if anyone caused harm to come to one of these little ones it were better for him that a mill stone were hung round his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

We can all help correct this trend by bearing witness in our lives to the teaching of Jesus and His effective grace.

Chaplain J. Trainer R.A.N.

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## THE WAY

### I SEE IT . . .

by "CHIPS"

After sitting on the seat at the Sick Bay for an hour, and seeing only the first 20 called in to the M.O., the bod next to me remarked, "Struth they're slow aren't they — just as well there ain't none of us sick!"

The Parliamentarians' visit seemed to go off well, though one V.I.P. remarked as he stomped his wet feet on the tarmac, "This sort of thing is all very well for the Warmongers. Personally I enjoyed the lunch time session much more!" Probably a member of the Communist Party!

Our Editor was like a brand new father a couple of months ago, when he bought a vintage S.S. Jaguar to boost his morale. He looked far from pleased the other day, sitting by the roadside cursing British engineering, and electric fuel pumps in particular.

Just what gives with the grocery stores these days. Remember the old times when the family grocer used to display his specials and write on his window in white paint — "Stocktaking special reduced by 3/-" or some such. Nowadays, the manufacturers save him the trouble and PRINT IT ON THE PACKET. Have you seen the latest Rinso pack?

The Drafting forecast is out, and with it the usual cheers and jeers, and heart-rending stories of "THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!" Have a Stoker P.O. friend who has served 10 of his last 12 at sea and goes to prove that THEY CAN. One bod due for a trip up top next year remarked that he hadn't yet finished paying off Glendinning and Stacey for the gear he was supposed to get in Hong Kong in 1961!

There has been a lot of garbage in the press about the rift between Russia and China. I hope the people that count, AND THAT'S ALL OF US, don't build too many hopes on their differences of opinion. When the chips are down, they'll still be buddies, birds of a feather, etc. etc.

It had to happen sooner or later, but why to me! Caught in a traffic jam in our fair city of Sydney the other week, I made a wrong turn into a one way street, only to be confronted by an irate driver coming the other way. Before I could recover from the horrible sinking feeling one gets on these occasions, the indignant and righteous driver wound down his window and in broken English abused me with "B—— Old Australian Basket, you learn to drive good soon, mate, or I punch yer b—— snout!"

Maybe I go by train next time, as I have no desire to get snotted on the snout — mate!

I took a recent copy of "Pix" home, as it had a good article on how to fill in Taxation Forms. It was a coincidence that there also happened to be three pages of almost-nude photos of Christine Keeler, "the model" (us sailors has other names for 'em!) in the same issue. My 4 year old said: "Look, this naughty lady has no clothes on." Six year old replied. "Don't be silly Greg, it's one of those poor starving Chinese children that Dad is always talking about . . . ." Must think of some other method to induce them to eat their tea!!



This month we present to you that inseparable pair, Amos 'n Andy, — as they've been called in lighter moments and out of earshot! Perhaps this is a little unkind, giving away trade secrets, nicknames, etc. — but all's fair . . . . .

Wardmaster Lt. Jim Donohoe is a Dubliner, and still has the taste of the Green Isle on his tongue, and any questions regarding the authenticity of the facts recorded here should be referred to the Dublin Police.

He was born, he tells us, in that broth of a year, 1913, and spent his formative years at C.B.S., Westland Row. At the age of 18 (1931 for those who can't add up) he joined the R.N. and after three months training on the square, decided that the Health and Strength Dept. was his calling, and went off to R.N.H. Plymouth for training as an S.B.A.

Two years later he got a draft to CHINA — aboard H.M.S. Gannet, a Yangtse River gunboat, and he vows and declares that the best years of his life were spent here — we pried no deeper! Back home he alternated his services between Plymouth and the Boys' Training ship Caledonia (ex Majestic) at Rosyth, and at the outbreak of war went to the carrier Courageous, but was drafted in time to

## P E R S O N A L I T I E S O F T H E M O N T H

catch a troopship heading for Bombay. Here, he and his shipmates spent ten happy months on a slowly-developing island of beer bottles, but were finally discovered, and he joined H.M.H.S. Vasna for a ten months cruise home, via the Cape and Sierra Leone picking up wounded and ending up at Scapa.

He was sent to the A.M.C. Canton for a spell, and then, via Invergordon to the cruiser H.M.S. Jamaica, where for three years he plied the Arctic sea-lanes to Murmansk on Russian convoy duty, and saw out the final months of the war as medic to the RME'S.

The war over "Mr. D." felt that civvy life held a certain allure and paid off, but in 1947 he joined the R.A.N. in Plymouth to commission H.M.A.S. Sydney as SBCPO, and since then has served at B.N.H. Cerberus, and Albatross . . . and has the distinction of having spent the last seven years straight in "Birdland."

He was promoted to Commissioned Wardmaster in '54, and to Lieut. in 1960.

On the right, in characteristic pose is the other member of the team, Wardmaster Sub/Lt. C. Andrews. You've all met him at some time or other wielding a mean needle in the Sickbay, and we are asked to assure you that nothing personal is involved in the sadistic manipulation of his instruments of half yearly torture!

Had you been a satisfied patron of the Savoy, Oddinos', and other exclusive gustatorial establishments round 1936-37, and called for the chef and his assistants . . . you may have met our hero earlier. As an assistant chef there, he worked for an average 17/6 per week, and feeling that his due recompense and niche in life lay elsewhere, he joined the R.N. in 1938 and went to Portsmouth Barracks where he won 1st prize as a recruit.

At Haslar Hospital he trained as an S.B.A. and at the outbreak of war served in H.M.S. Berwick on Atlantic convoys, Northern Patrol and in the Med., and was back in Portsmouth for the severe bombing and fire of 1942. The next two years were spent as an L/S.B.A. and S.B. P.O. on the operating theatre staff at Haslar, during which time his home was twice destroyed by bombing . . . and perhaps feeling "third time proves it" he saw out the remainder of the war in the O.T. of R.N.H. Herne Bay, Sydney. Back home at St. Vincents and Haslar, he decided he liked what he'd seen of life "Down Under," and returned to Australia as S.B.C.P.O., R.A.N. in H.M.A.S. Sydney, and thence to Penguin's O.T.



'53-54 saw him in H.M.A.S. Australia during the Queen's visit and until the ship paid off. He was promoted in 1956 and served as D.O. and Training Officer at F.N.D., coming to Albatross some three years later.

Slipstream's erudite Business Manager has two sons, and lives in Nowra at a safe distance from telephones an dother nuisances. He cites a list of hobbies, sports, etc. . . . (some of which are unmentionable) . . . but which include sailing, a delight in rural Australia, and keeping out of the red . . . all of which are most satisfactory and satisfying procedures.



Last time I was up north I met a Chinese who claimed he had been a kamikaze pilot in Korea for the Reds. He introduced himself as Chow Mein.

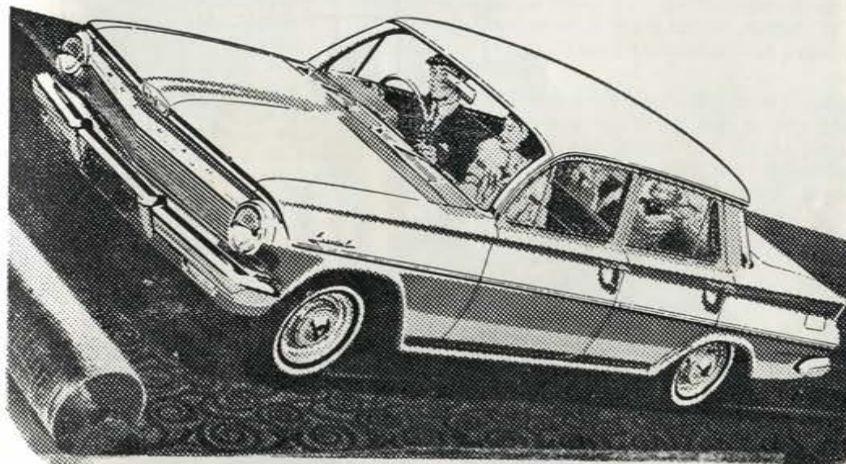
I queried this and said that kamikaze pilots were suicide pilots and that he should have been killed. The Chinese said: "No — me chicken Chow Mein!"



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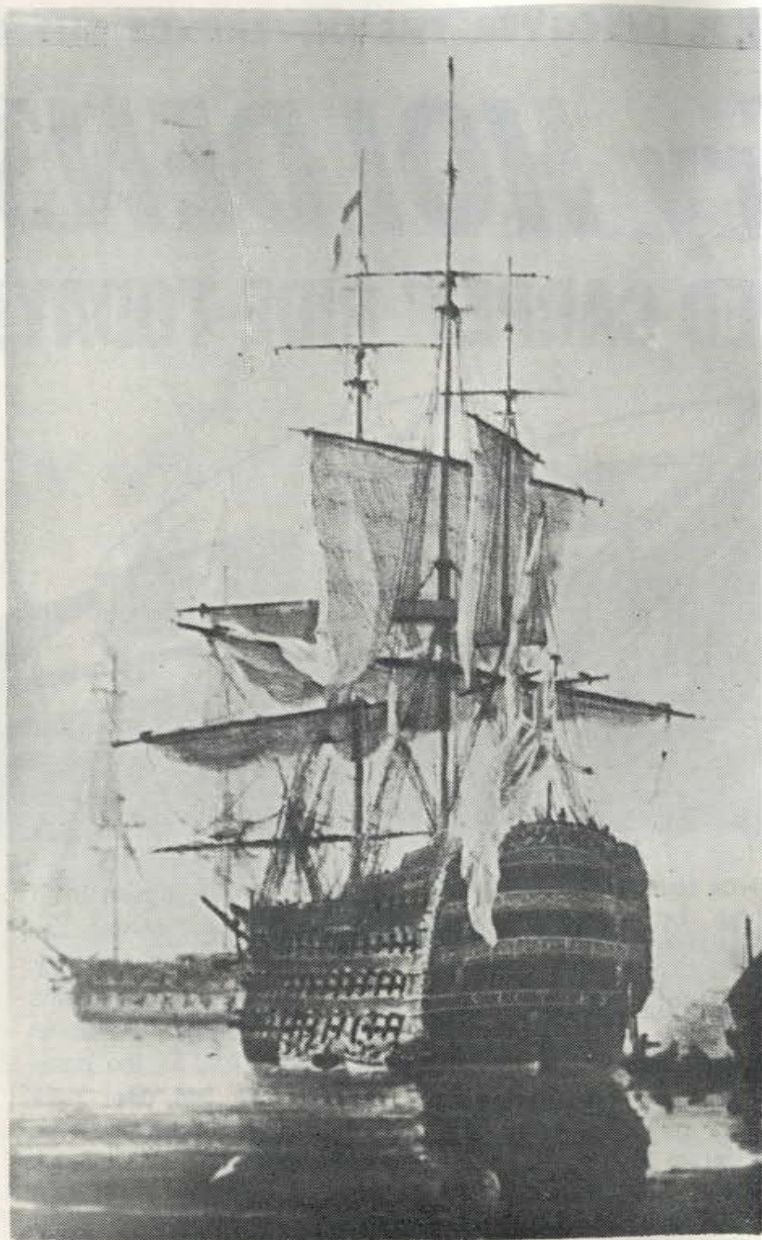


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# The OTHER MAN'S NAVY

## NELSON'S NAVY — Part I

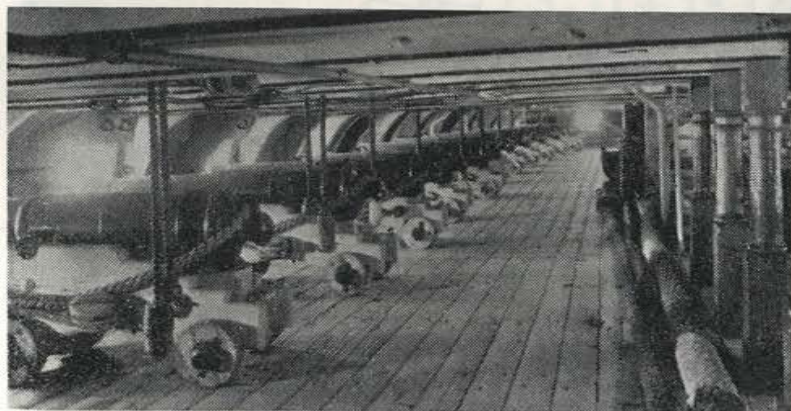
Recognise the ship opposite? Sure you do — it's the Victory, Nelson's ship! Why then should it be the "Other Man's Navy"? Isn't our Navy based on Nelson's? The answer of course is "Yes" — BASED on — but Nelson's Navy was a very different one from yours and mine! It was truly "the other man's . . ."

**You're down at the local one Saturday night, having a few snorts and talking about the weather; a few blokes join the group — sailors by the look of them — they buy a round, and the next thing you know, you're in a rather foul, smelly, tarry, dark, and slowly-rolling ship . . . . YOU WILL NOT SET FOOT ON DRY LAND, OR SEE OR HEAR FROM THE MIS-SUS AND KIDS, FOR PER-HAPS TWO YEARS . . . . Is that how YOU joined the Navy? . . . I think you'll agree, there**

were differences right from the start! H.M.S. "VICTORY," in commission in 1778, will serve as a basis for contrasting their navy with ours, as its history is the best-documented of any ship's

Impression into the Service was a major difference, but so too was the construction of the ships. Wood — all wood — except for bolts and nails, fittings, and armament. Some 300,000 cubic feet of oak was used in the "Victory" alone. The ships were ballasted with stone, which was replaced, as ballast, with stores and shot to last up to three years. They were built in drydock, and floated out, not launched, and of course sail was the motive power — you were at the mercy of the elements and the Sea's fickleness entirely.

Bad cooking was one of the Sea-



● The lower deck: Starboard 32-pounders. The rammers and sponges are above the guns. Flexible ones (used when grappled alongside) hang from the deckhand.

man's greatest hardships. The Navy Board gave preference to sick and maimed sailors when appointing cooks, and the loss of a limb was the main, if not the ONLY, qualification necessary. Salt beef and sea-biscuits were the staple diet and some of the meat, which had been in casks for some 10 years, was highly prized — but not for food! When opened, it was easily worked, but quickly dried, and took a polish like mahogany!!! Sailors made snuff-boxes out of it! Good stuff?? The sea-biscuits were often riddled with weevils, and in fact, a complaint was made once "that the biscuit should be replaced, for when bitten through, the weevils be very cold on the teeth, Sir!" Lime juice and occasional fresh meat and vegetables were supplied when possible, but this was rarely, and most times, six men's rations served eight.

A day aboard went something like this... Morning watch and "idlers" were called at 0400 to holy-stone the decks and polish the brightwork, and at 0700, all hands

turned to at "Up Hammocks." Mess tables were slung between the guns, and 0800 - 0830 was allowed for a breakfast of "burgoo" (oatmeal and salt, with butter and sugar) and "Scotch coffee" brewed from burnt biscuit. 1200 — salt beef and biscuit, after a morning of ship's work and recruit training.

(Defaulters was at 1100, and all hands were called to witness any punishments).

At 1230 the first issue of grog was given; supper at 1600 and the second issue of grog for the day, after a full afternoon's work.

Action stations and evening inspections at sunset. At 2000 the watch below turned in till it relieved the other watch at midnight.

The lower deck was shared almost equally by men and guns, and was traditionally painted bright red — to mask the blood of battle it's said.....

(To be continued next month).

BUQ.

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# Albatross Album



● On June 21st at Squadron Divisions, the members of the first graduating course of U.C. Aircrew were presented with their Flying Badges by the Captain, Capt. Mesley, shown here addressing the group.

● OPPOSITE: Lt. Whitton talks informally with the group after the presentation.



Jul -63





● Numbers of people took to the snow over leave for a spot of skiing\* — Some stayed up (Lt. A. E. Johnson, left) and some went down. Below you see the latest in apres — ski wear modelled by Lt. G. Falkiner.  
\* She-ing ? ! ?



● CAPTAIN J. S. MESLEY welcomes a visiting Parliamentarian among the groups which visited Albatross recently.



● Ever feel like a loaded python round about 1400 . . . ?

## WHO WAS IT? — No. 3



Run your eagle-eye over this little lot!  
Two of them are on the Station at the moment, and shouldn't be too difficult to spot.  
If you can't believe your eyes, their names are on page 24.

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# THE DEPARTMENTS

## SICK BAY SCRIBBLE

I knew it would happen soon . . . Navy Office HASN'T forgotten we're still serving, and has decided to send a few of us "old salts of the Tross" on draft, "Tug" Wilson is off to H.M.A.S. Voyager, "Jock" Muir to Supply and myself to Waterhen.

We won't be present for the W.R.A. N.S. arrival so that's three handsome, casual dogs who won't be prey for the biggest marriage bureau in the Southern Hemisphere!!!

More new arrivals have infiltrated the Bay, and we extend a hearty welcome to SBA Ray Bellay, S.B.A. Paul Gibson and S.B.A. Lance Rowney — we'll try and fit you in somewhere, fellas.

Being a newly trained dispenser, the first thing Lance checked on upon his arrival were the essential ingredients for hair cream, tooth paste, cosmetics (for his Lady Love) plus many other odds and ends with a high rabbit value . . . must look after your own interests Lance!!!

With leave period on, our Chief-tain has taken the opportunity to hold his annual stores muster. Everything has turned out well so far, but I wish somebody would explain to him "who would want to knock off a pair of Horsely's Skull Nibblers?"

Made a king-size fool of myself the other day! . . . . A rating from the Pig Farm came into the Medical Store requesting medical supplies. As each item was mentioned so my amazement grew, but not wishing to show my ignorance on Veterinary Science I said nothing. Finally he asked for a sling. This proved too much and I said "You don't mean to say those pigs wear slings?" I was informed (much to my embarrassment) that the gear required was for their human-variety first aid kit!!!

The other weekend in one of the local pubs, our Health Inspector discovered a fly in his beer. Assert-

ing his authority he confronted the barmaid and asked her what the fly was doing in his beer. "Backstroke!" was the nonchalant reply!!!

Upon finding that the Sick Bay was being overrun by "goffa" bottles, "Chips" Gray worked out the master plan on their disposal. "Why not sell the bottles and use the money to improve he conditions for the patients?" This we all thought very honorable and the enterprise was put through. Since then many of the Sick Berth Staff have arrived back from a pay weekend stony broke and have been pressing their noses against the glass sides of the money jar. Upon seeing this the Chief had another brain wave and has given the kitty a second role, naming it "The Sickbayman's Relief Trust Fund." Now we are all laughing!

For those of you who missed the recent Air Display for the Parliamentarians, I will describe the part which impressed me most, namely "The Dance of the Wessex."

As soon as their act was announced, four Wessex immediately lifted from the hard standing and fronted themselves before the eager audience on the Control Tower. Suspended stationary in mid air their appearance was not unlike a group of Circus elephants. Then they went through their routine. In perfect unison (almost) they lowered and retrieved their Sonic Detectors then turned a half circle whilst wiggling their ungainly tails. After facing the audience again and dipping in a bow, they all fluttered away like chorus girls to the stage wings. If this act was set to music our Choppers would be a moral for show biz!

Every time I read the names on the door of cabin 15, I stop and wonder what it is about them that rings a bell in my sub-conscious grey matter . . . Today it clicked! . . . The names of the couple within are Darby & Jones . . . Get it????

## Some Sick Definitions

- GOUT — Please go.  
ANTIBODIES — Introverts.  
WEN — "Not long now, my dear!"  
CALLUS — Malicious.  
FORAMEN MAGNUM — Large conference.  
CATARRH — Elvis has one.  
ENEMAS — Foes.  
CORNEA — Similar to a wheat sheaf.  
FOREIGN BODIES — Ask Christene Keeler.  
MANUBRIUM — The Y.M.C.A.  
PHOTOPHOBIA — Fear of photographers.  
CELLULITIS — Prisoners suffer from it.  
CHEYNE-STOKES — Body's cousin.  
COMA — Hairdresser.  
VAS DEFERENS — "What's the difference!?" (German).

It is with a TEAR IN MY EYE that I say "FAREWELL" . . . !!!

JAY 'ELL.

---

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## PUSSERS IN GENERAL

Those of us who stayed behind during main leave welcome the return of our messmates and are delighted to pass the work-load onto their refreshed shoulders. Just at present we are goggle-eyed with their tales of adventure, and we presume (in some cases only of course) of misadventure. No doubt the details will come to light and our spies for "Slipstream" will be editing their findings in the next issue.

Our Department as a whole has seen great changes during the last month. We have said "Goodbye and Good Luck" to Commander Moore and have welcomed our new boss Commander Campbell. Many of our team have received notification of

drafts. Most are off to sea and, we hope, to brighter and more exciting places. We who remain envy them, but of course we know they will remember us fondly slaving our hearts out in this hot/cold — sunshiny/cloudy — wet/windy — clement/in-clement climate that prevails just inland from the "Emerald Coast."

Although not "Whitestripers" by trade, we feel the lads of the "Cafeteria Party" demand inclusion in "Pussers in General." You have to admit that it is no fun donning the old apron and bending over the sink. The Cafeteria Party is in its own way part of our team and we were glad to see they have their washine machine back together and working.

## COUNTER JUMPERS' CORNER

Well, with Mid-winter leave over and everything back to normal, we now find that many of our staff are leaving. Dave Thompson is on his way to F.N.D. Dave is well known in the Electrical Branch from the time he served in L.R.S., and in the Radio Branch from Ground Radio.

S.A. Nicolia from the Airframe Store is off to the Fighting Flagship. I dare say Nic will be sadly missed by his footy pals from here and Sydney. At least ONE of Kev Boller's "buzzes" was right.

Tony Walker has just up and left us. He is now in "Gascoyne" with another ex-Albatrossite, S.A. Brian Pashley.

Don Graham from the Tool-kit Store is off to sea after two years and fifteen months in "Birdland." How're the old sea-legs Don?

Gary Rankin has just joined our ranks. Formerly of Brisbane where he was a Storeman/Packer

before joining the Service, we hear that he is a keen sportsman and is particularly interested in golf, swimming, football and skin-diving. He has won a number of trophies for golf and played in a Queensland Rugby League team against N.S.W. in 1961. A warm welcome is extended to you, Gary.

Kev Boller is now officially the Store Basher for 817 Squadron, but we know who will be doing the "bashing."

Adrian Brophy met with a slight accident whilst on leave and spent a day in hospital. One L.S.A. (guess who), slightly exaggerated the graphic details and the final result.

Adrian recovered well and returned to work fighting fit.

Another S.A. has risen to the dizzy heights of being a car-owner. Bill Mason is now the proud possessor of a '59 Simca.

## Kooks Corner

### The New Daintier Navy

BRIGADE INSTRUCTION 6240.I. RECRUIT TRAINING COMMAND  
U.S. NAVAL TRAINING CENTRE SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

FROM . . . . MILITARY TRAINING OFFICER  
TO . . . . DISTRIBUTION LIST  
SUBJECT . . . . WASHING AND DRYING OF RECRUIT'S SOCKS;  
REGULATIONS CONCERNING

1. Purpose To establish procedures to be followed by all recruits in washing and drying their socks.
2. Discussion Former regulations required the hanging of socks on the jackstay for drying. This resulted in a theft problem because of the inability to distinguish stencil markings when socks are rolled. It was also difficult to ensure that each man was washing his socks nightly. The wearing of drill shoes makes it important that clean socks be worn each day for health reasons.
3. Action A. Recruits will wash one pair of socks daily and will wring them out well. They will be blotted with a towel to remove as much moisture as possible and will be hung on the bucket rim to dry. They will be laid over the rim with the centre of the heel at the rim pointing to the left as viewed from the centreboard with the foot of the sock inside the bucket. The half of the bucket which is under the bunk will be used, so the socks will not be disarranged by brushing the bucket while walking by. The socks will be centred on the rim so that an equal number is on each side of the inside half of the bucket. If special scheduled events prevent the washing of socks, and more than 2 pairs must be hung out on one bucket the next night, the entire rim will be used. In this case the same rules will apply. The first man in the tier of bunks to scrub his clothes will hang his socks over the bunk frame (after blotting he moisture out) while the second man uses the bucket. The socks will be left on the bucket until piped down between 1400-1900.  
B. COMPANY COMMANDERS will ensure that every recruit washes a pair of socks every day by checking the bucket and initiating disciplinary action for those who fail to do so.  
SID.

## TEMPORARY MEMORANDUM

### NOTICE TO SHIP'S COMPANY

It has come to the notice of the Commander that ratings have been dying on their feet and refusing to fall over. This practice is to cease forthwith.

**Any rating round dead in the upright position will be immediately put on Commander's report, and dropped from the payroll.**

In future, if an officer notices that a rating has not moved for a period of two (2) hours, it will be his duty to investigate, as it is impossible to distinguish between death and the natural movements of some ratings. Officers are cautioned to make a careful investigation. Holding a pay envelope in front of a selected corpse is considered a most suitable test.

**CAUTION.** Note: There have been cases however, where the natural instincts have been so strongly ingrained that the hand has made a spasmodic clutch even after rigor mortis has set in.

ANSWER TO WHO WAS IT No. 3 ON PAGE 20  
Front row, 3rd from right: P.O.A.F "Titch" Lees.  
Second-back row, 5th from left: SBCPO "Chips" Gray.

## FROM THE GREEN EMPIRE

SCENE: AMCO — WESSEX SQUADRON (ANY).  
DRAMATIS CAA, CEL, PO BURNS, plus 3.  
PERSONAE: ALO and AEO seated in adjacent office where they can overhear normal conversation in AMCO.  
ENTER: WESSEX crew which has just landed in accordance with the programme.  
CAA: How is she, Sir?  
1st PILOT: "S"! In fact a GOOD AIRCRAFT. A beauty!  
CAA: Ah well, that's a change for the better.  
CO-PILOT: Do you think that bit of vibration is worth mentioning?  
PILOT: Not really, we were well out of the wind at the time. But, that reminds me, there was just something! When we went into our sixth, (or was it seventh) transition — (thinks for a few seconds) — sixth I think — the aircraft seemed to hang up for a while.  
(Co-pilot looks at deck for several seconds, remembering that he had hand on collective at time).  
ALO, having heard the magic words 'hang up' moves quickly into AMCO.  
A.L.O.: What was your altitude channel like generally?  
1st PILOT: Conditions weren't the best, but the altitude channel was a bit sloppy.  
A.L.O.: What — overshooting, or failure to hold height?  
1st PILOT: I would say both — probably even worse in the cable mode.  
A.L.O.: That's bad. It could be the channel itself — probably have to look at both. What about pitch and roll?  
CO-PILOT: Remember the slight rocking?  
A.L.O.: Ah! We've had that before — "rock and roll" I call it, I'll look into that as well. I wonder, though, whether the hang up could be tied in with the pitch channel. Um! Interesting. Anything else?  
1st PILOT: Not really.  
Co-pilot walks towards the door and leaves AMCO — still gazing at the deck.  
A.L.O.: I'll enter it up in the 700 (Turning to Chief Electrician) Chief, I think we'd better have the boxes (CGA & hover coupler) out and have them looked at in IRS. We'll also check the cable tracking. Better put secondary hydraulics on as well and we'll get stuck into it. (Turning to PO Burns) You'd better get her into the hangar soon as possible.  
1st Pilot leaves AMCO.  
PO BURNS: SHE'S U/S THEN, SIR?  
A.L.O.: Afraid so.  
Noise level in AMCO suddenly rises to deafening proportions as PO Burns shouts.  
PO BURNS: O.K. lads — down the line — get that Wessex in!  
Chief Electrician leaves AMCO.  
A.L.O. returns to his office.  
PO Burns leaves AMCO and heads for line.  
PO BURNS: I wish they'd make up their ——— minds!  
Goes off muttering . . . .

## PURPLE PATTERN

What with the customary full "IN" tray and empty pockets which inevitably follow leave, to be badgered by the Bay for a contribution ("Wednesday will do") was the bitter end. Your scribe only compiled for fear of the sort of reprisals the editor can take ("You're overdue for Vacc., TAB, Polio, Yellow Jack, Cholera, Lurgi — you name it, you'll get it!") !!

Leave was something of a misnomer, since it appears that flying continued as usual and M.R.S. was operating more or less at full blast throughout. The big boxes continued to arrive when least expected, and one of them nearly clobbered the writer on the Kiama bends during one of those bursts of liquid sunshine for which leave and the Shire of Shoalhaven are becoming justly famous.

The aircraft re-equipment programme is under way on a novel "Do it yourself" basis. "A" hangar has been turned into a Self-Service store — you want a replacement, you build it. So far 724 and 816 and the prospective 817 have taken advantage of the fine range of specials being offered.

At the time of writing, 817 is on the verge of formation. This has a number of important side effects — not least of which is the departure of Lieutenant MacAlister from the M.R.S. chair. Having been responsible for the assembly of all Wessex so far he can now sample his own

wares. We wish him and the whole squadron a happy and successful commission.

We are also saying farewell to Messrs. Robb and Hay and we offer them our congratulations on their selection as Engineer Sub. Lieutenants. They are currently packing their winter woolies for their trip to U.K. They have been receiving much well-meant advice from all quarters on such important topics as the effects of flat, warm, Draught Bass, the current rate of exchange of Oggies to the Royal, the need for a certificate "Unfit for Human Consumption" before going to Cornwall and the habits of Pompey barmaids. In spite of this, we suspect they will enjoy their trip, and we wish them every success.

723 squadron's "de-equipment" programme was further progressed in spectacular fashion just outside their hangar, as one more Sycamore bit the dust. It proved a most popular attraction and fetched out of hiding more people than main payment — there were no obvious mis-musters.

Mention of pay-day brings this feat of tiny patter full circle and your scribe closes on the cheerful thought that it's two clear pay-days before he gets badgered to write, or you to purchase!

N. GEM.

P.S. There's a strong buzz that the "Duke" is being taken off the Engineer's Fixture List!



The female is the sex that believes that if you charge it, it's not spending — and if you add a cherry to it, it's not intoxicating.

Overheard:  
"Chilly this morning. You'll have to work hard today to keep warm."  
"I'd rather be cold."

## THE BUFFER'S BLUDGERS

With Mid-Winter Leave finished, and the wander-lust finally removed from the eyes, the Buffer's Bludgers are once again preparing to take this Air Force type base upon their broad shoulders, and run it the proper way (Seaman-type way that is). A number of new faces have appeared on the scene fresh from Two's courses at Cerberus. It is rumoured they tried to bring their nice COLD WHITE SNOW back with them but were stopped at the gate when leaving the torture establishment.

When the Buffer was seen having another one of his tantrums the other day, nobody seemed to be worried in the least. It was explained away in this manner: It seems whenever the Buffer appears on the Forecast as "Stand by for Sea Service" he ends up in some fantastic place. The first time, instead of going to sea he ended up in the Birdies Bin and when he saw the latest forecast is now preparing to depart for TARANGAU or points further East.

A new face will be seen behind the wheel of the Pig Farm truck in the near future. Barry Fallon is about to brave the cold, cruel world, also his partner in crime, Frank Pa-

vier. Best wishes fellas, for whatever lies ahead. The boys will have the WELCOME BACK carpet cleaned and ready for you in about three months time!

Another clean-living drunkard in the Yard has been put on the wagon by a female, and made it legal during his leave. Congratulations anyway "Happy," but keep a tight reign and show who's boss. It is also believed that Knocker White is about to take the plunge.

It is rumoured that the "Beast" is due back at any time. Lock up your daughters, Mum, trouble is on his way!

Who were the three sailors who decided to have a dry run ashore to the movies in Nowra a couple of weeks ago to see Diane Cilento give a good performance? After running down this star for the entire show and voicing their opinions in no uncertain terms, one sailor glanced over his shoulder and nearly had a heart attack on the spot... Never mind Banjo, how were you to know the Doc was sitting directly behind you! A little piece of advice though, don't under any circumstances go near the Sick Bay in the next couple of years, especially for needles!

GLASSES.

## SHIP AHOY . . .

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Headline News in the Old Men's Home is that Chief Air Mechanic (Weapons) Norman Maxwell Williams, OUR WORTHY PRESIDENT, has been FORECAST FOR SEA DRAFT! Goodness only knows how the Mess or the Ex-Servicemen's Club will mangle without him for a year, but we will all have to get together and TRY. A small active and entirely unofficial committee has been formed to provide "Bungy" with a seagoing outfit of seasick pills, life-jacket and detailed map of a modern Aircraft Carrier showing how to get to the Mess, the Chief's Cafe, the Foc'sle for payment and the forward brow.

Your correspondent did not attend the Mess Ball prior to leave owing to a shortage of cash and stoppage of leave (domestic), but a check up the following morning revealed the usual crop of thick heads, and it was assumed that a pretty good time was had by all. However the most diligent snooping, searching and listening in the heads did not reveal one star act for the evening. Are you all losing your punch, or did everyone decide to behave on the same night? Didn't anyone tell the Captain how to run the Air Station, or dance with the Commander's wife and trip her in the middle of the dance floor? Didn't anyone ride a bike through the Mess (attention Trader), insult his wife, call for "Bill" in front of the multitude,

pick his mate or something we can at least write about? Fair go blokes, it's hard enough to find news for this column at the best of times, but when we can't get at least half a page out of a Mess Ball, then things are really tough.

We did pick up a couple of juicy bits of scandal on the following Saturday over a beer in the P.O.'s Mess, but owing to the Editor's reluctance to promise full protection we will have to keep it to ourselves. Don't let this stop you from keeping up with the latest. See us with a couple of beers in your hand and it will be confided to you very discreetly, if a little inaccurately. We have never been accused of spoiling a good dit by sticking too closely to the truth!

Left till last is the very real pleasure of welcoming Bert Catterall back as the new Maestro of the Beer Machine. Most Mess members will remember Bert from his previous time behind the bar; how he can pat you on the back with one hand while the other one is taking your money! Remember how he manages to sell you that extra one or two that are the cause of your illness the next morning, and don't forget that flashing smile of his, even if it does get a bit fixed by closing time. Bert asks that you be reminded that he has a small wife and large family and a house to be paid off and he depends on you one and all to contribute fortnightly to his Fund for Indigent C.P.O.'s (A/E) (A.E.O.W.).

IKE.



There are two things to aim at in life — first to get what you want; and after that to enjoy it . . . Only the wisest of men achieve the second.





"A HAIRCUT! — But Sir! — I'm just getting it right for leave!"



"Adrift!!! — Not me Chief — Hic — I've been — Hic — Stocktaking in the Canteen!!"

Like them? These cartoons were drawn especially for "Slipstream" by our cover girl, Diana West. Diana, as you can see, has great talent with a brush (among her more obvious talents) perhaps she will give you a demo — IF YOU ASK NICELY!!



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# THE SQUADRONS

723

Despite the Editor's rude comments we did burst into print last month, but it appears we missed the boat, so here we are again Ed, don't just stand there, print something!

With the acceptance of the Scout from the Fairy aviation division of Westland Aircraft, we said a rather hurried farewell to Mr. Ron Gellatly, the Chief Test Pilot. Before he escaped however, he was placed right behind the eight ball with the first "Scout" forced landing.

This incident occurred on May 6, when the C.O., and Lieutenant Booth found themselves in Scout 102 with an engine that sounded anything but happy, and it was decided that it might be prudent to go home and think about it. The C.O., a most learned officer, being well up on Scouts and their habits (?) and therefore not the least bit worried by this minor incident, commenced a nonchalant zig-zag track between suitable landing areas. Lieutenant Booth meanwhile, knowing nothing about Scouts, and having absolute faith in his new Commanding Officer, made a rapid calculation of the course and distance to Jervis Bay airfield and made a mental note that on return he had better change his socks, or something. However, as it was probably only a minor snag, it was decided to resume the flight back to base.

On evacuating the aircraft halfway down the eighth at Mollymook golf course, they were greeted by a host of interested taxpayers who were spending a hard day improving their game. At this stage, in response

to a cool calm radio message, they were joined by Mr. Gellatly, together with such notables as Neil Warren from Bristol-Siddley's and the Inspection Officer. A short discussion followed, covering such points as — cause — Wonderful British Aircraft — "I would have" — "You should have" — and "Who's ruddy aircraft is it anyway" — on which point it was discovered that no-one really knew.

The aircraft was, however, recovered by road and the fault soon rectified. A weak spring had caused a fuel leakage and as this fault was known to have caused previous engine failures, the old adage of "If in doubt, shout and get out," once again proved sound thinking.

And now to the Squadron's main function, training. History was made last month when Lieutenant David Farthing became the first officer to complete his flying training and win his "Wings" with the R.A.N. Lieutenant Farthing is the first of the new scheme of flying training, designed to provide the fleet with much needed helicopter pilots. Under this system, students complete 125 hours fixed wing flying at Point Cook and 90 hours helicopter flying with 723 Squadron at Nowra. Having gained his wings, Lieutenant Farthing now has to complete the A/S O.F.S. with 725 Squadron, before joining the fleet with 817 Squadron.

#### FOOT NOTE

A certain R.N. instructor was heard to remark that students completing flying training on Sycamore aircraft should be awarded the D.F.C. not wings.

—oOo—

One might say education is not to make anything of anybody, but simply to open the minds of everyone — to go from cocksure ignorance to thoughtful uncertainty.



LT.(P) D. D. FARTHING

Wings on this first occasion, were presented at R.A.A.F. Fairbairn by Rear Admiral V. A. T. Smith D.S.C. R.A.N. the Second Naval Member, in the presence of the Minister for the Navy, The Right Honourable Senator Gordon.

We have also said farewell to Lieutenant Commander Dadswell, sometimes called the "Reluctant Rotator," (We heard a buzz that he wasn't keen). However he has now successfully completed his helicopter conversion, and has been appointed as Senior Pilot to a Gannet squadron.

This should make for some interesting MADLS during the next cruise.

Should callers note a strange voice on Ext. 497 they are probably talking to our new C.A.A., C.P.O.

Warfield, late of 805 Squadron. Welcome aboard Chief.

723 went operational again on June 12th when war was declared on the flies residing rent free on the airfield. To those ratings caught in the resultant showers over the pig farm and rubbish dump, we offer this advice. Don't waste time trying to wash the spots out of your shirts, leave them for a while, then use them for string vests!

Though we are now very familiar with the helicopter, it would appear that some people still consider them with some awe. The press recently quoted an Aboriginal as saying he had seen "A mix-master belonga Jesus Christ." Hows about that then; do I hear "Pontius" named as the Pilot?

"Didja hear about the squadron photograph?" Benny's Boys, all dressed in their best, paraded one cold but sunny morning quite recently to have a squadron photograph taken. The photographer, with equipment in position spent at least half an hour getting feet in the correct position, hands clasped etc., and "now all look this way, come now faces up, smile" and click, click, click. Of course the photos didn't come out, and the whole thing had to be done again next week. Just prior to this debacle, one of the Petty Officers from the Squadron had an unfortunate accident when he was taken suddenly "sleepy" at the bar and burnt a large hole in the sleeve

of his No. 1 suit. He has had to sign on to pay the installments on the new uniform!

The first course of Pilots, Observers and UC's was successfully completed just prior to leave.

Some meaningless statistics are quoted:

The squadron Aircraft flew a total of 1,863 hours.

Fuel consumed was 1,304,185 lbs. Jetstart Trolleys provided 1,399 starts.

Day sorties flown were 1,093 and 244 night sorties.

Transitions (the automatic approach to a hover over the sea) were in excess of 1,500.

## NAVAL AIRMAN'S LAMENT

An hour past midnight, Gawd, its cold!

No wonder that a man feels old.

A detail still has yet to land;

We all await the Burns command.

"To your posts, you (censored) flock,

It's no good looking at the clock,

Two Wessex crews have braved the storm,

And don't forget that one is Norm.

He'll have a page or two to write,

We won't secure until it's light!

Three more years and then I'm out,

There must be better jobs about.

No work tomorrow that's for sure,

Our watches work out one in four.

The EA says he'll take to drink —

The flight control is on the blink,

The sonar keeps on blowing fuses —

All and sundry he abuses.

The AEO says "Don't delay,

Do a grease and earn your pay!"

Fellows had a real green rub —

I'll never do another sub . . . . .



I asked my American friend, Chuck, yesterday, how to plant gladioli bulbs.

"Easy," he replied. "Just use equal parts of sand and manure and barium.

"Barium?" I asked.

"Yeah — but not too deep" he drawled.



women go  
wild about  
Mennen men

Mennen men disturb women. Try using Mennen Shaving Cream, followed up by Mennen Skin Bracer After Shave Lotion . . . Stick or Spray Deodorant . . . and then Mennen Bath Talc . . . But be prepared . . . women go wild about Mennen men.

Mennen Skin Bracer After Shave Lotion. Ask for it from your canteen.



MENNEN

M26.73

# THE FIGHTING TIGERS

It was somewhere south of Sydney, somewhere way out in the sticks,  
That there was a Gannet squadron called the fighting 816.  
They were tried and trusty pilots, their observers were first class.  
Though their favourite word while resting (or so I'm told) was "Pass".  
But as well as playing games of chance, they boomed holes in the sky,  
And Gannet never turned a prop those pilots wouldn't fly.  
For those Double Mambas kept them up completely safe and sound,  
And if one failed, the other one would get them on the ground.  
So they flew those Gannets daily, everyone was so impressed  
That they won the Collins Trophy; and were voted "Just the best."

This year, just out from refit, the flagship put to sea  
With her flight deck newly painted, All the Tigers cried with glee!  
For it's off to the East again, their final fixed-wing trip:  
"The best one yet," they all avowed, while "Whacker" cracked the whip.  
"Come on my boys, we'll show this bunch just how they ought to fly,  
Keep circuits tight and speed right back — you'll never miss a wire,  
For I mean to show the S.E.A.T.O. how to hack that dreaded sub,  
Though we've got four Venoms with us — they are just a flying club!"

But somewhere up near Manus on a bright and sunny day,  
Joe tried to light his other donk — it wouldn't pull away!  
And the Gannet he was flying like a solid, streamlined brick  
Just went heading for the oggin, and it got there pretty quick! !  
They all jumped into their dinghies (all three were slightly twitched)  
And until the boss flew overhead, no one even knew they'd ditched.  
So Pedro to the rescue; they were picked up feeling fine,  
But where there once had been full ten, there now were only nine.

Then one day upon the booster, 816 so proudly sat,  
(The flagship of the Squadron) "No finer plane than that  
Has ever flown" the boys all said, It was a real delight  
to fly; until that day it flew — like magic cut of sight!  
And as it slowly sank and sank, the crew abandoned ship,  
(They had, indeed, a very short, but most eventful trip).  
'Twas somewhere in the China Sea, that aircraft met its fate,  
But on the Squadron 816, there now were only eight.

Now Wingnut hadn't flown for days (He'd always curse and swear),  
Although his "lookers" weren't too keen, to get back in the air,  
But finally they made it and their mission was to hack  
Four Krupny's ninety miles away; but on the long flog back  
One engine failed; the other one was going quite all right  
'Til near the ship it got too hot, but they had lots of height,  
And made it to the deck O.K. (Much better than to heaven).  
But of our ten fine aeroplanes; that now left only seven.

So the Gannets now are grounded, and they make a sorry sight  
With their engines all in pieces — but soon they'll be all right,  
For we'll fix those bloody gear trains so they'll never, never fail,  
(Cause if one does, I'll call it quits, and travel safe by rail).  
Though the buzz is slowly spreading and some folk are heard to say  
That the Gannets aren't yet finished, and they'll fly another day.  
To hit the deck, and bolt at night and do all wondrous things  
Much better than their counterparts — those beasts that have no wings.

In fact I rather hope they do. 'Twere wrong that we should lose  
The glamour of the fixed wing and the pleasure of the cruise.  
Should engines fail and wings fall off, I still won't have a care,  
The reason's very simple; for you see — I WON'T BE THERE!

— G. A. T.

—oOo—

## TOWER TOPICS

### GREETINGS FROM THE BAILEY HILTON

- The management is now back in full swing, following the leave period, but a quick perusal of the log shows that of the ten working days of leave the airfield was open for eight — well done, the staybacks.
- Alza-scltzers and cokes were the order of the day following the end of term party at the White Ensign Club. There were the usual "stars," but these shall remain nameless!
- The "Happy Hour" at the Petty Officers' Mess also led some of the staff astray. Why is it that these "hours" have at least 180 minutes?!
- It must be a cruel world outside, as we are happy to see our chief regulator has honoured us with a few years more service.
- This is the time of the taxation returns and many are sad to see just how healthy their families have been when they look for medical deductions. Loss Angeles Oz, I believe, is claiming a certain S.P. man as being "WHOLLY" maintained.
- Congratulations to 817 Squadron on their re-commissioning — may their night sorties be shorties (Air Trafficwise).
- By the way, I heard from a good source that a bee was seen frantically flying down the Princes Highway with his legs crossed, looking for a B.P. Station!



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# 817 SQUADRON COMMISSIONING 18th JULY, 1963



● The C.O. Cdr. G. McC. JUDE, with the CHAPLAINS.



O eternal lord God, the maker of heaven and earth, send thy blessing on us thy sons, and this squadron in which we serve: grant us thy protection and make us steadfast in the time of trouble and resourceful in the face of danger and bring us at the last to thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Amen.

● REAR ADMIRAL V. A. T. SMITH speaks with Lt. R. Mayger at the Commissioning Ceremony.



817 had a fine war record as a Royal Naval Air Squadron and as such its commission terminated with the war. On Anzac Day, April 25th, 1950, it was re-commissioned as an Australian squadron equipped with Firefly aircraft. Embarked in H.M.A.S. Sydney, the squadron fought in Korea in 1961, attended the atomic test at Monte Bello in 1952 and the coronation in 1953. The Fireflies were paid off two years later, and in August, 1955, at Culdrose in Cornwall, England, 817 was commissioned to serve with Gannet anti-submarine aircraft. The squadron returned to Australia embarked in the new carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne and subsequently made annual visits to the Far East as part of the S.E.A.T.O. force. Although, in 1958, 817 was again disbanded, to-day it is again commissioned, and as young in heart as it ever was, sets out not only to uphold the tradition of its past but to establish a new one for its future.

## BATTLE HONOURS

|              |      |
|--------------|------|
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| NORTH AFRICA | 1942 |
| BISCAY       | 1942 |
| KOREA        | 1951 |



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# Sporting Notes

Since our last issue, very little sport of any type has been played, due once again to bad weather and also to the leave period. We look forward to an improved state of affairs in the next six months for the completion of our winter sports programme and the commencement of the summer season.

We have been fortunate to maintain excellent playing fields during the very wet weather, quite probably the best on the south coast, and all credit is due to the efforts of our groundsmen. We trust now that the weather will allow us to make full use of them for the remainder of the year.

Looking forward, the following tentative dates have been arranged:

Depot Cross Country, 28th August; Athletic Eliminations, 4th September; Depot Athletic Championships, 11th September; Inter-Service Tug-o-War, 17th September; Inter-Service Athletics, 27th September; V. A. T. Smith Relay, 24th October.

Further details will be promulgated shortly, but note that this year the Cross Country will be a Cross Country, and not a road race as in the past.

## SQUASH

Mr. Hawkins has once again generously offered a trophy for a station squash competition. This year the event will be on a scratch basis, each match being decided on the best of five games. Entries close with the P.T.I. at 1200 Wednesday, 31st July, and the draw will be designed to enable 817 squadron personnel to compete. Remember only those who enter have a chance to win.

## RULE BOOKS

A series of books entitled "Know The Game" have been purchased. These books cover not only the rules of a wide variety of sports, but also hints on playing the game. They may be drawn on temporary loan from the P.T.I.

## WATER SKI BOAT

Due to drafts over the past few months, the boat management committee has undergone certain changes, and now comprises: Lieut. J. Elliott, Lieut. D. Eckersley, P.O. Jenner, P.O. E. L. Herron.

Anyone requiring information on the use of the boat, water skiing, obtaining a licence, etc., should contact one of the committee.

## SOCIAL PARS

I believe congratulations will be in order by the time this issue is on sale, for star three-quarter, N.A. John B-omage, and local lass, Margaret Moore, who will have tied the matrimonial knot.

Don't be surprised to see John closely followed by second-rower, A.B. Mal Higgison. We hear that he has a very ardent supporter these days.

Captain-Coach Jim Davis should be a proud father by now. A new captain / coachette?

Note. — Applications are invited to fill the position of coach and should be before the executive committee no later than July 29th.

## Rugby Union

Well with only three matches to go before the Semi's (2 against Nirimba and 1 against Watson (at home) we are pretty sure of reaching the final four as we are now lying second, behind Watson.

Five of our Dempster Cup players were selected for the Combined Service trials in Sydney on 12th August, but only one is going, and if he gets selected he will go to Queensland with the N.S.W. combined Services team from which a squad of 20 will be selected to represent the Australian Combined Services to tour New Zealand. Good luck Blue Greenfield. Others selected for the trial but not going are Trev. Richards, Harry Harkness, Vic. Parkins

and Bill Brookes. The first three don't want to go, and Bill Brookes can't, which is a shame as I would have bet 100 pays to one that he would have made it.

On Wednesday, 17th July, we were down to play Destroyers and Frigates, but unfortunately they forfeited. This is bad luck as we need as many runs as possible before we play the firey frogmen from Watson and Rushcutter in a fortnight.

I forgot to tell you Reg (Gasnier) Conellon came out of retirement against Kuttabul, but he told me the other day that he is not going to go to England with the Kangaroos, that he's going to retire again!

## Rugby League

With the second round of the competition under way, Albatross are in ninth position on the premiership ladder, with only two wins under their belt. I can't help feeling that we could have been in a better position if some of the players had made a greater effort to attend training and conditioned themselves to a higher degree. I can cast my mind back to quite a number of occasions when Albatross has more than held its own in the first half, only to allow the opposition to run all over them in the second half. The players concerned must know that they aren't fit, so it's up to them to do something about it.

Now on to the social side where things are much better. Club members were treated to an excellent dinner and dance held at the Prince of Wales on the Sunday prior to leave in honour of club vice-patron, Mr. Bob Myatt, and his wife Margaret, and captain-coach, Jim Davis and Betty, all of whom are leaving us soon. The evening was such a success that there was a repeat performance the following Thursday, when the club were again the guests of Mrs. Verdon and "Snow" of the P.O.W. A highlight of both evenings was the impromptu entertainment provided by members of the club.

## Gun Club Gossip

Since last going to press a definite move has been made towards the construction of a new trap. Our secretary has been informed that the long desired item will be erected by Works in the near future and plans have been drawn up and submitted. The days of sitting in water up to the knees whilst operating the trap should be a thing of the past as the new design calls for a brick structure with a cement floor.

In the near future a meeting

will be called so that all members and intending members can become **FINANCIAL**, this being essential before our committee can approach the Sportsman's Fund for a grant for the purchase of cartridges. A large turn-up at the meeting will be necessary to ensure the future success of the club.

**SAFETY HINT OF THE MONTH:**  
Count **FOUR** legs before you shoot.

"FULL CHOKE."

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