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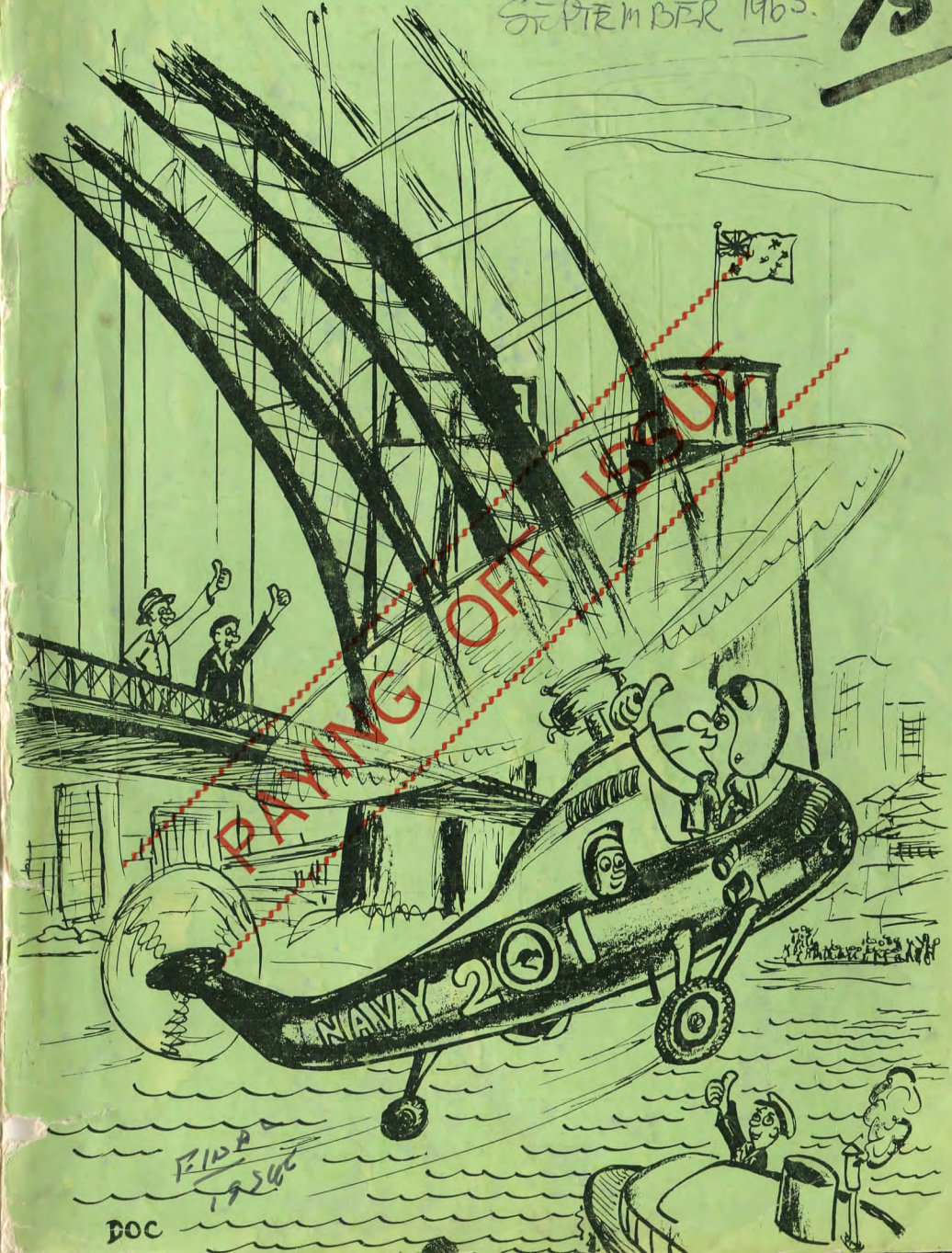
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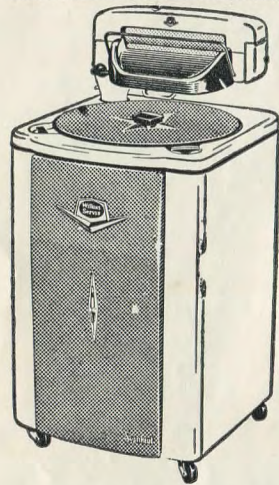
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SLIPSTREAM

SEPTEMBER 1963.

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SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 74

SEPTEMBER, 1963

EDITOR - - - - - Surg. Lt. D. P. Cilento, Ext. 393

SPORTS EDITOR - - - - - Lt. L. Powell, Ext. 264

PHOTOGRAPHY - "Albatross" Phot. Section, Ext. 264

BUSINESS MANAGER

Wd. S. Lt. C. Andrews, Ext. 395

TYPING - - - - - Sick Bay Staff

Features

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The Squadrons	Page 27
The Departments	Page 39
Sports Section	Page 51

Our Cover

A recent event which thrilled the public and gave the Navy the biggest plug its had since the Type 12's went on show. Perhaps even Mr. Heffron's laughably acid and ill-advised comments could be interpreted basically as "Good show, chaps!" — Maybe just a touch of sour grapes . . . ?

May "Slipstream" voice its opinion to reinforce the general consensus "A damn good show, 817!" It'll take some beating!

EDITORIAL

AS YOU may have heard, and as you may all now see, this issue of Slipstream is the last which will be printed, at least, under the current financial set-up. As Editor of the magazine for the last nine months, I can express only sorrow and a little dismay at the fate of an organ which has entailed a lot of hard work, and a lot of interest and pleasure in the fields of writing, editing and compiling for many people over the last six and a half years. Looking back over the years, through the file copies, which are nearly complete, one can trace the development, growth and changes in the life of both the Station and the magazine, the latter from a slim, newsprint booklet to the present magazine, with its modern layout and type, and the accent on pictures and articles of general interest. Through each issue one can see the efforts and the exercise of self-expression of the writers who have so ably filled the pages, and who have each and all made Slipstream the finest magazine in the R.A.N., adding just a little to the prestige and morale of H.M.A.S. Albatross.

The events leading to Slipstream's demise can be briefly summarised here:

A subsidy of £20 per issue has been made available from the Ship's Fund for the production of Slipstream for many years, the remainder of the cost being paid by advertising and sales. In earlier years a reserve was built up, and used for the production of special issues, etc. This reserve was gradually used up over the last two years owing to increased costs of production and higher standards of printing. Advertising charges were increased to help offset the rise in production costs, but they could not and cannot cover expenses.

An approach was made to the Welfare Committee for an increased subsidy to keep us out of the red, and a debate on this request was held at last Thursday's meeting. It was considered by the Committee, after presentation of the facts by the Editor and Business Manager, that due to a "lack of interest" in the magazine, and the demands of forthcoming financial commitments, not only could no increase in subsidy be granted, but that following the October issue "the Ship's Fund will cease to support the magazine in any manner."

Considering these facts, I have decided, with the Committee's approval, that in fairness to our advertisers, and to avoid further embarrassment to the parlous state of the fund, that this issue of a dying institution shall be the last.

In conclusion, may I thank all our contributors, our supporters, Business Managers, past Editors, and our readers, for their help and support over the years. Perhaps in the future, Slipstream will be resurrected and once again reign supreme among Naval publications !

VALE

EDITOR.

+ The Chaplain's Corner +

A TEENAGE LITANY

PETITIONS PINPOINTED TO OUR TIME, WRITTEN BY TEEN-AGERS
FOR TEEN-AGERS BU WORTHY OF A DOUBLE-TAKE
BY THEIR ELDERS

- O** GOD the Father, Creator of heaven and earth;
Have mercy upon us.
- O** God the Son, Redeemer of the world;
Have mercy upon us.
- O** God the Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful;
Have mercy upon us.
- O** holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, one God;
Have mercy upon us.

REMEMBER not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: Spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.
Spare us, good Lord.

- F**ROM all conceit, self-centeredness, vanity, selfishness, boasting, bragging, and showing off.
Good Lord, deliver us.
From all gossiping, cutting remarks, thoughtlessness towards friends and family, and bearing of false witness,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From loss of temper, swearing and profanity, vile and vulgar conversation, idle tattling, and thoughtless remarks,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From laziness, lack of self-discipline, snobbishness, envy, frivolous and idle chatter, meddling, cheating, and lying,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From parental misunderstanding, difficulties with brothers and sisters, and family quarrels,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From hypochondria, false rationalizations, and other emotional instability,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From unsportsmanlike conduct in the classroom or on the athletic field, and from discourtesy at home, at school, or on the road,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From bad habits which may impair our physical or mental health or mar our spiritual well-being,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From irreverence toward our Church and religion, from disloyalty to our Church, our families, our country, or our fellow man,
Good Lord, deliver us.

WE sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.
That it may please thee to give us diligence, good study habits, self-discipline, and faithfulness in our schoolwork;
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us good teachers, both at school and at church, adequate school facilities, and guidance and counseling so we may achieve best use of them;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to make us gentle yet firm, popular yet courageous enough to stand by our convictions, and give us self-control, discipline, and the ability to lead when the necessity falls upon us;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to instill in us high moral standards, goodness, consideration of others, and beauty of mind and soul;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to grant us enlightenment and fairness to those of racial backgrounds other than our own, and courage to speak up against prejudices and injustices done minority groups.

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to direct us in the proper use of our talents both physical and mental;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to teach men to live together in peace, free from war and threats of war;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;

Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ hear us.

O Christ hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, On earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil. Amen.

O LORD, deal not with us according to our sins.
Neither reward us according to our iniquities.

Let us pray.

O HEAVENLY Father, who judgest with mercy the sometimes immature and ill-advised acts of teen-agers, we beseech thee to help us grow into a maturity in which all of our doings will be in accord with the Christian spirit of fairness, helpfulness, and brotherhood. Graciously

grant that we may govern all of our actions by consideration of the good of all mankind and without thought for our personal exaltation. Grant that by the indwelling of thy Holy Spirit we may learn to understand and apply to our daily lives the teachings of the Holy Bible, and instill in our hearts a love and concern for our brothers and sisters throughout the world, as taught by thy Son. These things we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Minister and People.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thy Name's sake.

Minister

O GOD, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

Minister and People.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thine honour.

Minister.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Graciously look upon our afflictions.

With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people.

Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

O Lord, let thy mercy be showed upon us;
As we do put our trust in thee.

Let us Pray.

We humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our iniquities; and, for the glory of thy Name, turn from us all those punishments we most justly have deserved; and grant that in all our works we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory, through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord.



(The "Teen-age Litany" was written by the ninth grade Sunday school class at St. James Cathedral, Fresno, Calif.)

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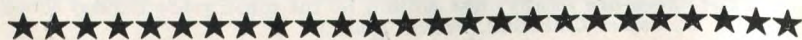
1960 Vauxhall Cresta Sedan — 34,000 miles, registered March 1964, good mechanically, very smart appearance. £795 or £199 Deposit.

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THE WAY

I SEE IT . . .

by "CHIPS"

● What with the increased cost of car registration, house insurance, rates, D.F.R.B., etc., etc., I had to tell Mum not to get a Father's Day present for me this year. Just couldn't seem to afford one, somehow!

● The power race has hit this country alright! GMH's new editions to compete with Ford and Valiant are being lauded, and 0-60 in 12's is claimed. The way I see it, public protection should be afforded through control of manufacturers, ensuring proper safety margins. Oh! they'll get you the e quicker . . . but perhaps to the cemetery!

● Spr'aking of T.V. I wish I hadn't gone to the local Flea house (as we used to call it back in the 1940's) every Saturday night. As it is now, every movie that comes on Channel 4 is one that I saw 20 years ago. If I stick to the T.V. though, I'll eventually get around to seeing the shows that I missed by going to the pub with the boys and spending my 2/6 "picture mon'y" on "milk shakes".

● Congratulations to the winner (and for that matter, all the entrants) of the cross country run. Physical fitness seems no longer a necessary requirement after the initial enlistment period. Most of the young generation seem to rely on their "runs" ashore for exercise! One young "Bronze Wal" last year at Subic Bay challenged a Yank Marine to a contest of body presses and acquitted himself quite well with 15 press-ups. The Yank replied with 65 press-ups USING ONE HAND and was content to carry on. The way I see it, P.T. and Sport shouldn't have to be compulsory before we become interested in it!

● Welcome home the Wessex crowd. From what I hear, the choppers didn't save the flagship from the submarines but proved more than equal to the task of detecting whales. This is all very well, but didn't whale oil lamps go out with the advent of electricity ? ?

● Standing outside the Commander's office in the passage the other week, a salty old General Service Chief remarked that all the pictures on the walls were of aircraft. "Why not" he added, "a few pictures of ships to remind us we also have a Navy!"

● Just in passing, I reckon a bloke is entitled to blow his own trumpet on occasions. I've just become a Daddy again, a 10lb. 2oz. boy, and a beauty. I s'pose you could call him a "block off the old Chips"!!



W
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No. 5

The ziff is a beauty, and beneath is a well known, if a little younger face. For the answer see Page 12.

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The Ship and Station

The name ALBATROSS has been associated with the Australian Navy's Air Effort since its beginning. In 1922 the government approved a proposal that Australia should have a Fleet Air Arm and that a Seaplane Carrier should be built at Cockatoo Island Dockyard and named H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS.

During the six years that elapsed while the ship was being built and before H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS first commissioned in January, 1929, a few Naval officers were trained as pilots and/or observers, the former by the R.A.A.F. and the latter in the Royal Navy. Some of these were employed with R.A.A.F. contingents flying in Fairey 3D aircraft on survey work in the Barrier Reef and elsewhere in Australia; others served with the Royal Navy.

The first H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS' active life in the R.A.N. was short, as she had only four years in commission during the depression years before being paid off into reserve in 1933. During her period in commission she carried up to a maximum of 9 Seagull V amphibious aircraft. These were flown mostly by R.A.A.F. pilots and some R.A.N. pilots, with R.A.N. and R.N. observers and R.A.N. T.A.G.'s (Telegraphist Air Gunners) as crew members. The aircraft were maintained by R.A.A.F. personnel seconded to the R.A.N. and were hoisted to and from the water by the ship's cranes.

In the years following ALBATROSS' pay-off a very small nucleus of a Fleet Air Arm was maintained in the R.A.N., flying Seagulls and later Walrus aircraft from our cruisers, with or without a catapult. Most of the pilots were from the R.A.A.F. and the observers and T.A.G.'s naval personnel. This practice ceased during the latter years of World

War II, and for some time the Fleet Air Arm, except for a very few qualified observers, was non-existent.

H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS was recommissioned in 1938 solely for passage to the United Kingdom and transfer to the Royal Navy as part payment for the three six inch cruisers, PERTH, HOBART and SYDNEY. During World War II, as H.M.S. ALBATROSS, she had a useful and significant role as a seaplane tender in Freetown, Sierra, Leone and elsewhere. After the war she was sold to an enterprising syndicate who proposed to use her as a gambling casino anchored outside the 3 mile limit off Torquay, on the south coast of England. Nothing came of this somewhat ambitious and optimistic venture, however, and the ship was re-sold to a Greek shipping line. As the "Hellenic Prince," she carried many migrants from Europe to Australia before being scrapped a few years ago.

The second H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS is the Naval Air Station at Nowra, commissioned as such on 21st August, 1948. The Air Station and its satellite airstrip at Jervis Bay, were built as an R.A.A.F. base in 1942, and used mostly for training Beaufort Torpedo Bomber crews and by coastal patrol and convoy escort aircraft. Some U.S. Air Force crews also trained here. In 1944 the whole base was transferred to the Royal Navy for Fleet Air Arm training and as a shore base for the Carrier Air Groups of the British Pacific Fleet. After hostilities ceased the Royal Navy departed for the United Kingdom early in 1946 and the station was abandoned or, more officially, left in a "care and maintenance" condition, until 1947 when renovation and rehabilitation commenced for the subsequent recommissioning of H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS in 1948.

With the arrival in May, 1949, of the 20th Carrier Air Group of Sea Furies and Fireflies in H.M.A.S. SYDNEY, life and an obvious raison d'être were imparted to the station. Since then flying and its numerous ancillary activities have been, and will continue to be, our main occupations.

In 1953 Sycamore helicopters were added to the aircraft types and employed in the Search and Rescue role. In 1955 Sea Venoms and Gannets arrived in H.M.A.S. MELBOURNE and Vampires and Dakotas were acquired for training purposes.

Late in 1962, the first Wessex Anti-Submarine Helicopters arrived, were assembled and training commenced in January, 1963. In July, 817 Squadron, consisting of 10 Wessex, was commissioned and embarked for service in H.M.A.S. MELBOURNE in August.

In January, 1963, two Scout helicopters arrived and will be used in the surveying role, one embarking in H.M.A.S. MORESBY when she commissions in 1964.

Government policy regarding the Australian Fleet Air Arm has undergone several drastic changes in recent years which have had far-reaching and important, if not entirely frustrating, effect on H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS and her company. In 1959 it was announced that the Fleet Air Arm would cease to function from mid 1963. This decision was amended in 1961 to the extent that the Fleet Air Arm would continue in being after mid 1963, but as an Anti-Submarine Helicopter force only, with no fixed-wing element. In June, 1963, this decision was again amended and now fixed-wing aircraft, namely Venoms and Gannets, are to be retained until 1967. We can be reasonably confident that before 1967 is reached further amendments to the current policy will ensure a balanced Fleet Air Arm with both fixed and rotary wing aircraft of modern design and acceptable performance.

The present organisation of the Fleet Air Arm is:

2nd LINE — Based permanently at Naval Air Station, Nowra — 723 Squadron: 5 Sycamore Helicopters (helicopter training); 2 Scout Helicopters (survey). 724 Squadron: 10 Sea Venoms (operational A.W. fighters); 2 Vampires 2 Fireflies (Fleet requirements, target towing); 2 Dakotas (communications, trials, pilot and observer training). 725 Squadron: 6 Wessex Helicopters, plus 2 in reserve (operational flying training in helicopters for A/S role pilots, observers and A/S gear operators).

FRONT LINE — Based at Nowra and embarked as required in H.M.A.S. MELBOURNE — 816 Squadron: 6 Gannets (operational anti-submarine warfare); 1 Gannet Trainer (pilot and observer training). 817 Squadron: 10 Wessex Helicopters (operational anti-submarine warfare).

In addition to the more obvious tasks associated with flying and the maintenance and repair of aircraft, the following are some of the activities of the station:

- Australian Joint Anti-Submarine School — in which the R.A.A.F. and R.A.N. are equal partners.
- Photographic School.
- Meteorological School.
- School of Aircraft Handling.
- Engineering.
- School of Aircraft Maintenance — Electrical.
- School of Aircraft Maintenance — Radio.
- School of Aircraft Ordnance.
- Motor Transport Driving School.
- Motor Transport Maintenance School.

The complement consists of about 160 officers and 1250 ratings when all the squadrons are here and 110 officers and 1000 ratings when the Melbourne Air Group is embarked. We are mostly, of course, of the R.A.N. but have a fair sprinkling of Royal Naval Officers and men, and two U.S. Naval Officers. On the Air Force side we have several R.A.A.F. Officers and men and one representative of the R.A.F. To ensure proper

inter-service co-operation we have one Major A.R.A. and a few soldiers to help with bombardment liaison and sea / land warfare problems. We also have a number of civilians with us representing Civilian Aircraft Repair Organisations, Aircraft and Engine Manufacturers, etc.

Attached to the station are some 300 houses and cottages, two thirds of which are in the "Married Patch" alongside the station and the remainder in the

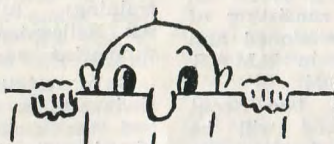
Nowra-Bomaderry area. The waiting list to occupy these is long and, in the case of officers, a "time on aim" of 13 months is not uncommon. Many married officers and men serving on the station consequently either buy or rent houses in the local area.

The Motto of H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS is "Even Watchful" and we endeavour to act accordingly.

— CAPT. J. S. MESLEY.

ANSWER TO "WHO WAS IT" No. 5

Chief "Ik." Saunders way back in R.N. days.



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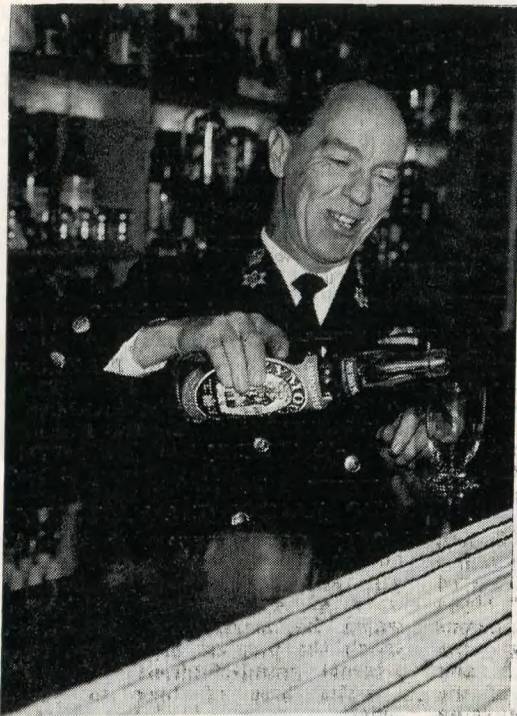
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"John — Stop acting like a Sub-Lieutenant."



PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

C.P.O. STD. E. A. COX

Our personality in this — our final edition — is a man who, appropriately enough, also pays off this month — Chief Std. Ernie Cox.

Ernie was born in Reading, England, in 1915, to an accompaniment of bombing and the drone of Zeppelins overhead.

He attended the E. P. Collier School, finishing after sitting for the Oxford Junior Examination, and decided that a land-lubbers' life was for the birds.

He took to the sea, though there were no other seafarers in the family, and joined T.S. "War-spite" at Grays, Essex, for training for entry to the R.N. He was an excellent student, and was awarded the Ship's prize (a set of hair brushes, see photo!) for the best kept kit.

However, he suffered a severe illness, and when he recovered, was found to be ineligible for Naval service.

His liking for the sea had not left him, though, and he joined the Union Castle Line as a laundry boy at the age of 15½. He was made bellboy, steward, and then saloon steward over a period of years, and has a fund of stories covering this period. However, he vows and declares that he had nothing to do with the infamous "Girl through the porthole" case aboard the Durham Castle. His career here was cut short, however, due to an altercation he and two of his comrades had with the Captain, while in Durban, over the celebration of the coronation of George VI! He found himself in

an immigrants' camp under the watchful eyes of the biggest, blackest guard he'd ever seen, and then came home as a Distressed British Seaman, on 1/- per day pay for cleaning down the tiles of the ship's swimming pool.

He took up a position as a male nurse at a fashionable mental nursing home at Ascot, overlooking the famous racetrack, but after a few months the strain was beginning to tell, and he began driving a van for the G.P.O. This lasted until war broke out, and he was accepted for service aboard H.M.S. "Ceto," an R.N. calibration ship, which was concerned with the testing of a new fangled gadget called RADAR!

He was transferred to the Hunt class destroyer, "PYTCHLEY" in "E-Boat Alley," and went on Russian convoy.

Soon he went to the U.S. and came back in the lend-lease minesweeper "TATTOO" and stayed with her "for the duration." Many interesting and often dangerous tasks befel them, including the sweeping of the Kattegat and Skaggerak for the passage of the "ANDES," carrying the returning members of the Norwegian Gov-

ernment, and participation in the D-Day invasion. He mentions that on the Baltic cruise, leave was granted in Oslo, a most hospitable city, where the sun didn't set at all . . . but whether this was due to climatic conditions or to the confusing effects of the bright lights he doesn't say! They survived the attacks of dive bombers, submarines and limpet mines in the Channel and spent VJ Day in Rotterdam — another swingin' town.

In 1946 he paid off and went back to his old job as a G.P.O. driver, but joined the R.A.N. in 1948, to commission the "SYDNEY." He has been to HARMAN, back to SYDNEY, for the Korean campaign, and then to MURCHISON (of mutiny fame), MELVILLE and SWAN followed, and then to ALBATROSS. After 15 years in the R.A.N., he pays off on the 5th of October, and will retire to his home at Dapto, where he will live with his wife, whom he married in 1939, and watch the progress of his two (at present) grand-children!

The best of luck to you, Chief.

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STARRING DIRK BOGARDE

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

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STARRING AVA GARDNER, DAVID NIVEN, STEWART GRAINGER

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STARRING HAYLEY MILLS
ADULTS 4/- — CHILDREN 2/-

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"WORLD BY NIGHT" (No. 2)

"Get your kicks" etc.

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"DIAL M FOR MURDER"

STARRING GRACE KELLY, ROBERT CUMMINGS, RAY MILLAND

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"SAYONARA"

MARLON BRANDO, RED BUTTONS

SATURDAY AND MONDAY, OCTOBER 12 AND 14

"SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS" (S.O.A.)

STARRING NATALIE WOOD, WARREN BEATTY

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10 AND 11

"THE V.I.P.'S"

STARRING ELIZABETH TAYLOR, RICHARD BURTON, ROD TAYLOR,
ELSA MARTINELLI

ADULTS 4/- — CHILDREN 2/-

NOTES

MATINEES — The last Matinee will be shown on Saturday, September 28th. It is hoped to commence screening Matinees again after the Summer vacation.

Support your Cinema. Your Cinema will show every major film once it has been screened in Nowra. Film protection rights prevent us from being first, but we certainly charge less to make up for this fault. Remember — if it's a good film, you'll be seeing it at your Cinema.

Lt. K. O'DONNELL, Cinema Officer.

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'TIS RUMOURED

- Our bhoj from INDIA got his dhoti in a knot last week. Apparently he is not only famous as the Bong Bong Bookies Benovalent Fund, but is also the star pin up in the A.M.P. Insurance Crewroom.
- "Old snaggletooth" from M.Q.'s nearly expired from an overdose of Babybath at Dep. "L's" the other night. He managed to arrive at the "Back to the Barn" night in the Wardroom but violently over corrected.
- Whilst on the subject of the Wardroom Party, a small mention might be given to all the stars of the Evening. Oscars to Judy Blair and Cynthia O'Day for their win in the Twist and Limbo competition. Oscars to Des Rodgers for falling off the rafters onto his head. A marvellous act. What do you do for an encore, Des? First prize to the Surgeon Commander on his win in the cart horse race and a big cheerio to all you people who made the night a giant success.
- It's nice to see our old friend Les Anderson back with us for three weeks. He was certainly feeling no pain at the Barn Night. Keep in touch Lazeley.
- The long awaited Soccer Match between the Fixed Wing Heroes and the Helicopter Heels ended in (a) a well deserved win for the Heroes, or (b) a lucky win for the Heels !!
- Special interrogators are being imported to question Aircrew who may be caught for the forthcoming Survival Exercise "GROUNDHOG." 'Tis rumoured that they will not use any brainwashing techniques, but will rely on the "two-brick" method to extract information . . . Watch out SATCO !!
- Smiler Edwards was declared a non-runner in the Cross-Country the other day. The local vet. took a swab before the race, and found traces of stimulants.
- **THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH . . .**
Get off the table, Mabel That money's for the BEER !!!
EFFIGY.

LADIES

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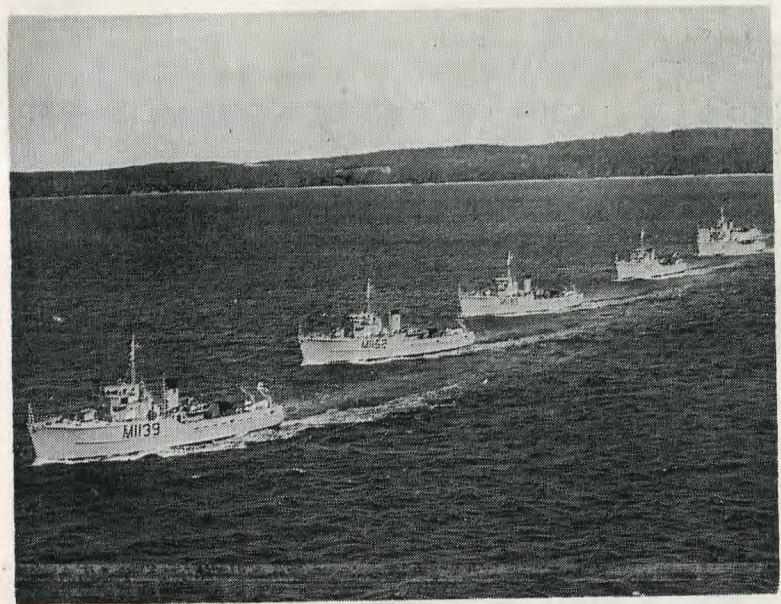
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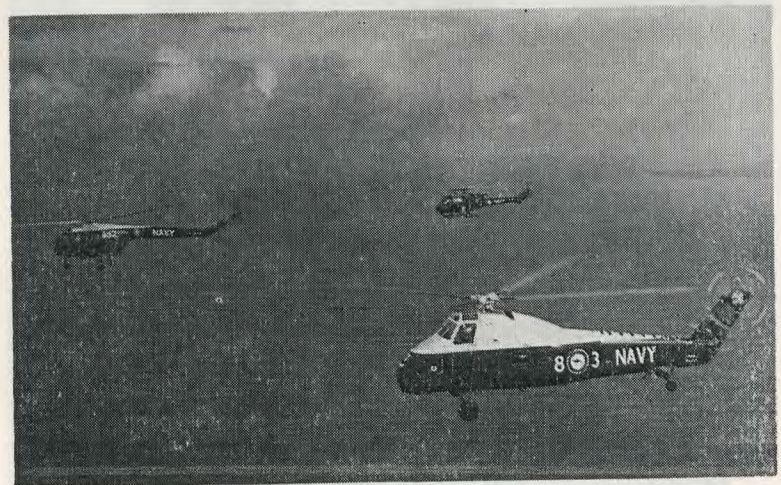
Albatross Album



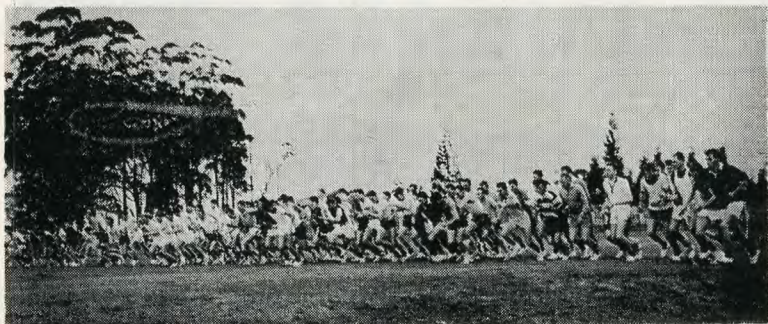
● BUSH BABIES — The starters in the recent S.E.S.O.S.'s Course.



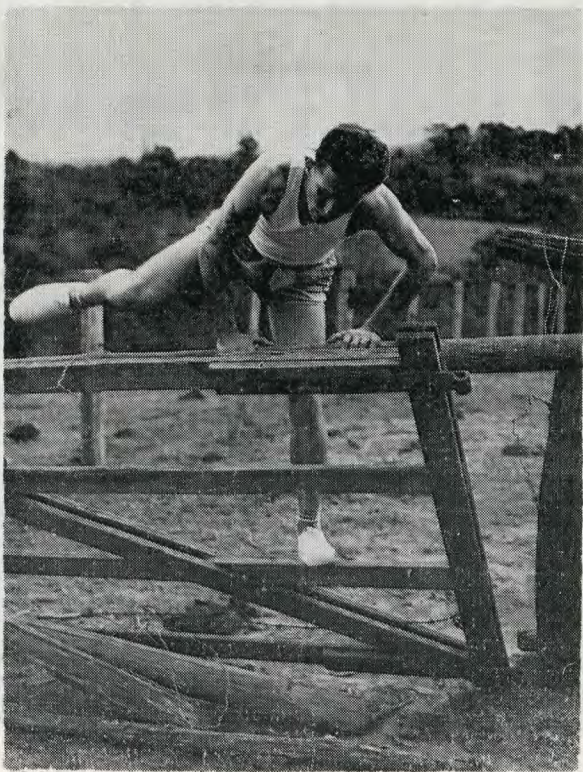
● M/S MANOEUVRES IN JERVIS BAY



● A FAMILY OUTING



● CROSS COUNTRY FIELD GETS AWAY.



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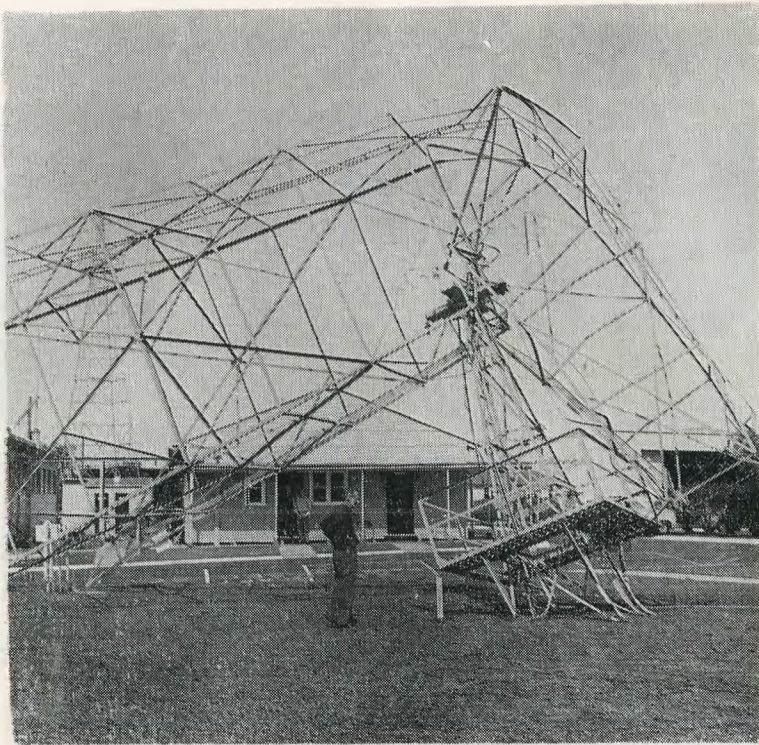
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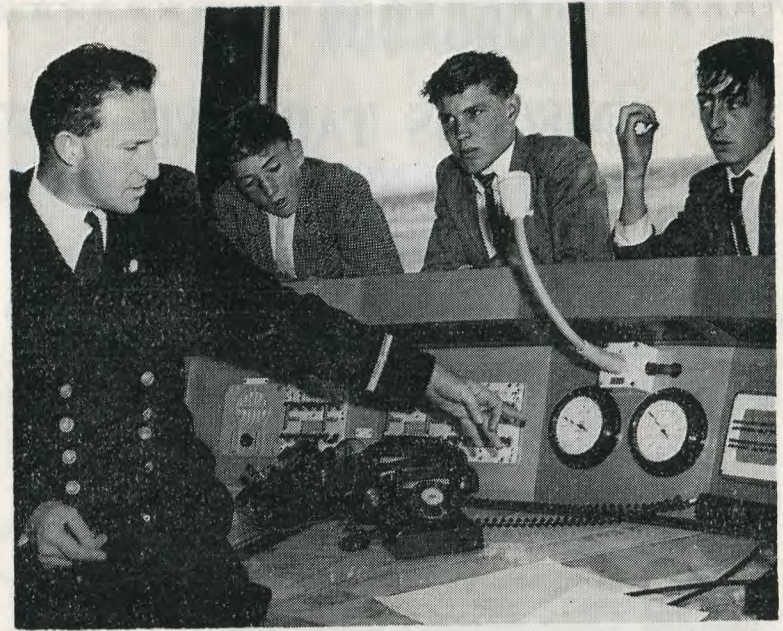
● One of the "Forgotten Men" of Army Ground Liaison pores over an aerial map.



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● LT. JOHN CURRIE explains a point to an interested audience in the Control

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THE SQUADRONS

723



● Messrs. R. Wood (right) and R. Lander of D.C.A. You too can fly a Sycamore with 723 — for £25 an hour !

Whether or not the Seven Hundred and Twenty Third is a sinking ship remains to be seen, but the realisation that the Inspection is just around the corner seems to have initiated one almighty exodus ! We never were exactly OVERSTAFFED, being forced to rely upon the kindness of others for advice when a crisis in the Green Empire arose. Now we are really in trouble with the departure of our tame plumber to 816. Who will wash up the coffee cups?

This hardship, though disturbing, could be borne, but now, with the Admiral looming over the horizon, the C.O. has decided that his presence is required in the United States for three months; how do the rest of us fare? The Senior Pilot,

grasping his new appointment in his clammy fingers, grins and issues his first order as the temporary C.O., "Prepare for the Inspection," then disappears with his coffee into the inner sanctum. As there is no guidance forthcoming from Navy Office, it is now up to the remaining squadron personnel to consider the posts to be filled, the jobs to be done, and evenly share the load. This proved to be remarkably easy, and in the next few months, should any one want the Staff Officer; Divisional Officer; Messdecks Officer; AEO; ALO; Sports Officer; Line Book Officer; QHI; or custodian of the "Coke Fund," will they please contact Lieut. Booth.

Our student body this past month has given us our moments

too. When one considers that the total flying experience of the three students was in the region of 14000 hours, while the staff could only muster 7000, one wonders who was leading who?

The three gentlemen concerned were Captain W. J. Lovell R.A.N. (D.A.M.R.) who has been availing himself of the opportunity of refreshing his helicopter flying, and two officers from D.C.A., Mr. R. Wood and Mr. R. Larder, who were carrying out a practical investigation into the instrument flying capabilities of Service helicopters. Both officers are very experienced civil pilots, responsible to D.G.A. for the standard of aircrew and airline operations. As such it is their duty to examine civil aircrew, and

FOOT-NOTE

Our photograph of the vintage seaplane in the August issue certainly caused some interesting discussion, and many claims to its identity were made. However, the real "Gen" came from Sqdn. Ldr. Etkins R.A.F., of A.J.A.S.S., who produced photographic proof with an article on this very aircraft printed in the R.A.A.F. news in January of 1962.

It was in fact the second Seagull Mk.III delivered to the R.A.A.F. in 1926. Nine of these aircraft served with H.M.A. Ships "Albatross," "Canberra" and "Australia," operated by No. 101 Fleet Co-operation Flight.

TECHNICAL DATA:

3 seat amphibian, wooden, powered by one 450 HP Napier Lion V. Span 46 ft., Length 37 ft., Height 12 ft., Max. speed 108 m.p.h., Stalling speed 72 m.p.h.

Climb. 11 mins. to 5000 ft.(!).

Armament. One Lewis gun mounted amidships.

Weight, 3,897 lbs.

Max. A.U.W. 15,668 lbs.

evaluate the aircraft and operating procedures adopted by civil operators.

Some may have noticed a distinct absence of Scout aircraft in the circuit, should this occur to you, please don't mention it to Neil Warren, the Bristol Sidley Rep; they are grounded.

It has been said that Neil is the best placed, least worked, most embarrassed Rep. in the business. One thing is for sure, the more he forgets about engines, the more he learns about surfing, and the functions of the female Australian.

I Like Q.F.I.'s No. 2.

It has been said that a Q.H.I. is a Q.F.I. who's brains have been scrambled with an egg beater! (What offers for a definition of a Q.F.I.?)

724

BUNDABERG — '63

Well, after a look at the weather on Thursday, August 29, we thought we wouldn't make it — heavy rain and thunderstorms along the coast from Maryborough to Gabo, a big Low near Sydney — could you blame us?

Those nerve-racking trips in the Firebox, getting all those maps together, that sly practice at the golf course, and the "Pink" ticket from the wife — surely they wouldn't be wasted!!

Seen the show on Telly, "Danger is My Business"? Well, the take off from Nowra on the Friday should be featured shortly An eye witness said it's the first time he's seen a take off on 21, with the aircraft pointing at the Control Tower.

We went via the inland route — Cootamundra, Dubbo, etc., and the aircraft were checked on landing, just to see why they had seemed to want to accelerate all the way!!

The Welcoming Committee were there, the Queensland sunshine, the bronzed slaves of Trials Flight (Yes, they ARE on 724 Sqdn.) and a keen golfer from the Ramblers Motel. A great place to spend a couple of days,

the Ramblers Motel. A swell host, service with a smile, good tucker, and handy to both the Airport and town. (Compliments of 724, Clem.).

Saturday was "work day" for the transients. The Trials boys had been busy prior to our arrival — 36 hours in 6 days, so they informed me four times.

The Firebox developed a lack of Go on the runway for the first take off, so the Dakota became a substitute for the forenoon. (Flexibility, Slug.) Mac, Bill and Alf were busy robbing parts from an Agricultural aircraft to mend the Firebox, and had it ready by lunch time. Well done, chaps. The remainder of the day went off well.

Menawhile, out at the Golf Course

We recommend the trip. As I climbed into the aircraft, over boxes of Pineapples, Pawpaws, Bananas and Strawberries. I thought how glad I was to be getting home ?

Two stops on the way — Coff's Harbour and Williamtown.

Did you say Rum, Sir. . . Never touch the stuff!!!

L. S. and G. C. M.



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WOT? NO SLIPSTREAM!?!

SAGA OF THE SKY

(By HOLLAND MULBILL)

CHAPTER 2

Whistling softly to himself he trotted gaily up the ladder to the flight deck. This was going to be read D.F.C. and Bar stuff! . . . operation in the true sense of the word! . . . probably press and T.V. interviews! Oh boy, he thought, I can hardly wait!

With a brusque, carefree gesture he pulled aside the black-out curtains and stepped lightly onto the flight deck.

"Oh my God!" he thought, in a sudden panic "it's dark! I can't see . . . I'm blind . . . I feel sick in the stomach . . . better report to the Sick Bay." Turning he began to grope blindly for the hatchway.

Suddenly a sickly orange light was flashed in his face and a pair of steel hands grabbed him.

It was too late!

"Hee, hee, hee," it was the fiendish laugh of the S.U. Chief, "Right this way, Sir, your aeroplane is waiting."

Strong hands carried him, and still protesting weakly, he was strapped firmly in the right hand seat of the sleek, half metal, half wood, all-weather, sub-sonic, obsolescent, day and night fighter — i.e., a Sea Venom.

With a little shrug of resignation he started doing a cockpit check. Oh, no! He couldn't have forgotten . . . ? Frantically he opened his navigation bag . . . Ah! blessed relief, it was still there — the tin of nutty with the two black lollies. His pilot would never have forgiven him.

Then his pilot was ushered gently into the left hand seat and the chaotic business of strapping in began.

"Owww!" he screamed in sudden agony, crossing his legs. "That's not your blasted dingy toggle!"

Then all too soon it seemed, the majestic jet engine exploded

into life and his pilot began the pre-take-off checks.

"Hmm, Trims . . . flaps . . . fuel . . . air brakes in . . . Out . . . stay where you are, Smith, I didn't tell you to get out! Well, we're all set . . . turn on the downward ident."

And then the joy and ecstatic delight of a night boost — over rotation, positive correction, deep breathing, foul language, and finally those reassuring words from his pilot:

"Alright, Smith, you needn't eject, we're airborne."

And then they were climbing away into the darkness.

"Well, Smith," his pilot said casually, "What's the first course?"

He thought quickly, his mind alert and keen to the situation.

"Minestrone soup."

His pilot looked at him with a strange expression and mumbled something unintelligible.

Minutes later they were on their allocated patrol station flying back and forth in the encircling gloom, at 30,000 feet — give or take a couple of thousand feet either side.

Then — Action!

"Five-five-five" the Direction Officer's voice cracked coolly through the ether. It was also loud and completely unreadable — "This is Lima Papa . . . trade south east — vector port — belay that! starboard — on to one four zero . . . buster . . . (aside: white with two spoons of sugar thanks!) . . . contact classified enemy . . . crossing front to back . . . get him you fools!"

His pilot handled the situation in a calm competent manner and after they recovered from the involuntary spin brought about by the stress of the moment, there they were, barrelling through the night after the cowardly, filthy enemy.

This was it! He stared grimly into the radar set, and suddenly — a small blip of orange light. "Contact 45 port at 12 miles . . . I mean starboard . . . it's above . . . er, level, that . . . full throttle and starboard hard . . . and ease the turn."

"Judy, Judy! Judy!" his pilot said, somewhat excited. "Splendid work Smith — keep up the commentary."

" . . . At 12 o'clock 5 and two miles. More speed, and I'm feeling sick . . . 10 o'clock 15 at a mile and a half, and port hard . . . Port, I said! . . . Ease the turn steady there . . . hold that speed . . . and dive brakes . . ."

"Visual, Smith," his pilot screamed. "I've got him visual. I've got a bead on him . . . three hundred yards . . . (Rat-a-tat-tat!) got him! Five-five-five splash one bogie."

"Five-fifty-five," the Direction Officer's voice was flat and impersonal, "resume your C.A.P. station. You have just shot down your Commanding Officer."

"That's the way to get on in the service, Smith," his pilot chortled, "you realise that if that had been real, I — repeat — I would now be the C.O. of the Squadron."

The voice of the W.G.A. himself came loud — and icily clear — through the head phones:

"Five-five-five. Your last remark — noted!"

His pilot turned towards him slowly:

"Smith, you weren't transmitting when I made that last—ha-ha—joking remark? You weren't were you, Smith?"

There was no mistaking the accusation in his pilot's voice.

☆ ★ ☆

His head was still ringing when they commenced the descent. Wonderful things, these bone-domes, he thought to himself, they certainly lessen the effect of repeated violent blows to the head.

"Alright, Smith, I've got the carrier visual and we'll now join the landing circuit. Number three wire down the middle — eh what!

Oh, the joy, the bliss — and the pure, sheer unadulterated terror — of a night deck landing!

Around the corner they came, undercarriage, flaps and hook down . . . steady in the groove . . . 125 knots . . . bit more power . . . angle over a bit . . . the last gentle sink . . . the solid thump on the deck and . . . what! no wire? . . . the rumble and sudden roar as full power slams on . . . the tachometer and J.P.T. needles bouncing off the stops . . . and his pilot's voice saying casually:

"Bit of movement on the deck to-night, Smith."

There would have been movement on the deck alright. He could imagine the Flight Deck Officer diving frantically into a safety net — the flight deck party clawing their way frantically behind the island — Commander Air tearing his hair out in FLYCO and screaming for the bofors' crews to close up.

"We'll shoot the so-and-so down!"

And there they were . . . coming around the groove again . . . the grim intense concentration . . . that same terrifying feeling of sinking into blackness . . . the thump on the deck and then the glorious scream and rapid deceleration as the wire pulled out.

We've made it, he thought thankfully and experienced some difficulty in getting his voice working.

"Number three down the middle, and your entry speed was a hundred and twenty-eight — I mean a hundred and eighteen knots!"

"Thank you, Smith. Can't understand that first approach although I estimate the deck must have dropped a good hundred feet."

☆ ★ ☆

De-briefing was always the best part of any night trip. He liked the cosy-informal atmosphere and the spirit of comradeship, and of course there was always HIS big moment.

"Not a bad trip, Sir," his pilot was saying to W.G.A. "Smith showed definite improvement and coped rather well. I think we can safely take him off stoppage of leave after another fortnight."

"Hmmm," W.G.A. was non-committal.

"Alright, Smith," his pilot snapped. "Don't just stand there." At last! His big moment!

With a flourish he produced a packet of cigarettes and passed them around.

"Not these damn filter tins again, Smith," his pilot muttered. "Why don't you get some decent cigarettes."

"Now, Smith," said W.G.A. sternly. "I want you to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed at all times.

And hear this, Sunbeam, if I ever catch you sleeping in again, you won't be able to sit down for a month."

"Yes, Sir! Aye Aye, Sir!" — saluting profusely — "Right away, Sir!" — "Of course, Sir!"

CHAPTER 3

Some time later, showered and changed, he presented himself at the wardroom bar. He casually lit a cigarette and made the amazing discovery that a filter-tip smokes a lot better if the filter is placed in the mouth and the other end ignited. He casually lit another cigarette.

"What will it be, Sir, the usual?"

"Make it a double."

"Double?" the bar steward looked worried. "Water or soda?"

"On the Rocks!"

"This stuff's pretty powerful, Sir."

"Yes, I know. Thank you, steward."

A double lemon squash. So what the hell!

A supply officer detached from an intimate little group and came over to him.

"I say, old boy, were you flying to-night?"

Must play it cool, he thought, can't stand hero worship from these branch officers.

"Yes, I was up there for a little while."

"Well, I sleep on two deck, and this infernal noise those wires make is too much. Furthermore, I intend to make an official complaint, and I can assure you . . .

There was a loud yammering in his ears and a sudden red haze enveloped him.

☆ ★ ☆

Commander Air and the Captain were discussing the matter the following day.

"Can't understand it at all, Sir," Wings said with a worried frown on his face. "A vicious unprovoked attack on one of our most respected supply officers. Of course Smith is still in chains and the Surgeon Commander thinks he should stay there for a fortnight even though the forthcoming at the mouth should stop in the next day or so. Just can't understand it."

"It's quite simple, Wings," the Captain answered, producing a small packet from his breast pocket. "The answer to problems of this nature is . . . tranquillising tablets! Here — have one."

Wings shuddered involuntarily, muttered something about checking some state boards and scurried back into FLYCO.

☆ ★ ☆

And so this operational carrier steamed through placid tropical waters towards the enticement and intrigues of the mystic East.

Eleven hundred officers and ratings, sweating and bleeding for their country, and keeping back the yellow hordes!

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M26.73

The following is reprinted from the August '63 issue of the U.S. Naval Aviation Safety Center publication "Approach."

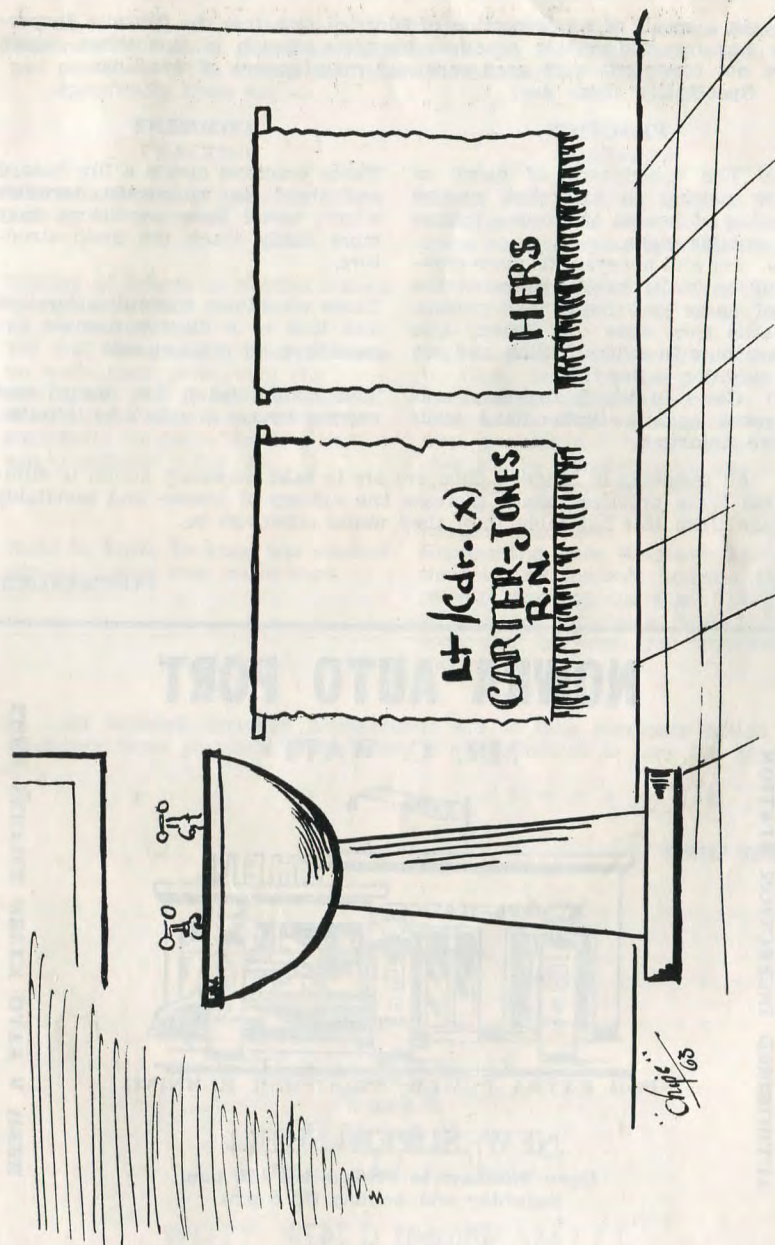
Naval aviation in general and aircraft carrier operations in particular is a study in classical aviation safety effrontery. General aviation safety rules are numerous and well known and include such don'ts as:

1. Don't fly over large bodies of water without check points.
2. Don't land and take off from fields of scant dimensions.
3. Don't lift the plane from the runway until a safe margin of flying speed is attained.
4. Don't make power on approaches unless absolutely necessary.
5. Don't try to land on the numbers.
6. Don't taxi too close to other aircraft, buildings, cliff edges, or people.
7. Don't taxi too fast.
8. Don't walk near a propeller.
9. Don't walk near a jet intake.
10. Don't walk near a jet exhaust.
11. Don't fuel an aircraft while the engine is running.
12. Don't fly the aircraft that has just performed a major stressing maneuver (trap) without a complete inspection.
13. Don't, don't, don't, etc.

After watching the goings and comings of a carrier operation for ten days I can only conclude that some time back an early naval aviator received these rules from an AIR FORCE pilot who had blocked out all the "don'ts" in the fond hope that eventually his Navy air power competition would eliminate itself! But to the contrary, it seems as if the Navy pilot has thrived on this diet of calculated madness as if it were an elixer to prolong life, instead of like living under the sword of Damocles. It is to the everlasting credit of the people involved that they can function with such efficiency and outstanding teamwork in an environment that strains man and machine to just under their yield points.

Consider for a moment that in the the space of a few minutes after boarding an aircraft the crew and aircraft are whisked to the flight deck on an elevator, started in a wind-blown, cacophonous frenzy of other aircraft who are landing and stretching a one and one-half inch steel cable like a sling shot a scant wingspan away, taxied at 50 knots IAS to a catapult where the preceding aircraft conveniently belches its exhaust directly into your intake ducts, strapped securely to the crankshaft of a steam engine with

two 18 inch diameter pistons and a stroke of 250 feet, literally shot down the deck from 0 to 130 knots IAS as if from a giant crossbow, use the two mile racetrack pattern as a convenient lull to let the eyeballs return from their short study of the underside of the cranium and the bladder to assume its normal shape (the Direction Officer also indulges in a little amphalo - scepis on his lack of sufficient reasons for being where he is), diligently center the "meatball" on the landing system mirror while at the same time defying the ship to impede your consumate skill and power by carrying 90%, land with a bone jarring crunch that bottoms everything on the aircraft and, though anticipating a declaration, the throttles are two-blocked full forward (sort of like approaching a yellow traffic signal with an automobile and simultaneously applying full brake and gas pedals), whisper some delirious comment to the other Damoclean crew member because the shoulder harness held true (those whose shoulder harnesses have been loose on landing can easily be recognised by the step functions in their physiognomy), taxi frantically from the impact area to whatever fate the operations officer has next in store!



**NOTICE TO ALL HOUSEHOLDERS IN MARRIED QUARTERS
DEPARTMENT OF WORKS INSPECTION OF MARRIED QUARTERS**

As a result of an inspection of Married Quarters the Termite Inspector has reported certain practices harmless enough in themselves, which are not consistent with good care and maintenance of dwellings.

Specifically these are:

PRACTICE	COMMENT
(a) The attachment of gauze or wire netting to brickwork and/or nailing of boards or wooden frames to outside walls.	These practices create a fire hazard and tend to encourage termites which, under these conditions, may more easily reach the main structure.
(b) Ivy and honeysuckle vines climbing on walls have penetrated the roof space and fouled the gutters. Wattle trees close to houses also contribute to gutter fouling and are in addition a fire risk.	These conditions speed deterioration and lead to a disproportionate expenditure on maintenance.
(c) Cases in which fire-wood was stacked against timber clad walls were numerous.	This constitutes a fire hazard and exposes houses to attack by termites.

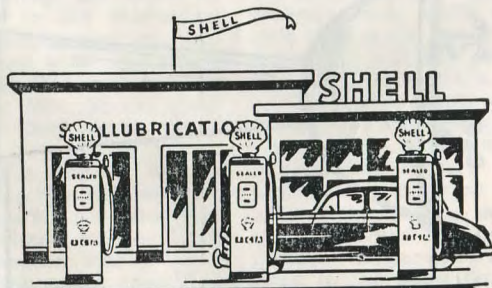
All residents of Married Quarters are to take necessary action to eliminate these practices which increase the upkeep of houses and inevitably make them less habitable than they would otherwise be.

? ? ? ? ?

COMMANDER.

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DEPARTMENT OF JERKS INFECTION OF MARRIED QUARTERS**

As a result of an infection of Married Quarters the Termite Infector has refuted certain practices harmless enough in themselves, which are not consistent with normal care and maintenance of dwellings.

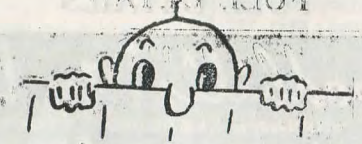
Specifically these are:—

PRACTICE	COMMENT
The attachment of gauze or wire netting to brickwork.	Gauze will not keep dogs out nor children in (nor vice versa). Overcome both problems by using barbed wire.
Nailing of boards or wooden frames to outside walls.	Screw or glue them on. (The Village Store is running Bostik as a special this week).
Ivy and honeysuckle vines climbing on walls have penetrated the roof space and fouled the gutters. Wattle trees close to houses also contribute to gutter fouling and are in addition a fire risk.	Pull down the honeysuckle. Tell Ivy to climb down by herself, and to stop fouling the gutters. Charge offending wattles with "Conduct prejudicial." Warn them that they will be responsible for disability pensions for members who fall out of them while trying to lop overhanging branches.
Cases in which firewood was stacked against timber clad walls were numerous.	Remove the cases. Re-stack the firewood against the wall. Add the chopped-up cases to the pile. This increases the thickness of timber cladding, and will keep you very much warmer.

2. All Married Quarters householders are to take necessary action to accelerate these practices which make it more difficult to keep the houses up.

? ? ? ? ?

DEMANDER



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THE DEPARTMENTS

DECISIONS — No. 1

By "The Angler"

The pay officer looked at the surrounding faces and then down at the wad of money in his hand. His brow creased in perplexity and his fingers beat a nervous tattoo on the highly polished glass table top. His eyes flicked up to meet those of the Chief — he cleared his throat and said in a tone of complete authority:

"Are you quite sure you have no more money Chief."

The Chief ran his tongue over his lips and a small trickle of perspiration coursed over his nose — he patted his pockets then eyed the P.O. in nervous desperation. The P.O. dropping his eyes studied his

shoes intently — panic stricken now the Chief turned to the leading hand who shrugged and with a nervous giggle shook his head.

Slowly the unfortunate Chief turned his gaze back to the Pay Officer and raised his hands palm upwards in a gesture of complete resignation. The Pay Officer slowly shook his head. Fixing the Chief with his cold grey eyes — he gave the inevitable decision.

"You should have realised the outcome of getting involved in this game before you started — and now that you cannot find this money there can be only one end

"I must be the pay office monopoly champion!"

GROCERS' GRUMBLES

We've a new warcry in the victualling department — "No coffee for Front line Squadrons!" after our unlucky defeat in the Station Athletics! A vote of thanks to Lt. Andrews (our trainer). They tell me he may "pay off" and take up a position as an Athletics Coach. Thanks also to all the Officers and Chiefs of the S. and S. Department for the 27 gallons of Amber Fluid which flowed freely in the Sportsmans Club afterwards.

New faces in the dept. are S.A. Jones, S.A. Marrick (Maverick) and S.A. (Shady) Lamp.

S.A. (Pedro) Morland has bought himself a new Holden (red and white) in the race to win passengers to Sydney at weekends. The Butcher has been making enquiries at Nowra Railway Station; thinks he may be getting a canine pet. On latest reports though, I believe his Squary is en route from W.A.

The Chief Pusser has declared war on the rats in the issue room. We wondered why the cheese disappeared regularly without a catch, and observed the Chief at 0600 finishing Breakfast in there. We still haven't decided whether he was eating CHEESE, RATS, OR ANY OF THE OTHER TASTY TIT-BITS THAT ABOUND IN THAT DEPARTMENT. This brings forth another ugly item about an otherwise unblemished character. Rutz was caught eating cake during working hours!!! His feeble reply was "Just testing for freshness, Chief." That's all for now, and remember the old saying,

If you're not entitled you can't have it —

If you are entitled we haven't got it.

TAB.

COUNTER JUMPERS' CORNER

When the newly-formed 817 Squadron had finished annoying the Counter Jumpers, things were beginning to get quieter, but another worry cropped up then. There were so many draft outs coming up in the near future (and at the time, no replacements) that some of us thought we were in for a bad spin.

There are now six S.A.(S)'s, one L.S.A.(S), and one change of rate. These being:— S.A. Dunbar (Voyager), S.A. Duncan (Voyager), S.A. Mason (Vampire), S.A. Nicolai (Melbourne), S.A. Bauer (Moresby), S.A. Soden (Tarangau). The L.S.A. is Dave Thompson and the change of rate is S.A. Turner, who is changing to Assistant Cook!

Then came the news that an L.S.A.(S) and five R/S.A.(S)'s were on draft here. The new L/H is L.S.A.(S) (Lucky) Baron, who was last here in 1955. He will be working in the Main Store. Lucky's main sport is a regular visit to the Wet Can-teen.

Another turn of events is the draft of S.P.O.(S) Johnston to the Parramatta. Sorry to see you leave. Good luck in the future.

With all these drafts out and in, there have been a lot of changes in the departments by the staff.

All the same, sorry to see you leaving us, and a welcome to those joining us.



STORES PERSONALITIES

The personalities of the month are the five R/S.A.(S)'s who have recently joined us.

They are:—

R/S.A.(S) CHRISTIE, who was a storeman in Brisbane before he joined the Navy, and is keen on Soccer and Cricket.

R/S.A.(S) HUGHES, another storeman before he joined the Navy,

and hails from South Australia. He has a general interest in most sports.

R/S.A.(S) WELLS, a railway employee from N.S.W. before he joined the Navy, and is a keen Rugby League player and a "SURFIE."

R/S.A.(S) SETCH, who is from Queensland, working in a sawmill before he joined up. His main sporting interests are Cricket and Rugby League.

R/S.A.(S) FRY, was formerly a driver in South Australia and his main interest in sport is Soccer.

Welcome fellows, from the Stores Staff, and all the best.

GENERAL INTEREST

(or have you heard)

(a) S.A.(S) GIBSON from 723 Squadron Issle Centre has just returned from (let's say) his second holiday. Good to have him back.

(b) There's a certain S.A.(S) who thinks he's the hardest working man in the Navy. Any challengers ring Ext. 343.

(c) Have you heard the song "I Fall to Pieces." Well the Counter Jumpers staff have these spells. Especially in the case of a certain demand for 65 lbs. of "Metal Old" and a reply from Sydney asking whether we would like Old or New Metal.

(d) We have a new game fisherman in our midst. His specialty is gold fish.

(e) Congratulations to Lt. . . . (oops) LT. CDR. WEST, from the Naval Stores Staff. Well done, Sir.

PLANT NURSERY

Incredible it may seem, but Naval Stores Dept. is turning into a Plant Nursery, under the watchful eye of "Gardener" CPO Johnson.

WANTED . . .

For the first time the Counter Jumpers are asking for help from another branch.

What is "Wanted" is an Electrician to help turn off a record that continually plays at 6.30 a.m. every morning. "RIGHTO FELLOWS, TIME TO GET UP."

CYCLOPS.

Scriblings by the Scribes

After a hectic four months of Group Certificates, Pay Rises, B.F.C. increases and shortage of staff, the Writer Branch has at last settled down to normality. You can once again put your head around the Pay Office door without fear of having it snapped off!

We all had an enjoyable afternoon at the Sports, and are proud of the S. & S. results. Congratulations to Bill Ott, our strong-arm man with the shot and to the aged "gent" on winning the veteran's race. The greatest reward to both of them was the filling of their cups in the Sportsmen's Club after the sports.

Lieutenant Maxwell, the latest holder of the Supply Officer (Cash's) chair was shocked the other day to hear of the man who was hit by

the Mini-Minor and had to go to hospital to have it taken out! !

We will be losing "Bomber" Atkinson in the near future as he will be departing for Korea.

He is quite excited at the prospect of one shower a week and kibbers for breakfast. He hasn't told us which nationality he will be living with, but we can guess.

Terry Redden is also leaving us for the great big world outside. He is planning to visit South America. Best of luck, Terry.

The recent weather we have been having has caused a lot of muttering by (one) of the Chief Writers. It is rumoured that he is volunteering for a further two years in P.K. to get a sun tan.

ANOTHER FROM SID'S REPERTOIRE

THE PUNTER

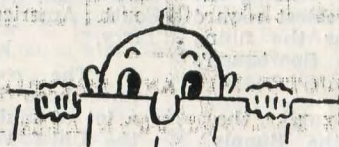
I'm a punter on horses;
A fair judge of pacing —
You'll find me on Saturdays
Where they are racing.
I have no other vices
Such as drinking or drugs,
But for playing the horses,
I'm one of the mugs.

The Bookies all know me
And so do their wives.
On my hard-earned money
They've the time of their lives.
Fine dresses and motor cars,
They're prosperous you see,
On the shekels they gather
From Muggins like me.

Now punting's a mania,
In fact it's a craze.
The Books are all "Honest . . ."
But mine never pays.
I've subscribed to them all,
With pounds, shillings and pence,
And I'd still be financial
If I had any sense.

The systems I've studied
Invariably fail.
Some chaps who have used them
Have finished in jail.
For they're all based on horses,
The champs and the crockies
And a system is useless
When it leaves out the jockeys.

So: I'm just a Mug Punter,
Some call me a dope;
Still trying to pick winners,
Just living on hope.
I am broke but still cheerful
I've just pawned my togs,
And if you wish to find me —
I've GONE TO THE DOGS!



WOT? NO SLIPSTREAM!?!!

Kook's Korner — What is a Birdie?

Birdies come in assorted colours — camel brown, auburn, platinum blonde, red, brunette, henna, blue, pink, green, grey or ash blonde, as meets the occasion.

All birdies have one thing in common. They are detested by all cooks.

Birdies are found everywhere. At Ucker parties, at Smokies, skulking behind hedges, in the Cafeteria 23 hours out of the 24 and playing Juke boxes in Nowra pubs.

A birdie going ashore looks like nothing out of this world. He can be distinguished by . . .

White sox (not too clean)

Black pointy shoes (2 sizes too large)

Snake proof strides (not to match the ankle length jacket).

A birdie returning from his leave . . . same as above with the addition of one or two black eyes.

A birdie likes chocolates, gossip, breakfast in bed and other men.

A birdie dislikes . . . work, any thought of work, soap, divisions.

Nobody but a birdie can get so merry on one 7oz. glass of beer.

Nobody but a birdie can be so illogical (if you don't know what illogical means do what I did — look it up in the dictionary).

Nobody but a birdie can cram into his face three T bone steaks, four pounds of chips and unlimited bread and butter.

When you walk down the street, go for a swim, sit on the beach, go for a picnic, visit the pictures . . . who is it that clutches your arm and bites you for a fiver . . . A BIRDIE.

Perhaps there will be a response from the Air Branch, entitled "What Is A Cook?" next month! The field is wide open! —Editor.

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SICK BAY SCRIBBLES

● The Bay has been a hive of activity, though this has been without the outward and visible signs of the hidden internal drama! . . . Exams! . . . E.T.I., followed by kelly S.B.A.'s written and oral, and to top off the week, the professional A.B.C.D. exams! Well, the very best of luck to us all!

● Hear about the S.B.A. who saw Doc. Firth, got himself turned in, was then transferred to Balmoral, and returned last week. Looks sicker (a delightful shade of pale grey) than when he started! Perhaps the view from the other side of the fence isn't really all he used to tell the patients it was . . . ?

● From the most senior member of the Department comes the following items from the annals of Medical Science (—interpreted for the lay-man):

● Our more polished (scalp-wise) Wardmaster is well up in the ranks of the Landed Gentry now, and could be approached in his office by a man wearing no head, when absorbed in dreams of wooded vistas and rolling plains. The bulldozer has done its part, and the burning off is coming on apace — too fast, in fact — hear last weekend's billy-fire cost him 3 or 4 hours hard yakka!

● Rumour has it that Jay'ell, our late correspondent, has definitely hit the front, and is moving in the Big Time these days . . . Hope he doesn't end up "flat" broke!

GEOGRAPHICAL AGES OF MEN

- 20 - 30 Years — Tri-daily.
- 30 - 40 Years — Tri-weekly.
- 40 - 50 Years — Try weakly.
- 50 - 60 Years — Try Oysters.
- 60 - 70 Years — Try Anything.
- 70 Years and Over — Try to Remember.

GEOGRAPHICAL AGES OF WOMEN

- 16 - 25 Years — LIKE AFRICA: Partly virgin, partly explored.
 - 25 - 35 Years — LIKE INDIA: Hot and mysterious.
 - 35 - 45 Years — LIKE EUROPE: Devastated, but interesting in parts.
 - 45 - 55 Years — LIKE AMERICA: Highly efficient, but dollar conscious.
 - 55 - 65 Years — LIKE AUSTRALIA: Everybody knows where it is but nobody wants to go there.
 - 65 Years and Over — LIKE U.N.O.: It functions, but nobody is interested.
-



Have a good sports afternoon, Dear?

Dining Out ?

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'Phone 2 2324

Luncheon 12 noon to 2 p.m.

Dinner 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Beagles Bit

Have just found out that this article from the Beagles branch is to be in to the Editor to-day, so here goes.

Nothing much has been going on except the sports, in which the Supply branch came second after being 10 points in front. Our main players being Ken Shaw, Johnny Hill, "Jibba-Jibba" Ondyn, Barg Roddie, Moses Powell, etc., not forgetting those bods like Wheelbarrow who tried, but didn't reach the finals.

We have had the pleasure of being joined by 2 new bods from the place of learning (?) — Flinders. They are Evan Thelander, from Mareeba in Queensland, and "Cats" Baxter from that little bin up north, Darwin.

On top of that we have our old unwelcome friends from 817 Squadron back with us (not that we really mind, it just gives us more to argue about and more to argue with).

With Admirals coming up, the Wardroom is a place of activity, with bods running around with paint and

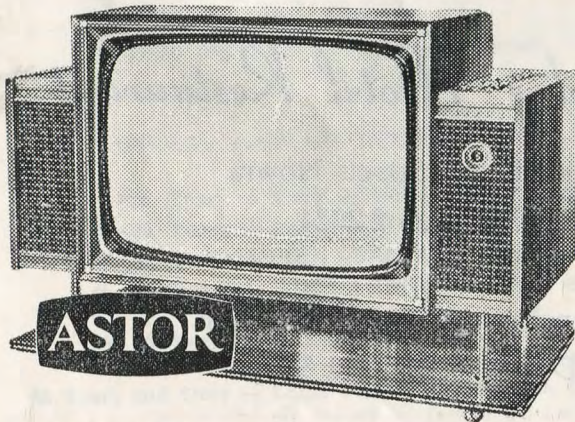
brushes, extra mops, brooms, etc. I'm sure everyone will be glad when the Admiral comes along, kicks us in the seat of our pants and goes again. That puts one in mind of a certain Q.M. who made the pipe, "The Admiral's barge is now alongside. Out all offal!" Wonder if the thick and thin is still trying to get his own back.

After 15 ODD years the service is losing one of its Chief Stewards, Ernie Cox, a lad who joined the R.N. in or around 1940 (no one knows exactly when!) then changed over to the R.A.N. in '48 for want of a better service and country. After looking at that record, and rows of fruit salad, I'm sure he can brush enough salt from his shoulder to cover my dinner. Anyway, well done, Ern. we all hope you have a long, quiet and happy retirement.

Well, it's on those words that I feel I must close and get to work before someone gets on my back. So till next time

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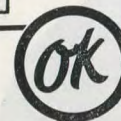


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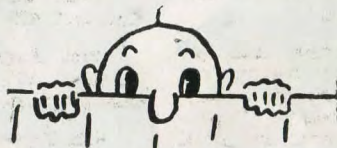
THE WINNER

AND A GALAXY OF STARS





Miss Fluff . . . That is not what I meant by "Strip to the waist."



WOT? NO SLIPSTREAM!?!

Sporting Notes

The Gravelbellies Growl

With the coming of warmer weather, it is expected that our number of hopeful rifle shooters will increase and so it proved on Sunday, Sept. 8th, when ten members attended at the range. Conditions were ideal and some of the new shooters put up quite creditable scores. Although no reports have been published in recent months, the local keen members, admittedly few in number, have continued to attend the Nowra rifle range each Sunday morning.

In recent weeks, our most Frank McPheron and Les Shepperd, while our other steady shooters have maintained consistent scores.

It is hoped in the near future to have our own rifle range established outside the airfield on the western side of Braidwood Road. It will be a multi target range extending over three hundred yards, perhaps longer at a later date. Most likely, a skeet range will also be included and other uses, as devised by the Gunnery section. For those interested, other members are willing to assist and coach on shooting procedures, rifles may be used from the Gunnery section and personal rifles may be procured at low cost after joining the club.

On Sunday, August 18th, an eight man team, social match, was contested at the Nowra range against H.M.A.S. Melbourne. Shooting conditions were ideal and both teams were evenly matched, as improved shooters have been

after two stages were completed, Albatross had a narrow lead of 20 points. In the third and final stage of snap shooting, the pressure was really on and the lead fluctuated as each score was recorded. On final checking, Albatross won by a small margin of 43 points, 853 to 810.

In recent months, Albatross has been participating in the R.A. N.E.A.A. intership and establishment competition. Due to our limited numbers it has at times been difficult to field a team of six reliable shooters, as and when required to compete. However, consistent shooting by Brian Weaver, Dick Allchin, "Yogi" Uebel and Butch Jenkins, ably assisted by Frank McPheron, Les Shepperd, Frank Wilkinson and Lt. Tapping, have enabled a team average of over 600 to be maintained. With four competitive shoots completed, Albatross have attained 2,613 pts., the closest contender being Melbourne, who, having completed three shoots, trail by some 800 points. The results of completed shoots are as follows:

15th May — Albatross 680, Kuttabul 484, Watson 360, Sydney 332.

17th July — Albatross 643, Kuttabul 499.

21st August — Albatross 601, Kuttabul 303, Sydney 313, Dest. and Frigates 460.

4th September — Albatross 689, Kuttabul 284, Dest. and Frigates 279.

Gliding Club

"Spring is sprung" and with it the club returned to better flying conditions last week-end. John Crawley won the day with a 45 minute flight, with three flights in excess of 20 minutes, and a few others in double figures.

In the near future we expect to take delivery of our new aircraft, a medium performance single seater. Though it will be restricted to the more experienced members, we hope it will stimulate some enthusiasm amongst members in general.

A TRAINEE PROGRAMME

Accent in the club at the moment is on training of all grades of pilots. A more intensive dual instruction programme has been adopted with the intention of producing a well-rounded pilot.

The usual procedure for a new member of the club is to have several flights for familiar-

isation with the aircraft, after which dual instruction commences in earnest. After about 30 to 40 trips on the average, the initiate is sent for his first solo, after which a series of solos are interspersed with more instruction, until advanced training is commenced.

This latter stage includes early instructor training, aerobatics, instrument flying, etc.

As pilots become progressively more experienced, they become eligible for selection to fly in the National Championships, which are held annually. This includes cross-country flying, the best flight by our club members being in the region of 180 miles flown by C.P.O. Keith Hodges.

Any persons interested in joining the club are requested to contact a member of the club, or to come down to the runway any week-end the club is flying.

Gun Club Gossip

Once again there is little news to report, though steady progress is being made and the new trap shouldn't keep us waiting much longer. A recent Audit surprised the treasurer into action and the final result was pleasing. We actually have money in hand to buy cartridges and trophies as soon as the trap is finalised.

For those interested the best types of shotguns for clay pigeon shooting are the "under and overs" and the automatics. With the under and over, I would specify the first barrel 3/4 choke and the second full. An automatic would need a full choke. Generally speaking a gun

that is good for high flying ducks is suitable, as both sports are similar. Don't be discouraged if you don't own either of the above types. Your field shooting will improve a hundred fold after a few days clay pigeon shooting, whether your prized possession be a chromeplated automatic or a bent up old double barrel.

SAFETY HINT OF THE MONTH:

Never rest your gun or rifle on the tip of the barrel. A wad of dirt up the spout is all that's needed to split the barrel or blow the bolt back into your cheek!

"FULL CHOKE."

RULES

ALBATROSS BEATEN BY FLAGSHIP

Albatross went down to the tune of five goals in the match versus Melbourne at home on Sunday, August 18.

The local side was below strength and in the second half included several men who had not played for some time.

Melbourne was also below full strength with Les Whelan and Balmain rover "Nipper" Birss still suffering from injuries received in the inter-service matches.

There was little between the

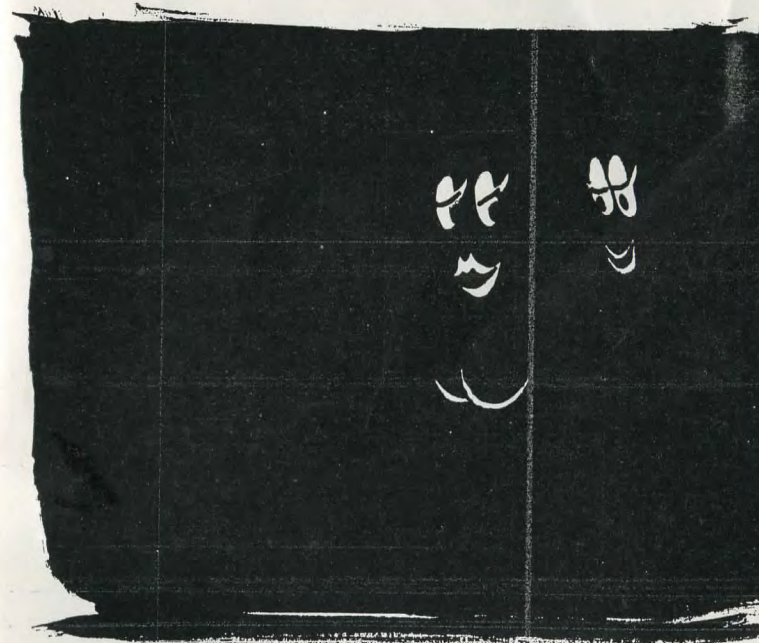
two sides at half-time, Melbourne led 5-4-34 to 4-3-27.

In the last half Melbourne began to really get on top and by three quarter time they were 3 goals ahead of the home team.

The last quarter saw Melbourne completely dominating play and they ran out eventual winners with the final score being Melbourne 11-11-77, Albatross 6-3-39.

Best for the winners was Dobbie, Morris, Hopkins and rover Williams, while Albatross was best served by Onley, Wells, Ken Staff, Polsen, McDonald and Saunders.

K. BOLLEF.



No more Slipstream? — I guess we'll just have to sit and watch the T.V. — or something . . .



WHAT? NO MORE SLIPSTREAM!???

LET'S HOPE WE MEET AGAIN





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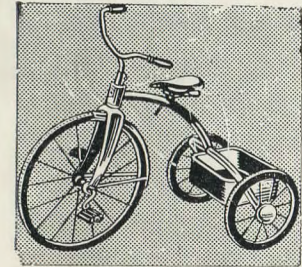
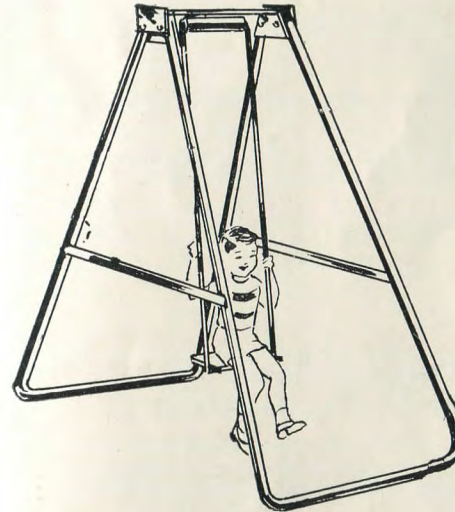
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