



SLIPSTREAM

THE JOURNAL OF H.M.A.S. ALBATROSS



No. 35

MARCH, 1960.

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SLIPSTREAM

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

No. 35

MARCH, 1960

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CONTRIBUTORS!

Next month our BIRTHDAY ISSUE goes to press! The following contributions are needed:

Corny old jokes

Childish humour

Deeply serious dissertations

Sketches, cartoons.

Get busy now and send in your stuff. Deadline is FRIDAY, 8th APRIL.

EDITORIAL

IT'S UP AGAIN

THE NEWS that beer prices have risen once more has brought gloom and despondency to many household. The male will accept with equanimity a moderate amount of discomfort:— meat has gone up — bread is another penny — butter has risen — after all, such things are the responsibility of our wives. But why, we ask despairingly, with hands cast up to Heaven, must they interfere with our stable food?

"They" are of course the cause of it all — the impersonal "they" who initiate all unpopular moves; "they," against whom we rail uselessly, that shadowy body to whose malignant interference all our discomforts can be assigned.

And though "they" have increased the price of beer! Do "they" ever consider the effect on the economy of the country? What about the poor bottleohs, whose income will decline alarmingly? Think of the lowly garbage collector who ekes out his miserable pittance with a few extra bob from the sale of empty bottles?

And now consider us — the drinkers. After all, charity begins at home, and we are going to suffer. The overall effect will be to cause increased friction in the home — who knows, "they" may ultimately be responsible for a rise in the divorce rate. This friction will arise through a chain reaction.

(a) Our wives must conduct their housekeeping on less cash. (If beer costs more, something must go short, and obviously that something is food).

(b) They will nag at us for more money. (Reason — wives don't like seeing their children starve).

(c) We will nag back. (After all, we haven't any more money).

This of course provides livings for more judges in the Divorce Courts, but we derive no benefit from that.

The drinker, the quiet henpecked bloke who yields to his spouse, may accept any one of the following three alternatives. None are beneficial — but there is no choice.

1. Cut out drinking altogether. This suggestion is, of course a joke. Here's the second.

2. Brew your own. To assist those who choose this course "Slipstream" prints in this issue a couple of good recipes. The beer produced isn't bad, but so much time is spent in making the stuff that one is too exhausted to enjoy the results. Not recommended.

3. Drink sherry. At £1 per gallon, (and two bob back on the jar) sherry now works out much cheaper than beer. In each demijohn there are 96 sherry glasses of grog — or, for the chap who likes to curl his fingers around a moderate-sized pot, 18-20 glasses. Result — a saving of at least three shillings and MUCH more effect! The Two Schooner Screamer can now become the Single Sherry Shrieker!

After all this whole editorial is only theory to your humble servant. I SHALL drink just as much — my wife WILL NOT argue — and she WILL NOT see a copy of this month's "Slipstream."

MINUTE TO THE EDITOR FROM THE SUB-EDITOR

Thinking back as far as my memory is reliable, it seems that "Slipstream's" Personality of the Month is always a "Pom," and your Sportsman of the Month is usually an Aussie.

If this is fortuitous, it would seem to show that only Aussies are athletic, and only "Pommies" have Personality. Proving the old saying I suggest, that those that can, do, whilst those that can't talk about it.

Or in my case write about it, for I remain,

A non-athletic, unpersonable Pom,

2

THE SUB-EDITOR.

OUR DOCTOR SPREADS HIMSELF

("O that this too too solid flesh would melt" . . . Hamlet)

You're slowing down, you're getting heavy, your clothes are tightening and your flesh slackening. You no longer take those three front steps in one, it's ages since you walked more than half a mile at one go, and no one asks you to represent the department any more, not even at darts.

Yes, this is you, the average over-thirty, over-mechanised, over-weight citizen of H.M.A.S. Albatross. What's that, you don't want to play any more sport? Ah, but this is serious brother — its your future we're talking about. Those pounds of blubbery fat that you carry around with you are quietly but effectively nibbling away your life expectancy.

No alarmist talk this, for Life Insurance companies are unsentimental and only interested in keeping you alive so that you can continue to hand over those lovely investable premiums. They know that a fat man won't live as long as a thin one. They know that if an operation is necessary the chances of a thin man surviving it are much greater than those of a fat man. They know that the fat man is more prone to high blood pressure, coronary thrombosis, diabetes, arthritis and other unpleasant afflictions. That's why you'll find as a fat man that they'll put some 10 per cent on your life premiums for every inch that your belly is bigger than your chest. As we noted, unsentimental but realists.

Well, how do we reduce our weight and what should it be? Your ideal weight is related to your height, age and body build, and there are many tables correlating these factors. Having determined what you should be, the effort to reduce must come from you, and it involves will-power.

Drugs will not slim you, neither will exercise. Indeed exercise often stimulates the appetite and makes matters worse. Drugs can only ease the pangs of hunger, and then only for a short time.

You just have to diet. If your body can get along on 2000 calories a day and you consistently eat or drink 2500, then you'll put on a pound of fat a week. If on the other hand you take in only 1500 calories a day, you'll lose a pound a week — and you'll feel hungry at first.

So find yourself a table of calorie values in one of your wife's magazines and starting counting your daily intake. As an example a 10 oz. glass of beer equals 120 calories.

Aim to lose a pound a week, no more, and at the same time educate yourself to "think thin." Remember that you dig your grave with your teeth, and that the only exercise of value in reducing is that involved in pushing back your chair from the table.

If you're one of those lucky ones whose body burns up the calories as fast as you pour them in and whose weight hasn't varied in fifteen years, well go ahead and enjoy yourself, you'll probably get ulcers anyway . . . we doctors can't lose.

FROM AN ADMIRALTY CIRCULAR:

It is necessary for technical reasons that these warheads should be stored with the top at the bottom and the bottom at the top. In order that there will be no doubt which is the bottom for storage purposes, it will be seen that the bottom of each has been labelled with the word "top."

MEMO FROM A COSTING OFFICER

The undermentioned list is of the aforementioned project number list, and is for these lists to be sent direct to the above with the above lists inserted on the above, and will you please, therefore.

3

STATION PERSONALITY No. 35

LT. CDR. W. A. PERREN



RELINQUISHING a promising military career at the age of 12, when as a member of the London Rifle Brigade he had been in a guard of honour for the then Duke of York, W.A. Perren left England in 1930 to settle in Australia. There he retained his affection for firearms but realised that life would be much easier if his guns were carried for him, so he joined the R.A.N. as an embryo gunner in 1934.

Training and service in F.N.D. and H.M.A. Ships Canberra, Sydney, Albatross and Hobart filled in the pre-war years during which Ordinary Seaman Perren became Petty Officer Perren and visited U.K. to exchange Albatross for Hobart in 1938.

Courses at the legendary Whale Island preceded promotion to Gunner in 1941 and subsequent service in Shropshire, during which a talent for gunnery was given full play during the battle of Surigao Strait when Gunner Perren was Fire Control Officer on board the cruiser. In this action, which was the largest surface engagement of the war, nine Japanese warships including the battleship Yamashiro were in action against Shropshire and a "small screen of nine American battleships." The first three salvos from Shropshire had her target ablaze and eventually only two Jap destroyers escaped, losses on the Allied side being confined to two PT boats. Gunner Perren was mentioned in dispatches for his part in the battle.

After the war's end, advancement to Senior Commissioned Gunner and service at Watson and F.N.D. followed, with a period on Shropshire again during her extended paying off period. Another trip to U.K. came

in 1950 when courses were taken leading to promotion to Lieutenant and appointments as First Lieutenant to H.M.S. Marvel and H.M.A.S. Macquarie.

1953 brought Lieutenant Commander's rank and service during the next seven years was as First Lieutenant in H.M.A. Ships Macquarie, Bataan, Warramunga, Sydney and Albatross, and as Captain of Cootamundra. In this latter capacity Lt. Cmd. Perren spent five months on the pearling patrol, and some time surveying Boucout Bay in Arnhem Land.

At Albatross our First Lieutenant has, by his concern and interest in the Pig Farm and his adding of cattle to the veterinary establishment proved that beneath that rugged exterior imposed on all graduates of Whale Island beats a genial and generous heart. Although making money with true Whale Island efficiency, so far the pigs and cattle have resisted attempts to organise them in watches.

Chairman of the Sportsman's Club and leading light in the organisation of Junior Rates' social and Tombola evenings are other tasks which provide a full day, and many nights, for Lt. Cmd. Perren.

Readers !

The next issue marks the **THIRD BIRTHDAY** of your magazine. Prepare to buy heavily — a **LUCKY NUMBER** contest will be run. Each copy of "SLIPSTREAM" will be numbered, the owner of the **LUCKY NUMBER** receiving a magnificent prize. **BUY TWO — BUY THREE — BUY FOUR COPIES.**

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THE GOLDFISH CLUB

In April, 1955, 805 Squadron, equipped with Sea Furies, was embarked in H.M.A.S. Sydney, which, with H.M.A.S.'s Vengeance and Arunta in company, was rolling heavily in a short swell whipped up by a thirty knot wind.

Despite the poor weather, the whole squadron, with Lieutenant Commander F. T. Sherborne as C.O., was airborne for a strafing detail on a splash target being towed through the towering seas by Vengeance. As my own aircraft was U/S, I was flying the F.I.R. which had just completed a rebuild.

The strafing successfully completed, we started to climb in order to carry out an interception on some returning Fireflies. On the climb my engine started to surge and backfire, throwing out, so other aircraft reported, large quantities of black smoke.

Immediately I turned back towards the Fleet with my Flight Leader (and Senior P), Lieutenant J. Salthouse accompanying me. The engine was now virtually useless; land was 200 miles away; a deck landing was impossible; it was either bale out or ditch! I decided on the latter, regardless of the near gale force winds and the 30 foot waves.

With the oil pressure dropping to zero, I cut the engine and jettisoned the canopy. Losing height rapidly I went over the various checks — assisted in this by Lieutenant Salthouse on the R/T to ensure that nothing was forgotten. All too soon I was at sea level with what appeared to be the world's biggest wave advancing towards me. I flared out, then wham—!

The aircraft settled under the water very quickly. Having already released my parachute harness, I now released my straps and swam out of the cockpit now well under the water, inflated my Mae West and popped to the surface of the storm-tossed sea.

My dinghy soon inflated, and sitting in it I was comforted by the sight of Lieutenant Salthouse circling slowly above me— a guiding point for Arunta now speeding in my direction.

After only twenty minutes, I was fished out and safely on board what was, to me, the most beautiful of destroyers.

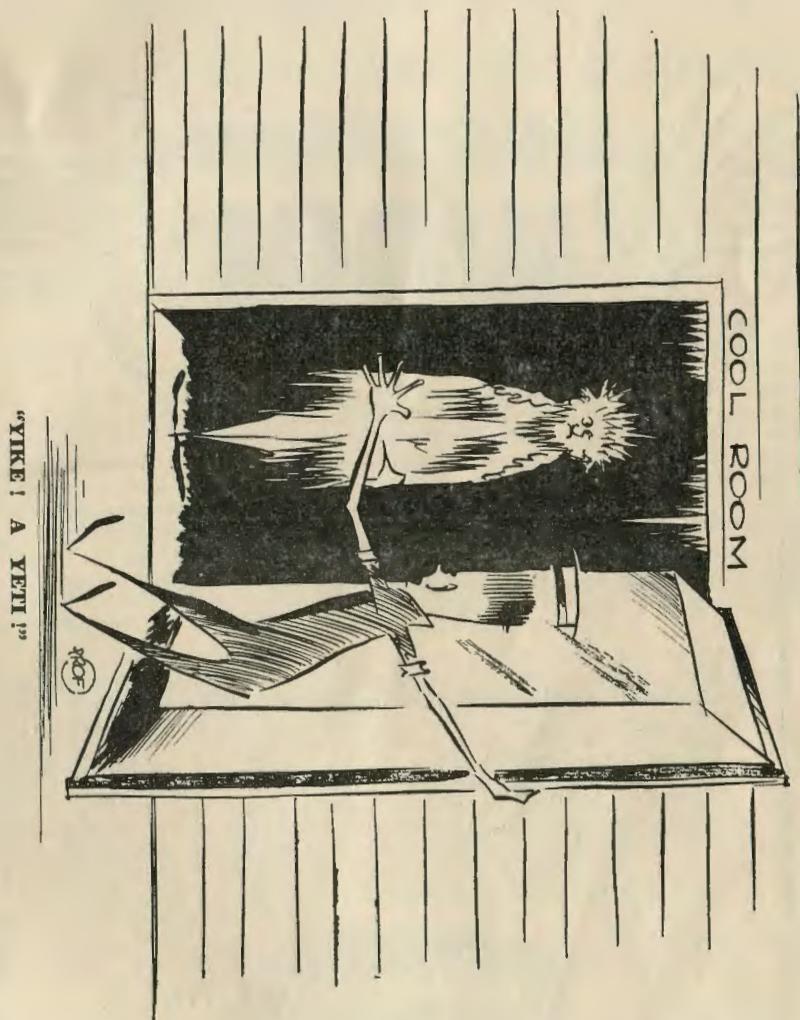
Although the weather had previously kept the 'choppers in the hangar, one now managed to get airborne and I was transferred to the Sydney for one large brandy, prescribed by the Surgeon Commander to combat "exposure" in what, in fact, was pleasantly warm water.

It was then that I recalled that the A.E.O. had warned me to be very careful of the aircraft, as, technically, it should not have been flying being F.I.R. How right he was!

LIEUTENANT J. S. WILLIAMS, R.A.N.

We hear that the Village Store has doubled its sales over the last week — mostly in butter, flour and sultanas, as wives are feverishly baking in preparation for the GIGANTIC CAKE SALE on Friday, 25th March, in aid of the Kindergarten.

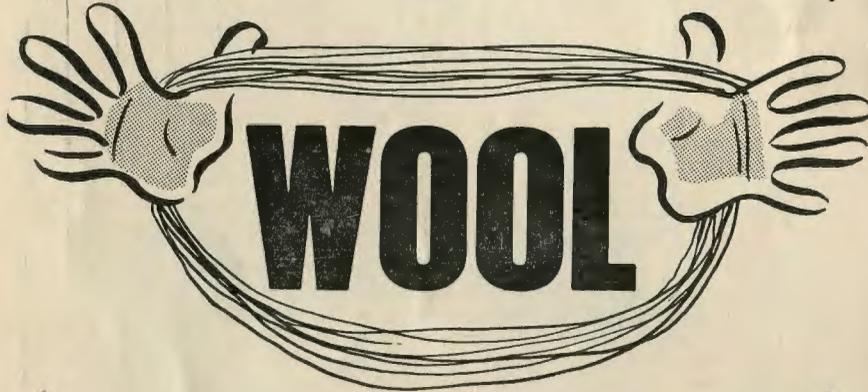
MEMO FOR ALL VILLAGE WIVES: Offer a cake to the Committee to make this sale a good one. Here's the chance to compare your cooking with your neighbours!



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"Jet" Tripleknit (12 ply)	2/8	1 oz. Ball
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"CRESWELL" CORNER

By Captain Ramsay, R.A.N.

EARLY HISTORY OF JERVIS BAY

The splendid sight which the visitor beholds as he tops the hill on the south-western corner of Jervis Bay is undoubtedly one of the finest views the Australian coastline has to offer.

The vast expanse of the Bay with the rugged cliffs of Point Perpendicular guarding the entrance, the white buildings of the college with their red roofs and, most striking of all, the white sand of the long beaches which give the water a special shade of blue. It is a most natural setting for a naval college, and an ideal anchorage for the ships of the Fleet.

Captain James Cook, in April, 1770, became the first white man to gaze upon the waters of the Bay. He gave the name "Long Nose Point" to the cliffs we know as Point Perpendicular, but he did not enter. We can only guess at what course the history of New South Wales would have followed if the "Endeavour" had entered the Bay and so given Cook a setting to compare with Botany Bay.

Lieutenant Bowen, in 1791, gave the Bay its name, but it wasn't until 1797, when the famous explorer George Bass passed through the entrance between Point Perpendicular and Bowen Island, that we have any detailed description of the Bay and its surroundings. His remarks, however, were not very flattering, as his final summary states "a wide open bay of very unpromising appearance."

The development of Jervis Bay and its surrounding countryside was rather neglected for many years, and the main hope of the colony was to overcome the barrier of the Blue Mountains. Governor Macquarie visited Bowen Island in 1811, and was favourably impressed with the Bay and the surrounding countryside.

The first settlement in the proximity of Jervis Bay was made in 1822 by Alexander Berry, near Coolangatta Hill. Further settlers arrived over the next fifteen years, but it wasn't until the land south of Goulburn was opened up that Jervis Bay came into the public eye. It seemed a natural outlet to the sea for the products of the new country, and attempts were made to find a route from the inland rich new pastures, to Jervis Bay.

This new route was the Wool Road, and construction began in 1841. The terminus township on the Bay was South Huskisson, now known as Vincentia, and by 1843 there was a monthly steamship service between Sydney and South Huskisson. However, the scheme was not a success, and the opening of the railway to Albury in 1890 spelt the finish of the seaport of South Huskisson.

The interest in Jervis Bay awakened when the Colony was granted Federation, and Jervis Bay was selected as the new Federal Port. The new scheme envisaged a railway between the capital and its port, with great naval dockyards, industries and commercial wharves. But the railway remained unbuilt, and so, without the necessary lifeline, the interest lagged, and finally disappeared.

In 1911 it was decided to establish a naval college in Australia for the training of officers for the Australian Fleet. Jervis Bay was the site chosen for the new college, and work on the buildings commenced in 1913. Next month I shall describe the early days of the college, up to the removal to Flinders Naval Depot in 1930.

Around The Station

Kerb painters, lawn trimmers, road sweepers and window cleaners. Your toll is not unrewarded . . . the three Deputy Chiefs of Staff passed pleasing remarks about the appearance of Albatross during their visit on 15.3.60.

☆ ☆ ☆

It's time those people on the gate realised that producing "Slipstream" is no sinecure, and that often the Editor must drive quickly through the gate without stopping . . . yes, even as frequently as three times in one week.

☆ ☆ ☆

Many wives insist on having a copy of "Slipstream." We wondered why. Here's one answer — the Commander's wife takes it to do the crossword, and last month won the magnificent prize. Hers was the only correct answer.

☆ ☆ ☆

Following the doctor's diatribe about obesity, the Sick Bay is to become the headquarters of the "Triangle Club." Its members are distinguished by the small triangle of light coloured material displayed in the back seam of the trousers.

☆ ☆ ☆

This should be in Derek Bome's column because we can't believe that "Slipstream's" circulation suffered because our last issue showed Sir William Slim on the cover . . . but that's what we heard.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Black Snakes Union complained of unfair methods when one of its members was killed by a spear gun near the fire station. The fact that a member of the Regulating staff had fired the weapon seemed to explain everything to the Union, for some reason.

☆ ☆ ☆

A large black snake also attacked an aircraft of the gliding club on runway 03 recently. The snake met a speedy end. Name of the glider? Kookaburra of course.

☆ ☆ ☆

We needed loads of medical ethics and much will power and repeated muttering of the Hippocratic Oath to stay our hand. Think of the possibilities . . . Derek Bome in the Sick Bay seeking treatment. What would you have done chums? Strychnine? Arsenic? Parathion? Misery me to confess that I settled for achromycin and bed. Abject apologies to ALL our readers for missing such a golden opportunity.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jet drivers, don't belittle the gliders. Given suitable conditions, a glider can go higher, travel further and stay up longer than any Venom.

THE SILENT SERVICE

"What were your first thoughts when you saw Mr. Collins fall into the water?"

"I was determined not to lose the pound he owed me."

"So you dived in and saved him?"

"I couldn't save my pound without saving him. Life's like that."

"You caught him and held him up till a policeman came didn't you?"

"I wasn't holding him up. I was searching him. The copper came too soon."

"Were you frightened as you dived?"

"No. I was quite sure I'd get my money back. I always do."

"Are you a strong swimmer?"

"When I've got something to go after. Then I swim like a beast of prey."

"I expect your family are proud of you."

"Not them. They're not likely to forgive me for pulling Tom Collins out. I'll never live it down, never."

"Have you ever rescued anyone else, Mr. Thompson?"

"Yes. I once pulled one of my debtors clear of a reversing bus. What with principal and interest he was worth all of seven pounds to me."

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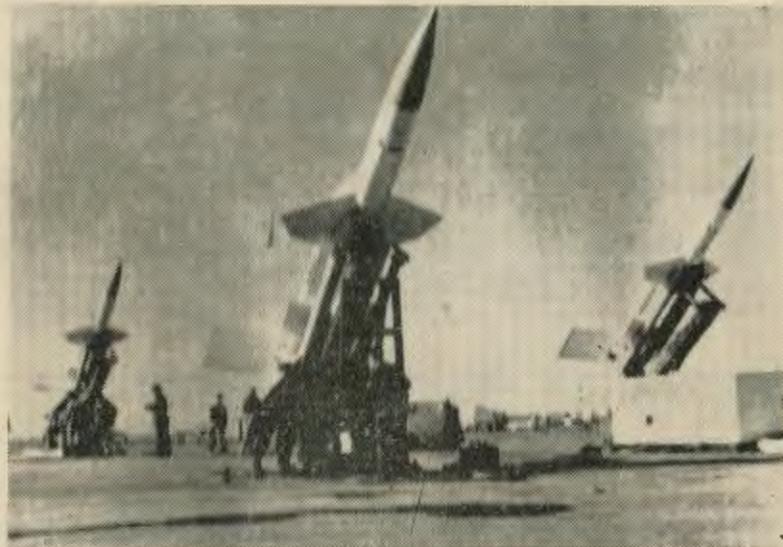
Assistant:
B. W. ROBERTSON
(Ex. R.A.N.)

94 DOUGLAS STREET, NOWRA

MISSILES WE MAY ONE DAY SEE

"BLOODHOUND"

ALTHOUGH BLOODHOUND is not a Naval weapon, we include it in our series, for it is possibly the FIRST guided missile we will see! Ordered by the Royal Australian Air Force for the defence of Sydney, this surface-to-air weapon, manufactured by Bristol-Ferranti, also forms Britain's medium-range deterrent to bomber attack, and a large number has been purchased by Sweden.

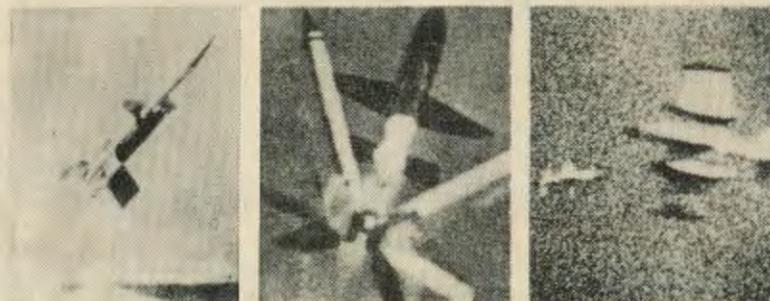


BLOODHOUND is powered by two 16 inch Thor ram-jets, using kerosene as fuel, being assisted off the launcher by four solid-propellant boosters, which fall away after the main motors have fired. Having a length of 22 feet, and body diameter of 21 inches, it's firing weight is 2½ tons, of which one ton is booster weight.

The target is found by a STINGRAY narrow beam radar, and reflections being picked up by a receiver in the nose of the missile. Servo systems are activated, moving the sharply tapered wings, which steer BLOODHOUND on a collision course with the target. When the weapon approaches to within lethal range, a proximity fuse fires. At present, the warhead is conventional, but eventually a nuclear device will be incorporated.

With a range of up to 80 miles, and a speed of 1900 m.p.h., BLOODHOUND is a fearsome enemy. Loading of rounds may be described as cumbersome, compared with Naval practice, as a gantry is used to place the missile on the launcher, the latter being fixed in elevation at 45 degrees, able to be trained laterally through 360 degrees.

Supplied with each launcher is one STINGRAY radar, individually coded so that each BLOODHOUND of a battery remains tuned to its own beam.



1. Missile fires.
2. Boosters fall away.
3. Bloodhound homes on target.
4. Destruction.



TARGET INDICATION

An aircraft battery of BLOODHOUNDS uses operators seated before Plan Position Indicators, looking towards a central information board. A controller has a Television picture of all radar presentations. The key man is an allocator, whose job is to track each target for a little while after it has been picked up, identify it, and give it a number. His data goes into an electronic brain, which works out range, height, speed. After preliminary details of each target have been calculated, a Target Selection Office details a tracker to take over a particular target, and as the tracker follows, more information is fed into the data store. The Target Selection Officer decides when the target can be engaged by a particular site, then feeds the stored information to the selected STINGRAY, which aligns itself to lock-on and follow the target. The missile launcher follows the radar movements, firing being semi-automatic.

We may expect to see a BLOODHOUND battery in the Dee Why area of Sydney in the near future, and a close inspection will show the sleek deadlines of these missiles.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I have pleasure in enclosing a completed crossword from your February issue, not so much in the hope that it will win anything, as to show you that your journal is read with interest and appreciation at the Naval College.

Let me congratulate you on a splendid magazine.

(Mrs.) C. CROOK,
Royal Australian Naval College.

THE COMBAT SURVIVAL COURSE

THE HEROES of the country have always been the big bronzed Aussies who have passed through the Canungra Jungle Training Centre. Legend had it that the course was strewn with the bones of the thousands who couldn't make the grade. So the news of my appointment for a Combat Survival Course conjured up visions of a pathetic, bedraggled skeleton crawling out of the jungle on hands and knees after fighting off all manner of wild animals and reptiles for a fortnight.

My fears were not dispelled on meeting the N.O.I.C., who, when last sighted, had been a comfortable eighteen stone. "Knocked three and a half stone off me," he declared proudly, patting his flat hard-muscled solar plexus with a hand like a leg of mutton.

After being equipped with jungle greens, machete, water bottle and a few other luxuries of life, we adjourned to the mess for a few jugs of the amber stuff to break the course in gently, then ambled off to our tents wondering who on earth had given us the wrong gen on this tough Canungra course. Our rather ragged systems received quite a shock next morning when the course proper began, and we were lined up at 0645 to double a mile from our tents to the mess for breakfast. The short freckle-faced N.O. stumbling along beside me sounding off like the original steam train stated later that he was amazed at my fitness — I didn't appear to be breathing heavily at all. (Anybody knows that one can't breathe and be violently ill at the same time).

This gentle introduction completed, we commenced a week of lectures and outdoor exercises, a delightfully excruciating form of torture which consisted mainly of doubling along a bush track with the instructor periodically shouting "Cover" at which word we all had to look around, sight the nearest clump of stinging nettles and dive headfirst into it. If perchance, no nettles were handy, a well-concealed ants nest could produce just as much hilarity.

As the week progressed we learned to live off the jungle, what to eat and what not; how to move through the undergrowth (cut it down); through lantana (don't); and how to cross water courses, etc. The Press and T.V. thought the latter worth recording, and one afternoon an army of these peculiar people descended on us. After being filmed stuffing a flying suit with straw (this was done to float across a stream, and not, as one army type suggested, to resemble an aviator), the course changed to swim suits to demonstrate. Rather unfairly, the photographer kept his camera trained on us, so the Brisbane T.V. fans obtained a delightful view of lingerie-clad behinds of N.O.'s pointing skyward.

On Wednesday we participated in a day navigational exercise which our instructors contemptuously described as "a walk down-hill." That evening we contemptuously described the instructors. On Friday the secret weapon was brought forth — a weekend at Surfer's Paradise. This proved undoubtedly the toughest part of the course. Little can be said about it, owing to security! Suffice to say that it was a relief to return to Canungra, with cries of "You adorable Jungle Man" from the girls we left behind.

Sunday night my greatest moment arrived — a night in the jungle alone. After erecting my pup-tent from a parachute, I lit a fire (twenty matches), and cooked the evening meal. This was an unqualified success, consisting of a soup cube heated in water, with fern leaves and roots of the wild ginger. I slept quite soundly until 0100, when a number of huge animals crashing about in the undergrowth and uttering hideous noises

awoke me, shivering with terror. The possums grow to an enormous size up there!

The next morning we were paired off for the four-day march. As the N.O.I.C. had explained in his best accent for the A.B.C. during an interview, "There must be two for safety reasons, old boy. Just in case one trips over a jolly old rock."

The country through which we marched was the most rugged in Australia, combining the Rocky Mountains and the Amazon jungle. All except one couple made the midday rendezvous on the second day. The exceptions were found a few miles too far east apparently heading back towards Surfer's!

At the end of this day we reached the next rendezvous almost exhausted and fed up with life and fern leaves and wild ginger! Then we were given the final position to head for — naturally, the place from whence we had started. Fondly fondling our machetes and eyeing our instructors' necks, we set off.

I broke the record for the first stage of the journey back, down an almost vertical escarpment. The fall appeared to be screamingly funny to my partner, naturally a R.A.A.F. type. The remainder of the return journey was almost uneventful, except for the bloke who slept with a snake in his hammock for five hours, and the Navy type who ate one for breakfast.

Nothing could have presented a more beautiful view as we climbed over the last cliff, to see the instructors with a brew boiling, and real food. The ordeal was over.

Motto of the Canungra camp — DON'T BE FRIGHTENED — BE FIT!



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THE HOME BREW

Ingredients: 10 lb. Malt Extract; 5 lb. Sugar (white); $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Hops; 5 oz. Brewers Yeast; 5 oz. Sugar (white) made into a boiled sugar solution; 5 Doz. clean bottles; 5 Doz. bottle seals.

Method: Add Malt and sugar and Hops to approximately 11 gallons of water (copper) and bring to the boil. Allow to simmer for approximately 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Strain thoroughly and allow to cool to approximately 80 d F. Add the yeast and mix thoroughly. Stand aside in cool place for one week. Strain again and add the sugar solution (Boil up 1 pint of water and dissolve the 5 oz. sugar in it). Make sure bottles are clean. Can be cleaned by a solution of caustic soda, and thoroughly rinsed. Fill bottles and seal. Leave one week. Drink.

NOTE: Pusser's Sugar makes the best and cheapest brew. Malt and Hops from Henry Berry's or Mauri Bros. Seals from Woolworths or Coles. Bottles from ????????. Yeast from any brewery.

GILLESPIE'S GAS

Ingredients: 1 Pumpkin; 1 lb. Raisins; 2 oz. Yeast; 1 bottle Metho; Bootpolish to taste.

Method: Cut a hole approximately 2 inches square in side of pumpkin. (Retain cut out piece). Remove seeds, etc., leaving the flesh. Mix yeast in metho, folding in raisins, and a dash of boot polish. Pour into pumpkin and seal heavily, after replacing window. Bind the pumpkin with pussers cord. Hang by stalk under convenient trees for two weeks (unless pumpkin disintegrates previously). Tap off resulting amber fluid, and sip slowly, rolling over palate to savour the thrilling taste.

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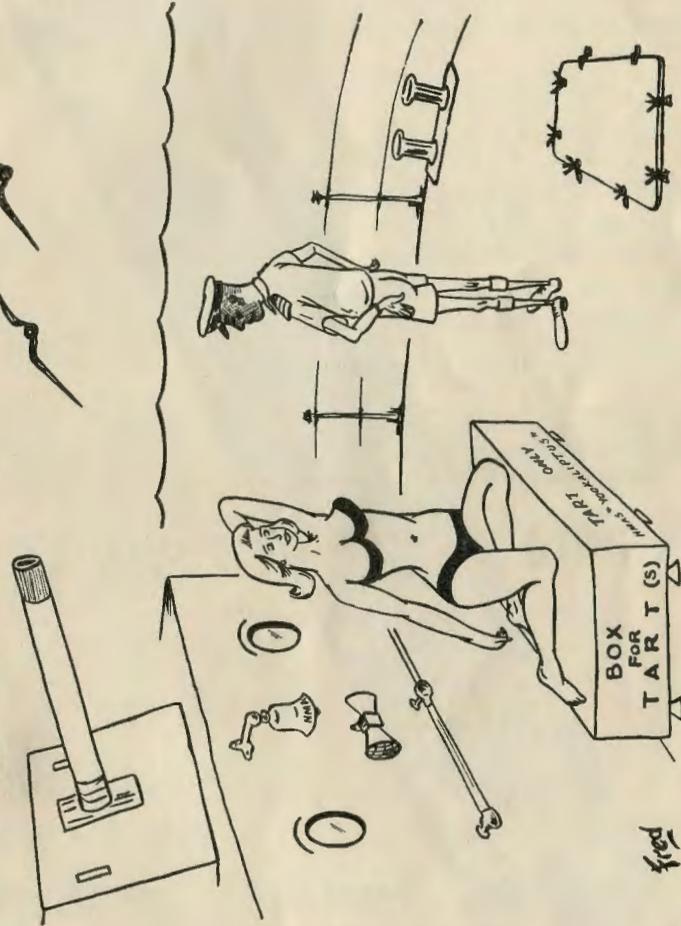
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fred

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THE NAVAL HEALTH BENEFITS SOCIETY

I would like to draw the attention of the Ship's Company to the advantages to be gained from being a member of the Naval Health Benefits Society. During the last 15 months in which I have been back in Australia after 3½ years service overseas I have had to consider a large number of applications for loans from the R.A.N. Relief Trust Fund to cover urgent medical and hospital expenses. It has been surprising how many people concerned did not belong to the Naval Health Benefits Society or to one of the many civilian organisations. The trustees of the R.A.N. Relief Trust Fund have, in the great majority of cases, no hesitation in granting loans in respect of medical and hospital expenses when they are assured of repayment in a lump sum when claims against the Naval Health Benefits Society or one of the Medical Funds are finally paid.

Examples of the benefits available are shown below and are payable as rebates against actual costs incurred. No medical benefit will exceed 90 per cent of the costs incurred by the member.

- (a) Each attendance of doctor 12/-.
- (b) Specialist when referred by G.P. £2/2/6.
- (c) Operations (dependent on their nature) up to a maximum of £25/5/-.
- (d) Hospital per day £1/16/-.

NOTE: These benefits are those in force prior to 31st December, 1959. New, higher rates, will be promulgated as soon as they are known. The big advantages of belonging to the Naval Health Benefits Society are

- (a) It covers your family wherever you may be serving and wherever they may be.
- (b) It is cheaper as allowance is made for you yourself being looked after by the Service.

At the present time, of approximately 10,000 personnel in the Navy, about 2,180 are members. There are also 396 civilian members. From June, 1953, to June, 1959, the Naval Health Benefits Society paid out £11,230 to cover hospital and £16,217 to cover medical claims. This is a total of £27,447 in one year which is a large sum under any circumstances.

A point to bear in mind is that belonging to the Naval Health Benefits Society does not stop one claiming against any civilian Fund to which you may belong at the same time. The Commonwealth Contribution is only paid once, but the advantages of being able to claim on more than one scheme should need no explanation.

In the year referred to above 380 additional Naval personnel joined the Society. This is a satisfactory increase but it must be borne in mind that the larger the membership the greater will be the efficiency of the Society and the better will be the benefits offered. I therefore ask all of you who are not members to give serious consideration to joining the R.A.N. Naval Health Benefits Society. Application forms are available at the pay office. As I said above the charges are reasonable, you make a small allotment and forget it until you are unfortunate enough to have illness in the family or until you are going to have an increase in the family.

Full details of the scheme are in C.N.O. 555/58 which can be obtained through your Divisional Officer and it should be noted that under certain conditions, membership can be continued after you leave the Service.

CAPTAIN.

STATION PETS

— No. 2 —



Possibly at some time or another everyone on the Station has sighted Buffalo, the bomb dump dog, but few would guess that he is a moody character with strange habits.

Buff's career in the bomb dump began when he was sent across to be shot. A Naval Airman took careful aim with a .303 at a distance of 3 yards. Buff seemed to sense what was going on and put on a most pitiful expression. As sailors are a mean, callous race, Buff is still with us.

His day begins the moment the tractor starts up and heads for the dump. Buff does his best to beat it, and if successful he is happy all day, but if he fails he sulks.

On the run down he never misses a swim through the small creek which drains the runways and at the end of the return trip he always ends up in the Air Ordnance gold fish pond. The tips of the A.O. Officer's boots are taking a lot of wear trying to discourage this trait. This is typical of Buff's moodiness, for one day a N/A said "Let's give him a bath" he immediately run under the bomb dump verandah and stayed there. The N/A said, "Gee, in future we will have to spell words around here."

Recently he was absent from place of duty and when placed in front of the authorities gave his excuse that he was She-ing (ski-ing). He was awarded three days stoppage of tractor chasing.

His vintage and forbears are unknown, but all in all he is a good "Shaggy Dog."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

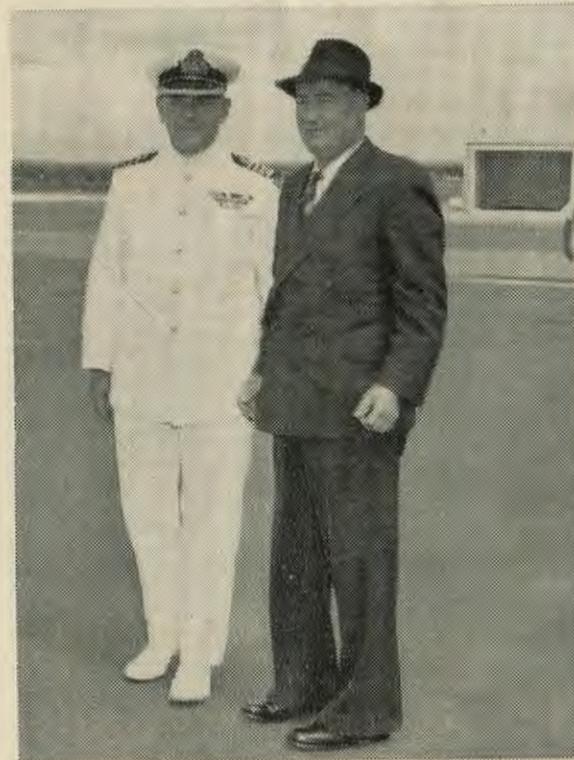
What's happening to the Wardroom? Where's the example we're supposed to be set?

Doing a little tramping around the station it occurred to me that in many way the officers could be more of a guiding light than they are. I don't mean in their duties, flying or otherwise, or divisional responsibilities, but in all those extra activities that make for the full life. How many officers in their own time have a voluntary task connected with the station and involving in some measure the guidance or leadership of leisure groups? Or the creating and planning of off-duty activity?

How many officers represent the station at sport or take an interest in the training and administration of Albatross teams? The number would be a very small percentage of the total number in the Wardroom. Why don't we have a photographic society, a dramatic society, a debating society, even a musical appreciation group. What about a motor club, with rallies and treasure hunts, etc? For these things we must look for a leader to the Wardroom, but perhaps its members are too preoccupied with their "Uckers" championships?

EX NAVAL AIRMAN

(The writer signed his name but the Editor considers it best withheld).



★ The Captain welcomes the Minister of Defence, the Hon. Athol Townley, M.P.

+ The Chaplain's Corner +

MY EASTER MESSAGE (Chaplain L. J. Breslan)

There are a few days more to the celebration of the Feast of Easter. To every Christian this Feast is a very important one. On this day we celebrate the Resurrection of Our Lord from the dead. By His Resurrection He proved that He was God. It is on such occasions that we are given an opportunity to take stock of ourselves. Perhaps for the past few months we have neglected our Spiritual Welfare. Perhaps the following may give a little help. It is a prayer of a GI on his way to death:—

Look, God, I have never spoken to you
But now I want to say "how do you do."
You see, God, they told me you did not exist . . .
And like a fool . . . I believed all this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw your sky,
I figured right then they told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see the things you made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if you'd shake my hand?
Somehow . . . I feel that you will understand.
Funny, I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had the time to see your face.
Well . . . I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I am sure glad, God, that I met you today.
I guess the "zero hour" will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid, since I know you are so near.
The signal . . . well, God, I'll have to go.
I like you, this I want you to know.
Look, now I'm going to fight . . .
Who knows? I may come to your house tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly with you before,
I wonder, God, if you'd wait at your door?
Look, I'm crying — me shedding tears!
I wish I had known you these many years.
Well, I have to go now, I'll say goodbye.
Strange . . . since I met you, God, I'm not afraid to die.

OPERATION "GOOD FRIDAY"

For the Roman centurion and the soldiers, who were detailed to carry out the crucifixion of Jesus, operation "Good Friday" was a task, in which none of them wanted to take part. Reconstructing the scene in his book "The Robe," Lloyd Douglas describes the feelings of these men. "If I were you," said one of them to the centurion, who had just chided them for drinking too much, "I would take as much of this as I could hold! You're going to crucify a man to-day! Ever see that done? Drink that! All of it! If you don't, you'll wish you had. What you're going to do is not a job for a sober man."

No person in his right mind would ever have wanted any part in this operation. As we look at that cross on Calvary and its innocent victim, we are unable to escape the discomforting thought that we have all had a part in it, because Calvary would never have taken place if it had not been for human sin. Try as we may do to lay the blame at the feet of Pharisees for their intolerance, prejudice and bigotry, or at the feet of Judas for his treachery or Pilate for his cowardice or the crowd for their indifference, we cannot evade the issue that the very sins, which are current in our own day were responsible for bringing Christ to His cross long ago.

Although operation "Good Friday" was carried out as the Jewish religious leaders desired, it ended very differently from all their expectations. Those, who crucified Christ, forgot that He once said "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Through the love, which led Christ to die for the human race God was able to launch a divine operation against evil on Good Friday and as a result of His triumph over hatred and sin of every kind on the Cross, His Son has become the greatest regenerating power on earth.

By CHAPLAIN J. WILLSON

EASTER SERVICES — ST. NICHOLAS CHAPEL

Good Friday Service: 0930.

Easter Day Services: 0830 Holy Communion celebrated by Chaplain J. O. Were, of H.M.A.S. Creswell; 0930 Divine Service.

Other Lenten Services: C. of E. Communion Services are being conducted by Chaplain J. O. Were also on Friday, 1st April at 0730.

MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNSELLORS TO VISIT ALBATROSS

In order to overcome the difficulty of travelling to Sydney to consult any of the Marriage Guidance Centres, arrangements have been made for Rev. Gordon Beatty of St. Andrew's Cathedral Marriage Guidance Centre and Rev. Father Phibbs of Cusa House to visit Albatross on Thursday, 31st March. Lunch hour addresses at 1230 on Marriage Guidance will be given in the Cinema by Rev. Beatty and in Our Lady Star of the Sea Chapel by Rev. Father Phibbs. The Chaplains will arrange personal interviews with these counsellors by appointment during the afternoon.

Fallible Photo — Whose Head is it?



Answer on Page 42

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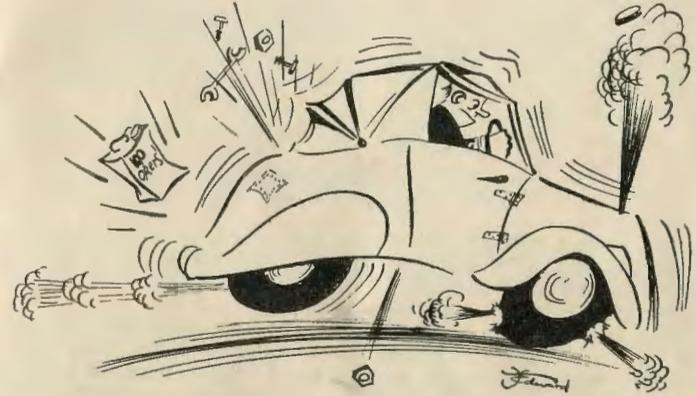
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How to be a better driver

3. — Six Feet for Safety



MANY MOTORISTS dislike driving in heavy traffic; some deliberately try to avoid it. But in fact, if you observe a few basic rules, it is safe and simple.

The most common mistake, perhaps, is keeping too close to the vehicle in front. Should it suddenly stop for any reason, you could be in serious trouble. The wise driver leaves a gap of at least six feet between his front bumper and the vehicle ahead.

Do not approach pedestrian crossings too fast; 30 m.p.h. can be too fast sometimes. Unfortunately there is a tendency these days for groups of cars, moving in tight formation, to bear down on a crossing with such speed that the man in front dare not stop for fear of the following car ramming him. This is highly dangerous.

Another important aspect of driving in traffic is — don't attempt to enter a side road except at very low speeds. If a pedestrian steps off the kerb you will have to make a "crash stop" — and, most probably the tail of your vehicle will protrude into the main road. Get into the habit of slowing down well before this kind of corner, and give your signal in good time.

A fourth simple but oft-forgotten traffic rule: give way to oncoming traffic when there is an obstruction on your side of the road. As a pedestrian you would not attempt to bulldoze your way along a busy pavement; why behave differently in a car?

There is no finer maxim than "if you want to know the way ask a policeman!" But don't pull up at a man in blue when he is controlling traffic in the centre of the road.

If you must ask the policeman because there is nobody else able to help, carry on across the junction, find a parking place that will not inconvenience other road-users, and then walk back to him.

And help to keep the traffic moving smoothly when driving by sticking to your correct lane, particularly at traffic lights.

Resist the temptation to stray into the wrong lane simply because it has a shorter queue. When turning left, or continuing straight ahead, use the left hand lane; when turning right, take the right hand lane.

In the case of a green "filter left" sign at light, you are under an obligation to take the right hand lane unless you are turning to the left. Finally, make a rule never to imitate the foolhardy tactics of some drivers who, when pulling out from behind another vehicle at the kerb, simply give an indicator signal. They assume that this gives them a divine right to pull out then, though another driver may be approaching fast.

It is selfish driving, and there is no room on our roads today for selfishness. On the other hand, if you see a driver who wants to join a slow-moving stream, let him in. After all, your courtesy will cost you only one place in the queue.

KXY PXOPLX

Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl, it works quitx wxll xx-cxpt for onx of thx kxys. I havx wishxd many timxs that it workxd pr-xctly. It is trux that thxrx arx 46 kxys that function wxll xnough, but just onx kxy makxs all thx diffxrxncx.

Somxtimxs it sxmxs that our organisation is somxwhat likx my typx-writxr — not all thx kxy pxoplx arx working propxrlly. You may say to yoursxl — "Wxll, I am only onx pxrson. I won't makx or brxak a pro-grammx!" But it doxs makx a diffxrxncx bxcausx an organisation, to bx xffixxnt nxxds thx activx participation of xvxy xmployx.

So thx nxxt timx you think you arx just onx pxrson and that your xfforts arx not nxxdxd, rxmxmbxr my typxwritxr and say to yoursxl: I am a KXY PXRSON in our organisation, and I am nxxdxd vxry much.

With acknowldgxmnts to thx OHIO POWXR SAFXTY BULLXTIN and ROAD SAFXTY.

By BALL POINT.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

The custom of playing tricks on April 1st is so ancient that the origin has practically been lost. Sending people on fruitless errands seems to stem from heathen Celtic festivals; this practice, of course having direct connections with our present way of life, whether on April 1st or not.

India from time immemorial, has had a spring festival of "Huli" end-on March 31st. Often, of course, if the grog has not run out, the celebrations carry on past midnight, and in the early morning of April Fool's Day a small "Huli" is held.

The pranks belonging to April 1st have at times changed the course of History. A batman once placed a packet of Epsom salts in Napoleon's morning cup of coffee. Napoleon was so moved by this experience that he was completely over run — by Wellington.

Then there was the jovial prank, whereby a number of worthy characters plotted the assassination of Adolf Hitler. The intending victim got wind of this and reversed the joke. Everyone split their sides with laughter.

April Fool's Day affords plenty of scope in the R.A.N. You may follow the time worn humour of despatching a dogsbody for a tin of striped paint or skyhooks for hanging helicopters from or a packet of short circuits — this last one is a Killer.

Or, if you are the original humourist, bring out a bigger, better joke. Let your imagination run riot. We will all be watching for it.

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ON

7th APRIL, 1960

FOR THE

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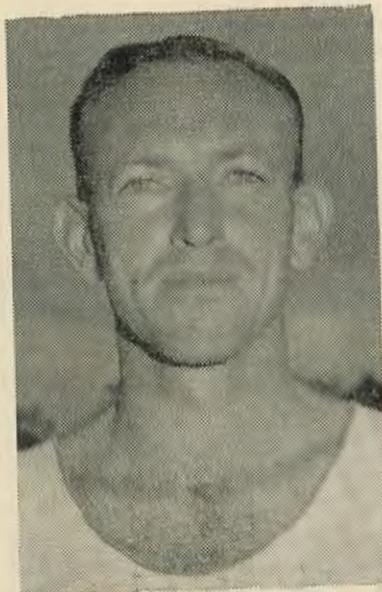
COMPERE

GUESSING COMPETITION

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS

ALL WELCOME

WHETHER MEMBERS OR NOT



SPORTSMAN OF THE MONTH

“NED” KELLY

LEM(A) R. A. R. KELLY is a versatile athlete who has probably gained the greatest number of points for the Navy in Inter Service Athletics.

Ned was born in Perth, W.A., in 1930. His parents were outstanding in the sporting world as his father was a State Baseball player, prominent racing car driver and held the South Aus-

tralian underwater record for many years of 117 yards' underwater, and remaining submerged for 3 minutes, 58 seconds, while his mother as a sprinter and tennis player was up to State standard.

Ned attended Rose Park School and Norwood High School where his sporting interests were baseball and cycling, and at the age of 14 years he threw a cricket ball 306 feet.

After serving 3½ years as an apprentice electrician he joined the R.A.N. in 1948. As the Services did not sponsor baseball and cycling, the sports at which he was most proficient, Ned watched his first Inter Service Sports from the sidelines. This did not appeal to him so he vowed that next year he would be a Navy representative. His choice was athletics and he started training for the 880 yards. In the Inter Service Sports held at Sydney the following year, Ned came 2nd in the 880 yards Championship. With the exception of one year when he was at sea in Sydney, Ned has represented the Navy in the Inter Service Sports Series and on numerous occasions has won the 440, 880 and Javelin events. At present he still holds the Inter Service Records for the Javelin with throws of 190 feet in Victoria and 186 feet in N.S.W.

Frank McCaffrey, the man who gilded him early in his Naval career and who founded the “Albatross Amateur Athletic Club” in 1951, being later honoured by being made an Olympic Official during the 1956 games, is the most impressive character he has met.

During the time Ned was a member of the Albatross A.A.C., he had wins in all running events from 60 yards to 6½ miles; every jumping event and every throwing event. Considering that he had never seen a javelin, shot or discus prior to joining the service, this is a very creditable performance. During this time Ned was runner-up in the State Country Decathlon Championship in 1952 and he won the event the following year. He also won State Country Titles for the Javelin on three occasions, the Discus throw twice, the high jump once and was placed 2nd in the 880 yards.

Ned was judged to be the Champion Athlete at F.N.D. in 1956 and has been the Champion Athlete at Nowra, winning the Victor Ludorum trophy since its inception in 1958.

Whilst a member of the Victorian Olympic Squad in 1956, Ned finished fourth in the Australian Championship with a javelin throw of 186 ft. However, later at Ballarat, with an unofficial throw he reached 207 feet.

Since 1954 he has turned his hand to golf and has represented the Navy on two occasions at Inter Service Competition. Last year he got into the semi-finals of the Nowra District Golf Championships, playing to an eight handicap.

Ned is probably the staunchest member of the “Green Empire.” At present he is “Nurse” of smart looking “Stirling Block” where he helps guide the younger members along the “straight and narrow.”

Ned has “green fingers,” as blocks under his charge have won the Gardening Award on four out of the last five occasions. He has also been an active member of the Bush Rescue Squad, where his condition has stood him in good stead during some of the searches in the surrounding rugged terrain.

Ned's advice to young aspiring sportsmen is:— Pick a sport to suit your physique and capabilities — get early coaching from a reputable coach — persevere at the hard grind of training routines until success comes — and it will!

During his time in the Navy Ned has amassed a collection of 400 trophies for athletics and 40 for golf.

Shortly he leaves the service and the perseverance and hard work which have taken him to the top in Navy sport will surely help him make a success of the Nursery he is going to run in South Australia.

Note by our Departing Sports Editor

For their co-operation, I thank all the sports correspondents I have honoured for the past eighteen months.

“Meet you at Mame's.”

SPORTS EDITOR.

SPORT AND MEDICINE

QUESTION: What are the signs of physical and mental fatigue?

ANSWER: The signs of physical and mental fatigue are:

- (1) Respiration above the normal rate.
- (2) Pallor of the skin, sometimes with sweating.
- (3) Slightly raised pulse rate.
- (4) Loss of normal appetite.
- (5) Some loss of muscle co-ordination.

The signs of mental fatigue are:

- (1) A general change in the normal disposition.
- (2) Irritability, nervousness, lack of concentration.
- (3) Disinclination to hold a conversation, lack of enthusiasm for, and interest in, work and physical effort.

Sporting Notes

THE BOAT CLUB PICNIC (or SAILING WITH TEARS)

At the outset the weather did not look at all promising, however, our Met. Department member assured us the weather would improve, clearing by late afternoon, and so we pressed on. It did in fact rain on and off all day.

Under sail were two Fireflies, three R.N.S.A.'s and one 10 Footer. Our sea rescue crash launch the "Africa Queen" towed one R.N.S.A., carrying two Kyaks.

The run down was scattered with our Met. Member way out in front in the 10 footer rowing for the lick of his life. He did, however, eventually arrive after sailing, drifting, more rowing and towing. Following this unique demonstration of seamanship, this boat is now credited with great things, not the least of which is that it is the only boat in the club. which can move in reverse under full sail. All the boats arrived and it was decided to have our lunch on Numbaa Island. Here a fire which developed into something in the order of a Guy Fawkes night celebration was lit.

At this stage the river was full of "greenies" with troughs between them about 4'6" deep. Our Met. Member, still determined to prove his was the finest boat, sailed off into the middle and promptly capsized. The duty crash crew was scrambled into the "Queen" which in spite of much persuading and swearing refused to move. Two R.N.S.A.'s and a Firefly then went to give assistance to the by now waterlogged member.

In the flurry a Firefly and an R.N.S.A. collided and the Firefly capsized. It is interesting to note that calls of "you ——— idiot, I was on a starboard tack," etc., did not pass between the two coxns. This has now been attributed not to the fact that they are both gentlemen but instead to the presence of a member of the (sic) "weaker" sex in the Firefly.

Eventually both boats were floated and it was decided to have a race. During the race no boats capsized but two R.N.S.A.'s withdrew because they were shipping too much water — one over the side, the other through the bung hole. By now it was getting late and we all set out for home. As is traditional on the Shoalhaven, the wind secured on the stroke of five and the "Queen," at last mobile, made a majestic sight towing all save one Firefly behind her. On the whole everybody had a good day in spite of the wetting they got from the rain which the Met. member said would never come.

Any prospective member, who after reading this stirring saga, STILL wants to join, is made of the right stuff!

CARE OF SPORTING EQUIPMENT

Sporting gear is very expensive — here's how to make it last longer.

CRICKET BATS

It is important that all bats be correctly stored, and this is done by selecting a moderately cool portion of the store and rack the bats in a horizontal position.

Most bats have been rolled by the manufacturers and it is only necessary that they be oiled in accordance with the following instruction to be ready for use.

The following is an extract of advice issued in the interests of cricket by the Cricket Bat Group of the Federation of British Manufacturers of Sports and Games.

BALANCE OR "PICKUP"

A bat should be chosen for its balance or "pickup" weight rather than by its dead-weight on the scales. In fact, when scales are used by a prospective buyer the bat makers art is at once discounted, and the art is to make a bat so that it picks up so much lighter than its scale weight. The balance of a bat in play is what really counts.

OILING AND CARING OF CRICKET BATS

There is much greater danger that you may over oil rather than under oil a bat, so the following directions should be carefully carried out.

(a) A new bat should have one coat of oil applied (with a soft rag or even the palm of the hand) to the face, edges, toe and back — care being taken to see that the oil does not touch the wrapping twine on the handle. No further oil should be applied to the back, but at intervals of a few days, two or more light coats should be given to the face, edges and toes. Between oilings the bat should be kept in horizontal position.

(b) After the bat has been used a fine coat of oil should be applied on the face and edges, and the face cleaned over with fine sandpaper. Finally a fine application of oil should be made with the palm of the hand, just leaving the face of the bat moist.

(c) Only raw linseed oil or special bat oil should be used.

A new bat should be played in slowly, preferably with balls that have been used for some time.

Dampness is dangerous at the base of the bat and should be avoided as far as possible. It causes the pressing to lift and the base of the bat to crack along the blade.



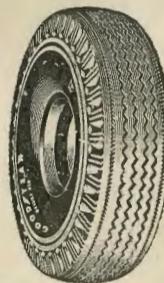
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"GLIDERS? My word, wild horses wouldn't get me into one, they're highly dangerous." With the air of having said a mouthful and an emphatic motion of the head, the speaker departed, his gestures emphasizing his non-comprehension of the motorless flight addicts.



Quick to condemn indeed, but before we subscribe to his sweeping assertion, let's sample a trip, by courtesy of "Slipstream" and the R.A.N. Gliding Association.

Sunday afternoon, February 21st — and it promises a fine afternoon with just a little scattered cumulus, but the wind is 15-20 knots right down 03 runway and we notice that those puffs of cloud overhead are building up rapidly as they sweep away to the south. Well, yesterday was a good day for the club so perhaps we'll be lucky too.

Our vehicle, the two seater Kookaburra; and we'll fly on the first flight of the session, the routine aircraft and weather check, usually about six or seven minutes duration. Strapping in, we quickly check the dual controls, check our tow-line release and having closed the canopy we're all set.

"Take up slack" gives us a gentle start as our towing three tonner accelerates down the runway. Into top gear as we signal "All out" and soon we're airborne and climbing steeply. Too steeply it seems to the observer, but we have only about one minute on tow and we want as much height as possible. Climb angle right, airspeed a little high at 65 m.p.h., but that's probably due to the wind — we won't bother signalling the truck to slow down as the air is smooth and this has the promise of a good launch. The truck incidentally is only doing about 30 m.p.h., but the glider, very much like a kite on a string, is overtaking it.

Yes, an excellent launch, we release the wire at 1500 feet and note with satisfaction that we've dropped the end right on the runway — one thing less for those on the ground to criticise. We quickly settle down and trim for straight flight at our best cruising speed of 55 m.p.h., our sink showing at 3 feet per second. That gives us about 5 minutes in which to play around before we plan our approach and landing.

But hold it — a gentle hand eases the port wing up, and we feel a little surge upwards as the glider brushes some rising air. We turn promptly to port, even before our sensitive climb and descent instrument (the variometer) registers any upward motion. Yes, there it is again, another tremor of the aircraft and a gentle lift. We tighten our turn a little and more by feel than anything, attempt to centre in the mass or rising air, where the lift will be strongest. The vario stabilises showing about 2 to 3 feet per second climb — not a very strong thermal, but at least we're not going down. Circling in this fashion we notice how rapidly we're drifting downwind, already we're over the launching point, and we see the white blobs of the faces on the ground as they watch us and figure out whether we're in something good or just holding our own. Not all their thoughts are encouraging, as they see the times of their own take offs receding.

Any lift is good of course, but on a day like this with a freshening wind, we need more lift than we're getting to make our downward drift safe. By the time we've chewed over this, we're a couple of miles from the airfield, and we've only struggled up to 1800 feet. This is the essence of gliding, or soaring-fighting our way upwards, keeping a close eye on the ground and making speedy mental calculations involving wind speed, gliding angle and average rate of climb; all the time with the thought that that handle on the left is merely a cable release, and not a wand which will summon a few thousand pounds of thrust to our aid.

Let's play safe then, the wind increases as we get higher, and the ground below doesn't look inviting anyway, even the chopper might find difficulty in landing there. So point the nose back, straighten up and glide back at a steady 60-65 m.p.h., a nice flight and 20 minutes more put in our log book. And then it happens, just as we cross the perimeter track.

No caress this, but a mighty and powerful kick in the pants. Even the tyro knows that this is LIFT, so without more ado into a turn and away we go. Boy oh boy, 10 feet per second, look at the altimeter winding up, and as we attempt to centre in this powerhouse of nature, we feel even stronger currents, occasionally up to 20 feet per second. We can't see the faces on the ground now, but be sure they're gnashing teeth and calling us all sorts of lucky so-and-so's.

In no time we're at 4000 feet, and the lift is getting stronger — and our friendly and vigorous thermal is beginning to dump his moisture in the form of cloud. What a pity, but with no blind-flying instruments, no parachute and not very powerful dive brakes, it would be foolhardy to stay in this joyful and ascending wet blanket.

So down with the nose — a glorious high speed glide back at over 100 m.p.h., a couple of exhilarating loops and wing overs to express our feelings then a final beat-up of the runway with a whoop of derision to those on the ground. A steep turn, a long side slip and then the skid is sliding along the concrete, where we finally halt just seven minutes short of an hour after our take-off.

That's gliding my friend, or rather soaring, and if you can show me a more satisfying and cheaper way of leaping into the air, then there's a lot of people besides myself would be interested.

CRICKET

When one sees football, soccer, hockey teams, etc., galloping up and down the fields, then we must conclude that the cricket season has finished. And with only the final and Grand Final of the Interpart competition remaining, this fact is sorely true. But what a happy note for this station to finish on.

We have at last won a match in the Shoalhaven competition (that lucky last), beating Bomaderry easily on the first innings (Sgn. Lt. Thompson taking 5 for 27 and scoring 64 N.O. and N.A. Mulhall scoring 26). With the experience gained by the younger members of our team, next season should see Albatross once again to the fore in this competition. We wish to congratulate the groundsmen for preparing the best strip in the district this season. It has been a pleasure to play on such a wicket and we hope to see it there just as good (if not better) next season.

The R.A.N. this year won the Interservice for the second time since the war. Navy 314 (Wtr. Peters 159 and 4 for 67, LRO Wyatt 5 for 69) defeated R.A.A.F. 261 on the First Innings and Navy 168 and 121 (Lt. Rothwell and Delaforce both scoring 46) defeated Army 123 and 146 (Lt. Ferris 6 for 36 and 3 for 25, Wtr. Peters 3 for 37 and LRO Wyatt 3 for 68). Although the R.A.N. secured only 3 members for Combined Services (P.O. Silsby and Wtr. Peters from Albatross, N.S. Grant from Watson), had the Melbourne players been available, it would have been 6. Against N.S.W. Police, Wtr. Peters scored 29 and N.S. Grant 0, this match being washed out by rain. Playing against N.S.W. Cricket Association (8 for 223), the Combined Services finished with 5 for 206 (Wtr. Peters 36 and P.O. Silsby 16). With names like Watson, Saunders, O'Neill, Marks and Rothwell in the N.S.W. C.A. line-up, this was a most commendable performance on behalf of the services.

Results of the Interpart Final are as follows:

Supply defeated Engineering on the first innings, scoring 6 for 152 against all out 56.

Best scores were: Supply: Matthews, 75 n.o.; Murray, 36. Engineering: Silsby, 20.

Bowling figures were: Supply: Peters 6 for 24; Murray 3 for 31. Engineering: Thompson 4 for 63. The finalists are now Supply and Executive.

RUGBY LEAGUE

With the season almost under way, prospects for this year look very bright. Registered players number 40 and with the appointment of S/Lt. Morris, of Dempster Cup fame, as Coach, we are off to a brilliant start. To all our new members we extend a hearty welcome and to the old stalwarts a hearty welcome back. In addition to the Young Cup, trials this year include a floodlight competition at Kiama for a purse of £100.

As shown in the trial versus Creswell, we have the ability, but the condition has to be improved before a full 90 minute game can be played. Enough cannot be said for condition — it is a MUST. This year the president is C.P.O. (Btchr) Merve Watkins and the secretary-treasurer is R.E.M. George Parker. Any enquiries would be most welcome, so don't be backward. The next meeting will be held in the Sportsman's Club on Tuesday, 29th March at 1215.

HOCKEY

The general meeting of the Hockey Club has been held, and the following office-bearers elected for the 1960 season. The club president is Lt. Cdr. Spong, while A.M.II Jenkins is vice-president and A.M.II Kerr is secretary-treasurer, with P.O. Blair holding the position of team captain. Meetings and practices have been well attended, and if numbers improve and remain stable, two teams will be entered in the Illawarra competition, one team as "A" and one as "B" Grade.

As the 1959 "A" Grade Premiers, it is hoped that our team will be able to hold the trophy for another season.

On Saturday, 12th March, we were home for social matches against two visiting teams from Australian Industrial Steel from Wollongong. Our No. 2 team was successful with a victory of 2-1, while No. 1 team was defeated by 2-1. These matches were followed by a pleasant gathering in the Sportsman's Club.

Saturday, 2nd April, we will play a return match in Wollongong, an Illawarra Association knock-out on April 9 and the first matches of the season on April 30. Intending members may gain further details by contacting P.O. Blair, Ext. 462, or A.M.II Jenkins, Ext. 334.

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GAME FISHING CLUB

During the past month, the annual competition between the Sydney and Newcastle and Port Stephens Game Fishing Club took place at Port Stephens. The outing was a great success with about 70 marlin, 20 sharks and numerous light game fish such as tuna, kingfish, etc., being landed.

Our own club was represented by AWB 436 and in every capacity the team put up a reasonable show. Of course, there were plenty of the "ones that got away," but after some time we managed to boat some good fish. We finished up in about seventh place out of 24 boats. The best catches on our part were firstly a 109 lb. hammerhead shark taken on a 60 lb. line, and a 129 lb. black marlin taken on a 30 lb. line. R.E.M. Allen took the credit for the shark while Lt. Cdr. Thrum landed the marlin.

Next month I will say a little more about marlin and how to catch them, which, I think, will be of interest to you fishermen. Remember, new members are always welcome, so anybody who is interested, please contact Lt. Weil on Ext. 271, or L.R.E.M. Dundas, Ext. 416.

SQUASH

Have you got a squash ladder going in your mess yet? Now is the time to get organised as more players each week are using the courts.

A few more questions to test your knowledge of the rules.

- (1) If in the act of making a stroke, a player breaks his racquet, can he claim a let?
- (2) Is a ball dead when a player hits it twice?
- (3) Can a let be claimed if the ball, after being struck, hits an opponent in its flight?
- (4) Can a player make more than one attempt to hit the ball?
- (5) Is there any appeal against footfaults?

(ANSWERS ON PAGE 42)

BASKETBALL

We have had a feast of basketball recently with the closing stages of the Station Inter-part Competition and the resumption of the Local Civilian Comp. All three teams entered in the latter have done very well in the preliminary K.O. tournament and are amongst the favourites for the top places, when the serious rounds start on Monday, 21st March.

The Navy's No. 1 team has had the misfortune of having two of their top players L/RO Toohey and N.A. Struhs drafted to the floating type of vessel. Ian Struhs is desirous of changing to a Dib Dab, hoping eventually to become a P.T.I. and Tex Toohey has a crash draft to the Quick-match. We are losing two very fine players and our regards and best wishes go with them. All teams are doing well and a full coverage will be arranged for our next issue.

At this juncture in the Station Competition, we are into the finals. Executive are maintaining their unbeaten record and recently won the first semi-final against a strong Electrical team, Supply play 725 Sqd., and the winners play Electrical for the honour to face Executive in the Grand Final, these games will also receive full coverage in our next issue. Players are still invited to join station teams. For all information contact P.O. Mackenzie, Ext. 216 (Basketball Secretary).

THE EXECUTIVE BASKETBALL TEAM



BACK: N.A. Powell, P.O. Mackenzie, N.A. Struhs, L.R.O. Toohey.
FRONT: Musc. Hollard, R.O. Thorpe.



FENCING

A Fencing Club has been formed in Nowra to be known as the "Nowra Swords Club." This club is under the directorship of Mr. Arnold T. White, who is president of the all Australian Fencing Club. Mr. White was a member of the Australian squad in the last Olympic Games. To be a member of this All Australian Fencing Club one must reach the Finals of the State Titles. Mr. White, an ex-Royal Navy Submariner is also an Olympic judge and official, so the club is in good hands. The club is open to all males and females over the age of sixteen, and special welcome is extended to all members of Her Majesty's Services. The club will be meeting each Monday night at the Primary School Library at 7.30 p.m. You will find a warm welcome if you care to come along. For further information contact N/A Morgan, Ext. 316, Albatross.

RUGBY UNION

Once again the season opens and it appears we have a fund of talent some of the old faces remain with us and a lot of new faces whom we are happy to see. Office-bearers have been elected, Sub. Lt. (Reg) Morris, Coach, C.A. Finch, Manager, P.O. Murray, Secretary, Treasurer and Baggage Manager. The selection committee will comprise Sub. Lt. Reg Morris, C.A. Finch, and the Captain of the team, yet to be elected by the players. A trial game has been played and with further games a squad will be selected to represent Albatross in the Dempster Cup.



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ALBATROSS GOLF CLUB

This month has seen the normal Wednesday competitions and inter-part matches take place and also the start of the golf season proper. Opening Day at the Nowra Golf Club saw Albatross Club members walk away with all the trophies except one, which was no mean achievement in view of the large field that participated. A Nowra club member was overheard to remark afterwards that instead of calling it Opening Day it should have been called Navy Benefit Day. However, congratulations to the trophy winners and an extra big hand to Peter Lane who not only won the B Grade Trophy, but also won the main trophy of the day "The Opening Day Cup." Over the past two or three week-ends other prominent burglars from Albatross to front the dais at Nowra have been Neil Purton, Brian Steemson, Jack Dunn and Jack Wakefield.

F.O.I.C.E.A. has now officially approved of the formation of the East Australia Area R.A.N. Golf Club including the inter ship/establishment golf competition and the promotion of an Annual Golf Championship. Membership is open to all serving officers and ratings (including Dockyard Police and W.R.A.N.S.). An annual subscription of 2/- per person will be charged for membership. This will make it just about the cheapest golf club in the world. It is presumed that all members of the Albatross Golf Club will wish to become members of the E.A.A. R.A.N. Golf Club, and it is on this assumption that the Albatross Club has submitted the names of every member with their present respective handicaps together with a cheque to cover the total membership fees to the E.A.A. R.A.N. Golf Club and it is expected that membership/handicap cards of that club will soon be available for issue to individual members. Although the club has taken this step, the onus to pay the 2/- subscription rests upon the individual member and it would be appreciated if members would pay their 2/- to the secretary as soon as possible so that club funds may be reimbursed.

East Australia Area Weekly Memorandum No. 8 contains full details of the E.A.A.R.A.N. Golf Club and all members are advised to read this.

Within the next couple of weeks new membership cards will be issued to all financial members of the Albatross Golf Club for the current year.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

During the last few weeks the Albatross Billiards and Snooker Club has come into being. The main aims of the club are to foster interest, by more than just a few, in both games; to form teams with which to challenge local teams to social games, and ultimately the other two Services in the forthcoming Inter-Service Sports.

First impressions are favourable and it is already apparent that we have the potential providing the necessary match play practice is available. The club intends to stage a number of handicaps as a means of grading players, so roll up and have a go. Everyone has to start somewhere — even Walter Lndrum — he did not make his first entry into the game till he was almost twelve years old!

INTER-SERVICE SWIMMING, 1960

With the Fleet at sea the Navy's choice of swimmers was restricted to Apprentices and old timers and consequently we were soundly beaten by the Army with the R.A.A.F. runners up in a close contest. Individual winners for the Navy were Naval Apprentice Keefon in the 100 metres backstroke and Naval Airman R. Jones in the diving. P.O.E.L. Bushe-Jones swam well to record 2nd place in the individual medley over 200 metres.

The W.R.A.N.'s upheld the Navy's honour by winning every swimming event on the women's programme. Aply led by C.P.T.I. Walker and C.P.O. Gunnee the Navy again easily won the water polo defeating R.A.A.F. 7 to 4 and the Army 12 to 3.

TENNIS

From the start of the Inter-part Competition, play has been marred by bad weather. Now on the day set down for the Grand Final water skis would be more appropriate than tennis racquets, so the big play-off has been postponed until Tuesday, 22nd March. The final between S.A.M.E. and Executive was won by S.A.M.E. two rubbers to one. S.A.M.E. was playing with only three of their players. Boils, poison fingers and newly borns took their toll, but the newly recruited players performed well. Especially P.O. Larson and P.O. Lister, who combined well together. Lt. Cdr. Hanna who is generally a very reliable steady player was having a bit of difficulty in his placement shots, but then to hit a ball at C.P.O. Dickson is like hitting against a brick wall, the balls keep coming back. The Grand Final is between Electrical and S.A.M.E.

Don't put the tennis gear away for the winter, as there will be a winter Inter-part Comp. run.

It is with deep sorrow that I must say that Albatross finally met their Waterloo in so much that they were beaten two weeks out of three in the Army mid-week Comp. We were beaten by 17 and 23 games which now puts us in third place.

Congratulations to C.P.O. Eastgate and L.E.M. Harris for the new arrivals in the family. To each of them a son was born.

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ATHLETICS

By the time you read this, the Sports Day will be over and the Inter Departmental Championship will be decided. Electrical are favourites but anything can happen in athletics as in any other game.

The triangular match, Albatross versus Nerimba versus R.A.N.C. at Jervis Bay was a success despite the weather. Rain fell throughout the afternoon, but several athletes set up creditable times in their events, hampered by a sodden track. The most noticeable ones were E.M. Hingson who won the mile in 4 mins. 45.2 secs; N.A. Flint jumped further than ever to come fourth in the hop, step and jump, with an effort of 40 ft. 3½ ins.

N.A. Earle, our new javalin thrower, is progressing well and will no doubt frighten many other competitors on the Sports Day. C.E.A. Barrett won a non-counting three miles very convincingly, and is the obvious favourite for the Sports Day. Our 4 x 100 yards relay team were weak in their take-off, and came last in the event, although man for man they ran faster than either of the opposing teams.

Results: Nerimba, 118 points; Albatross, 98 points; R.A.N.C., 92 points.

It is hoped that another match between Albatross and College can be arranged in the near future. The Sports Day results will be commented on in the next issue of "Slipstream."

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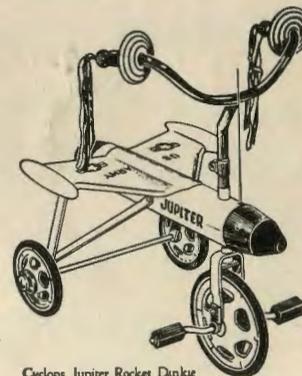
This the staff can't believe — but for once Derek Bome won't appear. Some wog has temporarily paralysed his writing arm — unfortunately, he promises us a double contribution next month.

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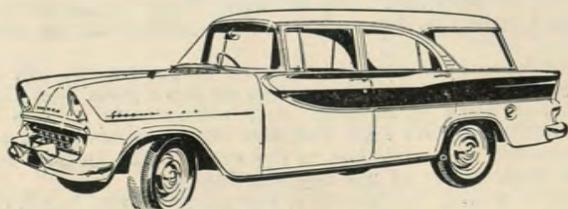


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### ANSWER TO SQUASH QUESTIONS

- (1) No.
- (2) Yes.
- (3) If the ball would have struck the side wall first a "let" is awarded. If the ball was travelling direct to the front wall, the striker wins the point.
- (4) Yes, provided he did not strike the ball on his first attempt.
- (5) No.

### SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD

Last month's crossword was won by Mrs. Gladstone, thus putting to shame some twenty burly airmen who also entered solutions.

Answers were:

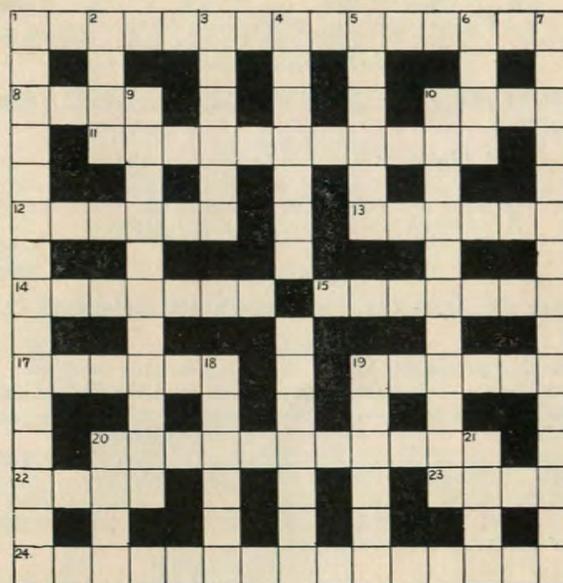
ACROSS: 1. Gas; 3. Adder; 6. Aft; 8. Boater; 10. Old Man; 12. Ditto; 13. Acrid; 14. Inane; 15. Te; 16. C.E.; 17. Newt; 18. Tsar; 19. P.S.; 21. Of; 23. Bruit; 24. Curry; 26. Saute; 28. Cravat; 29. Elated; 30. Eat; 31. Id.Est.; 32. Rue.

DOWN: 1. Gibe; 2. Searchwarrant; 4. Deride; 5. Exotic; 6. Administrator; 7. Tiny; 9. Edit; 11. Lone; 19. Pisa; 20. Stated; 21. Octets; 22. Fuel; 25. Acme; 27. Idle.

### ANSWER TO FALLIBLE PHOTO

It's the head of our Business Manager,  
Sub.-Lieut. Hall.

### ALBATROSS CROSSWORD



#### ACROSS:

1. His philosophy: Wait for something to turn up.
8. Imitates the natives of Barbary.
10. Wise men from the First Air Group.
11. Shakespearian jester and Ian describe large helpings of 24 across.
12. Due sex (anagram).
13. Leading airmen see you naval airmen in a pit.
14. Flower-seller.
15. Africa queen.
17. Scythe-swinger.
19. A fly set twice.
20. Emigrating flora.
22. Tunes.
23. Lose a lone fish.
24. Standard R.N. duffs?

#### DOWN:

1. A changeable look into the future?
2. Gladly changed the file.
3. Sounds.
4. A grusome Scot?
5. The accepted amount of brew.
6. Fowl food in the barn.
7. Tired travellers make cross-ties.
9. Westralian natives.
10. Bad insides are hard to please.
16. Underground support.
18. Tear Jolson for payments.
19. Ed is unfrozen.
20. Not false.
21. Nothing twice between the poles. Won't be long.

Deadline for the prize for our Crossword this month: March 31st, delivered to the Editor, Met. Office.

The prize is now £1 and will jackpot if not won.

# PUZZLE CORNER

By LIEUT. COHEN

Last month's puzzle consisted of a quotation written in a simple cipher.  
SOLUTION:

But pleasures are like poppies spread —  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white — then melts forever.

Tam O' Shanter.  
Robert Burns.

There was no key to the cipher, which was quite erratic in the substitution of letters.

This month's puzzle again is a quotation written in cipher, each letter below representing a letter from the original and the cipher remains constant throughout the passage. Simple deduction will reveal the quotation and its author.

EODPH QRW WKH WLP HV LQ ZKLFK ZH OLYH,  
QRU IRUWXQH IUDLO DQG IXJLWLYH;  
EODPH QRW WKB S DUHQWV, QRU WKH UXOH  
RI YLFH RU ZURQJ RQFH OHDUQHG DW VFKRRO;  
EW EODPH WKBVHOI, R PDQ.  
"WKH EODPH"  
MRKQ DGGLQJWRQ VBPRQGV.

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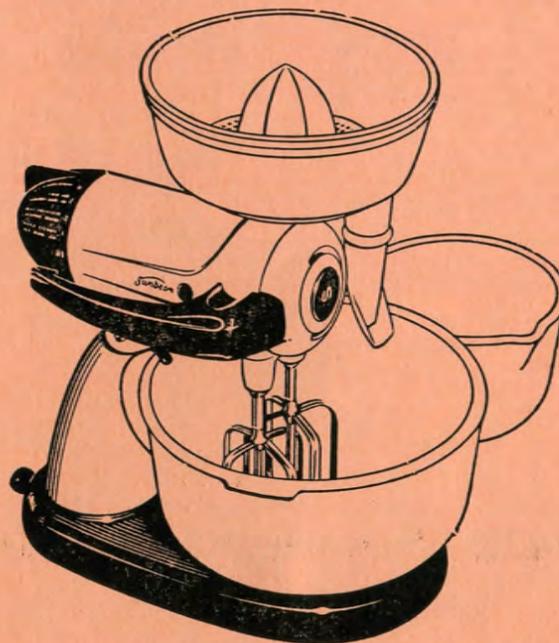
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