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SLIPSTREAM



No. 68

MARCH, 1963

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

No. 68

MARCH, 1963.

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Our Cover

We did it — They said we wouldn't, but we did — ! Slipstream joins the ranks of the "cheesecake rags" — the big sellers like Post, Pix, People, Everybodys (ugh) and the Nowra Leader (see last week's issue). "We didn't have time to ask her name," but isn't she gorgeous . . . ?

EDITORIAL

Well, I can't exactly say that contributions have been rolling in! However, and this is important, there were some, and some damn good ones, too!

This issue breaks away from all precedents as you can see by the cover — I don't like cheesecake (— well, not much) and we don't attempt to compete with the glossy mags with staffs of thousands. This isn't our aim. This is YOUR Station Magazine; purely a private outlet for articles of interest to YOU, and we aim to bring you just that — but we can't do it without your help, and YOUR INTEREST.

This month, and the last, Our Gracious Queen and her consort (a Naval Man) are in Australia. Probably by the time we go to press, many of you will have seen them for yourselves, and have felt those feelings that make Royal Visits worthwhile.

It's a good feeling to have ALL the time — think about it.

— EDITOR.

—oOo—

See everything, overlook a great deal, correct a little. — Pope John XXIII

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Asthma

There are nearly one million asthmatics in Australia!

Think about that! — Nearly one million!

This frightening and disabling complaint, which causes difficulty in breathing due to a blockage in the air passages of the lungs, is on the increase. An asthma attack may last minutes, hours, or even days, but, whatever the period, is is an eternity of suffering and terror, because the victim cannot know how long it will last. One moment an asthmatic may be a normal healthy person, and the next minute he may be fighting and gasping for breath and life.

Asthma is more common in children and young adults. For a child, it means missing school, slipping back in class, being restricted in his activities, and always having to "take care," BEING DIFFERENT FROM OTHER CHILDREN! For an adult, asthma means sleepless nights, loss of wages, staggering medical and chemist's bills and being unable to cope with everyday problems.

At present, Asthmatics have little hope of recovery; — at best for some, temporary relief; — at worst a lifetime of fear. Almost without exception the attacks become worse, and approximately 400 people die annually from diseases related to asthma.

This is of vital concern to YOU, for YOU could be tomorrow's Asthmatic.

The Asthma Foundation Appeal aims to raise funds for research to be carried out into the causes and treatment of Asthma, and that through the co-ordination of research under this foundation, a clearer understanding of the problems involved will be reached.

Only research can find out why people become Asthmatics. It must inquire into the many factors which bring on attacks and how they may be controlled. It is hoped that Investigation Clinics will be established to examine patients and to co-operate with their doctors by providing all relevant, statistical and medical information. This research will study Asthmatics as people, not just as patients, and will try to determine whether or not there is an "inherited factor," and then seek to protect the potential victim in such a way that he or she may not develop the symptoms.

Is there a vital missing link — the basic cause of Asthma? ONLY RESEARCH CAN GIVE US THE ANSWER.

A Statewide Door Knock Appeal will be made on Asthma Sunday, 31st March, 1963. Please help this most worthy cause, the investigation of one of the most elusive and neglected medical problems of today. Please help the Asthma sufferer.

**Give that they may
breathe!**

A young Navy recruit had just returned home on leave after training. One evening at dinner, he used the word "floor" instead of the Navy "deck." His father, who had been in the Navy during World War II, hooted and said, "That's the modern Navy for you! You kids don't even know how to talk Navy-style."

The boy's mother shook her head sympathetically. "Don't pay any attention to your father, George," she said. "He was in the Navy for three months before he found out that a bulkhead wasn't a lieutenant!"



LT. (REG) "SMILER" EDWARDS

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Our personality of the month is known, (and I say it without fear of contradiction), to all of us at "Albatross."

He's known better to some than others, and their opinion can vary from, "He's a bluddy good hand!" to an equally emphatic, "That x?!! !;?&!XX!"

Everyone has something to say about the "Commissioned Joss."

"Smiler" was born at Northcote, Victoria, on November 3rd, 1925 — he had a walking stick placed in his hand and was told to get up and go! Shortly after this he cut his first tooth, bit his Mother, and was put to work in the family's market garden at Berswick. Being of venturous mind, and spirit, he wandered along to the local recruiting depot in 1943, beat the R.O. about the head with his stick, and joined the R.A.N.R., transferring to the R.A.N. after the

war. Since then his rise in the Regulating branch has been meteoric.

During the war, he served on Survey M.L.'s in New Guinea, Morotai and the Phillipines, and was aboard M.L.1074 when their bow was neatly spliced off by a U.S. Destroyer, during a typhoon, on the way to the Leyte Gulf landing.

Pumped out, and with a jury-rigged bow, they still arrived three days before the landing, but later filled with water and sank. After being rescued, he participated in the further Phillipines landings aboard H.M.A.S. "Gascoyne."

Two tours of duty aboard "Australia" made him a L.Pat., and he was advanced to R.P.O. in 1949. He held this rating until 1953, in "Cerberus," "Australia," and "Penguin," and was made up to M.A.A. aboard "Australia" in 1953. (See photograph

AN HISTORIC PICTURE



● M.A.A. Edwards stands at the left. On completion of her tour of inspection of H.M.A.S. Australia, the Queen personally thanked the M.A.A. Perhaps you can see other familiar faces? Maybe YOU were there!?

opposite). Finally, in September, 1954, he became the youngest Commissioned M.A.A. ever made, when the "Australia" paid off, and was appointed to "Penguin." where he remained till 1957. From here he was appointed to Naval Provost Marshal, Victoria, filling this last capacity until his appointment to "Albatross" this year.

"Smiler" tells me that it was this "Victorian Era" that furnished him with most of his fund of stories — most of them unprintable, but all very tellable, in a convivial atmosphere, and with the right company!

One in particular concerns a certain evening on Barbedo's corner

The four lads who were about to be apprehended decided that they'd rather not go, and the Patrol were getting the wallop that some feel they should, — to the rescue! Two ladies errant! These two ladies of the town joined the fray, and with shoes, teeth and nails, somewhat evened the odds (not to mention the innate chivalry of all sailors.



The offenders were bundled into the bang-wagon and whisked away to repent their sins. Shortly afterwards "Smiler" was able to repay the compliment, as a Vice Squad wagon rolled up — a deft explanation resulted in a polite "Good even-

ing M'am" from the V.S. men, and a free taxi-ride for the ladies — See, I mentioned chivalry, didn't I?

The Joss is a family man at heart, and so he should be. There are five joss-sticks to date, two boys and three girls, aged 12, 10, 7, 6 years, and 5 months respectively. Mrs. Edwards first met A.B. Edwards at a dance in Melbourne in '48, and finally hog-tied him at Northgate Church of the Epiphany, as a L.Pat, the following year. I'll say no more but a pearl from his own lips — "She puts up with me grandly!"

He finds it nice to renew old acquaintances here, but this is his first time ever at "Albatross." Many of the men aboard will no doubt have memories of our hero, and could fill a lot of gaps in the story — "Smiler's Free Taxi Service" back to the ships at Port Melbourne, etc.

He's got 5 years and 47 days to go, and wants to spend it here — he even wishes it could be longer, but one thing is lacking. He sadly misses the old routine of Thursday mornings on the Bench as Justice at the Port Melbourne Courthouse — look into his eyes and you'll know why he was known as the Justice who gave the drunks an Amnesty on Mother's Day!!!

Finally, I asked him what he thought of the Navy now as against that which he knew on entry. When he finished laughing he said:

(i) The opportunities in most branches today are far greater than they were. Take them!!

(ii) Sailors are better educated and better behaved but perhaps a little of their mateship and directness is gone — they're "Steadier" and more aqisative.

Wise words from an owl well versed in the Navy's ways.

P.S. The famous (?infamous) stick, or night waddie" was a gift from his old division — the S.U.D. Holdsworth, when he left Penguin in '53.

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+ The Chaplain's Corner +

LENT, 1963

If I were writing the ordinary sort of letter that the average clergyman writes each month in his parish magazine and came to the Season of Lent, I suppose that my task would be quite simple.

I would start off by saying that Lent is one of the oldest, and certainly one of the most important, in the Christian year. I might mention that it is known as the forty-day fast in preparation for Easter as far back as the Second Century, and we hear it mentioned in the year 189 AD when Bishop Irenaeus writes to the bishop of Rome (Pope Victor). The season of Lent seems to have started as a kind of backward extension from Easter of the fast undertaken by those to be baptised on Easter Eve. Then, fairly logically, this season of fasting became associated in the minds of Christians with our Lord's own forty days' fast in the desert. Gregory, the bishop of Nazianzus (AD 389) says: "Christ fasted a little before His temptation, we before Easter. . . He fasted absolutely for forty days, for He was God, but we measure our fasting by our power."

It would then be a simple matter to point out that Lent is the time when we need to pay special attention to our spiritual condition. Just as an athlete needs to be in top condition before he attempts a Decathlon, so our souls need to be in first-class condition for our journey through life. Fasting, in common with the other forms of asceticism, is a proven road to the mastery of the body. The exercise of the will in the power to say "No" to a desired thing or to say "Yes" to an uncomfortable duty is a most valuable element in the training of the self.

But this sort of talk is not the sort of talk that makes sense or appeal to many people. Why should people who have no need for the ministrations of the Church of God save at Weddings, Baptisms and Funerals, be bothered with what the Church has to say?

I think they should be bothered, because the Church is the only organism that can speak out with authority on the problems of mankind. It has authority directly given it by Christ Himself, and it has the cure for the world's ills.

Lent is the time when everyone should take time to make some sort of self stock-taking. A real assessment of our habits both good and bad; a true look at ourselves. If the picture that we see is not one that really pleases us then the Lenten discipline will be the cure for our condition. But this will mean that we must accept the teaching of Christ completely and wholeheartedly — there can be no picking and choosing. This means the recognition of the fact of sin as the dethronement of God by acts of irresponsible selfishness.

Christianity is concerned with reality — what I am and what I can become: it is when we realise this that our lives become realistic, and not just a series of poses.

— J. TRAINER.

SKRIPOV IN PERSPECTIVE

The Press sensationalism which surrounds the expulsion of the Soviet Diplomat, Mr. Skripov, could have done a real disservice to the fight against Communism in Australia.

The achievement of the Security Service should not be underestimated, and indeed deserves the moral support of all Australians. This man was dangerous because of his attempt to obtain highly secret information relating not so much to Woomera as to installations at Salisbury, South Australia, and in doing so, would have had the support of the top echelon of the Communist Party in Australia if he wanted it.

The disservice to the national interest occurred in the sensational manner the incident was portrayed to the public, and the consequent image created in the ordinary reader's mind that the fight against Communism is in the same category as the game of cowboys and Indians, or villainous spies matching their traitorous wits against beautiful counter spies.

And then having read the thrilling drama, the reader passes on to read another panegyric on the halcyon days of fast cricket, secure in the impression that the Commies are "getting it hot".

This, of course, is not the scene of the real anti-Communist struggle. Indeed, it is useful to trap a Skripov, and to send him home, but the value of such a victory does not rank with the fight to be carried on daily in the trade unions, political parties or in economic organisations.

The Communist struggle as far as we are concerned comes from the military, political and economic pressure of Communism in South-East Asia, based on the military power of China; on the Communist intent to induce suspicion of the United States and so weaken our links with that country and the attempt to create a "neutralist" attitude in public opinion so as to present the three defence forces of this country with uneconomic burdens on national development. And finally and probably the greatest danger of all, lies in Communist penetration in Trade Unionism, which is the organism that basically moulds the character of at least one major political party.

So we do applaud the work of the Security Service and their success, but we should not be lulled into any false security. This victory in the anti-Communist campaign is overshadowed by Leftist victories in Trades Hall Councils, and their strength in major Unions. But this is not a sensational story, and so no glare of publicity. As Edmund Burke wrote: "All that is needed for the triumph of evil, is the inactivity of the good".

— H. McDONALD, Chaplain R.A.N.

—oOo—

A small boy in kindergarten was assigned by his teacher to make a Christmas drawing of the Three Wise Men riding their camels across the desert. When the drawing was finished, the youngster took it to the teacher for her approval. She studied it and then pointed to an item — a square box with a couple of wires sticking out of it — that was being carried by one of them.

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'Tis a night I well remember,
I was rolling down the street in drunken pride,
When my knees began to flutter,
I subsided in the gutter
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

I lay there in that gutter
Thinking thoughts I could not utter,
When a colleen passing by was heard to say —

"You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses!" —
And at that the pig got up and walked away!

ENGLISH BEER

Of this strange brew, so like the Stygian Lake,
Which men call ale, I know not what to make.
It goes in thick, it comes out very thin.
Methinks much dregs must needs remain within.

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Paradox Corner

Simply stated, a paradox is something which appears to be true or false when it is actually the opposite. Life is full of paradoxes but unfortunately for our peace of mind most of them are easily explained.

However, there are quite a few seemingly simple ones that require a deal of brain power to sort out.

For instance, if we were given the choice of a job paying £1000 per year with increments of £300 at the end of each two years and one paying £1000 with increments of only £100 at the end of each year, it would be a smart operator indeed who would snap up the latter job on the spot. Yet when the yearly earnings of both arrangements are compared, side by side, the latter is much the better proposition. Even when convinced of the truth of this it still doesn't seem right, does it?

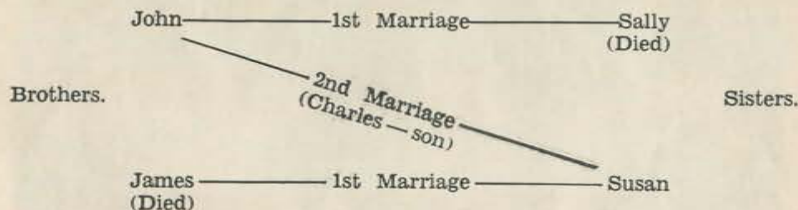
Having sorted that out, try one that is more easily explained.

Sitting on the bar are two glasses, the first containing brandy and the second an equal quantity of ginger ale. A teaspoonful of the brandy is paced in the ginger ale, the mixture stirred and a teaspoonful of the B.G.A. returned to the first glass. The question is not which one you would prefer to drink, but whether there is more brandy in the ginger ale or vice versa. Answer after a few minutes of reflection then work it out with a page full of diagrams and you will probably be surprised.

Slightly different is the paradox of the man who married his wife's sister. In this life too... Impossible?? Not at all, it's really quite simple if you think hard enough about it.

Following up this line of thought there is the historically interesting state of affairs that existed in England between 1907 and 1921 when it was possible for a husband to be legally married to his wife while his wife (?) lived in sin with him (!) with the further odd result that a child could be the legitimate offspring of his father but the illegitimate offspring of the mother. This one is a bit rough to cope with without some background information so an explanation in full is in order.

During that period a man could legally marry his dead wife's sister but a woman could not marry her dead husband's brother. Thus the solution outlined in the diagram could arise with the aforesaid startling results for John, Susan and Charles!



Finally, here's a paradox which is of considerable topical interest in the wardroom, and is best summed up in the oft heard word: "How come * & x - * x Medical and Dental Officers get such whacking great * - x - * x * pay rises?" Anyone with an answer to this one report to Cdr. (E) or Cdr. (L) at the double!

— JACK SPRAT.



The OTHER MAN'S NAVY



This month the United States Navy is again featured, and more specifically its A/S Department.

The photograph shows the ASROC Missile the U.S.N.'s newest and most potent answer to the submarine threat. Here it is shown poised and ready for loading into a launcher aboard the U.S.S. Norfolk during an evaluation test at Key West, Fla. The front half of the Missile is a deadly acoustic-homing torpedo that is boosted by a solid propellant rocket to the target area. The rocket booster separates in flight and a parachute lowers the torpedo into the water where it seeks out its submerged target. The ASROC and its launcher form a rapid fire combination — each launcher holds eight missiles in constant ready-to-fire condition in individual aimable cells. The launchers are of aluminium honeycomb construction where possible, to reduce top weight, but still weigh in at some twenty-four tons. A smaller unit of seventeen tons is being designed for smaller ships — the larger is already in operation on cruisers and destroyers.

Apart from the acoustical homing torpedo warhead, accuracy is great enough at short range to permit the use of a normal depth charge — a little expensive from our point of view, though, if we missed,

In a typical A/S operation, target information from sonar or fire control systems is transmitted to an attack console where a digital computer calculates the interception position. Command signals for the training and elevation of the launcher pass to it through the Captain's control panel. Range is also controlled at the attack console and sent via the panel to the selected missile — and the plonker is ready to be pushed.

ASROC is being installed in many U.S.N. vessels at present — the Norfolk and Agerholm being operational examples. There is even talk in the S.M. Herald of "An A/S Rocket for Australia" — could it be?



The USS AGERHOLM (DD-826). Note helicopter deck aft and ASROC launchers amidships.

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Popular Photography Part II

THE CAMERA

A camera basically consists of a light-tight enclosure, possessing a lens at one end, and a means of accepting light - sensitive material (film) at the other. The limitations of the camera would depend entirely upon refinements of this basic theme.

Even today there are certain professional cameras which possess only these basic necessities, but their use is strictly limited to a few types of photographic work. Amateur cameras are, on the other hand, fitted with as many refinements as is compatible with the cost, in order that the user may cover a wide field of photography. Some of these refinements are necessary to the efficient working of the camera, whilst others merely replace acquired skills, and yet others enhance the selling power of the camera without improving the true worth of the instrument.

Since the camera is the photographer's most important tool of

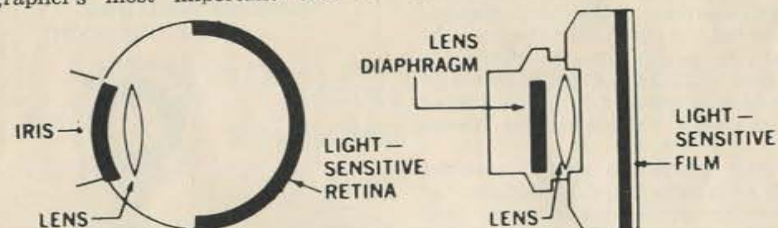
trade, it is well worth considering those points which effectively contribute to the end product.

THE LENS

The technical excellence of a photograph, as opposed to its artistic value, is indicative of the quality of the lens used. There are cheap lenses and expensive lenses, but there cannot be a good, cheap lens. In the selection of a camera therefore, the lens must be of paramount importance.

THE SHUTTER

The shutter is a mechanism which measures time, enabling the photographer to allow a known amount of light to pass through the lens for a given time, the sum total of time and intensity being known as "the exposure." The greater the range of settings available in the shutter, the greater the scope of subjects for which the camera can be used.



THE STOP

With the exception of the cheapest cameras, all lenses are provided with an adjustable Iris diaphragm, termed the aperture or stop. The Iris diaphragm is designed to make the effective diameter of the lens adjustable. In effect it enables the intensity of light reaching the sensitive material to be calculated, and also determines how much of a subject will be sharply in focus at a given time.

Coupled with a reliable film transport mechanism, the three foregoing items are all that are necessary to produce a photograph,

although the inclusion of a coupled rangefinder for the focussing of subjects is a useful accessory.

HOW THE CAMERA WORKS

THE LENS

The function of a camera lens is to focus the light reflected from a subject onto a light-sensitive material, thus forming an image which can, at a later time, be chemically developed to produce what is termed a negative. A lens will only form a sharp, well defined image at a given distance from the lens, this distance being dependent upon the

distance of the subject from the camera. Every lens however possesses a lens \rightarrow subject distance, which is termed infinity (∞). When a subject is at this distance or beyond, it remains in focus on the film regardless of any increase in the lens-subject distance. The lens-to-film distance, for infinity, is used as a useful method of classifying lenses. Hence, when a lens-film distance is 4" for a subject at infinity or beyond the lens is said to have a focal length of 4", and this will be accordingly inscribed somewhere on the lens mount. Should a subject be closer to the lens than infinity, then the distance from the lens to the film must accordingly be increased. Thus in the case of a 4" lens, the lens image distance will become greater than 4".

Apart from the very cheapest of cameras, lenses are provided with some means of increasing the lens image distance, usually by means of a helical mount suitably inscribed with subject distances.

THE LENS DIAPHRAGM

The intensity of light that falls upon the film at the focal plane is governed by the diameter of the lens, the greater the diameter the "Faster" the lens. The diameter of the lens is referred to as the "speed of the lens," which should not be confused with shutter speed, but is in fact quoted as an "f" number, (which is determined by dividing the diameter of the lens into the focal length). The cost of a lens is largely influenced by this maximum aperture, since any increase in the diameter of the lens of a given focal length, involves greater accuracy in its construction and allows the photographer to use the lens under more adverse conditions.

Usually a lens will allow more light to fall upon the focal plane than can be conveniently handled by the shutter mechanism and the sensitive material in use.

To overcome this difficulty, lenses are fitted with an adjustable Iris diaphragm. An Iris diaphragm may be compared with the pupil of the eye. In a dark room the pupil expands to allow in more light to

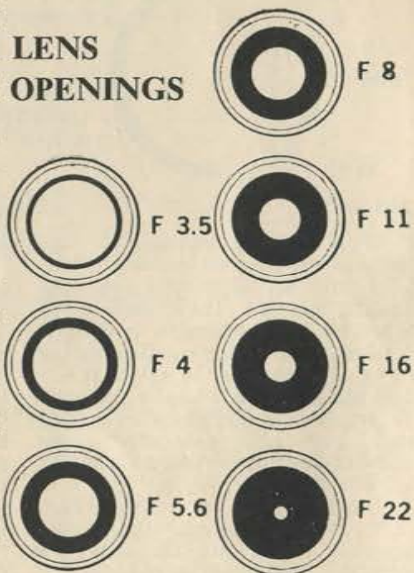
reach the retina, and in bright light the reverse occurs.

If the characteristics of a film are known, it is possible to determine the exposure for any type of light conditions, the exposure being a known intensity of light for a set duration of time. In order to apply this exposure in practice, it is necessary to calibrate the Iris diaphragm in a way which will be common to all lenses, regardless of focal length. This is achieved by means of a universal system termed relative apertures. Lens apertures are calibrated in units termed "f" numbers, the "f" number simply being the ratio between the diameter of the stop and the focal length of the lens. Hence, an aperture of $\frac{1}{8}$ " diameter in a 4" lens would be expressed at f8. All lenses are inscribed with aperture markings, the most common series being: f2; f2.8; f4; f5.6; f8; f11; f16; f22; f32.

The smaller the aperture, the larger will be the f number, each f number admitting twice the amount of light as the next larger f number. f5.6 for example admits twice as much light as f8.

Continued next issue.
PHOT. SECTION.

LENS OPENINGS



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B. J. BUTLER,
LAM (E)
SAM (E)



Albatross Album



Before or after the 507A's: that is the question? Anyhow what ever the occasion we feel sure that the Training Officer warranted such excellent treatment.

In the above photograph we see the Training Officer, Lt. Cdr. Hickson, R.A.N., being presented with a couple of bouquets by Chief Harris and Beamish. (We didn't hear whether the tombola tickets came good).

Inter-Part Swimming



● R.E.M. WINCKLE receives a trophy from Mrs. McIntosh

A GOOD START!





● C.P.O. Heaney (C.G.I. at Creswell) gives instruction on the handling of the College's first issue of F.N. rifles, to a group of 1st Year cadets.



● A recent visitor — a R.A.A.F. Iriquois helo on the hard standing.

What me drink at work Sir,
— never !!



An' me neither, Shir
— never everrrr.....

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With the influx of "Mini-mechs," "Instant-mechs," etc., some of the old timers are applying for jobs with QANTAS, TAA, Ansett-ANA and other airlines. Naturally, one just doesn't barge in and ask for a job with these airlines on the strength of one's FAA trade papers! One applies for a position VIA a Ground Engineers Licence. Your correspondent was lucky enough to obtain a copy of the last exam paper with the compliments of the well known airline "Air Frights Ltd," which we are pleased to pass on to all interested in modern aviation methods

DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL AVIATION

Examination for Ground Engineers. 'A' & 'D' Licence.
GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. TIME ALLOWED — 2 HOURS.

Note: 12 questions are to be answered, one of which must be No. 7. Marks will be deducted for bad handwriting, blots and beerstains.

- 1: Compare the relative merits of sheet lead and sealing wax for repairing punctures in parachutes.
- 2: Assuming the proof of the axiom that all matter is indestructible, account for the disappearance of the bottle of gin from the examiner's desk last Thursday.
- 3: What do you know of:—
 - (a) The micrometer
 - (b) The handbrake.Explain how you would determine the annual rainfall of Tasmania using the abovementioned agricultural implements.
- 4: Who wrote the following lines, and why?
The Gannet is a stupid bird,
That wallows round the sky.
And everyone who sees it says,
"Blimey, how does it fly?"
- 5: What defects, if any, has Golden Syrup as a lubricant, and does "Lux" cause contraction of the piston ring?
- 6: Discriminate between:—
 - (a) A designer's inadvertent error and
 - (b) A mechanic's stupid mistake.
- 7: Give the cycle of operation in an infernal confusion engine and state the ratio of reduction between the slow running jet and the gear lever.
- 8: Given that the rate of production from the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation is one and a half "Sabres" in five years, estimate to the nearest penny the income of a Test Pilot, assuming that he is paid 17/6 per aircraft. (For the purpose of this problem it may be taken that the half aircraft was proved faulty and was tested twice).
- 9: Draw a sketch of a pilot's cockpit in an Avro Anson, showing clearly the position of the following instruments:—
 - (a) The spittoon.
 - (b) The emergency cord.
 - (c) The anchor.
 - (d) The corkscrew.
- 10: Trace the progress of aviation from the year 1066 to the year in

which the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation was formed. Give in your own words the reason for its subsequent decline.

- 11: Detail the various uses of a rubber spanner in a modern aero-engine workshop.
- 12: Draw a detailed diagram showing the plan, section and elevation of a vacuum under compression.
- 13: Using Archimede's Principle, Ohm's Law and Rickett's Point, prove that there cannot be more than three sides to a triangle.
- 14: In what respect does a Gypsy Major engine differ from a Concrete Mixer? Give the firing order in each case.

General Note: Candidates are requested not to remove inkwells on departure.

Candidates are informed that the examiner is NOT permitted to receive gifts. His phone number is extension 199. All cheques must be crossed and the correct exchange added. Stamps will not be accepted.

LAM B. J. BUTLER,

SAM (E)

PATCH PATTEN

● Life in the Patch goes on pretty well as usual — the ordinary business of living from one Pay Friday to another — the difficult business of watching out for "real specials" at the Village Store — listening to the faint "moo's" of the Buffaloes on alternate Tuesday nights — admiring the thrilling scene of the First Lieutenant chasing an obstinate mare across a paddock for a good ten miles — waiting for the latest developments of the Dog & Goat Act — trying to sleep through the deliberate hovering of four Wessex choppers just outside the bedroom windows — sorting out the easiest of the three announcements about water restrictions and picking the most generous.

● The Village Extension Centre (Watson House to the new readers) has been slack these last few weeks according to Sister Leahy, but she promises a bumper crop in the next two months.

● The Tennis Club has been slightly inactive, owing to the usual Nowra combination of extreme heat followed sharply by bad weather, but the secretary tells us that the court is in good nick and that the club house is fitted out with all mod cons. The said secretary is anxious for more members.

● The Village Welfare Committee continues to meet monthly and tries to arbitrate between such difficult problems as Garbage Disposal and naughty dogs. Its present chairman has one virtue — he likes short meetings.

T. J.

● Hear Gillian White (daughter of David and Jean) has difficulty in getting her hat on — and justifiably so. She's been selected as the Brownie to meet Her Majesty the Queen when she arrives in Sydney.

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THE SQUADRONS

723

Pilot Training Re-commences in the R.A.N.

At the end of 1959, with the decision to disband the Fleet Air Arm, Pilot Training in the R.A.N. was terminated. The last three pilots to gain "Wings" on fixed aircraft arrived at NAS Nowra in 1960. Several General List Officers who were under training at this time were sent back to sea and four Probationary Navy Airmen transferred to the R.A.A.F.

With the decision to continue the Fleet Air Arm with Anti-Submarine Helicopters, it was necessary to re-commence pilot training, and the first of this new generation of helicopter pilots started flying training with the R.A.A.F. in 1962.

Consequently, in January, 1963, No. 1 Helicopter Flying Training Course commenced with 723 Squadron. Lieutenants Murray and Owens had completed Basic Flying Training in 1959 and they were given 40 hours refresher flying, on Winjeels, at R.A.A.F. East Sale before joining the course. The other member of the course, Lieutenant Farthing, completed Basic Flying Training School at R.A.A.F. Point Cook, in December, 1962. The Basic Phase of flying training consists of 125 hours of fixed wing flying in the Winjeel.

The No. 1 Helicopter Flying Training Course, which corresponds to the old Advanced Flying Training School, consists of 90 hours flying in the Sycamore in addition to Ground Subjects. Upon successful completion of this course pilots will be awarded Provisional "Wings" and will then join O.F.S. with 725 Squadron flying the Wessex.

No. 2 Helicopter Flying Training Course, which is expected to begin in July, will see the first of the new generation of Fleet Air Arm Entry Midshipmen, who are currently undergoing Basic Flying Training at Point Cook, at N.A.S. Nowra.



30

724

One wintery Wednesday morning (—it was too—the 1st of June), in 1955, 724 Squadron came into being under the command of Lt. Cdr. (P) L. A. Robinson, R.A.N. — N.A.S. Nowra's new squadron was made responsible for:

- (i) O.F.S. Training.
- (ii) Conversion courses from Sea Furies and Fireflies to Sea Venoms and Gannet aircraft. A comparison is justifiable, as that role has been changed greatly over the years. Today's tasks are:
 - (i) Fleet requirements.
 - (ii) Communications.
 - (iii) Fixed wing conversions and familiarisation.

In addition, we are retaining the fighter all-weather capabilities in the R.A.N. — Hooray!

One of the lesser known sections of the squadron is the Trials Flight, at present working with the weapons Research Establishment in South Australia. Not much can be said about this aspect of our flying for obvious reasons, but I do know that each member of the flight is personally issued with one Mk.IIa Cloak and done F2 N.P. Dagger.

What with the present popularity of helicopters (ugh) in the R.A.N. one may be excused sometimes, for forgetting the importance of 724 Squadron at Nowra! Why, during recent months, our R.A.N. airliner, Dakota 860, has been used for such V.I.P.'s as:

Chief of Naval Staff.
Chief of Air Staff.
Rear Admiral V. A. T. Smith.
Swiss Ambassador.
C.A.F.(O) "Lonzo" Brooks.
We can even boast that our fares are the lowest in Australia. The present Commanding Officer (and Senior Route Captain) Lt. Cdr. J. P. Van Gelder, assumed command on 22nd June 1962, but has been called away again to the fish-head world. We all say, "Thanks Sir, and Merry Christmas in Wanchai."

The Hobart crayfish and Bundaberg rum won't seem the same without you!

So, as we say farewell from 724 Squadron, and the last Wessex sinks slowly in the West, we leave you with these words of wisdom: "Helicopters will never take the place of aircraft."

B. J.

725

More Light, Less Fright

A three-act drama concerning intrepid Wessex crew on a night's Anti-Submarine sortie (725 naturally!).

PROLOGUE: . . . and the weather in the exercise area will be: Full cloud cover at 600 feet visibility poor, and wind from the South at 20 knots.

ACT 1.

SCENE: The red instrument light in Wessex 002, starkly reveal fixed grins as air crew prepare for take-off.
1st PILOT: Pre take-off check complete and O.K.
2nd PILOT: How about doing them again — there might be something wrong you missed.
OBSERVER: Sonar checks complete — Ready for take-off in the back.
First course East.
US (AIR): Are we U/S yet?

31

1st PILOT: Handing over control to you for take-off, co-pilot. Follow 003 and don't let him out of your sight. Who bought the Mackerers?

2nd PILOT: Roger!

1st PILOT: Who the hell's Riger? Oh, O.K. It's about time someone remembered the "Mackerers".

2nd PILOT: Crossing the Coast. About Culburra, I guess.

OBSERVER: Roger. 30 miles to go.

UC (AIR): I feel a vibration. Are we U/S yet?

2nd PILOT: Cripes! Where's 003 off to now! Wish he'd tell somebody.

1st PILOT: Perhaps that cackle was him going to another frequency — try Channel 15. Sure you haven't any Mackerers?

Thirty miles onward drone our brave quartet, until . . .

ACT 2

— same helicopter, same crew, but a little more ashen in complexion.

OBSERVER: We ought to be there by now. See any ships?

2nd PILOT: I see no ships.

1st PILOT: Alright, Nelson. I'd better show you how to hover this thing. Taking over control. I guess that's a ship over to port. I'll join it and see. Whoops! Sorry OO3!

2nd PILOT: Black as the inside of a cow's belly. Handing over.

1st PILOT: Roger! I remember a night like this back in '62 when it was so black you could . . .

OBSERVER: Mark! Hover . . . now.

1st PILOT: Cripes! Where's the wind. Engage something. This aircraft is bloody unstable. Cor, what a descent. It's sick. I knew it would be. Thank God it pulled out of that. That water looks ruddy close. Are you sure that altimeter's right? Lower the Asdic dome. This thing's as stable as my bank balance. I'll eat the A.L.O. when we get back. What a bag of bolts. What's that, Obs?

OBSERVER: Submarine contact 090.

1st PILOT: Goodyo. Well, Co-pilot, it seems to work quite well. Handing over.

2nd PILOT: Handing back. I'm fagged just watching.

1st PILOT (sternly): You have control, Second Pilot.

2nd PILOT: Roger! Black, ain't it . . .

U.C. (Air): I can still feel a vibration. Is the rotor head O.K.?
Silence.

2nd PILOT: I think I do detect a wobble in the rotor head.

1st PILOT: Nuts! If you'd brought the mackerers . . .

OBSERVER: Ready to jump!

And so on for many hours they doggedly hounded the submerged monster until

ACT 3

Same helicopter, same crew, now with pallid complexions.

OBSERVER: We have to go in three minutes. Ask for a course for base.

1st PILOT: Gee! A black Macka would be beaut just now. Right!

Taking over control. Buddy boy, you have done well. I'd

2nd PILOT: Thanks! Look, the moon is shining through.

1st PILOT: Roger! Raise the Asdic dome. I have control. You relax a bit.

OBSERVER: Follow 003 closely.

U.C. (Air): Hurray! We must be U/S.

1st PILOT: A few more knots for the wife and kids, and I can slip in an ale or two before I'm expected home.

2nd PILOT: Me for the pit, pronto.

OBSERVER: We should be nearing the coast now.

1st PILOT: Look at those homes down below, housing snug complacent fools, staring at T.V. and sipping cool ales in a smoke filled atmosphere. For me the fresh tang of the night skies, the isolation, the thrill of the sub chase, and the subsequent sweet smell of success and a leisurely cruise home.

2nd PILOT: Me for Civil in 18 months

OBSERVER: Ready for landing in the back?

U.C. (Air): Say just what did go U/S pilot?

1st PILOT: Everything functioned perfectly, U.C. I'll just smooth it down here. Oops! As you saw, that was not one of my better landings. Debrief in the bar in ten minutes.

THE BITTER END.

— H. COUPLER.

—oOo—

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THE DEPARTMENTS

SICK BAY SCRIBBLE

Once again we bring to the eye of our readers the local gossip concerning life in the sick bay.

MONDAY MORNING AT THE BAY. (A typical Monday morning scene).

What other day brings such dismay
As the first one of the week,
When to the galley the wrecks all rally,
Ha! What is it they seek!?

Upon this morn when tales are borne
About the weekend's fun,
The roving eye does well espy
Just what these fiends have done.

They begin the morning ritual (an act which is habitual)
Of cigarettes and tea —
They've had their share, they're on the air,
And bloodshot eyes can see!

The time has come. With work to be done
All jangled nerves now fed,
Away they flow and all well know
They'd rather be in bed!

Another thing which has come to my notice recently is the subject of biro's!!! Little do we realise the important part these twentieth century quills play in our daily lives. Do you realise what it is like without one? . . . need I explain! They are a much sought after item in the bay and to possess one is like walking around with a full packet of cigarettes the day before pay day. You MAY manage to cling to this invaluable item for a short time, but ALWAYS comes the inevitable question: "Mind if I borrow your biro a second, mate?" and with an air of resignation, comes the grudging reply, "Yes-s-s, but make sure it's a boomerang" — it never is. Some have their golden rule — they never loan their car, biro, or wife — in that order, and it leaves only those too unfortunate to either possess or beg a biro. In this case they are compelled to use their own initiative — why, only the other day I spotted the M.O. poring over his papers, clutching a modified version of the biro. It was a refill welded into a glass tube, and what's more, it worked like a charm! Hey, where's my biro!!

Last week I found myself sitting in that notorious chair at the fang bo'sun's — mainly to have the old pearlors overhauled. By the time the dental officer had STARTED on me I was a nervous wreck.

His first words were: "Do you have injections with your fillings?" as though asking whether I took sugar with my tea. "No," I croaked, not wishing to appear cowardly, yet, at the same time, feeling an inner glow of pride at my apparent bravery. Consequently, I battled through the entire ordeal without even so much as a flinch of pain! Footnote: Recently I read about sound-wave anaesthesia, and was wondering if the raucous aircraft here had anything to do with my painless ordeal!

Up until last week, the arrival of Mrs. Hain, our charming consultant physiotherapist, was heralded by a cacophony of banging, rattling, and spluttering as she manoeuvred the wheels of her decrepid old Austin into our parking lot. If anything needed physiotherapy it was that car, and, upon it's daily arrival, it would be surrounded by the budding mechanics of the heal-

ing branch, always willing to supplement their knowledge at someone else's expense. Due to the advent of changing times, Mrs. Hain has replaced her faithful char'ot with a brand new sleeky Simca station sedan — muc hto the disappointment of our mechs.

It looks, especially in our department, as though the single man is a dying race. Two of our staff are contemplating matrimony in the near future, namely Bob Ellis and "Spike" Jones. I suppose they know what they're doing, but as I always say, "You're toothpaste only lasts half as long when you support another man's daughter." Sorry fellows; I was only joking

Yes — the sick bay was represented at the swimming elimination trials the other week, and what's more, we even managed to get eliminated. Some of the other competitors seemed to do very well indeed — could be due to their cunningly concealed outboard motors. R.E.M. Winckle won everything in which he entered, as usual, and was a lap

and a half ahead of his rivals in the backstroke. I'm sure he's equipped with gills!

B & V (not to be confused with M & B) our civilian cleaners have started an all out campaign on the sick bay decks. With their special formula (kero and polish) they have our decks like mirrors, and just as slippery, I KNOW. There I was, loaded up like a pack-horse, and moving at a fast clip, when suddenly I realised my legs were no longer under me. A few seconds later saw me emerging from a heap of dishevelled linen, sore and bruised — luckily, the ground broke my fall.

The Ophthalmic specialists in Sydney are making a heap of loot since the advent of the big square eye. Our Scottish Highlander reports a vast increase in the number of "bay eyes" amongst the sailors. Sometimes we wonder, is it a sudden care for the eyes, or a day's outing in the big smoke at pusser's expense, that the sailors think about—

JAY 'ELL.

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PURPLE PATTERN

The original Scriptus Mk.1 is back in the chair this month — you lucky people. Fresh from the fields of SAM(E) having tried to stay awake through a Wessex Course, your scribe has acquired an unbounded admiration both for the Pilots who fly the beast and for the maintenance people who have to look intelligent throughout 4 weeks of incomprehensible jargon. Will somebody please tell me, what is an Azimuth Star and a non-rotating Star and whereabouts do they figure in relation to the Milky Way and Aurora Borealis?

It would probably be a good thing for all concerned if they ran a potted course for the non-technical so that all of us square-heads had some idea of what makes a Wessex tick. Something like the following (actually, being one of the Elite, your scribe excused himself from the course examinations so this essay will show those SAM(E) boys that he did take it all in — wipe that smirk off your face).

There's this thing like a crazy egg-beater, see — it's called a Wettex and a truer word was never spoken. The engine is a Guzzler, Mark 1, a free turbine and costly compressor combination developing three horses, a cow, and twenty foot pounds (Australian or Sterling, take your pick). The fuselage consists of a nose section (for noses), a cabina (for blondes) and a tail cone (for bottoms up). Underneath the cabina is a wash-house or tub, containing some things called fool tanks.

Apparently this is where you stow fool fishermen picked up off the rocks at J.B. at week-ends. Right at the back is a tall rotor, a crazy mixed up kid who is an offspring of the Daddy blowing his top out of the main cabina. Daddy and the Kids are joined together by things called drive shafts — an intermediate, consisting of wood, iron, niblick, putter and No. 6 and a tail shaft, complete with horse and nose bag. All these bits are joined to-

gether by a system of flexible couplings (at this point, your scribe began to look intelligent but it turned out to be a couple of bits of metal and rubber).

Besides the main bits and pieces already described, there are a lot of inessentials scattered around by Sikorsky to justify the cost of £1/19/11½ per aeroplane. These are detailed briefly hereunder:

CG Plate — on the side of the cabina, the Cooking with Gas Plate for the coffee percolator.

Null Indicator — this indicates when the Pilot's mind is a complete blank.

Twist Grip — for curing hooking and slicing.

Auto Pilot — a device for doing away with the pilot — something long awaited for in the R.A.N.

Slip Indicator — warns the pilot when the blondes in the cabina are getting frisky.

Harness Release — for releasing the horse from the tail shaft.

Flapping Restrainer — 100 per cent utilisation since all Wettex pilots are in a continuous state of flap.

Droop Restrainer — something to do with supporters of athletic meetings.

Primary Jack — Official No. R.00001.
Secondary Jack — Official No. R.00002
Cable Angle Synchro Pick-offs — your guess is as good as mine.

Well, there we are with a complete understanding of the Wettex fixed in our minds — and why it takes SAM(E) four weeks to do the same thing is beyond understanding. One thing we have not covered is blade folding but this is as much like the Bilko Show that you wouldn't believe it if I told you.

SCRIPTUS PURPILLICUS.

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THE BUFFER'S BLUDGERS

The Bosun's party (or Buffer's bludgers, as they should rightly be called), is made up of all sorts, such as the Erks and Terks of the Naval Airman Branch, which no other department will have, and the Dib Dabs of the Seaman Branch, which the Naval Board couldn't put anywhere else with safety. They seem to think they are safely out of the way in this stone frigate, and here cannot endanger any of their sea going hotels.

The Bosun's party do a large variety of jobs, and keep most departments going and also most larders filled, not to mention the "rabbits" which are procured as favours! The First Lieutenant's "pork on the hoof" farm is branching out into a thriving business, and many homes enjoy a fine pork dinner every pay day. I heard the other day that a couple of the pig farmers were claiming the Surgeon's pay rise after a few fine operations performed on their charges!

Is there any truth in the rumour that the First Lieutenant was presented with two registration stickers from Lt. Reg?

On the serious side, an extensive programme is underway to have all the lawns, parklands etc., inside and outside the main gate, as well as the married quarters, cut and cleaned up in the next week or so. From the progress made so far, a vast improvement is already noticeable, and much is expected in the future.

With the Buffer (C.A. Cumberland) paying off on March 3rd, much speculation is going around as to who will take his place. After serving for 22 years, the Buffer finally decided to earn an honest crust in the cruel, cruel world. Let's hope he can stand up to the pace. Good luck Tom, and all the best for the future, whatever it may hold.

Overheard in the First Lieutenant's office last week during the P.L. muster of garden tools etc.:

"Tritton. Go and find two mattocks, and don't come back until you do, and if you don't come back, you will be adrift and get run in!"

Guess what A.B. Tritton found?

GLASSES.

THERE'S ALWAYS THAT
BIRTHDAY
SOMETIME IN THE YEAR



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EVENTIDE NEWS

Headline news in the Old Men's Home: Is that at the ripe old age of 55 or therabouts, curiosity has got the better of the Buffer who is going to find out what this "werk" is. It should be interesting to find out which side Tom intends to barrack for in the next M.C.C. v Australia series, in view of Wiggins Teape Standing Order 69 (B) which, we believe, states support for Colonials is not encouraged.

SANDSHOES, owner of modest collection different styles sandshoes, lassie and men's, desires contact others interested in this hobby. DT 5535.

Avid readers of "The Paper You Can Trust" must have noticed the above ad, under "Personal and Missing Friends". Your correspondent (and the Vice Squad) has been aware for some time of the interest taken in this hobby at Albatross.

So popular has this become, that it has been divided into sections such as "Twisted", "Rooners", "Packards" and, for the S. & S. branch, "Shoes, Gymnasium vocab. No. 23029", this is further divided into ancient and modern.

Anyone in the Sydney area who is interested, is advised to get in touch with the Box Number mentioned above. Local enthusiasts should ring 459, and ask for the Reg. Chief.

A very small sum will get you the name of the Chief who ticked himself 'on board' and then ticked himself "ashore" on the way to work in the garage.

CONSERVATIVES CHATTER

This week the Mess welcomed five new members resulting from advancements - R.P.O. Austin, S.P.O. (V) Jackson, S.P.O. (V) Peek, Petty Officer Gordon and Petty Officer Roach. Congratulations chaps. One well known parted to join the Criefs Mess, namely Sid Campbell. Congratulations to him, too.

Laurie Jago leaves the Service soon to take up a job as Chairman of the Sandshoe Collecting Society, which has its headquarters in Sydney. No doubt he will do good business with the submariners at Penguin!

All members wish Pat Hanlon a speedy recovery after his recent operation.

Could this be a sign of second childhood?

The bar was crowded, all the P.O.'s imbibing freely when into the room swept A.M. Bye, 15 years strong in the outfit. The room went all quiet like, and eyes stared out of their sockets, all goggling at A.M. Bye's right hand. Clenched firmly was a paddle pop — a pineapple one at that!

Like lightning his tongue flashed out, and before our very eyes the paddle pop disappeared, in the record time of two minutes 30 seconds.

Incidentally, he has threatened to sue if this is printed, and the Mess has already decided to settle out of court, IN PADDLE POPS.

— "PRES - STUD."

oOo

I am glad that I paid so little attention to good advice; had I abided by it I might have beansaved form some of my most valuable mistakes.

"THE LITTLE GREEN MEN"

For some years the authorities in Papua have been plagued by an infection of the local natives by the "Cargo Cult," a mystical state in which the naive native sits in the hot sun, gazing out to sea in a fervour of anticipation incited by his witch doctor with assurance that his ship is coming in (quite literally) laden with unlimited supplies of fermented coconut juice and the dark equivalent of the Western pin-up girl. No date of arrival, however, is normally specified. This is all very well for them, though as newly inaugurated members of the Albatross Wessex Cargo Cult, we find this sort of thing very trying. Our ship is coming in on the fifth of the month — February? . . . April? . . . May? . . .

Meantime, an assurance of research and ingenuity is illustrated in the calibration of AN/APN/117 with 90 feet of rope and a lump of iron. No Lott Trust Fund award has been made.

Congratulations to new Chief Electrician Jack Dun, who has at last broken through the Roster Barrier after having been a keen starter for nearly ten years. This elevation should give encouragement to those similarly placed, particularly those on the slow P.O.'s roster.

After a short lease on the job, Lieutenant-Commander Gerry York was given a variety of suitable send-offs prior to his appointment to H.M.A.S. Nirimba as Training Officer. An apprenticeship in training matters was well served here! Psychological warfare being waged against his relief for supply of hands for part-of-ship will be resisted.

Further attacks made on the new D.L.O.'s old car by armoured vehicles of the First Lieutenant's Party may result in his pigs being fed a drop of battery acid.

Lieutenant Leck has joined the Station from an Eastern safari with mysterious plans involving a new flying machine. The machines are

not cleared for viewing. What are we going to do with Lieutenant Leck?

Departmentally, the swimming was a great success. R.E.M. Winckle unfortunately cannot represent the Navy in the Inter-Service competition as he is due D.E.E. first. A plea to Navy Office for a short extension of his service in order to compete was unsuccessful.

A certain Electrical Officer, advised and assisted in the purchase of fishing equipment by a veteran angler member of his Division and trained in rock-hopping technique by another member of the Department over the last few weeks, is hopeful that he may boast shortly of getting a bite.

Finally, a word of farewell to Petty Officer "Shiner" Wright. "Shiner" is a veteran, leaving the Navy after many years to start a new career with Melbourne Totalisators in quite a good position. We wish him the very best of luck.

EDISON.

THE WRITERS

Sequel to the film "Don't Go Near The Water" is "Don't Go Near The Blackberries" — ask P.O. Wtr. Brown, the treatment is long, and crutches and many changes of plaster result. Well he goes to F.N.D. soon for more Blackberries, more plaster.

From planes (Albatross) to Guns (F.N.D.) to Rockets (Maralinga) — all for Treacle, leaving Royal Australian Naval Air Force shortly. That's stabilised drafting?????

The two Micks, Carroll and Compton go in the near future so there will be many new faces round the "Scriptologists Workshops."

Jack G. can now settle down to the noise again. F.N.D. will be getting a break, not enough room for Brown, Treacle, Jack G. at the same time.

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SHEPHERD'S PIE

Funny how some blokes have a habit of living up to their names. Like, Std. Cash is the proud owner of a gleaming black "Shoe-box" with a doughnut at each corner"; opens the doors of his Mini-Minor with a piece of clean rag — says he hates finger marks on the door handles.

It's a wonder he doesn't ask his passengers to take their shoes off before entering.

One bloke who DOESN'T live up to his name is P.O.Std. FORD — he drives a Holden !

There's a certain L.Ck(O) with a very red face attending the Sick Bay daily — he's getting the pieces sewn back on after the Regulating Staff tore 'em offa him, — and, if he ever drives through Married Quarters again, it won't be a fraction over 15 m.p.h., so watch it fellas, because Big Brother is watching you.

This changing Navy — Down at payment t'other day a perplexed scribe battled commendably to pronounce one of those difficult names, so often encountered these last few years, and it went like this: "Std. De Gra . . . er, Van De Gruf. er . . . Van De Graff," all the while his eyes hopefully scanning the lines of wait-

DO YOU DRINK?

If you cannot refrain from drinking, why not start a lounge bar in your own home? If you are the only customer you will not have to obtain a licence.

Give your wife £20 to buy a case of whisky (there are 192 doubles in a case). Buy your drinks off your wife at 4/- each and in twelve days when the case is finished your wife will have £38-8-0 with which she buys another case, puts £18-8-0 in the bank and starts all over again.

In ten years' time, when you die in your boots from Cirrhosis of the Liver, your wife will have £5,600, p'us interest on deposit — enough to bury you, bring up your children, pay off the mortgage, marry a decent man, and forget she ever knew you!

ing sailors. At last his eyes came to rest on a fair-haired youngster, who stepped forward smartly, and said: "Vot initial, Sir? !!!!"

Romance in the air!

Simon Wynne, one of the Cul-inariologists up this end of the woods is due for some congrats on his engagement to a very fetching part-time Private (CMF), whom your scribe has had the pleasure of meeting. The boys reckon it's the fastest he has ever moved — exactly 7 days between the day they met and the day they announced they would wed — Cooking with Gas!

"Chic" Henderson has settled in the patch with Mrs. "Chic" and both expected it to be pretty quiet with the squadrons away, but so far, the number of well-wishing visits from his mates has made it anything BUT — 'zat right the Village Store has ordered an extra delivery of Beer since you moved in, Chic?

Banjo Patterson's "Lucky" lottery syndicate, formed a short while ago, has grown to such proportions that it became necessary to form two syndicates. Where else would you get a crack at the £100,000, the £12,000 and the £6,000 all at the same time for 5/-?

T. F. KOOKY.



A blind date!! — I should've GOT blind before we came!

DO YOU STILL WORRY?

The writer must apologise for not having this in the January issue, but he had too much, or too many things, to worry about besides a lousy article for "Slipstream," but hasn't stopped worrying about not having his efforts appear in print, so is now worried only about the deadline for articles — BASIC.

IF YOU DO NOT LIKE TO WORRY ALONE:

1. Go to a doctor (any doctor) and sit in his waiting room.
2. Join the Commonwealth Society.
3. Get to know the A.L.O. of a Wessex Squadron.
5. Go into advertising.
5. Travel by taxi in Melbourne.

Worry about remembering to read your horoscope is BASIC. So is worry about blackheads and being caught feeding parking meters. Integrity is a BAROQUE worry. How bad the Daily Telegraph is getting is one of the most classic BAROQUE worries.

Another Full-Time Worry: What's going to happen to Juliet Jones.

WHAT TO EAT WHILE WORRYING:

BASIC: Amplex, Yeast-Vite, Queen Bee Jelly, Humble Pie, Fingernails.

BAROQUE: Rice Bubbles, Artichokes, Manna, Home-made Toffee, Your Words.

Worry about why people like riding bicycles is BASIC. Worry about who is going to be in "Personality(ies) of the Month" is BAROQUE. Worry about why they are is BASIC.

WHERE TO WORRY:

Worry in the bathroom is BASIC. Worry by the sea is BAROQUE unless you are drowning. Central Railway Station is a BASIC place to worry. So are escalators and supermarkets.

Worry while reading the Sunday Herald is BAROQUE. Worry while reading the Magazine Section is BASIC. Worry while reading the Sports Section is NON-WORRY. Worry while reading the Comic Section is downright STUPID.

Worry while watching Bobby Simpson batting is BASIC.

If you have time to worry about somebody beside yourself, here is a list of BASIC WORRY PEOPLE:

Marlent Dietrich Sir Douglas Copeland, Dagwood and Blondie, M'ss Tania Verstak, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere Ray Castle, Police Constable St-ele, Miss Linda Christian, Ben Casey, Sir Edward Hallstrom, Arthur Calwell, The Delai Lama, Paul Getty, President Soekarno, Miss Diana Ward.

BAROQUE WORRY PEOPLE: Miss Diana Knox John Aspinall, Morris West, Ian Fleming, Carter Brown, William Faulkner Digby Wolfe.

Here is a list of people who, if they don't worry, should start right now: Bernard Levin, Chubby Checker, Hamilton Burger, Caroline Kennedy, Anita Ekberg, Matt Dillon, Dr. Kildare.

Worry about people called Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes is the classic BAROQUE worry.

If you know who all the people in this list are, it's time you started to worry:

Sir Joseph Simpson, Jannette Coleman, Sir Solly Zuckerman, George Malcolm Thompson, Theodore Goddard, Commander Colville, Robert Birley, Toby O'Brien, Miss Virginia Lyan, Sir Theobald Matthew, Jennifer Puckle, Roger Wood,

GREAT WORRIES THROUGH THE AGES:

(1) What Queen Victoria did with John Brown? (2) What "Jane" did for the war effort? (3) Having an inferiority complex because you live in Vaulcluse. (4) Does Helen Shapiro make more money than Jack Brabham? (5) The white spot when you switch off the telly. (6) Russ Conway? (7) The Immaculate Conception.

WORRY ABROAD:

(1) Earthquakes and/or revolutions. (2) Why everyone is having a better time than you. (3) Where the dirty books are sold. (4) Not having anything exotic to tell people when you get back. (5) Germs on the lettuce. (6) Not looking too Australian.

FALL-OUT WORRIES:

(1) When the bomb drops and you are in your shelter worry whether Bootsie and Snudge, Bob Dyer and Garry O'Callaghan made it to their shelter. (2) If you survive, will they cancel your Playboy subscription? (3) Is there a shelter in the Vatican? (4) Where is your family? (5) Will the television still be working when you come out? Worry about where all the nudist colonies are is BASIC. Worry about how you would get on in one is BAROQUE.

WORRY IN BED:

Worry in bed is BAROQUE. Worry in bed before breakfast is EARLY BAROQUE. If you like to worry in bed these are good things to think about:

(1) What does it all mean? (2) Your electricity bill. (3) Am I old for my age? (2) Why am I/am I not married? (5) Does Cliff Richard use deodorant?

LOVE AND MARRIAGE WORRIES:

(1) That he/she is a father/mother image.
(2) That he/she is not getting any younger.
(3) That there is someone else, and if not why not?
(4) That you and/or she are/or (a) oversexed; (b) undersexed; (c) pregnant; (d) not pregnant.

Money is the most BASIC worry there is. Money worries, no matter how trivial, are BASIC. Except worry about having too much money, which is BAROQUE.

HEALTH WORRIES:

(1) Worry about losing your hearing from cleaning wax out of your ears with a pencil. (2) Worry about enlarging your nostrils from picking your nose, so that gnats fly up it. (3) Do ultra-violet rays make you sterile. (4) Should you share or wax the hairs on your legs/arms, chest/back? (5) Does tinned fish give you cancer? (6) Does BAROQUE worry give you cancer?

Worry about why you read "Slipstream" is BASIC. Worry why more people don't read it is BAROQUE, unless you are the Editor, in which case it is NON-WORRY.

— IVAN ULSA.

There was a faith healer of Deal
Who said, "Although pain is not real,
When I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
'I dislike what I fancy I feel.'"

Sporting Notes

RUGBY LEAGUE

With the football season just around the corner, the Rugby League Club is in full swing, in preparation for what is hoped to be a very successful season, both on and off the field.

This season, "Albatross" will be entering the Group 7 First grade competition for the first time since 1960, when the First grade team was disbanded after the first round.

Since the club's conception in 1957, "Albatross" has won the Reserve Grade Grand Finals, and been runner-up once. We have proved we can win honours in Reserve grade so now it's time to show that we can do as well in the Big Time.

At the Club's Annual Meeting this year, the following members were elected to office—

President: Lt. McLean.
Vice President: R.P.O. Henderson.

Secretary: E.M. Davis.

F.M. Brailly, L/E.M. Miller, and R.P.O. Austin were elected as selectors, R.E.M. Davis as coach, and P.O. Burns as trainer. R.P.O. Austin has taken over as Secretary while E.M. Davis sojourns in Balmoral Naval Hospital.

The highlight of the season up to date, has been a visit from Thirroul Rugby League Club, led by former State half-back Bob Smith. Although beaten in two games, some very entertaining football was produced by both sides, and a most enjoyable day was had by all concerned.

The Club at the moment has more members than it ever had before at any one time, mainly due to entering the First Grade competition, and an expansion of the Club's activities. There are now 86 members down on the books, with a month to go before the season opens officially.

All personnel interested in joining the Club, either in an active or

social capacity, may do so by approaching any of the elected officials. GREEN HORNET.

INTER PART SPORT

TENNIS

So far, very evenly contested, with "L" and the Station level-pegging, with their last game coming up.

GOLF

"L" and Squadrons are level at present, but Squadrons have a slight edge on "L" as they have one more game than "L" to play. It will be a keen tussle.

SOFTBALL

This is all "L's" way and as was predicted, the game has caught on from the Chiefs to the J.R.'s, with a lot of interest from the new squadron, 725, starting to show the way.

SQUASH

"L" remain undefeated.

BASKETBALL

Again "L", with their team forming the nucleus of the depot team, have proved too good for all comers, with Kinross, Rubly, Giles and Sheperd in fine form.

VOLLEBALL

This is still very keenly contested, with Phillip Top still undefeated. The first round has just been completed, and, with another round to go, the other teams may yet be able to disrupt Phillip's run of victories.

SPORTS DEPT.

INTER PART SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

"L" again showed the way, with R.E.M. Winckle as the performing seal, and taking the trophies from Mrs. McIntosh as fast as she picked them up at the presentation ceremony. However, this year the Navy will be without the services of R.E.M. Winckle at the Inter-Service Swimming, and his absence will be strongly felt.

Winckle won the 110 yds. Freestyle, 110 yds. Backstroke, 220 yds. Freestyle, and 75 yds. Butterfly.

A.B. Bayley, from Station Division won the 110 yds. Breaststroke from S.A. Starr, S & S. Bayley has also been picked for the Inter-Service team.

The Relay races were evenly distributed, with the Squadrons winning the 4x1 lap Freestyle. Eng. Dept. the 4x1 lap Medley relay, and "L" Dept. the 4x1 lap Breaststroke.

The 4x1 Medley was the closest of the day, with Eng. winning by a touch from Squadrons. N.A. Shea-

ther of Squadrons, making a comeback to swimming, just failed to make up the 5 yard deficit held by Eng. in the last lap.

In the Diving, R.E.M. Roberts just pipped S.A. Grierson, the latter now being a certainty to represent Navy in Inter-Service, Roberts being unavailable due to Service commitments.

All officials and judges are to be congratulated on the smooth running of the competition, and our special thanks, of course, to Mrs. McIntosh, for so graciously presenting the trophies.

JUDO

WHAT IS JUDO?

Judo is:—

a sport

an art

a means of self defence and offence.

Its objectives are:—

for development of Mind and Morale

for development of the body

for development of skill in contest.

Which are achieved by learning various techniques, such as:—

Throwing from a standing position.

Grappling from a lying position.

Striking an opponent.

For further information come and see judokas in action in the gymnasium on Tuesday evenings, or contact POR EL Lamb. XTN 469.

UCHI MATA.

NOWRA AUTO CLUB

The opening event for the year is to be in the form of a 310 Mile Economy Run, to be held on 17th March, 1963. This will be the most ambitious of all the Club's trials, and we are hoping it will be as successful as past trials and runs.

Trophies are being awarded for the winner in Mile Per Gallon Section and Ton Mile Per Gallon Section. The course is taking in many interesting views and sights of the South Coast.

Starting at 8 a.m. on the Sunday morning the cars will proceed down to Bateman's Bay, then across to Braidwood, moving on then to Canberra, stopping there for the lunch break and to refuel, then on once more to Goulburn, through to Moss Vale, then back to Nowra. It will be a long day for most drivers but the competition offered should

make the drive worth while. It should be interesting to see how the later model vehicles fare against the older cars.

As a forerunner to the Economy Run, a Film Evening has been arranged, where drivers will be briefed as to the day's outing. Films to be shown include the running of the 1954 Redex Trial and the running of the 1958 Australian Grand Prix at Albert Park, Melbourne. The C.W.A. Rooms have been chosen as the most convenient place to show these films and a good evening's entertainment will be in store for all, at 7.30 p.m. Thursday, 7th March.

Further information regarding the Economy Run and any inquiries as to joining the Nowra Auto Club may be obtained from L.A.M. Gibbs, Ext. 408.

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The Gravel Bellies

With so many Marksman's badges around the Depot, "Albatross" stands an excellent chance of supplying the majority of competitors for this year's Inter-Service Rifle Shoot to be held in Sydney on March 27.

There are several champion shots here in "Albatross" for example:

- Petty Officer (Yogi) Ubel — the first Navy man to top score in Inter-Service shooting (1960).
- Petty Officer Brian Weaver — broke the top score record for ALL Services in 1961, with a magnificent 139 out of a maximum 150. These are surely feathers in their caps!
- Petty Officer Ron Jenkins — a consistent rifle shooter at Nowra Rifle Club, and has won many trophies and shoots with their Strong Club. He is always in the top scores in Navy shoots, and top scored for Navy Inter-Service Shoot in 1962.
- We welcome back another well known Rifleman in A.B. (Phot.) Pat. Alexanderson, whose last appearance in Albatross was in 1959. However, between these absent years he

has not been lazy, indeed quite the opposite. He won every trophy the Navy had to offer, including three consecutive Championships at the Flinders Naval Depot Rifle Club. This, and other outstanding performances, he claims, is due to dry practice and consistent training.

Don't let these records deter you, though — YOU can shoot — and do well.

The rifle club at "Albatross" has many facilities to help those who are keen to learn, or try to better themselves in this noble sport. The Albatross Rifle Club shoots every Sunday morning, 0800, at the Nowra Rifle Range. It is a relaxing sport and rifles can be selected from the Gunners Store, and with the champion shooters coaching you you will be surprised at your results.

More young blood is wanted in the Rifle Club, and Inter-Service shoots, and if the Albatross Rifle Club becomes strong enough we would like to challenge other civil clubs on our Sunday shoots. Perhaps an organised weekend 'Roo shoot' and other Social events, including Bar-B-Q's could be arranged.

A club however, is only as strong as its members. Anyone interested in joining the club is asked to contact either Lt. Lamb or P.O. Jenkins who will be only too pleased to help. Everything is arranged for you — all you have to do is get there and shoot. So why not give it a go.

Start now while you're young, and master the sport.

As Australia's top rifleman, P.P. says: "You never know, one day it could save your life."

PERCE PAVEY.

Cricket

Those zombie-like creatures with ears like transistor radios and square eyes are CRICKETERS. They are suffering from Test Match fever. It's duration is generally five days, during which time the patient shows all the symptoms of a manic-depressive. If he suddenly jumps in the air and does a war dance, do not be alarmed it merely means that some poor Englishman has been tricked out; whilst conversely, no great attention should be given to his requests for a shotgun, in all probability it wasn't a chance anyway. The epidemic this year was quite as severe as usual and left unparalleled gloom in its wake. However the last attack is over now and convalescing cricketers are learning to live again. This of course, means playing cricket.

Cricket like no other game, depends on statistics, and since someone (who has presumably scored a row of ducks recently, and that doesn't narrow the field down much, either) has exchanged our score-book for some other teams, it has rather stolen this cricketer's thunder. Nevertheless, a brief resume of "the story so far" may be of interest.

In the I Zingari Shield Albatross after a shaky start are gaining ground, and with six wins in nine games, with two to play, are likely to dispute the shield with Fleet.

In the Shoalhaven District Competition, we have been going down the drain with monotonous regularity — for a variety of reasons like bad light, poor decisions, lack of time, etc. Somebody even had the impudence to suggest it was because we didn't play well enough, and yet another that it was due to certain Englishmen who had developed some of the less admirable traits of a reverend gentleman. Be that as it may, despite some 'audable persona' performances, with only one match to go we are likely to finish among the ruck.

The inter-part struggle continues unabated, with no quarter given or asked for. Straining for the outright cricket goes on in the duck and controversy rages fiercely over every dismissal, most of which are attributed to the mat rather than the bat. The Wardroom are so far out in front that they will probably have to be disqualified (Never mind now, we'll find a reason). They have 44 points, while Station 21, Supply 20, and Squadrons 18, are "faint but pursuing." Heroes abound, and stories of noble deeds wrought on the playing fields of Albatross are legion. Space, and unreasonable doubts as to their authenticity, preclude their inclusion here.

On the friendly side (if cricket can ever be said to be friendly) there have been enjoyable Sunday games against such clubs as Mosman, Canberra Wanderers, and some Bark teams, with success varying directly in proportion to the state of inebriation of the teams involved.

On the personal side Lt. Farthing (selected apparently for the distinctiveness of his headgear) has taken over the Captaincy from Chief Luther (retired hurt). The latter's 48 against Nowra showed he is close to recovery, although just to remind us that he has yet to regain his renowned nimbleness between the wickets, he was run out. Lt. Cdr. Wells is secretary. N.A.'s Pratt, Purge, Richards and Jeffries have been sent up for Intra-Service with Chief Travers to keep them in order.

Albatross Sailing Club

"Blow, blow thou Winter wind
....."

With a moderate North Easterly wind, and tons of high spirits, club members set forth on Sunday, 24th February to "show the flag" at Wollongong.

Lake Illawarra, the venue of the 2nd Annual Illawarra Regatta, sparkled in the early morning sun as we arrived with three boats, prepared to win or sink in the attempt. To add to the excitement, we had brought with us our beautiful, glossy new fibreglass 14 footer, the pride of the Shoalhaven. This boat, newly arrived from the Dockyard, the like of which has never appeared in our races before, was transported to the lake in a cocoon of sawdust bags, and became the centre of interest as we unloaded it. We also took two "Fireflies."

The starting gun, fired at 1330, saw L/R.E.M. Bell glide away to a perfect start in "Fury," pointing well into the steady breeze, followed closely by N.A. Hall in the fibreglass "Greyboat," and N.A. Col McGuire in "Bucaneer." Fighting every inch of the 18 mile triangular course, "Clanger" Bell maintained his advantage, giving an excellent display of good tactics and seamanship, against "Lofty" Hall who sailed a superior craft. Design and experience told in the end, when, on the last leg, "Greyboat" slipped ahead of "Fury" to take line and handicap honours.

More than 100 boats competed in this Open Championship, the biggest ever to be conducted on Lake

Illawarra. The Regatta was one of the highlights of Greater Wollongong's Carnival of Sport. Sailing enthusiasts from the whole of the South Coast gathered for this glamorous event, and by mid-day the foreshore was clustered with yachts of all sizes. Before racing commenced, our Naval crews, accustomed as they are to the appreciation of the lines of yachts, now found more seductive curves to admire in the bikini-clad beauties beside the boat-house. Boy! oh Boy!

For those who are unaware of the sailing facilities available in Albatross, it is pointed out that there are five 14' dinghies, three 12' "Fireflies" and one 10' dinghy in the boathouse at Nowra, all in good condition, and, if you cannot sail a boat, we will teach you! We have experts in all aspects of the art, in fact, our Club Captain will, for a special consideration, teach you to capsizes without wetting your cap!

All you have to do is join the club, pay your subscription and turn up at the clubhouse. Of course, to maintain the unit efficiently, a certain amount of work has to be done, and you will be expected to do your share. The grounds have to be kept clean and tidy, the boats require constant attention, and for our mutual comfort, the boathouse needs looking after all the time. Do not let this disturb you however, our motto is: "Work first — then sail." and it always pans out that there is far more of the latter than the former, and a hell of a lot of fun.

BOTTOMS UP.

After Sunday service a young couple talked to me about joining the church. I hadn't met the husband before, and I asked what church he was transferring from. A little sadly, he replied, "I am transferring from 'the Municipal Golf Course.'"

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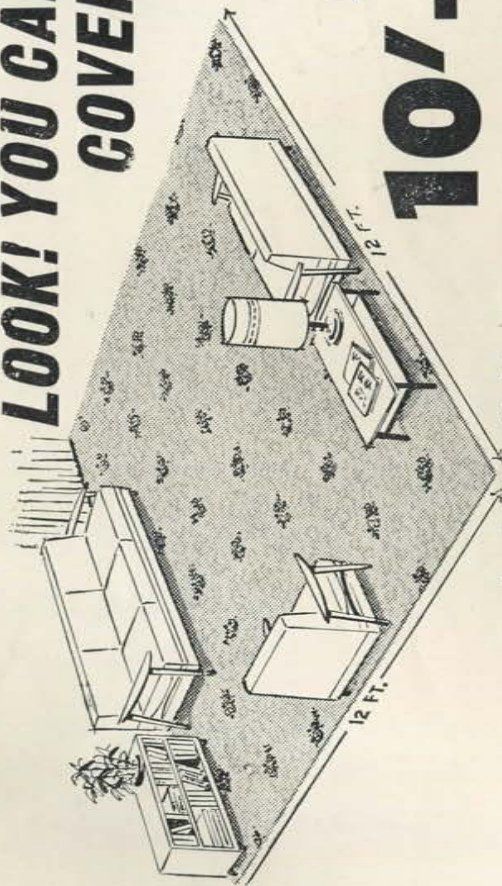
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