

DUFFY'S GEN



R. N. Z. A. F. — NORFOLK ISLAND.

NUMBER III

22nd December, 1944



A Xmas Wish



Christmas, 1944 - a world at war. And Christmas, 1945? In the minds of each and every one of us is the wish, in our hearts the hope, that the bloody and terrible war which has ravaged and devastated this orb for long, weary years will have come to an end, and that the true spirit of Christmas will have entered into the hearts of men.

We, here on Norfolk, are comparatively lucky - in the backwater of battles, perhaps more kindly, at the background of the Pacific War. Yet our presence here is necessary, and each person can derive the quiet satisfaction that he is doing his "bit".

To everyone on Station the Editors extend their best wishes for a Merry Christmas and for a most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

UNCLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

TO THOSE AFRAID TO TAKE THE PLUNGE: Come to Kingston - and consult the Pter Specialists. Prompt and very efficient treatment guaranteed !!

DON'T patronise low-class joints! Eat at the Runway Hotel and High Class Restaurant, cnr. Whenuapai & Santo Streets. Continuous service. Konway von Leedem, Proprietor.

Do you suffer from insomnia? Does the siren disturb your sleep? Try a bottle of Olive's Automatic Insomnia Remedy. Formula secret, but unconsciousness assured or money refunded. Satisfied user says: "I used to wake up frequently during the day, now I enjoy peaceful sleep between meals." Send £2/2/- for generous sample bottle.

LOST: A bundle of letters, last seen near the local Rumour-House. Valued as keep-sake. Apply Minnie the Moocher, Hut 2!

Would those interested in the formation of an Ice-Skating Club kindly hand their names in to Frosty Miller - then do a freeze!

BOOK RINGSIDE SEATS for the next **RODEO**, featuring Pistol Packin' Pete the Playful Picador; and Killer Karpento, and starring **DUNKO the BULL !!!** Reserve early and bring along your mess gear!

FOR SALE: New-laid eggs, ungraded. No guarantee. Apply Jack Williams.

TABLOID SPORTS

A further Tabloid Sports Meeting held on Wednesday, December 6, proved very successful. The weather was perfect and the organisation ran smoothly. The standard of qualification was raised in some instances, and in both the nail driving event and throwing the cricket ball only a few were able to qualify. On the other hand there were some exceptionally good throws in the shot putting.

A great improvement was noted in the times for the 100 yards sprint, in which Signals B did exceptionally well. The high and long jumps were much more attractive, with sand in the pits instead of the good earth. Nevertheless, Oswald of Camp B team was unfortunate in spraining his ankle in one of these events.

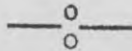
At the conclusion of the programme the Commanding Officer complimented the teams on their showing and presented the shield to the captain of the winning team, Sgt. Charman, who suitably replied.

Afternoon tea, ice cream, and soft drinks supplied by Mrs. Carr and a band of helpers provided a reviver and were greatly appreciated.

Results were:-

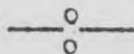
Camp B 83½ points, first;
Camp A 80½ " second;
Transmitters 71 " third.

The winning team comprised Sgt. Charman, Lee, Oswald, who was replaced by Thomson, Chubb, Coldstream, Griffiths, Clapp, Robinson, Twist and Sowerby.



SWIMMING SPORTS

It is planned to hold swimming sports at Emily Bay on Boxing Day (circumstances permitting, if you see what we mean). A varied programme is being drawn up, and a good day's outing seems assured.



WE HEARD ABOUT IT...

And the Mountain Men know all about it - a large streamlined object in Emily Bay, labelled "V51", and capable of carrying SEVENTY stone of human freight!

Ted Timings and "Spannerface" are thinking of taking a trip home.

.....

Yes, we went to the dance last night too How about some Tabloid Sports this afternoon?

CRICKET

With the arrival of warmer weather there has been a slackening of interest in cricket. The competition has now been closed with Mt. Bates the winners and D/F-Met. the runners-up.

Little interest was shown in a match between D/F-Met. and The Rest, played at Rossiter Park. The Rest batted first and made only 39 (Robb 19). Litt took five wickets and Christian four. D/F-Met. followed and made 68, thus winning by 29 runs.

An enjoyable game between an Island eleven, "Albert Christian's Colts", and Mt. Bates, was played at Kingston. Leader won the toss for Mt. Bates and put the Colts in to bat, their innings yielding 52 runs, of which H. Quintal made 15. Ron Berri-man and Brown bowled well, the former having most of the batsmen in trouble.

Foley and Brown opened for Mt. Bates, the former making 23 and the latter 16. The remainder of the innings was a rout against excellent bowling by Val Adams, Bill Adams, Lober Christian and Baker McCoy. The innings closed for 60, giving the game to Mt. Bates by eight runs.

There are some promising young cricketers on Norfolk Island and it is a great pity that they have had little opportunity for practice during the war years. Val Adams, a tall left-hand bowler, was very impressive.

He would be an acquisition to any side.

BOWLING

Further progress has been made with the bowling competitions, and with the recent fine weather the green has become much keener. In the singles McIntosh defeated Fowler (Island) in the first round and also defeated Greenwood in the second round. Bremner, after a good performance, lost to Jenkins (Island) in a singles game.

In the pairs McIntosh and Hargreaves (Island), and Madsen and Watt (Island) have reached the third round. In an eventful game Watt and Madsen defeated Greer and Tattle (Island).

SHOOTING

An Inter-Section Challenge Shield Shoot resulted in a win for the W.M.U. team, with an average of 119, against Headquarters, whose average was 110.

The highest scorers were F/L Ellis and LAC. Davidson, with 127 each out of a possible 140.

R.N.Z.A.F. STATION NORFOLK ISLAND.

ROUTINE ORDERS : SERIAL NO. 000.

by

NORFOLK JCE.

24.12.44

These are the Station ratbags

<u>Duty Officer:</u>		<u>:BEAUTIES:</u>		<u>Duty Dog:</u>	
F/L A.D.J.Hutton	25.12.44	Cpl. Swindells F.G.	25.12.44	Cpl. Reid J.E.	26.12.44
F/O M.Stephens	26.12.44				
<u>Duty Crew:</u>		<u>Duty Driver:</u>		<u>Duty Storeman:</u>	
WA1. Salmon H.A.	25.12.44	AC1. Millward R.C.	25.12.44	AC2. Leach R.P.	25.12.44
WA1. Beere Y.M.	25.12.44	AC1. McQuarrie A.	26.12.44		
WA1. Kennett M.B.	25.12.44				
WA1. Holt V.	25.12.44	<u>Duty Grub Spoiler:</u>			
PFC. Lynam W.V.	25.12.44	AC2. Samuelis E.J.	25.12.44		
(Fitter I.C.)					
<u>Rat Store Guard:</u>		<u>Duty Mess Orderlies:</u>			
AC2. Harris G.	24.12.44	AC3. Firth G.M.	25.12.44	LAC. Ellis S.G.	25.12.44
WA1. Williams P.M.	24.12.44				
		<u>Sanitation Fatigue:</u>			
		AC2. Akel R.N.	25.12.44		
		AC1. Palmer J.W.	26.12.44		

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NO. 2/3 of 5. DAMP SUSPECTION:

The Damp Area will be inspected by Egbert, the visiting AC2., at 0001 hours somewhere in the near future. Personnel are warned NOT to make any attempt to clean out their tents; all brews of "soop" are to be left in an open condition, for sampling. Any brews containing more than three tins of boot polish and with over 99% alcoholic content will be confiscated.

NO. HA HA HA. PAY BOOKS:

It is no longer necessary to hand in pay books to the Accounts Section, as the Accountant Officer will in future visit each Airman personally at very frequent intervals, and issue any pay which may be required, up to the amount of £500 per month.

NO. XXXX. WET CANTEEN:

The beer on sale at the Wet Canteen is purely imaginary. Personnel are, however, advised that sufficient stocks of a well-known brand of hair oil, containing .0001% alcohol will be made available for consumption when the boat arrives.

700
Aircraftsman Second Class,
Chief Soop Taster,
NORFOLK ISLAND.

:NOTICES:

BUY BOND BEER - NOT WAR BONDS.

PICTURES:

PERSONAL APPEARANCE !!! TONIGHT !!!
 MAE WEST !! }
 BETTY GRABLE !O! } WHO WILL ALL APPEAR AFTER
 ANN SHERIDAN !!!!! } THE SHOW.
 DOROTHY LAMOUR !XX! }
 HEDY LAMAR !!!!!XXX!!!! }

SEE ALL THERE IS TO BE SEEN!!!

A GRAND SHOW!!!

"TAKE IT OFF, TAKE IT OFF"

NOTE: Personnel are warned that this show is definitely UNSUITABLE for children under the age of 35, and for married persons.

No opera glasses are permitted. Don't be late - 2000 is the time.

Any Station personnel not attending will be required to assist in the Mess - report to the SWO after the show.

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AIRCRAFT SERVICING PARTY



THE BOYS WHO KEEP 'EM FLYING

The skipper is George - a man who is tireless
 At trying to build himself a wireless.
 While Roscoe, the Gremlin, an able first mate
 Keeps his weather eye open to see if we're late.
 Ken Mac is a sportsman and thinks himself hot
 At counting the quail that his cobbles have shot.
 Dean is the "parker" the gang have to thank
 For leaving a rudder right up on the bank.
 Hope is his rival, and he has a notion
 That for wiping a tail he, too, gets promotion!
 Junior's a lad who is new at the game;
 At packing up dinghys he's made quite a name.
 Next are the fitters - Dave, Jim and Joe,
 As Flight Engineers they all wished to go,
 But Joe has departed, he could not tarry,
 And two new arrivals are Lex and Big Harry.
 The radio wallah is Gen-King Hack,,
 For rapid repairs he possesses the knack.
 "Gilli", the sparks man, is always a trier,
 When he gets on the ball he's really a live wire.
 The instrument basher is Gordon by name,
 When the Gyro plays tricks, just who can we blame?
 Last on the list is Dougal What-Not,
 A lathe operator who knows what is what.
 He takes in his jobs with an angelic smile,
 They're sure to come back in a long, long while.
**THESE ARE THE BOYS WHO ARE IN THE STRIP TEAM,
 AT KEEPING KITES FLYING THEY'RE RIGHT ON THE BEAM !**

S'FACT !!!!

Some time ago this Station sent to Air Department requested photographs of a certain article of mechanical equipment. Included in one of the photographs, but incidental to it, was a tanned and handsome young airman. The Orderly Room staff duly admired the machine, but were totally unprepared for the avalanche of replies from interested WAAFs at Air Department - subject, a tanned and handsome young airman. Included in the landslide were :- 17 proposals of marriage, 92 letters stating that postings to Norfolk had been requested, 11 threats to sue for breach of promise, 15 exposés of previous matrimonial ventures, 51 requests for personal belongings, ranging from boot brushes to braces.

And finally the announcement that a "Lay Down and Die For That Man" Club had been formed, with an initial roll of 1002 members.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

It is proposed to hold a spinach sprouting contest, so roll up all ye shaveless wonders and enter for this bristling hairy trial.

RULES:

1. Upper lip clean shaven at 0800 hours on the day of commencement.
2. No scraping of the upper lip for 7 days (all days inclusive).
3. ALL competitors to be over the age of 12 years next birthday.
4. Members of the Met., one day's start.
5. For more Cant on this subject see Snowwhite, Hut 8.

Our Congratulations to F/Sgt's Hank Murdoch and "Mac" McQuarrie.

 If Doug Dewar will please call at Headquarters and collect his fan mail

LETTERS FROM NORFOLK

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME !

Letters from AC1. Fitzfoozle H.E., on Active Service, to Mr. William Fitzfoozle, Ellerslie, Auckland.

December 8, 1943

Dear Bill,

I arrived at Norfolk yesterday, and boy, is this a pukka place. This island is certainly a real gem - I hear they call it "the Madeira of the Pacific". The weather is perfect; we have time for a swim every day, I just can't imagine a better place.

The people are very hospitable, and the local girls are great. (Next four pages censored + Ed.). In fact I don't think I'll ever want to go back to New Zealand. Well, I seem to have filled up this letter very quickly somehow, but I'll tell you more about the island next time.

Your affectionate brother,
Herbert.

P.S. Don't show this letter to the old girl. You know what I mean - H

April 28, 1944

Dear Bill,

It seems a fair while since I wrote to you, but I have been having such a good time I haven't really thought much about letter-writing. The weather is cooler now and we had quite a gale the other day, in fact it really reminded me of Wellington. I often wonder how you are getting on and I feel quite sorry sometimes when I think of all you unfortunates cooped up in the city while we enjoy this fine open-air life. All the same, we had some grand times, didn't we? Remember that pub-crawl we did before I left? Beer is rationed here, and my week's ration lasts me about half-an-hour. Still, there's no denying this is the life.

Your affectionate brother,
Herbert.

July 9, 1944

Dear Bill,

Last time I wrote I said that the wind reminded me of Wellington. Well, I was wrong. The wind and rain together are more like Taranaki. Last night the tent started leaking and I had a real shower-bath before I had time to move. Makes one think of those comfortable dormitories we had at Harhar, and the mattresses and sheets. Sometimes I find the time drags a little, but all the same I feel sorry for you fellows freezing down there in New Zealand.

Have you seen anything of Nancy? She hasn't written lately and I'm rather worried in case she is ill or something like that. What is the old town like? Has it changed much since I left? I am sorry it is so long since I last wrote, but be sure to write soon, old man.

Regards from
Your most affectionate brother,
Herbert.

October 14, 1944

Dear Bill,

I have the gen at last - I can expect my posting any day now. I can't tell you how excited I am at the prospect of seeing everyone again. I have been saving up a thirst for months, and will I make up for it when I strike New Zealand. Will I or will I not!

I am surprised to hear that Nancy is looking well and happy. It was most unfeeling of her not to write to a fellow overseas, just because I was a little slow in answering her first letters. I have written explaining that my work had to come before everything else, so I hope she will understand.

Well, old man, I can hardly wait till I get that posting and see Queen Street again. I will be glad to be off this pok, little island. It is a dull place and the weather is lousy. I feel sorry for the new arrivals here.

Here's wishing you the very best.
Your inseparable brother,
Herbert.

December 10, 1944

Dear Bill,

Rotten luck, old man - my posting has been cancelled and I will have to spend Xmas in this hole. The weather is wretched, nothing but hot sun every day. I am thoroughly brassed off with everything.

If you value your life, don't tell me anything about fresh air and sunshine. Right now I would like to be some place where the air is so thick you could cut a slice off and take it home for a souvenir.

This island would suit me fine - for a fortnight's holiday. The trouble is, I have been here 50 weeks too long.

Your sorrowing brother,
Herbert.

I've mentioned Norfolk Joe
to you. He's the local gremlin!

N

When "Chesterfields" are on the shelf and someone's pinched your dough,
When roll-call finds you coming late - you're bawled out by the "SWO",
When everything you do goes wrong and lands you on the mat,
When dinner isn't fit to eat and sneered at by the cat,
It isn't only rotten luck that causes all this woe :
Don't curse the Cook and all his works -
It's only Norfolk Joe !

When working on hydraulic lines, and oil pours on your head,
When revellers call in at night and tip you out of bed,
When engines simply will not start, while pilots tear their hair,
When radio develops "bugs" and goes right off the air
Or "Someone" stands you up one night and says your watch was slow
Don't curse your sanguinary luck -
It's only Norfolk Joe !

When beer is really in the bar and rumour isn't wrong,
When finally you fight your way through all the thirsty throng
With gleaming eyes and burning lips - and then you only find
Your coupons are already drawn, well, really, don't you mind !
Don't do the block at everyone, or blame the N.C.O. ;
He's only human after all -
It's only Norfolk Joe !

When "noises off" are heard at night and footsteps trip along
And stumble round among the tents, 'mid bursts of joyous song,
If everyone was wakened up and someone brightly said
"It sounds just like the Adjutant", sit firmly on his head !
And whisper harshly in his ear, "Good airmen ought to know
That things aren't always what they seem -
It's only Norfolk Joe !"

*This actually
happened, and it
was the Adj!*

When drivers fail to see your thumb and dust fills up your eyes,
When rare exchange days come along and nothing is your size,
When something urgent doesn't come - they say "Why de the scone ?
Your order must have gone astray - we'll send another on".
Don't blame ~~the~~ Equipment wallahs then, just say quite firmly "No!"
It isn't them I ought to slang -
It's only Norfolk Joe !

When back you go to "Civvy Street" and all its peacetime joys,
When you've been celebrating out late with all the boys,
When Wifie hears a frightful crash as you come in the door
And finds her pet geranium in pieces on the floor,
Don't try to put that yarn across - it simply will not go,
She'll know, you lying blanker,
It wasn't Norfolk Joe !

- W.L. Bremner.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Mac Bremner's little effort (above) earns him the first prize in the
"poetical" section. His was the only entry. Snow Cant's contributions
take the award in the other department. So easy, isn't it ?

*Did they have to add that?
But I got it out of it anyway.*

Four half-a-wheel Canteen orders are offered this time - for the best
advert., limerick, short paragraph and short poem. Conditions are as
before - closing date January 5th. Let's have those literary burblings !
