

8 DUF

Royal New Zealand Air Force

NORFOLK ISLAND



VOL I
NO VII.



Duffys

GEN

STATION MAGAZINE

JULY 1945

EDITORIAL.

"Hit the sack" is NOT "the caper!"

THIS is a blow from the Editor of "Duffy's" and is born of no official prompting, but which, we feel, will carry the approval of every thinking airman.

Much has been written and spoken about the "sack" -- too much. "Back the attack from the sack," "a log-book of sack hours" -- as a source of wisecracks for "Duffy's" this may be all right, but when it becomes a psychological complex only harm can result. This apathy, or, in more forthright terms, laziness, can only bring in its train dissatisfaction and boredom, with the result that a year will seem a lifetime.

Did we hear a voice from the sack say: "That's just destructive criticism. There is nothing to do in off-hours, not even so many pictures." This represents the typical sackist's attitude against which we are launching this diatribe. Let us, then, move to the aspect of constructive criticism, keeping in mind that a few enthusiastic voices raised in favour of a plan that furthers recreational activities should gather adherents like the proverbial snowball. Furthermore, it is assured of every co-operation from those in a position to sponsor these projects.

Considering the matter of sport, competition between rival sections is as interesting as it is healthy. Take as an example rifle-shooting. The Editor has ascertained that every possible assistance is given by those concerned. The facilities and the material are available and even the smallest section should be able to form a team and fling out a challenge. The same goes for such sports as volley-ball and basketball. So get organised and challenge the Sergeants, the Officers, another section. It is bound to be fun and will be something to put in those letters.

In a more serious vein, how about a debate, or a talk from one of our number on some interesting topic.

Remember, apathy led us into this war and has done much to prolong it. No further proof is needed of the folly of this attitude.

How about that! Let "less sackin' and more action" be our watch-word.

IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO SHOUT "HOME'S THE CAPER!"

THIS rehabilitation business is serious. You have to know how to behave at home. The American Army paper "Yank" has some useful tips for returning servicemen which you may well take note of if you hope - we say "hope" advisedly - to be heading South soon.

Try to avoid the usual procedure of dumping all your food - ice cream, brussels sprouts, mutton, potatoes and jelly - onto one plate. The natives of New Zealand have inadequately developed taste glands and serve each food on a different plate. You needn't bother about having to wash all these dirty dishes. They use for this purpose a strange, almost human species known as "women."

Don't put on a coat and take a torch when you have to go to a latrine. The native huts are equipped with a separate room for this purpose, confusingly camouflaged with white enamel, chromium, brass and booby-trap rugs which slip out from under the unwary intruder.

Don't tell the native girls what you are thinking about in the simple pidgin-English which works so well in most countries. These New Zealand girls have developed a subtle sixth sense which enables them to grasp your expectations without the aid of speech, and a tribal taboo in most cities bans the expressive words of your ordinary sentimental vocabulary.

Don't use your boot to open doors. The natives have developed a primitive contrivance known as a knob which serves the purpose almost as well. It is neither so quick nor so efficient as a boot, but the same door may be used over and over again as even the best ones here may not.

When you are about to leave a native gathering and find that your hat has disappeared, don't flourish your revolver and shout "Nobody leaves this room till the so-and-so who has my hat coughs it up!" You will find that they have hidden your hat but will return it to you when you are ready to leave. This is not mere prankishness but a well-established custom of the country. There are places known as "cabarets" where once your hat is taken away, it will be given back only for a fee.

If you've been down the road getting oranges from one of the rare places where they have them - known as "shops" don't crawl away on your stomach when crossing an open space.

If you find yourself doing this automatically and curious natives come up and gibe at you, tell them you have lost a bob. When they fall for the gag and start crawling themselves, you can make your getaway without being noticed.

A COOKED - UP JOB ?

Passers by the cookhouse apparently find nothing unusual in the sight of acrid smoke belching from the windows and the sound of pandemonium within when a meal is being prepared. The sensational conflagration there one morning last week didn't attract much attention, anyway, and one of the cooks was heard to remark through the smoke "What fire?" A few excited onlookers, drawn from the sack by the scream of the fire-tender were treated to an epic display of courage as gallant firemen charged through the billowing smoke armed with extinguishers and a couple of boat-hooks to rescue the dinner from the flaming oven. Harry the cook was philosophical as ever, and was heard to remark : "The smoke's killed a few thousand of those ---- cockroaches, anyhow." We noticed that F/O Wilson was appointed president of the Fire Committee in the previous night's orders. We admire his keenness, but hope that the blaze was not like the dinner - a cooked-up job.

SABOTAGE PUNISHED

A/S/O Wilco (GD), "dog-gone" officer, was charged under section 39A, sub para.B of the A.F.A. with "An Act of Wilful Destruction of His Majesty's Property" in that she disfigured the wall of the Headquarters Building and was dealt with summarily by the Commanding Officer on June 12, 1945. She pleaded and was found guilty and sentenced :-

- (1) To be severely reprimanded,
- (2) 7 Days C.C. with loss of privileges (including cat and hen chasing).

CHOP SWOEY

An erk was having difficulty in the mess with penetrating his North Island brine chop with his knife and fork when a bright lad piped up: "Take it out to the Parade Ground and let the S.W.O. drill it."

HOW NICELY IT RUNS . . .

Printed on a salt container in the Airmen's Mess are the above words. The same could be claimed of the butter recently. Furthermore it hums.

OUR MAE.



she's holding my hand and taking my temps,
Looks at my tongue, all coloured and tense.

I say: "Is it bad? Will it last very long?"

"THE IDEA! WHAT NONSENSE! You're quite well and strong!

I've been painted all colours, blue, red and green.
The indignities I suffered would fain make you scream.

I patiently ask: "Can you do any more?"

"THE IDEA! WHAT NONSENSE! We know the score."

A week drags past without any change,
I'm up at five-thirty and still have the mangle.

I plaintively ask: "May I go out to-day?"

"THE IDEA! WHAT NONSENSE! You're here to stay."

The meal she serves has vitamins galore,
Just bread and duck and not a thing more.

Dare you to ask what's on for tea:

"THE IDEA! WHAT NONSENSE! You wait and see."

The big day arrives and it's time to go out.

I look for our Mae and I think I should shout,

So I buy her a copy of our "Duffy's Gen,"

"THE IDEA! WHAT NONSENSE! I'll see you again."

I'm back in the camp and still sadly dwell

On the favours she granted and a figure that's swell.

I pluck up my courage and ring on the 'phone.

"THE IDEA! WHAT NONSENSE! You stop at home!"

A strapping young airman was being given a blood test
by an inexperienced nurse who jabbed half a dozen times
with the needle before contacting a vein. When the oper-
ation was completed the airman made no move to go.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" demanded the nurse.

"Some wound stripes," was the reply

They say that since the stove was moved from the Net
Office, the air-crew types have a good excuse to take
their morning tea in the W. ferry.

The Story of Samuel and the Whale.

You've heard of the wigless nark, or was it the Wigmore shark? You've heard about Mr. Palmer's fleas -- sorry peas -- but we feel sure you haven't heard about Sam's terrific battle with a monster of the deep, blue sea.

Admittedly it's a fish story, but actually there's nothing fishy about it. It's the fair dinkum oil. The story centres round a recent fishing trip, the purpose of which was to amuse the boys and provide the station with a much-needed change of diet -- to wit, some lovely fresh fish.

About 20 enthusiastic but inexperienced erks of various sections, shapes and sizes assembled at the point of embussing and were conveyed to Kingston by the super transport service of "Silent" Mackie and "Scone-doer" Ferrier -- a section which rivals the Equipment Section for service -- a service which goes one better than the Navy's, being both silent and invisible.

The Marine Section had everything in readiness for us -- more or less. Another very efficient section that, and one which we should all respect. The day may come when you are swimming in Emily Bay and you are seized by the cramp, or worse, by a shark, or worse still, by the beauty of the local mermaids, and you will find it necessary to call on the Marine Section for assistance. Then only will you appreciate the true value of these really tough and fearless boys who, in all kinds of weather, go down to the sea in slips -- sorry, ships. But we digress.

Hardly had we anchored at the fishing-grounds when over the side went about a dozen lines, only to be hauled in immediately, laden with fish -- all, like us, struggling for freedom and with about the same show of getting it. Over the side went the rebaited lines, again to be snapped up the moment they touched the water. This was fishing de lucks -- sorry, luxe -- and everybody went flat out like a lizard taking a drink.

All right, all right! I cannot tell a lie. That's how we would have liked it anyway. Actually an hour passed and not one fish had been hooked. The boys were beginning to lose their enthusiasm a little -- and for another reason too. You see, that blinking whaleboat was pitching and tossing most disconcertingly. Quite a number of the boys began to look very green about the gills and began to take an interest in the view directly over the gunwale.

Although many more fish seemed to be attracted towards the boat about this stage in proceedings, a few of the lesser spirits abandoned ship to enjoy the solidity and stability of Phillip Island, where lizards and rabbits were the quarry instead of fish.

Included in the number who preferred to suffer on the surge for the good of the cause was a very experienced sailor and fisherman called Sam, who, so he told us, sailed the seven seas when Adam was a boy and long before Fletcher Christian started his little pranks on the "Bounty."

Sam, as you probably know, works in the Mess. But he was in a much bigger mess that day. He soon became so enfeebled by repeated visits to the gunwale that he sought relief by collapsing prostrate in the bilge, nobly sticking to his post and retaining a firm grip on his line in his agony.

Suddenly he felt a tremendous tug on the line. The transformation in the seeringly lifeless figure was wondrous to behold. He leapt to his feet and everybody forgot about their own stomachs and fish to yell encouragement. From the strain on the line the fish must be a big 'un, or at least a whopper, there being only two possible sizes.

Now the line goes slack and Sam, acting on shouted advice hauls it in frenziedly. Now it tightens, and nearly pulls him into the drink. Skilfully recovering his balance Sam braces his foot against the side of the boat and, pale and trembling, continues the battle of brawn and wits with the monster he has hooked. With all his 210 pounds of twisted sinew he can make no impression on the straining line. He yells urgently for assistance. As he turns the line goes slack again. Perhaps the whale - it can be nothing smaller - is tiring too.

With renewed vigour Sam begins to play his catch once more with the hand of a master angler, rivalling the piscatorial proficiency of the S.W.O. himself. But try as he may - and Sam was certainly a trier - he can make no impression. That fish just won't give in. At last Sam can struggle no more. Completely exhausted he turns despairingly to the other yelling fishermen who begin to fear that the boat will be sawn in two. He seems them all far from perturbed, without a vestige of excitement.

The blighters were all doubled up with mirth, unable to contain themselves any longer. A terrific roar of laughter rocked the boat even more than before. Sam's expression changed in a flash from despair to suspicion, horror and disgust. Some dirty, low-down steered so-and-so had hooked his line from the other side of the boat, and, yelling encouragement all the while had played under-water tug-of-war!

ARE A MO!

Flying Control will probably be known in future as the Clark Gable section, owing to the sudden sprouting of hair on their upper lips. The F/O's aren't doing bad, but did you see the Flight Loot? Ole Faithful seems to be having a struggle with his, but Honest Bob is well to the fore. Is it true that the sergeant used "Baldo"?



"WINGS"

.....NORFOLK STORY.....

IN OCTOBER, 1774, Captain Cook, sailing in the S.W. Pacific, discovered a remote and lovely island about 1000 miles from Sydney and half as far from New Zealand. He named it Norfolk Island; he noticed that a flax plant grew in profusion; and, believing that he was "undoubtedly the first human being to set foot to its soil" he blithely sailed away.... To-day, that little island -- it is only about five miles by three -- has a history that is stranger than fiction. For, after being twice used as a convict settlement, it has now for 85 years been the home of the descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty" -- those vigorous Englishmen who, while the French Revolution was raging, put Captain Bligh overboard in a small boat in the South Seas, and then took to themselves Tahitian wives.

For fourteen years after Captain Cook found it, no-one visited Norfolk Island. But in February, 1788, Governor Phillip, the first Governor of New South Wales, sent to the Island a small batch of convicts, nine men and six women. An able young Cornishman, Lieutenant King, was in charge of the settlement, being given detailed instructions. Among other things, he was "to proceed to the cultivation of the flax plant, as likewise to the cultivation of corn, cotton and other plants." He was also "to observe what are the prevailing winds... best anchorage... rise and fall of the tides... dry and rainy seasons." No boat longer than 20 feet was to be built; there was to be "no intercourse or trade with any ships or vessels that might stop at the island," and "the prayers of the Church of England were to be read with all due solemnity every Sunday."

As soon as he put ashore on the island -- and it took him five days to find a landing-place -- King first drew up for his community a simple set of rules which is a model of terseness, lucidity and sense. He then systematically explored and named every bay, cape and mountain, and the two islets, Nepean and Phillip, lying to the South-West. His journeys over the island were not easy, for he found it "one entire wood," with "not one yard square of cleared land." Nevertheless, his reports to Governor Phillip were enthusiastic. He spoke of the bananas and of all other luscious fruits that grew in abundance. "Nothing," he said, "can exceed the fertility of the soil. And the climate is pure, salubrious and delightful, preserved from oppressive heats by constant breezes from the sea, and of

so mild a temperature throughout the winter that vegetation continues without interruption, one crop succeeding another." But it was the Norfolk Pine that most intrigued him - those "noblest pines, in straightness, size and magnitude."

These magnificent trees, which have since emigrated all over the world, interested Governor Phillip too. He was amazed to learn of their "incredible growth" - and of the fact that many of them were over 200 feet high, and over 30 feet in girth. "These trees," he noted, "promise the most valuable supply of masts and spars for our navy in the East Indies."

King's community prospered. Cultivation increased, and further batches of convicts, accompanied by free settlers arrived. In five years the population had risen from 25 to just over 1000, and in 1793, 2000 bushels of wheat, 50 tons of potatoes, and many other crops were produced. By 1803, however, most of the convicts had served their sentences, and the Government wanted them as settlers in Australia. It was therefore decided to close down the settlement and in 1806, despite the vigorous protests and resistance of the inhabitants, the island was abandoned.

For 20 years it ran to waste. And then in 1826, another penal colony was established. But the happy prosperity of the first was not achieved by the second. The convicts, usually numbering more than 1000, were men of the worst type - "cruel and vindictive" and "harsh and cruel" were the adjectives applied by the superintendent to two overseers who were murdered by convicts. Bishop Ullathorne who visited the island in 1834 observed that "the cruelties practised there make demons of men," and Norfolk became the terror of civilisation.

During this period there were two unsuccessful mutinies, involving the execution of 30 convicts. And on no less than six occasions groups of men absconded in small boats. Most of those who escaped in this way arrived in New Zealand and took to whaling. But the first group had a longer and more adventurous journey. After six weeks on the sea, and when they were almost exhausted, they were picked up by a whaler. At first they were too weak to do anything. But as their strength revived, so did their spirit of enterprise. It was not long before they had murdered the crew of the vessel, reached Pleasant Island, and gone from there to England

or America.

Captain Maconochie, who superintended the settlement during part of this time, wrote a report for the Royal Statistical Society in 1845. His information is detailed and quaint. He tells us much about the island itself and more about the lives and deaths of the convicts. He found, for example, that no matter at what age between 16 and 35 they had been convicted, there was a remarkable agreement in the period by which they survived their conviction - they nearly all died of dysentery in the eleventh year of their sentence, and the average age of death was 39 years.

The way the convicts met death did not please Captain Maconochie. "In general the men here die very quietly and composedly, resigning themselves with little apparent reluctance to their fate. This is, I think, much to be lamented. A more painful death in the case of very wicked men would be salutary to survivors, and probably more beneficial to themselves." This absence of terror at the approach of death he attributed to two causes: "First, the ties of a prisoner to life are not strong, and his habits of enterprise reconcile him readily to any change; and, secondly, the moral guilt of their several offences is very little felt by the body at large."

The good Captain was also distressed by the attitude of the convicts to religion, and especially by that of the younger men, "whose peculiar springiness of gait indicated combined intelligence and hopefulness." These youths, though "distinguished for superior education and educability" went unwillingly to church; they were unmoved by those exhortations which temporarily affected even the worst of the older prisoners; and several of them openly argued that "religion was a hoax, supported by the better classes in order to control the lower."

Such was the state of affairs on Norfolk Island until 1853, when all the inhabitants were again withdrawn. This time they went to Tasmania and the island was once more given up to desolation. But in 1856 nearly 200 of the children and grandchildren of the mutineers of the "Bounty" were sent to Norfolk, the entire Pitcairn Island population having moved to this less remote and larger home deeded to them by Queen Victoria.

The fascinating story of these Pitcairn Islanders may be briefly outlined. After the mutiny in 1789, nine of the mutineers, with Tahitian wives and servants, settled

on Pitcairn Island, and established a community that was lost to the world for 40 years. When Pitcairn was accidentally discovered in the 1820's, this strangely-born colony was found to be peaceful, happy, English-speaking, and even pious, for the sole remaining mutineer, John Adams, was a man of strong character who had turned to religion as a result of a vision in a dream, and ruled his community after the manner of a benevolent and not unenlightened patriarch. The population was also unimpeachably loyal - it was proud, not of the mutiny, but of the Empire of which it was an outpost, far from any large British possession. Contact with the world brought sickness and trouble, and a dependence on visiting ships. Queen Victoria deeded land on Norfolk and the entire Pitcairn population was induced to move to a more congenial home, nearer civilisation. For this reason was the move made in 1856, a few convicts having remained on Norfolk to keep the place in order until the arrival of the Pitcairners.

Dark eyes must have gazed in wonder at the strange sights that greeted them - things that they had never seen at Pitcairn. For a while the new arrivals were all concentrated at Kingston, living in the fine stone houses built for the penal settlement officials, and in the four-storied barracks that housed the guards. The gallows that reared its head in the centre of one of the prison yards failed to impress the newcomers, so artless were they and so innocent of crime and its punishment. The women would sit in groups upon its platform and gossip, while milk pans cooled on the steps that had led hundreds of men to death.

The land was cut up into 50 acre blocks and allocated to the numerous families who shared only eight names amongst them all - Adams, Christian, Young, Evans, McCoy, Quintal, Buffet and Hobbs - and gradually, as they moved up-country, to work their holdings, the buildings at Kingston fell into ruins, being undermined and torn apart to provide material for new homes and roads.

Some of the newcomers grew home-sick for far-off Pitcairn where they had been born, so, when opportunity offered in 1861, some forty were taken back to the tumble-down shacks and overgrown gardens of Pitcairn where their descendants live to this day. The remainder liked Norfolk and their descendants are still the main inhabitants.

FOOTBALL.

With the defeat of Islanders, the leading team, by Camp last Saturday, the football competition has reached a very interesting stage. Camp, who are one point behind the leaders, have two games yet to play to the Islanders' one so still have a chance to come out on top at the end of the second round. Points are as follows:-

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Pts For	Pts Against	Ch. Pts
Islanders	7	5	-	2	43	24	10
Camp	6	4	1	1	48	25	9
Mt. Bates	6	2	1	3	28	28	5
Signals	6	2	1	3	35	36	5
Works	7	1	1	5	28	69	3

Saturday, June 8th.

Signals, dominating in the line-outs and in the tight and winning the majority of set scrums, were perhaps unfortunate not to defeat Camp. From the kick-off Green forwards took charge of play, hunting well as a pack. Their concerted efforts were rewarded by a try wide out by Lee after 15 minutes play. The kick failed. Towards the end of the spell Le Fleming, following up fast secured possession inside Signals' twenty-five, beat three men but lost control of the ball. Camp equalised the score from the resulting scrum on the goalline. The kick failed. Camp were kept on the defensive in their twenty-five in the second spell until White intercepted in the loose, caught all the opposition on the wrong foot and ran 75 yards to score a nice try wide out. The kick missed. Green forwards carried play well into Camp's territory again and Freeran, playing a good game, went within an ace of scoring but lost balance. From a ruck Schroeder equalised the score again. Ten minutes from the final whistle Massey landed a penalty from a handy position, making Camp the winners 9-6.

In the second game Islanders fielded a rugged team which defeated Works by 8 points to nil. Their fast-moving pack, working in close harmony with a sound rearguard proved too much for their lighter opponents, who, nevertheless, gave quite a creditable display.

Saturday, June 23rd.

Weakened by loss of players through injuries, Works found the Signals team too strong. The Signals forwards, who improve as a pack with each game, dominated play throughout with their loose rushes and fast packing. The Works backs had to work overtime endeavouring to keep their line intact.

For Signals, Burgess was the outstanding forward and of the backs Freeman showed up well. Jack Taylor's line-kicking and tackling repeatedly saved Works. The losers' captain was not quite up to his usual brilliance and had to retire in the second spell. Signals won 9-0.

Mt. Bates won the toss against Islanders and elected to play against the wind. Play began with both sides throwing the ball about in lively fashion, each side gaining an even percentage of the ball from the tight and line-outs. Ten minutes after the kick-off the Island forwards, showing great dash in the loose, carried play deep into Mt. Bates' 25 where a gruffling forward tussle ensued, resulting in an Island forward scoring a good try wide out. Adams failed to convert. Towards the end of the spell the Island forwards were pressing hotly and were awarded a penalty in a handy position which Adams converted. The second spell resolved itself into a series of forward rallies and the game became rather ragged, though both packs continued to work hard. There was no further score, Islanders winning 6-0.

Saturday, June 30th.

Works opened dashing against Mt. Bates, playing with a fresh wind. Fraser scored a try wide out which Taylor converted with a good kick. Even play ensued, Works adding to their score with a penalty and leading 8-0 at half time. Mt. Bates forwards now made a better showing, securing a good share of the ball from the scrums and lineouts. Loose play resulted in a try by Nankivell which was converted by Brown. This was followed by a try by Lunny. Hard play continued with both sides endeavouring to score the deciding points. Then Fraie scored wide out and the game was clinched for Mt. Bates by another unconverted try by Richardson, bringing the score to 14-8.

GOLFING NOTES.

For the second season after a lapse of some years the Norfolk Island Golf Club has been opened. So far no competitions have been played, for everyone is being re-handicapped, but July should see the beginning of some interesting matches.

The station is represented by some first-class players, both officers and airmen. There should be many more members but the shortage of golf balls is the cause of the absence of many pre-war golfers. Our worthy Works Officer, a mighty man, sees that the greens and fairways are cut, but grazing cattle and an occasional hoof mark on the greens gives players an awkward putt or two. Taken all round, though, the links are in good condition. Although the nine holes have a par of 33, Colonel Bogey is a hard man to beat, or even equal. The ninth, bogie 3, requires a good drive of 210 yards to land the green.

Amongst Air Force members F/O Palmer plays a crafty game, keeping fellow golfers amused with such phrases as: "Big as a bucket! Can't miss it!" or perhaps "I'm a bit tired to-day." He has a nice 70 to his credit, including a 34 first half, the course record this season.

S/L Firth has also been shooting in the "below 40-ies" and should be good for a 1 or 2 over par as the season progresses. F/Lt Akel has everybody beaten for keenness and is now playing a consistently good game. F/Sgt Charman is also a very consistent player and wields an accurate mashie.

There is not space to mention every player, but all are keen. Even if the golf is not N.Z. Championship standard, at least great enjoyment is derived and many happy hours are used to full advantage at Norfolk-by-the-sea links.

FOOTBALL (contd.) Islanders attacked strongly from the kick-off, playing with a strong wind, the game being marked by loose forward movements and numerous line-outs. From a scrum near half-way the ball travelled along the Camp back line for Wilson to make an opening. Massey carried play to near the line but his in-pass went astray and a touch-down resulted. Islanders attacked strongly, but Camp forwards broke away from a loose scrum and a try by Gillespie resulted. Taking advantage of the wind, Camp had the better of the second half. Islanders were unlucky not to score when one of them crossed the line, tenaciously held by a Camp player. A perfect field goal by Dewar when Camp were attacking strongly, followed by a passing rush and try by Massey brought the final score to 10-nil.

BOXING NOTES.

There are some really keen boxing fans at work in Rawson Hall these nights and the big bout of the season should be the encounter between "Fu Man Chu" Meale and Keith ("The Ghurka") Dunn. Bob Jack and the inimitable "Goon" Rowe are promising runners-up.

Unfortunately attendance has decreased these last weeks, but it is hoped that more P.T. enthusiasts will turn up in future. After all, you can't leave it all to the officers and sergeants. Footballers, particularly are invited to take advantage of this unique opportunity. Conserve your gold teeth by learning to box. Ten minutes of P.T. doesn't seem to be enough, Sigs.

BISHOP OF NORFOLK WINS TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

There was a fair entry of players for the first of a series of table-tennis tournaments, held on Friday, June 22nd. The winner, L.A.C. Bishop put up a good performance, while the runner-up, Cpl. Boyle, also displayed promising style.

The interest of future tournaments will be increased by the agreement of P.S.I. to grant two 2/6d prizes in the form of cash orders on the canteen. There should be some keenly contested games.

FLAG 500

Flag 500 tournaments which are being run weekly on Friday evenings in the Church Army Hut are proving very popular, judging by attendances to date. The Committee of the P.S.I. have kindly agreed to provide the prizes once a month while the F.P.F.B. has made prizes available for the other evenings. An added attraction is a "travelling car," the table holding this at the conclusion of play also receiving prizes.

CHURCH SERVICES

We are indebted to Rev. Slater, Vicar of Norfolk Island, for celebrating Holy Communion in the Church Army Hut on the first and third Sundays in each month. Members of any denomination are welcome to attend this service.

BALLOONACY!

The weather's a subject that worries all men.
It keeps us all guessing and wondering when
Our washing will ever get dry once again,
And most will admit: that it's outside our ken.

But just past the valley and up on the rise
There stands an asylum for quite harmless guys
Who gaze at the clouds with their wild-looking eyes
And gibber all day of "depressions" and "highs".

The story of how they went "troppo" is sad.
It wasn't through boozing or anything bad,
But simply the nerve-racking job that they've had.
Perpetual "Whether?" has driven them mad.

In infantile pastimes they take a delight.
They leap from their sacks on the murkiest nights,
And blow a balloon up and tie on a light,
And let it float up to a wonderful height.

When all honest airmen are long since asleep,
Their watch on the high-flying lantern they keep,
Then ring up the Sigs and in accents like sheep
They bleat out the message: "The lapse-rate is steep."

They've all grown a lot more ambitious this June
And tired of their games by the light of the moon,
For now in broad daylight, and whistling a tune,
They reel out their whopping great barrage balloon.

And while they continue the game that they love,
Their ungainly sausage goes soaring above,
And there on the strip with one hand in a glove,
The sergeant pays out with a heave and a shove.

And as the huge gasbag veers higher and higher,
The winchman grows weary - his arm seems to tire.
His breath comes in gasps and he starts to perspire
He stops to peg out his soaked shirt on the wire.

It's not hard to see what a price they will pay
For all this insane, irresponsible play.
It won't be much longer at this rate, I'd say,
Till the wind blows the whole crazy outfit away.

In the Supreme Court of Norfolk the trial took place last month of six young men accused of murder. They were appealing from a conviction by Mr. Justice Blimpson, S.M. in the Magistrate's Court. The Chief Justice, Sir Guy Mortimer was in the chair and Mr. Slim Farmer, K.C., prosecuted for the Crown. The accused had counted on engaging Mr. Valley, the well-known defence lawyer, but in his absence on legal business they chose Mr. E. Coalman, C.C. (Air), C.B. (Army) to defend them.

"Hear ye, hear ye!" the sergeant-in-arms (Whose? Ed.) cried and the Crown Prosecutor took the floor.

"Tweedle my turban, ran alive,
Here comes Mr. Five by Five."

He painted a moving portrait of the victim, Miss W.M.U., a lovely girl of 19, favourite of the W.M.U., and described how she had been foully murdered at 1155 (local) in the Dinner Queue of a place known to the police as Airmen's Mess.

"And here are the rascals what done it!" Mr. Farmer wound up his impassioned oration.

Up jumped Mr. Coalman.

"In my wig and gown resplendent
I appear for the defendant!"

"Look at these men," he cried, "poor innocent victims of cruel persecution. Roddie Johnerick here—look at his honest face. Could he be implicated in a murder!"

Here the accused smiled amiably.

"Or Jackie Taylor there. This innocent youth has never killed a mosquito, let alone Working Time."

Here the accused grinned broadly.

"I repeat, Sir," Counsel cried, "we have not even known the victim and to the best of our knowledge she has never been heard of on Norfolk. I challenge the Prosecutor to produce the body. In the meantime we plead 'Not Guilty.'"

"And may it please you to place reliance

Upon the evidence of my clients."

Witnesses confirmed that the victim was really unknown on Norfolk and the Chief Justice saw himself compelled to acquit accused. At the same time an effort will be made to acquaint them with Miss Working Time as soon as possible.

AIR FORCE SLANG.

A girl's best friend has been variously described as her mother, her legs, or even her Berlei, but there is no doubt that AN AIRMAN'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS SACK. We know even best friends must part, but, for the time being, HIT THE SACK is almost as popular as HOME'S THE CAPER.

Just as officers rank according to seniority of promotion, so airmen are graded according to SACKING HOURS.

"What's your SACKING SCORE, Bill?"

"Oh, about 415 hours, Jack."

"Gee, only another 35 to go for a Winco!"

Every hut has its SACKER, and we don't mean the airmen's tent lines only. The sergeants, too, BACK THE ATTACK FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SACK. As yet we are not required to indicate SACKING HOURS on the regulation bed-cards, but we understand that an unofficial score is being kept and it might be possible to publish the results of the competition in the next issue of the "Gen."

Sorry, playmates, we could write so much more on this fascinating subject, but it's time for the SACK. You'll understand, won't you? As a friend of mine said when he came home at six in the morning: "It's the best war I've ever been in!"

NORFOLK NONSENSE.

Erk (to librarian)- "Have you a book entitled "Home's the Caper."?"

Librarian - "The Fiction Department is in the far corner."

It was probably the same chap we overheard in the course of selling a dog called Wilco to the smart new arrival. He described her in glowing terms as being useful, obedient and well-bred.

"Actually she's part sheep and part bull-dog," he claimed.

"Which part is bull?" asked the new arrival.

"The part about her being useful and obedient!" was the reply.

Did you hear about the airman who called out: "Shut the door, Bill. Anyone would think you lived in a tent!"

Topicalities

Now that the Accounts Section have a bigger office we think we should get bigger pay-checks. What about it, Mr. Catran?

Sgt. MacLean wishes to announce through the "Gen" that butter has been rationed for the past few weeks. You're telling us, sergeant!

Who was it said: "And where do you come from my good man?"

A "Hope-well-warded" was someone's comment on reading our Editorial. We hope we'll find that Mr. Hopewell didn't write it from the sack. It's the sack for him if he did!

Said the visiting pilot when asked to enter his comments in the Fire-crew "duff landing" book: "I doubt if they saw it. I landed on the other side of the fence first!"

Proudest man in camp last week was Cpl. Phil, the groundsman, who coaxed the local soil into producing a monstrous vegetable which he swears is a kumera. It weighs the best part of 10 lbs. Phil is now reported to be looking for the smallest man he can find to be photographed alongside it.

Those enthusiastic toymakers and knick-knack producers, the members of the Hobbies Club, couldn't understand why their lathe wouldn't work last week. We suggest they ask "Pee-wee" of the Fire Crew why he put graphite grease on the belt to make it stick.

Why did Pat McDonnell and Bert Fairway wince when a barrage balloon loomed on the screen in the pictures the other night.

First erk in the dentist's queue: "What's the dentist's name?"

Second erk: "Hart."

First erk: "Yope no's got one!"