

Cockatoo Island Notes

The excuse, of course, is that it was an aftermath of the recently published report of the sighting of a "Flying Saucer" over this Island and Derby at the same moment, and the two Island matrons who told me of it were, at the time, convinced.

It happened on the trip back from Derby. Apparently, as the ladies lounged in the cabin, one said to the other, "Look what I'm taking back to my minor half!" and showed her companion a little bottle of the brew that cheers, etc.

"Wonder what men see in that stuff?" queried the other, and, being women, they decided.. Anyhow, half an hour later, a beautiful shooting Star whizzed up over the taffrail, hung in the sky, then plunged back into the sea. Two seconds later, up it shot again, and repeated the performance.

Returning shakily from the rail, and wiping their lips, the ladies plumped down to watch this star again, and were over-

this star again, and were over-awed. Well, they were something.

Later investigation by independent observers found that the star was just hanging in the sky, while the boat rolled a point or two. Much later investigation proved that the lasses had discovered just what men see in that stuff!



We say farewell tonight to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howe, and toddler son, Peter. Frank has been Chief Storeman here for over two years, and is now on transfer, to possibly greater things, to South Australia, where both he and his wife will rejoin their kinsfolk.

His work has been exacting, and it is to his credit he carried out his many duties in a more than efficient manner, and deserves any promotion he may receive.

Many complimentary remarks were passed by speakers at a send-off held at Staff House today to Frank, before a presentation of a Set of Pewter Vessels was made by the Superintendent, Mr. D. G. Edgar. The recipient found a great amount of difficulty in replying to the toasts.

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At the same time, I understand an afternoon tea was held by the ladies in honour of Mrs. F. Howe, who has been one of the consistent members of the Tennis Club since her arrival. However, I have not as yet received any notes on this function.

We wish the family every success in their home State.

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Much ado about the fount of plenty in Cube 21 this after, when friend Cooper turned on the barrel. He is about to don the white tie and tails before an altar down south, and was wishing friends and bachelordom farewell.

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What's amiss with the "IRON DERBY" these days and nights? The boat loads iron ore in rapid style, and then sails, and no mol-lob stowaways are cast ashore. Is the spirit of the men broken or is it that Hunters Pale Ale has paled? Even Phil was sober!

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Ad Revoir to Tommy Hunter, from the loading gang, who is bound for Mt. Isa. Cheerio, Tommy from your many mates on the

my from your many mates on the Island.

Occasionally, when I have time off from my multifer—multifari—multiferi—from my big number of varied tasks, and find a few moments to analyse my emotions, I realise I am often sad at the departure from this Island of so many young jokers who willingly trade the beauties of this spot for places further south.

Admittedly, the Island lacks other things besides green feed. This state of affairs obtains everywhere, and the lads should remember that. In short, they should learn to make do, as the English say.

Remember the Sunday School story about the King and Queen who lived on an Island and had everything they could possibly want, including the mint and control of the newspapers.

Well, one day a strolling tidal wave sort of wiped off everything from their Kingdom, including the population, the canteen, and the King's own still. So things grew very dim for there was no

thing to eat, and although they were very young and still in love, after a week or so, they were very hungry.

Then they sat and pondered, and realised that when they thought they had everything, they didn't. This, of course, gave them much food for thought, so they promptly ate that, and were saved from starvation temporarily.

And that is where I'll have to leave them and fancy me, a Republican, having to get them and myself out of a jamb like this, when I only wanted to point a moral!



Three cheers for Mr. Jacens, our local tripe-slinger, who carried himself like a blueblood in a recent crisis.

Apparently, a feminine customer bent over his counter to vigorously indicate the joint she wanted, when, RIP!—and her straps broke! Was our butcher disconcerted? Heck, no!

But if any curious reader wants to know just what he did do, send a stamped self-addressed letter care of me, here!

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