

WEATHER NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

Following is an extract from a letter from Bill Denham at Daly Waters:-

In the original issue of your magazine you expressed a craving for a progress report from Daly Waters, the thriving metropolis of the Northern Territory.

Although humble apologies are offered for the delay in granting your request, a considerable portion of blame must be attributed to the shock effect of your query regarding the new residential area which had then been occupied for approximately eighteen months and by this time had become a tropical paradise of rare botanical fame.

Following the proclamation of Daly Waters as a town by the Governor-General, at the time, Sir William McKell, a civic centre was established complete with recreation reserve, tennis court, and civic hall, which, together with one of the meteorological bungalows was included in the inspection tour by His Excellency, Sir William Slim on his recent visit.

Bill also mentioned a local record established by "Cardinal" Jack Rae of the Daly Waters staff, but it is thought that the assisting high temperature and low humidity conditions prevailing at the time would prevent his feat receiving recognition as an Australian record. For this and other reasons details of the feat will not be publicised here.

A CASE FOR DANGER MONEY?

Cloncurry Radar Staff reports breakdown of flight on 26th March, the early diagnosis being "No Power". Subsequent investigation revealed a well entrenched hornets nest. Rectification was effected and flights were resumed at the conclusion of a torrid bout with the intruders.

Extract from Officer's-in-Charge Monthly Report

".....it would make living conditions, shift workers and small children endurable".

Willis Island Jottings from Mike Bruer

Before I came here I always associated coral islands with sighing palms, smooth beaches, blue lagoons, moonlight, hip-swinging hula girls, tropical magic and James A. Fitzpatrick. Instead I find that the palms (there are nine) don't sigh but often groan, the beaches consist chiefly of rough coral fragments, the lagoon barely exists and is usually grey, the moonlight is overrated, there are no hula girls but lots of bird ticks, the only thing magical is the speed with which the food goes mouldy and if James A. Fitzpatrick makes a habit of visiting places like this my opinion of him is lower than ever.

There is a general air of lethargy and somnolence about Willis Island that is all-pervading, and usually the Observer finds that after only a couple of weeks it requires a considerable mental and physical effort to perform insignificant tasks such as combing one's hair. After a couple of months the WITF (Willis Island Tired Feeling) reigns supreme with the result that the Observer loses all desire for anything save sleep. A strange feature of this is that the tinned food appears slightly less repulsive for it requires less mastication than the fresh variety and therefore less energy is expended in absorbing it.

After about six months, with the WITF still in command, one finds humour in not normally humorous things. For example when the Dines and both the ecclites went on the blink all within a week I practically laughed myself silly, and when I dropped and broke the Stopwatch and shortly afterwards stubbed my toe on a lump of coral I had hysterics for three days. This slightly irrational behaviour seems to communicate itself to the poultry.

Continued on P.18

SOCIAL ITEMS FROM THE CENTRAL WEATHER BUREAU

Perfect weather, normal for Melbourne of course, smiled on the Annual picnic at Mt. Evelyn on the 21st February. All members of the Social Club and their families and friends enjoyed the well organised gathering.

The Aviation Section again won the Tommy Camm Shield.

The Annual Anzac Get-Together of present and past Met. Branch personnel was held in Victoria Hall on 29th April - all present departing in good humour.

It was pleasing to be able to renew the acquaintance of the many ex members present - Tommy Camm, Beau Kellick, Mel Cowley, Bob Broomhall, John Davis, Lex Grant, Ron Green, Frank Smith, Don McIntyre, Harry Hocking, Clem Cooper, Ken Trickey, Ted Norman.

No doubt as a protest against the high price of fish prevailing about Easter a party of ten C.W.B. anglers headed for open waters early one Sunday last month. After contending with thick (Meteorological) fog for some hours they were favoured with ideal conditions and returned with a bag of 200. We understand that at least nine of the anglers are planning further excursions, and that the tenth position if vacant - will only be open to applicants of proven seaworthiness.

Continued from P.36

I discovered a fowl one day earnestly trying to hatch out a large cowrie shell and a live hermit crab, and every morning punctually at ten the ducks and drakes run round the paint shed in a body. Sometimes they run round twice.

After twelve months the relief ship arrives, the WITF is triumphantly thrown off and the Observer behaves as though nothing had happened and looks forward confidently to a loose-living holiday and a nice southern posting. With trembling hands he opens his transfer papers, utters a shrill scream and lashes out at the barograph with clenched fist. He has got his southern posting.....Forrest.