



Vale
Roy French Nobbs

16th August 1936 - 14th January 2025

Afternoon and welcome all. Fe dem who nort know who's me. I es Darrin dar 5th child fe Roy and Mae. We se gather ya fe celebrate myse dad and one hell of a fulla's life.

Roy was the 5th child born to Girlie and Dick Nobbs on the 16th of August 1936 on Norfolk Island. From one early age it was clear he had his sights set on bigger en baeter things. He start working round the island doing many different thing, including digging a well at a shilling per foot. In dem days days a shilling was equivalent to a full weeks wage. Rounding up a cattle fe Bill Sanders fe slaughter, amongst many other thing.

Someone se larna me one story of when dem es liddle sullen. Grandma and Poppa's house ben usa gut dem board and batten. Was dem 8x1 with dem 2x1 batten. Rumour es every time dem play up, one of dem batten would be se come orf dar wall en dem would be se catch a flog. By da time she se get roun dar house gut no more batten, Grandma se tull she too tired fe flog dem anymore. As a side note. Uncle Alec tull he de one moos catch a flog.

When Roy was en his mid teens, he thort he se big. So Girlie thort he should start, so he leawe Norfolk, head to Kiwi, to further his industrious career. Somewhere roun 1956 he meet up lornge fe Maisie en I sure wasn't een one church. Dem two coat for a year en tie the knot en May 1957. Dad work en Kiwi for 1 lyears doing building and construction works all about. In dae time period he manage fe produce 5 liddle sullen. Steve, Joy, Deb, Mike en me.

(continued overleaf)

Castaway



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CASTAWAY
— NORFOLK ISLAND —

Ph 22625

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Roy French Nobbs - continued

In 1965 dem decide fe shif back to Norfolk en I es only 3 months ole. We was liwing out dar old house fe Cobby's out Rocky Point en nort lornge after dar, Gaelene en Michelle tun up. Life was certainly different when dem move back. No gas stove, no electricity, en no running water. Only had ar wood stove en ar kerosene fridge. So you el imagine how much mum bin usa luwe dar. Even gut the help of family en community was tough gwen, particularly with all dem lettle sullen. All auwa kids still usa marvel how dem two manage, gut all dem kids en all dem extra sullen bin usa stop out.

One of myse dads pet hates was stollying en every Sunday we hadda go out weed dem plun en a pineapple. I tull I se do et, en me en hem walk down there feh awe a look. The result es I naewa stolly again gen hem.

Dad bin usa luwe a travel. His aim was fe visit every country in the world. He

moosa get dere, with only 5 countries he naewa get.

Life orn Norfolk in dem days mean sullen hat fe be el do anything. We hat fe hawe one garden fe feed all owa. He would always plant fe owa and plant a bit more fe share. Eventually he end up being the biggest tattie en plun provider orn Norfolk. Nuff fe Foodlands and of course, Yvonne's roadside stall, lornge fe all dem seasonal produce. When ewa sullen usa call out fe cup of tea dem always leawe gut one box of what ewa was en season. Dad always had a cattle fe milk en fe meat. Milk was even sold as bath milk en a wine bottle at ar laundry....as you do.

As kids we bin usa milk couple of cattle before school. One memorable one was called Whitey. Fe dad she was meek en mild, fe me nort so. I trying fe pen et up en she come fe me, en I running flat out. Dem horn come either side of myse poet, I grab hold of et, she lift me up en myse laeg still gwen flat out.

Dad bin usa luwe a music, whether he was singing, playing his mouth organ or ar ukelele, he luwe et. Family gatherings, church ulla dem ole sullen orn ar randa lornge fe Uncle Lic.

Most sullen usa hawe a party lornge fe 30 ulla 40 people, fe auwa, dar es jes family dinner. Piano, uke, mouth organ, singing, all es part of auwas family dinner. En everybody was always welcome.

He bin usa maek dem beautiful ukelele from auwas Norfolk Pine, dem was well sought after es dem was so unique.

Along with his luwe of music, he luwe a dance. Him en Maisie bin win a trophy en he bin usa luwe a Bounty Ball en dem ballroom dancing festival.

One of his pride en joy es ar 1956 Ponty, which he recently restore lornge fe his mates Wiggy en Alan McCoy. He was regularly seen chauffeuring a bride orn dems wedding day. Roy was one business man, property developer en a community man. Serving orn ar hospital board fe many years en he was always one of the fus fe un fe help out en donate a produce fe fundraise en community events.

After working lornge fe Jim Gardner fe some years, roun 1970 he start his own business. At the height of his business he had 18 staff en was training some of dem young men in the trade of doing it all. Dad could build one house from start to finish, from falling a tree lornge fe Drake and Mutt, to milling dem timber, running it through a thickneser. Dem would start from da foundations up, to flooring, framing, roofing and everything in between. He accomplished and was instrumental in the infrastructure and building ya orn Norfolk. Couple examples es de church en Foodlands.

Auwas family suffer loss when Maisie pass way orn 20th November 2011. Wasn't lornge after dea that dad decide he gwen start fe learn how fe cook, which some would tull would hawe Maisie roll en her grave. He come quite well know fe his Anzac biscuit, rice pudding, pie, jam from any fruit en season en his specialty was dem stewed peach. Another big blow to the family was the loss of his eldest, Snobbles, which leawe one big hole.

He was one proud islander en fight hard fe Norfolk rights en democracy. Was important gen hem that auwas language, culture, traditions and political freedom be restored and continue. De es foot he was a member of the Council of Elders fe some time en a strong supporter of ar tent embassy.

Myse dad move with the times. From getting one phone out Rocky Point, moving onto the internet and den messenger. He luwe keeping en touch with everybody, particularly his kids en grandkids orn messenger. Nother thing he fine orn ar internet was Alibaba, en fall en luwe with et. Buying a cool room, a sweet tattie digger en plenty other thing. Of course he work out was cheaper fe buy en bulk. Ending up gut one whole box of shoe horn so he el get one fe \$1.50.

Twelve years ago dad and Yvonne start coating. Was friendship, companionship en luwe. Sharing many interests en travel. In March last year dad propose gen Yvonne, come Easter dem two elope en marry orn one beach en Kiwi.

Beyond all the accomplishments was his huge kindness, generosity and unwavering, unjudgemental
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Roy French Nobbs - continued

support fe his family en friends en passion fe his culture en island home that truly define him.

Dad leawing behind his wife Yvonne, 6 children, 24 grandchildren, en 27 great grandchildren en 4 great great grandchildren.

As we celebrate myse dads life, let us continue to support one another en keep him alive en auwas heart. Rest in Peace myse dad.

~ : ~

A Tribute to Our Beloved Pop

Whutawaye, Today, we stand together as Pop’s grandchildren to share our love, our gratitude, and our memories of an extraordinary man who meant so much to all of us.

Pop loved all his family—every single one of us. Whether we were born into the family or came along as “extras,” he never made a distinction. We were all his, and he made sure we knew it.

He always had time for us. If we popped in for a visit, he’d light up. If we needed advice, a helping hand, or just wanted to chat, he was always there, ready to share his wisdom - this includes teaching us all how to drive. Whether it be from Anson Bay doing a tatie delivery with strict instructions to sit on a pillow so you can see over the steering wheel and wear a funny hat as disguise, or taking turns sitting on Pops lap to steer whilst he counts the pot holes on the way home, it has become evident that the Nobbs lead foot carried through the generations.

Pop had a knack for making you feel like the most important person in the room. He took great pride in passing on his knowledge, especially when it came to building things or tackling a project. Teamwork was always very important to pop, even if it took a little bit of encouragment. There were days Pop would pick us up from school with the promise of going fishing, pile us all onto the back of the truck, only to take us to the tatie patch and put us to work. If you were too small to stand on the back and sort, your job was to drive the tractor - if you didn’t know how to drive the tractor, you were quick to learn with a “you’ll be right” from Pop.

Time spent with him—whether it was learning, laughing, or just sitting together—was always special.

And then, of course, there was the mischief. Pop loved a bit of mischief, didn’t he? A lemon in your shoe or an old rusty watch for Christmas. Sometimes

he’d even encourage us to stir up a little trouble for him. Those moments, full of laughter and cheekiness, will forever be etched in our hearts.

Family gatherings and dinners were a highlight, filled with love, laughter, and, of course, Pop’s legendary tickling. If you were ticklish, you didn’t stand a chance! He’d have you in tears, gasping for air, and when you thought you were safe, he’d go for round two—especially if someone dared to egg him on. And who could forget the infamous “golly in the ear” or the unexpected poke in your side that would catch you off guard every time.

Pop was fit as a fiddle, always on the go. On the tennis court, he was a force to be reckoned with. If you were his partner, you’d hear him call, “Run, part!” and if you were on the other side, well, you’d still be running—chasing one of his perfectly placed sly shots.

After church on Saturday’s, a bushwalk with Pop was an adventure. You had to move fast to keep up, but no matter the pace, it was always worth it.

Pop wasn’t just a grandfather or a great-grandfather; he was a guiding light in all our lives. His love, his pride in us, and his joy in our company made us all feel cherished.

Today, we say goodbye to our amazing Pop, but his spirit, his laughter, and the lessons he shared with us will live on. We’ll remember him in the tickles, the bushwalks, the mischievous grins, and the moments we hold dear.

Pop, you were truly one of a kind. Thank you for everything you gave us—for your time, your love, your endless wisdom, your passion for family, culture and language. You’ll always be with us, in our hearts and in our memories.

We love you, Pop. Rest easy.

~ : ~

Aaltho we all gathad ya een sadness at de lors of wan fatha, granfatha, brutha, unkl, elda,

relative en fren. Dar maen we selebraeten this dae reprints evri aspek of wan adventurus,

giwen, energetic en lovin life salan. Ef yu tek a look rait kross awas buutiful ailen hoem, yu gwen ell fiin meni o dem major pieces of infrastakcha en houses dat unkl Roy wos instrumenal in designin alla bildin or boeth.

For all aklan hu had da pleasha of wurkin lorngfe hem on sum projekts or eni job, we gwen remember

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- In-Store Delicatessen
- Fresh Local Produce

Roy French Nobbs - continued

Roy's inspirashun, expatise enna humor transformin hard wurk into wan event, nort a jorb, with tons of challenge, lafta en kassid. Three of myse greatest heroes ess unkl Ken, Snobbles en unkl Roy. En den da Mutha of all heroes, awas Grandma - Aunty Girley, huu no doubt holdin unkl Roy in her typical bone-crushin hug of luv en welcome rait nau.

Whenever awas famlee talken bout visits lornge unkl Roy for dinna's, tennis alla family events, alweis gut sum funny en inspirin stories. En of course, da discussyun about dem horse bite en a rib crackin tickles dat he wos both famous en feared for. Efeniwan ya tudei mass out on wanna unkl Roy horse bite, da best way fe describe it wud be to imagine clampin wan oversized pair of vicegrips on youse leag, just above dar knee en while yu battle fe free youse leag, gut plenty of lafta en sum rib crackin tickles for good measure.

Unkl Roy en Aunty Mai raise wan impressive en inspirashunal famlee hu I en meni others bin blessed to be part of. He continuously contributed at all levels to awas community en held his heritage en famlee in da highest regard.

For moos orl of aklan, dar wud be moar dan enuf on awas to-do list. Not for unkl Roy. He dance, play de music, played a wicked game of tennis, rebuilt just about evri engine en machine known to man, represented aklans family as an elda, built businesses, en on top of all dar, he wos fuss up fe putt his harn up fe travel to nadda ailen en assist lornge rebuildin lives, hoems en bildins after natural disasters.

Kim, Izak, Alicia en I wos lucky enuf fe haw Yvonne en unkl Roy kum en visit in 2024, en wot an absolute joy dar wos for aklan. Plenty of lornge chat about all things en a reminder of how worldly, yet carin en down-to-earth both Roy en Yvonne ess.

En of course, we recalled da meni international en sometimes scary escapades of Roy en Ray Sills as dem exploren evri unique en sometimes unsafe country around da world. (I fairly sure I might be gut some deffrent coloured cousins se sprinkle et cross de planet who might jess luuk simmes Dar ! Mind yuu gut two reason fe dar now I think about et !)

Unkl Roy wil always kum to mind as an unstoppable, energetic en fun force for guud, hu had incredible compassion en gratitude for all around him, especially da famlee he is rightly so proud of.

Much luv from us to Joy, Deb, Michael, Dar, Gae en Michelle. Yez Dad always gwen be wan inspiration fe orl aklan.

Andre

Thank you from the family of the Late Roy Nobbs.

Firstly we would like to say what a blessing and a privilege it was to be able to care for awas Dad en Pop at home.

We would not have been able to do this so well without the loving support of all of our families, extended families and friends who kept us well fed and lent precious shoulders for us to lean on.

To Doctor Pete for all of your care, even 'after hours' and whilst you were on holidays, not enough thank you's will cover this.

To the Doctors and nurses at the hospital who set up the honeymoon suite every time Dad needed to be in hospital and provided his care, along with looking after Yvonne, your smiling faces and empathy were much appreciated.

To Nicole, our hospital pharmacist, who made sure we never ran out of medication, Thank you.

We would like to thank Shane and the grave diggers, all who gathered and made the beautiful wreaths and decorated the mound, Jodie for the lovely Service Sheets and Toni @ Photopress for getting them printed. To Kev and Luke for the live streaming service, Ken Weslake for taking the service and the SDA church for holding the service. The Lions Club and Milton for the sound system, Leonard for driving Dad on his last journey, Don and the Bumboras Yuke band, Porpieh Jam singers and the beautiful Dancers, Dad would have loved this.

For all who took the time to phone, send a text or Face Book message, give us a hug, dropped out to say hello and check in on us, this made a huge difference and we thank you.

The daily morning tea crew and the others that dropped in for a cuppa, Dad looked forward to this and made the days go faster. Special thanks to Uncle Wiggy who came almost every day to have a cuppa or spend time, along with Dad's other special life time friends who made regular visits or phoned in to check on Dad. We thank his two brothers, Alec and Joe, your special bond was treasured by him and us all and your love and support to us all has been amazing.

Thanks to all the family that have travelled over to be with Dad and given support to us all.

We thank our boys for his beautiful coffin, made by hand and with love and branded with Dads cow brand by us all to send Dad off in. There has been a few comments on how they may have wasted the good timber when the pieces with knots in them would have done just fine.

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**When driving... be considerate
SLOW DOWN FOR HORSES!**

Thank you from the family of the Late Roy Nobbs - continued

And lastly, a huge special thanks to the team who cared for Dad / Pop during the last few months. This is no easy task, Poor Dad had more bosses and orders than in his whole life, but he so appreciated all that you did for him.

And to Yvonne, our heartfelt thanks for your love, care and strength of Dad. It must have been so incredibly hard for you, not just caring for Dad but putting up with us all to – We salute you.

If we have missed anyone, please know we appreciate you and can't thank you all enough.

From us Nobbs family – thaenks f' aklan.

Thank You

From Norfolk Island Singles.

From an idea to get the Singles on Island out together for a fundraiser, posters were created and displayed by the supportive places throughout town, donations were gathered from business houses and friends, which all happily jumped on board for the cause of supporting the Sunshine Club.

Graciously Paradise Hotel and Resort was open to help a new adventure on Island take shape, their willingness to see it become a success was outstanding, and so on Friday the 10th of January 2025.

Forty-five dashing Singles turned up to hold the first ever, Singles only fundraiser event on Island.

It was a fantastic fun event where money was raised for the Norfolk community and everyone who attended enjoyed themselves.

Special Thank you to these businesses that supported our cause with donations, Paradise Hotel and Resort, Benjamins, The Bounty Center, Ross's, The Butcher in the Mall, Island Crystal, NI Bowling club, Tempo Cafe, The Trading Post and The Pickle Lady.

Thank you also to the numerous people who gave in other ways with donating privately (Vanessa and

Lisa), staff at Paradise, special Thanks to DJ Shell, tunes were outstanding, thank you to those advertising the evening with posters and local notices.

Lastly thank you to all the singles who supported the event.

Anyone keen to do it again jump on the Facebook page and leave a message

REMEMBERING SHEENIE

22/4/1992 – 26/1/2020



The world is not as beautiful or as funny
or as interesting as it was
when you were with us.
Missed by your family and friends.



The Norfolk Islander

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