

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN TRASH

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No. 1960

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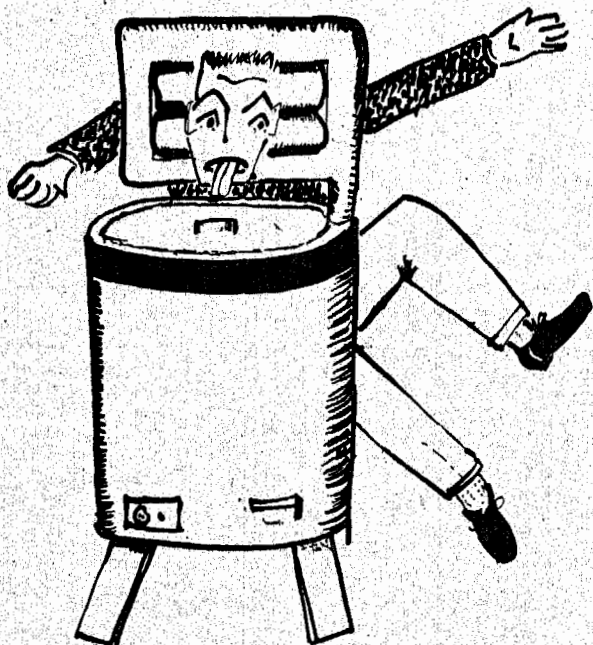
ADELAIDE, FRIDAY

Aug. 5, 1960

ELOPED!



A well-known University Professor has eloped with his star pupil, Miss Drymph O'Manyac, daughter of a prominent business man, and they were last seen heading towards Birdsville. Is this another Shundown Case, or is the University full of sexpots?



Don't let this
happen to you!

Buy a
**LIGHTBURN
SPIN-DRIER**

RAPE, VIOLENCE IN NEW REPUBLIC

From Your Local TRASH Correspondent.

Horrifying reports of rape and murder have been received from Congoroo Island following the outbreak of anti-human rioting there.

The natives of the ten-day-old republic turned on their human protectors when reports reached the Island that Congoroo meat was on sale for human consumption in Adelaide.

Human refugees are pouring into South Australia, bringing with them terrible stories of rape, bloodshed, slaughter and a lack of beer.

A TRASH reporter was despatched immediately to the Island, but low flying Wedge Tailed Eagles shot down his aircraft over the shark infested Upstairs Passage before any Truthful reports could be received.

SABRINA

The Belching Government (headed by Sir Honest Playboy) has taken a serious view of Sabrina and is also considering Bardot.

The plight of the Belch people in dire and Bass straits has not yet come to the notice of the cabinet.

However, as the cabinet has now stood for 25 years, we hope that its drawers may soon be changed.

Enquiries have been made and it is now certain that nobody is sitting in the Lobby.

Hopes are therefore held for a complete flush in the Governmental elections this year.

The Chain of Office of the Mayor may also be dislodged.

But let us have a brief flash-back to our story — as they say in TV.

Ed. Note.—(TRASH includes these brief snatches of humour now and then so that its readers may know what CLEAN humour looks like.)

TIRADE

In an official communique issued by the government of the Highly Elevated, Peace Loving Republic of the Most Fortunate Congoroo People, the Prime Minister (Mr. Yalumba) states that, although he is much in favour of Belching investment in

the country, he felt it necessary to gently admonish the Belch government for its action.

He added that the Belching government was nothing but a filthy, lying, two-faced, stinking, blood-fisted capitalistic autocracy excreted from the rotting bowels of a country of war-mongering illegitimates.

ON RIVIERA

Sir Honest Playboy is preparing a report on the French Riviera.

"It is important," he said, "that despite vigorous attacks from behind we must retain a firm front."

"With the increasing age of the cabinet this is becoming increasingly difficult," he said.

"But stern measures are being taken to ensure that the rape, plunder and wholesale slaughter does not continue."

"The Irish Republican Army has been called in to deal with the uprising."

"However, with bad weather reports from Galway Bay it is thought that the lads will take some time to paddle their Currachs to Congoroo Island."

In the meantime, an expeditionary force of N.U. troops is being organised in Inner Mongolia and every hope is being held that order will be restored in the Congoroo Republic before the beginning of the next millenium.

A TRASH reporter was despatched this morning to swim underwater to Congoroo Island and report on the no-beer crisis there.

His first reports seemed to be in code, but in the manner of all good TRASH news we publish EVERYTHING without regard for anything.

Our first report from Fred Snodgrass-Smith half-way across the turbulent waters of (political and anti-social . . . OOPS wrong type) the Upstairs Passage reads thus:

"Gloop gurgle glug gurk gloop."

What magnificent expression under such horrible pressure!

Whatever the outcome of the situation which has arisen following the rape of a White Gum Tree by a mutinous Congoroo we must not jump to any conclusions.

But it is certain that reprisals will be made.

Already there are riots in the Belch capital of Brushall with the people chanting: "Tie your Congoroo down Sport!"

ON OTHER PAGES OF TRASH

Page 2: New Drug Discovery.

Page 3: Topical Trash.

Page 4: Student Debauchery, also in & out.

Page 5: Women's Wild.

Page 6: Amazing Sex Change, New University.

Page 7: Amusements.

Page 8: Sport and Your Week by the Stars.

Next Week's Scandals
This Week.

THE ANSWER TO AUSTRALIA'S POPULATION PROBLEM



New Drug Found

The discoverer examining ancient writings in the catacombs of the Jeff Scott basement.

The announcement this week of the discovery of CICH has led to wild speculations as to the possibilities of its use, and many unsuccessful attempts have been made to procure samples by some of our less virile colleagues.

We therefore decided to make enquiries into its uses and present an informed report to our readers which we hope will correct some of the hastily formed impressions gained from the first reports.

Some of these were erroneous, having, as usual, been forced prematurely into print by the heavy competition between local newspaper factions.

As this worthy paper has no opposition and we hope it has your support, we present the true facts so that nothing but the TRUTH is formulated.

What is CICH?

CICH, or to give it its full name, "Chronic Impotency Correcting Hormone" does exactly what its name implies.

CICH is the result of years of experiment by a research team led by Professor Needsome and Dr. Gott der Havesome.

In a modern world where the emphasis is on the population problem and controlled Birth Control, it might seem strange that anyone could work to produce the opposite result.

These two men, however, have been striving now for several years—Prof. Needsome has been married 20 years and has one child, aged one year. Dr. Gott der Havesome is not married and has three children all one year old.

It is just 21 months since they decided to try CICH on humans. Extensive experiments on animals now warranted this.

This story makes interesting reading and it helps to explain why we have had to wait so long for this wonder drug.

Although the research team used the common research animal, they set a worthy precedent by using elephants. In the early stages the rabbits when injected were found to repro-

duce five times as fast as normal, and this led to the use of elephants, which gave the mid-wife more time.

It has also had other more peculiar side effects. The reaction time of the males seemed to improve, while that of the females definitely deteriorated.

Spring also lost its traditional meaning and all the seasons were the right season—what ten males had previously achieved, one now would suffice.

Over the years these defects were ironed out and so 21 months ago, the human test began. Volunteers were plentiful and all tests were successful.

Although certain vested interests were against it (rubber from New Guinea?) CICH was released to the general public last week.



Peculiar Side Effects

AUSTRALIA'S POPULATION

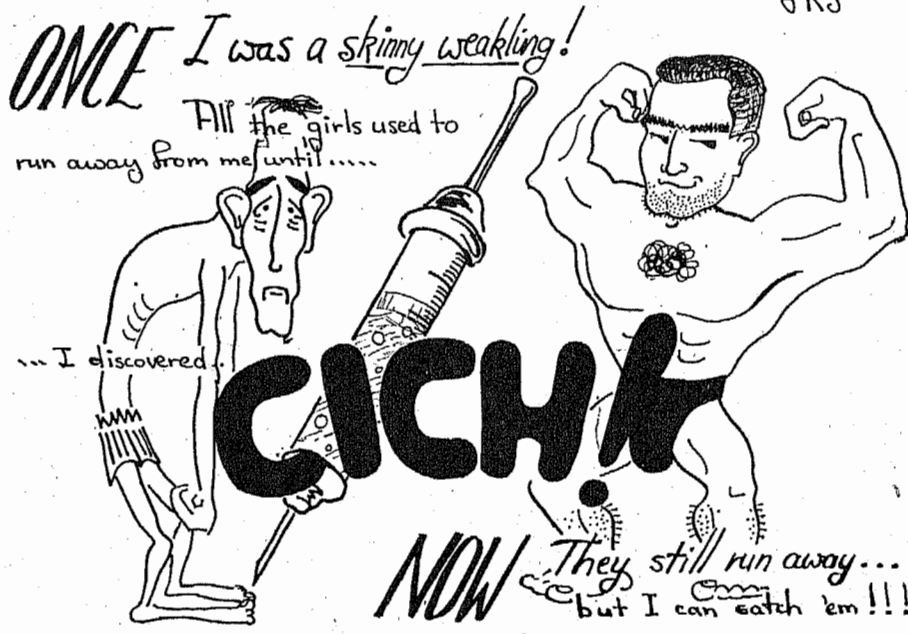
CICH will obviously have far reaching effects and we can expect Mr. Downer to have a new and more progressive immigration policy. We suggest restriction to families and single women only. More single men would obviously be superfluous for with CICH we already have more than enough.

OTHER BENEFITS

There would be industrial benefits to Australia. The results per man-hour in industry should greatly improve, as with less work after hours, the workers would have more energy. It would mean increased employment, for the increased demand would be houses, baby-sitters, special baby foods, prams, and all other necessities of young families. It should also lead to healthy competition as to who can have the largest family in the shortest possible time, etc.

PITFALLS

It would call for an increased vigilance on the part of the community to



NEW STUDENT LIAISON

FRENCH PROFESSOR GIVES VIEWS ON ADELAIDE

see that the number of unmarried mothers does not increase. Bigamy will also become more prevalent and wives would not be able to tell by age-old symptoms that hubby is being unfaithful.

In fact, the pitfalls that would accrue from the use of CICH leads us to think that Australia should look to some other means of increasing her population. We would therefore like to see CICH and that other blot on human dignity—Artificial Insemination, restricted to use on dairy cows. It becomes increasingly apparent that with the use of CICH, the nation would soon become an uncontrolled hot-bed of vice.

Adelaide, Thurs.

Overworked undergraduates will probably gaily beflag Lyons University, France, and sing "La Marseillaise" when one of their Professors returns soon from Adelaide University. He is Professor H. Roddier, head of The Lyons University's Department of Comparative Literature.

He was much impressed by Adelaide students' facilities for sport and their excellent catering system, which, he assured our staff

reporter, was equal with the best in the world, while he was here on a cultural tour in July. He declared that he would urge giving the overworked French students more time for relaxation.

He felt that France's too rigid and demanding educational system tied students too closely and too long to study. The ideal would lie somewhere between Australian University conditions and France's over-insistence on study, the Professor said.

MARRIAGE WAVE STRIKES 'VARSITY

These are the kind of headlines you can expect to see within a few years if the rapidly increasing trend in the U.S. to more and more undergraduate marriages hits Adelaide University to the same degree.

This could mean that by the time that most Adelaide undergraduates advanced past their long lines of parked prams, to receive Bachelor degrees in Arts, Medicine, Law, etc., they would have long since graduated as masters of Home Science (at least in the hard school of practical experience).

As the PROSH passed through Adelaide, toddlers would wave to Mums and Dads cavorting on the various floats. . . .

Our Registrar (Mr. Edge-loe) would need a special department of marriage counsellors, headed by a Marriage Registrar. . . .

Such a trend would probably require S.A.'s second University to become a satellite city with towering blocks of flats housing married undergraduates.

You may think this preview all rather exaggerated! All right, take a look at a current controversy involving Professor Margaret Mead at America's largest co-educational University, New York's Columbia. Professor Mead, an anthropologist, and well known author of books which include "Male and Female" and "Coming of Age in Samoa" began the controversy with an article entitled "Marrying in Haste in College". (This is in the latest issue of Columbia's distinguished quarterly, "FORUM".) Professor Mead sees U.S. University Presidents as "match makers" subtly applying some of the pressures towards marriage that U.S. students are now experiencing.

their children into marriage at even younger ages because the parents fear that the present uneasy peace-time will not last, the depression will overtake their children as it overtook them.

"Thus they too (the parents), consent, connive and plan towards the earliest possible marriages for both sons and daughters.

SEGREGATION

"Those who head our one-sex colleges experiment gingerly with ways in which boys or girls can be integrated into academic life so that they'll stay on the campus at weekends.

Mr. Thomas Poohard B.A., shown with his family after the recent graduation ceremony. Mrs. Poohard was not present, she is in hospital having another child.

"Recently the President of one of our good small liberal arts colleges, explained to me (Prof. Mead) apologetically, 'We still have to have rules because, you see, we don't have enough housing for married students.'

"The implication was obvious; the ideal would be a completely married undergraduate body, hopefully not at a time too distant."

Points made by Professor Mead in opposing "too early" marriages of students include:

"A man who does not support himself is not a thing unknown, yet a student who is supported by his wife or lets his parents support his wife is only too likely to feel he is not a man.

"G.I. (ex-service) students' successes (after World Wars I and II) actually support this position: they had earned their G.I. stipend, as men, in their country's service. With a basic economic independence, they could study, accept extra help



from their families, do extra work and still be good students and happy husbands and fathers."

Recently in Michigan, U.S., the Supreme Court upheld a ban, imposed by the board of a small high school, preventing married students from taking part in extra-curricular activities.

The board had taken this action to prevent or at least to discourage, student marriages, after six such marriages had taken place in the school in 1958.

$$asp = c^2 + obp$$

but only, as Newton found out, when:—

- a = a
- s = successful
- p = party
- c² = congenial company
- o = orlando
- b = barossa
- p = pearl

or reduced to Einstein's formula and, as he said on numerous occasions, "A PARTY'S A PARTY WITH PEARL."

Orlando Barossa Pearl

The only mathematical equation that ever produced the desired result.

TOPICAL TRASH

A cute little doll from Dow Hall,
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
But the dress caught on fire
And burnt her entire
Front page, Sporting Section and all!

● A PRETTY GIRL appeared at a party wearing a tiny silver airplane on a chain around her neck. It was a cute ornament and she was not only proud of it but was quite conscious of it. She found her dinner partner eyeing her in the direction of the silver trinket and so she asked him, by way of starting small talk, "Do you like my little airplane?"
"Yes," replied the young gallant by her side, "but I was really admiring the landing field."

What prospects strange
Before us range,
Perhaps before we're forty
Some Space-age Dave will find
Venusian Mabel quite inclined
To have a little Astronaut.

● Astronomical Quiz—
Q. What is the diameter of Uranus?
A. Same as Mars.

● IT'S A TOUGH world for business men — every time one of them comes up with something new, the Russians have already invented it and the Japanese are in the process of making it cheaper.

STAY OFF THE WATER WAGON

Stick to
BURING & SOBELS WINES
Good Gear!

● CHIVALRY is a gentleman's desire to protect a lady from the advances of everyone but himself.

● A MAN has reached middle age when he turns out the light for economic reasons rather than romantic ones.

● A NORWOOD landlady has a budgerigar which says, "Uppa Redlegs."

● ONCE UPON A TIME there was a beautiful girl who was walking through the woods when she spied a little frog. To her surprise the little frog spoke to her. "Lady, I was once a handsome prince, but an ugly old witch turned me into a frog."

"What a shame," cried the girl. "Can I do anything to help you?" "Indeed you can," was the reply. "If you take me home and put me under your pillow tonight, I will be saved."

So the beautiful girl took the poor frog home with her. Next morning she awoke and there in bed with her was a handsome young prince.

To this day, her mother still doesn't believe her story.

There was a young lady of class
Who had a remarkable ass,
It was not as you think
Smooth, rounded and pink,
But had long ears, a tail
and ate grass.

● A lady sufferer from haemorrhoids received the doctor's bill, which read: For professional services rendered to date, £2/2/-.

There was a young girl from Duchesne
Who fancied it now and agesne,
But, now, and agesne,
And agesne, and agesne and agesne.

● ADVERTISEMENT in local classified ads. column — "Wanted urgently, part-time ladies". Queue forms on the right please.

● ONE LOCAL TOPICAL Tipster has raised the point that with all this talk of a second University, no one has given any thought to the possibility of NO University. In such a case a certain interested party would be at a loss for an argument to convince the workers; namely, a greater chance to educate the masses.

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your bomb,
For that's where we get all the strontium from;
Where are the boys that look after the nations?
They're in the test area counting mutations!

● HER WILL was strong, but her won't was weak.

● HE WAS A RATHER under-sized fresher at his first University dance, but despite his smallness and bashfulness, he was sure of himself in his own way. He walked over to a beautiful and over-sophisticated girl, obviously not a Fresher, and asked, "Pardon me, Miss, but may I have this dance?"

She looked down at his small size with that superior kind of sneer and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child!"

The Fresher bowed deeply and said, "I beg your pardon, I didn't know your condition."

CAUTION ADVISED

An unnamed official today allegedly stated that more alleged caution should be used in the alleged framing of alleged newspaper reports.

"It may well be," he is reported to have said, "That some people are allegedly being too forceful in the way they are allegedly wording statements."

He allegedly went on to say that unless more caution is used in reporting alleged news items it is possible that persons as yet unnamed may be forced into the position of instituting court proceedings against the editors and staff of a paper which must remain unnamed for the time.

● "I MAY BE GOOD for nothing," said the young model, "but I am certainly not going to be bad for nothing!"

Editor Resigns After Glacial Blue

(A Letter to the Public)

Dear Readers,
Yesterday we had to part with our Editor after a really Glacial "BLUE". The absent-minded old coot had only senilely omitted our never-miss selection of a tasty cheesecake photo, of a well-revealed bathing beauty in his Page 1 lay-out. (You can imagine how faces on the Editorial Board became as apoplectic as that of a Guards' Sergeant-Major on seeing a musket dropped on parade.)

When the Board cracked down, the Editor was so shaken and abashed that he could only sob and mumble away something about "being pre-occupied, writing a thesis on 'Melting of Glacial Ice, 10,000 years ago.'" But he did not have the cheek to claim the present freezing winter as an excuse for thus jeopardising at least half our circulation. After all, whether it's hot or cold, our scandal-loving readers of "TRASH" (The National Weekly) expect us to supply at least one or two well-put-together females as well as to strip the news to "TRASH", naked and unashamed.

You younger readers must have just noticed that our Page 1 photo today clearly shows (and how) it will be my pleasure to strip even more from bathing beauties in "Trash" than was the conservative policy before it became one of the ever-lengthening ball-and-chain newspapers I now boss all over Australia as well as just one (but you know I have hopes of more) in Adelaide.

I really propose to let myself go on our Page 1 of "Trash" pictures this coming summer.

So keep on reading "Trash" and watch Page 1 warm up with the weather.

Yours truly,
R. Sirdock

An odd little thing the flea,
You can't tell a he from a she,
But he can,
And she can,
Whoopie!



"AND JUST WATCH HIM IF HE BRINGS OUT THAT DAMN CONGOLESE FERTILITY IDOL OF HIS."

Cars are Fair Cows

Because of a staff shortage, "Trash" today had to send its Parliamentary Roundsman to cover girls' basketball.

That was not so bad, for he had been studying form for ages. But the cover our motoring editor gave a Friesian dairy cattle show was—and is:—

The camouflage effect in the black and white colouring of the new models should delight those who have trouble with parking inspectors.

The female models clearly had four cylinders.

Several revealed kicking and back-firing habits when attendants were demonstrating the fluid drive assembly.

The rear wiper is attached to the rear of the unit, but as the working parts seemed to be in the rear it possibly also serves as a fan.

All models showed excellent ground clearance, and

the judge gave particular praise to the suspension on the females.

I was disturbed by the fact that all models are designed to stall, but I understand that this is necessary for high performance.

For those with long range plans, I would suggest that the "Family Plan" is the best.

Under this the buyer is supplied with two models—one male and one female.

By taking advantage of the guaranteed after-sales service plan, a new model can be obtained each year without extra cost.



buy TOLLEY'S



BRANDY

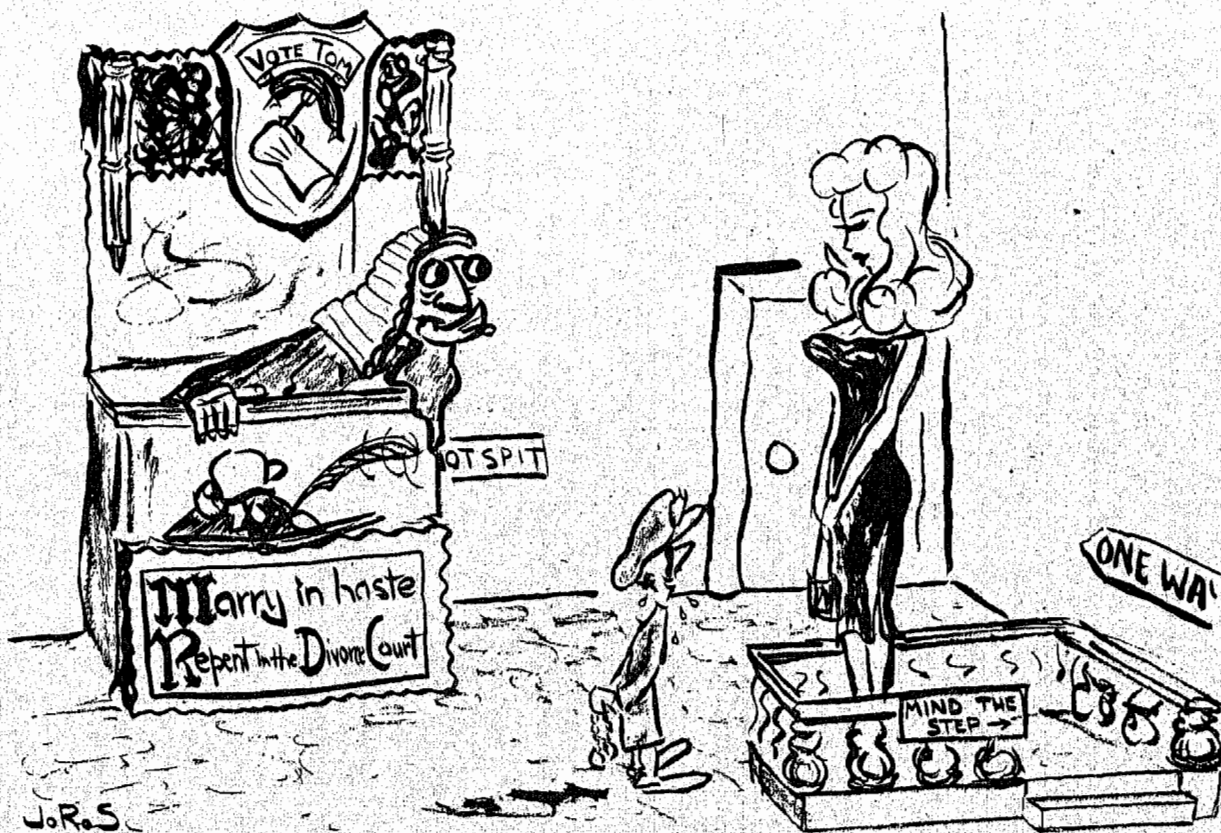
* by the nip
* by the long glass
* BUY THE BOTTLE



Australia's pure grape brandy

A WARM FRIEND ON A COLD DAY
a good friend in any emergency

Famous for 101 years



"... because he gave me Venetian Disease, your Honour."
"Don't you mean Gondolier, madam?"



At the recent Art Exhibition. From left: Dr. Munro and Miss Pugh Gosh, Mrs. I. Leach and Mr. Bert Edwards, the well-known Adelaide figure.

Adelaide society turned out en masse the other day for the opening of an exhibition of rare charcoal drawings of Tibetan Yaks by 11th century monks.

Standing with her back to the masterpiece of the exhibition and smiling prettily was Miss Daphne Pickleheimer, who matched a pink tulle-feille mackintosh with a teeny little jam tin hat. In a group not noticing the photographer was Miss Ophelia Needlehead, whose father supplied the sherry from the family vats in the vale. The colour of her daring off-the-shoulder dress was matched perfectly by the varicose veins in her legs and she topped off the ensemble with green desert boots from the family shoe-store.

Seen actually looking at the exhibits was Mr. Jeremy Alpers, who said: "After all, we art lovers received invitations to come and look

at the things so I thought I'd better do my duty and look at one. Aren't they beastly? I've seen my granddaughter do better than that. Ha. Ha. Where's the sherry!"

Engaged in yet another social battle and trying hard to be photographed were Misses Meralyn Goodman and Glenys Jacobson, shivering with the cold, but looking very fashionable in a black sheath dress and a cute frilly cotton respectively.

Asked what she thought of the Exhibition, Miss Geranium Forbes - Frisby said, "On behalf of the art lovers I think I can say it is divine. I just adore Ostoja Kotowski."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

From Aunt Flossie

There are some very interesting letters this week and I want to start with one from Geraldine of Bowden, who says she is heartbroken because the man she loves does not even know she exists. He is a bricklayer and she a female grasshopper sexer. What can she do? She writes:

Dear Aunt Flossie, I am heart broken because the man I love does not even know I exist. He is a bricklayer and I am a female grasshopper sexer. What can I do?

ANSWER: Give him up. He is far too old for you and there is too great a difference in your interests for your lives together to be happy. Try to meet people with interests more similar to yours, especially in the insect world.

Dear Aunt Flossie, I am writing to you from interstate because I am so scared of the publicity here in Sydney. I am 18 years

old, with auburn hair and corn flour blue eyes. I am five feet six inches tall and measure 36-23-36, and have been told that I am irresistibly beautiful. I have won so many beauty contests that I don't know where to put all my trophies. What can I do?

ANSWER: God knows.

Dear Aunt Flossie, I am a teen-age boy with a healthy outlook on life but I have fallen in love with my brother. What can I do? My brother is already married.

ANSWER: Registered letter following through post.



Scene at the last Virginal Women's League Dinner. This is what the bulter saw.

IN & OUT

RECENT WEDDING

The wedding of the season was celebrated on the steps of the Barr Smith Library.

The bride, Lou Wheeze Handa, third and only daughter of Mrs. Handa wore a hand-knitted classic white gown touched heavily with dux and sequins. Her hair was dyed to match. A sombre note was rung by her lead boots, raven black, a mourning note for her dear father who had been shot dead early that morning in the billiard room by the groom.

The bride's mother was in regal black and dark purple crepe paper with canary yellow hat and gloves. Her mourning note was dark desert boots.

The reception was held in the Refectory, tastily decorated with messes of flour. The many guests formed a chunderous queue for the Continental-type wedding breakfast, provided by the management at cut rates. The feature dish consisted of cold chuck-up Chucko Rolls.

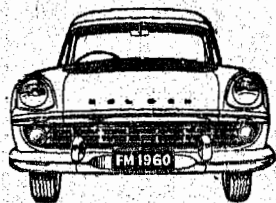
The bridegroom was Jim Bony-Thorn, a spy plane pilot. The couple will live at Alice Springs. They plan to honeymoon at the South Pole.

Several sporting Adelaide housewives were seen recently tying kangaroos down. Many delicious recipes were put forward at the recent annual convention of K.M.C.C.S. (Keep me Cockatoo cool society).

The Annual Dinner of the Adelaide Virginal Women's League will be held in the telephone box on the corner of North Terrace and Kintore Avenue on Monday night.

Riptide

Pity the ex-service student. He and the wife can't have fun, can't go no place because the baby is such a wet blanket.



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SALOME STRIKES AGAIN! STUDENT DEBAUCHERY ORGY AT CITY HOTEL

By a Special Reporter

Scenes of unprecedented behaviour were witnessed by horrified hotel guests and our special reporter, when the new Faculty of Mental Economics Students' Association held their first annual dinner at a certain Sturt Street hotel.

This paper has always taken great pleasure in exposing student activities to the general public. Accordingly, I was sent to report on this typical outburst of student shame. It was undecipherable—particularly as I can't describe anything, anyway!

LACED FRUIT CUP

Appropriating a ticket, I sneaked onto one of the tables. Gullible students took me into their confidence. They admitted spending all day in the "bar" and the "pub." A certain Lady Symon was referred to intimately, and others preferred to go for a roll with George Murray. What happened with the Jeff Scott was nobody's business! Horrors they had reserved for later included "toasting" the staff, and speeches in honour of patrons of Vice—often abbreviated to Vice-patrons.

The fruit cup was laced, so I arranged for a simple tonic named Vodka. Students became more and more blurred. One young student, after the fourth course, admitted to being "full."

One of the women stu-

dents enacted the famous Salome routine, which is associated with these dinners. Claiming she was hot, she disrobed her coat and revealed a dress underneath. While in this shocking state she addressed a lecturer who looked far from mental. This new horror led me to consume more Vodka, in spite of student attempts to corrupt me with a new devil drink, Fanta.

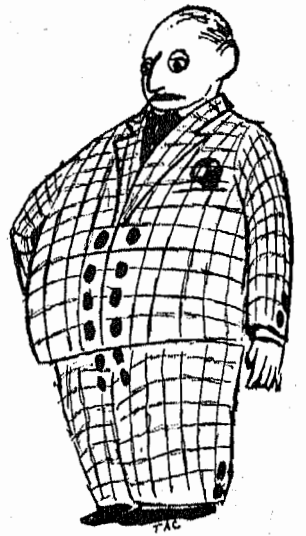
A guest of the hotel howled with horror at such proceedings. Her memory of the event would have left a permanent scar, so I returned the toddler to her mother.

INDECENT

As inhibitions fell away, males started to dance with females. Other women guests watched in horror. Men kept filing out to an outside room. I had another soothing Vodka. The whole proceedings made me feel sick, so I rushed out to an outside room. But I couldn't contain myself, and let go in the passage. An hotel guest on the spot summed up my feelings with the comment, "Those b— students!"



Recent photo of the enraged guest.



Latest fashion from Italy. Double breasted coat and pants.

RAFFLE SCANDAL SHOCKS ADELAIDE

CASE OF THE PLUCKED DUCK

The social elite of Bowden-on-the-Hill reeled with horror earlier this week as some of their clique were exposed as members of a raffle wangling gang.

Facts revealed by Police Chief McThinner this week revealed that Bowden-on-the-Hill's charity raffles were rigged. The gang overstepped themselves when they substituted a dead duck for the prize sitting duck at the Lost Souls Church bazaar. The switch was luckily detected by the Parson's nose.

Investigation revealed that the frauds included the Moriarty Protestant Children's Home, where Moriarty was making children at a loss; the Boy Scouts' "Bring Out a Girl Guide" Campaign, where the Scoutmaster had embezzled 3/- from the funds and eloped with the mascot; the local Kindergarten, where the promoters raffled the headmistress and kept half the proceeds. The other issue was left with Miss Barr-Stahd's Orphanage.

It was found that the local Junior Chamber was leaking because an inferior enamel had been applied. The secretary was interview-

ed by Police at his convenience.

Miss Strongarm-Jones, popular leader of the younger set, was found printing duplicate raffle books and smoking the butts. Our reporter interviewed Miss Strongarm-Jones in her cell, and when asked why she had done it, she replied that she wanted a thrill. Our reporter did his duty.

Other social leaders involved were Hyman Swindler, the Council parking inspector. Flossie Alright, the alderman's defacto wife, and Roo Meet, the pie cart owner.

Questions were asked in Parliament on this scandal. Mr. Fone-Tapping alleged that the temporary homes created an inflammable situation. Mr. Galvanised ironed out the situation by suggesting that raffles be capital offences. Mr. Roe commented that the whole thing was fishy, and Mr. Ron Runstan asked was the gerry mended.



Gay scene of recent Garden Party at the last E.S.U. Social Meeting.



Governor-General arriving to open 1961 Festival of Arts. Owing to the River Torrens works being incomplete, the landing was somewhat hazardous. The Governor-General is seen being welcomed by the City Fathers.

WOMEN'S WORLD

Conducted by Prudence-Jane

Heard yesterday about another plan for Victoria Square. Forty teenagers interviewed at random by a reporter agreed they thought it would be nice if the Square were turned into a big rock-'n'-roll stadium. All the trees would have to be dug up, but, as one cool-cat said, they could be sold for firewood and the money donated to the "Bring out an Anglican" fund.

☆☆☆

When asked for his views, Brigadier McSennapod said he was in favour of the idea as it would help keep them off the streets and further, they would be close to the jail, which would be convenient for the police, if they started to riot.

☆☆☆

No doubt our professional revue company would think up some catchy title for their next revue, like "Compete with the Beat" or something.

☆☆☆

Bath time would be more popular with the children if they had their own soaps, gaily printed with nursery rhyme characters. Made by a well-known British soap manufacturer, the castille-type soap is individually boxed and costs only a shilling.

☆☆☆

The Bunyeroo branch of the C.W.A. has formed a Society For The Prevention of Cruelty to Kangaroos, having lately heard a flood of reports about the popular pastime of tying them down.

☆☆☆

The local secretary, Miss Doris Plum was highly indignant, in fact, in a real tizzy, when interviewed. "It's just too too cruel," she said. "So cruel and degrading. Look how proudly he stands on a two-shilling piece. He is our national emblem, safeguarding our economy and our destiny. The thought of him being tied down to an old fence post or something, with a bit of dirty string is just too, too degrading."

☆☆☆

The Women's Branch of the Adelaide Lung-Cancer Prevention Society will hold its Annual General Meeting in the South Parklands tomorrow night, at 7.30 p.m. "It may be cold and damp," said the president, Miss Donald Spunge. "But, the air is so clean and pure."

☆☆☆

Porridge stains are a dreadful nuisance, aren't they, ladies, but, according to Priscilla, of Bowden, they are easily removed with an egg-yolk, a little brandy-wine, some beef dripping and a little bit of know-how.

☆☆☆

The fat is heated to about 700 degrees. Then half a cup of brandy is poured in. When the flames die down, the egg-yolk is carefully added, with constant stirring. The mixture is now poured on to the stain and allowed to set. The solidified lump may be lifted off by hand and will take the porridge-stain with it.

☆☆☆

Priscilla also sends a recipe for removing composite fat, brandy and egg stains, but unfortunately we have not time for it this week.

LOVE TO YOU ALL,
Prudence Jane

**PROSH
HOP
TONIGHT
TONIGHT
COMPLETELY
FORMAL
2 BANDS
Come as You Are**



EVE.

Latest Continental Fashions

Top: Leaf look from France. Below: British Special. Over: Sporting Outfit from Italy.

In the best of taste.....



FOOD: expertly incinerated by expert cooks !!

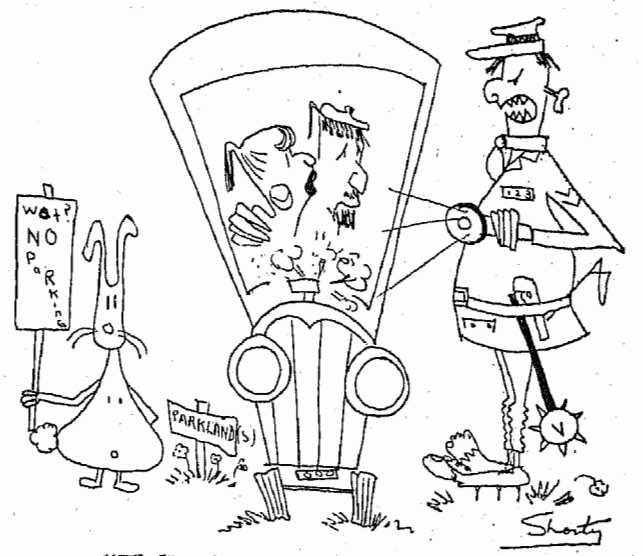
DRINK: you'll be thoroughly sozzled !!!

ENTERTAINMENT: our floorshows are positive revelations !!!!



For Reservations - 8-1868
But Quick... We're Starving!

WENTWORTH



"Well, the sign said Parklands."

If Football Matches Were Reported By the Social Editor

A delightful gathering assembled at the Norwood Oval last Saturday to view the match between Norwood and Port Adelaide.

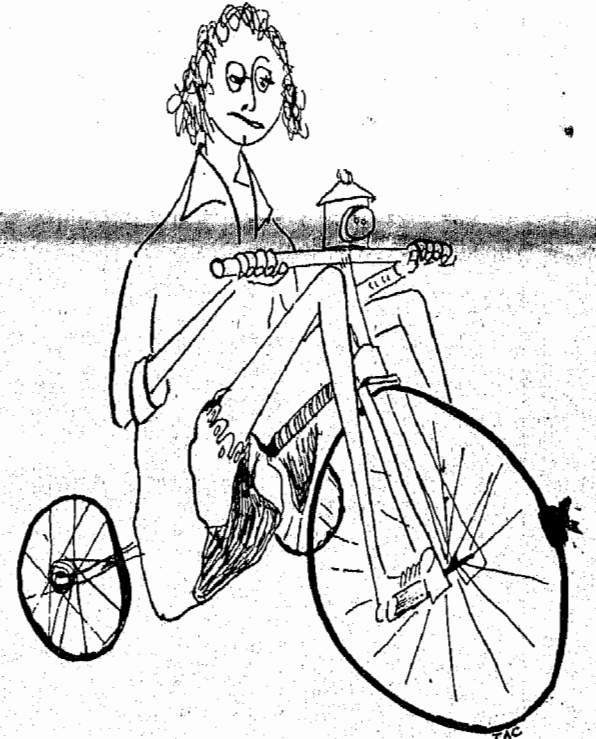
The Port Adelaide team were tastefully attired in guernseys with vertical black and white stripes with charming short-cut knickers, harmonising with the black stripes; while the Norwoods relied on red and blue creations offset with red sox. The umpires, as ever, were too, too divine, dressed in white, which symbolised their pure intentions of seeing fair play.

After a delightful 2½ hours the match ended in a draw which pleased the rival captains no end, as both said they could not bear to see the disappointment on the faces of their opponents if they had lost.

Noted among the players was H. Bunton, who has adopted the new fad of wearing his sox down round his ankles; H. Kneebone, whose guernsey was cut daringly low; and Bill Wedding, whose guernsey is designed to show a bare midriff when marking. Wally Dittmar, whose complexion was enhanced by his black and white ensemble, was seen strolling around with gorgeous Ian Hannaford after the match.

The umpire was carried off the ground by the supporters of both teams, while the crowd stood and sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Tea was then served to both teams and the umpires by Host Killigrew and a very pleasant day ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."



Tricycling Ensemble
In Sepia Delistred Satin
with Irish Lace Breeches (Hand Made)

LAYING OF FOUNDATION STONE at the new Adelaide building with no foundations. The ceremony still went on!



AMAZING SEX CHANGE

Doctor to Wed Patient

In one of the most sensational marriage mix-ups of the century, young Adelaide grease-monkey, Freds (Freda) Pills, recently announced his (her) forthcoming marriage to prominent North Terrace specialist, Dr. Will Curlo.

Fierce controversy now rages around this couple. Many shocking accusations have been made by prominent citizens. Freds Pills' local M.P. has stated categorically that Russian hydrogen bombs have caused the dramatic change in sex of young Mr. Freds Pills.

A leading Adelaide psychologist, Mr. S. Frewd, has expressed the opinion that the freak sex-change is a result of inadequate and improper early toilet training.

Even more shocking is the accusation that Dr. Curlo has conducted himself most unprofessionally, and that Freds Pills' change is the result of Dr. Curlo's extreme fear of dying of sex-starvation.

Now Trash gives you the TRUTH!

Our staff reporter, Jeremy Crunge, interviewed Dr. Curlo and Freda Pills in the doctor's comfortable Bowden flat. Here is the whole fantastic and sordid story as told by Dr. Curlo and Freda.

DISMISSED

Freds Pills (23) was a normal, healthy, fun-loving grease-monkey in the early months of 1959. He worked in a modern service station in the progressive suburb of Much-binding-in-the-straps. In March, 1959, Freds was dismissed. The second mechanic, Laurie Clapp, complained that he was embarrassed by Freds's advances.

"No one understood how I felt in those awful first few months!" said Freda.

At this time Freds Pills was being treated for an emotional disturbance by Dr. Curlo. Dr. Curlo said that he merely had the comfort of his patient in mind when he invited Freds to move into his flat.

During the next six months, Freds lived in Dr. Curlo's flat. "It was a most interesting experience treating young Freds Pills," commented Dr. Curlo. The new Freda Pills smiled coyly as she adjusted the hem of her dress.

CONVENIENCES

When asked to tell of the most harrowing experience during the transitional months, Dr. Curlo said, "Well, there was the misunderstanding in Victoria Square . . . but we prefer not to talk about those things now . . ."

(Trash readers may also call this incident, described in all its filthy details in the issue, Trash, 28/9/60.)

Briefly, Freds was charged with effecting "a most damnable public nuisance," with indecent exposure and with

resisting lawful arrest after 27 women had fled, screaming hysterically, from a Victoria Square convenience.

It was alleged that several women had to be treated for shock. Four suffered severe lacerations to the legs and body after struggling through small windows in the building in their efforts to escape.

Dr. Curlo expressed indignation that his medical evidence was dismissed by Mr. Justice Spons. "It was so distressing for both Freds (Freda) and me. It was a great relief when Freds was released. We were able at least to spend Christmas together, you know."

INCONVENIENCES

(Trash readers will recall the incident on the Glenelg foreshore earlier this year.) On January 13, Freds Pills appeared on charges of indecent exposure and assaulting a police officer. Freda told Trash reporters of her (his) unfortunate experience. "When I wore my brand new two-piece bathing suit, everyone laughed at me! I went and put on my old bathing trunks. Then a rude policeman came up to me and said 'Come on, girlie, you and me are going for a ride!' I thought he was getting fresh and hit him. I hate men!"



This is a photo of Freds before it happened.



INDIGNATION

At this point in the interview, Dr. Curlo again expressed his indignation at Freds' (Freda's) treatment in court. When Dr. Curlo submitted his medical evidence to support Freds Pills' claim for leniency, Mr. Justice Spons suffered a severe attack of the jerks (Dr. Curlo's medical expression) and was carried from the court-room, frothing at the mouth.

The hearing was continued when Mr. Justice Well replaced Mr. Justice Spons. Dr. Curlo's medical evidence was admitted. Freds Pills was released on bond, on condition that he submit to Dr. Curlo's constant supervision.

"It was a great relief to have everything sorted out," said Dr. Curlo, commenting on the incident.

MARRIAGE

At the conclusion of the interview, Dr. Curlo spoke enthusiastically of the forthcoming marriage. "We just want a simple wedding—no publicity, no crowds—poor Freda's been through such a lot!"

When asked about children, Dr. Curlo's eyes lit up. Freda looked momentarily terrified. "We want eight," said Dr. Curlo simply.

Freda remained silent; she merely adjusted her shoulder straps nervously, blushing slightly.

TRASH—OVERSEAS

London, Aug. 4:

The last few days have witnessed an appreciative diminishment of tension here.

Certain well-informed circles are beginning to predict that the last sparks of the U2 Mbaka deluge will shortly be eradicated. What effect this may have on the E.C.M. has yet to be determined, but it is almost certain that any more negotiations with suppressed minorities would have resulted in an international debacle, comparable only to the fall of Constantinople. However, it is thought that Geneva will make a gesture of solidarity with, despite the possibility of its being interpreted by the Kremlin as a sign of reluctance to.

CONVICTED

Peekin, Aug. 4:

Once again the reactionary, capitalistic governments of the West stand convicted of flagrant repression of the Workers. Peaceable demonstrations in Wigan were broken up by fascist militia, and several workers were injured by the bullets of the tyrants. Yesterday a delegation from the People's Republic of R— visited the Chairman of the Central Party Committee. They expressed their nation's solidarity with the Soviet people and deplored recent territorial violations by capitalist forces in Antarctica, whilst the hypocritical officials of those same countries were talking glibly about disarmament. What about the U-2, eh?

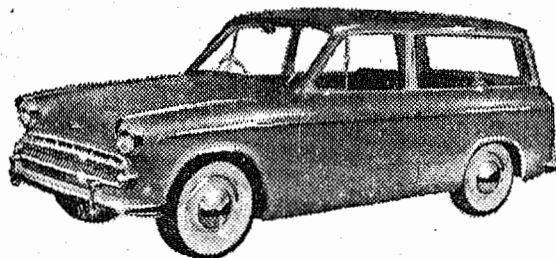
Apparently the whereabouts of the Consul's late wife during the now famous garden-party remains the secret of one person and the young Prince is hardly likely to divulge it, if indeed he was in a fit state to notice it at the time. It is rumoured in Hollywood that Jeff Chaucer, the newly-discovered rock star, may make a gesture of solidarity with sensational starlet Babette Martine, and indeed.



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VIEWS ON CONGO

With all the recent trouble in the Congo, the editorial staff of "Trash" decided that the young Republic should have a new government. We decided to ask people in all walks of life what their views were on an imaginary election in the Congo.

Their answers printed below will both surprise and excite you. They contain rare bursts of emotion from normally stoical, silent, superior men; torment of brain and bowels; uncouth utterances from those not given to utterances, cough or otherwise.

You may break down and weep as we did at many of these comments, but do not despise yourselves for it as we did.

Mr. Dwight D. Idunnow. This man was one of America's lesser leaders during the last war. (We assume he was one of the lesser leaders because Hollywood has not yet made a film about him.)

When asked whom he would vote for, if he was voting, this noble gentleman said he would not vote for any "lame duck" candidate. Neither would he vote for an old geezer with one foot in the grave. "I guess that would kind of restrict my choice a bit," he said.

Mr. R. G. Meninges: "With the information at my disposal I would hardly venture an opinion at the moment. However, our representatives are collecting the facts and they should be on hand soon. I will say, however, that I feel very strongly that it is only a local fracas and that we cannot take sides without committing ourselves to an opinion, one way or another." I am sure we are all enlightened by this speech.

Mr. N. Krishchov (a close friend of the above speaker) had a somewhat more positive suggestion. Mr. Krishchov, who is doing Political Science I at the University, said that he was bound to respect the opinion of all the electors and let these guide him as he had not had personal experience of a Democratic Election.

"As I am a newcomer to this party system, I can only suggest that the strongest party liquidate the opposition. This would save some voters the agony of deciding which is the better party and would also provide entertainment in the weeks preceding an election."

Archbishop Laminex: "I never interest myself in politics."

Mr. Honest Playboy, Senior Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Birdsville, said: "This election would be complicated by the existence of a vicious pressure group. I have no objection to a pressure group but their methods must be liberal. This one is most undemocratic. Its aims and methods are quite totalitarian. It is under the control of a secret Clerical group. I refer, of course, to the Communist party."

Miss Argina Pectoris, stenographer, of Mafeking Mansions, North Adelaide, was asked whether she thought that there was a positive correlation between

the growth of the New Left and recent tendencies towards deflation in the industries in the New Republic. After thinking this over she replied, "That's a good question."

Mr. T. Ripcord said the government of the new Republic had already been in office too long.

"If a man stays too long in office it could mean trouble for the workers," he added.

Mr. Fiddle Blastro, Cubic immigrant of some 13 months standing ("three of them in front of the Federal Customs Bureau," he jokes). He says, "I agree with Mr. Ripcord. In my country we have the new government every spring. Our people are very democratic in spring, and we have what you call the Revolution. Is like here—we all believe the same thing, but some believe faster than others. We, how you say, do not argue; just kill or cure."

A man in the street said some well-chosen words, but we will not print them for fear of reprisal.

NEW UNIVERSITY

It was decided recently, at a lunch-time meeting of University Students today, that the facts as to whether or not this State should have a second such thing were in the affirmative.

Mr. Fred Snodgrass-Smith, S.W.F.A., addressed the meeting.

Mr. Smith said that he tended to hold the view that in the circumstances pertaining to the relative subject it was most important to do so.

Your "TRASH" reporter (Harold Snodgrass-Jones) was most surprised that Mr. Snodgrass-Smith did not say more on the matter of a second Adelaide University.

Most of the proceedings of the meeting were concerned with and appertaining to a country rest home for retired garbage collectors.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Smith, "the country seat should be situated in pleasant surroundings and should be a great drawer card for those wishing to get to the bottom of things."

From deep in the black bowels of Adelaide's fifth-covered Town Hall, "TRASH" brings you the most soul searing scoop of this millennium.

Despite opposition from 99 per cent. of the City Councillors, the Lord Mare, Mr. Plover, has decided that the second University should be sited in the area

alleged to be known as Victoria Square.

This would be an excellent site, he said, as there is every convenience there.

The many artistic statues give the locality a sufficiently erudite appearance for a university, and a bus route which would pass directly through the refectory is a magnificent asset.

The police courts and headquarters are also near at hand, he added meaningfully.

Following the report of the Mare's resolution a riot has got under way at the University.

It appears that the students do not think that Mr. Plover's claim that there is every convenience is valid.

There is only ONE convenience, they are shouting, the others are in Hindmarsh Square and Light Square.

Why can't these other conveniences be moved to Victoria Square?

Without them we are sure that the area would rapidly become overcrowded.

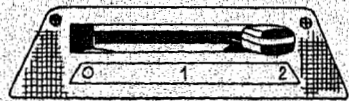
At least, they say, with more conveniences we would avoid dirty seats.



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Had the cold shoulder lately? Worried because your man's cool? Warm him up in a SIMCA ARONDE with the built-in heater-demister unit. Other "NO EXTRA COST" FEATURES INCLUDE lay-back seats and automatic choke. Price is £1045, including tax.

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One long riot of fun

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"ONCE MORE WITH FEELERS"

1 Session Nightly

Your Radio Programs

Radio Free Cuba tonight brings you an exclusive interview with the Cuban army chief. Lord Highly Elevated Generalissimo Enreeko Hernandez.

We will not broadcast what the chief said, but we strongly advise you to listen in at the appointed time and just imagine what.

5M Shmoo, "Worst station in the State" broadcasting infrequently on a borrowed Inner Mongolian duck-shooter's licence.

2. Opening announcements, nudes, music to put you in the mood.

2.3 Assorted commercials to rave by.

4. Nudes in briefs. Top 5,000 presented unceasingly by Long Jaws.

7. Breakfast with a Beatnik.

7.5 Repent or be Damned, your Christian Charity programme, conducted by Emile Zola.

9.33½ The Kiddies' Session, featuring "Muscles Morgan and his sex-crazed vampires" (Episode 76,000.)

9.34 Women's Serials:

9.35 "Dr. Mawl."

9.36 "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume."

9.37 "Living in Love."

9.38 "Living in Sin."

9.39 "Caring for Your Family."

10. True Life Stories: "I WAS a Sultan's 93rd Wife."

12. The Country Hour: Talks by Emile Zola, "The Earth," and Pearl Muck "The Good Earth."

AMUSE YOURSELF

YOUR WEAK-END TV

Chanel No. 5

3. Movie, "Gals in the gaslight." Starring William Shakespeare, Mark Antony, Julius Caesar and Cleopatra.
4. Football broadcast: East Cheam Primary School v. The Luton Girls Choir.
5. Tea Time Tee Vee—Sponsored by Gut Gurglers, The HANDY SIZE gut gurglers.
6. Nudes and whether.
7. The Kiddies' Session, "How strong is your SEX appeal?"
8. Adelaide Last Night, (dramatic expose of the sin in Adelaide's espresso coffee dens).
- 8.30. THE INTANGIBLES.
9. Movie, "I Married an Abominable Snowman," starring Boris Karloff and an abominable snowman.
10. Channel Chuckouts, starring Your Sponsor.
11. Afternoon Movie, starring . . . they're so old your grandfather would not even remember them, anyway.

12.10. The Top 12,000 conducted by Babblin' Bert.

4.30. Inner Mongolian Health Studios present: "How to stop the rot in your pot."

8.22%. "Rot goes on," with Derrick Von Flabby, M.D.

9. Nudes, Weather Forecasts.

9.2. More Nudes.

10.59. "How does your garden grow?"

11. Famous Dramas: "I was a Sultan's 94th Wife."

12. Nudes in briefs.

2 a.m. Your All Night programme for the Kiddies with Uncle Jack the Ripper and Auntie Flo the Pro.

Play Critique

Play—

"I DREGGED THE TORRENS"

By

Pessimus Sludge

We congratulate the Minister of Works (E. & W.S. Department) on his panoramic construction of the Weir. Translucent brown curtains rendered mute the frigid audience. A note of realism was added when several old ducks were ushered onto the stage. The lighting was disappointing. Frankly, I did not think much of it—I'm sure I don't know what the Misses Bridge and Weir were engaged upon. The hysterical laugh executed by Mr. G. Canary failed to be convincing—I think.

A large dredging machine (courtesy Berguson Tractors) successfully blocked the audience's view of the stage.

Mr. Haricot Bean played the leading role of the boatman. Co-directors were X. Travaganza and Travel Offsky.

A girl who is a wall-flower at a dance.

Is often a dandelion in bed.

Town In Mourning

Disaster Strikes Town Hall Organ

Last Tuesday week, one of the most treasured possessions of this fair city ceased to be. The Town Hall Organ is no more.

History

Built circa 2965 B.C. by the mighty DDot as a dowry at the marriage of his 969th daughter to Atco, prince aspirant to the throne of Um. This splendid prominence was a place of pilgrimage for members of the fanatical, sadistic Orgymusik Society cult.

However, the great invasion of Mglurk and their subsequent settling of the lower areas of the Um Kingdom by these previously nomadic peoples resulting in a long series of protracted wars known as the Council Elections, stole the reverence deserved of the lofty monument and it became the hiding place of Orgymusik spies, S.P. men and council parking inspectors.

Throughout the countless aeons, the ashes of successively razed dwellings of the surrounding village of Adelaide rose in layers about the noble temple.

Men of great sagacity sat in the Council in the nether regions of Edifice. Such men are gone forever, never to return.

Slowly the successive tiers of regal halls were choked beneath the rising tide of dust. Stately pleasure domes, bubble canopies and gold veneered marble ballrooms sank from sight. Horrid little gnomes were seen to flit furtively

from column to column in the course of their nefarious dealings. Dancing girls and land agents rose to power. Vice was rife. Diggings by archeologists have yielded bountiful evidence of this period. Endless rude instruments and drawings have been retrieved from the site in recent years.

But goodness triumphed and there arose one whose name was Tom. He slew the Philistine and restored the Organ to its former magnificence.

Wisdom and Light and Love and Shame throughout the land shone. A city was laid out about the organ. The Torrens flowed milk and honey until the weir was opened.

Then the fateful day arrived. The volcanic eruption took all before it. Only the top 40 feet of the Organ remained. Lava and ashes covered all.

It Happened

This was 100 years ago. Throughout the years the new building which arose, slowly began to rot and dry up. No money was forthcoming to repair all this horrible mess and so last week the final eruption came.

All hell broke loose! The Organ exploded in a shower of sparks and the wreckage was thrown for miles.

Drivoli WRESTLING—TONITE
L. Abour v. L. Iberal

Marilyn Moron in
**"SOME LIKE IT HOT
—SOME GET IT"**
(Children Only)

"MISS MUSTARD"
& **"OTHER HOT DISHES"**

"OFF THE BEACH"
with Gregory Pecker, Hava
Gardener, Tony Perks

**"OUR MAN IN HAVE
ANOTHER"**

See it at the Plaza
The new, all-leather, steam-driven,
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**Bridge-it Hard-up in
"NOTHING WITH EVERYTHING"**

Also ran, Mr. FRED SPOONS, E.P.N.S., Scientific Adviser
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A sadistic story of Love & War. Starring
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- Famous Ackerman steering geometry.
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- High tensile back axle.
- Lightweight alloy wheels.
- Pneumatic racing-tyres!

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SPORT

SPORTING SQUARE-UP FOOTBALL

By Bob McDirty

In a statement issued at last night's meeting of the S.A. Football League, Adelaide's custodian of Morals, Mr. Jock MacHewem, alleged that league football was rapidly corrupting the minds of South Australians.

Mr. MacHewem attacked the "indecent uniforms" of some players and advocated a ruling that all footballers must wear long sleeved guernseys, buttoned at the neck, and that shorts must extend at the least, to ten inches below the knees, provided the players' legs were long enough.

Even the popular and usually faultless umpires were criticised—the suggestion was that central and boundary umpires wear long white overalls and that goal umpires' dust coats be ankle length.

The question of throwing was also discussed at last

night's meeting and the committee decided to adopt the M.C.C. ruling that a "throw" shall be called if the ball is delivered with a bent arm or a jerking action. This will cause concern to some of the jerks playing in black and white.

UMPIRE SWINEY ON THE MEND

Hospital officials report that umpire Swiney's condition is improving. Swiney was taken to hospital on Saturday after swallowing his whistle in the Norwood-

West match. A team of nurses has been kept busy sorting mail sent by well-wishers. Besides two get-well cards, Swiney's fans have sent him six bottles of rat-poison, three time bombs and 2,365 threatening letters. Umpire Swiney delighted doctors yesterday when he spoke for the first time since regaining consciousness. "I wish I were dead," he said—So do we.

TENNIS

A report from London says that tennis officials predict that in an attempt to compete with professional tennis in future years, more importance would be attached to women's events at Wimbledon.

With a view to reviving the interest of the British sporting public in amateur tennis, it has been suggested that female players should wear frocks extending no more than eight and a half inches below the waist. Lord Bloggs said that the public did not appreciate the grace and beauty of the female form in motion. Visiting American delegate, Dan Batnball pointed out that, "all the public is interested in is s-x, s-x and more s-x." Officials were inclined to agree with Mr. Batnball.

Wimbledon tennis galleries next year will probably see more legs and panties, but less tennis than in previous years. But who cares about tennis?

Adelaide's leading jockey, Willie Liars, was recently suspended after the final weigh-in of his big race.



The result of the last interstate match. Ian Handyford recuperates in his hotel room.



March 21—April 20

Being at the right place at the right time could be lucky; being at the right place at the wrong time could mean being chased up Mount Lofty by a sex maniac. If late for your job, you will at least have a good excuse.

Luck in a trip up Mount Lofty. Lucky colour: Mt. Lofty Mauve.



April 21—May 20

Call up your old friend you haven't seen in a while, smack him on the ear-hole and tell him his feet stink. Then write for my cheap book on how to win friends and influence people.

Luck in a fast get-away. Lucky colour: Septic tank blue.



May 21—June 21

A fall from the top of Da Costa Building could be dangerous for you this week. Do not disdain other persons' white elephants; a clever person with a broad imagination can find a new use for them.

Luck in a rabbit's egg, if you can find one. Lucky Colour: Blood Clot brown.



June 22—July 22

A lucky week. Fame and fortune could be yours. A black disc with a hole in it could mean a record. Luck at the races, luck at the trots, luck everywhere. Will you go me halves in Tatts?

Lucky Colour for love: Monetary green.



July 23—August 22

A holiday is indicated. Get away from the humdrum humdrum. Live it up! Get happy, go crazy. Get shickered every night. But do it quietly or you might get tummy rumbles again. Luck in a punch up the quince.

Lucky Colours: Telephone black and white white.



August 23—Sept. 23

You may find the mating urge hard to control this week, but don't let it overcome you. Keep it in check with a firm hand. A week in the country away from all temptation would make a new man of you, but this could be unfortunate if you happen to be a girl. Luck in jumping a barb-wire fence.

Lucky Colour for love: Flesh pink.



Sept. 24—October 23

An extremely unlucky week. Getting out of bed at all this week could bring great misfortune, but the danger could be lessened if you believe in fairies (I do). Luck in a commode chair.

Lucky Colour for love: Blanket grey.

Lucky day (comparatively): Saturday night. Have you drawn up your will yet?



October 24—Nov. 22

If sacked from your job don't despair and jump into the Torrens because all you will get is gravel-rash, until they put the plug in. Widen your circle of friends. Learn to play a musical instrument. Learn a few simple card tricks. Be popular everywhere. Become a TV idol overnight. Who needs a job? Luck in finding a half-full bottle of West-End.

Lucky colour: Gravel-rash grey.



Nov. 23—Dec. 20

A disconcerting week. You may find that acquaintances will approach, then shun you. Even your best friends won't tell you.

Luck in a bar of life-buoy. Lucky colour for love: Chlorophyll green.



Dec. 21—January 19

An eventful week. Happenings this week could change the course of your life. But beware! Talking big could lead to a deformity, like for instance a fat lip.

You could be called upon to give advice to the Premier on his next dingo-shooting trip. Luck in not being hit by a stray bullet. Lucky colour: Camouflage brown.



Jan. 20—Feb. 19

A hilarious week for you and your friends. You may get a stink bomb through the post, or you may fall down a lift-well and bash your skull in. I get hysterical just thinking about it. Luck in a foul smelling parcel. Do not waste time opening it (Snigger). Lucky colour for love: Scarlet (boys), orange (girls), or pale pink.



Feb. 20—March 20

Pisceans will find it hard to concentrate this week. If in the privy council, a running motion may have louder repercussions than previously thought possible. Do not be afraid to read the papers before they are passed back. You may find that printed matter (and cigarette butts) will be unacceptable in some country areas.

Luck in one last supreme effort. Lucky colour for love: Slime purple.

SUNDAY SPORT

The Adelaide City Council has received a protest from the Marryatville Metholated Spiritualists claiming that couples petting in the park lands on Sundays are infringing the by-law concerning Sunday sport. Councillor J. B. Jones at yesterday's council meeting said that no by-laws would be infringed upon unless the petting became "organ-ised."

HUGE HOAX BY KING OF VENDING MEN

Australia's King of vending men began his career of fantastic masquerades at the Ceduna branch of Gielby's fun-fair. He last week posed as German Industrialist Baron Herbert von Crapp to hoax civic leaders in Bedford Park into believing he would present them with 250,000 parking meters.

He entertained a Womanly Mayoral party at a smell-os-morgue counter lunch at Flinnigan's Cartel, and promised his enthralled guests he would build them a Victoria Square "as a gesture of goodwill."

In a charming, generous mood, "The Baron" remarked that, after all, 250,000 parking meters were like so many vending machines. He had a few million lying idle in Australia.

He said a group of his advisers had landed him at a newspaper office in the M.L.C. building.

This is how he fooled the Bedford Park dignitaries in last week's escapade.

A man who claimed to be "Dr. Hacker" of The Master Rookes' Association telephoned the Mayor's secretary (39.24.38) at noon on Saturday with a quiet tip that Baron von Crapp was in town.

Furthermore, it was suspected that Baron von Crapp had transformed his factories from making washing machines to horrible vending machines which sold wallaby meat on Saturdays.

Dr. Hacker arranged for the Baron to give the luncheon at Flinnigan's Cartel.

It was at this luncheon that the Baron promised the parking meters and the Victoria Square.

He questioned the Council closely on a possible site for the parking meters. After rejecting the outside of the Town Hall for a site, the Council suggested that the 250,000 parking meters should be installed at the Patawallunga deep sea port.



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