

THE MEWS

No. 64,908 Phone 041P2 Priceless

ADELAIDE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1961

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a public nuisance

OUR STRANGE PAST WITH
SNAKIE GEORGE KLAIKIE
IN THE SUNDAY MALE

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Here is
Glamour!

REVOLTING CUBAN ARMY



Mr. Snice

Instructor's Farewell Yesterday

SCRUBBY CREEK, Wednesday: In a brief ceremony in the court-house, Mr. Phil Snice, former instructor of the local marching girls' team, was farewelled by townspeople today.

After the ceremony, Mr. Snice made a brief speech: "It is really quite remarkable what results can be obtained from 10 girls if you try hard enough and long enough . . . I have had a lot of fun with them."

Mr. Snice will take up residence at his new home several miles from Scrubby Creek. Friends may contact Mr. Snice at his new address at Yatala Labour Prison, Northfield.

WASHINGTON, Thursday (AAP-Rorter): President Kennedy, in an official White House communique today confirmed reports that the Cuban army is revolting.

Before this announcement there had been many unofficial and unconfirmed reports that the army was revolting. Close advisers of the President said that Mr. Kennedy himself had long held this view privately.

Reports from London indicate that it has been apparent for quite some time that Cabinet has viewed with great concern the situation in Cuba.

For several weeks now observers have been expecting Mr. Macmillan to state more clearly his position with respect to this matter.

BRITISH VIEW

Mr. Macmillan is reported to have made this official announcement.

"I believe it can now be said, without fear of contradiction, that the Cuban army is in fact revolting. I am in complete agreement with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Kennedy."

In Canberra today, Mr. Menzies, commenting on the President's statement, said: "This comes as no surprise to me. Indeed I had suggested just such a

vigorous approach to this problem at my last meeting with Mr. Kennedy. I am pleased with this new development."

Reports from Russia deny the claim made by Mr. Kennedy that the Cuban army is revolting. Information at present available indicates that in fact Mr. Krushchev finds the Cuban army quite charming.

Your Paper

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BANNED BOOK SEIZED

SYDNEY, Today: Customs officers this morning seized several copies of the unexpurgated edition of the current best-seller *The Bible*, from an unidentified tourist arriving by air from London.

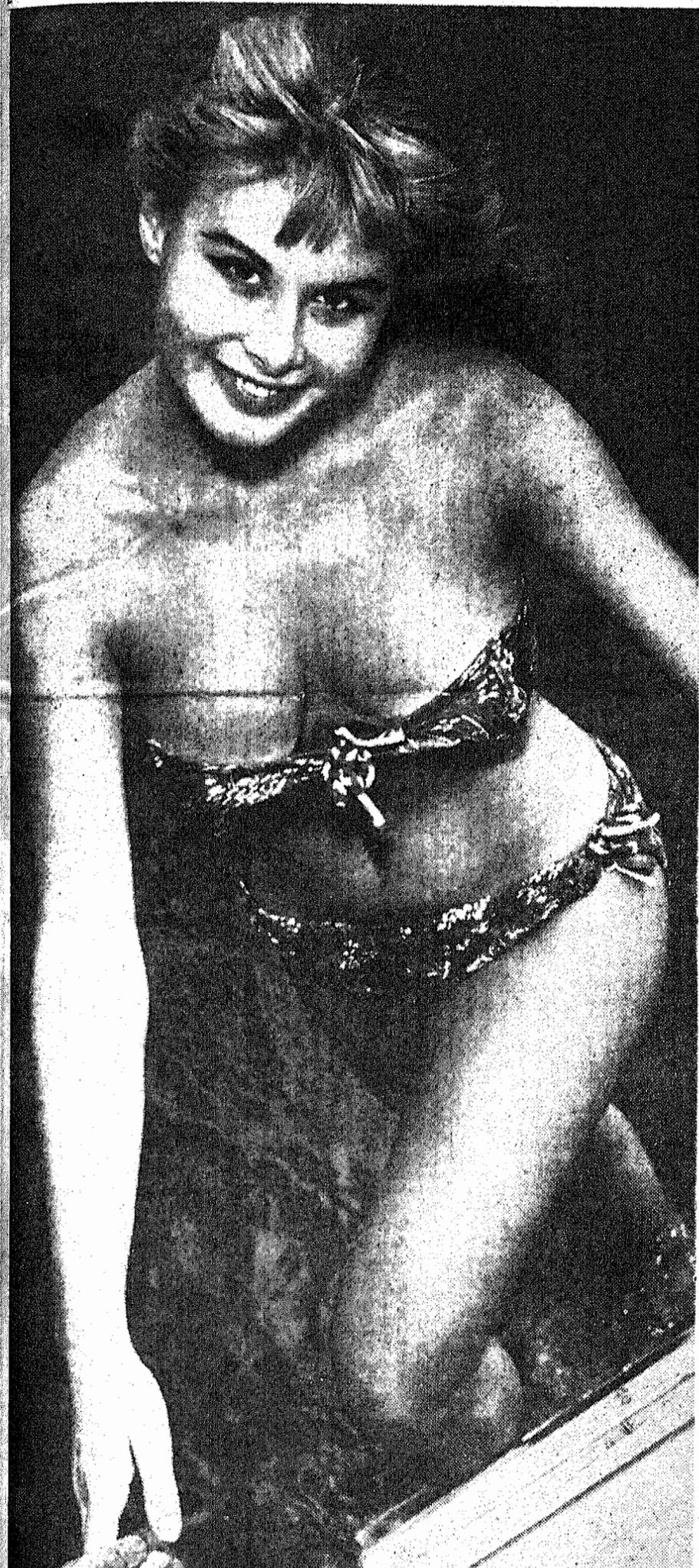
A representative of Penguin Books Ltd., at present

in Australia to negotiate the possibility of marketing a paper-back unexpurgated edition of *The Bible*, refused to comment on the incident, except to say that his experience with the customs officers led him to believe that they were merely efficiently doing their job.

Australia is the only place outside the U.S.S.R. where *The Bible* is still banned.

Only the limited edition is available to Australian readers.

(See Book Review, p. 5.)



AS EVERY newspaperman knows, glamour is a very saleable commodity.

We make no bones about this sort of thing being subliminal, and we suspect such a consideration as this does not trouble our readers.

We simply pride ourselves on knowing what the customer wants. So here it is (or very nearly).

DRIVING IS EASY!

GRADUATE QUICKLY SAFELY! - EXPERTLY! FROM C.M.V.'S NEW

DRIVING SCHOOL

FEATURING HUGE OFF-THE-ROAD PRE-TRAFFIC TUITION AREA!

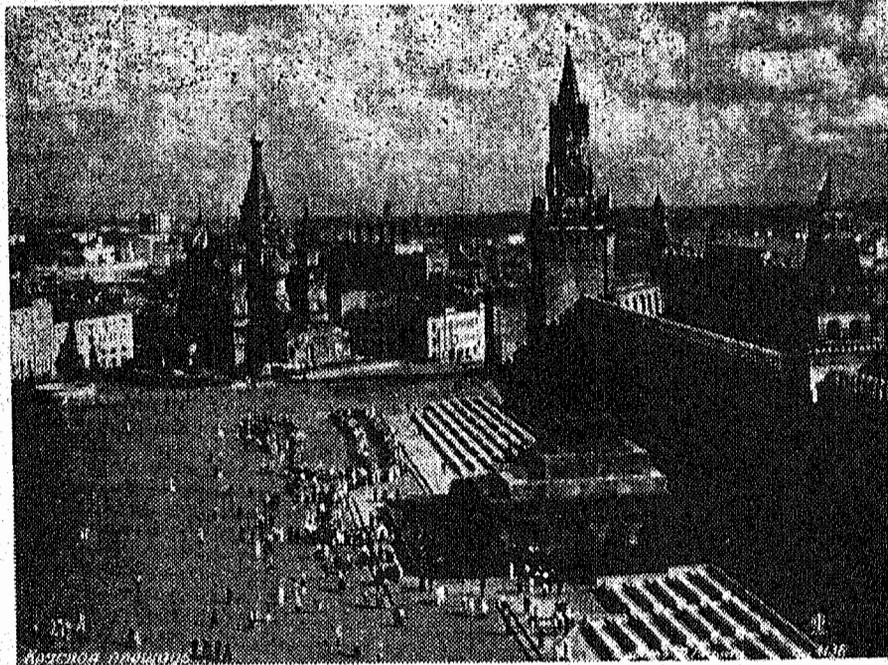
★ Now you can learn to drive in complete ease—with CMV's own dual control cars—with initial lessons on a special private 2½-acre test site. Specially laid out areas for turning, parking, reversing, braking, and traffic procedure, prepare you quickly and efficiently for the road. CMV's trained instructors will thoroughly coach you in theory and practice, so you'll quickly attain skill and confidence in your driving capability. Having completed your course, you can graduate to any well-known make of car with complete confidence. Make your booking now, phone Mrs. Marie Laity for further details. Commencing August 1. Lessons commencing from the city or from your own home. Moderate rates.

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STARTLING NEW CLAIM

by RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS Violent Scenes



THE SCENE IN Red Square, Moscow, during the demonstrations on Tuesday in front of Lenin's Tomb. An orderly crowd of faithful citizens pay homage to the achievement of Russian scientists who had announced the day before that this was the spot where mankind took its first big step. Crowds were less orderly, however, in other parts of Moscow this week. (See story below.)

MOSCOW, Tuesday: The Soviet newsagency Tass reports a startling new discovery by Russian scientists.

The scientists claim, that after making exhaustive tests, they have conclusive proof that man first walked in an upright position at a spot directly in front of the tomb of Lenin in Red Square.

Pilgrimages of faithful workers to the spot have been arranged by the N.K.V.D. Already this week thousands have passed through Red Square to show their respect for this remarkable achievement of Russian science.

Accompanying these demonstrations of patriotism, there have been scenes of violence in front of the American embassy.

A milling crowd of workers, students and officers of the secret police bombarded the embassy with bottles of ink, blue-black.

A pile of Western books in Russian translations, including several copies of Darwin's "Origin of the Species," was burnt in front of the embassy, while an effigy of President Kennedy, with the body of an ape, was strung up on a lamp-

post less than a hundred yards away.

Western observers compared the demonstrations to those which followed the announcement of the orbital flight of Maj. Yuri Gagarin earlier this year.

Monday's demonstrations follow closely on last week's Engels - Mahomet demonstrations which followed the announcement that there was conclusive proof that the prophet and the socialist were first cousins.

BURING TOBACCO CO. LTD.



Out of all men who tried Camels only 2% went back to women.

TORTOISE HITS TOWN

The world-renowned tortoise of the S.C.I.L.A.E.S. (Adel. Uni.) returned to Adelaide yesterday, fresh from its success in the International Tortoise Race, held earlier this year at Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

The local tortoise scored a convincing sixth place against a big field of international stars in the tortoise world. During his stay in Adelaide, the tortoise will help in the students' drive to raise money for charity.

Phantom Writer Exposed

We've done it! We've discovered who it is that writes those nauseating cliches on the back of every bus ticket.

Read below how The Mews tracked down and cornered a dangerous, deranged, molassic megalomaniac.

I'm a hack copy writer. I work the early shift for The Mews. I have to get up at five o'clock every morning and take the first bus into town.

My first emotion on being awakened by my wife is hatred.

I hate my wife and her voice.

I hate the coffee that sears its way down my leather-coated gullet.

You can see I start the day off real well.

On this particular day my wife screamed extra loudly in my ear. The coffee was rank, the sausages were raw, I had to put the garbage can out in the pouring rain. I was late for the bus. I lumbered the 1/2 mile to the top of the hill, then found

that the bus was late too. Brother! Was I in a mood!

The bus eventually came and I dripped in and squealed into a seat.

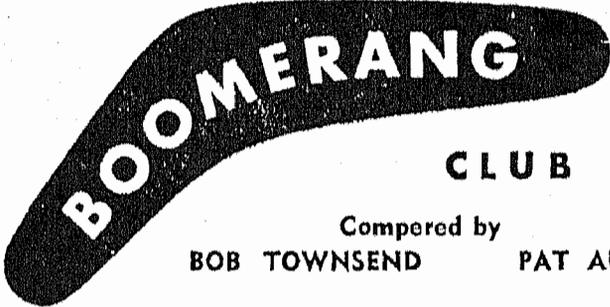
"Good morning," said the conkie. "City," said I "and no wisecracks!"

Then it happened. I looked at the back of my ticket. It said "Rejecting things that are old-fashioned would rule out sunshine."



Our Reporter
Continued on Page 7

THE



FEATURING
"THE
CLEFS"

Compered by

BOB TOWNSEND

PAT AULTON

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 8 P.M.

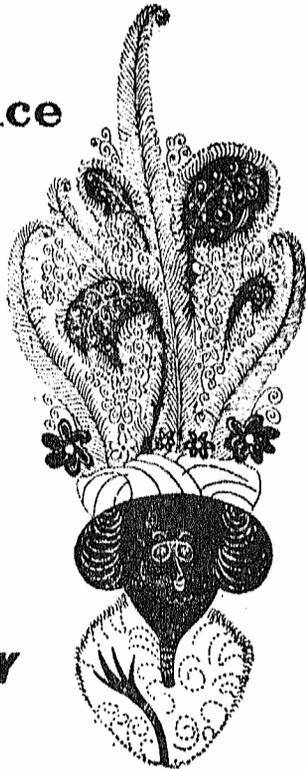
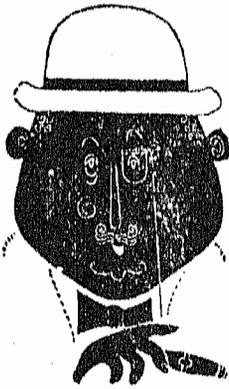
Brighton City Hall, Jetty Road, Brighton

SPECIAL FUNCTION: SATURDAY, AUGUST 19th

Car-walk-about and Bar-B-Q

Leaving from Glenelg Car Park between 7.15 and 8.45 p.m. Members Free. Bring plenty of eats.

For friendly topline service



we fly **TAA** THE FRIENDLY WAY



AUGUST 4

* Porridge, porridge, wonderful porridge. Wintertime, summertime, any time of day, there's nothing like a huge steaming bowl of porridge.

* Tried a plateful of the new Light Porridge the other night and it wins my vote for the nicest brew for many a day.

* It was like welcoming a dear friend to the fold, as it scalded its way down my gullet, clung lovingly to my ribs for an instant, then backfired into my palpitating solar plexus, finally settling firmly on my liver.

* Of course there had to be an answer to Light Porridge, and I see that Uncle Toby is the first to come up with Heavy Porridge.

* It contains 20% more water than normal and goes rather well after dinner as a liqueur. It makes a stunning long drink mixed with tomato juice. Proud to think that I invented this and have named it Bloody Gregory, after my son, Bloodwin.

* Found an amusing story in my mail yesterday. It seems that a lady in Detroit found two dozen jars of preserved porridge, laid down in the cellar by her grandmother fifty years ago.

* Apparently the porridge had actually preserved the jars which were in excellent condition for eating!

* A parting tip. Have received word on the porridge vine that in future dealers will only refund money on porridge bottles with recognised labels. So be sure to get your bottled porridge from a recognized trader.

My Foot

3-Year-Old Child

A savage attack on an Alsatian was made today by a vicious child in a southern suburb. This is the fourth such attack reported in the last month.

Ambulances were rushed to the scene of the attack at about 10 a.m. after a neighbour called the Mitcham Dogs' Home after the attack.

The Alsatian suffered severe lacerations to the head and body. Its condition reported to be "improved" at mid-day today.

Police were called soon after the incident. After a 30-minute struggle with the crazed child, two police officers finally managed to destroy it.

17 shots were required to kill the animal.

The parents of the child expressed their sorrow after the attack, but insisted that their child Bruno had always been well-behaved.

Dog Teased

"We have been very careful with his training. He never used to chase cars like some children.

"But lately he had become distempered after being teased by several dogs in the neighbourhood, especially Alsatis, who should know better."

The father of the child insisted that it must have attacked the Alsatian only after provocation.

Complaints

Neighbours of the child's parents had several times in the past few months lodged complaints with the local council following attacks on their pets by this same child.

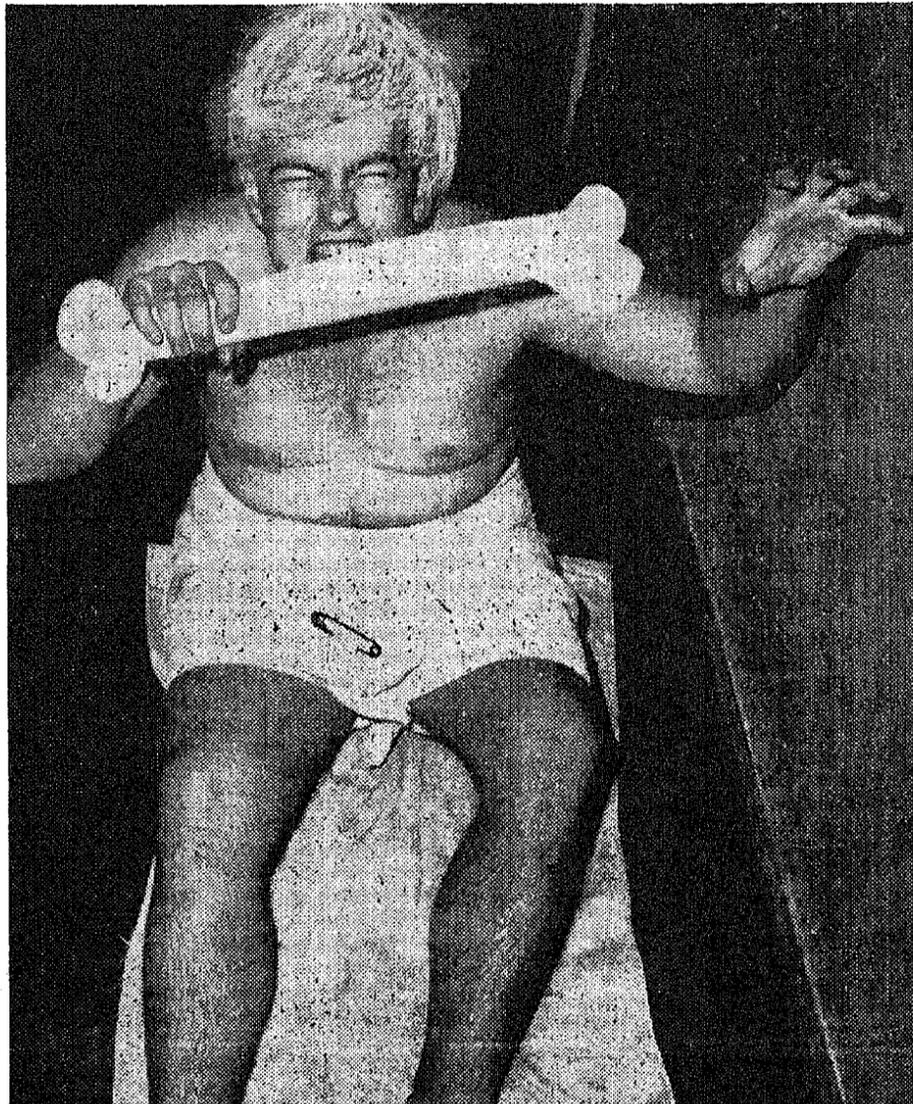
Several expressed satisfaction that this dangerous animal had been finally destroyed in the interests of public safety.

Dog Defended

Mr. F. Arthur, president of the Child Fanciers' Association, was quick to defend the child:

"When properly trained and given adequate exercise, children are quite docile and intelligent animals. I resent the claims by owners of pets that they have more right to keep pets than we have to raise children."

Savages Alsatian



THE CRAZED CHILD who had just savaged another Alsatian this morning, photographed just before being destroyed by police officers.

FILM REVIEW

by Louis Wallis

SATURDAY NIGHT
AND
SUNDAY MAULING

Now Showing at
Suburban Theatres

"I'm pregnant, Arthur. I'm twelve days past, Arthur. I don't believe you know the difference between right and wrong, Arthur."

"You're not going to teach me, either," replied Arthur grandly.

They weren't going to grind him down. Not like the other bastards who had been at it since before the war. Get out and have a good time! Everything else is propaganda.

Arthur blinked through a fearful of blood. A couple of soldiers had just beaten him up. It could happen to the best of us. If he'd been able to take them on

one at a time it'd have been different. Arthur's tough.

He shot an old hag in the beam with his air-gun. She deserved it. She'd been maligning Arthur. She'd done some marital missing herself. She brought in a cop. A dumb cop. Arthur bluffed him; his old man covered up for him. Fatherly devotion. The woman was going to have the kid after all. Deep suffering nobly borne. Sufficeddar the local abortionist.

But Arthur was doing well enough. Getting onto a pretty good piece. Picked her up at the pub.

Now things were picking up. Arthur's mate was going to look after the kid his wife was having by Arthur. A fool.

And Arthur was going to marry his new girl. Yes, marry—you know, church and all that.

A satisfying conclusion to a really fine film.

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MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.

ANDERSON ST., SOUTHWARK - 57 6273

Specialists in
All Types of Gearing

Spur, Spiral and Double Helical Gears,
Internal Gears, Bevel Gears, Straight
or Spiraloid, Worms and Worm Wheels,
Ratchet Wheels, Racks, Sprickets and
Spline Shafts.

Spinster's Plight Appeal to Readers

(From a Staff Reporter)

Every morning for the past fourteen years the postman has always been greeted at 10 Gertrude Street, Brompton Heights, by a friendly black Cocker Spaniel called Fred.

But now Fred no longer greets the postman.

Fred is the pet of reader Miss Doris Starved and is her constant companion.

"Now Fred has an extremely bad case of rickets," Miss Starved told me today.

"No Hope"

"The doctors say there is no hope for him."

Fred lay listlessly on the

DEATH OF COMPOSER

PHONG KREP, Wednesday: The world-renowned Mongolian composer, conductor and musician, Ripsyer-Korsetzov, died today, aged 93.

Tributes from all over the world flooded his home in the city of Phong Krep, where the famous composer spent his last days.

Ripsyer-Korsetzov leaves seven wives, 39 children and innumerable grandchildren.

hearth-rug by the fire, his large, liquid brown eyes gazing soulfully up at me.

Miss Starved told me that Fred was born in England seventeen years ago.

"I would like him to see the old country again before he dies," she said, "but I only get a pension and I simply cannot afford to make the trip."

Neighbours have generously contributed to a fund to send Miss Starved and Fred back to the old country. "Any old country," said one testy gentleman.

The Mews Appeals to all Readers

The Mews now appeals to all readers to give generously to the Send Fred to the Old Country Appeal.

After all, wouldn't you rather have one less decrepit, black pommie, ricket-ridden Cocker Spaniel around the place, all for the price of a silver coin?

Do your armchairs wobble? Maybe you have worn castors. Come along to Ernest's and we will select the castors for you. Yes, folks, we are the finest castor rators in Adelaide.



Puts life
in a man!

**CHATEAU
TANUNDA**
Brandy

HOUSE PLANS

SERVICE

Using your layout or our designs, based on square area of layout, and 8/- per square. This fee covers master draft, which becomes your property.

Open Saturday mornings.

S.A. TOOL DRAFT DESIGN CO.

16 O'Connell Street
North Adelaide

6 8731

After Hours: 62 3500

PREECE'S

Books for Discriminating
Readers

F. W. PREECE LTD.

Booksellers

52A GILBERT PLACE

51 4737

**BENBOW'S
EARTH MOVING
SERVICE**

For all Earth Mov-
ing, Bulldozing, etc.
Main Road, Crafers
39 1869

For Your New Home
See

Harold Moore
Licensed Land Agent

210a Main North Road,
Prospect

Phone: 6 6151. After
Hours: 65 4809

JULIET JONES



**POPS!!!
JULIE'S ELOPED!
SHE SAYS SHE'S
PREGNANT!**



I'M AN OLD MAN. BUT BEING THE
EPITOME OF MIDDLE-AGED, AMERICAN MALE
DECAY, I MUST RETAIN MY FATHERLY
GOOD NATURE, AND DEAL WITH
THIS SITUATION
CALMLY!

LIKE
YES,
POPS?



YES SWEETHEART. IN THIS
CRISIS I THINK WE SHOULD
ASK THE ADVICE OF OUR
PAPER-BACK CONFERRERS,
HUH?!!

OH POPS-
YOU'RE
THE MOST

BIG BEN BOLT



EVE AND POPS HASTEN TO
SEE BIG BEN BOLT, WHOM
THEY HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRER



MR BOLT? CAN'T YOUSE
SEE HE AN'T GOT NO TIME
TO 'AVE CREEPS AN' THE
LIKES O' YOUSE
BUGGIN' HIM?!!



BEN'S BEEN FIGHTIN' IN THERE
FOR 29 ISSUES. YOU DON'T THINK
HE'S GONNA STOP JUST FOR
YOUR WORRIES, DO Y' ?!!!

Nutty

**TUNNEY
TOBACCO**

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Best
for
You!

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51 5720

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Sea Voyage
T.S.T.S. "BRETAGNE"
19,400 TONS

Fully Air-Conditioned
French Cuisine
Spacious Cabins

Sails from Melbourne via
Singapore, Marseilles and
Lisbon for Southampton

28th December
3 March - 8th May
Fares to Southampton from
£A97 ("Off Season")

**McILWRAITH
McEACHARN
LIMITED**

Chr. KING WILLIAM AND
WAYMOUTH STREETS
ADELAIDE. Phone 51 4621
Or Your Nearest Travel
Agent.

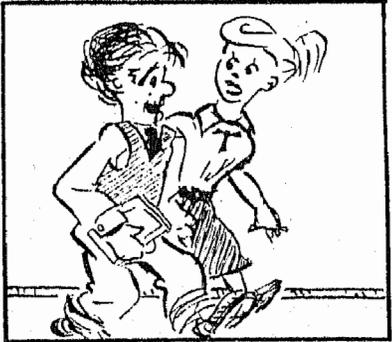
DAGWOOD



YOU WANT DAGWOOD,
EVE? BUT HE'S
NOT A FIT
PERSON TO
GIVE ADVICE
ON SUCH
MATTERS



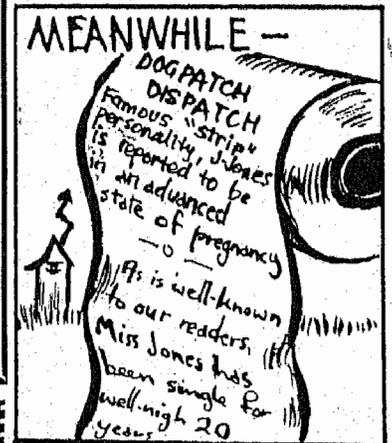
WHY, HIS FREQUENT COMPUL-
SIVE DESIRE TO UNDRRESS IN
FRONT OF A
LARGE AUDIENCE
BRANDS HIM
UNSUITABLE



BESIDES, HE'S GOT
HIS OWN WORRIES IN
THAT DIRECTION
NOW

No Help

LPL ABNER



MEANWHILE --
DOGPATCH
DISPATCH
Famous "strip"
personality, Jones
is reported to be
in an advanced
state of pregnancy
-o-
As is well-known
to our readers,
Miss Jones has
been single for
well-nigh 20
years!



WHUT'LL WE DO, MAMMY DEHR? IT'S
OUR DOOTY T' HALP THIS
PORE UNFORCHUNATE
FEMALE IN HER 'HOUR OF
NEED'....

WALSON...
AH DONE
'DCIDED BEST
THING I DO...



CALL MARRYIN' SAM
AN' GIT THE T-SIG!
10% COMMYSHUN
FO 'PERVERDIN' HIM
WIV ACUSTOMER!

-GULP!!
NATCHERLY

Natcherly!

Tonight
in both
refectories,
the Jazz Club
presents
**Prosh
Hop**
admission 4/-
come as you
are

**2 bands
Dancing
from 8 p.m.
Tonight**

DICK RACEY



YOU WANT DICK
TRACY, THE EVER
POPULAR CARTOON
DETECTIVE TO HELP
YOU TRACK DOWN
JULIE'S SEDUCER?
???????



BUT EVE, WE CAN'T
HANDLE THIS CASE
FOR SEVERAL
REASONS....



FIRST, IT IS OUR POL-
ICY ONLY TO HANDLE
CASES WHICH FEATURE
OBNOXIOUS CHARACTERS
LIKE FLY-FACE, PRUNE-
FACE AND B.O. PLENTY..



BESIDES, JULIET
JONES IS DRAWN
TOO WELL TO
COME INTO OUR
STRIP!!

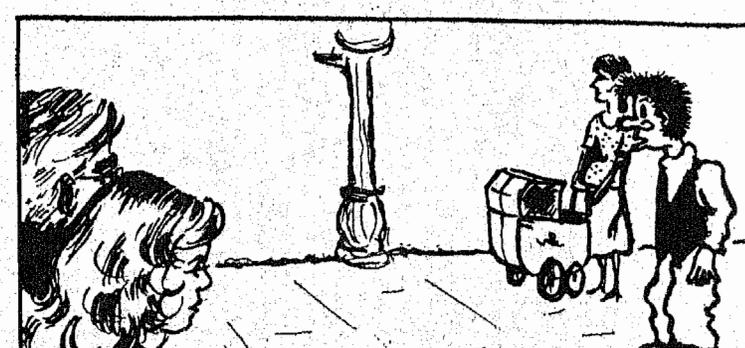
ENGLAND
NOW GOING
IN TO BAT...

JESTER
GADLED

Two-way

BOOFHEAD

IN DESPAIR, EVE AND POPS
FINALLY SEEK THE HELP OF THE MOST
INSIGNIFICANT IDENTITY OF THE
CARTOON WORLD IN A LAST DES-
PARATE ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER WITH
WHOM JULIET HAS ELOPED



The End

ON YOUR TV TONIGHT

Believe it or not
... Australians
use toilet paper at
the rate of 200
m.p.h.

NAKED IN DODGE CITY

Matt Dillon saw Chester walking up the main street of Dodge City as naked as hen-fruit.

Said he, "Chester! Whaf-for you goin' down main street minus yore dacks?"

Chester replied, "Waal, I was ridin' my ol' hoss down th' street when this woman, she comes up to me and she says, 'Chester, let's go for a ridel' So we did.

"An' when we came to this nice little grassy patch she says, 'Chester, let's stop here!' So we did.

"An then she get off her hoss an' takes off all her

clothes an' says to me, 'Now Chester, you do the same!' So I did.

"Then she says, 'Chester, now you go to town, boy!' "So here I am!"

Channel 2 will be featuring their own edition of the popular feature on 9, "Bandstand." First band to appear in this new programme is the Salvation Army Band, Norwood Branch.

PROGRAMME

9 1.25—INTERVIEW—Archbishop Gough, "What Price Love?"

4.35—THE THREE STOOGES—Here to insult your intelligence again.

5—CHANNEL WINERS—The children have a session.

5.30—CARTOONS.

6.10—WOODIES BEANTIME—Half-hour hit parade for beanagers.

6.40—GOLF TIP FOR THE DAY—A hole in one.

6.45—NUDES, WHETHER.

7.30—77 SUNSET STRIPE—"Hungry Hair." Stew Belly is called in to investigate the theft of Kookie's comb by an international comb-smuggling ring. Hairy drama.

8—MAVERICK—"Diamond Flush." A gambler passes jewels to an attendant at a sewerage farm in an attempt to pay off penny-poker debts.

9.30—ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS—"No Visible Means of Support." Another thriller from the master of suspense.

10.30—THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE—No picture no sound.

12.5—EPILOGUE.

7 4.25—THE THREE MUSKETEERS—"Hoo Ha Dumas."

5.30—MICKEY MOOSE CLUB—Special guest artist Alfred Hitchcock. Moose-keteers caught listening to Channel 9 will have their Mickey Moose ears torn off in public as an example to others. Compered by Doddering Jimmy.

6.45—NUDES, WHETHER.

7—THE FLINTSTONES—The prestige cartoon. Adults can view this with complete confidence.

7.30—BONANZA—The western with a difference—this one runs for a whole blooming hour.

9.30—PETER BUNN—The dame's good, the music's good, the story stinks.

11.35—EPILOGUE.

2 2—WOMEN'S WORLD.

2.30—FOR SCHOOLS — "Julius Skweezer." Part Five.

2.50—TEST PATTERN AND MUSIC—Damn these tight A.B.C. budgets.

8—FESTIVAL OF TIBETAN FOLK MUSIC—For those eleven music lovers who enjoy this sort of thing.

9—UNIVERSITY OF THE AIR—Dr. Mesley, Senior Lecturer in Philosophy, University of Adelaide, lectures on the Philosophical Ideal (censored).

10.30—REAL NUDES, WHETHER.



GUEST STAR TONIGHT on the Mickey Mouse Club is Alfred Hitchcock. Fred's own half-hour thriller is also featured tonight. The latest episode from the master of suspense is entitled, "No Visible Means of Support."

PHANTOM WRITER EXPOSED

Continued from Page 3.

Well, friend, I went berserk. I flattened the Connie with a fat woman's umbrella, trod on people's lunch bags, poured the driver's thermos all over him—ooh I was cross! Then and there I resolved to track down and annihilate the rat responsible for the bilge on the bus tickets. It had to stop, friend.

Rang M.T.T.

First thing on getting to my office, I rang the M.T.T. "Good morning," said a voice, "M.T.T. 'Loyal words are the secret of healing grief.' Ah ha, ha, ha. And what can we do for you?"

"I must be calm," I said. "I must be calm. Look, girl—my voice was straining through clenched teeth—just put me on to whoever is responsible for writing what you just said."

"Oh that?" she said, "I read that on the back of a bus ticket."

My knees buckled and I sank to the floor, still clutching the receiver. "I know," I hissed. "Just connect me to its author."

There was a clicking in the earpiece, then came a breezy male voice.

"Hullo, McSpludge here. 'Great ideas need landing gear as well as wings.' What can we do for . . ."

"Did you write that?" I screamed. "Are you the sex-starved b—— who's driving Adelaide crazy with cliches?"

"Well, no," came a somewhat startled reply. "We don't write them here. They're there when we get them from the printers."

"Ah, good," said I. "I was getting somewhere. "And who are your printers?"

"Oliver, McGurgle and DodsWallop."

Rang Printers

I slammed down the receiver and dialled the printers.

I had cooled off a little

and was tolerably courteous to the receptionist.

"Give me," I said, "he who is the perpetrator of the pusillanimous dog'swallop on the back of the M.T.T. bus tickets."

"Oh, they're rather good, aren't they?" she chortled. "He who renders a service to humanity is bound to get paid! Ha, ha, ha. You'll be wanting Mr. McGurgle."

"McGurgle," I roared, "You've written on your last bus ticket. You'd better start writing your epitaph. I give you fair warning—I'm coming gunning for you."

"Hang on, hang on a minute, old man," came the reply. "We don't write that stuff on the tickets."

"No, it's true. Bit of a puzzle isn't it? There definitely nothing but an advertisement on the backs of the tickets when they leave here.

Wheels within wheels. The ticket-truck must then be getting hijacked en route.

McGurgle told me the truck would be leaving the printers for the M.T.T. at midnight so, with the light of victory in my eyes, I decided to follow it.

There being nothing else I could do till midnight I went out and got drunk.

On My Bicycle

The time, 11.59 p.m. I was on my old bicycle hiding behind the open door of the depot. I had hitherto thought it impossible that one man could maintain such an engulfing, passionate hatred for so long a time. A hangover helped, of course.

The truck was started and a muffled voice from the cabin shouted, "Goodnight, Fred. The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none." See yer Friday, yer dopey old ignoramus.

The voice had quoted one! I sagged and fell off

my bicycle, almost beside myself.

Then the truck roared off. I cunningly tied the end of a ball of string to the depot door and roared off in pursuit, unravelling the string as I went, in order to be able to retrace my route.

The truck must have travelled 30 miles, all around the back streets of the city. Ziggling and zagging, obviously to throw off suspicion, I didn't have enough string. When it ran out I unravelled my cardigan and joined the wool on.

When that was finished I used the cords from my corduroys, then my bootlaces, then I plaited the mohair from my mo.

Just as I ran out of that and was getting desperate, the truck abruptly turned from King William Street, up behind the Town Hall.

Discovery

I ran, on foot, up the lane, and burst into a small room—hair awry, livid of visage, bursting with hatred.

I looked around me.

There sat Mr. Viel and four fat friends amid a chaos of bus tickets, books of proverbs, the writings of

Confucius, Fry, Wordsworth and others, all writing busily.

One idiotic, bespectacled, sex-starved cunny looked up. "Ooh, look!" he squeaked. "Here's a man in just his underpants. He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so!"

Well, friend, I wrecked that den of sin in a style that would have impressed Eliot Ness.

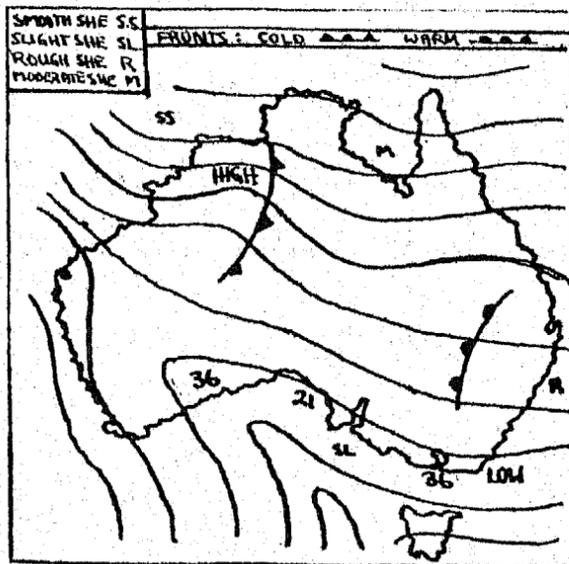
Just before he expired, Mr. Viel sobbed, "I was only trying to make the average bus-traveller's trip more enjoyable. I thought the average bus-traveller looked forward to our little sayings each day. 'He who waits upon fortune is never sure of dinner.'"

I bashed him with a book by Bacon and his soul departed this blasted earth for sure.

Epilogue

And now I'm rotting my life away. Oh irony! I wasn't convicted of manslaughter, of course, but for setting fire to the Town Hall dressed only in my underpants and leaving a trail of string, wool and mohair all over Adelaide.

TODAY'S WEATHER MAP



WHETHER REPORT

EXPLANATORY NOTES

A deep depression is centred around Alice Springs, extending slightly to the east.

A growing high pressure ridge is centred slightly inland of Broome, and extends south to the Bight.

There is a warm airstream flowing from east to west.

FORECAST

Cold in exposed areas with heavy dew expected in the in-

terior; this will be interspersed with warm periods.

In the lower regions, an occasional shower with light to moderate gusts, estimated maximum six inches.

Further outlook: Moist stream of air near eastern coast giving way to milder conditions; an end to the present period of unpleasant conditions can be expected.

Extended forecast: Frigid, with little hope of change.

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This Week in The Male
Continued from Page 5

Unfortunately, owing to no little oversight on the part of an over-officious Lord Mayor, Mad Mick himself had been invited to the meeting.

He now slunk away muttering to himself.

"What sort of stupid poltroon do they think I am?" he shouted.

Explosive
"No Mick O'Flarty that I know is going to have himself blown up in a beer barrel. I'll show them! I'll crawl into the thing on me hands, upside-bloody-down!"

Well, the bomb was built and installed in a place of honour in the square.

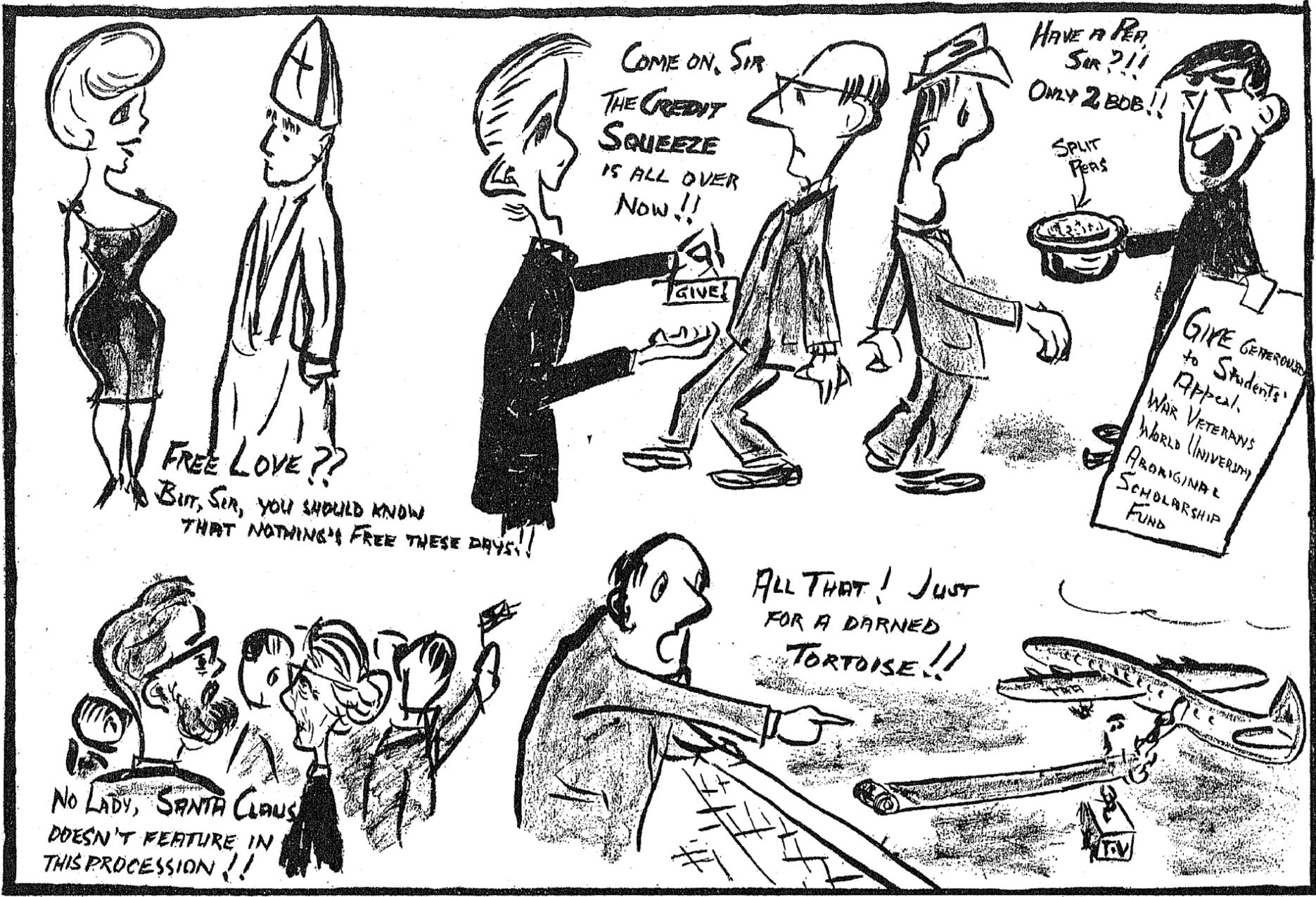
At the appointed hour, Mad Mick staggered up to it (stuffed to the gills with corn flakes from an earlier demonstration that day), and to the amazement of the assembled multitudes, crawled into it on his hands.

Nevertheless, it went off, more or less as planned, and showered the countryside for fifteen miles around with desiccated corn flakes four inches deep.

And that is how the expression came to be: "... and where were you, when the corn flakes hit the fan?"

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Doug Eppom's

**ODD
BLOT**

FRIEND of mine who has a lad doing first year physiology down at the University told me this one.

The son was telling his father that they had recently been making a study of that remarkable creature, the mink.

He asked dad if he had any idea about how the mink goes about getting its young.

Dad was a little dumb-founded and was at a loss to suggest any answer to the problem, and to recover his balance, he asked his boy to go and tell him then. "Oh, in much the same way as many of our young get their mink," was the reply that floored father.

● Clot

Then there was the one about the little boy with his plate of red soup in front of him who asked his mother:

"Mummy, why do the other kids call me vampire?"
"Shut up, kid, and drink your soup before it clots."

● Lament

*I wish I could drink like a lady,
One or two drinks at the most;
But with three I'm under the table—
And four and I'm under the host.*

● Licked

Young chap boarding with Glenside family records this conversation between young mother and little boy, aged four:

Little Boy: Mummy, can I lick the bowl?

Mother: No, Willie, flush it like everyone else does.

● Blarney

Once there were two Irishmen. . . . Now look how many there are.

● Help!

He: If I kiss you, will you call for help?
She: I will if you need it.

● Mary Had a Little

*Mary had a wristlet watch;
She swallowed it one day;
She took a gentle laxative
To pass the time away.
The laxative it did not work;
The time she did not pass;
So if you want to know the time,
Just look up Mary's Uncle—
He's got two watches.*

● Some Choice

One of the young fellows in our office has been courting a girl for several months now.

Heard that last night her father had a frank talk with him: "Young man, you've been seeing my daughter for nearly a year now. What are your intentions—honourable, or dishonourable?"



"You—you mean I've got a choice?" the startled young blood replied.

● What a Pair

Another young chap in our office was married last Saturday.

At the reception, the toastmaster was reading out the congratulatory telegrams when he came upon a roaster.

The text of the telegram was a simple rhyme:

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away. But what will a pear do tonight!"

● Braille

Neat advert. caught my eye this week.

BRA-ILLE
*The Ultimate in Uplift Bras. Remember! If you go out on a blind date, wear your BRA-ILLE—
It's the only Bra that really speaks for itself!*

Orlando Barossa Pearl

is one thing!
Examinations are
another!

Take one thing after
another and you're
really celebrating!

One thing after
another

STOP PRESS

Since not a blasted thing has happened since yesterday, this space remains blank. Readers may find it useful for playing noughts and crosses in, writing recipes on, or just plain doodling within.

Dedicated to Margaret

Printed by The Griffin Press for the S.R.C., University of Adelaide.