

50-50

“Insanity” In Liquor Law

Letterettes In Fifty Words

Licences

“The Saint” hails
the granting of

liquor licences to many new clubs as
“the first step towards saner drink-
ing.” The members of those clubs
might reasonably ask where is the
sanity in granting licences and at the
same time perpetuating the insane law
which makes it an offence to buy or sell
liquor after 6 p.m.—“Freedom.”

★ ★ ★

Brains

When will Sydney
wake up and pro-
vide Sunday pictures? Pictures would
be more enjoyable than listening to
Commos and other nitwits giving a
free “ear-bashing” to a lot of half-
wits in the Domain. If brains were
made of ink these “ear-bashers”
wouldn't have enough for a full-stop.
—“Flying Saucer Joe.”

★ ★ ★

Coal Three hearts

Gentlemen Three hearty cheers for the British Fleet. At last we are again having gentlemen on our shores and in our streets. On the 24th I'll be down to meet them, and maybe get a husband. The Aussie sailors are drunkards without any backbone, the Yanks are too self-opinionated; so I'll love the Pommies forever.—"Expectant Sydney-ite."

★ ★ ★

Hospitality Why all the fuss about making the Pommy Fleet so welcome? Our R.A.N. were good enough to fight for this country, but never ever get any hospitality when in a strange port. We should remember that 90 per cent. of our boys spend time away from their homes, too, and a little hospitality would go a long way with them.—"Proud Sailor's Wife."

★ ★ ★

Test I have a good-looking girl-friend, and things were running smoothly until somebody told me she was just using me as a free ticket, and my motor cycle as a free taxi service. Could some 50-50 reader tell me how I could test her?—"Hopeful."

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Kindness Congratulations to the milkman who last week dismounted from his cart and led his horse at a walk up the Carrabella Street, Kirribilli, hill. More kindness of this description would be appreciated, not only by the animals

be appreciated, not only by the animals themselves, but by all animal lovers.—
“Animal Lover.”

★ ★ ★

Smoke

There should be a law to prevent people from burning rubbish in their backyards until late afternoon. Every day is washing-day in flats, and one gets tired of wearing smoky clothes and drying on smoky towels because of thoughtless neighbors.—“L.R.S.”

★ ★ ★

Pedestrians I am a motorcycle rider, and during the past months I have nearly run over a countless number of thoughtless pedestrians. Why don't these numbskulls look where they are going and give the motor cyclist a fair go?—“Thoughtful Charlie.”

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Too Late

I agree with “Two Country Bumpkins” who prefer country girls. But I must say that the majority of men today haven't sufficient sense to realise that honesty or principle mean something until they find themselves most unhappy or involved in a divorce case.—
“A Country Lass.”