

**NUTTY AS A
FRUITCAKE**

VENUS, THE FLYING SAUCERESS

By GORDON WILLIAMS

**A REPUTED Flying
Saucer, seen near
Canberra, is now
thought to have been
Venus.**

Very natural mistake, I think, Venus being the Goddess of Love and all.

Flying Saucers are just naturally associated with Love.

So are Flying Cups, Flying Pudding Basins, Flying Head-

... flying decanter, flying casserole,
locks, and other bric-a-brac
which happens to come to
the wife's hand at the mo-
ment.

Why, only last night I open
the back door to get in
stealthily and—would you be-
lieve?—I hardly have time to
raise myself to my hands and
knees when I am struck by a
Flying Whisky Decanter, and
within two or three seconds
something warm, wet, and
sticky starts running down
my head and face, and I am
praying it is only blood when
I get further struck by a
Flying Camisole, or Casserole
whichever it is.

Those words always confuse me.
I never know which one you
have to get into to get stewed.
Maybe on second thoughts you
would have to be stewed first
before you got into a cami-
sole. I don't know.



WELL, as this Flying
Saucer seen over Can-
berra is associated with
Venus, maybe we should
consider this Venus more
closely and ——

Just a moment. Here is M.
Armstrong, Esq.

"Perhaps," he suggests, "you
had better say as little as

had better say as little as possible about Venus. If you are about to say what I think you are about to say, please remember Venus is a Star."

"I know," I nod. "I was not going to say anything about that Statue. I don't like that Statue of Venus, if you must know. That hands-off type of girl never appealed to me, anyhow, and—"

"This Flying Saucer," shouts Mick, "must be taken seriously! It might be an enemy device sent to spy on us."

"Yeh?" I nod. "Is that bad?"

"Surely," he says, "you know what an enemy device that spies on us is?"

"Oh, sure."

"What?"

"My wife."

"One day," he shouts, galloping for the door, "you will get kicked on the skull by a couple of gnats, and you will be unconscious for a month."

"Gnats to you, too," I call after him, not to be outdone in Oblesse Noblige, Savoir Fairey Anne, Cherchez la Femme, and other splendid things in French.

Venus, he says, is a star. Just as if I didn't know.

Why, I have often steered my way home by the Stars after I have been de-Stag and Stopwatched, or even before that, such as when I begin

that, such as when I begin to fear I am about to suffer from ingrown brass rails on the foot.



ONLY a couple of nights ago I pick out a Star to follow to my home.

As the result, I chase four cats up two lanes and a tree, fall over two garbage cans, bump into not fewer than nine telegraph poles and a pillar box, and finish up out in the Kennel with my dog Fritz.

Yes. And then I discover that all of this bother occurs because I have been following the *Dog Star*. Make you sick.

The *Dog Star* is very easily recognised. The *Dog Star* is, naturally, very near the *Pole Star*, but not *too* near, if you understand.

I still don't see how anyone could confuse a *Flying Saucer* with a *Star*, mind you.

Not unless it was a *Star* like Charles Laughton, who does look a bit *Saucerish* sideways on, but not a star like my favourite *Star*, Esther Williams, who says she got her figure through swimming, but this I don't believe. Swimming is **NO**—repeat **NO**—good for the figure.

You ever seen a flounder, or a duck?

Well, if what a flounder and

... if what a flounder and
duck looks like is what
swimming does for a flounder
and a duck, then I can only
say that Anaesthesia, my Ball
and Chain, and her old lady
must have been going down
to the baths a lot behind my
back.

... comes another Flying
Duck. I hope I remember to
Duck.
