

THE WAY I SEE IT

★ GILBERT MANT

THE explanation of the flying saucer mystery is very simple.

They're not saucers, nor are they little men from Mars or little women from Venus.

Undoubtedly it's a damnably cunning Red plot, personally devised by Marshal Stalin.

The saucers that have been flying around lately were hurled from Helsinki by those hefty Iron Curtain women discus-throwers.

Actually, it was a red discus, not a saucer, that nearly swept a salesman out of his car in Oklahoma this week.

It shows that democracy must be ever on its guard against these

cracy must be ever on its guard against these devilish attacks.

Failure of a mission

SOME time ago a young English couple of my acquaintance came to Australia full of high hopes for the future.

They both got good jobs and liked this country and its people. They wanted to start a family.

But there was one snag — they couldn't find a permanent home.

They moved from room to room, growing more and more despondent.

This week the wife sailed back to England, broken-hearted by the failure of their great adventure.

It's a pity friends of

Britain can't organise houses and blocks of flats to take care of these cases.

Many foreign migrants who come here under their own steam have homes waiting for them on arrival.

If their friends can do that, why can't we?

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THE wheel of fortune

THE wheel of fortune spins:

During the war E. G. Bonney was Australia's chief censor whose job was to keep things out of the newspapers.

This week, as Australian representative of the British Travel Association, he was in Sydney trying to get things into the newspapers.

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THE atomic age may have reached Australia but atomic salaries haven't come with it.

This week the Commonwealth Government advertised for a chief superintendent to control the top-secret Woomera rocket range.

He must have a thorough academic training in physics or electrical or mechanical engineering, with a university degree of high standard.

The salary? £2564 a year, disgracefully inadequate pay for such an important job.

General Douglas MacArthur will tell you it's more profitable to be a soldier than a scientist.

This week he became

This week he became chairman of Remington Rand at a reported salary of £44,600 a year.



WATER, water everywhere:

Noticed what a lot of crying is going on in the world these days?

● **Ex-King Farouk** wept when leaving Egypt.

● **Persian dictator Mossadeq** is constantly bursting into tears and fainting.

● **Johnny Ray** is still crying his heart out in America.

They'd make a great stage trio of the Marx Brothers variety.

Hitler did it quicker

BITTER comment from Mrs. F. M. Anderson, of Croydon, on the plight of Australia's widow

of Australia's widow,
blind, invalid and old-age
pensioners:

*"Hitler killed off the
people he did not want
—but quickly. We are
drawing out the
agony."*

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THERE'S a surprise in
store for the income
tax people when they re-
ceive the return of a 20-
year-old Balgowlah girl.

Under "Deductions:
Gifts to Public Institu-
tions, &c." she innocently
claimed for *"Four pints of
blood to Red Cross."*

THE chief bar stew-
ard of a leading
Sydney club, much ad-
dicted to a black
alpaca coat, needed a
replacement this week.

*So he telephoned the
men's outfitting depart-
ment of a big city store.*

He was answered by a
broad Irish accent.

*"Shure and I'm sorry,
reverend, but we haven't
had a black alpaca coat
in stock for a year."*

The steward quick-
wittedly replied, "God

wittedly replied, "God bless you, my bhoy, for all your trouble."

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"I SEE that an American says world-wide nudism would stop wars," I remarked to my friend, Dr. F. Balsam.

"He says," I added, "that if soldiers wore no clothes it would be difficult to tell who was the enemy."

"The gentleman is quite right," said the doctor.

"Years ago I led a company of troops in a bitter war in the impenetrable jungles of America.

"Suddenly into a clearing charged a mass of nude warriors, brandishing double-barrelled weapons.

"Despite my frantic orders to fight to the last ditch, my troops threw up their arms and surrendered abjectly."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Who attacked you?"

"Amazons," replied the doctor.