

What Goes On

● **SPECIAL announcement:** Today I'm forming the Victorian Flying Saucer Club. All you have to do to become a member is be a conscientious searcher for flying saucers and promise to report all discoveries of same to me.

First person to discover a genuine flying saucer in Victoria will be presented with a cup.

★
OUR circulation representative in Perth complained in July that his cheque hadn't turned up.

Last week he advised that it had arrived, correctly addressed.

Where had it been meanwhile?

while?

Dunno for sure, but the envelope read: "Missent to Chicago, by mistake."

★

BIG to-do, they tell me, at a country school the other day when the boys were carpeted — and had their holidays suspended — for gambling.

Seems one of the boys was collecting bets on the horses and taking them to the local S.P.

Everything was all right until the bookie turned up

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at school to demand payment for bets.

Head held an assembly and told the boys that those who had not been betting needn't stay.

No one left.

★
SATURDAY morning special at a city store: Children's trumpets reduced to half-price.

Bargain: I'll say. Even if they didn't make any sound.

★
LIKE the story which came out of the Hawthorn West Central centenary celebrations about the head master who caught a boy whistling in the corridor.

Took him to his office and dealt with him suitably. Then he asked the boy which class he was in.

"Class?" repeated the boy. "I came here to deliver a telegram."

★
COULD have been better put department: Country radio announcer (advertising suits at a local store): "They're bargains!"

...ing suits at a local store): "They're bargains! They won't last."



CAN'T vouch for this, but I did hear at the weekend that the roof of Russell st. police headquarters is covered with copper foil.



FRRIEND tells me the story of the young couple who decided to give their son a name which couldn't be abbreviated and which wouldn't suggest a nickname.

So they decided such a name was Barry.

Boy started school this year, but the other kids don't call him Barry.

They call him Couta.



OUR CITY: Flinders lane is narrow enough any-time but when some workmen dug a hole in the middle of it near Russell st. the other day things got a trifle congested.

And when some . . . er . . . person parked his Holden slap bang against the hole things got a trifle chaotic.

And all the motorists and truck drivers who had to squeeze through said a few words about the . . . er . . . person who parked his Holden there.

All, that is, except one motorist. He peered angrily out of his car and snarled at the men down the hole: "Wadava wanta dig a hole

"Wadaya wanta dig a hole
next to a parked car for?"

Peter Harding