

WHAT GOES ON

How to stop a flying saucer

BY

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R.A.A.F. got a letter the other day, addressed to the Officer in charge of

Officer in charge of Flying Saucers.

Writer explained that all last year a round, tin object with a band around it and a handle flew over his front fence every Tuesday and Friday morning.

Then, last Christmas, his wife give the dustman a packet of cigarettes and suddenly the round tin object stopped flying over the fence.

And, please, did the R.A.A.F. think this would have been a flying saucer?



YOU'D never guess who got into town yesterday after sprinklers had been banned.

The Board of Works water supply committee.

Been away they had

water supply committee.

Been away, they had.
Having a look at a good
water reticulation system.

Where? Sshhh.

Sydney.



SUBURBAN self-service
grocery used to sell
pre-packed fresh fruit
and biscuits. "Used to" is
right. Not any more.

Couldn't understand why
so many youngsters liked
to spend their lunch-
time wandering around
the shop, but never seemed
to buy anything.

Then they found them.

A heap of used bags
hidden behind the shelves.

And a marked differ-
ence between the quan-
tity of biscuits and fruit
which left the shelves
and that which was paid
for.



FELLOW called into one
of those we-sell-fresh-
eggs places out of town
yesterday and asked for a
dozen.

Man handed them over,
and he was amazed at
their size and quality.

"By jove," he said,
"they're beauties."

"Yes," said the man,
"we always pick out the
best and send the others
to the Board."



OPPORTUNISM depart-
ment: Downtown estate

ment: Downtown estate
agents are advertising a
640-acre area in Gippsland
for sale.

Mention that it is this
and that and the other

thing, and that the price
is a mere £30 an acre for
a quick sale.

Then comes the punch
line:

"Potential oil-bearing
land."



CANDY from kids de-
partments Teacher at
Toorak Central thought it
would be a nice idea to
brighten up the second-
graders' classroom, so he
suggested that the seven-
year-olds build some
window boxes.

This they did, and the
teacher supplied lots of
plants to fill them.

Then they put them
up, and, although some
of the window boxes
weren't exactly as a
cabinet-maker might have
desired, the general idea
was fine.

And then someone went
along and pinched the
lot — boxes, flowers, and
all.



LOVE the untrue story of
the duck shooter, very
much out of luck, who
went back to his car and

WENT BACK TO HIS CAR AND drank a bottle of whisky in disgust.

Then he spotted a lone duck in the air, pulled out his gun, staggered a few paces, and fired.

And brought down the duck.

Companion thought he was marvellous. "What a shot!" he said. "Never seen anyone do that before."

"Good shot nothing," snorted the shooter. "A man would be a mug if he couldn't drop one out of that mob."



BUSINESS is a bit tough, apparently, in the tailoring line these days.

Man I know, walking up Bourke st., noticed a suit in the window of a tailor's shop and stopped to inspect it.

Second later a man came out of the shop, and for the next few minutes busied himself with trying to get the window-shopper inside.

"We have just the thing to suit a man such as yourself, sir," said the tailor. "You look to me to be a man who has to take care of his appearance. What line of business would you be in, sir?"

Window-shopper: "I'm a tailor."

a tailor."

OUR CITY: Melbourne woman, going abroad, decided she'd like to take along some small but useful gifts for friends and relatives in England.

Finally settled on cigarette cases. Found just the thing she wanted downtown—a very nice case with a map of Australia neatly engraved on the outside.

Very thrilled, she bought several, and took them home.

And found inside: "Made in England."