

# PEERSHOW

by KIRWAN WARD

NEWS that yet another flying saucer has been sighted, this time manned by a row of busts, has prompted one of my star stargazers to turn in a warning about what we may expect next month.

He says that in early July, Mars will sneak closer to the earth and that the prospect of being able to cut a mile or two off the jillion-mile trip may easily encourage daring young Martians to start whizzing over to earth in home-made saucers.

Personally, I think we're all taking this saucer business too lightly. People all over the suburbs have been reporting mysterious explosions and all we do is jump to the hasty conclusion that someone is playing pranks. Obviously, we're being bombed

Obviously, we're being bombed from flying saucers and we don't know it.

I don't think people are aware enough of the terrible implications of these saucers; why, hang it all, for all the Customs boys

know, these characters may be landing packets and packets of Martian cigarettes.



FRANKLY, friends, I don't have a very high opinion of fate. It seems to me that fate doesn't know when the joke has gone far enough.

For instance, it should be a fair thing for people whose minds are filled with righteousness and who are, in fact, on their way to church to be able to feel that they are beyond all danger of fate's practical jokes.

The thing that got me so worked up about it all was hearing the plight of a Claremont churchgoer who, just as she was leaving home, heard the official

weather forecast saying that it would be cold.

Naturally she ducked back inside for her overcoat. The others were waiting for her, so she had to make it pretty snappy, just snatching the garment from the back of a chair and running.

Seated in her pew, the garment tossed carelessly over the back of the seat she became aware of much tittering, turned round to investigate and discovered that what she had draped over the pew was a pair of her brothers trousers.



**I**N Wagin (which in case you don't know, is a three-pub town) there dwells a gent who on occasions tends to misjudge his physiological reaction to the

intake of fermented liquor. Gets as full as a boot.

But he never (as Thackeray might have expressed it) stacks on an act or bungs on a turn. Just goes quietly home when requested to do so.

requested to do so.

On the day which we now have under review, the publican suggested that the time had now come for him to withdraw his patronage and fall over while he was still alert enough to pick a spot to fall.

Playing the master gambit he agreed, withdrew and slunk back into a passage bar. No good, the publican caught up with him, urged him homeward.

Out in the street he tottered round until his eye caught the welcome sign: "Bar." He lurched in, came face to face with the same publican (which was not unnatural, as the other had never really left the premises).

"Hey, listen," the client said, for it seemed to him that the thing was becoming a little unfair, "Do you own all the blinking pubs in this town?"

