

BEHIND THE NEWS

Try your luck, sir!

by **PETER RUSSO**



WE offer a prize of 50,000 old razor blades for the best photograph of a Flying Saucer being driven by an Abominable Snowman.

Second prize of 50,000 fully squeezed toothpaste tubes is for an oil painting of a Flying Saucer with a Horrible Hairy at the controls.

Saucer with a Horrible Hairy at the controls.

Our prizes consist of useful articles for the home, because our innate delicacy causes us to shudder at the mention of money. Any resemblance between this competition and the sordid kind is, therefore, purely coincidental.

To ensure that the photographs and oil paintings are genuine, they must be accompanied by interviews with Saucer pilots or passengers.

This may provide some difficulty for entrants who have not learned how to communicate with beings who live on other planets or on the top of icebergs.

The only way the interview can be conducted is by thought-transference.

Competitors will have read the book, published last year, describing how a North American farmer was able to make contact with an interplanetary visitor by exchanging thoughts.



WITH a few hints the process can be quickly learned, and it is absolutely accurate. It is through this medium that we have long and interesting conversations with the Flying Sauceress who drops in here occasionally.

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It may not be easy at first, because you have to make sure that the thoughts you emit get the proper response. We often laugh heartily when we think back on the misunderstandings that occurred during our first attempt at conversation with the Flying Sauceress.

We first thought of a

simple word like "cats," expecting the Sauceress to respond with an understanding noise like "mee-ow." Instead she went "woof woof."

Believing that we may not have been explicit enough, we began thinking of special kinds of cats, like Persian, Manx or Siamese cats. The Sauceress kept on going "woof."

By the time we had got around to thinking about sacred Egyptian cats, she was woofing madly all over the room. It was then that inspiration dawned and we switched over from cats to dogs.

We thought hard on a big Alsatian that lives next door, and, sure enough, the Flying Sauceress responded with a spitting sound and a long, piercing "mee-ow."

After that we knew we were on the beam and the

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rest was easy.

The secret lies in remembering that thought control has been going on for so long on other planets (and on the top of icebergs) that residents there now think in the opposite direction.



ENTRANTS for our competition, unless accustomed or addicted to this type of thinking, would be well advised to keep off political interviews with Flying Saucer things.

We remember how hard it was not to get tangled up when our Flying Sauceress threw off thoughts which said that President McCarthy was having a lot of trouble with Senator Eisen-

hower, and that Prime Minister Evatt would get nowhere unless he abolished the Means Test.

We also offer a special consolation prize of seven foreign policies or eight drink laws for the best watercolor of a fruit fly blowing up a balloon.