

# Topical Tit-bits

By "Critic."

Three people claimed they saw a "flying saucer" at Launching Place last Saturday evening. They are Messrs. Norm Fleming, Les Ockwell, and Mrs. Vickerman.

Mr. Norm Fleming, who runs the store at Launching Place, is quite certain he saw something extraordinary that could be described as a "flying saucer."

Talking of the incident, Mr. Fleming said he was on his way home from the rifle range at about 6.15 p.m., when a gleaming object hovering over the Don Valley caught his eye. It was large, cylindrical in shape, and as he watched, it suddenly shot straight up into the sky leaving behind a trail of jet smoke.

Norm is certain it was no optical illusion. He has a drink occasionally, but it was not "The Launch" but the rifle range he had just left.

Neither Mr. Les Ockwell or Mrs. Vickerman have been contacted, so we are unable to describe what they saw.

It would be interesting to know if any other people in the vicinity saw the "saucer."

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It was late at night; the taxi had pulled up suddenly and the man from Aberdeen got out and began fumbling in his pockets. Finally he handed the driver a coin.

"I've known folks to give a bit over," grumbled the taxi-driver.

"Ay," responded the Aberdonian. "That's the reason I asked ye tae stop under this light.

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Have you ever played squash? If not, you may be interested to learn at the newly formed Lilydale Squash Club court, which is in course of erection on Lilydale-Monbulk road, near the Swansea road turn-off. Squash is a fascinating game, and it's tough too, especially if you happen to be a bit broad around the waist-line. But whatever the drawbacks, they're more than countered by the all-important advantage of keeping fit. And believe me, if you want to keep fit, play squash! To become a member all you need do is contact the secretary, Mr. Clem Ellis, Dr. B. N. Ostberg, or any one of the three other gentlemen whose

three other gentlemen whose names appear in the advertisement which appears in this issue.



Some time back I elaborated on the advantages of Mr. Orm. Quinn's new double-storied brick shop in Lilydale, and I'm delighted to learn that the public has since demonstrated its appreciation of the service offered by a long-awaited delicatessen and a modern ladies' hairdressing business, by the profusion of its patronage. Mr. Quinn himself, is more than satisfied with the return for his enterprise, so much so, that he is now preparing for further expansion. One of the new enterprises will be a chiropody business under the management of Miss Scilini, an expert from the city. Miss Scilini, who will be established in the basement of the shop, will be welcomed by the many people in the district who previously have had to either travel down the line or rely on periodical visits by a chiropodist for treatment.

Mr. Quinn says that appointments can be made immediately at Lilydale 305. He also contemplates installing a dressmaker in the new shop, and asks anyone interested in securing comfortable, up-to-the-minutes quarters to contact him without delay.



The Minister for External

The Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, said today that, since returning to Australia, he found that there had been some critical references to Asian students in Australia in a section of the press. It is true that there are a number of Asian students in our Australian universities and colleges, some of whom are here under the Colombo Plan, and a larger number who have come here privately to study. They had come to take advantage of educational opportunities that were not sufficiently available in their own countries.

Mr. Casey added that he was satisfied that no qualified Australian student had been denied access to a university because of enrolment of Asian students. Mr. Casey said: "Far from being critical of the presence of these Asian students in Australia, we greatly welcome them. Not only does the Australian Government welcome them, but the Australian universities and colleges are glad to have them. The great body of Australian university students and the Australian public

show the most friendly attitude towards them. This has been reflected in many ways, not the least being the creation of the Overseas Co-ordinating Committee in Melbourne, which is composed of

bourne, which is composed of a remarkably wide range of voluntary associations, which have come together for the purpose of helping overseas students in the fields of accommodation, hospitality, recreation and their friendly introduction to our community life."

Mr. Casey said there was need for Australians to get to know and understand their neighbors more intimately. As with any neighboring peoples, problems were bound to arise — and these could be coped with only on a basis of equality, tolerance and mutual understanding and respect. It is in the common interest for all Australia to work for friendly association with our neighbors.



Every one of us, whether we realise it or not, contributes something to the community, and it is the sum total of what we contribute that makes the community what it is. In our case, we can regard the nation of Australia as the community. If we all make a conscious effort toward helping the community, we can all benefit.

We may not all be fighting men who lay down their lives for their country, or generous philanthropists, or part of any great army of men and women who give unpaid services for the public benefit, or even the boy scouts who remember to do their one good deed a

to do their one good deed a day, but we can all do something.

One way in which we can do so is to try to help one another without expectation of a reward. To desire to get something for nothing is an innate human weakness, but when something is given for nothing in good faith, the results are often surprising. How often do we hear of neighbors rallying round to the aid of families bereaved or in distress, and how heartened do even the most cynical among us feel about it!

Another maner in which we can contribute is to try to understand the other fellow's point of view, to like rather than hate, to be kind rather than hurtful. We are all human, of course, with human failings, but, as the Australian poet C. J. Dennis once said: "Hating never paid dividends."

This may sound like so much moralising, but such ideas are definite contributions to the building up of a spirit of true community. None of us can live entirely alone and for himself or herself. We all owe a great debt to the community. It is a debt that we have a personal duty to try to repay.

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The amateur gardener, who loved to experiment with plants, sat locked in his room. He refused to take any food

all day, and his wife finally insisted on being let in.

"You must ell me what's on your mind," she said firmly. "You've been here brooding all day, and I must know what's wrong."

The gardener sighed heavily.

"It's just that one of my pet experiments didn't turn out the way I expected. Remember the time I mixed a potato with an onion?"

"Yes, yes," coaxed the anxious wife. "What happened?"

"No good," he murmured, sinking his head on his hands. "All I got was a potato with watery eyes!"

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"Dairy farmers and consumers will welcome the decision of the Federal Government, announced in Canberra recently, that the current return for butter and cheese will remain unaltered for the coming year, and that the subsidy will remain at the same level as for the previous year," the president of the Australian Dairy Farmers' Federation, Mr. E. G. Roberts, said today. "The decision conforms with the policy of the industry, outlined in representations made to the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture (Mr. McEwan), by a joint industry delegation last month."

Mr. Roberts added that, in the light of developments overseas, it was quite apparent that the future welfare of the industry must depend very

ent that the future welfare of the industry must depend very largely on the development of the home market. There was no doubt that the Australian market was the most satisfactory market available to the industry and, in fact, the future economic expansion of dairying depended largely on an expansion of local consumption.

From the consumers' point of view it was most important that the subsidy had been maintained at the existing level, which had precluded the necessity for any increase in the retail prices of butter and cheese.

"The Federal Government's decision should have a stabilising effect on the industry and on the community generally," said Mr. Roberts.

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Don't know too much about these racing dawgs and the fellas that race them, but I'm told the owners and trainers get on quite friendly terms with their four-legged charges — real talkative terms, too.

So it appears that at a nearby dog track the other day one five-foot-nothing dawg trainer was ear-bashing his charge, indicating that the beast had run second in a race — just to spite him.

"But I tricked yer, yer big mug," he grated into the animal's pricked brown ear as he led it off to the kennels. "I

led it off to the kennels. "I only had a five bob tote ticket on yer."

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The Redex Trial must have got into our blood, for what surely must have been a junior one, enticed quite a lot of Seville people out to watch drivers of the V.A.D.C. negotiate the hill between Britton's and Hand's last Sunday morning, when a trial arranged by Duncan Beatson (late of Seville) passed through the town. It was watched by folk of all ages in glorious sunshine. Drivers who made the grade without chains or mishap were roundly applauded, and those who failed were helped by local strongmen. A total of 28 cars were scheduled to compete, leaving Brighton at 8.15 a.m. Many of the cars arrived at Seville displaying evidence of their journey through the famous red mud of Silvan. Diversions of this kind are rare out Seville way, and this was a most enjoyable couple of hours.

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Here's a question you may have heard in radio quiz shows: "What is the highest mountain in Tasmania?" It's a wily question, and on the many occasions it has been asked the answers usually given as correct have been wrong.

Tasmania is very mountainous. Holiday-makers notice that no matter which part of

that no matter which part of the State they visit, there is always a mountain background. There are some hundreds of mountains of more than 2,000 feet in height and at least fifty are over 4,000 feet.

The controversy on Tasmania's highest mountain has gone on for a long while. Many mountains had not been officially measured, and measurements taken by private individuals could not settle the arguments, as different methods of measuring could not give a true comparison. At one time the controversy centred about Cradle Mt. and Legge's Tor. Eventually official measurement showed that Cradle Mt. was 5,069 feet and Legge's Tor 5,160 feet. Thus until this year, Legge's Tor was taken as the State's highest peak. Unofficial estimates had indicated that Mt. Ossa, Barn Bluff and Mt. Pelion West were also higher than Cradle Mt.

Now, in 1954, Mt. Ossa has been officially surveyed and the result — 5,309 feet. Mt. Ossa is in central Tasmania in the National Park that covers 525 square miles between Cradle Mt. in the north and Lake St. Clair in the south. Uninhabited and untraversed by roads this National Park attracts walkers and wild-life enthusiasts from all parts of the Commonwealth. Many holiday-makers see the razor-backed Cradle Mt. and the

backed Cradle Mt. and the mountain-encircled Lake St. Clair; but only the walkers who penetrate to the centre of the National Park see Mt. Ossa.



The Londoner visiting St. Andrews for the first time determined to try a round of golf. Furnishing himself with the usual implements and a caddie, he went out before breakfast.

It seemed quite easy, and his first drive was a terrific swipec. When the turf had ceased to descend he turned somewhat dazed, to the caddie and asked: "What did I hit just now, my lad?"

"Scotland, sir."



If last Saturday's ground and facilities is the best Croydon-Ferntree Gully League can provide for important football, then the sooner the inter-league match with the Yarra Valley is cut out the better. I always understood that the big idea behind this inter-league clash was to publicise football and stimulate greater interest in the game in these parts, but after last Saturday, I'm convinced that the motive (if there is any) is of far lesser importance. One could expect a football

ground to be wet and sloppy after so much rain, but that does not excuse the staging

does not excuse the staging of the match on a ground which was virtually a mud-paddock. The fact that players had to slither through mud, ankle deep in many places to get the ball was bad enough, but when spectators too have to stand in slush and water to watch the game, it is time something was done about it.

It seemed to me that the C.F.T.G. League made little or no preparations for this match. One thing is certain, they did not go into the ground question very closely, otherwise they would never have recommended Croydon. If these matches are to remain popular with the public, the "home" league should see to it that facilities for all concerned are as near perfect as they can be. If they cannot be bothered doing a little work beforehand, then why worry about the game; why not stick to our regular Saturday football and give the paying public what they are entitled to — a little comfort and a ground on which football is possible?

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It is reported that a snack-bar diner recently found a piece of rubber tyre in a meat pie.

The motor-car seems to be taking the place of the horse everywhere.

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They had not been married very long, but already their

very long, but already their first real quarrel had lasted for a week. However, they made it up at last, and as she nestled in his arms she murmured.

"Oh, Robert darling — I was wrong to treat you as I did. You will forgive me, won't you, for being so angry with you all last week?"

Robert smiled.

"Forgive you, dearest? I certainly will!" he cried. "Do you know I saved over thirty bob while we weren't on speaking terms!"

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Wonder how many tenders there were for the job recently listed by the Public Works Department as "repairs, renovations and painting to Lilydale post office." I understand that the "post office" they refer to is the old, tumble-down weatherboard building notoriously known in Lilydale as Commercial Chambers! If that is the case, what I cannot understand is why they don't ask for a tender to demolish, and when all said and done, that's all the building is good for. Tenders closed on July 13, and I'm hoping there were dozens of them because it will mean acceptance of at least one to modify the unsightliness of a building which is an utter disgrace to the authority in control. I, like many other townsmen, will keep on hoping that a change of scenery does eventuate — we



scenery does eventuate — we are sick of the sight of the old landmark.



Now that the football season is nearing its end, one's thoughts naturally turn to cricket, and although it is too early yet to talk about club activities in general, I think an exception can be made in the case of Lilydale. For the past three years, Lilydale has had to evacuate the main oval and play competitive matches under less appealing conditions on the lower reserve. That was alright whilst important changes were being made on the main oval, but now that the work is completed, are the cricketers going to remain where they are, or are they going to press for a return of their original headquarters? If it is the latter, then the time is ripe for some free talk and immediate action, for it means that some sort of cricket pitch will have to be prepared. I doubt whether the reserve committee would tolerate another concrete wicket on the main oval, which leaves only one alternative — a turf wicket. If it was decided to instal such a wicket much work will need to be done to have it ready for the opening of the season. The cricketers know this, and they know too, that they must do most of the work themselves. But the most important thing of all is to get cracking; time is al-

to get cracking; time is already limited.

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