

# What Goes On...



**By Peter Golding**

● *THEY tell me the crew of a flying saucer yesterday reported seeing earth-men in a DC3.*

★                      ★                      ★  
**O**NE old faithful has turned up regularly to all the Gas Corporation's recent cooking demonstrations.

Last few weeks before each demonstration she's sidled up to Mrs. Olwen Mackay, the supervisor, and whispered: "I'll see you after."

But she never did—and Mrs. Mackay was very intrigued.

This week the woman whispered it again. But this time she **DID** see Mrs.

again. But this time she **DID** see Mrs. Mackay after.

And asked her if she knew a good recipe for home brew.



Be a bit of a turnip if the Swedes beat the Americans in the inter-zone final.



**T**HERE they were yesterday.

A policeman, a parking attendant, and a commissionaire. All outside the Australia. Armed with bits of wire and keys and things trying to unlock a car, the keys of which apparently had been locked inside.

Holden, it was.

Police car.



**I**N our holiday touring magazine, Vacuum offered 15 gallons of Mobilgas to the owners of various cars, numbers of which were published.

Picked the numbers at random.

One was XM571.

Owned by Mr. Henry Thompson, a sales executive.

Of C.O.R.



**F**EW months ago Elsternwick reader Ray Oakes reported to us that he'd seen a flying saucer at Malvern.

Since then he's had his

Since then he's had his leg pulled by everyone.

Now, following the Navy radar report, people were inclined to be a bit less sceptical.

He didn't comment. He just pointed at the words at the foot of his date pad yesterday: "The triumph of the mockers is of short duration. Truth endures, and their senseless laughter vanishes."



**B**OURKE st. shop has great notices all over the window announcing that you can wear anything away for £1 deposit.

In the window there's a frock. On it: **IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.**

Pity, though.

It's vacant possession.



**C**'AN'T vouch for this, but they do tell me that the other night a chap arrived at Russell st. reception desk, bag packed, and asked if he could be put away for the Christmas fortnight.

They were a little staggered and asked him why.

"I'm thinking of the Pentridge concert," he explained. "Without me they won't have a pianist."



**OUR CITY:** Well, it's a

**OUR CITY:** Well, it's a novel approach anyway. East Bentleigh householder came out of his home yesterday morning and there, lying on its side in the gutter, was his dustbin.

It was half full.

Fifteen yards away was the lid.

In the lid was a card:  
**M E R R Y CHRISTMAS  
FROM YOUR DUSTMAN.**