

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain



OPPORTUNITIES for observing wildlife are scarce in the heart of the city, so that the pigeon nesting on the window-sill of our tearoom has caused an outbreak of nature-loving.

I must confess I was disappointed in the early stages when someone reported a bird's nest containing two

bird's nest containing two eggs.

From the prevailing excitement I had expected to see a kookaburra or an emu. The pigeon was a bit of an anticlimax. Still, a nesting bird is a novelty in a newspaper office, and this pigeon has remarkable aplomb. (I should say "these pigeons," because mother and father took turns at sitting on the nest.)

They were unmoved by the continuous stream of sightseers, staring back with a glittering calm which explains why these were the birds chosen to figure in all those old jokes (. . . the pigeon that walked from Strathfield, the pigeon that boarded the train at Redfern. If you don't remember them, your mother will).

At time of writing the young have just emerged from the shells. When the flying lessons begin there will be queues of watchers.

This tearoom is the exclusive province of girls. One of them the other day was telling the story to a male member of the staff.

"Ah," he said meanly, "a pigeon among the cats."

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A SURVEY of American women's buying habits shows that in a supermarket those who shop without a pushcart spend an average of 10/-. Those using a cart spend an average of £3.

That's the kind of conclusion that makes me distrust surveys. It implies that a pushcart makes you spend money.

makes you spend money.

What it really proves is that if you have a lot to buy you use a pushcart.

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THERE may be times in the future, perhaps even now, when Gary Powers, the American U2 pilot exchanged for a Russian spy, may wish himself back in that Moscow prison.

Already some Americans are asking whether he was a worthwhile exchange.

These citizens do not bother to conceal their hostility to Powers, who, they believe, did something less than his duty.

Their view is that when his plane was shot down he should have availed himself of the opportunity to commit suicide or that, having failed to kill himself, he should not have confessed to spying.

Some of the ordinary citizens quoted as expressing these views may, for all I know, be heroes and heroines of war.

If so, they are entitled to criticise Powers. But the others—and I think it very likely that many never did anything braver than address the local Parents and Citizens—might be better advised to show a little Christian compassion.

THE United States Air Force issued a report last week saying that it had no evidence of flying saucers.

To be precise, it said there was no evidence that any of

was no evidence that any of the 7369 Unidentified Flying Objects sighted since 1947 were "extra-terrestrial vehicles under intelligent control."

Most of them have proved to be birds, astronomical phenomena, real aircraft, lights—anything but saucers full of green men from Mars.

If you remember 1947, you will remember what a great

joke the first flying saucers were. These reports of strange vehicles from outer space were greeted with half-credulous delight and amusement.

There were, of course, some people who said solemnly, "Bosh!" There were others who said with equal solemnity, "Why not?"

But the commonest reaction was laughter, and it is hard now to recapture that feeling of a world-wide joke.

In those days science fiction was at the height of its popularity.

The first satellite was yet to come.

And once it did outer space wasn't funny any more.

★ ★ ★

FILM director Roberto Rossellini and actress Anna Magnani are reported to be renewing a romance which broke up in 1948 when Rossellini met Ingrid Bergman. The cause of the revived attachment is said to be toothache. Early one morning Rossellini rang Anna and said, "I have a violent toothache. Do

said, "I have a violent toothache. Do you remember the name of our dentist?"
She did.

*This is the truth of love, though lightly
said.*

*Shake, if you like, your pretty, shapely
head.*

*Prattle of moonlight, walking in the rain,
The wild, electric glances of your swain.
"We have so much in common," so you
say.*

*Of course you do, and you'll have more
some day,*

*Like gas bills, weedy lawns, and paying
rent,*

*Which need not spell your disillusion-
ment.*

*Today you share your jokes, your taste
in art,*

*A common bond of music stirs your heart.
These things may last. You stoutly say
they will.*

*Perhaps they won't. But, if together still,
Love can survive, and if it does, old
thing,*

Sharing a dentist will be comforting.