

ALLY'S SILLYCQUE

I'm sick of idly playing cards,
Through gloomy nights and days.
Observing with a weary eye,
That gambling never pays.
I think perhaps there's much to win,
At least there's right good cheer.
I'll risk the chance of wayward sin,
Tonight I'm going on the beer.

My friends may lift their hands on high,
Their eyes with shock amaze.
Their disapproval I defy,
I find indifference pays.
I view them through a beery haze,
My troubles disappear.
Whatever fuss they choose to raise,
Tonight I'm going on the beer.

Pick me up my gallant crew,
My tent's so far away.
Carry me home and let me stew.
Until the break of day.
Such loads of Cascade I did drink,
My eyes are dimmed with tear.
The depths to which my soul can sink.
Tonight I'm going on the beer..

LOCAL NEWS

An interesting display of flame throwing was given by the one and only Spike Bougen during the past week. The show was held in the cookhouse and went off with a bang. Had it not been for the coolness and calmness of purpose displayed by Wo-one Jim, Spike's bid for fame may have been his last. When all seemed lost however, Wo-one Jim retained sufficient puff to call plaintively "George, come to me".

Stung by the attention paid to Spike's effort, Greaser Akins attempted an even more spectacular show. Held in the "vehicularium" it was a novel demonstration of flame throwing and fire walking. A very nervous but appreciative audience voted the show noteworthy for its speed and effect..