

ORE LIES !!!
by tom yuille

#the other day when major blacker set out for TOE in the jeep we had a series of astonishing adventures which even i find hard to believe. sometimes i wonder if it did happen, however i leave you to judge the bare facts.

we had just passed plains d'araines when the jeep suddenly shot forward at a terrific speed. major blacker was lifted from the front into the back seat. i did everything i knew to slow her up, but it was no use, we seemed to fairly fly along the road. then i saw that sharp bend -- you know, the one that skirts round the ravine. i was sure we would be hurled to maternity. i called myself a fool for not taking out a fire insurance policy on the hereafter. but major blacker calmed me; i thought we would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, but no, the jeep kept straight ahead. apparently major blacker sitting in the back kept the jeep balanced. ahead of us loomed a huge cave in the side of the mountain; we were making straight for it. we burst through the mouth of the cave brushing aside the trees and scrubs that concealed it. and we continued on in the dark for i dont know how many hours. i felt something warm beside me. at last i could see faint glimmers of daylight; the outline of huge trees that lined the sides of the cave appeared, and flying snakes brushed past me. then came the crash. i was almost jolted out of my seat; something shot past me; i found we were resting precariously on the end of a branch which was no more than fifty feet in diameter, noticing that the warmth was still at my side, i naturally looked. and what do you think? there was the most beautiful girl i have ever seen. her almost bare and lovely bosom, her hips, legs, lips and eyes. think of the loveliest girl you ever wanted to kiss of all the ones in esquire, man, and lilliput, and you will get some idea of the one who looked into my eyes. i shall never forget her. then i thought of major blacker- he was gone. not a sign of him. then i saw i was in a plane... a p25. i felt a soft hand caressing me-- delicious! my hand too, began to wander.. i caressed her, and she slid towards me.. i felt for the joy-stick. i was still worried about major blacker (after all i was his batman), and just as i was about to take the girl in my arms i saw, with a shock, major blacker sailing round on the back of a flying snake. he was trying to attract my attention; and was eating the leg of a roast chicken and had a bottle of beer. he was calling me. the girl was running her fingers through my hair- you know the way they have-- and as she was about to give me a luscious kiss with those ruby lips-- the joy-stick moved into gear and the plane moved off.

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the girl clung to me.. she had not been in a plane before; neither had i, but i was not going to tell her. we got into an air pocket. she screamed.. we crashed into a wall.. stones fell everywhere. i felt major blacker land beside me; he took control-- then all went black. a jagged piece of rock had hit me as it hurtled past. when i came too, major blacker was moistening my lips with brandy. the plane was a complete wreck, and i never saw the girl again.

STORY OF MY LIFE A Whimsy by P.J.K.

Hullo, customers! Well, to begin with, I was born. i'm not sure where, and i cant even tell you the exact date; but i do know that i was born at 6 o'clock in the morning. i remember the time, because i got up and shut off the alarm.

i guess i was about the ugliest brat the stork ever took off with. i was so ugly, when pop saw me, he grabbed his gun and took a shot at the stork. of course, ma tried to console him. she said "pop, little babies are angels dropped down from heaven". he said, "dont look now, Delia, but i think they dropped this one on his face".

then uncle henry came to see me. the stork had spent a lot of time at uncle henry's. once i asked him if that was his duck coming up the road. he said "that's no duck- that's the stork. he's been here so many times, his legs are worn off". finally the stork got fed up with uncle henry, and stopped bringing the babies down the chimney the usual way-- he'd just fly over, drop a bagful in the back yard and yell "come an' get 'em".

until this day i dont know what my pop meant that first day when he looked at me and said, "i wanted a boy so bad" of course i knew i was a boy all the time -- i had looked under the covers and seen my little blue bonnie.

we had an old aunt who used ti live with us. you know what an old maid is-- a woman who has been chaste all her life... and never been caught. aunt minnie was quite a character. one night she was held up by a burglar. he stuck his gun in her ribs and said, "give me your money". she said, "money, money. that's all you men think of".

and then one day it happened -- somebody said i should be going to school. it took them three weeks to catch me and put shoes on me. i'll never forget the first day i went to school. i was so excited i cut myself shaving. i stayed in the third standard five years. i would have gone to the fourth, but i didn't want to embarrass my father...he was in the fourth. we had a very good teacher. she never struck the pupils except in self-defence. i was some pupil. i stayed at the foot of the class so long everybody thought i was going to be a chiropractist.

THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.