

THEY SAY

By BOB JAMIESON.

That it was my pleasure to attend the function, or should I say birthday party, given by the Ex-Boys' Naval Brigade to old Bob Kearns. Yes, folks, the clock on that night was turned back many, many years. Boys of yesteryear who with me were not only the uniform of the local brigade, but also wore the old school tie. As I sat in the reception hall, waiting, as it were, for the function to start there loomed up in front of me one whose name at the time was only a memory, Billy Phillips, of the Esplanade, and what a warm hand-shake Bill gave the old gouty "mitt." World traveller, big time business fella, but what a man, typical of old dog town's old boy sitting on top of the world, but do not know the meaning of the word forget. Out of the blue came George Kinross, Harold Senior, Forbes Morrison, Wally Dick, Len Linklater, all in the pink of condition, but minus a fair amount of hair on the head. You can't have hair and brains; I have got a fair head of hair, though. Then a few of the local boys attended, Dudley and Roy Livingstone, Ray Smith, and, of course, brother George and myself. I don't think, folks, that you could have found a more democratic gathering no matter what kind of a function it was. Men who I know drag £4000 per year and others whose salary for a year would keep one for the rest of his life, down to yours truly, the 'umble stevedore met on common ground. Although there were many speakers who supported the principal toast of the evening, that of "Our Guest," the response was a gem. Here we find a man 84 years of age replying to a toast proposed by a barrister and supported by many of Melbourne's business men who were ex-officers or members of the brigade, make a speech that could not be excelled.

speech that could not be excelled. Modest old Bob, thought I, it's just secundum naturum, or, in other words, according to the course of nature.

That prior to the running of the Cup, a Scotchman who had been on the dole since the inception was approached by one of his mates and asked if he would put in a "deener" for a share in a ticket in tatts. "Come in, Scotty," cajoled his mates. "You might be lucky and be in the first prize of £30,000." After a bit of time and thought he decided to part with his "deener," when his wife Maggie rushed up. "Hold on, Sandy," she cried out. "I'll take the ticket, for if you win the thirty thousand they'll put you off the dole."

That I have been taken to task again regarding the article on the tunnel. I do not mind being shot at, folks, but let my critics have the shot at me. There's no Jacob and Esau business, nor am I a yes or no man to any organisation. I contend that the unfortunate geographical position we are in has cost you ratepayers a h— of a lot of money in the past in catering for the travelling public. You surely do not forget the Rosny, and you know only too well that that boat was no asset. You know, or should, that tunnel or no tunnel, that dirty old Yarra is a liability to this city. My critics assert that I don't believe in progress. I don't if a body of ratepayers have to bear the cost of this so-called progress, and vested interests reap the benefits. If there's to be a tunnel, let the Government figure out their own destiny. One would think that you can only cross the Yarra in one place, and that's across the Short road. Many complaints have been made about delays at the ferry. Take that cum grano salis, or, with a bag of salt, if you wish. Do my critics honestly think that with the advent of the

tunnel this city will derive any financial gain? Maybe a good thing

financial gain? Maybe a good thing for those who own waste land in the rocky mountains! If my critics believe in progress and they are in the position to "twine," pardon, turn the ministers of the Government, have a go at getting a slice of the rifle range. Let our civic dads pay a cordial visit to the Port Melbourne Council and see how they wangled the Government into sending their rifle men to Williamstown. I think I have dwelt on this subject long enough this week; but remember, critics, I'll be in this argument up to the neck. So that's that!

That oftentimes when we see a big fellow walking along the street we may say to ourselves, "My word, I'll bet he is a strong man," but if we see a little fellow pass by, we may say, "My word, he is a little weed." Maybe we are right, but there are exceptions, for there's at Newport one by the name of H. McBain. Now this young fellow is a member of the Weight-lifters' Association, and although only nine stone lifted a bar bell weighing two hundred and forty pounds in competition during the week. Can you imagine a seventeen-stone-two man walking along the street with little Mac, and see the little fellow grab the 240 lb. and without any ado hoist the big fella above his head? For that's what McBain's lift amounts to.

That two local owners of trotting horses, Laurie Roberts and Dannie Sexton, were a trifle unlucky last Monday. Yes, folks. Can you imagine the old firm giving the "works" in the past to all local sports and leaving out these two jokers who have owned and trained trotters ever since pigs their's. Dannie, driving brother Con's Warinda Direct, had to bow to royalty. You see it was like this. When Warinda was rounding the bend for the home stretch, he and Dan made the home turn bad and allowed New Princess to slip inside. Laurie and his black horse, old Admiralty, gave a bit of cheek, but finished a close fourth. Although

finished a close fourth. Although these two fellas did not get the money on Monday, they certainly got the rain, and to owners of cattle I think that rain on Monday was certainly golden.

That during the Cup week many of the local boys of the Navy had an opportunity of visiting home. Many of the local lads are at present overseas awaiting ships. One of the local old school tie boys I noticed through the press has been with us—Paymaster Commander Eddie Leitch. Yes, sir, Eddie is an old St. Mary's boy, and is the same unassuming fellow today as he was yesterday. On the quarterdeck, naturally, an officer; in the street, one of the old school tie boys.

That although we have not had a ship in port for four months (overseas), and although the M.H.T. is still as silent as a cemetery, and the wheat stacks and silo site is devoid of labor as a frog is of fathers, there must be a bit of filthy lucre still left judging by the alterations and rebuilding going on. The residence that once was the home of the Gerity family has been demolished, and it is the intention of the owner to build a block of flats. One must certainly admire the businesslike methods of Dudley Livingstone, who has turned the corner of Morris and Osborne streets from a slum area into a corner of romantic beauty, and his new move will certainly alter the contour of the other corner. Building alterations are taking place up at the Morning Star Hotel, where the bar is being modernised. Jackie Murphy, the youthful mine host, appears to have faith in the future. Ernie Jackson's flats are beginning to take shape, and as I have stated previously, will be ready by the end of the year. "Crumbs" is still buying up all the old shacks. Not for re-

building, oh, no; the only thing he builds up is the rent.

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That in a certain club the poker game is that "willing" that they place the spittoon in the centre of the table. Reason: So that no player is forced to take his eye off the dealer.

That a rather strange scene was enacted up at the picture theatre one night this week, and I thought she would fit in my time marches on series. Three people walk up to the theatre. One, the husband; two, the wife; three, a female friend of who's? After talking outside for a while hubby gets the tickets and a Screen News and comes back and hands News to friend. Wifey, still happy as a lark, later on says goodnight to hubby and who's? friend, then proceeds on her way unaccompanied, whilst the remainder take in the pictures. Now, folks, I don't want you to think I am a "shelf," but this case I thought unusual and worth space in the old columns. There's no names, so there's no offence. This is 1938, and time marches on!

The many Sunday school picnics on Cup Day were fortunately not marred by any serious accidents. One or two minor casualties were sustained by several young scholars, and a motor collision with a tree in the Maddingly Park, Bacchus Marsh, fortunately had no serious results, apart from a slight head injury to one of the occupants. The day was ideal and the hundreds of local picnickers had a good time.