

THEY SAY

By BOB JAMIESON.

That it appears as if the old firm has been taken to task again, not directly of course. Exception has been taken to a little reference I made to the unguarded petrol tanks at Newport whilst a guard was put on down at the Navy's fuel oil tanks. Now, folks, no aspersions were cast by me on the personnel of the Emma (Navy), so I am not going to water. Many of you older readers will recall the late Honorable Joe Cook made reference to Australia's tinpot Navy, and you also will recall the incident when the Rev. Frank Lynch, the fighting parson and a well-known identity, "Taffie" Roberts locked horns or fought on the floor of the Mechanics' Institute, there was no apology from Joe Cook.

That oftentimes we hear the phrase, "An elephant never forgets an injustice." We also realise that amongst the human elements many of us never forget something that has been outstanding in our lives. The members of the Boys' Naval Brigade that many moons ago were located at the South Presbyterian Sunday school hall do not forget their early training that has fitted many of them to move in the best circles. We find old boys holding great positions in the civil and commercial side of this State. Next Thursday night the boys will entertain at Griffiths tea rooms their ex-instructor, Warrant Officer Bob Kearns. This grand old citizen will celebrate his eighty-fourth birthday. Four score years and four! What an age! and still moving like a two-year-old. I feel sure that when the old Boys' Brigade is referred to the name of the late John Cameron will be incorporated, for like old Bob. John Cameron gave much of his leisure hours drilling into the minds of all concerned the right track to travel on. Many of us, alas, did not

travel on. Many of us, alas, did not take heed, but it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Here's hoping the night will be memorable and the old W.O. will long be spared to be guest of honor at many more functions.

That a pretty hot number looks like being whipped over you ratepayers, inasmuch as some of our civic fathers have suggested they (the council) pay portion of the mayor's costs in the recent court case. Well, for crying out aloud! What a procedure. This certainly is a hot case. Cr. Owens would not apologise to the chair. It's not the man in it that counts with me, for I contend that the chair represents the whole of the ratepayers, irrespective of what side the individual, who acts as mayor, is on. It is quite obvious to any person with just an elementary understanding that the "whale in the bay" business still operates in the council chamber. The present mayor defied the chair, consequently court proceedings were forced on him. He lost the case, and appealed against the decision. In the interim council elections take place, change of front takes place, council decides not to go on with the case, now wants to pay portion of Cr. Owens' law expenses. Who said no "whale in bay?" Maybe someone playing possum!"

That oftentimes in my long association with this paper I have stated that the council building regulations were elastic, and it appears as if you are sweet, they certainly will stretch. Take this for a case in point. Last year application was made to council by the owners to renovate the old de-licensed Caledonian Hotel, which, by the way, was condemned. The councillors in their wisdom said nay. Plans are again submitted, and by a strange set of circumstances our civic dads alter their decision and granted the application to build

three new rooms and remodel five. Now 77-79 Cole street to you, the old

Now 77-79 Cole street to you, the old Calle to many will be mutton done up as lamb. The building committee are now in a rather peculiar position, insofar as dealing with rebuilding of condemned shacks goes I would advise any ratepayer who has received a knockback in the past from the building committee to have another go. Unlike racehorses, the committee must run true to form, for did not Aristotal warn us not to say that equal treatment is just, but to say just treatment is equal? So that's that!

That a fellow walked into one of the local chemists and said to the assistant, "I will be sending my mother-in-law along with my dog to be poisoned. Will you be ready?" "Certainly, sir. Will te dog be able to find its way home?" replied the assistant.

That two niggers were discussing their ancestry. One said, "I can trace my ancestors back along the family tree." "Well," answered the other, "thar's only two sorts of things that live in trees. Dar's monkeys and birds, and yuh shore ain't got any feathers."
