

Lighting up time today:
University Procession,
1-2 p.m.,
in city

THE STEWS



Tomorrow's News Today!

Remember the University's £1,000 Appeal today for Hungarian students and crippled and spastic children.

Vol. 25—No. 13.

Phone W 3211

ADELAIDE: FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1957

Priceless

● Epsom salts discharge in reservoirs

CITY DRAINS TERRORS

(By The Stews State Squaresman)

Horror struck sleepy Adelaide households before breakfast this morning.

As families prepared for work, school and the day's chores millions of gallons of bathwater ran out of plugholes the wrong way.

A backsurge in the ebb flow of water was caused by severe usage of soap and bath plugs.

Water Department tele-phones rang.
Water gurgled.
Soap sud.

Wet

Wet hands groped for towels.

Hundreds of people rang "The Stews," which is grateful for their concern to see that this afternoon's paper had this morning's news.

Mrs. Groping, of Styx Plains, said her first reaction was to scream. "I had never experienced anything like it before," she said.

Dry

"I felt all right when I was dry," said a T He He inspector, Mr. Drool.

"My wife laughed about it afterwards," he added.

Miss Harriage of Desire

● The serialised saga of T. Playforde, "For Mine is the Kingdom," see page 19.

said: "I realised something was happening when it tickled."

Indifferent

"In different circumstances we could have handled the thing," said an official later.

The Minister for Public Convenience, Mr. Trip, at first refused to comment. Later, however, he told "The Stews" that action would have to wait until the Town Clerk returned from abroad.

Members of the Hillcrest Progress Association, the Good Neighbor Council, the Poulterers' Association of S.A., and the Mayor of Marion (Mr. Sippitt) rushed in night attire from their beds as the shark alarm at West Beach Airport sounded.

Two alarmed orange sharks were then seen running into the water by the President of the Housewives' Band of Hope (Mr. M. J. Pott).

Mr. X. Tomley, of Lower Light, said: "I was just putting my pies to bed at about 9 a.m. when they suddenly screamed and turned orange, and flew out the window, pursued at a high speed by

a black late model sedan. It was horrible."

Miss Eno Prima, of Mount Gambier, told "The Fertiliser" that she had noticed strange happenings in a pine plantation eleven miles from Mount Gambier. She refused to say more.

"It struck the wall and landed in the cot 5½ centimetres from where my baby Waylene was sleeping," said Miss Letitia Raddleford, of Pompoon Swamp.

Follower of the arts, Mr. Trafford Heathcote, was returning home from a play when he saw a black late model sedan race past, hotly pursued by 18 orange pies.

The objects were also seen by residents of the Mid-North, Central Agricultural, and Lower South - Eastern areas. High Buckingham Palace officials refused to comment.

Lord P. may be posted to G.P.O.

(From DRUGLESS CRASS in London)

Rumors which have riven Buckingham Palace from top to bottom, broken the Bank of England, implicated all Commonwealth Prime Ministers, besmirched the reputation of Prince Charles, put England under martial law, and forced the resignation of the under-bed-chambermaid, have been found to be untrue.

Prince Charles does not keep Mr. Menzies' tonsils in a pickle jar on the throne room mantelpiece.

The tonsils which he tried to raffle at school yesterday were, in fact, not Mr. Menzies' at all. They belonged to Lord P., the second scion of a not-very-noble line.

Lord P. had his tonsils extracted from his country seat, where they were prominently on display to interested sightseers in the conservatory. It is not certain how they came into the possession of Prince Charles.

Lord P., 36 and balding, told me last night in his Soho flat that the loss of the tonsils would not have worried him were it not for the stock which the

yellow press might make of his misfortune.

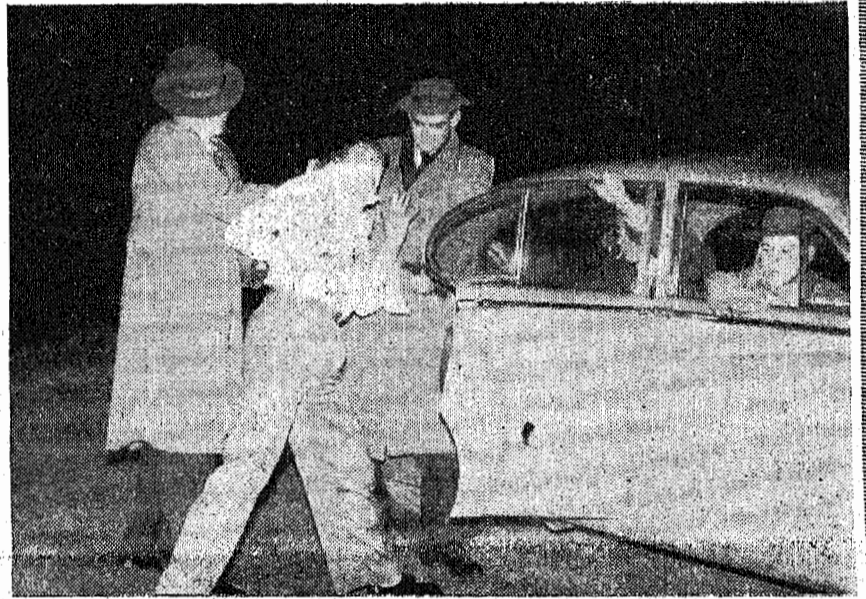
His fears this morning proved to be justified. "Consul's Tonsils on Loose," "Peer Loses Better Part," screamed the banner headlines.

"I have been in many countries, populated by 'the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,'" Lord P. told me (he was educated, not at a State school, but at Eton and Oxford, and is a voracious reader).

"But never have I been subjected to such sad and sorry ridicule. You can tell the readers of 'The Stews' that the proud and mighty British aristocracy is now doomed."

(Continued on Page 2)

EXCLUSIVE



A "STEW'S" READER earned 2/9½ for this on-the-spot picture of last night's kidnapping.

NORTH STAR KIDNAPPED

TRAMS TO GO UP?

A shock announcement that the express tram service from Cobdogla to the Coorong may be curtailed was made this morning by Mr. F. L. Caines, the general manager of the Suburban Tramways Trust.

In dropping this bombshell Mr. Caines said that, owing to recent extensive advertisement, so many owned their own trams that the service seemed superfluous.

Mr. Caines said that he had been shocked and distressed to see that the last tram to report to the Hackney Depot had been desecrated by delinquent teen-age ducks. The state of the seats was disgusting.

The trams to St. Peters and Paradise will also rise.

BLAST

Hot gospel hits city

(By our MINISTERIAL ROUNDSMAN)

Today a modest, sun-tanned young man strolled up to the booking desk of a well-known Adelaide hotel and was handed the keys of every room there.

When questioned about this unusually large booking, the young man explained that many of his followers dogged his footsteps and hung on his lips on all his world tours. He added, in a friendly drawl:

"We all arrived by express plane from overseas just twenty minutes ago — wonderful flight, smooth as an angel's wing."

Now I realised that this young giant was the great Patagonian evangelist, Willie Slayem, who has lately hit the world's

headlines with his tremendously successful tour of the Hadean Isles.

He at first brushed aside my remarks on this tour, but when pressed, admitted his success, and handed me a somewhat singed letter.

This transpired to be an enthusiastic recommendation of Mr. Slayem's evangelical gifts, written by Mr. B. L. Zebub, Acting Director of the Hadean Isles.

Mr. Slayem told me that though at first the Dictator had struck him as somewhat shifty, he had proved to be all that

was brotherly, courteous, and kind, and he expected that Adelaide's rulers would be no less co-operative.

I assured him that this fair city is the home of friendliness, and that everyone would do their best to make his stay a memorable one.

Mr. Slayem will be touring the streets of Adelaide at 10.30 a.m. on Friday, 16th. He plans to begin his progress from Victoria Square, accompanied by troupes of singers, musicians, and many well-wishers.

THE STEWS

Quo Vadis?

It has come to our notice that certain ill-informed persons (not readers of "The Stews") have seen fit to criticise "The Stews" for its frank, open, up-to-the-minute coverage. Such persons are not in full possession of the facts.

Such persons have even gone so far as to suggest that an Adelaide daily paper (not "The Stews") may have a higher standing in the community, if not a higher circulation. This is the pathetically disinterested fallacy of the last-ditch, dyed-in-the-wool, reactionary greybeards.

Their world is that of the days of yore. Could we but flush their stagnant backwaters with the chain of progress into the living, vital stream that is modern democracy!

Right-minded people find their case as lamentable as the case of the consul's tonsils. In his Page One story today, Drugless Crass quotes the immemorable words of Sir Winston Churchill: "Never have so many been so so-and-so to so few."

In these days of crisis we must make a choice. Shall it be swaddling clothes or the shroud?

Shall it be cumbersomely-sized, conservative claptrap, or the neat, smart, crisp, sharp, frank and stark? You cannot choose either one or the other. You can choose only one.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

Words are magic symbols. Through the centuries, men have striven earnestly and with the resourcefulness and courage of an eagle on the hill to capture with words the meaning of the universe, the pestiferous, perfunctory persiflage of a periwinkle, washed battered and naked on some desolate shore by a pregnant wave, spreading destruction before it and desolation in its wake; the ecstatic, effervescent bubbling of acidosis after a knock on the head, accompanied by a pain in the bowels of the neck; the reason for a pie, and why it should float upside down in pea soup, when larger things, ships indeed, have sunk on an even keel. These things are the very stuff of life.

Enid Blyton has summed it up very adequately, and with a colorful and masterly stroke of her famous pen, in a few words known to us all, taught in the cradle, and memorised at Sunday school. Even though it is not mentioned in Enid Blyton's later novels, it has been more than adequately immortalised by Plato, in words known to us all, and remembered by many.

It is not sufficient in these hectic times, when even soursobs are mass produced, to contemplate the meaning of words. Rather should we place greater emphasis on beauty, which is a joy for ever. The cynical curl of an eye-lid, the curve of an ankle, the beating of a heart in a bosom friend, the riotous color of a rose leaning out of a garbage bin on Monday morning, the stately majesty of a bottle of Scotch.

These delights have entranced men through the ages, and our forefathers showed their appreciation in a flurry of activity, made eternally famous in the words: "And Solomon begat Roboam; and Roboam begat Abia; and Abia begat Asia; and Asia begat Flumis; and Flumis begat Magnum; and Magnum begat Winum; and Winum begat Drinko; and Drinko begat Drunko; and Drunko begat Rinso; and they were all washed up."

We have tried to analyse the history of words. But an analogy would be incomplete were it not for the dictionaries and encyclopedias handed down through the ages by thinking men and women who strove earnestly, and with the earnestness that can fill our hearts today if we are willing to accept their example, to place before posterity the history of the language, with its great lengths, turgid depths, bad breadths and lively oaths. Indeed, words are magic symbols.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY: A word fully spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Prov. 25: 11.

Snufflepins arrive SKEWBUILT FEATURE

A brand new factory for the manufacture of one-brand snuffle-pin gaskets will be officially opened tomorrow at Langhorne's Creek by the High Commissioner for San Salvador.

The factory, one of the most modern in the north-east of the town, was a direct result of the spirited campaign by the Housewives' Association to import Formosan snuffle-pin gaskets in bulk at a lower price. By establishing its own industry in S.A., Skewbilt Industries Pty. Ltd. is giving much-needed relief to the small gasket consumer.

The enterprise, which should give regular employment to at least 17 South Australian workers, was carried through in the face of much opposition from overseas monopolies.



J. Q. Poddenleffer, Jr.

Fabulous is the only word to describe the layout and planning of the factory. It is the last word in its provision for the welfare of the staff.

It is constructed of locally imported random-cut

coconut matting, which was sewn together by the men of the town at a recent stop-work meeting. Each worker is provided with his own bathroom and shower, and restful

Judson Q. Poddenleffer, Jr., of Metwurst Bend, Fla. (pictured above), is a vice-president of Skewbilt International.

Mr. Poddenleffer, one of America's embryo tycoons, gained his business knowledge the hard way. ("I ain't never gone to no College," he says proudly.)

Things were tough in the Poddenleffer home when young Jud was born. To keep enough dollars coming in to provide the family with regular food, Ma Poddenleffer did fancy-work. Pa Poddenleffer didn't fancy work.

When Jud was only four he was selling copies of the "Metwurst Repeater" in the main street in all weathers, clad only in Army disposal sandshoes and an old open-necked bath-mat.

At the age of six he got a job as assistant shoeshine operative at the local gasoline station. His restless, enquiring mind made people notice young Jud, and finally his big break came. His promotion through the ranks of Skewbilt is at once phenomenal and gratifying.

Naturally, Mr. Poddenleffer is a much sought after member for philanthropic organisations. He is President of the National Ulcer League, and a leading member of the Society for Retarded Baseballers.

music oozes from the pastel-colored walls.

As each man arrives at work he is greeted by the personnel manager and his staff, to ensure that no domestic problems which may have arisen during the preceding night, and which could affect the worker's efficiency, are allowed to remain unsolved.

Each Monday the men must have their regular psychiatric check-up, and, of course, free milk is provided each morning.

The history of the snuffle pin gasket in Australia is a fascinating study. They were first brought to this country in 1897 inadvertently, when a ship carrying a cargo of them was wrecked near the Torrens Weir when the City Council emptied the river. Since then the demand has been steady, but not insatiable, and the need for a locally produced article has not arisen.

However, at a recent convention of the Kangaroo Island Gasket Users' Association (Junior Division), it was suggested that a petition be submitted to the Premier, in which the advantages of local manufacture be set out.

This act provided the necessary impetus to launch out, and five men from the SA Government were sent on a fact-finding tour to the countries of the world in which the snuffle pin gasket is a household word.

Their efforts have reached fruition, and tomorrow will see yet another milestone of progress reached by people who are proud to call themselves Australians.

Congratulations, Skewbilt. We were proud to be continually associated with you during your latest construction.

T. S. MAUDLIN,
Undertakers
(By appointment)

DEAD BY DAWN

Don't you get annoyed when you pick up the morning paper and find that tomorrow's news has actually been known all over the world by at least yesterday afternoon?

Just because an event happens at 4 a.m., it doesn't mean it should be kept from avid newspaper readers the world over until 4 p.m. the next day.

Well-informed people have neither the time nor the patience to wait for the morning's paper. Why wait for the deadly, twice-cooked maunderings of a paper behind the times, in its second childhood, which has to resort to mean-minded strategems in its feeble attempts to get the better of that fine, flourishing edifice of up-to-the-minute journalism which is "The Stews"?

News gathering these days is a swift business, and you can always rely on "The Stews" to pull a fasty.

All these stories appeared first in "The Stews" yesterday:

- Six weeks' gaol for carving up parents.
- Evatt must not go.
- Trams must keep wheels—MTT.
- Riddled body of choir-boy found.
- Evatt must go.
- Horror in shallow grave.
- Strange sex life of vicar.
- Baby born to ghoul.

From page one.

Consul's tonsils

● A tribute to Lord P.'s integrity and courage in the face of vicissitude, torment, and danger was paid this morning by the Hon. Mr. Sidedish, under-secretary to the League of Empire Loyalists.

He has arranged for a green-streaked terra-cotta replica of Lord P.'s tonsils (reconstructed from memory) to be placed in a position of honor in the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Under the jar a pewter scroll will be placed, reading "Pro causa honoris imperii.")

Readers of "The Stews" cannot but acclaim his gesture.

A warm welcome to Australia is assured for charming Kitty, the Liverpool lass who will soon join her fiance, Sebastian Popoff, in Upper Bowden Gardens, SA. Kitty was thrilled when I approached her at her job on the corner opposite "The Stews" Liverpool office.

SHEILA
SELDOM
SAYS...



Why worry about the high cost of "The Stews"? As I always tell my husband whatever goes up must come down.

NO HUM WITH SCUM!

PUT IT YOU KNOW WHERE!

Scum is the product of many years of extensive research. Its ingredients include:

2:4 diphenyl p.p.' tetroxychloro SLURP (extracted at great expense from the bowels of the earth), fragrant double activated ethyl merkaptan, fragrant super-refined BORLZ; (the German wonder discovery — an extract of pulverised tape-worms), and attar of genuine Spanish cascara, matured in the cask) why ask?

BE REVOLTING, WHILE YOU'RE MOULTING.

Also of proven efficacy in the treatment of scabies, rabies, and babies, salpiglossis, rust on the brain, diver's palsy, extractor's finger, Peruvian spotted haemorrhoids, sandy blight, citrus blast, Paterson's curse, earwax, and that GHASTLY feeling you get after. . . .

Put it here, put it there
Introduce it to your hair,
Under arm, between the toes,
Anywhere that's on the nose.
Good for dandruff, good for phlegm,
Yes! the name's S.C.-U.-M!

"The woods are full of them . . ."

-COURT TOLD

"The woods are full of them," a man told Adelaide Police Court this morning.

He was standing up at the time.

The AAP questioned him, and the SM adjourned the court at 11.30 to consider the matter.

Later he suppressed the man's name for publication, and ordered him to sign a bond.

Discussion about an interpreter's fee was interrupted by a disturbance at the back of the court when a court officer mistook a solicitor for a defendant in a later case.

The magistrate said that as the list was full, they could not possibly hear the case that day.

When the AAAPA suggested an alternative, the defending solicitor said it would clash with a projected Bar Association tournament.

The magistrate ordered the date to be arranged with the Clerk to the Justices.

No answer

There was no answer when a witness' name was called, and the APAA said he had sent an officer to get his briefs from another court.

In his absence, the SM said he wished to make it clear that the Local Press did not pay enough attention to what he said about various court cases.

The suggestion that The Press was in court to select items of its own

choosing, and not publish them as it thought fit, was bad.

They should pay more attention to the results, and give greater prominence to what was said.

Charge

The case opened when the charge was read, and the defending solicitor said his client wished to make a plea.

He did. When the APPP summarised the details of the prosecutor's case, the defending solicitor said he would have to consult his client.

He then left the court. The case was still proceeding.

STOP PRESS

REPEATED

As the man left the court he again shouted, "The woods are full of them."

Letter from a Reader . . .

Dear Sir,—

I wish to bring to the notice of your readers that the world's days are shortening.

This fact is to be verified by any careful examination of the phenomena accumulated and studied by our tertiary branch of the IGY.

Not only do our figures prove the decline and increasing brevity of this good earth's daily revolution, but so do our carefully preserved specimens of amaranth and moly.

Mr. Popoff's Kitten

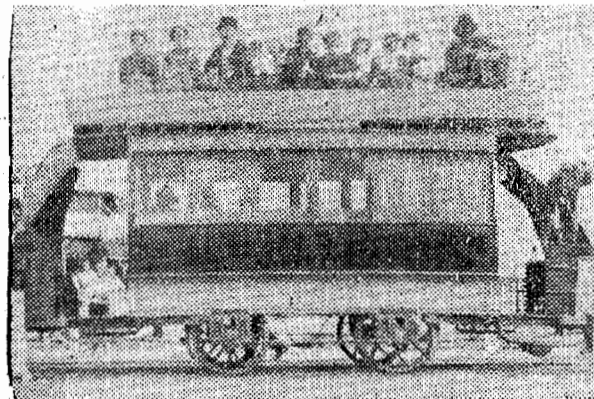


Mr. Popoff's Kitten



MIGRANT TO BRING OUT A KITTEN

£10,000 Windfall



(By Our Police Roundsman)

Over 20 years of loneliness and misfortune ended this morning for Sebastian Popoff, of Upper Bowden Gardens. He celebrated his 21st birthday.

And he got his best birthday surprise ever when the doorbell rang. A "Stews" photographer and myself told Sebastian of his good fortune.

"Your £5 ticket in an interstate windfall has won you 2/9½," we said. Sebastian gasped, and collapsed weeping on the sofa.

Sebastian told me of his sad past. "We come from a long line of sporting Poles. Even before I was born Mamma took out a ticket for me. She called it "Operation Popoff."

"Ever since then I have tried, but with no success. This is my first break since I left Yatala Higher Primary in a hurry," he said.

"What will you do with your fortune?" we asked Sebastian.

"All that I have I owe

to my new country. I wish to repay her in some measure. I shall give her new blood. I shall Bring Out a Kitten."

Added

He continued, in a distant, misty voice: "She is lovely. She is called Kitty. She (shown at left) has had a hard time on the streets of Liverpool, on the corner opposite 'The Stews' Liverpool office. She has an egg-timer figure. It lasts for ten minutes. She is hard-boiled. She is addled, too."

We left Sebastian to his joy. We cast a backward glance, and saw the sun glinting on a brimming saucer of milk on the dilapidated window-sill.

● Photo above shows Mr. Popoff and his large family. This photograph was taken before the war.

● UNI. APPEAL

Adelaide University students hope to raise £1,000 in their appeal today for Hungarian students and crippled and spastic children. Your help will be appreciated.

● UNLUCKY

Girl of 13 out Payneham way has just given birth to her thirteenth baby thirteen days before it was expected—AND on the 13th day of the month. What's more, she lives at number 13 in her street, and her husband has been out of gaol exactly 13 days.

Lucky number?

● THE POSTIES

Fellow worker posted a letter to his home at Glenelg at 8.30 a.m. yesterday. When he got home at 11.30 last night the letter was in the letterbox of his Augusta street house.

It's good to hear tributes sometimes to the efficient working of the post office.

Doug Epson

Because of eleventh-hour technical difficulties, some major alterations had to be made in the appearance of today's issue of The Stews.

Public probe urged

"Scandalous Misuse" . . .

Of eight Adelaide people interviewed in a street survey by The Stews this morning, four were strongly in favor, and four were against it.

Most regretted that time did not allow them to come to grips with the subject.

Three more declined to comment until they had seen their doctor. One woman, interviewed at the rear of the railway station, ran away screaming.

These were the opinions:

P. Le Pupitre



I. Harmstorf

G. Cashmore

Mr. I. Harmstorf (Sag-germaker's bottomknocker): I spend a lot of time thinking and talking about these things. I can't get away from them.

Miss P. Le Pupitre (part-time writer): I'm against them. I didn't see one till I was twenty-one, and I wouldn't show one to the children.

Dr. Evatt (lawyer): This just shows you. Put a thing like this into the

hands of the DLP, and see what a hash they make of it. Just look what happened in Queensland. During my career I have held many briefs for it.

Miss G. Cashmore (library assistant): I do not understand this question. I was asleep at the time. I do so often. It's very good for your health. Many of my friends testify to its efficacy.

Mr. B. Storer (student):

I have nothing to say, but it was hard to get here. I think I've grown out of it now.

Mr. G. Possum (children's editor): The kiddies have never asked for it. I wouldn't publish a thing like that on my page. It's indecent.

Mrs. M. T. Pot (professional woman): The supply has not risen to cope with the demand. We petitioned a solicitor (our local member) to take our case, but he wouldn't handle it. The grocer on the corner doesn't stock them. We will have to take our action higher.

Mrs. Black (struggling amateur from Brisbane): My girls have never been able to get enough.

Have you a grasshopper mind?

Do you realise that your choice of fish-shop may determine your reading habits?

Why do you choose your paper?

What do you use it for?

And aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Only one paper can supply the intellectual needs of an active-minded community and of its future leaders.

Remember, the calves of today provide the bull of tomorrow. In the current issue of "The Fertiliser," in easily accessible pictorial form, are items of such vital interest as:

- The foundations of our age: by Marilyn Miller.
- Knit your own H-Bomb shelter: by the Hon. R. V. Cagney.
- Altrincham won't improve 'em: by the President of the League of Empire Worshipers.
- An outline of modern woman: Clothes and the effects of inflation.

Only "The Fertiliser" can give you these with a host of others too spurious to mention. For a mature mind, for a well-furnished compost heap, use "The Fertiliser," with its drip-by-drip descriptions of the daily torrent of events.

Each of our informed and widely travelled reporters, in the words of the poet, scans the press for you and "watches the last ooings hour by hour.

Something to bite on, something to chew over, something to pick your teeth with—all in

"The Fertiliser"

● HELD FOR £75 RANSOM LINDNER KIDNAPPED BY STUDENT GANG

SPORTS SQUINTS

By LARRY PELVIS

Crack North half-forward Don Lindner was kidnapped from his home last night by a gang of masked men.

His kidnapers are believed to be University students, who are holding him for a ransom of £75, to be paid into their fund for Hungarian students and crippled children.

It is rumored that unless the ransom is paid, Lindner may be unavailable for tomorrow's game against West Torrens.

A reader of "The Stews" was awakened at 3 a.m. by a telephone call from a man believed to be Lindner.

"This is Lindner . . . the students . . . they've got me . . . get Bunton." He gasped these words, and then the line went dead.

A young girl reader of "The Stews," and a North supporter, returning home from her weekly poker game, saw Lindner being dragged by masked men into a black late model sedan.

She then noticed an object lying in the middle of the road. It proved to be the complete edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which had apparently fallen from the hip pocket of one of the assailants. It was signed "L. Anderson." Police immediately connected the incident with students.

Shortly after 8 a.m. a supposed University student, reader of "The Stews," rang this office.

Ransom

"I am a University student. Would you care for a scoop? We've got Lindner. Norths can have

Printed by E. J. McAllister & Co., 24 Blyth Street, Adelaide, for the Adelaide University S.R.C.



Don Lindner

him back for 150 quid. Also, he will be on show in the city between 1 and 2."

We are running an appeal for Hungarian students now in Australia. To ransom Lindner, everyone in the crowd will have to pay half of what they would pay to see him tomorrow. Or they won't see him tomorrow." He then rang off.

Police officers, believed to be readers of "The Stews," believe the informant to be a University student. Because of the noise of the Paradise tram running past Kintore Avenue at that time, the call could not be traced. Police (readers of "The Stews") are confident that there is no foul play.

Frantic North supporters, readers of "The

Stews," have already jammed "The Stews" switchboard. The jam was being removed as this edition hit the streets.

Haricot

The fact that Haricot Lindner appeared on the menu at the University Refectory today leads North officials to fear for his safety.

The Warden of the University Union (Mr. F. T. Borland) said this morning: "University students are good at heart. Be sure that if the ransom is paid Lindner will be returned."

When "The Stews" phoned Lindner this morning he was not available for comment.

SPORT AND BIRTHS

Adelaide University students hope to raise £1,000 for charity today in their annual Procession Day Appeal in the city and suburbs.

The money will be divided equally between Hungarian refugee students and spastic and crippled children.

Students, wearing special badges and carrying official collection tins, will start collecting early this morning. More than 500 collecting tins have been distributed to students.

Collectors will enter city and suburban stores and business houses during the day, and people in the streets will be asked to contribute.

The Procession Committee, which has organised today's activities, emphasised last night that any amount of money, no matter how small or large, would be greatly appreciated.

The committee appealed to the public to be as helpful and courteous as possible to collectors, and generously to assist the appeal.

Today's highlight will be the annual students' Procession through city streets between 1 and 2 p.m. Collectors will move through the crowds during the Procession.

The need to help Hungarian refugee students is great. In Australia, about 200 or 300 of the 10,000 refugees brought here are prospective University students, or have already enrolled at the University.

Half of the money raised today will be used by the Australian Committee of World University Service (a world-wide organisation which aids distressed students in all countries) to help Hungarian students here through their University courses.

The rest of the money will be used for the welfare of the many spastic and crippled children in Adelaide.

By BRIAN PILL

Lew assailed by scribes

The gossip boys are at it again. This time Lew Hoad is their unwitting target. It seems that every time Aussie sportsmen go overseas they have to put up with the broadsides and mud-slinging comments of foreign "sport" writers.

Reports have been appearing in Egyptian newspapers recently about Lew's failures since he joined Jack Kramer's professional tennis troupe. The reports say Lew isn't trying now that he's won Wimbledon and has a baby-sitter for his daughter.

What the Egyptian papers seem to forget is that Lew isn't used to playing on cement courts. He's not used to the bright lights above the courts, either.

But that isn't all. The Egyptian papers also say Lew has offered the LTAA \$100,000 to buy him back off Kramer, and reinstate him as a member of Australia's Davis Cup squad. Sportsmen the world over will ignore the Egyptian reports. They don't come much better than Lew these days.

Incidentally, I don't remember similar comments in Egyptian papers when Drobny won Wimbledon a few years ago. They were strangely silent then.

A player to watch

What would you think if you saw a woman in shorts and sandshoes racing along the banks of the Torrens these chilly nights?

Police prowled car thought it was pretty good, too, and decided to give chase. They intercepted the woman

near the Elder Park Sound Shell, and asked a few questions.

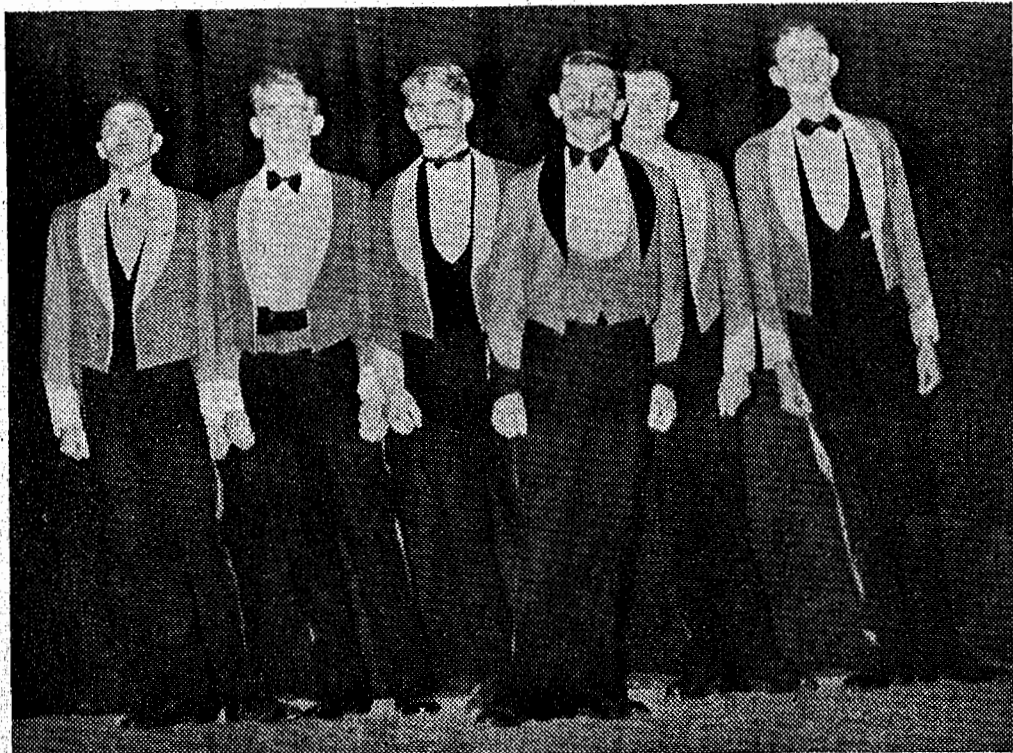
Turned out she was athlete Shirley Strychnine, who had come over to open a fancy dress ball. She had forgotten something, and was taking a short cut back to her hotel to retrieve it.

"Stews" writer faithful

Our golf writer, Sylv. Phenol, has declined an offer to become Assistant Golf Editor of "On Dit," Adelaide University students' newspaper. "Turn it up,"

he said. "I had to wait long enough to get this job. Besides, it wouldn't be fair to 'The Stews.'" Sylv. believes in fair play, on and off the fairway.

● Pictured below: Lew's critics sway out of his favor.



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