

FLU' RIDES AGAIN% YOU HAD IT? NO! YOU'RE LUCKY

To the chemist's always too late goes the flu'-victim before
having to give up and go to bed. The hospitals are full
with cases taking a turn for the worse and factories,
shops and offices report alarming numbers away. Man
can split the atom and fly the Atlantic between lunch and
dinner, but flu' remains one too many for science. Despite
all precautions sooner or later it lays you low. Even
those of us who are indispensable and can't stay away -
well, even we ~~must~~ leave a vacant space. ~~and in some cases~~

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~~and in some cases~~

The office boy's ~~is~~

in bed with it, unable to follow the fortunes of West
Newcastle Wanderers. Why, ^{he's to!} ~~the young wanderer's~~ there. Wait
till he comes back ~~to work~~ ^{to little}