

AUSTRALIA ALL OUT FOR A DUCK

It's enough to make Don Bradman quack - when Australian fancy turns to ducks! And what a beauty this one is. In fact, it's Dilly the Duck - Melbourne's most stared-at pedestrian - the gadabout pet of Mrs. Barbara Joyce. In an exclusive interview, Dilly who speaks with an Australian accent, says.....

DILLY IS A DEVASTATING DUCK:

Length: 239'

EXCLUSIVE TO CINESOUND.

I'm Dilly the duck, see, and this is my mistress, Mrs. Joyce. Round where I live I'm known as a very tough duck -- and that's sayin' something 'cause I live in Woollecmscolec! No one would bump off a tough duck for dinner. I'm walking down the street, see, minding my own business, just me and Mrs. Joyce. But the inquisitive guys we meet! All craning their necks to take a gander at a duck. I'm just going to get something to put on the table. After all, if I don't, it might be me.

Huh! No sense of humor. Still I don't mind insults. For me, they're just like water on a duck's back. I'm crossing the street, see, looking both ways before I step off the curb. I don't want to be no dead duck. But this traffic's something terrible. It's enough to make a duck come out in goose-pimples.

I'm down on the beach, see. Go down every week end. And then the kids get me. Now I'm a very tough duck and when a kid rubs sand in my hair, I'm a very tough duck indeed. Boy, would I like to see those kids on a plate, with only their wish bones left. Hey. The mob's got me. This guy's taking me for a ride! But I'll get out of it. Can a duck swim? What a time to ask me questions like that. He's going to dump me. Back to Mamma. I may be Dilly, but I ain't silly. Here I am back in Bourke street. Hey, wait for me. This is where I live and AM I hungry? There's nothing like a swim before breakfast. Will you get a load of this cat. Maybe he doesn't know I'm a tough duck. I've got to come the old rough stuff, and I DO mean rough. I'll have a word in his pink ear. No, maybe I'll just bite his ear. I've played Rugby League, too. Yeah I'm a tough duck, see. Mrs. Joyce says I have a bit of Mascovy in me. These Reds creep in everywhere. Well I guess it's better up here. But look at him. He'll gorge himself, then he'll need a quack. That's me.

QUACK!

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