PICTURED PARAGRAPHS FROM WORLD'S NEWS.

Veteran Car Rally. Having paid the final instalment on their cars, several Sputh Australian Veteran Motorists enter their pre-flood models in a rally. Aunt Jessie, flinging aside all decorum, swings into action. Tyre trouble? Try our repair system - it cuts tyre repair bills in half.

Trouble with these girls is, they <u>refuse</u> to walk home. Yes, its a flash back to the fast life of the dear old days, when our papa's wore moustaches like handlebars, and the ladies fumbled for their smelling salts when a mile stone flashed by every fifteen minutes. But at any rate there was plenty of exercise in motoring in those days, and after plenty of "push" there was enough "go" to send **impur** them round corners in a mad swirl of speed, spraying all and sundry with a hice coating of dust.

Camouflaging Cars.

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But in these days, when mud slinging is the pastime of dictators, we find it necessary tonspray the cars so that (from the air) they just don't exist.

The Ministry of Home Security has power to order the camouflaging of all cars... but has not yet applied it to civilian cars. So that's another black mark we can add to the despoiler of our motoring pleasures. Even its owner wouldn't recognise itnow - looks a perfect stranger.

And talking of strangers, Mrs. Bison has presented the London Zoo with a <u>little</u> stranger. This young man who is only 24 hours old, appears to want to take life easily. But mother has different ideas.

Baby Bison.