

THE VALLEY & EAST COAST VOICE

Vol. 3 No. 17 Box 100, St. Marys. Friday January 15, 1971. Price 5 cents
Registered at G.P.O. Hobart for transmission through the post as a periodical.

EDITORIAL

1971 THE NEW YEAR

It will mean many things to some and to others, precisely nothing. To some it may mean new resolutions to be better, live better or perhaps by the more selfish to simply make more money. Some good resolutions will be made by some and kept and other resolutions broken - even before the first week is over. No doubt we all mean well but, to coin a hackneyed phrase we are all human. This could only be interpreted as a reason why we often do those things we know we should not do.

However because we do live in perhaps the most exciting time in history it is because of this situation that things can often get beyond our control. We are frequently governed by things from without, rather than masters of our own destinies. 1971 if anything should be an even more hectic year for us than 1970 was. We will undoubtedly be subjected to more pressure from the sometimes overpowering and corrupt influences of commerce. There will no doubt be more protestors protesting about things which the protestors consider are unique and which in fact are as old as our civilisations. Irrespective of whether informed, misinformed and sometimes just plain stupid - our leaders will continue to lead us in whatever direction they consider is right, rather than which we consider is right - if we consider at all.

But we will survive as long as we retain our good sense, sometimes quite erroneously referred to as commonsense. It is not commonsense - it is most uncommonsense. If we used it more often perhaps we could see the foolish things about us. We could for instance know what it is to really progress in an electronic age and what it is in fact regression. We will have to in other words, begin to THINK AGAIN - not follow trusting blindly in those who often have no more good sense than we do.

SEE INSIDE... Special Holiday reading feature - 'HOW NOT TO GET A JOB',: a light hearted jibe at today's Positions Vacant scene. Also childrens' serial.



TOUCHE'

APOLOGIES for this issue a week late. Owing to a breakdown of machinery and and lack of available staff last week, it was impossible to go to print.

WE were pleasantly surprised to find in our letterbox last week, Vol. I, No. 1 of the 'Eastern News', Bridport's new weekly paper. The paper was well printed and nicely laid out by R. Osborne of Bridport. Mr Osborne also publishes Bridport's new paper. We would like to take this opportunity to offer Mr. Osborne all the best in his new enterprise.

LAST year was a wet one. Probably one of the wettest on record (some places locally recorded over seventy inches). Some side effects of all this rain have showed up in very peculiar ways - potatoe plants flowering when only a few inches high. And some fruit trees not even bothering to set their fruit. Continued page 3

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LETTERS

Dear Sir,

The Interdenomination Women's Group wish to thank the "Valley Voice" for kindly advertising the "Bread and Cheese" Lunches held in aid of the World's Needy. In the last nine months, \$318 has been raised.

A. MacKenzie.

FIRST AID CERTIFICATES

In the recent Red Cross First Aid Course all eighteen candidates passed the exam. They are in alphabetical order.

- Mr. N.K. BRADBURY
- Miss D.E. CRUSE
- Mr. W.T. GRAHAM
- Miss S.E. HERRING
- Mr. G.W. HOARE
- Mrs. Z.C. HOARE
- Mr. A.R.M. JACKSON
- Mrs. F.M. JACKSON
- Miss J.V. JOHNS
- Mr. A. PILGRIM
- Mrs. N.A. RODDICK
- Miss C.M. RYAN
- Miss D.M. STUART
- Mr. R. STUART
- Mr. R.W.J. SUMNER
- Mr. L.T.S. TARGETT
- Miss A. WILLIAMS
- Miss P. WILSON

All certificates will be presented to these successful candidates at the next Red Cross Branch meeting on Monday 18th January, 1971 at 8 p.m.

LIMERICKS I HAVE HEARD

A bather whose clothing was strowd
By breezes, that left her quite nude,
Saw a man come along
And unless I am wrong,
You expect this last line to be rude.

There was a young fellow named Hyde
Who felldown a privy and died.
His unfortunate brother
Then fell down another
And now they lie interred side by side.



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CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED: Lady Teacher anxious to secure board in Fingal area. Reply as soon as possible to Miss E. Antel, 25 West Tamar Road, Launceston.

WANTED TO SELL: Large settee, suitable shack \$4. Small wardrobe \$3. Baby basket and mattress \$4. Playpen \$3. Apply Jean Faulkner, Cornwall.

WANTED TO SELL: One Launceston Matriculation Blazer \$10. Apply J. Schier, phone Falmouth 1.

WANTED TO BUY: A padded car seat for baby and a baby high chair. Apply box 87, St. Marys.

WANTED TO SELL: Second hand potato bags, Apply Normies' Nook or phone St. Marys 107.

REDLINE BUS SERVICE distribute this paper quickly and efficiently. Why not let them work for you.

CLASSIFIEDS cost 50 cents for approx. 25 w . It would be appreciated if advertisers accompanied application form with a 50 cent fee.

FOR THE BRIDE who wants to look radiant on h r wedding day without unnecessary expense, hire or buy your own gown from, GLAMOUR GOWNS, Shaws Arcade, Launceston.

COMING EVENTS

B.O.D.S. 26th January at 8 p.m. St. Marys District School.

St. Marys Garden Club meeting, Wed. 20th at 8 p.m. R.S.L. Institute.

Child Health Meeting, 8 p.m. 28th Jan. at St. Marys child health centre.

T.F.F. Annual Meeting, Feb. 10th, 8 p.m. at R.S.L. Institute, St. Marys.

METHODIST CHURCH SERVICES:

Jan. 17th St. Marys 11 a.m. Mrs. S. Keddie, St. Helens, 7.30 p.m. Mrs. S. Keddie.

RED CROSS MEETING - St. Marys Monday 18th January. Presentation of First Aid Certificates. Ladies a plate please as supper will be served. All welcome.

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DUPLICATING

DUPLICATING

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Miss Piffle

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr.&Mrs.Keith Hood of Cootamundra,N.S.W. on the arrival of their second daughter,Natalie Yvette,a sister for Tanya.Mrs.Hood is the former Gail Bean of Fingal.

MR & MRS P.BURT of Mangana are spending Xmas vacation at Bruni Island,with their family.

MR & MRS SWEENEY of Mangana are holidaying at Cygnet.

MR & MRS FRED YATES spent a few days with Mrs Yates'mother,MRS.WARD of Mangana.

MR & MRS STEVE SMITH and daughter of Melbourne are spending a few days with Mr Smith's brothers,George,Cyril & Gus Smith of Mangana.

MR & MRS LYNE CAUSBY,Timothy & Amanda,of Melbourne are now spending a few days at Ansons Bay after visiting Mrs Causby's parents,Mr&Mrs Upton,P.O.Mangana, and Mr Causby's parents,Mr&Mrs Eric Causby of Avoca.

MICHELLE JOHNS of 'Mudale' Upper Esk, is spending the school vacation with her Uncle&Aunt,Mr&Mrs Crosby Upton,of Mangana.

MRS JOHNS AND SON DON,have returned to Mangana after spending Xmas with Mrs. Johns daughter,Mrs Gurr,of Launceston.

Mr H.Williams &Mrs O.Saunders of Fingal will be giving a pre-wedding party soon, for MISS JUNE SAUNDERS,who will be married later this month,and will settle in Perth Western Australia.

Friends of MISS JULIE MCBEAN,a teacher at Fingal School for the past two years,will be interested to hear that Julie is at present enjoying a five week hiking tour of New Zealand.This year she will be teaching at Mowbray School.

FAREWELL..After three years on the Fingal Council Staff,MRS JIM MC GEE will soon be moving to Launceston to live.

WELCOME..to Fingal Council Staff,MISS TRUDY JOHNSON,who commenced duty on 4.I.71.

MR & MRS GORDON GOWARD of Launceston have been holidaying at Falmouth with their three children,Felix,Benjamin and Annabel.Mr Goward is in charge of Adult Education in Launceston.

DR&MRS RODDICK of St.Marys will be accompanied by Dr Roddick's parents,and Mrs Roddick's sons,Richard & Christopher,for a week's stay in Hobart.Mr & Mrs Roddick senior will have their first glimpse of the south of the state.They hope to see more of Tasmania before returning to England.

MR HARRY CAMPLIN of Cornwall is off on a Pacific Cruise and expects to be away for several weeks.Mr Camplin will take up a teaching position at Norwood at the beginning of the first term.

MISS VAL.SCHIER of Falmouth will be driving across the Nullabor Plain to Western Australia via Dampier.She will return home in July,before setting out for England travelling via America.

MRS DOROTHY RAMSHAW,accompanied by her mother,Mrs Webster,of England,has been visiting friends in StMarys and St Helens this week.Mrs Ramshaw is teaching at Georgetown.

CONGRATULATIONS to Heather Squires of Cornwall,on successfully obtaining her Schools Board by correspondence.Friends from St.Marys District Hospital farewelled Heather at a Shower Tea for her forth-coming marriage,last Sunday.

ROLLING ART EXHIBITION AT ST MARYS DISTRICT HOSPITAL.

Staff and patients at the StMarys District Hospital have been able to enjoy works of art by noted Tasmanian Artists recently.The pictures which form part of a Rolling Art Exhibition, have been hung in the wards,and are being changed from ward to ward to create interest for the patients. The idea was discussed at the last Auxiliary meeting and it was decided to approach artists to see if they would be interested in exhibiting like this. Through Mrs P.Krongaard of the Saddler's Court Gallery of Richmond, paintings by Alan Hondow,Viv.Webb and Sidney Stahling have been hung and through private connections,works by Aileen Gough and Stoil Ferguson have also been obtained. The exhibition is greatly appreciated by the patients and the staff of the Hospital,and many visitors have called to see the paintings,some of which have already been sold.

TOUCHE (cont.)

But surely the most unusual happening of all was the one where grass a farmer had cut before the rain had, by the time the sun came out, re-rooted and started growing.

RICHMOND TAS.7025 TELEPHONE 622132.

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Gallery*

alice and peter krongaard

Paintings

Sculpture

Craftwork

Just yarnin'

This column will replace Heritage Corner. In the next few months we will interview old timers of the Valley and surrounding Districts. This week from Mr A Cook, formerly of Cornwall.

"I was born in Cornwall in Sept. 1891. My father who was a Blacksmith, was born in Bothwell.

"I went to school in Cornwall and we all enjoyed school in those days. Our teacher, Mr Bridgewood, had an assistant for the juniors and in my last year in the 6th Grade, I was teaching the junior grades.

"I left school at 13 years and worked on a farm for one year, when at the age of 14, I started working at the colliery outside on the screens.

"My sporting interest in my early 20's was middle-weight boxing. My dad did not mind but my mother always worried. I have fought bouts in Hobart, Sydney and Melbourne, and well remember a bout with 'Chook' Reid the middle-weight Champion. When I was 21, I went to New Zealand where I worked in the North Island clearing land with a Trewella winch, saving up to do sight seeing whenever I had the opportunity. In the South Island I worked in the Otira Tunnel. New Zealand is a wonderful country with wonderful scenery. When the war broke out I came back to Australia to enlist and to see my family before going overseas. The English people were wonderful to us and I particularly remember the family of my friend, Graves Wilson, who invited me to their home after I was wounded.

"I was 27 when I returned to Cornwall, and was married at the age of 29, to Ruby Bullock. My greatest sadness came when I lost my dear wife.

I worked at the Cornwall Coal Coy. for 30 years, and before retiring I was deputy manager.

"I have many happy memories of my days in Cornwall and remember many wonderful friends. My father was a very good artist. He was also a good musician and he taught us all to love music. I was interested in singing and I played the accordion - I'm sure there will be many who remember the musical evenings we had in Cornwall.

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FROM THE FULFILL

For this New Year

This I would like to be; braver
and bolder;
Just a bit wiser because I am older;
Just a bit kinder to those I may
meet;
Just a bit manlier taking defeat.
This for the New Year my wish
and my plea...
May this year make a real man of me!

This I would like to be: just a
bit finer,
More of a smiler and less of a
whiner;
Just a bit quicker to stretch out
my hand,
Helping another who's struggling
to stand.
This is my prayer for the New Year
to be
May this New Year make a real man
of me!

This I would like to be: just a
bit truer,
Less of the wisher and more of the
doer;
Broader and bigger, more willing
to give;
Living and helping my neighbour
to live.
This for the New Year my prayer
and my plea...
May this New Year make a real man
of me!
Go forward into this New Year with
your hand in the hand of God, and
it could be your best and happiest
year yet! God bless you.

TINGAL TENNIS NOTES

The next event on the tennis calendar is a mixed American tournament to be held on Sunday afternoon, 24th January.

This replaces the one originally proposed for the 10th. However, on this date there will be the usual Social afternoon.

On the 24th, ladies are asked to bring a plate. The tournament will be a "draw for partners", so all you have to do is turn up, and of course, there will be trophies to be won.

P.S. Don't forget to pay your sub!

HOW NOT TO GET A JOB

Have you ever applied for a job? Have you ever sat in that bare office with your nails soap-scrubbed pink, your shirt cuffs starched, unfrayed? He sits across the distance of his polished desk top and gazes at you, unblinking, thick lensed and remote.

"And why are you applying for this position?" he asks.

You gaze back intensely; sincerity and intelligence radiating from your face. You're broke - you need a job. ANY job; please give me a job.

It would never do.

"I feel the position you offer has a future," you lie. "I feel I have the right temperament and I also feel with my energy, initiative and ambition, I can succeed to our mutual benefit."

He is impressed and so he should be. It is after all, your forty seventh application in the positions vacant field, and you've made the finals six times in the last ten.

"Do you think the salary is a fair and adequate one?" he asks.

That's always been a curly one: but you know how to answer it.

"Fair, yes," you say, "But adequate only for the time I will be in a minor capacity. I am positive that my initiative, loyalty and industry will be rewarded by progressive financial consideration."

You catch a slight movement of the eyes behind the lenses. A movement of the eyes, even a twitch, is high praise indeed.



He asks you more questions... age, previous occupations (you don't tell him too many, but more than one; you don't want to sound too dull) education, marital status, religion, (same as the general manager); what sports do you like? For this job, golf is a must, tennis helpful, athletics fair and football a dead loss.

You tell him you're an upper B grade tennis player and have a golf handicap of 9.

Or if you're fortunate enough to know the details; a stroke, a point behind your potential boss.

After an amiable gallop through the rest of the interrogation the interview finishes thus...

"Well, Mr. B.," he says. "I personally think you will suit our position." Then there is a bit of shuffling of papers and a long, contemplative stare. Suddenly he gives a slow, encouraging smile. You feel as though you are just put on the payroll. But of course you haven't. You have, along with the sixteen other suitables, been elevated to the second interview.

That's the one to toss...



And so you come to the second interview. You know this one can also be handled satisfactorily by the professional applicant if he is careful, has temporarily given up late nights and drinking and has spent the week in between interviews sharpening his brain with giant cross words and I.Q. tests...

This time there are three of them. The employment officer, a junior executive and the one to really watch, a psychologist. They are seated on one side of the long table, you on the other. Your chair is placed in such a position that the whole of your body is exposed to their view. They will see every twitch, pulse beat and involuntary tremble you make. It is similar to sitting backwards on the edge of a cliff, with a strong wind blowing in your face. They have folders open in front of them. They know all about you - do you know about them? Name - like a pistol shot it comes. You tell them; clearly, precisely and without some pride.

More questions, probing questions; intimate questions, one after the other.

continued on page 6

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HOW NOT TO GET A JOB cont.

They keep asking. You are beginning to feel like a crim.

What is your ambition? Do you like driving? How fast? What kind of car? Are you interested in politics, music, drama, regattas, horse racing? Are you happily married? What education has your wife? Are you compatible? How do you intend to educate your children - what do your children call you? Would you like to own two cars - two houses - two yachts. Do you want to change anything in your life? (That's the psychologist - the answer is, no except to improve your position).

Through it all you sit straight but not rigid. You keep your hands still; the psychologist is there to read your every mannerism, but you give him a couple of non committal twitches to feed on - otherwise he may think you are a con. man.

For half an hour or so they fire them at you like barbed arrows. Those early nights should serve you in good stead. The books you read on psych. should pay off the psychologist, while hints at conscientiousness and devotion to duty should keep the rest happy. A quick wit, intelligent answers. You look bright, sit straight, sit serious (though you give a slow smile occasionally to show you're not all machine).

You feel the river of sweat running down your back. Some one is driving nails into the back of your head you feel like jumping on to the table and screaming. But you don't, instead you keep repeating over and over - don't panic, boy, don't PANIC...

They scribble in their pads (for all you know they may be doodling) they turn pages and more scribbling, they nod at each other - they shake their heads at each other - DON'T PANIC.

Suddenly they all stand up, stare at you for a moment and leave the room. The sweat down your back has become a torrent - your knee starts jumping; and the pulse in your neck is doing the cha-cha.

You desperately want to start chewing your fingers - but DON'T. Hang on a few seconds longer - think of strawberries covered in beautiful rich whipped cream - THINK OF ANYTHING.....

Suddenly the door opens and in comes the junior exec. He looks at you contemplatively - suddenly he stretches out his hand. He grins, 'they liked you', he says.

YOU'RE IN - YOU'VE WON!!!!!! "It's between you and Oscar Bumblewink", the Exec. says.

Oscar Bumblewink? You don't even know the guy. Who is OSCAR BUMBLEWINK?

That's easy, Oscar Bumblewink is the bloke whose going to get the job - deep in your deepest entroids you know that. You can try of course - it's not worth it, but you can try. ME? Well I like to quit while I'm in front. It was only for an assistant male in a ladies's footwear department anyway.

And, as a finale, I'd just like to add that the mark of a truly professional job hunter - is NOT to GET THE JOB. So why not just tip a bottle of ink over the junior execs. nice white shirt? like I did!

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES

It was good news to hear at St. Marys District High School's Speech Night last month that Val Schier of Falmouth had gained her degree at The Tasmanian University. Valerie is the first pupil at St. Marys High do do this. It is also interesting to note that an ex pupil of St. Marys Area School (before it became a high school, had also obtained his degree in the same year. His name is Andrew Lohrey whose parents Mr. & Mrs. K. B. Lohrey, also live at Falmouth.

At 31 Andrew has just completed a four year course at the University as an adult student. A difficult task in itself, but all the more noteworthy when it is considered that ten years elapsed between his leaving St. Marys School and entering University. During that ten years he worked at many jobs all around Australia. Some of these jobs included being a ringer on a cattle station in North Queensland, being a painter employed by the firm that paints Sydney Harbour Bridge (Andrew insists he painted the entire bridge over at least once), and working as Melbourne branch manager for a firm that taught salesmanship. He also worked as a labourer, a salesman, and a junior executive in a retail store. This week he takes up his recent appointment as Director for United Nations in Tasmania. He is also Editor of New Horizons, the Tas. Labor Parties quarterly magazine.

Two strikingly different ways of getting a B.A. but the same result. We wish both these two enterprising people all the best for the future.



END

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The story so far...The three Robinson children BILL, SUZY and JOEY run away to find their father after their mother's death. They are befriended by two youths, DAN and SPIDER boy, who offer to take them on the paddle steamer at a carnival. The children recognise the youths' car as stolen and flee. They are found and told to come to the "tricks, mind." Now read on...

CHAPTER 8. THE ENGINE ROOM.

"Leave us alone," Joey yelled to the two youths. "We know all about you both and we don't want any more to do with you." Bill laid a restraining hand on Joey's arm and said, "Kush Joey, don't get excited." But it was already too late; the damage had been done.

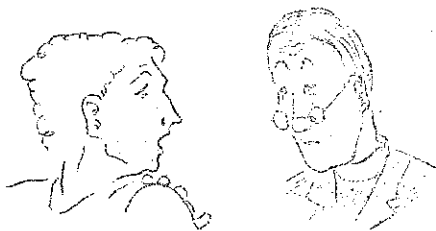
"Well, your kids are coming with us on the old paddle whether you like it or not, and as for knowing all about us, me young kiddo, just what do you know?" Dan said in his unpleasant voice, pushing his fuzzy, pimply chin into Joey's frightened face.

Whimpering a little, Joey stepped backwards while Skipper, who had been watching Dan and Spider boy intently, sprang forward at the sound of distress in Joey's voice.

Before Bill could stop him, the dog had sunk his teeth into Spider boy's skinny shanks.

"You mangy mongrel," screamed Spiderboy, clutching his leg. "I'll get you for this I'll skin you alive, you..."

"What's this about skinning the dog?", said a quiet voice. Beside them stood a tall, gentle faced priest, smiling easily at them all.



"Nothing Father," muttered Spider boy.

"This here dog has got a bit nasty but we can manage him. I'll take him over to the car and tie him up. Don't want to inconvenience the public."

"That's right my boy," the Father said.

"Very wise of you and thoughtful too. Have a nice time children," and he strode off, looking even more gentle.

"Come along and no trouble mind," Dan said seizing Suzy by the shoulder. "Back to the car and do as you're told."

Skipper followed at a discreet distance, growling deep in his throat. He knew something was wrong but wasn't quite sure what to do about it.

Back at the small car, the children were quickly loaded with odd shaped cartons and packages. Dan and Spider boy filled their own pockets with tins of cigars and expensive packets of cigarettes, before picking up the biggest cartons.

"What about the dog?" Dan said, "I reckon we better lock him in the car, don't you

Spider?"

"The dog," Spider boy said rubbing his leg. "Throw him in the river, that's what we oughter do."

"Tell your dog to get in the car," Dan said to Bill. "And no tricks mind."

"Inside boy, inside," Bill said, pointing to the car and urging Skipper inside. Skipper was reluctant but did as he was told. Once he was in the car, Spider boy slammed the door and pulled a face at Skipper through the window.

Immediately Skipper began barking madly.

"Quick, we better get out, that dog will soon let every one know something is up."

Dan said, "You lead the way Spider boy."

A man stood at the gangway to the steamer, collecting money and giving out tickets to the people who surged on board.

"You lot have certainly got a load,"

grinned the man, looking at the party laden with their parcels.

"These kids believe in taking a bit of enrichment with them," Dan said easily.

"How much mister?"

Suzy considered saying something to the ticket collector but a look from Dan was enough to make her change her mind.

On board the two youths seemed to know their way around.

"Below," Dan said pushing the children towards a flight of steep stairs which led below deck. A long, dark passage wound in semi-darkness from the stairs and urged

on by Dan and Spider boy they came to a large barred door marked ENGINE ROOM, STRICTLY NO ADMITTANCE.

Spider boy slipped the bolt carefully and disappeared inside with his packages.

"Kous kids, put that stuff down here and be quick about it," ordered Dan.

"Open the door Spider," he said, rattling the bolt.

Spider boy opened the door and grabbed Suzy. "Let's leave the kids in here Dan," he said, "We can't keep them with us and anyway, I don't trust the little devils."

"In here kids, enjoy yourselves," and the sound of the heavy bolt and the mocking laughter of Dan and Spider boy echoed as the heavy door shut swiftly on the three children, leaving them alone in the dark and dampness of the engine room.

TO BE CONTINUED

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STARPROBE

Fortnight beginning January 15th

ARIES: March 20th - April 21st

You will have great happiness shortly but a member of your family will be miserable. You are about to meet a group of new, exciting and interesting people.

TAURUS: April 22nd - May 21st

No major star patterns in influence this month, but your life may be affected by the moon. Surprise news and, or an unexpected visitor next week. Good luck, money wise.

GEMINI: May 22nd - June 21st

It is a time for thinking rather than action. You may be restless, but do not be tempted into making any snap decisions which later you may regret.

CANCER: June 22nd - July 22nd

You too may be restless, but try to curb any sudden decision. Surprising developments in the home may brighten your outlook. Business, come social life is in full swing mid-month.

LEO: July 23rd - August 23rd

You will find that a change of ideas and discussion will help you with a solution to a long standing problem. You will have a great urge to have fun.

VIRGO: August 24th - Sept. 23rd

There will be increased activity at home and a greater urge to be close to one's family. Later in the month a problem will seem unsurmountable.

LIBRA: Sept. 24th - October 23rd

Thoughts and plans promise to be more stimulating and enterprising this month. Action will not take place until next month when you will be expected to make a major decision. Do not compromise.

SCORPIO: October 24th - November 22nd

A touch of wine women and song is ahead. Good fortune for those willing to risk a little. You could contact an influential person socially this next week.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23rd - Dec. 21st

You are in for a busy time requiring all your resources and enthusiasm. Be awake to new interests and activities. You are about to have an interesting time with a new group of people.

CAPRICORN: December 22nd - Jan. 20th

Changes at work affect you personally. An unexpected opportunity comes your way next week. An idea from a younger person could benefit your income.

AQUARIUS: January 21st - February 19th

Ahead, new interests and variety through travel shortly. There is an end in sight for a long standing problem. You will meet someone at a social gathering sometime this month. They will prove to have a great influence on you.

PISCES: February 20th - March 20th

There is a busy and progressive time ahead. Some disappointment shortly will be upsetting to your plans. Business-wise there is a lessening of pressure.

C.W. and M.A.

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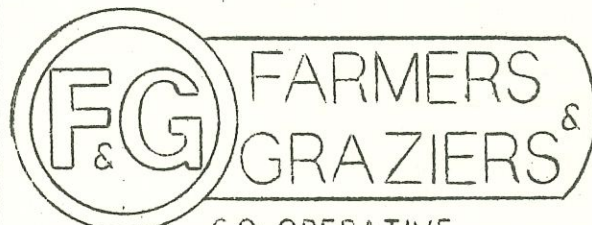
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