

JOHNNY FAMECHON CAN'T FIGHT? ASK THE POMMIES

THE BOMBERS BLEW OUT SOME MAGPIES' FEATHERS

GOOD Morning... I stumbled upon a nest of Magpies last Friday night all grouped (as birds do) at sunset around a Nerang-Swimming hole.

The Magpies were shouting merrily over their forthcoming trip to Lismore where, they informed me (more than once), they would pick up a few more points in the Rules comp.

After dipping my beak in the water hole a few

times I was game enough to suggest that I thought that Lismore could do the Maggies especially after their great effort against Surfers and being on their home ground and all.

They did that make those Maggies cackle. They laughed their heads



Now, see here, sport!

by
"ALL-ROUNDER"

off... reckoned the Master of Lunacy was not doing his job by letting me run around loose and advised me to stick to Rugby League.

Well, it's history, now how the Bombers put sail on the Maggies' tails down in Lismore and sent them back home to Southport with their feathers drooping.

The point of all this is that on Friday night one of the 'Pies bet me a pint of the old tissue restorer that they would beat Lismore. AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE IT WAS!

Let's hope he does and comes forward as that will be a very sweet drink indeed.

Can't fight

When Johnny Famechon beat the then world champion in his division the English sports writers said that Famechon couldn't fight your hat.

Then he did a big time Mexican over in Mel-

writers to judge who won't agree with them — one Signor, two Senores and a little Pommie. They have all been on the receiving end of Famechon's fists recently.

For mum

Here's one for the Mums. Make sure she reads it.

This is the text from a full page advertisement in the big circulation American magazine Redbook.

It is headed, "I would not be caught dead Jogging." And it goes on, "That's your husband talking. He is over thirty and

out of shape. Jogging could do him a world of good but he is embarrassed."

Did you ever see a Jogger who wasn't funny enough to make you want to laugh out loud. (I don't like that bit much).

How are you going to get him into shape for your good as well as his own?

Suggestions, Night jogging. Camouflage, or running in the middle of a bunch of bigger guys. Resort to your feminine wiles whatever they are.

Send flabbo

Whatever you do get him off his seat and on his feet!

Jogging will improve his heart and lungs by gradually increasing the amount of stress his circulatory system can handle. That improves his health. And his life. And if he follows instructions he won't over exert. Because when he gets pooped running... he walks. Before you get him

started get an OK from your M.D.

The ad is inserted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co and they offer a free exercise booklet to wives of flabby husbands.

The picture in the ad shows one of those typical young chairborne executives stepping out smartly in track suit and gym boots.

Got the Metrop's message, Mums?

Well send Flabbo over to Main Beach at 10 a.m. on Sunday. The Surf Club joggers need him. But he needs them more.

Don't let him be shy.

Rajah

And now the boss has just okayed me to attend that ceremony at Eagle Farm this (Wed.) afternoon.

Look out Shaw Todde. It's rupees from the Rajah for me today.

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www.southportsharkhistory.com.au



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