

KENNEL KAPERS — IN — KANGAROO LAND

Hello again.

Have you ever looked in a mirror while shaving or combing your hair or putting on lipstick and been struck by perhaps the dumbest looking face you could imagine? If you haven't you're either fortunate that you possess some good looks or you're unfortunate that you can't humbly recognize a funny face when you see one.

The only reason I mention about looking in mirrors is that I've been scanning my head meticulously lately to see how many more hairs have disappeared or how many more have turned gray. Actually I've had gray hairs since I was seventeen, and I've been forced too often by my school mates to the rejoinder "Gray hair is a sign of maturity—where's yours?" Baldness I should expect; my grandpappy and my daddy have been harbingers of doom on that point.

Jean says that she thinks a head of all silver hair is a beautiful sight. (Rationalization I call it.) I'm doing my best to make her happy.

There is a terrific race on my crown between getting bald and getting gray. Some day I envision having just one hair left—but that will be gray, and Jean will love me once more.

Still, I'm off the beaten track again. We started off talking about stupid faces, and I must say that I have one of the dumbest looking around. An incident that happened a month or so ago emphasizes that fact. (Now, good people, don't be stupid, too. Of course I'm leading up to story, or else I would never admit in public that I look dumb.)

From the suburban train terminal to the University here in Melbourne is approximately a mile, passing through the business district of Melbourne. Sometimes when I'm very energetic and either wish to look at the store windows and pretty girls or save the nine cent trolley fare, I walk to the University (or to Shop as the students call it.)

This day I felt very energetic and Scotch tight. About half way to the school I was tapped on the shoulder by a fairly well dressed, shortish man with a built-in five o'clock shadow, who greeted me with "Ah, you're an American" When I asked him how he could tell so easily, he replied that the give away was my wearing white athletic socks. (Everyone over here prefers the darker woolen socks.)

It turned out the "gentleman's name was Mr. Jackson from Mexico City, and he was born in Boston. From there on the similarities between us were amazing. When he found out where I was from, his wife suddenly came from Virginia.

When he found that I had an engineering degree, I discovered not too much to my surprise that he was chief engineer on a steamship of the Panamanian lines. To top it all off, Mr. Jackson had been looking for me at the University all morning, having been given my name by one of the American Fullbright scholars.

Poor Mr. Jackson. He had been left in Hong Kong by his company to undergo an appendicitis operation, and was supposed to meet his ship in Melbourne. But he had found that his ship had been redirected to Auckland, New Zealand, and it was leaving the next morning for Mexico City. He had a plane reservation for that night to Auckland, which was costing him \$73; and he had \$68.90 with him at the present.

Naturally he had been directed to me to borrow the other \$4.70 so he could catch his plane and ship

KEHOE — Friday & Saturday



Bette Davis makes a special appearance as Catherine the Great in "John Paul Jones," Technirama-Technicolor production presented at the Kehoe Theatre. She is shown here with Robert Stack, who portrays American Naval hero in Samuel Bronston's multi-million dollar production.

and sail home to his wife and FIVE kids in Mexico City, and live happily ever after.

What I want to know is, do I really looked stupid? I was so mad at this little stinker, and yet so completely absorbed in his con game that I made him walk all the way to the door of my lecture room before I gave him my definite answer.

Then, putting on my best Bret Maverick smile I told him, "You know Mr. Jackson, my poor little ole wife didn't give me one red cent for spending money today." Whereupon he vanished.

Several weeks later I was talking to one of the Fullbright fellows studying out here; and I was not too surprised to find that he had been approached by a Mr. Johnson of the Latin American lines, who only wanted several dollars.

I hope I meet Mr. Jackson again some day. He's probably still here, because I don't see how anybody could fall for that line and give him enough money to get out of town. You know, asking for such low amounts, I don't see how he makes a living.

Don't laugh too hard though. I notice that the old "skin" game is still pulled on unsuspecting passers by in Raleigh about twice a year.

My final synopsis on myself—I do look dumb, but not that dumb. Cheerio! Bobbie.

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MIRROR MEDITATION

"Freedom" is a creative endowment of Almighty God. Every living thing on this globe must follow this set pattern in order to flower and reach its ultimate plan, or life becomes a frustrated and aimless degenerated mass. This also applies to nations.

For communism to state that all people of this earth will eventually become atheist is as stupid as the one who uttered the statement, and certainly places a limit on his intelligence and knowledge of truth. A Nation through force may imprison a man's body, but it is a physical impossibility for any person or nation to bind a man's "mind or soul".

God did not make a mistake in his design of mankind, and as long as there is life—or man—he might

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become temporarily defeated through brute force and the misguided efforts of his brothers—but—nature's design for continuity always eliminates impurities, and freedom of mind and soul will eventually win, for it is God's design. This is a wonderful and blessed Christian Nation. Let's keep it that way. Every minute, every day, every year, and this nation will flower and prosper for the rest of time.

It is written "Right makes might". It is also written "Beat your plow shares into swords" — Eternal vigilance is a small price to pay for truth.

Emmitt L. Brinson.

Some people think they were given a conscience so they could detect the faults of their next door neighbor.

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