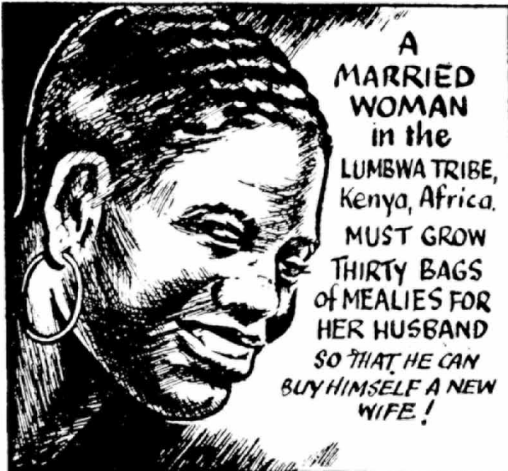


NOW YOU KNOW!



A MARRIED WOMAN in the LUMBWA TRIBE, Kenya, Africa, MUST GROW THIRTY BAGS OF MEALIES FOR HER HUSBAND SO THAT HE CAN BUY HIMSELF A NEW WIFE!

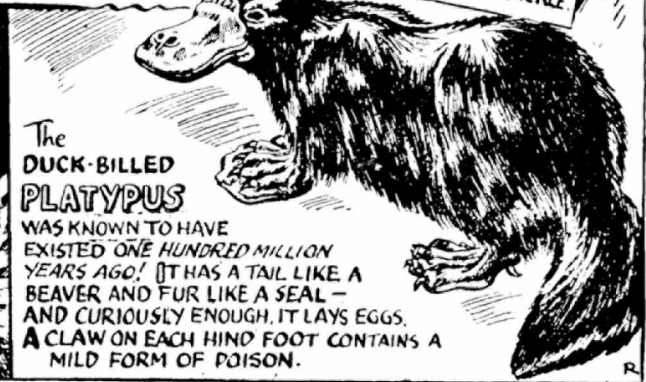


A COW WAS COMPLETELY ENGLUFED WHEN A VIOLENT SANDSTORM HIT LAKE TSANA, The Sudan, AFRICA. THUS, IT BECAME ITS OWN TOMBSTONE!



ON A DRY DAY, WHEN YOUR HAIR IS PERFECTLY DRY, COMB IT RAPIDLY WITH A VULCANITE COMB. YOU WILL THEN PROBABLY SEE A NUMBER OF ELECTRIC SPARKS AND HEAR THEM CRACKLE.

IF WE WERE ABLE TO TRAVEL TO THE MOON, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOOK UP AND SEE OUR EARTH SHINING IN THE SKY LIKE A MUCH BIGGER AND MORE GLORIOUS MOON. PICTURE SHOWS THE KIND OF SCENERY THERE IS ON THE MOON.



The DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS

WAS KNOWN TO HAVE EXISTED ONE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO! (IT HAS A TAIL LIKE A BEAVER AND FUR LIKE A SEAL - AND CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, IT LAYS EGGS. A CLAW ON EACH HIND FOOT CONTAINS A MILD FORM OF POISON.)

Spirit of the New Moon.

(continued from page 16.)

The white man did not see the rushing wall of white-capped water rounding the bend, sweeping at them with the speed of an express train—the tidal bore of the new-moon time, irresistible force of the river, dangerous, angry and hell-bent on destruction.

But Ngura saw it, coming, as she knew it would, at the bidding of the moon.

Every month, with the new moon, it came rushing with each change of tide, making navigation a danger for the first quarter.

The white man, not used to the river's ways, had forgotten, as she hoped he would. Always he had relied on Biljak to tell him. But now Biljak was part of the river, part of the tidal bore, majestic and strong.

Ngura's captor opened his eyes too late, when the roar became as thunder, and the wave curled right ahead, white and terrible.

The girl had slipped off her dress. She turned and looked back at the white man, red mouth glistening in a provocative smile of triumph. Then she leaped, diving cleanly and deep, right in the path of the thundering wave.

The canoe spun broadside on, rocked wildly. And then the crash came.

Caught in the tumult of a thousand tons of rushing water, the canoe hurtled over and over, spewing out the white man, rifles, camping gear and paddles, spinning crazily until the wave was gone far upriver, with the sound of departing thunder.

Then the canoe floated empty, water-logged, going upstream with the new tide.

When Ngura reached the bank, breathless from fighting the current, there was no sign of the white man. He, too, was now part of the river.

She pushed back her sodden hair and set out on the return journey to her tribe.

Only a tiny mark, fast fading, showed on her wrist where the white man's thong had held her. It would soon be gone.

Friends of Mrs. Whitfield, formerly of La Perouse, will be sorry to learn of her death at Moree.

Mrs. Lucy Foote also passed away suddenly at Moree after a short period in hospital. Mrs. Foote was highly regarded in Moree by many people by whom she had been employed over the years.