

He was crossing the road. A careful chap and well versed in the road code, he looked right, then left, then right again, stepped out—and was skittled by an aeroplane.

The plane, a light Auster, was on a joy flight with three passengers when its engine cut out and the pilot had to set it down hurriedly. The road was the only place. He made it, knocking Stan Watts for a loop in the manoeuvre.

How unlucky can you be, mate . . . ? South Australian truck driver George Mitchell was treated for chills after being trapped in a packing house refrigerator. Three hours later he was treated for burns when his truck caught fire.

Peter Makeham, hitch-hiking in Victoria, thumbed a lift in a car which shortly afterwards struck two motor cyclists. Makeham was thrown 20 feet on to the roadway. A Policeman came to assist and was insisting an ambulance was needed when a passing car knocked them both down. Makeham climbed shakily to his feet and didn't argue this time. The policeman had a broken leg.

Melbourne driver claims he was involved with a hit-and-run pedestrian. The jaywalker stepped off pavement. Motorist slammed on brakes. Crunch! Too late. He clumbed out to observe dented fender and pedestrian legging it swiftly down street.

Is there a perfectly rational pattern behind all this?

“It's got me scared,” admitted a Sydney housewife. She was doing the washing up and picked up a glass to dry it when phfffft!—It exploded in her hands for no earthly reason. A few nights later, awakened by a loud noise, she found three glasses shattered in the sink. That wasn't all. A bottle of tablets exploded ; a milk bottle disintegrated at the back door. There was a simple explanation for this strange behaviour of inanimate objects, but don't let's spend time looking for it. Run, do not walk for the nearest exit.

Brisbane woman climbed out of bed to investigate strange noise in her back yard and was charged by a wild-eyed steer. She fled in panic for the street, and stopped a block away dressed only in her nightie and slippers. Only her dignity was injured.

Accidents happen every day, but not all are everyday accidents . . . as Dennis Higgins, Berne Day and Norman Chivers found one Sunday afternoon.

The three men, all hotel workers, were at a cricket match and there was a barrel of beer. It was a Sunday cricket match between Albion and Tattersall's hotels in Wentworthville, a Sydney suburb. It's not clear whose side Higgins, Day and Chivers lined up for, but it's obvious they'd won the toss, for they had taken up positions around the keg intent on knocking it for six. Everybody's stumped as to what actually happened, but one of the men was using a gas cylinder to put a little life in the pitch, you might say, and somebody must have sent down a wrong 'un. The roar did *not* come from the Members' Stand when the boys picked themselves off the floor and wiped the froth from their eyes. The dressing shed roof was missing, dozens of glasses had been shattered and the keg had been square cut to the boundary . . .



Bob Hunter, Harry Mitchell, and Dougal McFarlin on their "First Citizens" float at the Wilcannia Show