

By that budding young historian,

Sir Phillip John

Who contends, "One must have his pun."

six polecats busy manufacturing. The monster weakened under the attack.

"What a whale of a difference a few scents make," quoth she.

Eve, Norah's grandma, had to swim out after some soft water for a shampoo, but she lost her leaf on a reef and was A. W. O. L. (absent without leaf). As I said before, Norah reigned, managing the menagerie. But trouble is brewing.

All the time, the Mrs. thought that there was something fishy aboard the boat, and sure enough, she found a mermaid in Noah's cabin. Although blind with rage, Norah ran the scales with a broomstick, and pushed the sinuous, sensuous siren back into the muddy deep.

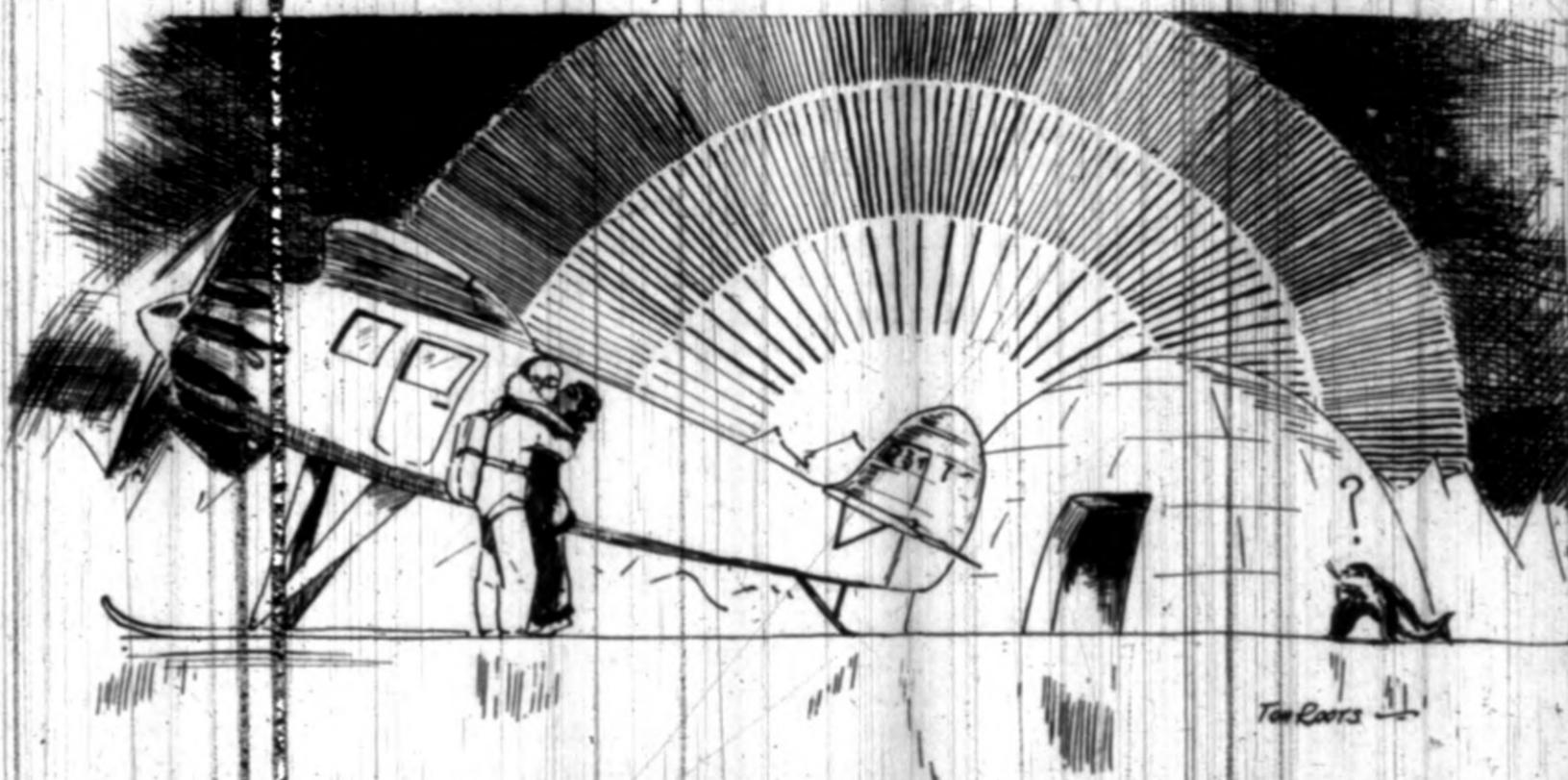
Did peace then reign aboard? Not much. The old man found that the iceman had not been spending all his time conditioning the polar bears. A tong war threatened to disrupt the organiza-

tion of the ark. But Noah, broadminded as he was, steered north for a frigid air.

Noah believed land to be in the offing, so he sent a Lyre bird to get the straight of the matter. The bird returned with a missing G string, but with no trace of flora or fauna, the twin squabs he sent out a week before. Next, he sent a male woozlebird, which flies backwards. This bird, not caring where it went, but always searching for the place from which it came, returned to the ark empty-handed.

So Noah drifted on, knowing not where, for the Mrs. had rid the boat of azimuth during the spring cleanup. As we read in the log, "Am lost. Boxed compass for trip, but son forgot to put it aboard. Shall shoot son on the morrow."

Without a warning, the ark snagged a mountain top. The jerk threw the Mrs. overboard. She went down telling Noah to put the cat out, this being a new idea at the time.



The Northern Mail "carries on."