**P-DAY SPECIAL**

**CAN YOU BILLET AN ACTOR**

*The Drama Festival Organising Committee has been forced to advertise for billets. Only 50 were needed from more than 1,000 full-time students—and 15 have been provided!*

**SCENES FROM "A DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF," the Adelaide contribution to Drama Festival, 9 p.m., Saturday (Premier).**

Midnight—Actor (Oxford University) with Leslies (Dorset House), Box—Louise Babbage, Lizzie (Brian Borgh), Frances, and Rachel (Brian Borgh).

Dramatic and debating societies are invited to submit members of interest in arts. Contact Miss Virginia Hayward, 9/6 S.B.C. Office.

The Sydney cast will arrive in a week, followed by Melbourne, Queensland, and Tasmania.


**Lift-Out Song Sheet**

The "Song Sheet" is in the middle two pages is meant to be lifted out, folded down the middle, and the pages cut across the top, thus giving an eight-page booklet.
For Men Who Buy... Quality
Adelaide's Man-Modern
Man's Store—on
the Ground Floor

Yes... for the man who buys quality, he can be assured of the very best from Johnnie Man's Store. Our assistants have been trained to give you every attention, and from their courtesy and excellent guidance you cannot go wrong in your choice.

JOHN MARTINS
100 RUNDLE STREET, ADELAIDE... WO-200

Now in Stock...
Kneebone: "SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY."
Roussel's "A GUIDE TO THE CARE OF THE YOUNG CHILD."
Wright: "APPLIED PHYSIOLOGY."
BROWN & PEARCE, 227 North Terrace
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"The House of Quality"

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Microscopes
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WHAT'S ON
EXHIBITION: Collection of Contemporary Indian Paintings on loan to University Gallery from Mrs. Beatrice Terran. George Murray Library. Now till end of term.
MONDAY, AUGUST 6:
1:15 p.m.: Meeting of Miss University Extracts. S.R.C. Office.
5 p.m.: Closing time for Miss University Extracts. B.C. Contributions. S.R.C. Office.
1:30 p.m.: Procession meeting in George Murray Lounge.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 7:
1:15 p.m.: Miss University Extracts. George Murray Lounge.
1:30 p.m.: "A Guide to the Care of the Young Child" by Kneebone.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8:
1:15 p.m.: Meeting of Miss University Extracts. George Murray Lounge.
1:30 p.m.: S.R.C. Talk by Prof. C. N. W. W. A. (International President of New Education Fellowship) and Mrs. Henry (U.K.).
2:30 p.m.: Closing of Miss University Extracts. Blue Room, South Australian Hotel.
2:30 p.m.: Segalme Papers at A.S.A. at S.R.C., Physical Building.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 9:
1:15 p.m.: Liberal Union Public meeting, Lady Symonds.
1:30 p.m.: "Lunchen Lecture" at George Murray Library. "What is the Good of Art?" Mr. E. J. Jeovine.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 10:
1:15 p.m.: S.R.C. Inter-Society political debate.
1:30 p.m.: "Pianist's Club," A.S.A. George Murray Lounge.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 11:
8:30 a.m.—Artists' Society. End of Term Ball. Admission $1.
8:30 a.m.—Musical Society. Ball, Eider Hall. Tickets £1.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 15:
9 a.m.—E.U. Horse Party. Meet outside Adelaide Railway Station. To leave 61 Flinders Street. Application forms from party. Return by bus at 6 p.m., Thursday.
MONDAY, AUGUST 16:
1:15 p.m.: Meeting of Miss University Extracts. R.C.C. Conference at Bowden. Guest speaker: "Good Active in the Workless Time"...

PROCESS ORDERS
All floats should be ready for the judging inspection at 1 p.m. sharp.
The procession will move off at 1:15 p.m.
The Allied East Floats prize will then be presented on the Esplanade lawn, after which the song practice will begin—on "Lilliburlero" special song sheet.
Faculty teams are still required for the Inter-Faculty Driving Horn Competition.

THE INCUMBENTS OF PUY-LA-CHENE
No reason at all to be sad or anxious.
Many good things for you.
Churches—without exception—ALL BAD ONES!

THE IMPENDING TRAVELERS...
Arrive yourself of the
ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, &
AUSTRALIAN BANKS
TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

COUGH UP!
Gash collected by Canvassers and others.
No one need be landed in the S.R.C. office. Get it off your mind.

THE INCUMBENTS OF PUY-LA-CHENE
No reason at all to be sad or anxious.
Many good things for you.
Churches—without exception—ALL BAD ONES!
LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.

CHORUS:

For tonight we'll merrily, merry, be,
For tonight we'll merrily, merry, be,
For tonight we'll merrily, merry, be,
For tonight we'll merrily, merry, be.

The man that drinks good whisky, punch,
And goes in bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And has a jolly fellow.

THIS OLD-TIME RELIGION

It is good for the morn
It is good for the morn
It is good for the morn
It is good for the morn

It is good for the morn
It is good for the morn
It is good for the morn
It is good for the morn

CHORUS:

Oh! this old time religion,
This old time religion,
This old time religion,
This old time religion,

It is good enough for me.
It is good enough for me.
It is good enough for me.
It is good enough for me.

LILLIBURLERO

He said brother, Teague, we have seen, Liliburlero, bollin a la.
Dat we shall have a new dpute, Liliburlero, bollin a la.
Lero, lero, Liliburlero, I'm going to bed a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero, Liliburlero, bollin a la.

ULSTERMAN'S BATTLE CRY

I'm up to my neck in Irish blood,
I'm up to my neck in Irish blood,
I'm up to my neck in Irish blood,
I'm up to my neck in Irish blood.

THE KEEL ROW

As I came down the Canongate, the Canongate, the Canongate,
As I came down the Canongate, the Canongate, the Canongate,
As I came down the Canongate, the Canongate, the Canongate,
As I came down the Canongate, the Canongate, the Canongate,

CHORUS:

O merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
O merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
O merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
O merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,

The ship that my love is in,
The ship that my love is in,
The ship that my love is in,
The ship that my love is in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
A snow white rose upon it, a dimple in his chin.

GAUDEAMUS

(TWICE)

(VIVAT)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,

BOTANY BAY

(TWICE)

(VIVAT)

(VIVAT)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

(TWICE)

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,

We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,

The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,

The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

Behold and be gay. For the springtide has come, You may lay down your shrouds, And go in the sun.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah, hoo! hoo! Hallelujah, give us a handful To revive us again.

Oh, I love my rose, It's a good friend of mine, And not that I'm starving Out on the bread line.

The springtide has come, And I'm just out of jail, Without any money, Without any sad.

Oh, why can't you work As the other fellows do? How the hell can I work When there's no work to do.

Oh, why don't you pray For your daily bread? If that's all I did I would soon be dead.

Oh, why don't you save All the money you earn? Well, if I didn't eat I'd have money to burn.

I want to live in a house And I want to knock at the door, But the lady said "Bum, bum You're been here before"

I can't get a job, For I ain't got the dough, So I ride in a box car, For an a peddler.

I want to live in a house, And I want to live for some bread, But the lady said "Bum, bum, The baker is dead."

I like your grove, They're great friends of mine, And that's why I'm hiding Down their railway's main line.

Whenever I get All the money I earn, The lady is sure to brook, And to work must turn.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah, hoo! hoo! Hallelujah, give me some cash For Christ's sake, man.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run, see how they run! They all after the farmer's wife, She cut off their tails with a carving knife, Did you ever see anything in your life, As three blind mice?

ON BET SONG SHEET

THE MARSELINSE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory, Here is a man who will not die! Your children, wives and grand-sires holy, Recall their brave, and hear their issue! Shall hateful tyrants, misrule breeding, With bellowing bats, a ruffian band, Affright and desolate the land, While peace and charity lie bleeding?

CHORUS

To arms, to arms, ye brave! T'aving sworn o'er unshorn locks March on, march on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded, The vile baseness despised dare. Their thirst for gold and power unbounded, To meet and meet the light and air. To meet and meet the light and air. Lust buoys of bastards would they load us, Like gods would fill their slaves adored, but man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer last and good we?

O Liberty! can we resign thee, Once having felt thy generous flame? Can diligence, hope and love confine thee? Or whip thy noble spirit tame? Or whip thy noble spirit tame? Too long the world has worn trembling Thatch falseness, damage tyrants wield; But freedom is our sword and shield, And all our arts are unavailing.

RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red, It floated o'er our martyred dead, And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold Their life's blood dyed its every fold.

CHORUS

Then raise the etched standard high! Within its shade we'll live or die! Though o'er the flood and thunder storms, We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant night When all ahead seemed black and night; It witnessed many a deed and vow— We must not change its color now.

It well recalls the triumphs past, It gave the hour of peace at last; The banner bright, the symbol chaste, Of honor right, of human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all, Not one of us will hide away. Come dig the deep or gather grime, In the mighty roll of our parting hymn.

WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh, Fiddler dear, and did you hear the news that's going around? The shamrock is in law forbid to grow on Irish ground. St. Patrick's day is no more to keep, his colors can't be seen.

For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green, I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand, And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?" She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen; They're throwing men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's now will never forget the blood that they have shed. You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take-foot and flourish there, you 'toddle-foot 'tis know.

When law can stop the blade of grass from growing as they grew, And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare to show, Then I will change the color that I wear in my country: But 'till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart, She has, with thorns and sorrow, from the dear old isle will part. I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea, Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Fiddler dear, may we know, driven by a tyrant's hand. Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land? Where the cross of Christ and Union all are more be seen. And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND

All in a wood there grew a tree. The finest tree you ever did see, The tree was in the wood, And the green grass grew all around, my boy, And the green grass grew all around.

And on the tree there grew a limb. The finest limb you ever did see, The limb was on the tree, The tree was in the wood, (etc.)

And on the limb there grew a branch And on the branch there was a nest, And in the nest there was an egg, And in the egg there was a bird, And in the nest there was a wing, And on the wing there was a feather, etc.

COME TO THE ST. MARKS/ST. ANNS

BUSH BARBECUE AND BARN DANCE

At 7 p.m., on Saturday, September 17

AT ST. MARKS COLLEGE, NORTH ADELAIDE

Admission, 1/6 (after 5 p.m. everything is free) 1/6 old of W.A.P.

COCAINE BILL AND MORPHINE SUE

Coca Bill and Morphine Sue were walking down the street, Honey danced alongside, she had a (smile) that would make any man want to sing a song.

They went up from Broadway up to Maliby, to see if they could get some snow. When I die paint my Dan's green, for that's the sign of a morpaine hand.

Now in the graveyard on the hill, lies the body of Coca Bill. And in the coffin by his side, lies the body of his cocaine bride.

JENNY JONES

We come to see Miss Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones. We come to see Miss Jenny Jones. How is she to-day?

Shy is washing. Shy is sewing. Shy is sweet.

We're right glad to hear it, To hear it, to hear it. We're right glad to hear it, And how is she to-day?

Shy is sick. Shy is weak.

We're right sorry to hear it, To hear it, to hear it. We're right sorry to hear it, And how is she to-day?

AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die, don't bury me at all, Just pickle my bones in alcohol; Put a bottle o' glass At my head and my feet, And then I know my bones will be-

W.E.A. BOOKROOM

Lincoln Electric Company PROCEDURE HANDBOOK OF ARC WELDING... 10/-

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RED HEN CAFE

(Opposite Richmond Hotel.... in Richmond Arcade)

COFFEE LOUNGE AND GRILL ROOM

Open 9.30 a.m. to 7.15 p.m. Every Day

Concerts for Students. Service and quality one cent.
WILD COLONIAL BOY

'Tis of a wild colonial boy. Jack Doolan was his name, Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Cartago. He was the son of his parents, his mother's only joy, And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

CHORUS:
Come, all you hearties, we'll roam the mountains high, Together we'll plod, and on we'll go. We'll wander over valleys and gully over plains, And we'll seem to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was the son of a fighting man, Of a fighting man and a fighting woman. He was the son of a fighting man, And of a fighting woman and a fighting woman.

He died a hero, for his country, And his body lies in state. He died a hero, for his country, And his body lies on the scaffold.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES—OH!

I'll sing one—oh, Green grow the rushes—oh. What's your name—oh, One is one and all alone and never more will be so.

Two—two, the lily-white boys. Clothed in green—oh. Three—three, the Rivals. Four—oh! Four for the Gipsy-makers. Five—oh! Five for the symbols at your door.

Six—oh, Six for the six proud walkmen. Seven—oh, Seven for the seven stars in the sky. Eight—oh, Eight for the April rains (all shouters).


HARRY

Harry was a Rebel, one of Lincoln's lads, Till he was finely done to death by counter-revolutionary odds.

That's all right, said Harry, my spirit shall not die, I'll go and do some party work in the land beyond the sky.

He went up to the Pearly Gates, to the keeper of the gates, I want to speak to Conrade God, it's Harry Potts, please.

Who are you, said Peter, are you humble and contrite? I'm a friend of Lady Astor's, that's O.K. Then you're all right.

They put him in a nightie, a patch on his hand, And he played the Internationale in the Hallelujah Band.

They put him in the choir, the hymn he did not like, So he organized the angels, and he brought them out on strike.

One day when God was walking in Heaven to meditate, Whom should he see but Harry shouting slogs in the street.

They brought him up on trial, before the Holy Ghost, For spreading disaffection among the Heavenly Host.

The verdict it was guilty. O.K., said Harry, well; And he tucked his nightie round his knees and floated down to Hell.

Seven long years have passed, now Harry's doing well, He's just been made first People's Commissar of Soviet Hall.

ALOUBETTE

Aloette, gentille Aloette, Aloette, Je te plumerai la téte, Je te plumerai la téte, Et la tête, Et la téte.

2. Je te plumerai le bea, Je te plumerai le bea, Je te plumerai le bea, Et le bea, Et le bea.

3. Je te plumerai la téte, Je te plumerai la téte, Je te plumerai la téte, Et la téte, Et la téte.

4. Je te plumerai le bea, Je te plumerai le bea, Je te plumerai le bea, Et le bea, Et le bea.

5. Je te plumerai la téte, Je te plumerai la téte, Je te plumerai la téte, Et la téte, Et la téte.

6. Je te plumerai le bea, Je te plumerai le bea, Je te plumerai le bea, Et le bea, Et le bea.

Pretty sky-blue, pretty rose sky-blue, Pretty sky-blue, I shall pluck you now. I mean to pluck your bea, I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

2. Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

3. Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

4. Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

5. Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

6. Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, Yes I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

Pretty sky-blue, pretty rose sky-blue, Pretty sky-blue, I shall pluck you now. I mean to pluck your bea, I mean to pluck your bea, And your head.

JUST FOR THE RIDE

He sat by the window and smoked his pipe, He sat by the window and smoked his pipe. He sat by the window and smoked his pipe, He sat by the window and smoked his pipe.

He saw the sun set and the stars appear, He saw the sun set and the stars appear. He saw the sun set and the stars appear, He saw the sun set and the stars appear.

He went to the bar and ordered a drink, He went to the bar and ordered a drink. He went to the bar and ordered a drink, He went to the bar and ordered a drink.

He went to the dance and danced all night, He went to the dance and danced all night. He went to the dance and danced all night, He went to the dance and danced all night.

STARKS WHO'AE


Welcome to your gory bed, Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled. Welcome to your gory bed, Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled.

Now's the day and now's the hour, Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled. See the front of battle high, Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled.


What would be a traitor know? Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled. What would be a traitor know? Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled.


Treason's sad, treachery's deep, Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled. Treason's sad, treachery's deep, Stark, who's weel? Wallace bled.


Let us do or die!

ONE MORE RIVER

The animals came in two by two, Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.

One more river, and that's the river of Jordan. There's more river to cross.

The animals came in three by three, Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.


The animals came in four by four, Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.

The camel, he got stuck in the door. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.

The monkey he was up to his tricks. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.

The dragon was early, the birds were late. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.

If you want any more you must sing it again. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta. Vivo la consciencio e la pariteta.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night to you all, and sweetly sleep they sleep, May angels guard you in their silent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise. Vive, healthy and wealthy.

ILLUSTRATIONS—The illustrations in the song supplement were drawn specially for "On Duty" by architecturally-minded Ian Campbell and Dan Thompson. This illustration was by Ian Campbell.
A SONG FOR ENGINEERS

Long years ago to Crewe Well Park
Came Julius, alias Caesar
At Morpeth Bridge he breached his back
And climbed a lofty tree, Sir.

"Dear, dear," quoth he, "go road I see,
And fall in the Engineer's pit.
"For though you have the axe to saw
And batten and hale, Sir.""

CHORUS:

"For it is now as it was then
The Engineer's their own things,
They are the Big, Strong, Silent men
Who do not talk but do things.

In days of yore, the Western Shore
Was rode to King Charles, Sir
By harp and bus, by road and rail,
By motor and by boat, Sir.

"By whatever mode they come,
Sea, land or atmosphere, Sir,
They cannot keep a yard without
The lusty Engineer, Sir."

THE DYING STOCKMAN

A strapping young stockman lay dying,
His saddle supporting his head;
His two mates beside him were crying,
As he rose on his elbow and said:

CHORUS:

"Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And hide me away, the boys won't laugh at me.
Where do the dreams and dreams never cast their eye?
In the shade where the cool breezes blow.

"Oh! here I shall sleep, safe in your arms,
I'll weave my dreams, they will never grow.
Stir me not, they will never cease
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

CHORUS:

"Oh, take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And dream of me until you see the dark:
Fly by this lonely, that you are going to die,
For I am called Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

"Young man," quoth Abdul, "I have life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career.
For I know no joy, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

THE SMELLING BROTHERS

A young man there was, his name was brother,
Who had a nose like a long, straight, slender beam.
He was a stockman, and he was a drunkard,
And he was always talking about the smell.

CHORUS:

"Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And hide me away, the boys won't laugh at me.
Where do the dreams and dreams never cast their eye?
In the shade where the cool breezes blow.

"Oh! here I shall sleep, safe in your arms,
I'll weave my dreams, they will never grow.
Stir me not, they will never cease
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

CHORUS:

"Oh, take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And dream of me until you see the dark:
Fly by this lonely, that you are going to die,
For I am called Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

A stockman said, "Wherefore do you weep?
"For I am called Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.""

CHORUS:

"Oh, take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And dream of me until you see the dark:
Fly by this lonely, that you are going to die,
For I am called Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

A stockman said, "Wherefore do you weep?
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Fly by this lonely, that you are going to die,
For I am called Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

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"For I am called Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.""
THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES OF FLASHLIGHT RAZOR

The scene opens in the bar of an establishment owned by the SLOP-ROOM S.L. Drunken, but dim-witted FLASHLIGHT RAZOR is hot on the trail of a mysterious spy. Meanwhile, dull, but dim-witted TRIGGOMORTON is motoring north, heading for the scene of all the trouble. Not bad so far...

In a few hours...

Meanwhile...

Outside...

Five miles away...

GROUP!

What?!

I got you.

Let's not discuss that now.

What I want to know is, where is that wally sneaky spy GREGORY?

Then there's the other question.

Out here.

Well, I'll move in on him. And you...

Me? The most dangerous agent in the world.

Good evening, sir.

Why, ha' the most dangerous agent in the world.

Good evening, sir.

I've been chasing Jolly Old Saint Nick for weeks. If you know...

That's where I'm heading, too. Give me a lift. I'm heading for Hell's Half-Acre.

Let me tell you just one thing...

Strangely shee... there's something odd about that...

Four?! There's at least sixteen!!

Nightfall. I'll have to go after him.

Another blackout. Saloon packed.

A man named...

You know. Triggomorton. Don't you know that rocket range?

ACRACK! It is nearly dawn. I must go to get Rosebud. I'm not sure if she fire... rockets. And now I'll be all right.

Ah, the solitude and tranquility of a desert morning.

Boy, what a night!

At Range H.Q.:

It is too late to stealder plans. The guards are.

Meanwhile:

Flashlight?! On Superham said us now.

What a ridiculous question?

At this moment, in the on-duty office, Star Reporter Stark Bent sits by the phone, waiting for last-minute news to catch the deadline.

Suddenly:

Hark! With my super-auric reception.

I hear cries of help!
HEARING CRIES OF HELP, STARK BENT RACES OUT OF THE DOOR.

NOW TO RESUME MY ROLE AS SUPERHUM.

ONE TENTH OF A SECOND TO REACH POHARDY'S FLASHLIGHT!

AT THIS MOMENT:

ROOH! I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN IT HITS ME.

AM, WELL! DEATH IS SO PERMANENT?

CAN IT BE? YES, LOOK!

NOW TO STOP THE BOMB AND SAVE THEM!

I KNEW WE COULD DEPEND—

...ON SUPERHUM.

A MIRACLE!

A DUD.

Bow.

HOW'S IT ALL RIGHT, FEELING WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—OH-WOW!

IT WAS A DUD ALTHOUGH IT WAS A DUD AT ALL THE TIME.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, IT'S ONLY A MINUTE—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—OH-WOW!

Blast!

There's no fool like a superhum.

That rocket's coming straight for us. All right, I'll believe it when it hits me.

YOU'VE BLOUNDERED, SERGE!

SERGE?

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.

WHO IS HE?

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