



Not the Kalgoorlie Miner

A Day in the Life of Biggles or Biggles Flies Undone!!

by our special correspondents
Wobbly-boots and Kinky-boots.

Biggles only had 10 minutes to spare before he'd have to take off, in his faithful Bristol A40, from Salisbury to pursue his arch enemy Baron von Leucocranium. The carrier pigeon from operations HQ in London brought the message that the cunning Baron, disguised as a wheelbarrow vendor, was planning to take over the gold mines of Kalgoorlie. Biggles well remembered his previous encounters with the formidable Baron. Only his dexterity at aerobics had saved him last time.

He pulled on his flying helmet and was about to start his pre-flight check when, from the nearby hangars rushed the beautiful, scantily clad Heather, her thin cotton dress clinging in the misty rain to her perfectly formed body. Between her heaving bosoms she held another carrier pigeon. It had arrived from GHQ advising that Ginger and Algy were incapacitated due to the effects of another Mac attack. They have to be replaced by an heroic Australian aircrew. Biggles, after deciphering



the cryptic code, using the recently GHQ-developed unit-modifier-removal encryption device (code named TRYPNEAD), realised he must meet them in Kalgoorlie, or Tadjhikistan (GHQ needed to iron some bugs out of TRYPNEAD), even though they were unknown to him (not the bugs, the air crew of course).

Keeping his distance from the voluptuous, panting and obviously sexually aroused



NEW MEET
GIRLS WITH
BIG BOOBS

ASK FOR
HEATHER

messenger, Biggles thanked her courteously, climbed aboard the Bristol, and headed westwards towards the Atlantic Ocean and realised he was going the wrong way. "I must take that self-improvement course" he muttered bitterly to himself, "even if it's just in the interests of better work practice". He changed course and headed across the Indian Ocean, stopping only to save three freighters from pirate attack, prevent a civil war on the Cocos Islands, build a bridge and undertake a complete aerial mapping exercise of the Yilgarn block before finally touching down in Kalgoorlie.



His trusty Leica, dangling around his nether regions, now finally, after 47 million shots, required servicing. "Where's the nearest camera store?" he enquired of the dusty, scantily clad wench with the heaving buttocks at the Kal strip. "Perth" Barbara replied, for that was her name. Barbara that is, not Perth. See the sort of trouble sloppy grammar can get you into.

Carefully avoiding her lunging embrace, Biggles



prepared to head west, little realising that the Baron had, in those few moments, managed to sabotage the Bristol, despite the failsafe dual-canine alarm system. Biggles made a forced landing at Coolgardie where he was helped by a kindly old Scottish prospector called Daffy Gellallettatllylly who turned out to be Welsh.

Daffy readily agreed to join Biggles in his quest to



capture the Baron, to bring the Baron to his knees and to restore law and order. Daffy enquired of Biggles as to whether or not he had seen any heaving bosoms lately? Biggles couldn't remember.

Finding an old wheelbarrow, the intrepid duo made their way north-east towards Kal. Pushing on through the night, they were suddenly startled with screams of foul invective and abuse emerging from under their wheelbarrow wheel. Biggles flashed his GHQ penlight on the supine figure of an horrendously drunk Italian banker, Renaldo Rigormortis. In tears, Renaldo described the suffering his maritime interests has endured at the hands of the Baron. Renaldo begged to be included on the quest and when Biggles agreed Renaldo belched loudly, wept with joy and the fervour of the chase lit his eyes with hope.





As the waning moon slowly set over the horizon the fearless five, Biggles, Daffy, Renaldo, Ginny and Janny (the two Australian aircrew as female replacements for Ginger and Algy, who to save time, have joined the story here rather than later) made their way into Kal. Unbeknown to our heroes they were secretly observed by the lecherous sycophant Vince Snetterton who had been in hiding behind dark sunglasses since his roguish scam with the Melbourne Cup in '92.



barrows from the sleazy barrow vendor. Biggles' barrow was snatched away by a person later identified as the dreaded Vince Snetterton.

Ginny and Janny, alerted by the ever watchful Biggles, had set out to distract Snetterton. Under Biggles' narrowed, gimlet-eyed gaze, the two heroic girls, clad only in ankle-high, leather field-boots, khaki-drill shirts and sturdy shorts, covered by blue overalls, gaberdeen coats and large colourful ponchos reflecting scenes of Guatamalan fertility festivals, descended on the hapless Snetterton. He was trying to remember what an 'X' looked like and could only tremble at the thought of facing the wrath of the Baron if he failed again. The colourful apparitions rolling towards him provided just the distraction that the brilliantly logical (no unit modifier required as the 'ly' does the modifying) mind of Biggles, the master strategist, had planned.



Vince cruised his way into the Baron's camp and informed him of Biggles arrival. "Ve will ambush them at zee bridge during the race today" he bragged. The Baron that is, not Vince - you've been warned. Pay attention!!

"Vith everyone supplied with a genuine Balzano barrow, provided by us, no vone will stand a chance. Even that meddlesome, tiresome, goody-two-shoes Biggles will be eliminated. Make sure he gets the barrow marked with zee X. Ve vill vin the race and take over the town and all its gold. Ve vill be rich and von't have to wait for our Delta shares to reach \$12.64."

The morning of the great race dawned bright and sunny. Biggles and his team looked fresh despite the fact that they didn't get their early morning wake-up call. There was a mix-up when it came time to buy the

"I gotta get off that dammed peyote" thought Snetterton as he rubbed his eyes feverishly and blinked into the heat haze. Undulating pointlessly beneath the layers of clothing, the two heroic girls, no, what-the-hell, women, for women is what they could have been in every sense of the word, to Snetterton's fertile imagination, attempted to lure the hapless man from his feverish wheelbarrow-sorting activities. Snetterton blinked, he tried to focus unsuccessfully on the wild scenes of sexual mayhem rotating on the ponchos in front of him. He thought of sheep, or was that sleep, anything to get him out of there. Money!!! Think of money! That would do it. "Now to get some" he thought.

Snetteron cast his feverish eye around desperately for a bunny. His eyes lit on Renaldo the banker. Snetteron on-sold the barrow at a huge markup to Renaldo, who thought he always knew a bargain. Snetteron headed for the airport and, due to the lack of attention of the continuity supervisor, found the Bristol A40 unattended and available in which to make his escape in (if you'd rather have the preposition here).

Meanwhile, back at the race, the competitors readied themselves with last minute checks of their machines and equipment. Biggles and another barrow pusher were the first away. Nearly one hour later a humungous explosion was heard and Renaldo and the barrow with the X were blasted to kingdom come. Biggles had the urge to stop and scream but with a superhuman effort he steeled himself to continue the race.



A wheelbarrow very similar to the one that ran over Renaldo Rigormortis and used by race competitors being pushed by a man very similar to those who competed in the race. There are no goats in this photograph similar to those involved in the recent sex, drugs, violence and crime case in progress in Cobar.

The bridge is looming when Biggles senses rather than sees someone behind him. Instinct makes him turn suddenly as he is given an almighty shove from behind which sends him to within inches of the 2000-foot precipice of the Super Pit. Oh no! Our hero has not been able to collect himself and his barrow. Both lurch drunkenly over the edge. The Baron stops to look at the damage he has wreaked with a sinister smile curling his lips. "I control it all now!" he shouts arrogantly into the void and the sound echoes with the hollow reverberations generated by the change of tense in the paragraph containing the seeds of Biggles' destruction.

"No you dont" said a quietly controlled voice from behind. Biggles, in one deft movement, restored the tense and grabbed Baron von Leucocranium, pinning his arms behind his back, using large bundles of Delta Employee Share Scheme script. "How did you survive? The barrow was faulty! You fell over the edge!" stuttered von Leuco.

"All is not as it seems" said Biggles enigmatically. "You forgot.....I designed a n d b u i l t t h e bridge".....

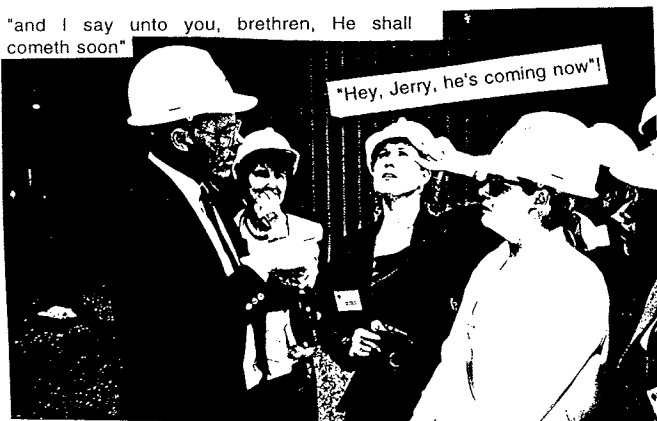
"I seem to have come out of this pretty well" Biggles exclaimed to the expectant throng which had gathered around him mumbling reverential platitudes and expressions of admiration, wonderment, awe, and all-round gratitude. "Pigs arse" a bearded malcontent smoking clove cigarettes was heard to say in the background, but he was gleefully stoned to death by the now rapturous crowd which felt some kind of



Oh gross will you look at that revolting mess! It's amazing what a small piece of predominantly aluminium silicates can do.

sacrifice would be appreciated by their savour. Women in the front row had already begun to disrobe in preparation for spiritual fulfillment. "Not necessary old beans!" exclaimed Biggles (too late as it happened for the malcontent), "we've got the Baron and life as-we-know-it in Kal will be better for my having been here". "I'd like to stay on but have to get to Tadzhikistan to meet Ginny and Algie, Janny and Ginger, after I've sorted out the problems with my selective memory and GHQ's READPYNT cypher machine."

"and I say unto you, brethren, He shall cometh soon"



The crowd wailed in disappointment and turned its eyes heavenwards, as one, all together, at the same time. "Dont be so tautological" lectured Biggles, failing to notice, (that was Biggles who failed to notice), the object of the crowd's attention. In direct contravention of the laws of entropy, thermodynamics, the arrow of time and chaos theory, the now complete, but screaming, body of Renaldo Rigormortis plummeted into the beaming, self-satisfied Biggles. It was not a pretty sight.

But unpretty sights were all in a day's work to Maestro Dubliner the international bomb-disposal consultant and his attractive assistant, Fifi the Oxbridge-educated orthopaedic specialist, clad only in spangled lurex, who had in recent months been extremely busy with problems of this kind.



Fifi after her recent kneecapping experience committed herself to a career in orthopaedics, specialising in prostheses.



Watch this space for further adventures with the heroic Biggles in Tadzhikistan as your intrepid reporters risk job security and Delta shares to bring you these allegorical fables. "Is that a another tautology?" a visibly poorly reconstructed Biggles murmured weakly from his stretcher.

World News in Brief



Remember this photo from last year?? Well we all know who likes bumming around so much.

Negotiations with the Zimbabwe Government reached an untimely standstill.

The Delta Chairman affectionately known as Biggles was shot down as he buzzed a company house in Harare yesterday. The chairman, the pilot of the Cessna was demonstrating his prowess at tight turns and wing wagging to fellow passengers when the military guarding Robert Mugabe's

residence shot him out of the sky. White faced company legal counsel Ian Daymond was still clutching the shirt he had been waving to the plane when it was shot down. Daymond, struggling to maintain his poise (despite his terrible grief) managed to stutter, "he was only taking photos for our annual report...."

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORLD BRIDGES

Today I am adopting the technique of an old negro; and it goes like this:

Ol man river
Dat ol man river
It just keeps rollin
along.....
and so on, and so on.

When I get time to think, that is when I'm not practising bombing runs over the residences of heads of state and strategic mines, pushing my barrow through the wilderness or taking legal advice from a Mr Bean look-alike, it seems obvious to me that a bridge must comprise two ends and a middle. The Ozzies I speak to in the street, and indeed the view from my office window, tend to confirm this. I suspect it is especially true of co-operative, private sector, free enterprise, bipartisan, two-way, intercontinental, trading, people bridges, of opportunity, trust and effective communication.

I buy backpacks in Seattle, Christchurch and Cape Town, and let me tell you, a few bridges to those places would come in handy. Not that I am criticising air travel. I've always been most satisfied flying with Qantas for example, or conducting open-cut, grade-control sampling from a light aircraft.

Let me now move from the philosophical to the pragmatic, jump from wine to cotton, from utilitarian to specialist, switch from gas lights (excuse the pun) to fresh flowers, look at the other side of the coin and put on my mining hat. Thank you, that feels much better.

Communication is the key. I find myself in regular communication with a wombat on cloud nine, a former gnome and

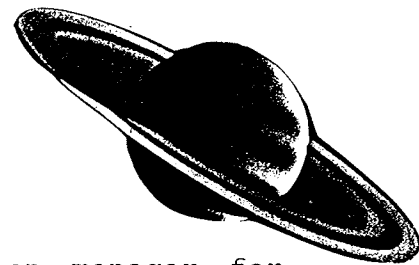
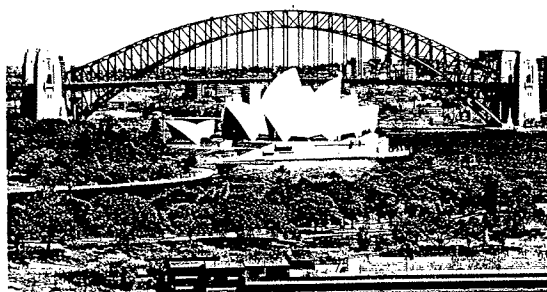
an administration manager for example. If this seems implausible, I have it on good authority that it's possible to run a mining company without actually mining anything, or having any miners on the board. Indeed, it is even possible to persuade people to buy shares in it - that requires a special kind of communication (and a one-way ticket to Majorca, just in case).

The world is a rapidly changing place. One day I'm talking to an excitable Scottish prospector, and I can't understand a word he says. The next I'm talking to almost anyone who I can pay to listen to me, and they can't understand a word I say. In times like these I count myself lucky that I haven't lost my trousers like that other eminent person, lost my sleep like my employees, lost my marbles like the PM or my shirt like a shareholder. Not today anyway!

And yet it is remarkable, when I look back to my beginnings as a simple lad on the family farm. I remember looking around at the dark, smiling faces of the farm hands, who all wanted their land back. It's easy to imagine, when I look around today, that nothing much has changed.

Returning to my theme, bridges, I would like to wrap it up. So in the words of that old negro, my advice to you is, just keep rolling along.

Space Cadet



SOCIAL TIT BITS

Turned on by exhibitionism? The latest nude night club opened in North Sydney called Jack's Beanstalk. Entry is free (they're thinking about paying you to come in). You are greeted at the door with a big smile and as they take your clothes they hand you a putter, make you swim the length of a 25 metre pool underwater. The club is frequented by famous Aussie golfers such as Peter Chook Fowler, Brett Ogle and Peter O'Malley. The white shark has been banned after his last performance. The great white pointer in the middle of the pool as he did a lap of backstroke offended the sensibilities of most patrons.

CPW has taken up a new career in disco dancing and entertainment - setting fire to his beard, having his nose enlarged and is about to release his next album "Bad Debts".

Madame Lush is about to open a new high brown S & M parlour called Robyn's Redbreast. Free nipple clamps, and expensive chardonnay are presented by your pleasure attendant for the nite - Pierre - he will slip you into a barbed-wire corset for no extra charge. No one should miss the opportunity to be dealt with in these most tasteful surroundings and enjoy lovingly prepared sticky date fingers at the same time.



Lord Bean's Diary

31st May 1993

Phoned in to work today to tell them I couldn't make it.

Lord B: "Mary, Mary, I'm lying flat on my back and cant do a thing. It's just terrible. I'm useless."

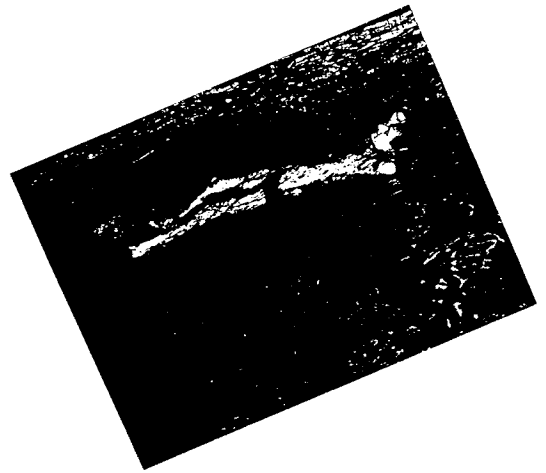
Mary: "Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

M a r y : (f e e l i n g compassionate)

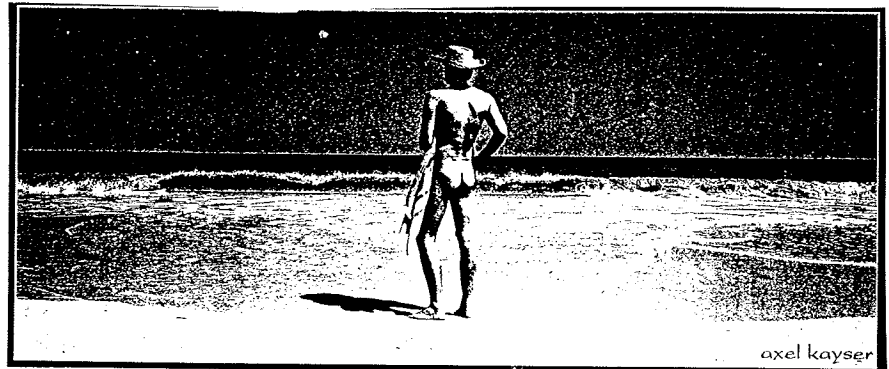
"Ok. Would you like me to talk you through this?"

32nd May 1993

Should get married today. Check putting. Start body building exercises.



evidence from
headmistress



33rd May 1993

Look for missing balls. Apologise to headmistress of girls school for removing clothes in presence of her pupils. Propose to someone. Finish body building exercises. Anyone for tennis instead?



34th May 1993

6th attempt at passing driving licence. Write to instructor to apologise for slamming door on his hand and driving over his foot.

35th May 1993

Balls still missing. Try lost and found at railway. Maybe travelling round on someone's car roof with my left shoe.

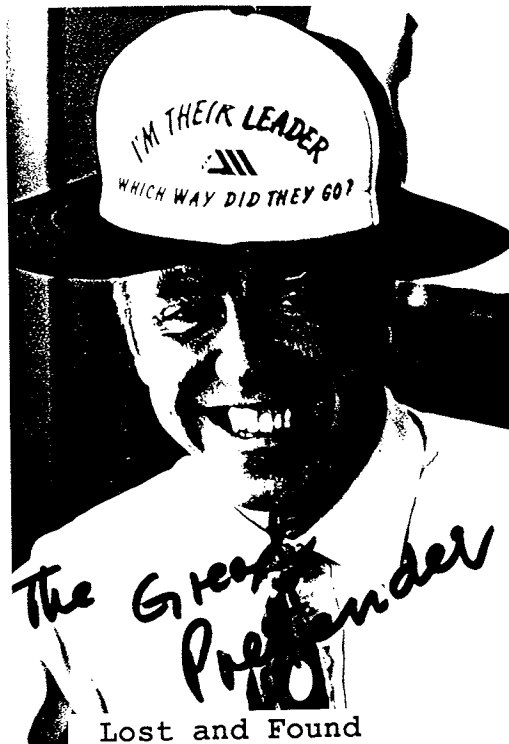
BOOKS, RECORDS AND FILMS

Dont miss the new Scottish cassette of wacky, zany requests. In the comfort of your own home you can run around after totally meaningless ideas and convoluted errands.

Complete Crisis Communication Manual or Dealing with a Paranoid - a must for all employees.

And of course the delphinium award for the year has been given to ADB for giving the company secretary flowers on Secretaries' Day. So thoughtful Andrew! A dozen bulbs with a golden spade will be forwarded to him shortly.

KSC is standing for Prime Minister in the next elections. His moral integrity in staging one-man protests is exemplary and just goes to show that lunching is not as important aswinning Brownie points.



Lost and Found

Have you seen Lord B's balls????

Missing persons - gruesome twosome - Vickers & Cole last seen at the Cabana nightclub at the Cross winning dancing competitions. (No one else was still moving!)

Has anyone seen Peter's extendable pointer????

A pair of green pantyhose were found on QF28 to Harare. Anyone having any knowledge of the owner's identity or whereabouts should contact Chief Inspector Wombat.

Lost: one murder victim!



That's funny, it was there when I looked this morning

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Dr Feelgood,
I am a young, male geologist (I think) currently working in the Tanami Desert (if my GPS is working ok). I dont get to town much as you can see by the fact that I've had to send this letter by Racist Air Charter, Pigeon Couriers and Oh No Australia Pist.

I need some advice on how to meet members of the opposite sex as I am becoming quite lonely with only my 4X4 and the spinifex to talk to. (Spinifex gets into absolutely everything - a real gossip monger!) I dont know if you've tried talking to the spinifex but I reckon it runs out of intellectual conversation after a week or so. I've tried relationships with the local feral animals but they are now aware of my advances and becoming harder to catch. Any advice would be greatly appreciated.
Signed Desert Rat.

Dear Desert Rat,
Suggest you hire a video called Rambo and take lessons in hunting.

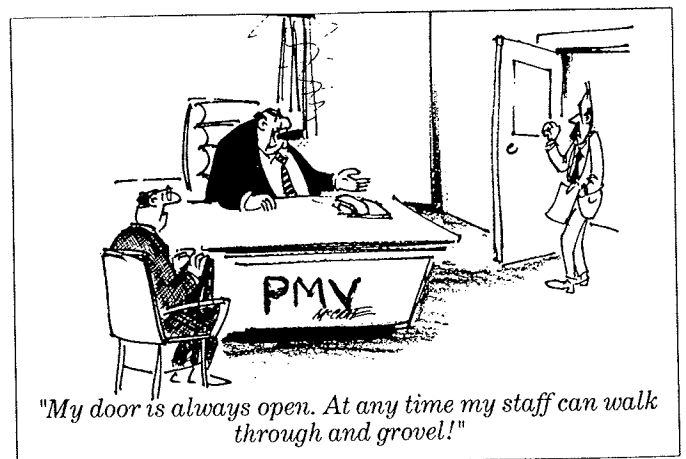
Dear NTKM,
I am a keen sailor and avid reader of your publication. During recent months I have had difficulty locating my mast, and once it is found, I have had trouble keeping it straight and upright. first it would just bend, but recently it actually broke! This is in direct contrast to my previous experience, and all who know me would agree that this has never been my problem. Indeed "high and tight and out of sight" has always been my catch-cry.

The problem now seems to be created by wind. If there's too much wind in the region, the mast wont work - if I can find it anyway, because it's always in some hard-to-get-at place.

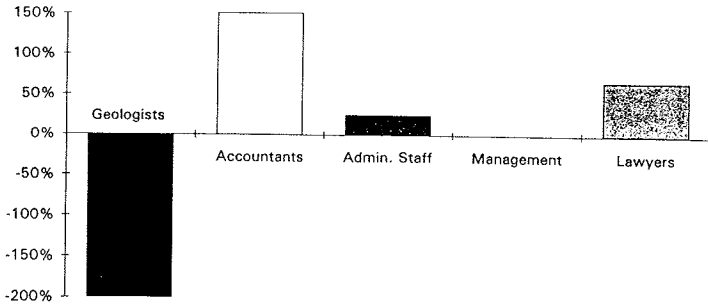
And when the wind is strong the shaft breaks. I just have so much trouble getting it straight. People have suggested that it should be less rigid, more flexible, but I dont see how it could work like this. I recently spent over a week, just trying to get the thing to work properly. I am exhausted by the effort, and extremely frustrated.

Can you help me get this straight?
Perplexed.

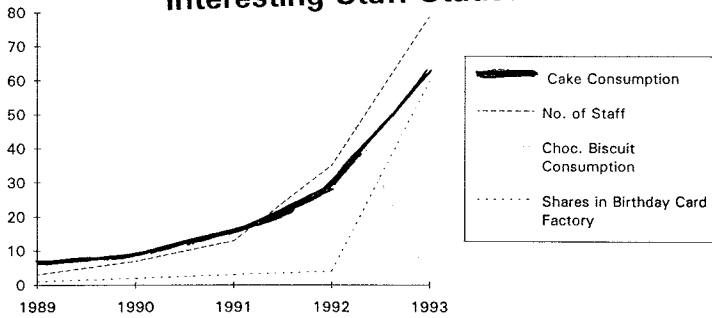
Dear Perplexed,
This problem is usually the result of mast-fatigue, caused by chronic over-manipulation. Our advice is to give it a rest. It this does not work try setting fire to the lot and see if it rises from the ashes.



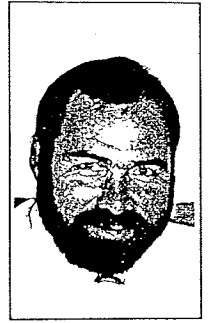
Changes in staff in 1993



Interesting Staff Statistics



THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY



IS SHE GOOD

She's very, very good!

IS SHE BAD

That's for you to find out!

IS HE UGLY

Well-what do you reckon!

and where do you meet these

PARAGONS?!?

OF VIRTUE

at the *end-of-year* gathering

*where the tucker is tops
Where the skimpies are gorgeous*

where your middy is served in a handle so the booze don't get hot in your hand

Phantom Phorm Production

Are you aware that the number of financial/administrative forms required to be filed, copied, filled and approved has reached plague proportions. There are rumours of a phantom form former rampantly reproducing ridiculous requirements. Several examples come to mind:

- order forms
- travel forms
- living away from home forms
- training forms
- accounts payable forms
- personality forms
- leave application forms
- expense forms
- capital expenditure forms

Can we suggest "May I be Excused" forms to be filed in triplicate before going to the Ladies. The increase in staff numbers has produced queueing in the Ladies and unfortunate delays in production. Another good idea would be a form to decide which desk I can use today or filling out a form to get the key to go to the locked stationary cupboard or even a "Can I have a cuppa form"!



The Kanowna Belle Mine Opening

...and behind me is a big wheel...



Who farted?!



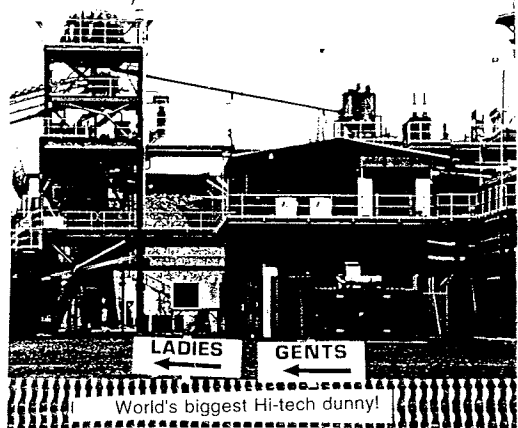
Oh! it was me.



"Yep, I can rub my tummy and pat my head..."



"Ok your place, I find the back of the bus so uncomfortable!"



World's biggest Hi-tech dunny!

"Oh no baby, it's not you that tickles my fancy, it's this frigging palm tree!"



"Would a bomb do it Neil?"



"and he shall smote them from on high"

"eek, hold on to your hats"



"Oh shit!, here he comes again"

...here endeth the lesson



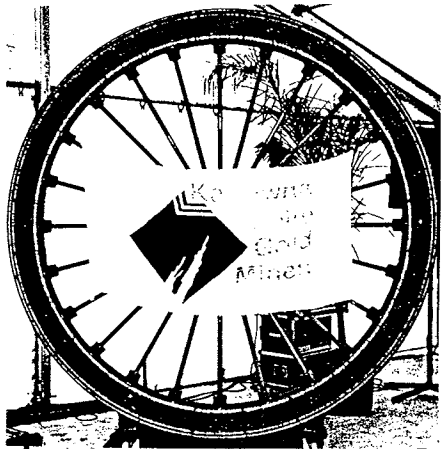
"I'll just quietly steal this spoon while no one is watching me!!"



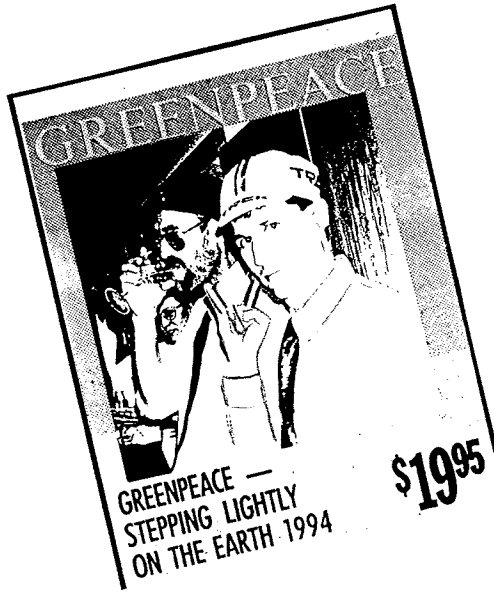
"Here Lisa let me adjust your lobotomy"



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GREENPEACE — STEPPING LIGHTLY ON THE EARTH 1994 **\$19⁹⁵**



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Ms. SOCIAL DIRECTOR
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Chance to win flying lessons

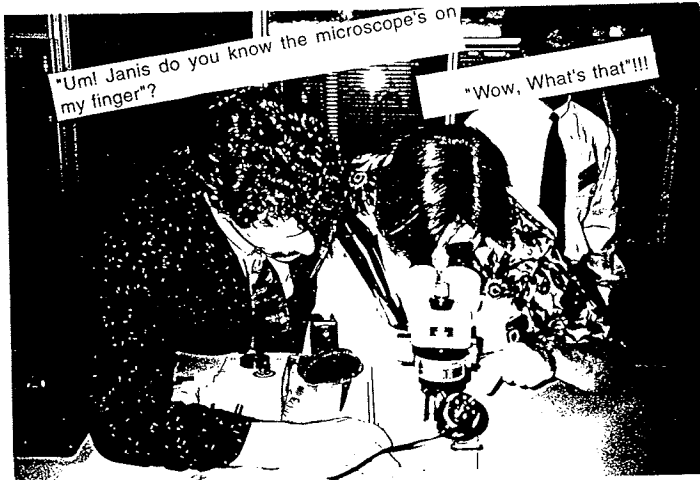
VIDEO — CONSUMING PASSIONS **\$24⁹⁵**

LIPSTICK ON YOUR COLLAR **\$29⁹⁵**

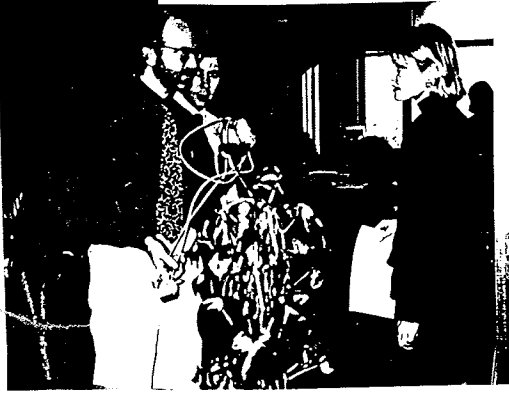
VIDEO — DAD'S ARMY — a classic comedy **\$29⁹⁵**

Around the Office

Hello! I'd like you to meet my date.



I'll plug in this plant if I want to. So there!



Trust me I'm a geo! (Wanna buy a cheap coat?)



"it hurts just here, doctor"



Mine are real! His are the Falsees.!



Oh Andy, Andy, your place or mine?



Get a load of this lot will you!



My name is Johann. This is Robbie! Do you come here often?



This is an apple!



They think it's raining

We know the sprinklers are going to be tested.