OPINION

You can’t beat a great ad

OT happy, Darrell Lea. In this week’s chocolate company tried to reprise the classic Yellow Pages advertisement featuring an unhappy boss who discovers her company’s ad has been left out of the phone directory.

Darrell Lea’s version was brilliantly similar even featured the same actor, Deborah Kennedy, who made up the line while shooting the original in 2000.

This time around, Kennedy says: “No one wants me to take out a few miles of fruit and nut chocolate calms her down.”

But Sensis, owner of the Yellow Pages, wasn’t having a bar of it and sent a “cease and desist” letter. Happily — almost too happily — Darrell Lea obliged, pulling the ad.

Is that what they had in mind all along? If so, this own goal turned out to be a clever move. “To Annie consumers who enjoy a new take on life, we say — stay tuned,” Darrell Lea told the Toowoomba Weekly.

It makes me wonder what’s next.

Rip-offs of Meadow Lea margarine: “You ought to be congratulated, Darrell Lea?”

Or maybe Tip Top breast, “Good on you, Mum, Darrell Lea’s the one?”

The rebooted confectionary company now seems to play on its fondness for old ad like the Yellow Pages always did.

The phrase “Not happy, Jan” has last longer than phone directories.

Oh, we must take us back to its simpler time when kids marched in Cottee’s commercials celebrating their fathers who “picked the fruit that made the cordial that I like best”.

Or when a chocolate would leave a bar of soup under her hobby’s pillow to remind her: “Don’t wait to be told, you need Palmolive Gold, and when Paul Hogan threw a shrimp on the barbie even though we don’t call them shrimps.

From the Happy Little Vegetables of the 1990s, to Norm’s Life. Be in It. To Silly the lip-synching waitress for Slip Slip, Slap, they’re still great fun.

Remember Norm the Lion, too? As it guy being told he was obese, only to explain, “I’ve just got big stomach bones”.

At the end of the ad a cartoon man grew so fat he can’t stand up and then explodes. Now it would be called fat-shaming and banned.

Same goes for Sid. Now Sid is computer generated and it’s Slip, Slip, Slip, Seek and Slide — seek shade and slide on umbrellas. Doesn’t have the same ring to it, does it?

If they brought back AAM’s Khonoda and Ketut now, they’d probably be parents in the suburbs worrying about work-life balance and gender-neutral toys rather than running around on the beach.

Even Louise the Fly doesn’t die in the ads these days and Mortein now has plant-based ingredients. Of course, some ads have had their day. Back in the 80s if a man suddenly gave a woman flowers, it was Impulse, the ‘cologne body spray with the reassurance of a deodorant’.

Now it would be called stalking.

Same goes for the Sexy Legs pantyhose ad where the woman’s skirt blows off completely to expose her Sexy Nick undies. Say nix to that these days.

Louise the Fly, Norm and the Biped Wall of China guy are classic ad characters that endure. Remember Rita the Fta Eater, Mrs Marsh from Caligate and Madge “You’re soaking it in” for Palmolive. And Professor Julius Summer Miller, who taught us there was a glass and a half of full-carm milk in every Cadbury’s block?

At university, if someone got drunk too early they were called a Cadbury — you know, a glass and a half was all it took.

Even worse were the moose Omo drinkers — half a cup in the mouth, the rest on the clothes.

The best ads live on and on. Every time I buy milk I think of that ad for Paul’s Smart Milk which features the won't-out milk bar lady asking: “Low fat, no fat, full cream, high calcium, high protein, soy, light, skim, omega 3, high calcium with vitamin D and folate, or extra dollop?”

And dropping the P-Snob around the kids brings back the Ingham Chicken “Bloody Oath” family or the wonderful Hilux “Bugger” ad.

Decades on, I’d bet you can still finish these famous ad lines for biscuits, cars and soft drinks.

“You can’t beat a Saz”...

“Football, meat pies, kangaroos and...”

And “It’s light on air so you can...”

“Let’s hope we see some more great ads from Darrell Lea. The company has just bought Lifesavers lollies, so no doubt they’ll help us get a ‘hole more out of life’.”

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MAKE A NOTE IN YOUR DAIRY, IT’S WORLD MILK DAY

REETINGS from Delinian, where I’m on a family farm, getting stuck into a cappuccino with locally sourced milk and let me tell you, it was sensational.

Today is World Milk Day and I’d like to speak up for the creamy moo—

Juice products are very important for support our dairy farmers in trying times. Speaking to local producers up here, they tell me the ‘moo and pop’

Farmers who milk fewer than 500 cows have been squeezed out due to the difficulty in keeping stock healthy during drought, their feed plentiful and everything else ticking over.

The bigger farms that draw milk from more than 500 cows are doing OK but, nationally, supermarkets could be more helpful. Woolworths can be commended for getting rid of $1 milk but we’re still waiting for Coles to step up.

MIKEY CAHILL

In Victoria, farmers need our financial support from as far away as Camperdown (where I was born, postcode 3260) to the good folk in Gippsland (where my mum, Kathleen, hail from).

She told us stories of growing up in Merowin with Il in the family and one cow a paddock. Mum’s job was to milk the cow each morning and bring back the white stuff for breakfast. Beety bellies Gina, Velvet, Mammy and Bessee all served the Devonshire tribe of Devon. The Devils did it hard at times, having to settle for bread and milk mashed together when times were tough.

Mum talks fondly of nestling into the warmth of Bessee’s under each morning, especially when the rhubarb had dipped to teeth-chattering levels. But cows are chummy — Bessee would kick the bucket (not that she just as twice the last he’d been milked. Start to:

Some days the bovines would go AWOL, more than once trundling down the main street. My uncle Pat and Mike would lasso them (at least that’s how I remember the story) and lead the beasts back to greener pastures as cars tooted.

My dad was raised on the mean streets of Mitcham. But when my brothers and I stayed with Nana and Pa, it was my job to look out for the bottled milk delivery and grab it from the front porch before any birds

would peck through the aluminium foil cup. We would splash it on our Westfield and Nutri Grain and wash it down with freshly squeezed juice (props to Nana) while watching Hanna-Barbera cartoons.

A snarkbacking colleague was once a relief milkman in Western Australia over the summer of 1974-75.

He said: “Milkmen had to be off the streets at 5am in those days, so we delivered from midnight, running bottles from the ute to people’s doorsteps, trying to avoid angry dogs, frightened possums and giant spider webs carefully constructed across pathways.”

He would often go to work from a purity, full of liquid other than milk.

“I stood on the tray of the ute and the milkman driver, who’d injured his leg surfing so couldn’t run, would shout out, ‘Two bottles number 23, three yoghurts to 25, watch out for the dog, one at 27, should be an envelope with cash.’”

By the end of the milk stint he was fit as a fiddle, despite two "doggie-driven lacerations and one near-death experience when the ute took a left turn when I wasn’t expecting it and I was thrown off". He bounced about three times down the road, but then bounced back to finish his shift. Here’s to the milkman of years past.

So Happy Milk Day everyone. As for substitutes such as almond, soy and others, I think that’s an odd thought. Good luck to you if you drink it. I’m sure you have your reasons, but for me, cows’ milk is like Leo’s — the original and the best.

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