

You can't beat a great ad

NOT happy, Darrell Lea. This week the 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 and even featured the same actor, Deborah Kennedy, who made up the line while shooting the original in 2000.

This time around, Kennedy says "No worries, Jan" after a few bites 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 Aussie consumers who enjoy a new take on life, we say — stay tuned," Darrell Lea's CEO Tim York said.

The rebooted confectionary company was clever to play on our fondness for old ads like the Yellow Pages one.

The phrase "Not happy, Jan" has lasted longer than phone directories. Old commercials take us back to a simpler time when kids marched in Cottee's orchards celebrating their fathers who "picked the fruit that made the cordial that I like best".

Or when a woman would leave a bar of soap under her hubby's pillow



SUSIE O'BRIEN

to remind him: "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 Vegemites of the 1950s, to Norm's Life. Be in It, to Sid the hisping seagull for Slip Slop Slap, they're still great fun.

Remember Norm the Life. Be in 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 grows 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, Slop, Slap, Seek and Slide — seek shade and slide on sunnies. Doesn't have the same ring to it, does it?

If they brought back AAMI's Rhonda and Ketut now, they'd probably be parents in the suburbs worrying about work-life balance and gender-neutral toys rather than lazing around on the beach.

Even Louie 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 1980s 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 Nix undies. Say nix to that these days.

Louie the Fly, Norm and the Bigpond Wall of China guy are classic ad characters that endure.

Remember Rita the Eta Eater, Mrs Marsh from Colgate and Madge "You're soaking in it" for Palmolive?

And Professor Julius Sumner Miller, who taught us there was a glass and a half of full-cream dairy 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 messy 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 worm-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 F-bomb around the kids brings back the Ingham Chicken "Bloody Oath" family or the wonderful Hilux "Bugger" ad.

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

"You can't beat a Sao ..."

"Football, meat pies, kangaroos and ..."

And: "It's light on fizz 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 lot more out of life".

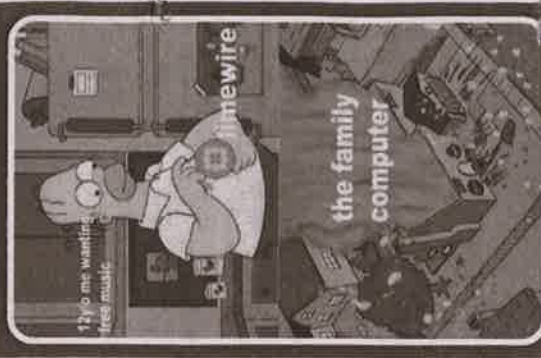
SUSIE O'BRIEN IS A HERALD SUN

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MIKEY'S SATURDAY MEMES



Destroying PCs since early 2000s.

Me: Shania Twain: Lets go girls
Me:

"Buh-buhhhhhn buh buh-buhhhn"

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

GREETINGS from Deniliquin, where I'm on a family farm, getting stuck into a cappuccino with locally sourced milk and let me tell you, it tastes glorious.

Today is World Milk Day and I'd like to speak up for the creamy moo-juice and encourage you all to 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 150 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 800 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, hails from).

She told us stories of growing up in Morwell with 11 in the family and one cow in a paddock. Mum's job was to milk the cow each morning and bring back the white stuff for breakfast. Beefy belles Gina, Velvet, Mammy and Bessie all served the Devlin tribe of Morwell. The Devils

did it hard at times, having to settle for bread and milk mashed together when times were tough.

Mum talks fondly of nesting into the warmth of Bessie's udder each morning, especially when the celsius had dipped to teeth-chattering levels. But cows are clumsy — Bessie would kick the bucket (not like that) just as the last teat had been milked. Start again.

Some days the bovines would go AWOL, more than once trundling down the main street. My uncles 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 cap. We would splash it on our WeetBix and Nutri Grain and wash it down with freshly squeezed juice (props to Nana) while watching Hanna-Barbera cartoons.

A washbucking 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 6am 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 party, 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 and a yoghurt to 25, watch out

for the dog, one at 27, should be an envelope with cash."

By the end of his milko 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 milkos of years past.

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

MIKEY CAHILL IS A HERALD SUN

COLUMNIST

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