

**NUMBER 21
AUGUST
TWO SHILLINGS**

02



OUR SAVIOUR

JOIN NOW



FORMAL WEAR

147a "KING" ST. SYDNEY (at the rear of the lift near castleknagh st) Phone 28-0537
26-28 MARKET LANE, MELBOURNE (off Bourke St AND LITTLE BOURKE ST. opp Southern Cross concourse) 32-4795

CRUSH The Viet-Cong with ELEGANCE, POISE, SOPHISTICATION, DASH

white feather curries also use formal wear.

Take this unsolicited testimonial from FANG WHEELIE leading Turn crasher and Tube cracker.

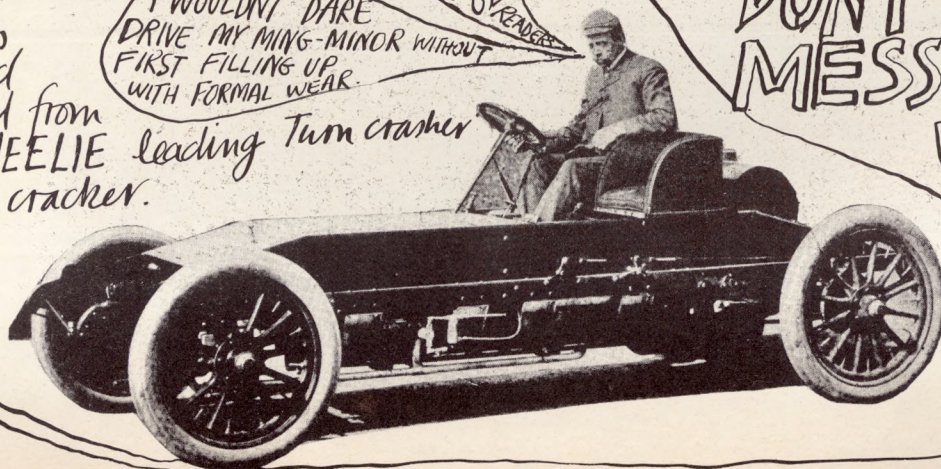
I WOULDN'T DARE DRIVE MY MING-MINOR WITHOUT FIRST FILLING UP WITH FORMAL WEAR.

10% OFF FOR OL' READERS

"CLOTHES MAKETH THE SOLDIER"

DONT LOOK A MESS IN WORLD WAR 3

(The GAS war)





Sheard



DAY BY DREA

June 30: The Big Day for the conscripts

Unfortunately the departure of 380 N.S.W. recruits from Sydney Central Railway Station for Puckapunyal was marred somewhat by a skirmish in which police tore down posters and generally manhandled demonstrators from the Save Our Sons (S.O.S.) Movement and the Youth Campaign Against Conscription.

Of course, it was terribly thoughtful of the police — including "men from the C.I.B. Special Branch, two sections of the Army's detective force, Commonwealth Security and Railway detectives" (SMH, July 1), all discreetly in plainclothes — to come along on their off-night and swell the numbers of "friends and relatives" at the platform; and to demonstrate what years of discipline and training had done for their strong right arms.

And, of course, it was a timely reminder for the raw recruits of the kind of freedom of speech and of action they might ultimately be called upon to lay down their lives to save.

JULY 2: The N.S.W. State ALP Executive announced that it would not re-endorse two Sydney ALP Aldermen—Messrs. Foster and Moran—for the forthcoming Sydney City Council elections.

Ald. Foster had the temerity to vote on one occasion against a Caucus decision to allow parking in Moore Park during this year's Royal Easter Show. Ald. Moran never actually voted against Caucus but he did once speak against a decision to allow free admission to the Domain Baths.

Everyone knows the Libs. are not very liberal, but the Labor Party certainly makes them look that way.

JULY 4: External Affairs Minister, Paul Hasluck, returned from overseas to his native land (Australia). He told reporters: "We are supporting the South Vietnamese Government against aggression, not because we have been told to, but on the basis of our very sober judgment of the situation. Very happily our decision coincides with the judgment of America—that it is the best way of helping world peace."

Oh, these happy coincidences!

JULY 5: Big Transport Strike in Sydney: Very exciting.

The kind of break from the daily grind that everyone privately adores but publicly deplors (mainly as a topic of conversation between motorists and their pick-ups). The new N.S.W. Transport Minister, Morris (gimmick: he travels in public transport), created a favourable image and many inches of news-type by personally surveying (on foot) the chaos created by the selfish transport workers.

People providing a public utility should not be **allowed** to strike. Arbitration is good enough for them. Or better still, they could follow the example of another occupational group providing a government utility — the doctors — and decide on their salaries amongst themselves.

JULY 6: Mr. G. P. Barton, Managing Director of Ipec-Air Pty. Ltd., had some strong words to say about the way in which the Commonwealth Government had amended its Civil Aviation law so as, in effect, to block Ipec's appeal to the Privy Council.

Ipec commenced operations in Adelaide in 1954 with two small trucks. Today, it delivers more than 10,000 consignments every working day.

That's initiative for you! But in our Free Enterprise System initiative is not the only quality required, is it, Reg?

Perhaps Ipec had better stop being so enterprising and learn how to pee in people's pockets.

July 9: GMH announced that their 1964 budget—a mere £18.8 million—was down on last year's figure (£19.2 million) but that a larger proportion (£9 million) was being sent back to America.



New Zealand's Prime Minister, Holyoake, flew into Sydney to tell reporters:

"New Zealand will not be pressured into sending additional troops to Vietnam. Nobody pressures New Zealand. We are an independent nation."

That makes one of us.

JULY 11: Queen Anne-Marie of Greece gave birth at Corfu to a bouncing 9 lb. 9 oz. baby girl — her first — who becomes heir to the Greek throne. Corfu immediately embarked on 3 days of festivities, including torch light processions and dancing in the streets.

Less than a week later King Constantine — Queen Anne's young husband — gave birth to a bouncing near-revolutionary clanger when he forced his Prime Minister to resign. Athens immediately embarked on 3 days of festivities, including demonstrations and protest meetings.

The little Greek baby may be heir but let's hope daddy can hold onto his throne for her.

JULY 11: Fifteen N.S.W. clergymen of various religious denominations wrote to the Prime Minister expressing concern at his policy on Vietnam and his attitude to peace congresses:

"The Prime Minister has stated that all peace rallies held in Australia have been organised by Communists. As Christian ministers who have been actively planning and conducting peace gatherings we ask:

- "Is the Prime Minister attempting to silence public debate and to regiment, by fear, the free people of Australia?"
- "Does the Prime Minister wish, as a leader of a democracy, to discourage discussion of the issues of foreign policy?"

In a word: yes.

JULY 12: Det.-Sergt. Harry Giles was dismissed from the N.S.W. Police Force for disobeying an order to return to work (he had previously been fined £10 for the same offence).

Two detectives are currently conducting

July 13: The Big Ming get together with the Press.

The newspapers sent along their most obsequious journalists and then raved about the way he handled their tricky questions about new boots for the troops and his opinion of Joan Sutherland.

The line Bob was peddling so successfully this time was that we are only in Vietnam at the invitation of the Saigon government (which, by a deft slight of his flabby hand, becomes instantly equatable with "at the invitation of the South Vietnamese people").

*The South Vietnamese Govt.
requests the pleasure of the company of
...Bob...
at a 'progressive' war, at 'Vietnam'
South East Asia
Bring Your Own
BLACK ARM BAND R.D.M.*

July 14: Coca-Cola Bottlers (Melbourne) Pty. Ltd. were fined £20 in Flemington Court for having sold a bottle of drink whose sediment included one small mouse.

Your friendly Coke bottler has always boasted that his product "had that little something extra". Once, this little something was cocaine and alcohol (see OZ April 1965); now, apparently, it's mice.



a departmental inquiry into allegations that Giles recently set up a brothel in Kings Cross. If Giles had remained in the Police Force he would have been forced to answer any embarrassing questions they might have wanted to ask him. But now, alas, he is no longer obliged to answer anything.



JULY 15: A fire in one of Melbourne's largest bookstalls, Macmillan & Co. Ltd., destroyed more than £50,000 worth of books.

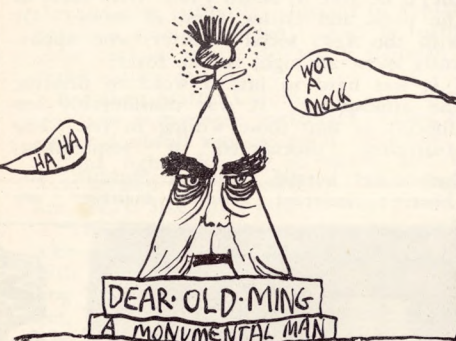
Police are still investigating a hunch that the book burning fire was started by the Victorian Vice Squad to celebrate the homecoming of Mr. Rylah a few days later (See July 19).

A news item from the "Sydney Morning Herald" for July 15:

MELBOURNE, Thursday.—The monument to Sir Robert Menzies in Jeparit, his birthplace, will cost £2,000 — £500 to be contributed by the Shire of Dimboola.

It sounds as if the monument to Sir Robert will take the form of a caricature:

Tonight the Jeparit Shire Council approved plans for a 60ft spire from an 8ft concrete base, topped by a 2ft brass thistle.



According to our spies, there will be dedicatory verses inscribed upon the base, one of which will run something like this:—

There was an old fat man from Jeparit
Whose fame and whose deeds were quite
separate.

Though no military ace,
He ate and drank at a pace
Amazing to all who are temperate.

—B.R.N.

JULY 16: Reg Ansett told reporters in Perth (AUSTRALIAN July 11) that Ipec's plan for an interstate air-freight service would not succeed, which seemed very true. He also forecast a big expansion in Australian air-freight services generally, although "while the present government policy remains," he saw no room for a third air-freight service such as the one proposed by Ipec, which might seem a fairly greedy attitude to those who did not know Reg better.

"This is not my fight," he said, "but Ipec is entitled to have a go." Ha, ha, ha.

July 17: Mariner IV at Mars (PICTURE!)

And so began that seemingly interminable rash of quite incomprehensible photographs of God knows what, but anyone was prepared to guess.

July 19: France protested to the U.S.A. against a "spy flight" over the Pierrelatte nuclear plant, which will supply uranium for France's projected H-bombs and nuclear submarines.

The plane apparently made two flights

MAIDLY FOR ADLAI

On July 18 the Sunday Mirror ran a story on the Kennedy myth.

We are told that Jacqueline Kennedy still gets 3,000 letters and scores of gifts each week from people "who can't forget". 50,000 people every week file past Kennedy's Arlington cemetery where at least 10 ceremonies are performed each day (30 at weekends).

There is hardly a town in America that doesn't have an airport, a school, an avenue or a hospital named after President Kennedy. On July 15 it was announced that the first Australian awards from the £2.2 million Winston Churchill Memorial Fund will be made on November 29.

On the same day (July 15), a great man, by the name of Adlai Stevenson, died. It was not the main story in any Australian newspaper; there will be no Adlai Stevenson Memorial Fund, and his widow will not fare as well as the lovely Jackie.

He was a humanist of the first order, a great liberal, an intellectual and a wit. But he lacked the common touch, decisiveness of action and the ability to simplify issues to the level The public demands.

When, during his 1952 presidential campaign, Stevenson was charged with being an egghead, he retorted: "Eggheads unite! You have nothing to lose but your yolks."

Democratic Party organisers warned him that the President of the United States, in the public view, was not supposed to be funny. And they were right. He lost two presidential campaigns by an embarrassingly large margin to one of the worst Presidents the U.S. has ever had (Ike).

So much for democracy.

over the plant and systematically took 175 photographs. But the Yanks claimed that it had been blown off-course because of a thunderstorm. ★★★★★★

Mr. Arthur Rylah returned from his overseas survey of the Pornography Scene with the conclusion: "We have no censorship in Victoria, just laws against obscene publications."

While overseas, Arthur managed to read Henry Miller's "The Rosy Crucifixion": "I read it just to make sure that our policy is right."

All this close contact with obscenity seems to have had remarkably little effect on Mr. Rylah — he's still the same old sex maniac he's always been.

HOORAY FOR THE ONE-EYED RYLAH



OZ
ALF of
the
MONTH

July 20: Pope Paul, in a private audience with the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr. Tetsaburo Shiina, praised Japanese work for peace and said such efforts were particularly needed in South East Asia "which gives us ground for so much concern". It is believed that the Pontiff may go to the U.S. in October to issue a plea for world peace.

It seems to be taking a long time for the Pope's desire for peace in Vietnam to percolate through to the Australian Catholic hierarchy which has recently been up in

arms at Morris West (a lay Catholic) for expressing a similar desire.

Apparently in this country the Pope is more infallible on oral contraception than politics.

JULY 21: Johnson has decided to appoint J as representative to the United Nations, Judge Arthur Goldberg. The good judge is better known to his friends as "Galloping Goldberg". Makes him sound like a stable mate to our own "Mr. Ed."

Talking of Mr. Ed., the Sydney Morning Herald seems to have been so perturbed by his bad public image that they sent a reporter across to get the real gen straight from the horse's mouth.

"Lest Australians believe Mr. Ed. to be flamboyant of shirt, brash of speech, and an object for satire, it is as well to point out that he is not, caricature, but a shrewd and clever man." We'll see.

Mr. William Buckland may have been a "quiet millionaire" once, but now he's dead he's certainly causing a lot of noise. First his wife, then his son, and now his daughter, have claimed they didn't get a big enough cut from his £4 million estate, which was mainly left to charity. Apparently no longer can you be a sole judge of what your dependants are worth. The courts will have the final say.

Thy will be done, but the courts will decide if thy will be executed.

★★★★★★★★★
July 22: A Police Inquiry Board heard evidence from Melbourne CIB detectives supporting their claim for increased special allowances.

Suspects, they said, were becoming harder to interrogate because they were learning more about civil liberties, and police methods through television, and freely available literature.

It meant spending more time on them, and providing them with meals and cigarettes for humane reasons, and to gain their confidence.

Courts of recent times were also requiring more corroboration of confessions than in the past, they claimed.

Sen. - Detective Cyril George Ainley, of the Consorting Squad, and Detective Denis Robert Hanna, of Ringwood C.I.B., said they bought suspects meals and cigarettes, and paid informers out of their own pockets.

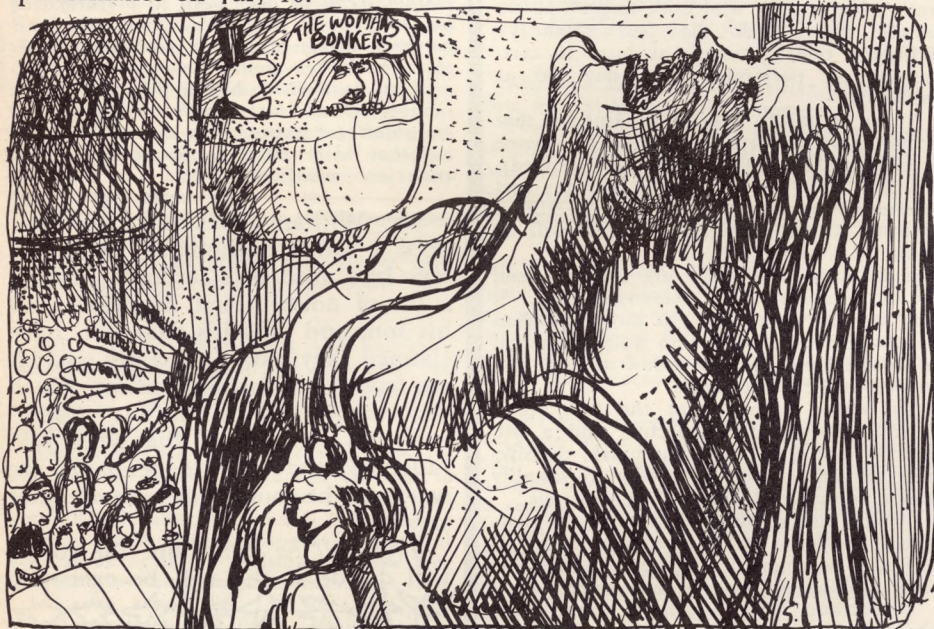
A COPPERS
COP IS NOT
A HAPPY
ONE



A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

£10 is, after all, a lot to spend on an evening's entertainment, even to see Joan Sutherland's opening night. On the international entertainment market, that is roughly equivalent to twenty Continental movies.

So I bought instead five bob's worth of newspapers in the days before and after the great event and was able to so completely immerse myself in the electrifying atmosphere they communicated that I feel able to write almost as if I had been right there next to Lady Myer, whom the Sydney *Mirror* nominated as the leader of the final ovation for the opening "Lucia" performance on July 10.



If I had any doubts about what to expect, all the newspapers were eager to give me preview photographs of Sutherland caught in mid-histrionics. "Even in rehearsal," the *SMH* reassured, "it is there—the mystery, the madness and the opulence of Grand Opera."

The *SMH* was even kind enough to tell us exactly when we were expected to clap: "The opera will be punctuated or interrupted, if not stopped altogether, at two points: Joan Sutherland's first appearance in the second scene of Act I and her last in the first scene of Act III." After that, there seemed little chance for ugly pauses while the Diva hung around waiting for the audience to realise it was clapping-time.

When the great evening at last arrived, I was at a loss to know where to take my seat: with *The Australian's* Martin Collins, somewhere backstage? (We realise *The Australian* is in difficulties but you'd think they'd be able to afford £10.) With most of the press and critics, front of house? Or with the *Age's* social reporter, who apparently spent all night in the foyer?

It was hard to find a word to describe the atmosphere. It was considerably less difficult to find those willing to try. *The Australian* proclaimed it resplendent; Sutherland herself called it *fantastic*; the theatre's assistant general manager un-

KEN MORRISON'S

Village Toggery

BE "IN" for W.W. III
The BIG Fashion EVENT FOR '65

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

DONT LET
YOUR SON,
BOYFRIEND, GR-
ANDFATHER OR
DE FACTO
HUSBAND
GO TO
FIGHT
FOR THE
U.S.
LOOKING
SHABBY



The Well
Dressed young
man in Vietnam
is wearing JUNGLE
GREEN

SLOUCH HATS

GROUND SHEETS

SOCKS
MEDALS

GAITERS

"GREAT" COATS

NEW BOOTS
KIT BAGS

BATTLE DRESS SLIM

WEBBING

SIDK

believable.

The Sydney *Sunday Mirror*, in particular, always has a remarkable flair for putting its finger on just the right word in situations like this, which could tax the vocabulary of lesser lights: Joan's appearance on stage was *triumphal*; outside the traffic milled about the theatre; at least £250,000 worth of jewellery *glittered* on women in the audience.

For the *Mirror*, Shirley Gott wrote: "There were platoons of knights, squads of cabinet ministers and dignitaries, tycoons too numerous to count—and a real life princess in the Vice-Regal box." (Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and mother-in-law of Sir Henry Abel-Smith, adding just a touch of *class* to the occasion, don't you agree?)

"And when the first act curtain fell they stood shoulder to shoulder with plain Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne and applauded La Sutherland non-stop for five delirious minutes while she took four curtain calls." (So good of "plain Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne" really to turn up in their tails, their ribbons, their jewellery and their £10 seats and lend a touch of *egalitarianism*. So very Australian.)

If the first act ended for Shirley Gott with "five delirious minutes", not so for Martin Collins: "The first act closed with the audience curiously reluctant to applaud. Someone shouted 'Bravo'. And he earned some curious stares. It was a footman in 18th-Century costume."

But then Martin Collins, you will remember, was somewhere backstage. From this rather doubtful vantage point, he wrote:

"The lights did not go down, and the wait seemed like an eternity. First nights are *always* like that, said the doorman."

"The first scene went quietly, competently. The gauze curtains went up on scene two, with Joan Sutherland become visible sitting by a fountain. 'They don't realise it's her, otherwise they'd be clapping,' said a stagehand." (Delightful, isn't it? Poor Martin backstage with his little notebook,



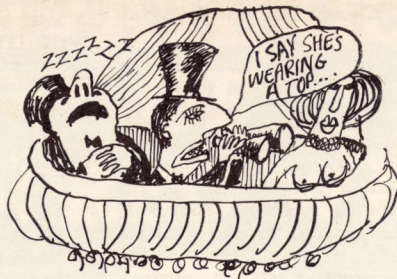
getting in everybody's road and having to have everything explained to him by the theatrical passersby.)

Of course, what you see all depends on where you're sitting. But it's a pity that every reporter always assumes that what he saw was in fact what happened.

For example, compare "Only one person missed the first scene and he had mislaid his tickets" (*The Aust*) with "Dozens of latecomers had to wait until the end of the first scene" (*Tele*).

Or "Bejewelled women clapped, cheered, stamped and whistled for 20 minutes at the end of her opening performance, in which she took 33 curtain calls (*Sun-Herald*) and "she took 16 rousing curtain calls during her Australian premiere to-night" and the audience "clapped in unison for 15 minutes at the of the performance" (*Tele*).

And so it was time for Lady Myer and Princess Alice to emerge from the splendour. And for the music critics to articulate their



pronouncements.

The Sydney *Morning Herald* prides itself on its new daily Entertainment Page, in which it passes judgment on the major artistic endeavours in fairly ill-considered—bordering on incoherent—prose. Roger Covell was therefore given pride of place to discuss: "her spectacular swishings and dartings in the blood-stained shift ... the languishing, flooding portamento of her more pathetic style ... the decorated repeat of the cabaretto ... Naturally it was her high E flats and suchlike that clinched the evening's major demonstrations of applause." (Naturally it was *something* like that.)

In *The Age* Felix Werder was (unbelievably) even wrier: "an occasion of festive splendour and pompeian triumphs for the cast ... easeful floriture ... a torrent of mellifluous sound ... atmosphere of Caravaggio chiaroscuro ... Her tessitura embraces a wide range and is marvellously stimulating—the gear-changes are still too

Who'll come a-shooting

Police are still hunting for the man who has threatened to kill Sir Robert Menzies.

News of the threat triggered off a public debate on the desirability of an assassination but no one seems to have argued **against** it as strongly as I might have hoped, if not expected.

Firstly, would his demise **really** solve the A.L.P.'s troubles? This party has eagerly awaited the "angel of death" before but it certainly didn't help much. His violent death would presumably only prod the electors into a sympathy Liberal landslide at the next election. And what then ... does **anyone** want Harold Holt?

Secondly, the outrageous event might introduce to Australia the uniquely American tradition of assassination. I'm prepared to go out on a limb and say that this is one of the least desirable features of Americanization. If we resist no other facet of the American way of life (and we obviously, won't) then we would be wise to resist this one as long as possible.

Thirdly, his decease would make the Governor-General (temporarily) indispensable, thus providing a regrettably viable reason for not abolishing the office. (My mind flies to Sir Robert whispering with his last breath, "Après moi, le De L'Isle"! Quel dommage!)

Fourthly, such an assassination would be a clear break with Britain and its tradition of tolerating even disastrous leaders, e.g. Macmillan.

Fifthly, why murder a dying man? (I do not propose to examine all the arguments **for** this step.) Although his Asian policies will probably kill a lot of us in the next few years, he can't kill us **all** in the short time he has left. The women, children, and conscientious objectors, not to mention apprentices, will always be left behind. And remember, he has no overall world policy so there shouldn't be any **total** annihilation.

Of course, he will always follow the Americans, but that means the question is whether to assassinate LBJ, doesn't it? (Qan-

obvious ... She has as yet not rid herself altogether of the mannerisms of swooping portamento, gilding the emotional lily, as it were." (A pity someone doesn't *geld* Felix's gear-stick—it might do something for his emotional lilies, as it were.)

Only *The Australian's* Kenneth Hince came close to honesty, in his reference to the "shattering ovation"—"No doubt they would have done this however she sang." But I thought he went a little too far in his reference to "her slightly awkward posture" and "overdrawn gestures". That's almost telling.

After all, Sutherland is one of the world's greatest living sopranos but who is brave enough to say that the much-vaunted sets of the Sutherland-Williamson production appear to have been inspired by the chocolate-box art-form, that Bonyng is a mediocre conductor clinging to his wife's apron-strings and that La Sutherland, fine singer that she is, as an actress is a first-rate ham? Certainly no one in that bejewelled, well-drilled audience of July 10.

—R.W.



tas flights are quick and comfortable.)

A few more overseas trips and wet days at the cricket will finish him off more surely than any .303 dum dum bullet fired from the flowering red gum tree about halfway up Mugga Way which he passes at 8.23 every morning. (I pluck an example from the air.) Why risk the rubber hose and a Canberra jury of civil servants?

A plague on both his Houses, you may say, but that is still no reason to treasonously despatch the last Empire builder. Besides, think (sixthly) of all those huge boring bloody obituaries.

—D.L.

To assist them in their search for the would-be Menzies assassin, police have had one of their top artists prepare an Identikit picture of the crazed maniac wanted for questioning in connection with the threats on Sir Robert's life.



Who
!W
?H!
O?
WHO?
!?!
\$

WHO do you consider the most successful politician in Australian history?

HOW has he achieved this distinction? (Choose from the following answers.)

- Because the Opposition is currently:
 - split by a nasty sectarian splinter group.
 - devoid of imaginative leadership.
 - hampered by a cumbersome organisation.
- Because he successfully took over some of the more appealing planks in the opposition platform and took credit for the few creative contributions to Australian welfare, such as the Immigration programme, the Australian National University and the Snowy Mountains Scheme, initiated by the previous Labor Government.
- By encouraging the sale of Australian assets to overseas investors as an easy solution to the balance of payments problem and a convenient method of maintaining a hollow prosperity.
- Because Australia has been extraordinarily fortunate in having an unusually long run of good seasons and enjoyed high international demand for her primary products.
- Because of new discoveries of great natural resources, especially iron ore, uranium, bauxite and other minerals, which he has liberally handed over to foreign investors for short term gain.
- Because of huge wheat sales to a country whose government he refuses to recognise.
- Because of huge wool and ore sales to a country whose people he refuses to let live here.
- Because he is a man of great singleness of purpose, the greatest advocate of his generation, capable of using every shabby trick in the barrister's brief case to further his gigantic conceit by remaining in power.

WHO was the man—

WHOSE promising military career was cut short by the outbreak of the first World War?

WHO pleaded for negotiation with Hitler right through the thirties? (The Argus 12/12/38, page 11): "... an effort should be made to appreciate the German viewpoint ... I think there was a great deal to be said for Germany rearming ... " 9/8/38: "Germany's intentions entirely defensive ... My recent visit to Germany was entirely illuminating. I cannot help feeling ... that they do not understand the British attitude."

WHO (The Argus 17/9/37, page 2) in the course of arguing against accepting the inevitability of war with Germany in 1937 said, "It is fatalistic and disturbing policy to line up the world into two camps ... both sides must be heard ...

I am not in favour of dictatorships, but what government another country chooses to adopt is a matter for that country, not for me ... the world could not go to war through prejudices and passions?"

WHO (The Argus 30/4/37, page 2) in 1937 when Japan walked out of the League of Nations and had been carrying out a military invasion of China for some six years toasted the health of the Emperor of Japan on his birthday and said that he was convinced that Japan and Australia had the same desire for peace in the Pacific?

WHO fought the Waterside Workers when they refused to load scrap iron to help the Japanese militarists further their desire for peace?

WHICH Australian Prime Minister, like British Prime Minister Chamberlain, proved utterly incapable of prosecuting the war against Hitler and got tossed out when the heat was on?

WHOSE government was responsible for the air defences of Australia depending on Wirraways?

WHO, nevertheless, has the audacity to claim that his is the only patriotic party?

WHOSE solution to the Berlin problem was "to blast our way in"? WHO returned from overseas in 1951 and advised us to prepare for war with Russia in three years time?

WHO, just prior to a General Election, bought the defection of a fat Russian renegade for £5,000 and used his wild allegations to smear the Opposition?

WHO completely failed to prove any of these allegations and prosecuted precisely no one?

WHO called Pat Mackie "a curious sort of chap, not even an Australian" but refuses to appoint an Australian as Governor-General?

WHO, when he saw that his policies were not going to work if the international money market dried up, sent his Treasurer to Washington and offered Diggers for Dollars?

WHO was the only Commonwealth Prime Minister to speak in favour of Dr. Verwoerd, and the only one to speak against Nehru? (Millions wept when Nehru died, how many will weep at whose funeral?)

WHO has consistently opposed every progressive motion at UN WHAT sober reflection would you make on the state of political life in the country which has allowed this man to stride its last twenty years like an inert colossus?

WHAT sober reflection would you make on the state of public opinion in this country where his latest exercise, the committal of forces to fight in the last colonial war in Asia — contrived with every specious and cynical phrase and all the monumental arrogance and alibi wit of which only he is capable — has been permitted to pass virtually unopposed?

WHO is a traitor to every decent thing in this country?

ALL THE BEST TROOPS TRAVEL BY KEEP



FORGET THOSE OVERGROWN TROOP SHIPS TRAVEL IN COMFORT ALL SWINGING CATS BOOK THEIR TRIPS THROUGH DICK KEPPS TRAVEL AGENCY 59 MAKLEAY ST. POTTS POINT 35-2971-351569

WHAT A LOVELY WAY TO GO!

COME TO COLOURFUL VIET NAM ORIENTAL PLAYGROUND OF FUN-SEEKING AMERICAN TOURISTS

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE, THEY JUST TRAVEL WITH KEEP.

I ALWAYS TRAVEL TO BLOOD-BATHS WITH KEEP.

KEEP WITH KEEP!



THE PRIVATE ODESSEY OF J. ALFRED WALSH



Alf Walsh, armed to the teeth



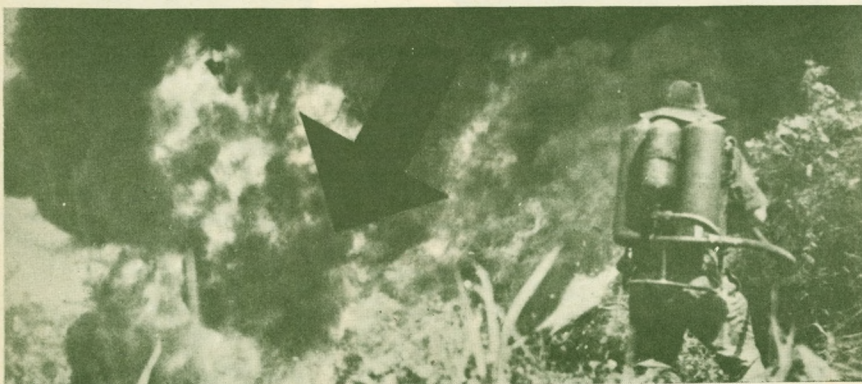
"I'VE won!" squealed Alf Walsh when news of his conscription arrived. He told an enthusiastic press that this was the first time he'd ever had any luck in a raffle and his mum 'n' dad were happy as he was to see him go.



A WHIFF of asthma meant Alf had to miss the celebrated conscript train. But here he is waiting for the next one. Mused Alf: "It was rotten luck missing the headlines." He later told the press he felt like he was going on some sort of honeymoon.



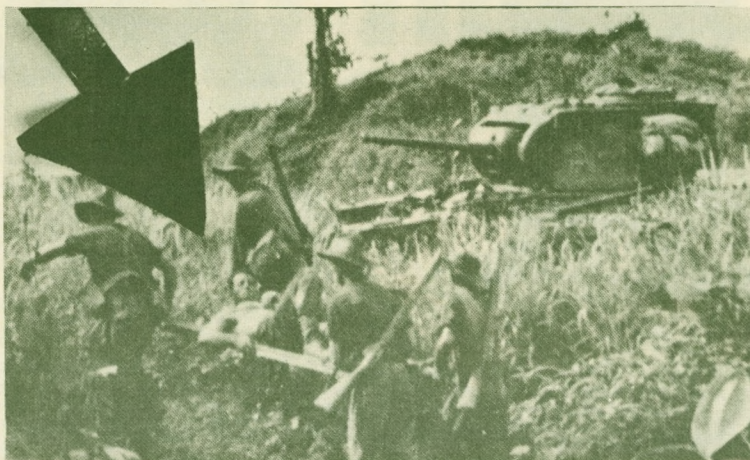
THE word soon flashed around Puckapunya inspection. "That camp doctor called all the Alf, "but I guess we're still a novelty — first batch of raw recruits." Following inspection immunised, crew-cutted, outfitted, billeted, and



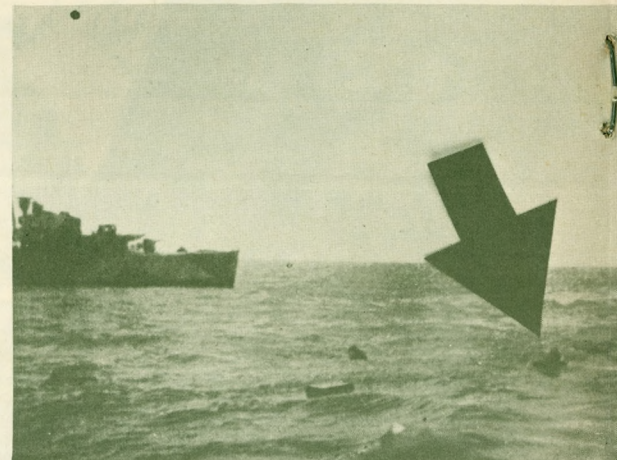
ALF'S first mock battle runs amok. An Army spokesman said Alf had misunderstood his briefing and strayed into the danger area. Quipped Alf from his hospital bed: "Smoke got in my eyes."



ALF's soon back on deck and saying "Goodbye Australia". With mates Bluey (Balls) Myer and Charlie, Alf is off to Vietnam as a replacement for Aussie casualties.



AFTER accidentally straying into a field of Aussie land mines, Alf enjoys a brief spell on a stretcher. Alf was later loaded aboard Australia's newly equipped hospital ship, SS South Steyne, to be returned home. "We'll be sorry to see him go," laughed a captured Vietcong rebel.



THIS dramatic on-the-spot photo shows the sinking of the its accidental bombing by American planes. Sir Robert anxious press that there "must always be a margin for "mishaps of this nature" were to be expected. He said strengthened Aussie-American relations. Alf is seen here the China Sea.



about Alf's medical
passers-by in," said
after all, we're the
on Alf was numbered,
ded.



MISTAKING him for a fellow conscript, Alf plays an innocent barrack prank on Lieutenant-Colonel Adams. But it's all in fun for the first few days and the Army can take it. Said Adams, smiling for press photographers, "we'll soon knock the lads into shape."

CREDITS

Stars: Richard Walsh, John Adams, Phil Abor, Charlie Brown, Stephen Little, Dick Whaite, Marsha Rowe, Richard Neville.

Photography: Michael Molloy.

Direction: Richard Neville.

Wardrobe: Bond Disposals, 250 George St., Sydney. Fair Deal Disposals, 246 George St., Sydney.



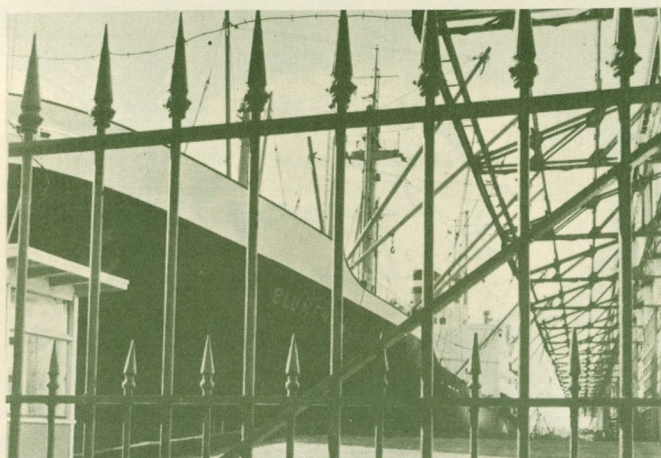
TWO weeks' training at Puckapunyal pays off! Shown here guarding an American-aid plantation just north of Saigon, Alf and mates — barely distinguishable from dense jungle — make an invincible foursome.



UNLUCKILY the lads were surprised, and were forced to panic. Alf fled into an enemy bunker, was then hideously mutilated by Vietcong guerillas and returned to Allies in exchange for toddler. Alf was modest about his ordeal but confided to the press that he really hated missing the Bob Hope troop concert.



the SS South Steyne after
rt Menzies reassured an
human error" and that
the incident had indeed
bobbing contentedly in



ALF'S body was rescued by helicopter and transferred to H.M.A.S. Blummenal. Relatives and friends sorrowfully agreed to pay the £400 expenses so Alf could be given a Christian burial. H.M.A.S. Blummenal has berthed at No. 8 Wharf, Woolloomooloo. Alf's body will be unloaded when striking wharfies return to work.



OBITUARY

Private A. Walsh (Second class), No. 338211. Wounded in action, killed by mishap. Posthumously awarded O.B.E. (Courtesy of official Army photo-wire service.)



STOP PRESS :

Francis James has been appointed OZ Religious Editor.

PSYCHIATRIC
REHABILITATION
CENTRE



I'm Henry VIII I am

P.W.

SUBSCR-
IBING
TO

24/- for one year
45/- for TWO years.

NAME

ADDRESS



Z

OZ

16 HUNTER
ST.
SYDNEY

Jardel

Custom
Submitting

WAIKIKI
P.O. Box V for VIRTUE
HONOLULU
HAWAII
96815, USA

SERVES YOU
BY MAIL ORDER

FROM NEW
ADDRESS

Hawaiian Catalogue
£1/0/0 by Air Mail

Celebrate the success of your frontal labotomy

Dine at



3 Jersey Road, Woollahra Telephone 32 4815 for reservations

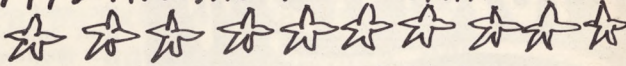


CLUNE 59 MACLEAY ST.
POTTS POINT
SYDNEY 35.22.12
GALLERIES

Paintings by JOHN BELL for next 3 weeks.

Stanville Boys High OP & POP
OPENS AUGUST 3

INTERNATIONAL LITHOGRAPHS



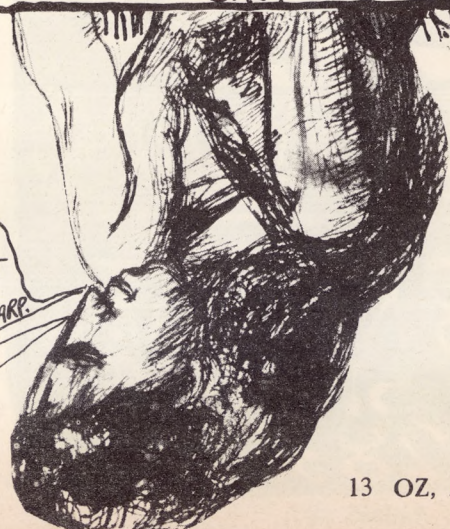
OPENS AUGUST 18.

NOLAN.

LICHTENSTEIN
RAUSCHENBERG
WARHOL
IKEDA
FUKAZAMA
FUKUI
BAJ

IN SEPT.
THE MOCK
OF THE ART
WORLD...
MARTIN SHARRP.

HO HO.





Stranger than Fiction

These are genuine extracts from a pamphlet "Facts about the Woman's angle on Australia" published recently by the Department of Immigration, Australia House, Strand, London. The italics are ours.

Is Australia British in outlook?

Though British in its foundations and traditions, Australia is a nation in its own right. (*well, almost*), with its own national character (*Menzies*). A score of influences have moulded the people, the background and the way of living into a pattern which is (*unhappily*) far from a replica of Britain.

Don't expect to find things in Australia exactly as they were at home. You may miss your old friends, you may miss the quiet beauty of the English countryside (*you may miss civilised companionship and informed discussion*), and you will never see a building that is even 200 years old.

But Australia has a great deal of its own to offer which is just as attractive in another way—(*The effluent at Bondi, the 1965 tourist carvings on Ayer's Rock, the Abo. shanties at Bourke.*)

What about the pay packet?

Nothing hard and fast can be said on wages and the cost of living. Generally your income is likely to be higher than in Britain, though your running expenses may also be higher—(*VIZ: Meaning you're not any better off*). Many wages for tradesmen (*white*) are substantially higher in Australia than in Britain.

Your living costs will vary according to the rent you pay and whether you grow fruit and vegetables yourself—(*Yagoona is just bristling with backyard plantations of *Monstera deliciosa*.*)

Are there many women in public life?

Australia was the first country to give the vote to women (*and it will be last to grant equal pay*) but you may find that women play a less prominent part in public life than they do in Britain. There is no reason in law, and none in established

custom, why this state of affairs shouldn't be changed. (*Why not open a brothel?*)

What sort of meals do Australians eat?

Australian butchers may not cut the meat the way you have been used to, but there is no substantial difference. You will find the fish a new experience (*especially our toad fish*) . . .

What are the shops like?

According to where you live, you have to go rather a long way to the shops (*D.J.'s is 400 miles from Bourke*).

What about sporting facilities?

Sportswomen in Australia have won world acclaim for their performances in international contests. If you are a sports-woman of Olympic Games or of church club standard, you will find ample opportunities to enjoy your chosen sport (*warning: don't swim competitively*).

Is Australia a healthy place for children?

Australia's rate of infant mortality is one of the lowest in the world. With ample food available, and the plentiful sunshine, small children get a very good start in life in Australia. (*It's only when their little minds start to develop that the rot sets in.*)

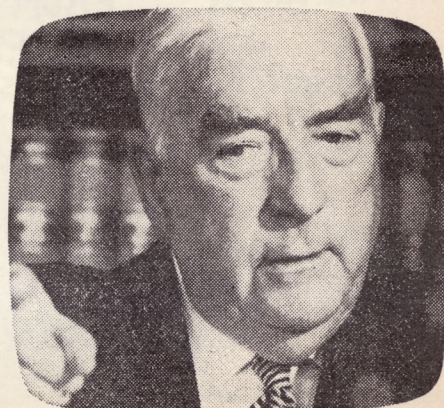
Will my children settle down quickly?

Yes, your children will be happy, and they will revel in the open air life that a kindly climate makes so attractive.

The present generation of schoolchildren in Australia has seen so many thousands of children newly arrived from overseas that newcomers are accepted quite naturally and they are soon part of the team—(*the opposition team*).



Why should we be in Vietnam?



... We have obligations there.

maggie
hutchinson



HATS

43 ROWE ST.
SYDNEY
283525

What about School facilities?
(Next question.)

**Is there any
"class consciousness"?**

The expressions "upper class, middle class and working class" don't convey much to Australians. True, there are suburbs consisting largely of expensive houses; there are also people with incomes far above the average. But the concept of class as a distinct category and pre-determined way of life is quite alien to Australians—(talking of aliens—you'll soon be lovingly labelled a "dirty Pommie bastard" and classed with the Dagos and Wops).

How should I pack?

As you have been told in other publications, there is a housing shortage in Australia, and you would be unusually lucky (unless you had substantial capital with you) to get a suitable house in a short time. So you should have your heavy effects packed so that they will stand up to storage in Australia (and, of course, the trip home again).

What clothes shall I take with me?

Take all the clothes you have, including overcoats and waterproofs. (This way you can establish yourself as a bloody Pom without even opening your mouth.)

Shall I take my TV set?

No, because Australian TV is operating on 625 lines, compared with the BBC's scanning of 405 lines. (No, because our programmes are lousy.)

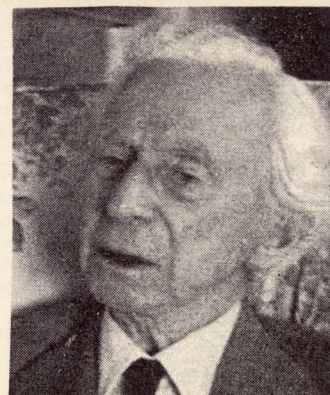
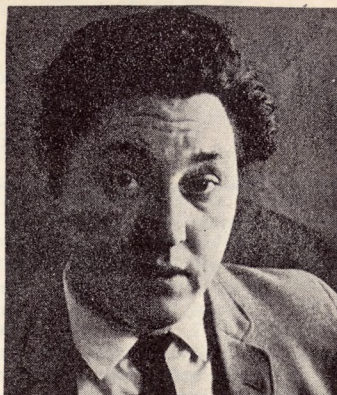
Should I take my books?

Books are a personal matter. Australian book stores offer a wide range of books and publications of all types, including latest novels published overseas, but you may have some old favourites you would like to take with you (warning: don't declare them).

Will I be happy in Australia?

If you realise quite clearly that you are starting a new life in a new country of immense distances and are prepared for some difficulties at the outset, you and your family have every chance of happiness (some time after you arrive we will explain how it is your family missed this chance). Thousands before you have found happiness, prosperity and a bright future for their children in Australia (none of these, of course, have been British).

They still remember Britain with affection. But Australia is their chosen home—as we hope it will be yours (actually we know it will be yours because you can't afford a Return ticket anyway).



P: (the straight man): "Well, here we are again."

S: (the comic): "In OZ magazine."

P: "Do you think people who buy OZ would be very interested in the houses we build?"

S: "Do you imagine the people who read our ads have ever been interested in buying houses?"

P: "Still, we're a very funny pair."

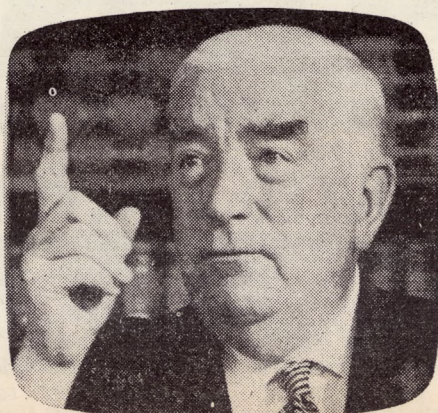
S: "Oh, yes, we are an incredibly funny pair, WE're sure of that."

Pettit & Sevitt: "We may not sell very many houses but at an extraordinarily reasonable price we have established ourselves as Australia's No. 1 exhibitors."

**Pettit, Sevitt & Partners, Full-time Clowns
and Part-time Merchant Builders.**



What if we should withdraw?



... Communism would sweep through...



... and then there would be peace!

OZ, August 15

Sir,
I am enclosing a cutting from the Public Notices columns of the Melbourne Sun.

PUBLIC NOTICES

FIRING PRACTICES
PUCKAPUNYAL AREA.
Ref. Map: PUCKAPUNYAL Trg.
Area: 1:25000.
THE PUBLIC is hereby warned that FIRING PRACTICES will be carried out in the PUCKAPUNYAL MILITARY RANGES on 1-31 JULY, 1965.

Members of the public must keep clear of the area defined below at all times.

WEST BOUNDARY

North along Donkey Creek from the SEYMOUR-HEATHCOTE road and then along Back Creek to a point where Back Creek crosses the road running generally West to East from Young's Hill to MacArthur's Hill, thence East to road bend 600 yards East of MacArthur's Hill, thence North to creek crossing 200 yards downstream from the junction of Spring and Compton's Creek, thence

NORTH BOUNDARY

East to MITCHELLSTOWN-SPRING CREEK road, thence along South boundary of road to road junction one mile East North East of Murdoch Hill, thence South to Major's Creek, thence East along Major's Creek to its junction with Mitchell Creek, thence

EAST BOUNDARY

South East along the road to Northwood Hill, thence in a line South West to Scrub Hill, thence due South to the SEYMOUR-HEATHCOTE Road, thence

SOUTH BOUNDARY

West along the SEYMOUR-HEATHCOTE Road to Donkey Creek.

This notice was inserted by our conscientious Army for the public's safety, for all the world to see, on Page 50. With

the help of a surveyor and geographical expert, are careful citizen would be assured of complete safety, thanks to this notice.

Anyone who has his brains blown out while passing the areas set out in this ad. would only have himself to blame, wouldn't he?

L. Nuttall,
Swan Hill, VICT.

Sir,

I think the last copy of OZ is more like what the public expects from OZ. I particularly liked the cover and the articles on Vietnam and God. P'raps my attitude is slightly "Alf" but I think most — unfortunately, not all—people buy your magazine to read something intelligent, so I was especially pleased at the absence of articles for low-brows to masturbate by. Leave that to the Whisper and other such rubbish. It is my hope that OZ continues along the lines it has now started on (pardon the revolting cliché).

Mark Burton,
St. Kilda, VICT.

BACK COPIES

Collector will pay good price for good copies of OZ, Nos. 1 and 6. Please send offer to Box 5037, G.P.O., Melbourne, naming price required.

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dean Letcher.

SECRETARY: Marsha Rowe.

ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.

ARTISTS: Mike Glasheen, Gary Shead, Peter Wright

★ OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. 28-4197, 96-1448 (after hours).

PRINTED BY AMALGAMATED OFFSET PTY. LTD.—CHIPPENDALE

★ OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

● OZ circulation is now 40,000.

● Back copies are still available for 1/-. Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 15 and 17 have sold out. (No. 16 is selling out.)

"Look! Up in the dock! Is it a perv? Is it a nut?" NO! It's SUPEROZ, strange visitor from another set of values, who, disguised as mild-mannered satirist Neville Walsharp, fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice, individual freedom, sex, tolerance and the democratic way.
—DAVID DALE

FLASH

BACK

Exactly a year ago "The Australian" commenced publication. To commemorate the event, OZ published the following photograph showing their editorial team hard at work.

They looked so alert, so visionary, so go-ahead and behind them was that book-case providing a CONSTANT SOURCE OF REFERENCE.



An editorial conference at work on Australia's first truly national daily newspaper The Australian.

WHY THESE MEN PRODUCED A NEW DAILY NEWSPAPER

Where are they now?

HO HO HO

1. This is Guy Morrison, at present still on the layout staff but rumoured to have been offered a job at the Sydney "Herald". 2. Hank Bateson, now Mr. Fixit for News Ltd., Adelaide. 3. Solly Chandler, now with the Melbourne "Truth". 4. Max Newton, first editor of "The Australian", today a freelance journalist. 5. Jules Zanetti, who is currently head of the London Bureau of the Sydney "Daily Mirror". 6. When we first published this photo we suggested that John Stevens was so far away from the main focus of action, he might as well run along and make the tea. He was then the Chief Sub-Editor and still is.

HO HUM.

WHY I LEFT THE A.L.P.

BY PETER SAMUEL

IT WASN'T—as someone said to me—a matter of “getting out of politics”. The Labor Party in Victoria, at least in the six years during which I held a party ticket, just wasn't politics. And it's getting steadily less politics. Unless, of course, you describe the rather pathetic struggles for control over the dreary and declining manual trade unions, politics. As far as parliaments go, the Labor Party shows no real interest in attaining power.

This shows up best in its dismal failure to adapt. Australians are, today, not the screaming racial bigots they were when they produced *The Bulletin* of the 1880's and 90's, yet the Labor Party, together with the Australian Nazi Party (15 members?) and the League of Rights (100?), clings to the White Australia Policy and keeps it proudly in its platform.

Despite the fact that an overwhelming majority of people do not regard Catholic schools as an insidious plot and see no real objection to giving them a few quid, the dominant cabal in the Labor Party turns “State Aid” into a matter of “principle” and is prepared to lose elections on it.

No party gathers together such a collection of people who get a kick out of posing as saints, who have a compulsive and never satisfied desire to find principles to make sacrifices for—absolute principles which do not allow for a weighing or balancing to attain the least of evils.

In organisation the party makes no effort to be modern. While proclaiming the need to break down the restrictive federal system at the parliamentary level, it retains it in an extreme form within the party. (Tasmania has as many votes at the final decision-making level as N.S.W.)

Money for organisers, for delegates to policymaking conferences and for many of its executives depends on the diminishing manual trades. Within the unions it allows control to fall to a small band of communists who only have to cry “Santamaria” to get ALP men to fall into line. Through tolerating communist control of unions affiliated to the ALP, it ensures communist influence within the ALP.

Thus, a man like Mr. Bill Brown, President of the Victorian branch of the Labor Party can in his inaugural address say that the Vietnam War had its origin “within the competitive system of free enterprise” and continue “capital interest nourished a seed by creating arms and armaments and used them to satisfy its insatiable lust for profit and dominance over the natural resources and wealth of the world for the benefit of the few at the expense of many” and go on sloganising like this then almost next day come out—quite sincerely I fear—with an indignant declaration that his branch of the ALP is “utterly and completely opposed to the alien philosophy of communism”.

Unbelievable naivety

In my little fracas with the Party its officials showed almost unbelievable naivety.

I published a pamphlet critical of the Labor Party's involvement with communist-run peace congresses and when I asked Mr. Bill Hartley, the Victorian Secretary, what he thought of it he said: “I was a bit worried at first but I rang Sam Goldbloom (one of the most prominent people in the peace business in Melbourne) and he cleared things up.” Later Hartley published an attack on the pamphlet in the Party journal “Fact” and, of course, refused to

fool enough to write in a letter to me that publication of the reply was refused “because it might cause embarrassment to members of the Executive who are also active in the Peace Congress”.

Magnificent proof of my point.

So much for the Labor Party.

Short of bungling economic policy and throwing the economy into recession, cutting back Mr. Everige's overtime and embarrassing him with the HP payments, the Liberal Government looks very unlikely to be bugged in the immediate future.

This Government's greatest crime is dreariness and inertia. This Government has the virtue of not going out of its way to make some people unhappy (like most of the world's governments do). It cannot be expected to make people happy; but it could give more people the opportunity to be happy.

Greater flexibility

It remains in power because of its greater flexibility than the Labor Party and its willingness to let its parliamentarians—who are interested in keeping in some sort of touch with public opinion—exercise most of the control and policymaking. The Labor Party on the other hand is run by trade union officials who are more interested in Trades Hall politics and who are interested in Parliament as an arena where their puppets can parrot their private prejudices.

Peter Samuel is “Economics Editor” of the Canberra Times, a former Vice-President of the Melbourne University ALP Club and former co-editor of the Labor-oriented journal “DISSENT”.

Mr. Samuel recently resigned from the Australian Labor Party.

That's the status quo. What sort of change do we want? These are the sort of broad changes I think a good section of the community wants and is not being promised by any political party:

1. *Less government, a dose of liberalism, libertarianism, call it what you like:* an

end to the petty tyrannies of the people who censor ideas, who fix shopping and drinking hours, who screw-up transport, who inhibit progress.

2. *More government where there are social problems.* Automation and a more productive and technologically based economy

is obviously to be welcomed because it widens the range of choice which people have in their occupations, it allows the distinctions between work and leisure to be blurred, it allows society to support an unprecedented number of hedonistic drones. But it raises problems—of providing people with the education, the training and retraining, and of finding means to fulfilment—which require government action on a new scale.

Mass ownership of cars, the heritage of an inadequate and disorganised placement of housing, factories, transport and so on creates challenging problems which are unlikely to be solved by governments which, at the council level, pass the buck to the state level which pass it to the Commonwealth which in turn passes it right back down again.

3. *More fraternity and equality, the old virtues.* Internally this involves sweeping extensions of taxation to reduce the sources of inequality—the most lasting of

which is bequests of fortunes by rich men to their children—confiscatory death duties, the closing of loopholes, such as capital gains in the income tax laws. The converse of this is an extension of social services to provide an income guarantee for those who are judged at present to be poor—the aged, widows, students, etc. Action on aborigines.

Internationally it means support for freer migration of people, freer trade, destruction of racial discrimination, support for moves towards world government, support for those who resist takeover by systems with a history of brutality and nastiness towards their people.

This requires a bold preparedness to be involved in other people's affairs, to abandon the old divisions of “Asia”, “Europe” and so on. If the world is indivisible and all men equal, then there is no room for isolationism, leaving “them” to sort out their own problems and so on.

4. *Putting all pacifist rhetoric aside* — values can be threatened and a corollary of wanting them is being prepared to defend them.

If these sorts of lines were to be pushed politically then there would be a fair chance of them fulfilling desires and articulating the feelings of young voters.

But how is this to be done?

Only inertia

Given time and effort, there are no insurmountable obstacles, no immovable forces. There is no conspiracy against progress, only inertia.

Time will at least kill off the old men who believe in hanging and White Australia. Beyond that the solutions are complex and difficult, like the problems.

Are protest marches, banner demonstrations worthwhile? Yes, on issues which appeal very directly to human values, issues which are relatively uncomplex and in which there is an obvious inhumanity.

Racial issues—the deportation of a man because his skin colour does not suit the taste of an official, a pub refusing an Abo, a drink—these are, I think, peculiarly suitable and appropriate issues for gesticulatory protest.

Peace congresses are all very fine in theory but in practice they tend to create a sort of revivalist, prayer-meeting type atmosphere in which it is impossible for the more complex issues to be discussed coolly and rationally. In Australia they have a record of being manipulated organisationally by crazy, mixed-up people who see China and Russia as the sole repositories of love, peace, brotherhood, justice. They make use of guilt-ridden masochists who are psychologically fitted out to accept any evidence that “our side” is evil.

Most issues are complex and have to be tackled with persuasiveness, imagination, teamwork, research and all that.

The best conclusion I can think of is a passage from a brilliant book published last year:

“Politics, like sexuality, is an activity which must be carried on; one does not create it or decide to join in — one simply becomes more and more aware that one is involved in it as part of the human condition. One can only forsake, renounce, or do without it by doing oneself (which can easily be done — on the highest principles) unnatural injury. To renounce or destroy politics is to destroy the very thing which gives order to the pluralism and variety of civilised society, the thing which enables us to enjoy variety without suffering either anarchy or the tyranny of single truths, which become the desperate salvation from anarchy — just as misogyny and celibacy are forms of salvation for the overly passionate mind.” (Bernard Crick, “In Defence of Politics”, Penguin 1964.)

Whilst openings in the country are not quite so wide as in the city, it behoves the country parent to have them all at his fingertips and to make sure that his son/daughter is shoved through one of them as soon as possible. The following brief list of careers available to the country youth may be of some use. It is assumed of course that any country youth with a modicum of intelligence has gone to the city long ago. However, some useful employment can usually be found for the feeble in mind or spirit who remain:



ART: For the really backward member of the family this has taken over from the Church. Some motor ability is necessary (e.g. your child should be able to hold a brush). But the work is easy, lucrative and requires no special skills. In fact the more backward the child, the more "primitive" (and therefore expensive) his work.

ORING: No training required; country people are born to it. Always job openings as fencer, well-sinker, lecturer, etc.

RUTCHING: Only skills required are good eyesight and ability to recognise rear from front end of sheep. The young man who takes up crutching has opportunities for travel, widening horizons, and constant exposure to some of the richest scenery in Rural Australia. Only danger is that he may become too circumscribed in his outlook. This could be detrimental to his work.

AIRYING: The Last Resort. Occupational hazards are T.B. tests and flies. A reputable repellent is necessary. Long usage will make the odour unnoticeable. If your child takes up dairying he should have a head start in this direction anyway.

EDITOR: Drank his way off every city daily. Now controls the fortunes of "Coonamble Crutcher", "Omeo Homogeniser" (receiver appointed) or "Reticulators' Daily" (published weekly). Follows the country editor's Golden Rule — mention each reader's name at least once per year. All editorials prove that Wool Is Here To Stay. Editorial policy has two main points: Get the wool prices wrong and get



RICHARDIST: Requires large capital outlay, suitable area, year-round work involving pruning, planting, dusting, spraying, thinning, propping, cultivating, rabbit and weed control, picking, grading, packing etc. Good for the boy who likes hard work and outdoor life. Major part of crop is usually dumped as costs of selling via Sydney Markets exorbitant. This is called Producing for Home Consumption.

ICKING (fruit, vegetables etc.): Depressed minorities only need apply. Whilst work in progress living conditions are adequate. At end of season, civic-mindedness ferments and pickers are burnt out, bulldozed in or moved on. Road maps not required — police will keep heading you in the right direction from one crop to another.

UEENS: In the country are invariably female; found only at Festivals, Shows and sometimes Balls.

ABBITS: Only permissible way to make a living from rabbits is to do it the hard way by shooting, trapping, poisoning, gassing and myxo.

HEARER: Good money while it is on, conditions range from filthy to vile, Contractors and publicans end up with most of the money. Why not be a Contractor or Publican?

ELEGRAM BOY: May be necessary to ride a bicycle. A good lad can go far.

GUIDE TO COUNTRY PARENTS CAREERS

OPPORTUNITIES

OPPORTUNITIES

F the footy scores right. Too much education is unhelpful for this occupation. The paper must be written at the level of its readers.

FOOTBALL: The Prestige Profession of the country. If your son has a strong toe and knee and weighs in the vicinity of 15 stone, this is the job for him. Knowledge of karate, gutter-fighting and commando tactics useful.

GOVERNMENT: Inefficiency essential for a good Government career. Unlike private industry, promotion depends on desperation — if your child can effectively block all action at his level, he will undoubtedly be promoted. If he should succeed in gaining Parliamentary Status, you can begin to worry. He can be kicked no higher and may be forced to retire on a pension.

IMMIGRATIONISM: Absolutely no opportunities available. See "City Careers".

IMMIGRANT: This is a life-long career, open to all not pulled out by the local midwife. You recognise immigrants by the normal shape of their skulls and the refusal of locals to speak to them. They are accepted when they die, after which they are known as pioneers.

IMMIGRANT: G.P.S. Education minimum standard. Ag. College degree sometimes acceptable if lad is of ample proportions and can sit on the tractor attachments.

IMMIGRANT: Wrong country; socially suicidal religion.

IMMIGRANT: Pickings sparse; extensive travelling required. RSL Clubs provide best hunting grounds. Favourites are Blowing the Safe, Blowing the Poker Machines, or Buttering up the War Hero and Passing a Dud Cheque.

IMMIGRANT LABOUR: The only (recognised) profession open to daughters of the poor. Wages are usually in the vicinity of 30/- to £3 for a 70 hour week. Board and meals sometimes provided. Occupational hazards include every male within a 30 mile radius who can still walk. Comprehensive knowledge of jiu-jitsu and/or contraception a necessity.

IMMIGRANTISM: Starting point of any really successful country career. Of more value financially than literacy, sanity, tact or Persil Whiteness.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: Tert. educ. is of little practical use to the child unless he can be left there permanently (e.g. tutor, laboratory assistant, cleaner), but of very real Social Value to the parents who can claim to be Putting Their Son/Daughter Through A Higher Education. If Graduate is foolish enough to return to place of birth he will feel a deep inward urge to go quietly mad. Only hope is to migrate to Canberra where this tendency will not be so noticeable.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: All right if you like cows (See Dairying), but from other side i.e., inside. Bulk of practice is Difficult Deliveries, Spaying, Castration and allied skills. Most property owners prefer to use their own methods, the main one of which is Get the Animal On Its Feet. Knowledge of mining methods and pit propping could be useful. Why not consider Crutching instead?

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: Restricted almost entirely to sons of property owners who go on payroll at twice usual wages.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: The degree to which all herein listed professions are affected by the important things of life in the country. Ability to Drink huge quantities of alcohol; standing with RSL; Golf or Bowls score; Football loyalties; Religion or Lodge; and Who's Your Old Man. All applied in varying degrees to aspirants for country success (with exception of football players).

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: OIK or YAHOO: Indispensable to any sylvan setting. Being a type of boondocks bodgie, the yoik prises "179" flags off every tourist Holden, owns the only Sten gun in town, proves it early Sunday morning and is invariably the eldest recognised offspring of the wealthiest squatter. This is a respected profession but by its nature is not highly remunerative. Yoiks often hold a second job e.g. policeman, mayor, wealthiest squatter.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: EALOT: Verbal yoik. Often wife of wealthiest squatter. Hon. Sec. Countrywomen's Association, Victoria League, Temperance Union and Church Guild. Her best black straw, floral print and hairy legs known on every platform from the School of Arts to the Mechanics Institute. A sinking bore.



BINKIES BUGGERS

This Ad. has been
awarded the "ALL THE
WAY WITH L.B.J." award
for extreme nationalistic
naivety.

SEND The Diggers a FOOD
PARCEL of BINKIES ☆
EAT UP FOR WORLD WAR III



BINKIES
MESS
HALL
212 ELIZABETH ST.
SYDNEY.

THE HEALTHY FOOD OF A NATION