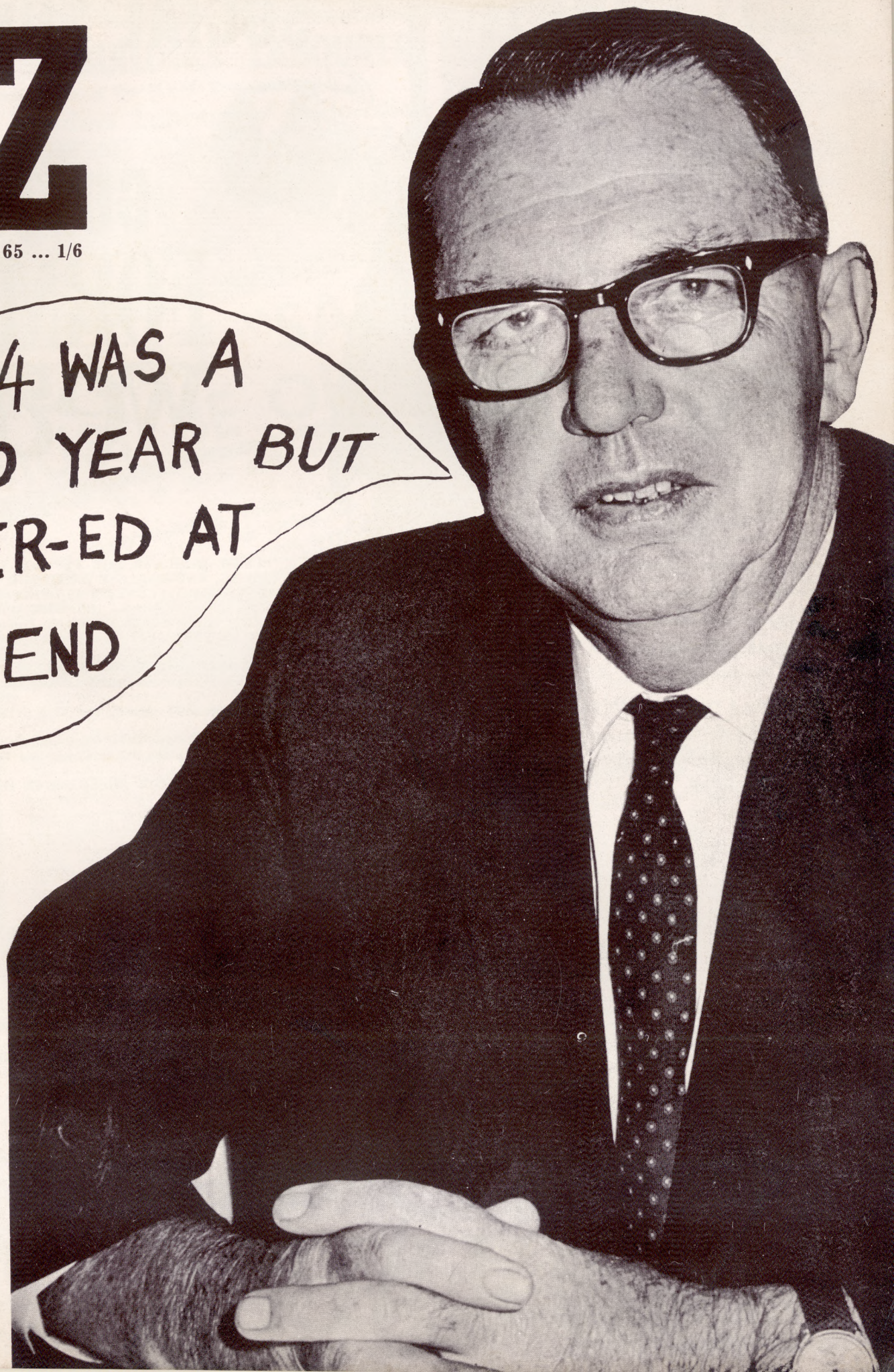


OZ

No. 16 JAN: 65 ... 1/6

1964 WAS A
GOOD YEAR BUT
MAHER-ED AT
THE END

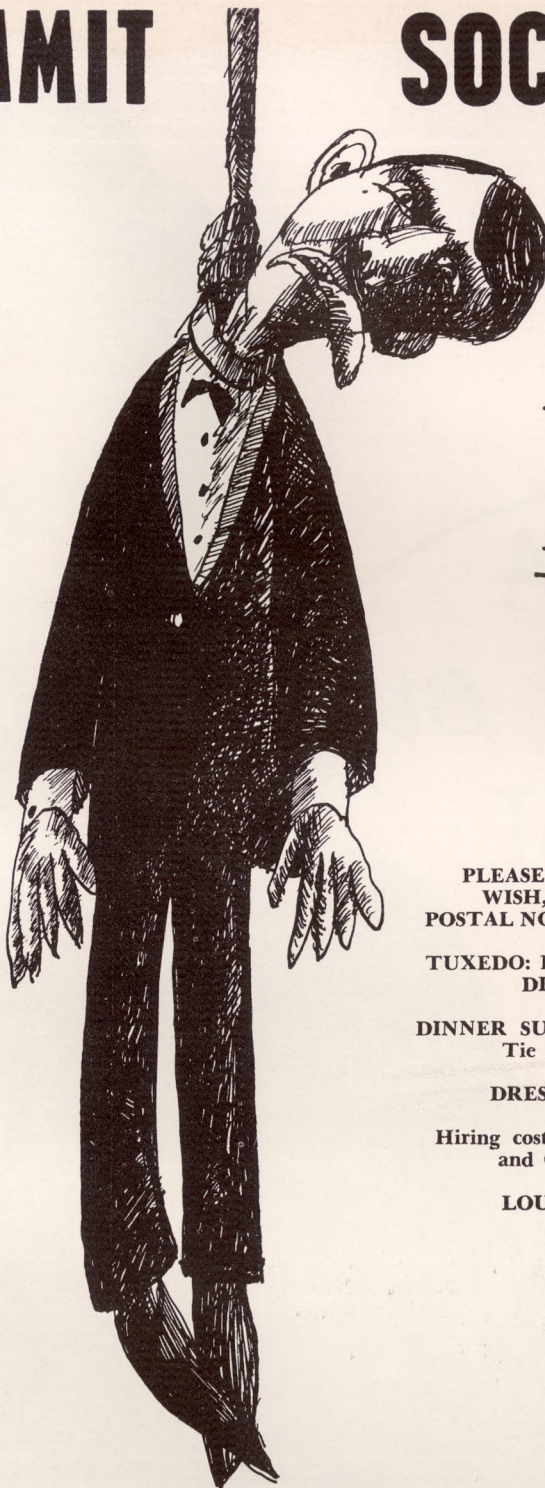


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DINNER SUIT: Hiring cost £3; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-; **TOTAL £8/6/-.**

DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES: Shirt 10/- extra; Tie 5/- extra; Gloves 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery 5/- extra. (Please state collar size).

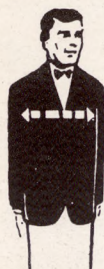
DRESS SUIT: Hiring cost £5/5/-; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-; **TOTAL £10/11/-.**

Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, White Vest, Studs and Cuff Links, White Gloves and White Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt).

LOUNGE SUIT: Hiring cost £3; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-; **TOTAL, £8/6/-.**

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Debutante Gown from £8—£5 Dep.
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Ball Gown from £5—£5 Dep.
Fur Stoles from £2/2/-—£5 Dep.

(Follow these directions)



CHEST
Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades.



SLEEVE

Under arm seam measurement of any well-fitting suit or jacket.



LENGTH

Length of jacket from under back collar to skirt edge of jacket.



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Measure over the waistband without belt.



LENGTH

Down inside seam from crutch to bottom of cuff (inside trouser leg).

Shirt Size

Neck

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THE N.S.W. BUILDERS' LABOURER

Official Organ of the N.S.W. Branch of the
Australian Builders Labourers' Federation

PICNIC DAY "SABOTAGE" MUST BE OPPOSED

By M. (Mick) McNAMARA, Secretary

Although over 30,000 Building Workers and their families attended our Picnic on Monday, 7th December, 1964, this Union has reason to believe that there were deliberate attempts on the part of some employers to sabotage our hard-won day off.

The only "unhappy" part of the picnic was when our tug-o-war team was defeated in the grand final on Monday, 7th. This year after reaching the grand final, the plasterers turned the tables on us. Our union's office wall doesn't look the same without the shield.

The boss tries to justify this question of working on picnic day by promising you double time. WHAT NONSENSE! And here's why:—If you didn't work on picnic day you would get 8 hours' pay automatically. If you did work on picnic day you get only 8 hours on top of what you are entitled to. This is not double time. In fact it is purely and simply single time, and by the time the tax boys get their share it is not even single time. Also the most important factor of all is that you have missed the opportunity of spending a day with your family or friends at the employers' expense.

Despite these attempts and many more, our picnic was the biggest picnic of any Trade Union in Australia. The unions have spent many thousands of pounds to obtain this day for you. It is your responsibility to ensure that the employers can never take it away.

The easiest way for them to do this is that employers will ask you to work, and if every body worked, no one would be at the Picnic. Then they would say that we didn't want a picnic anyway, so off they would go to the court with the appropriate application.

Not only our members were involved. The Building Trades Group are very concerned with the reports coming in that many Employers told their workers that they had to work on Monday, 7th.

Also Employers are telling our members not to buy a picnic ticket. There were 2 cases on the previous Friday where the Boss sacked men so as he would get out of paying for the Picnic day. (He has been dealt with most effectively.)

The employers don't want to give you a picnic. Don't let them hoodwink you—always buy that ticket, and **DON'T WORK ON YOUR PICNIC DAY!**

Slashev

THE TOPLESS SOCIETY..

1964 was the year of The Topless. In Australia the dress with the definitive plunge never really got off the ground. Nevertheless, toplessness was reaffirmed as a national characteristic almost as important as underdog-philis. The amount of talent, leadership or direction at the top was in fact as bare as the daring fashionline.

Right at the top are Bob and Arthur, former adversaries today united in a common zeal to maintain themselves in their leaderships in perpetua, notwithstanding the cost to the country or their parties.

1964 saw the publication of Don Whiting-ton's "The Rulers", a devastating indictment of the way Menzies has purged his Ministries of any independent spirits in order to maintain his relentless grip on the nation's policies. For fifteen years Menzies has been confronted with the kind of political situation statesmen would envy. Ensured of electoral victory - barring accidents - he was in a position to push through enlightened, but temporarily unpopular, measures which might later have proved the vision of their author.

Instead the fifteen years have been devoid of either imagination or wisdom. Long since exasperated in the attempt to give his reign quality, Menzies has settled for quantity. Like Donald Campbell, he must be the only person in Australia convinced of the significance of the records he is setting.

The ignominious part the Labour Party in general and Calwell in particular have played in this appalling state of affairs is too well known to reiterate. The Senate elections have set the seal on their abjection. This is the Peter Pan Party, which never grew up.

Australia's bare political top needs a new party. One prepared to look East squarely and honestly, to adopt a position of armed neutrality, to find a happier compromise between the rigidity of White Australia and the obvious problems of a multi-racial society. On the home front, it would bring Australia into line with the rest of the civilised world on such social questions as capital punishment, censorship etc.; it would protect competition and free enterprise from the abuses of restrictive practices but where monopoly is inevitable or economically overwhelmingly advantageous it would ensure that its profits go into the pockets of all rather than a few. It would attempt to strike the delicate balance between protection of the needy and compromising the rights of the individual by forcing him into a straitjacket of socialisation.

Unfortunately the Liberal Party has fraudulently misappropriated the title such a party should bear.

In 1964 one not only doubted policies but the politicians proposing them. In N.S.W. the Maher allegations hang in abeyance. But before that a Liberal MLA was shot in Parliament House and the Doyle case raised questions which have not yet been answered. In Queensland there were charges of bribery and corruption, not only against the police force but parliamentarians of all main parties. There was political chicanery - in South Australia those doughty knights, Sir Thomas Playford and Sir Gerry Mander reign supreme - and political in-

terference in the ABC.

1964 was the Year of the Smear. Politicians continue to display the stature of their intellects by preferring to annihilate the speaker rather than logically dissect what he says. The best mind in Federal Parliament, Sir Garfield Barwick, was replaced by little Billie Libeller, faster on the slur than any of his fellows. Australia can now boast a whole party devoting its energies and increasing electoral strength to this kind of mental exercise: the DLP. But smearing is not confined to the Right: the Left can cry "Fascist" and "scum" with the best of them. It is in this kind of unhealthy atmosphere that Senator Branson can put an unsubstantiated rumour onto the front pages of the national press and still retain his seat at a democratic election.

The morality of big business is toplessness par excellence. Reg Ansett's in his lobby, all's right with the world: his airlines case has lulled everyone's memory of his Big Queensland TV Swipe. Companies come and companies go but fraud and mismanagement just go on and on.

And where is that little boy who looks after the sheep, the Church? He is under the haystack having a nightmare about sex or dreaming up some new gimmick to keep the kids interested. The Catholic Church

is too absorbed in money matters to speak out boldly on moral questions; the Protestants are so busy popularising and evangelising that they have destroyed the intellectual discipline that is the basis of all religion.

The Church, weaker now, must speak with one voice to be heard. And on only one thing are all agreed: SEX IS EVIL. Morality has become synonymous with sex and we can no longer expect Church leaders to point the bone at the dishonesty and corruption of the public figures to whom they fawn. Each year thousands die an agonising death from lung cancer and yet a business lobby prevents any curtailment of cigarette advertising: what has the Church to say on essentially this moral question?

Where have all the idealists gone? Gone to pragmatists and opportunists, every one.

So much for Australia, the Topless Society, a wildlife sanctuary for emperors without clothes. It is in this context that OZ raises its voice of protest and is had up on an obscenity charge. This is the sick society that has the impertinence to question the credentials of OZ to go about its particular line of business.

By some twist of fate the emperor not only denies that he is naked but drags his young accuser into court on a charge of being a pervert.



Sydney, SUNDAY:- A spokesman for the striking clergymen said today that following the recent direction of the Arbitration Court, his union had decided to return to work but, until their claims had been met, to observe strictly all regulations laid down by a Higher Authority. The strikers are demanding double pay on Sundays and over the Christmas period. (The picture shows a group of the strikers after today's meeting.)

Christmas is the joy of giving. It's also the agony of receiving. Because usually you receive something completely useless. But sometime soon that friend who burdened you with another pair of cuff links this Xmas must have a birthday. Then it's some of his own medicine

Pen & Pencil Set



You'll never find a more useless present than this one. It's a scratched plastic box containing

- a/ A split barrel fountain pen that you have to take to bits to re-load.
- b/ A propelling pencil (who ever wanted a propelling pencil?) that writes anaemically with shattered leads until you unscrew the end and bits get lost in the carpet.
- c/ A fat biro with a thin refill which writes in vivid ultramarine for three days and runs out and you can't get a refill anywhere.

Individually useless but very attractive in a set. Available in brown, lime-green, or lemon yellow.

Party Trays



Party Trays

Just ask your department store for "crockery buyer's folly" and they'll give you this delightful hand-painted rainbow coloured barbecue-party-TV tray.

There are compartments for holding peanuts, chips, biscuits with cheese on them, and olives with toothpicks in them. There's a hole for extra toothpicks, and a knife for chopping cheese and fingers. By golly, the designers have thought of everything, right down to the clever slogans painted everywhere, like "come and get it" and "down the hatch".

But you won't even have to ask the salesman for them: they'll be on the first counter you bump into at the front of the store. Now there's service for you.

Travelling Clocks

Who could resist the charm of little travelling clocks on shop counters? Your friends can of course, but it's your shout.

Travelling clocks are just so cute that you can stand there opening and shutting and over-winding them for hours.

Buy one for a friend who's doing some travelling and hasn't heard of the invention of the wrist-watch.

Designed to last three months at least, by craftsmen who are now in the toy trade.

Writing Sets.

A brown leather case complete with writing pad, pencil, and broken zipper. Give one to a friend who hasn't got one already and can be assumed not to need one. Give one to a friend who's doing some travelling, to add extra weight and volume to his suitcase, and to save sending those convenient air-letters.

Available leather: dark blue to dark brown.

Available pencils: faint to invisible.

Instructional Paperbacks

Extra useless, these shiny covered non-fiction paper-backed books shouldn't be laying around unread on bookshop shelves, when they can lay round on your friends' shelves unread. Many useless titles to choose from: "Teach yourself Mongolese" "How to read two thousand words per Minute" "Sixty Great Philosophers" "Renaissance Architecture" etc. etc.

All remarkably similar,
All equally useless.

Drinking Glasses

Ensure:

- i. That they're extra expensive so that people will be afraid to actually drink out of them.
- ii. That they're very thin, so that they'll shatter while being wiped dry.
- iii. That they're a special sale line so that replacements will be impossible.



Sock and Tie sets

Give these priority too. They're cleverly thought out boxes containing matching ties and sox. Saves you having to buy ties and then sox; saves you buying ties and not sox; saves you spending good money on food and rent.

—Vern Sundfors

ADS NAUSEAM

Here's a special parlour game to amuse your kiddies during your summer hols. We've taken some of the ads you all love so well and omitted the last word of each. We've then supplied a list of possible endings you would like to see on your favourite ads if you were in the "sell" game. This should provide special attraction for the older boys and girls among you who are learning the copy-writing biz.

1. Where there's a man there's a .
 - a) woman
 - b) usually a pub in sight
 - c) one in 500 chance of tinea of the armpit.
2. Whelan the wrecker was
 - a) an English fast bowler
 - b) founder of the Australian Nazi Party
 - c) The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.
3. Australia's New Army needs . .
 - a) a pentropic war
 - b) a guerilla war
 - c) any goddam war at all so long it is war.
4. Take Vincent's with
 - a) pleasure
 - b) the Pill
 - c) Van Gogh.
5. Binkie's burgers are
 - a) obscene and indecent publications
 - b) phantom parking policemen
 - c) a group of South African soldiers.

—JARD

THESE MEN MUST

Unfortunately, both our political leaders, SIR ROBERT MENZIES and MR CALWELL, are old men and have little sympathy with or interest in expanding our national thinking to a more direct involvement in Asian affairs. Neither of these old men has shown any marked interest in forging strong links of friendship between ourselves and the people of these countries.

It is too much to expect that they should.

Each of them is plainly bored with the difficult issues—of trade policy, of aid policy, of defence policy, of immigration policy—which must necessarily come forward as the world of Asia and the southern seas increasingly grips our national attention. The prospect of 1965 is enlivened by the possibility that early in the year MR CALWELL may surrender his reins of leadership and that by the end of this year even SIR ROBERT may retire to a well earned repose.

Hence, just as 1965 may be the beginning of a new era in which Asia becomes too close to ignore, so it may also be the end of an era in which two old leaders helped us to forget the world around us.

THE AUSTRALIAN SATURDAY JANUARY 2 1965

AM I TOO OLD AT 70 TO BE PRIME MINISTER?

NO. You can still carry the burden of Prime - Ministerial office, for the burden is light.

You may be senile, but only a few of us know, and we don't matter. Yes, skip off to Fiji just when Sukarno has ditched the U.N. . Some will joke about your persistent absence in a crisis (but that just makes our heart grow fonder).

Talking of jokes... don't the press love your public meetings? Every cliché reads like an epigram.

Anyway, Bob, hurry back. Hate you to miss an important social function (Wasn't Catherine's wedding a beauty?). Yes, if you don't return soon; the times they might start a changing...and that would be fatal.



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RESIGN

The Sydney Morning Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1939.

RESIGNATION OF MR. MENZIES.

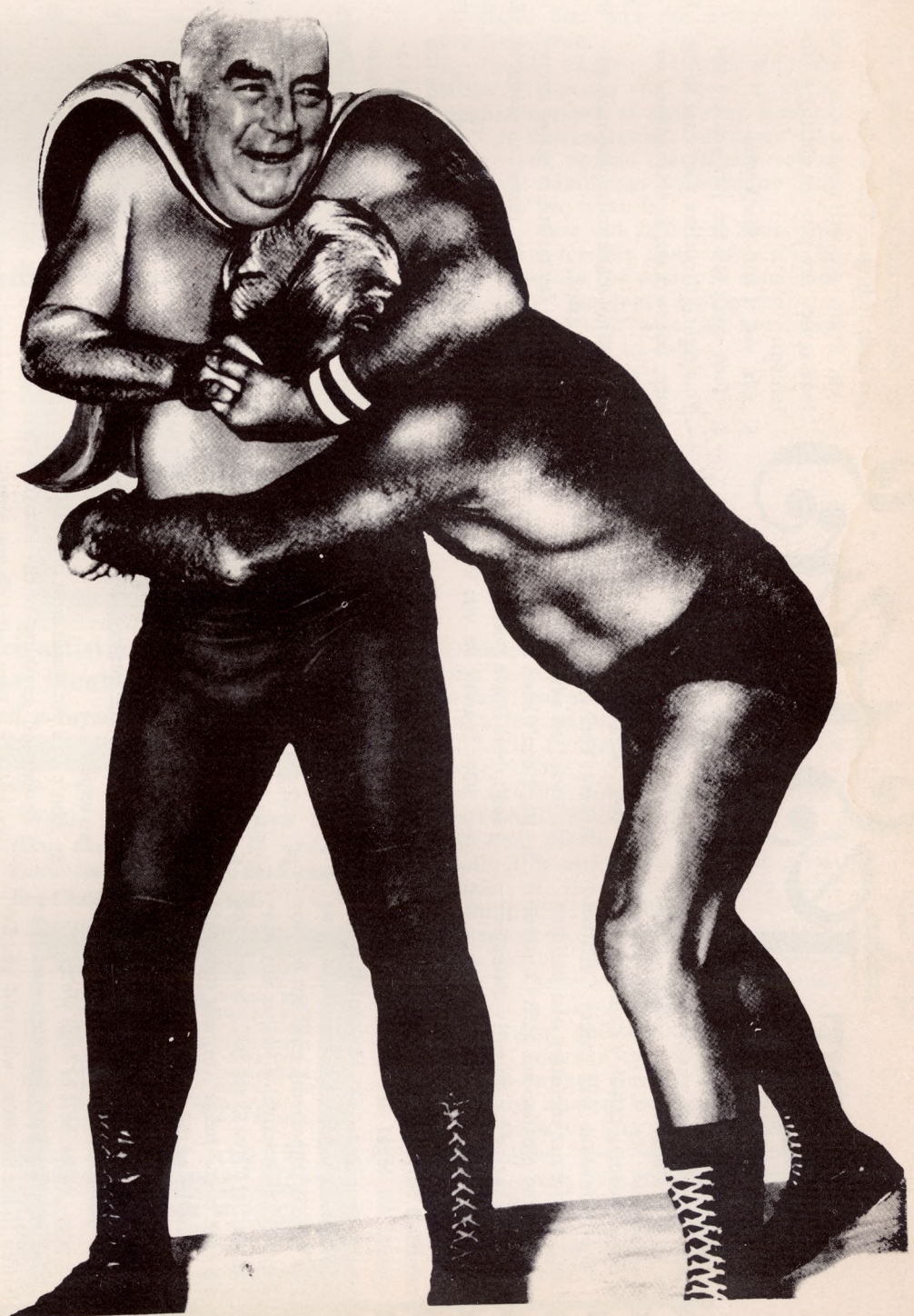
"Nothing in his life," said Malcolm of the deadthane of Cawdor, "became him like the leaving it." Nothing in the political career of Mr. Menzies has become him better than his resignation from the Federal Cabinet on a point of principle and consistency. He has not, in truth, abandoned his high office "as 'twere a careless trifle," since he delayed until the last possible moment an action which, apart from its effects on his own political future, he knew must be deeply embarrassing to the Prime Minister and the Government. But that moment having been reached, and a majority of the Cabinet having decided to discard vital features of the National Insurance Act to which the Ministry and the parties supporting it were pledged, he hesitated no longer to place his sense of duty to his constituents and the country before the advantages of office. Mr. Menzies entered Federal politics and the Lyons Ministry with a brilliant State record and every augury for advancement to the highest political post in the Commonwealth. If he did not fulfil all the expectations of his admirers, and if it seemed sometimes as if success and political preferment had come to him too easily, the action which he took yesterday shows that he possesses what is becoming increasingly rare in public life—a devotion to principle and a refusal to cling to office when convictions strongly and honestly held counsel a contrary course. For that example the public everywhere will honour him. It will also discern in Mr. Menzies those qualities of courage and determination which are the blood and bone of true leadership.

TAG WRESTLING AT CANBERRA

Harold Holt is waiting with increased impatience for his leader to retire. When that moment comes he expects to be given the nod to take over in centre ring. But the old boy is loathe to quit.

Sometimes Harold feels so frustrated that he contemplates taking physical action . . .

Pictured are Harold and Sir Robert sparring in their Canberra gym.



COURT JESTERS

In Sydney Quarter Sessions last month a piece of high comedy was being performed in a prolonged clash between Judge Stephen and Mr. Clive Evatt, one of Sydney's leading Queen's Counsels.

The defendant was James Christian Lang, 54, former secretary of a Building society, who pleaded not guilty to three charges of having fraudulently misappropriated more than £1,000.

The case was originally listed for November 9 but, in the week before, Lang applied for legal aid and was assigned Mr. O. G. Pain. On November 9 Mr. Pain asked for an adjournment to give him time to prepare the case but on November 27 he sought a further adjournment so that Clive Evatt Q.C. could take the case over. Judge Amsberg then said that he believed the application for legal assistance had been an ingenious scheme to prevent the case being heard before 1965. He commented: "It's going on this year, come hell or high water."

Came December 7 and the case began before Judge Stephen, who told Mr. Evatt he was very glad to have him in his Court. Mr. Evatt said he was honoured to be in His Honour's court.

Evatt then attempted to challenge every jurymen on the grounds that they would be prejudiced because of prior publicity for the case. After the jury had been empanelled, he twice unsuccessfully during the afternoon's proceedings asked for them to be discharged.

The Crown case ended on Monday December 14 and Evatt reiterated his desire for an adjournment.

S: Why do you want an adjournment?

E: For the reason I have endeavoured to make plain, that I do think these things need a great deal of elucidation. I don't know why Your Honour embarrasses me in this way.

cricket, you probably still play it. After the other side had its innings, you had your innings. That's what I'm . . .

S: Mr. Evatt, you will please stand and look at me. Are you not getting a fair innings?

E: Oh, yes, I am, thank you.

S: Then don't tell the jury you are not. Your right is to outline your case to the jury, not to make an impassioned address.

E: I could not make an impassioned address if I tried.

S: Shall we say no one is better equipped than you to make an eloquent address.

E: You are always flattering me.

On December 17 Lang himself took the stand. He told the jury that he was innocent but the Crown Prosecutor pointed out that this was for the jury to decide. The Judge said that Lang was perfectly entitled to make such a statement and then told Evatt to go on with his case. E: I don't like to be spoken to in that tone of voice.

S: Are you speaking to me?

E: What I have asked is a perfectly admissible question and then Your Honour turns to me and says "Go on with your case".

S: I think you are deliberately trying to irritate me into saying something which could be unfair to the accused. I have been sitting like Patience on a monument for days and days. I won't be unfair to you or to the accused. You can resent what I said as much as you like.

Later, after objections were raised to a question, Evatt said that apparently people were not allowed to think in Court.

S: What? We are not allowed to think in Court? Did you say that? It is offensive and you will withdraw it.

E: The remark was not offensive and I will not withdraw it.

S: Very well, don't withdraw it. Ask your next question.

On December 21 Evatt objected to Judge

Stephen asking Lang, who was still in the witness box, "Where are the records?": E: You have heard this man swear on oath, a man of good character with not a mark on his character, that he left the records of the Society in the registered office in compliance with the rules.

S: I only asked him where the records were. No, I won't discharge the jury.

E: What did Your Honour mean by that.

S: All I wanted to know was whether the records were in court or whether he had them.

E: What records?

S: Any records.

E: I do not think Your Honour should make remarks like that. Even the Crown Prosecutor does not make remarks like that.

S: Even the cruel Judge doesn't make remarks like that. Sit down.

Later in the day Judge Stephen told Evatt that if he wanted to object he would have to do so properly:

S: I won't tolerate these intolerable asides and comments. (To the Crown Prosecutor) Let him go.

E: What did you mean by that remark, Your Honour?

S: For God's sake, Mr. Evatt, may I not say one syllable without you taking umbrage at it? I said "Let him go". It was an expression I should not have used.

Finally on December 22 Judge Stephen announced that he would have to discharge the jury and call a new trial. He explained that he had been under an intolerable strain. The Crown Prosecutor said that he had noted a deterioration in the Judge's health and wished to express his sympathy. S: Well, I have felt the strain for some days. I feel I can't do justice to the defence or to the Crown.

W: May I just express my sympathy and understanding of the situation.

E: I would like to endorse that. I am sure everyone in Court wishes Your Honour a really happy Christmas and prosperous New Year. Thanks, Your Honour, very much.

MIRROR, MIRROR UP THE WALL

Sydney Daily Mirror and Sun posters continue to fascinate us, both in their content and grammar.

One day last month, for example, a "model" (every girl the Mirror photographs is a model — there must be about 10,000 in Sydney) went to the Chevron in lace slacks — for dinner at night! She was not allowed into the diningroom.

By some chance coincidence, the Mirror happened to have a photographer present at that very moment. Isn't it disappointing that there's so little news around that Mirror editor, Mr Zell Rabin has to conspire with "models" to make it?

Anyhow, dear old Zell fell hook, line and sinker for this one. After all, he must have had the poster in mind even before the "incident" took place.

Because there it was the next day, for all the world to see:

GIRL
IN LACE
PANTS
OUTED
Hotel
Scene

Frankly, we love these new verbs, like to out, to in, to for, to against. In fact, our sporting writer even wrote us a few paragraphs which we hope Zell will incorporate into the Mirror's style book.

Our heading, by the way, is:

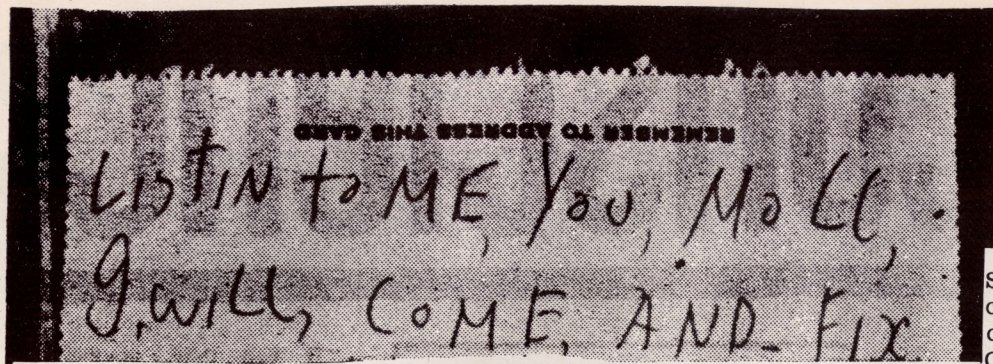
OUTCAST ROY'S
INS AND OUTS

Stolle frommed Emerson in the semi-finals of the men's singles after withing him in the doubles.

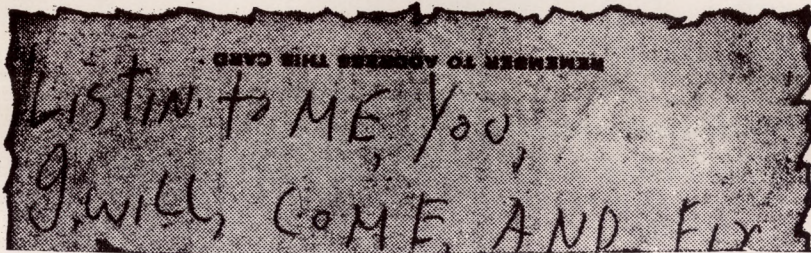
Once outed, Emerson was inned by bus to the city for an inn meeting with a sports writer who had against-ed him in the morning paper.

The writer pointed out that he had forced Emerson the day before when he had downed Hewitt.

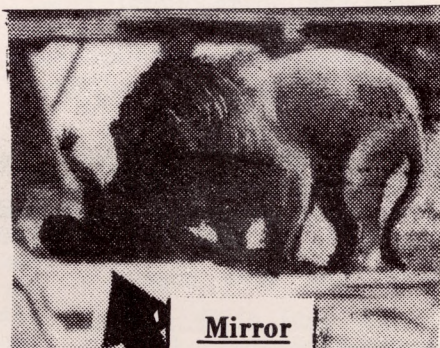
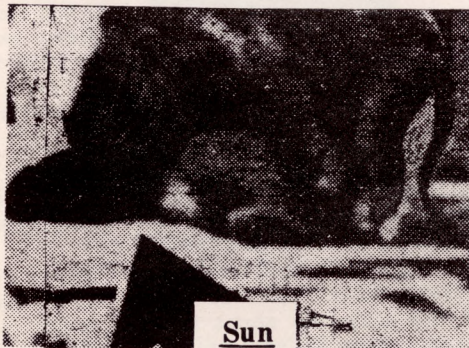
Emerson was put out because he felt his reputation was being downed just at a time when he was expecting upped offers from professional players inned to the US who wanted to in him for the next European tennis season withing Hoad, Sedgman and Rosewall. Way out, man!



The Sydney Sun's photostat of threatening note received by Miss Shepherd; 5/1/65



The Mirror's "photostat" of the same Letter.



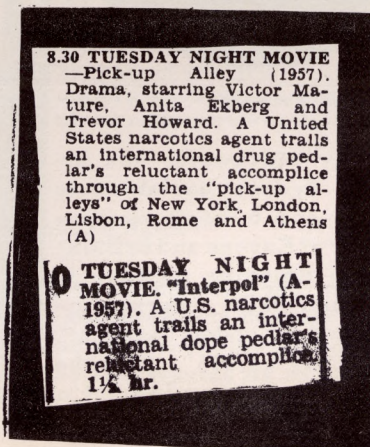
The Mirror's re-touch artist had been busy again. Both photos are identical, except that the Mirror had added a torso. 22/12/64

Melbourne reader V.G. Watson has forwarded OZ two newspaper clippings:

The first is from the "Age", Tuesday December 15. The channel 0 movie is "Pick-up Alley" a title too bohemian for Melbourne's eyes. So:-

The second cutting is from the infamous "Herald" which has thoughtfully changed the name of the film to something a little more acceptable to its mid-Victorian Victorian readers.

Note: It definitely was the same film- the story line is exactly the same and most likely both came from the Channel 0 hand-out.





The Love Affair to Remember:

Bung Karno has a crush on Malaysia.

JUDGE STEPHEN AND CLIVE EVATT

Best Actors of the Year:

The Theatre of the Absurd is confusing but amusing. Likewise a recent court drama involving alleged misappropriation of club funds. (Highlights from the transcript are reprinted in the current OZ.) Though in this case, the actors themselves seemed most confused. Quickly dubbed the 'Abbott and Costello's of Quarter Sessions', Stephen and Evatt entertained a delighted twelve man audience until the eve of the law recess when Stephen stole the last laugh by ordering a re-trial 'at considerable expense to the Crown'.

BAN THE BAUME:

When Army officials urged members of the public to hand in any old war relics in case they were still lethal, OZ proffered Eric Baume. The Army declined him, assuring us "this Baume is quite harmless it has burnt itself out".

ENGLAND (on the death of Edith Sitwell)

A head framed with wimples and toques
A life filled with eccentric jokes
A face that was Gothic
A wit catastrophic
A genius perhaps - or a hoax?



Success Story of the Year.

Nothing like a tragedy to make a name famous - think of Colonel Custer. Now think of an unknown captain of an aircraft carrier (Captain Robertson). Involved in a collision. Name soon on every Royal Commissioner's lips. Resigns from the navy. Now writes historical novels for a daily newspaper.

NEW DISH: Spanish fly in Shepherd's pie.

Fall guys of the year: Niki Krushev and Alec Douglas-Home.



TOUR DE FARCE

A Lady Mackworth has invited 12 Sydney socialites to "join her on a 6 month chaperoned tour of Europe and Britain, including finishing courses in London and Paris, plus participation in the London "Season". Cost? "Only £1,495". Said the Lady in a press interview: "I'm not a snob".



MR. BUSH

The Burning Bush

Roger ("I am the surfie of the Lord") Bush made friends with the Sun'n'Sand set and then with the Sunday Mirror after it published his clap-trap about their sex-lives. Now he coaxes miscreants back to the straight-and-narrow in a weekly letter-reply column. Pity God doesn't coax him back to the Church.

Lord Rootes Dead



Anti-hero of the year

William Willis' Sydney landing failed to coincide with T.V. cameras, so P.R. man Miller towed the raft outside the heads but it was becalmed... so he towed it in again



D. CAMPBELL

Spoil Sport of the Year

HAL PORTER

The book reviewer of the manian newspaper lo Porter's autobiography also - not, as it turned out, he had read much of it. Porter gallantly responded to the criticism with a libel... "Hal's moving finger and having served a writ, on"

1964's Bore:

DONALD CAMPBELL

Guess you think that is pretty much the world over? Campbell Why else would he cross the Pacific? realises we're the in the world stupid pander and publicist long. Thank God he the record at last - piss off.

Most overdue resignation

Kenneth Binns (84) the Commonwealth sorship Board.

Whatey
Terence
Sydney
Digby
Michael
Jack R
Mad Me

OURS LIST



Best Selling Author:
ZELL RABIN

Zell ("hot sell") Rabin is editor of Sydney's Daily Mirror and author of their pungent billboards. Soon, as part of a special promotion, Zell will appear at Farmers' Book Department to autograph copies of his work.

Cleric of the Year:
ARCHBISHOP GOUGH

This remarkable churchman has:

- wrangled all year with his own Synod which, despite all his denials, appears to have voted against him over State Aid.
- given an interview to the Bulletin which revealed him as a prig and a social snob.
- extracted many thousands of pounds from Synod for the renovation of Bishops court.
- spent the last nine months trying fruitlessly to urge the Sydney police into instigating a blasphemy charge against the student journal "Tharunka" for an article entitled "God in a Marijuana Patch". He was finally pacified by a diplomatic printer. Pacified? Perhaps converted. We believe he's spending his summer hols. up in the hemp-ridden Hunter River. Gough in a marijuana patch?



Gloomiest tidings for '65: A Royal visit by Prince Philip.

The 1964 Guest-list

MIRIAM MAKEBA fled from Sydney after being terrorised by expatriate South Africans.
JUDY GARLAND fled after being victimised by the Sydney Press. Some off-whites (notably the PRASAD family) were exported; at least one write-off PRINCESS MARINA was imported. Other near-reds (including a Russian Orthodox bishop) were not allowed in at all.

The Man Who's Done Most to Extend Christian Charity

Stipendiary Magistrate, G.M. Locke, wins the OZ special gold-plated crucifix for his extraordinary work as a member of the Catholic Holy Name Society. Good on you, Gerald.

JAPAN

They dry - cleaned Tokyo for the Games
They hid all the vices and shames
They banned urination
Outdoors (such frustration!)
And took all the streetwalkers' names

RED CHINA

When China exploded its Bomb
It shook all our nuclear aplomb
For now when one crashes
And transmutes us to ashes
Can we be so sure who it's from?



Man of the Year.

TIME magazine chose Lyndon B. (Baine of the civilised world) Johnson as Man of the Year for 1964. OZ has chosen Barry Goldwater. Not because our Foreign Correspondent made a boo-boo over who won the Presidential election but because we do not believe that all the well-intentioned heads-in-the-sands of TIME can conceal that Barry was the most significant figure to emerge last year.

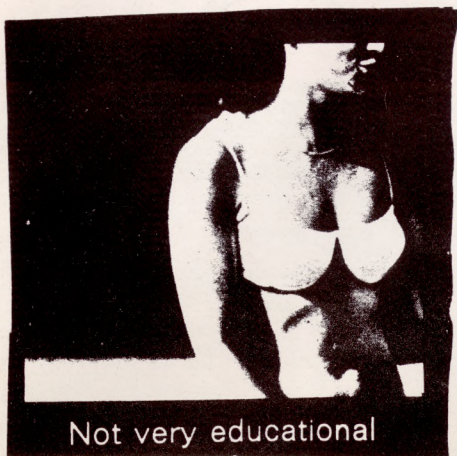
Goldwater lost the Presidency by the kind of margin that union bosses dream about. But he provided a rallying point and figurehead for all those little men the world over — and nowhere more than in Australia — who will always believe that blacks can never be more than blacks and the State should not raise a finger to help the not-so-fittest to survive.

1964 was the High Goldwater Mark of international conservatism.

White Australia 64

T. V. Commentator and Public Affairs director of a Melbourne radio station, Norman ("blood") Banks, recently returned from a free tour of South Africa to publicise the virtues of apartheid.

In N.S.W. it was revealed that the Moree swimming pool is segregated and that the townspeople of Kempsey practise blatant racial discrimination. The Mayor (R. Melville) told a reporter from 'The Australian' that "when everybody's equal they will be treated as equals".



Not very educational

SOUR CREAM

THE SKIM OF UNIVERSITY REVUE

Sydney University has separated the cream of University Revues for the past five years..... The sweetest people are inSOUR CREAM ...culled the best of the actors to perform them, and is about to pour downtown.....

SOUR CREAM..... always rises to the top ... to the St. James Playhouse (the site of the old Philip Street Theatre). For some Fridays and Saturdays from 12 Feb. Watch Sydney's walls for more news.

Anything goes well in.....SOUR CREAM

HARRY M. MILLER pre- sents

The Rolling Stones

Roy Orbison

The New Beats

Ray Columbus and the Invaders

Manufacturers Auditorium
Sydney Showground

FRI. SAT. 22nd 23rd January

2 shows nightly 6.00 and 8.45

Phone Bookings 211-3300

Nicholsons, Palings, D J.'s Kippax or Pan Pacific, 71 Goulbourn Street 9.30 a.m. -8 p.m.

Pan-Pacific Promotion - Flying Pan-Am/ Ansett-ANA

WAS 1964 REALLY NECESSARY ?

1964 will go down in our national heritage side by side with 1854 (Eureka), 1916 (Gallipoli) and 1942 (Tobruk) for the gallantry of our valiant R.A.N. That was the year they scored a glorious double: one destroyer (ours), one sampan (theirs).

1964 was also a vintage year for togetherness. In Canberra: The M. P. s voted themselves into a higher income bracket. On the International scene: Arab leaders, still seething over the Moses caper no doubt, planned to divert the Jordon from Israel. At home: a resistance movement called 'Roy' waged war on the scourge of the one-armed bandits. Club managers declared them unfair to clubs. Sport: keeping up with the Congolese was no problem for our smart young men who co-ordinated their leisure time and tried to be the first on the block to forma rape pack. They met with adverse criticism from some sections of the community but rape packists are not worried by public opinion. "It is the team spirit that counts" said one fine young Australian, "and think of the invaluable experience we are gaining for our careers in The Service. Must keep up the conquering hero image in foreign outposts, y'know."

It was a full, happy year for many people. Nikita Kruschchev, for instance. Congrats on your retirement, Niki. Your simple Siberian retreat must be charming. Always did think of you as basically the salt of the earth type. And how nice of J. Edgar Hoover (F.B.I.) to say it with flowers to Walter Jenkins (Y.M.C.A.).

On the fashion front, this has been a top-ping year. Topless dresses were very In. Or Out, if you'd rather. At first there was some controversy and indecency charges. The defence of one such trial gives one reason to believe that topless dresses are on the way to being accepted. I quote Mr. Gryff on behalf of Miss Nelson (Miss Topless of 1964): "On the night of the offence she did not have a topless frock but she wanted to wear one. Nobody in the world had worn topless slacks before so she decided to try it out. She used the bad language when she became upset at her style of dress not meeting with the approval of police officers. I am instructed to inform you she will confine herself in future to wearing topless frocks and not attempting to introduce new fashions which may, or may not, meet with the approval of police." A fashion-leader's lot is not a happy one.

This year in entertainment. The Beatles threw Macleay St. into a state of martial law. Judy Garland threw. Drama. Kisses. Hysterics. You name it - she threw it. Miriam Makeba met, briefly, her adoring public at Chequers. The Royal Ballet visited and the Trust flapped until they decided to auction the tickets. Dame Margo and Rudolph Nureyev (the man with gold lame jock-strap) featured at the Newtown follies; not to mention Surf City, the Chevron and Purple Onion. Australia's own Robert Helpman took time off from stomping with Johnny O'Keefe to present his new ballet "The Display". It was terribly neo-classic: a let's suppose-Leda-meets-this-king-lyrebird-at-a-Camp-Cove-barbecue type of thing with a True Confessions ending: the bird gets the bird. "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolfe?"



inspired more gay party games than all the 'Perle's Pearls for Party-People' and Hints for Swinging Hostesses' articles in a decade of glossies. And of course there was cock-fighting. The Clean Family Newspaper was disgusted - more, it is presumed, through the flaunting of the Sunday Observance Act than a soft spot for cocks.

My award for the Man of the Year goes to Reg Ansett for his untiring quest after new and better routes.

The Book of the Year is "If You are Arrested", an Everyman's guide to what to do till the Lawyer/Doctor/Photographer/Independent Witness comes. I am looking forward to the next of the series "If You Are Certified" with a foreword by Dr. McGeorge.

Traveller of the Year award must go to Reginald Spiers. His Fly Now, Pay Later package tour from London to Perth inspired unforgettable newspaper headlines like MAN COMES IN BOX FROM U.K. ("Blame it all on the 'Avoid the Christmas Crush and Post your Christmas Male Early' posters", he said.) Mr. Spiers also inspired the Egyptian Embassy in Rome to try and forward an out-moded spy to Cairo via diplomatic pouch. They tried to explain it away by saying it was a chain letter and they didn't like to be spoil sports and break it.

The years favourite resort area was the lovely Hunter River district. Hints of a bumper crop at Dalwood and an abundance of bushland flora between Braxton and Morpeth attracted droves of visitors who wanted to See Australia First. The scarcity of tourist facilities did not deter the nature lovers who were only too willing to take pot luck.

by S. H.

All About OZ

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Back copies are still available for 1/-.

Nos. 1, 4, 6, 8, and 9 have sold out.

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Long queue at the end of the quest

In the afternoon, after an adequate but limp salad, Rayleen insisted that I accompany her on a tour of the National War Museum (WWM). This is one of the showpieces of the Canberra government which is shown to every foreigner. Rayleen had a genuine pride in this mausoleum of the spirit of militarism and spoke easily of Lone Pine, Cheong-sam Ridge and Cyprus.

During the long (Government-owned) bus trip out to NWM we passed close to the new lake, one of the few components of the U.S. - devised city plan retained by its Australian modifiers. Once again I had a chance to note what had impressed me several times before -- the poor quality of workmanship in this land.

COLIN SIMPSON, touring Australia with his State guide, Rayleen, has visited a hop field and now visits the administrative heart of the Commonwealth.

The lake retaining wall was cracking and even crumbling in spots and I wondered silently how long it would take the regime to realise that an efficient workman must take a pride in his work. No incentive equals no workmanship.

Rayleen flushed and lowered her brown eyes

But enthusiasm could not make up for the lack of the profit motive.

I saw a similar lack of pride in workmanship when visiting the Berlin Wall in '60 (Adam in Eden - Colin Simpson 1961).

The building was not a thing of architectural beauty (by Western standards)

**FOR THEM
BUT NOT
FOR ME**

visitors from other parts of the country was moving up the wide stone steps. Occasionally a group of schoolchildren or a 'pack' of Cubs or Brownies (identified by the bright scarves) would be led into the entrance by their dedicated leaders.

Rayleen positively glowed as she shepherded me inside and around the various exhibits. Like most young Australians she had been educated from childhood to a deep respect for the doings of the State Army.

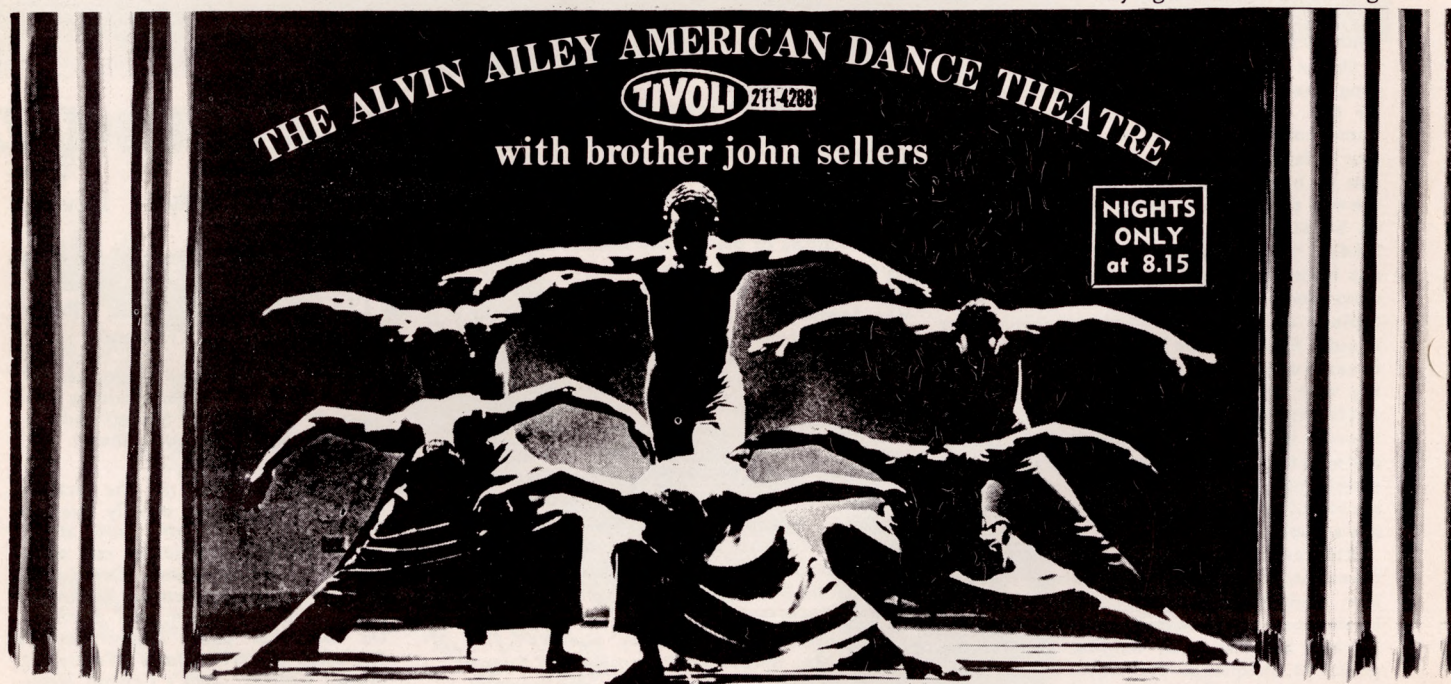
Her pride was completely genuine although a

TAKE ME TOO —

when I pointed to a particular section of shoddy work. I learned later that she had been one of the young Girl Guides voluntarily working on the walls in their spare Saturdays and after Sunday school.

and like many other Australian State buildings was a massive squat structure built in the shape of a hollow square. (You can tell the character of a people from their buildings.)

A constant stream of



"A dynamo of Modern Dance! Strong; Violent; Controlled!" BULLETIN

"Any one of the 10 dancers in this company is an outstanding soloist." S.M.H.

"A classic exposition of modern dance" SUN

"Few of us could doubt the magic Alvin Ailey's Dance Theatre has for Sydney audiences" AUSTRALIAN".

The Company Flies QANTAS

Seats available from Tivoli, Nicholsons, Palings and D.J.'s.
Prices: 10/- 20/- 30/- ; **Students Concession on presentation of authority** **Children half price.**

Westerner may not understand this attitude. (Adam Goes West -- Colin Simpson 1958).

We passed dioramas of great Australian skirmishes and defeats while Rayleen chattered on of Simpson's donkey, Jacka V.C. and other soldiers elevated to folk-hero status by a shrewd State. It is only possible to maintain an Army in a land of such small population (11 millions) if a certain glamour is attached to the whole gory business. At least, this seems to be the reasoning of those shadowy figures in the large white building on the banks of the Lake.

In the centre of the WWM there is a small courtyard and here I witnessed one of the sights truly unique to Australia -- a spectacle always remarked upon by visitors but nevertheless still startling the first time one chances upon it.

A crowd of several hundred people was waiting in a queue six-deep around the perimeter of the square under an uncomfortably warm Australian sun. Rayleen informed me with some pride that most of them had waited for several hours and that for the tardy it would be in vain, for the doors of the small building upon which all eyes were turned would shut in an hour's time.

I took my place at the end of the long queue but a uniformed attendant at once saw from my leather shoes and woollen coat that I was not an Australian citizen. He ushered me to the head of the queue - a privilege of overseas visitors who bring much-needed foreign exchange.

My efficient guides had previously given me little chance to see the people in their natural state as it were and even now Rayleen tried to divert my attention with her bright remarks. But I was struck by the quiet stolidity of the crowd and the care

with which each person kept his correct position. (Of course, Australians are not unused to queues. In Adelaide and Melbourne I often noticed long lines of shoppers outside the theatres, foodshops and clothing stores as I was whisked by in an official black limousine).

It was a remarkably mixed crowd with herdsmen and small farmers from the dry Western hinterland joining factory workers in open neck shirts and State office-workers.

I offered a small rosy-cheeked child a piece of chocolate (a delicacy in Australia) as I left the queue and his mother thanked me profusely. Australian mothers love their children just as much as Western mothers but children in Australia don't see enough chocolate as far as I can tell. The chubby lad reminded me strongly of the diminutive Hans of Stuttgart (Take me to Lichtenstein -- Colin Simpson 1961).

After this brief brush with the populace, Rayleen and I were politely (but firmly) taken to the head of the queue and we entered the semi-gloom of the small building.

Then, with the other visitors, (some of whom travelled hundred of miles for this experience), we shuffled slowly past the black shape resting on its timber cradle. After all I had imagined, the exhibit was something of a disappointment but I was still moved and bent low to catch a closer glimpse. Some even kissed it but I could not quite enter into the spirit as much as Rayleen would have liked. In a matter of a few seconds we were past it and out into the bright Australian day. Respect for deeds past is universal, but as a Westerner, could I really bend low (as some did) and kiss the stern of a Japanese midget submarine?



For A Violent Death...

GO FOR A RIDE

(1,756 Killed on Australian roads last year)

CROSS A STREET

(811 Pedestrians killed last year)

GO FOR A SWIM

(440 Drowning victims)

JOIN THE NAVY

(82 Went down 1964)

LIVE IN AUSTRALIA

(Only 2million will survive a nuclear attack)

For A Lingering Death...

Smoke CAMELUCKIES

The Devil-May-Care Cigarette
and relax.

When it comes, it comes. There's nothing you can do about it.

with the magistrates can be seen in the continuing policy of modest penalties for drunken and reckless driving. Attempts to increase wasteful police patrols have been thwarted and our opposition to alcohol tests has commanded gratifyingly wide support among all sections of the community.

Congratulations to all our members in N.S.W! What a wonderful year it has been - over 1,000 deaths and countless more seriously maimed. A truly noble achievement of which we can all be justly proud.

We look forward to seeing most of you at the annual Ford Day re-union. Although many of our old comrades will no longer be with us, they will not be forgotten at the drive-past. At the letting-down of the tyres we will remember them. The survivors will always honour their deathly heroism and

reckless carelessness which at last brought its just reward. Regardless of the cost to themselves and others they continued to drive dangerously: cornering at high speed, overtaking in the face of the enemy and striking terror into the craven hearts of all non-members. At blind corners, precipitous hills and busy intersections, they never hesitated. They are an inspiration to us all.

In looking back on 1964 your committee can dispense with all false modesty. Nobody can deny that it has been a really splendid year. As a result of our representations, speed-limits were raised in a number of areas and the campaign against seat-belts continues to hold its own. The success of our dealings

But this is no time to rest on our laurels. Our plans for 1965 include:

- larger car-parks at pubs
- introduction of metal telegraph poles on all streets
- strategic placement of "Road Up" signs on blind corners
- re-stocking outlying suburbs with more pedestrians.

Make 1965 YOUR year. It is so easy to make a contribution by being just a little more careless and aggressive. When in doubt always act upon the basic rule of our association: "Foot Down and Forward!" And always remember: one for the road might well mean another step towards our target. Every single life counts, so take one now and feel the satisfaction of having helped the cause.

P.S. In answer to those members who have written to us about children the answer is yes; they count as one in the same way as an adult.

JOHN POWELL

1788 and all that!

I was not like the others in the hulks - cut throats, tavern rats, Jacobites. I was simply out of harmony with my environment and got caught up in the unjust criminal laws of my day. I blame the Industrial Revolution. It was all a harmless prank, poaching that swan from John's. The mag'state didn't think so. He said the College swans were reserved for the dons. And in any case I wasn't a student at Oxford so he had no option but to pass sentence. As an example to other louts less educated than myself, he said.

When they offered me seven years' transportation I jumped at the chance. Nothing like a long sea trip to give you that sense of perspective. Get a good tan, regular victuals, meet a nice class of person. The picture was certainly attractive. Lonely beaches, blue blue sky, sun bleached sand. Getaway land. I could feel the excitement in the air. The excitement of getaway. Here was a way of earning a big remission and a mention in the parish news. And if this sort of thing caught on with the man in the street a way of playing a significant part in the birth of a nation. That's what I wanted most I suppose, a chance to prove myself, to perpetrate something that posterity would always remember. Like a city or a dynasty.

As it turned out I wasn't sorry I volunteered. The trip to the Antipodes did me a world of good. I wasn't a scrap seasick. I even developed a passion for the individual way they served the meals. The time passed in a feverish whirl of plank swabbing, bilge bailing and P.T. from the yardarm. For recreation we had the rods, triangles and of course our log tables and sometimes we helped roll dead marines off the stern. Mostly we did nothing but laze around soaking up the sun and reading back numbers of The Tatler until the lunch gong went.

Crossing the Line was full of thrills. We all had sulphur baths and molasses as a treat. There was a rat race for the littlies and some of the old salts favoured the lads and lasses with a bracket of rollicking shanties below decks. A few of us entered the spirit of the occasion and got keelhaunched. Which is not as bad as it looks provided you hold your breath. The officers enjoyed this part of the festivities. They kept firing their muskets. That night we had a fancy dress ball. As a rule I don't go much on organized games, parties, that sort of thing but we made an effort, rummaged in our trunks and turned up just as the music was starting dressed as civilians. What a riot!

And then before we knew it the trip was almost over. After the usual Tuesday night bible class and mouth-watering supper of things on toast, none of us could sleep a wink, we were in such a tizz. Eight months of being coddled and here we were anchored off a continent. We made the last entries in our diaries and, come the dawn, there was the man of scripture offering a few eloquent words on Christian values in a secular society. We were about to introduce the knife and fork, running writing and the 31 Articles to the heathen, he said, and we must not fail them. We promised not to and clapped our irons.

Half a league onward was a spectacular view of rocks at low tide and a swamp behind

I own it looked devilish extinct to me except for two blackfellows on a mound, beside themselves with gratitude, waving welcoming fists at us. Arthur was up on the flagship poophaving an eye-spy. Lieutenant King was checking the almanack. Captain Hunter lined us up and handpicked a crew for the pinnace. A new adventure was about to begin. We put on clean linen, gave a last minute polish to our dog collars, adjusted the arrows, so they all ran the same way and then we were ready. I tied my old workhouse colours to my belt. Good contemporary thinking that. We were a pretty nifty lot as we clambered into the long boat.

On the way in we started a singalong with some traditional ballads and I must say it was very emotional, the sun rising dramatically in the east, our Captain balancing a picture of the monarch on his head and we pioneers singing as we cracked the small ones into the shore. Actually we never got that far. We ran onto a sandbar about forty yards off. Bit of an anti-climax, stuck there like that. Big question: Who carries the stuff ashore? There was a flag, a tea chest of crucifixes and trinkets, all the cut lunches. I didn't want to appear too pushy but with the prospect of a plaque or a statue being put up on the site and in years to come probably a re-enactment of this very scene I wasn't going to sit back. So I offered to carry the Captain on my back. Surprise. Surprise. I could tell the others were envious. Compliments were exchanged.

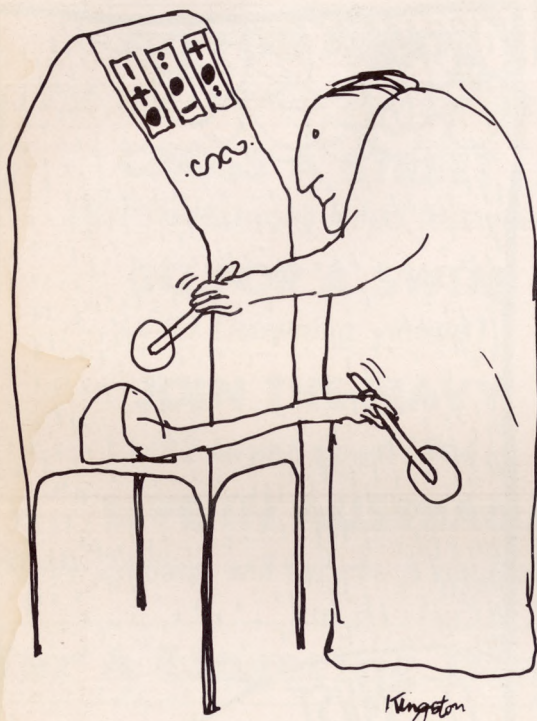
So we waded across the bar, me and the Captain in front the mob strung out behind dragging the boat. I would be in the historical records for sure. Then a funny thing happened on the way to the beach. There was this channel which was quite deep. Half way across a fish with a big fin on his back glided up and took me, leg stump, ball and all. You could have knocked me over. They said later it was a whaler shark but personally I think it was a tiger. Anyway, silly billy let the Captain fall splash in the Pacific. Lord, how we all laughed. Quite ridiculous he looked, wet all over and the dye running out of his cummerbund. But he didn't complain which I thought was jolly decent of him. I felt a bit queasy myself but I improvised a crawl with little scissor kicks and got there before the others. My proudest moment. One leg on dry land. And standing.

The ruling, by the New Hampshire Supreme Court yesterday cleared the way for the trial of an invasion - of - privacy suit in which a couple accuse their former landlord of planting an eavesdropping device in their bedroom.

Carl Hamberger, an automotive agency parts manager, and his wife, Mae 29, charged that the device was hidden in their room for a year.

Mrs Hamberger said the discovery of the device was such a shock that she has been under a doctor ever since.





Privates' Progress

The matter about which I am now going to speak is not new. I spoke in this House on the 2nd May in regard to it. The whole case appeared in the "Medical Journal" and also in the "New York Times". If it has appeared in those two publications, surely there is nothing wrong about speaking here on it on behalf of this person.

The case was that of a man who was employed in one of the large city Tatt's buildings in Sydney as a cleaner. This gentleman had been working at the job for nine months in a commendable manner. On a certain day, he was engaged in the removal of a sofa from one room to another. The gentleman at the other end of the sofa allowed his end of the sofa to drop. That is where all the trouble started. This man was hit. After a few days, he was in great pain. He was taken to hos-

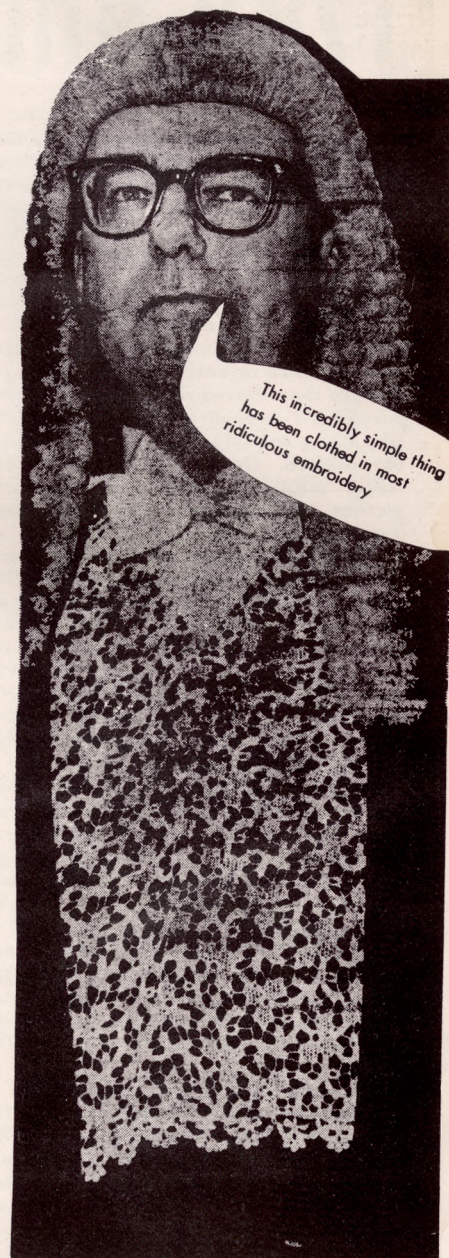
pital and he was operated on. On the first occasion he was operated on, he suffered the loss of one —. I went to see the Minister for Social Services (Mr. Robertson), and I put this man's case to him. In a second operation, he lost another.

The Minister for Social Services, from that day, has given this man nothing. I said to the Minister: "I intend to raise this matter in the House. I would like you to help me to introduce this subject. What am I going to say? I cannot go into the House and say that he is a gelding. What would be the proper way to describe his trouble? Would the proper term be his privates or his testicles?" The Minister said: "Leave it to me and I will have a look at it." That was 18 months ago and the Minister has not looked at it yet."

For the loss of a great toe a person receives £860 and for the loss of any other toe a person receives £344. So, in all, if a person lost two toes - a big one and a little one - he would collect about £1,200. But there is no legislation in Australia under which this man can receive justice.

I tried very hard to get him a job through the Commonwealth Employment Service. We succeeded in getting him a job as a cleaner in one of the big emporiums in Sydney. He did his work very well for a while. He came along to see me one day. I said to him: "How are you getting on in your job?" He said: "Not too well. When I am getting around doing my work and I see all the nice young girls around, I get very lonely". I said to him: "Never mind about the lonely part of it. Are you satisfied with the job you have?" Well, he worked in that job for about three months and then he was put off.

If he has to walk any distance, he has to sit down on the kerb or the footpath to rest. I am no judge of how he should feel after losing such important things. But he has no chance of getting a job at the present time. He went before Judge Rainbow, who decided that he had not been earning his living by what he had lost. The next thing was that his wife was not too pleased about things. He does not mind my saying these things, because he is desperate. His wife was advised by a leading solicitor in Sydney that if she took proceedings she might be awarded damages for loss of conjugal rights. But, having no money, she could not go to court. That is this unfortunate man's position at the present time.



THE SPEAKER, MR RAY MAHER

November 11, 1964

SOMMARTRAD
Swinging surfwear,
hawaiian and tahitian
hipsters, beach parkas,
bikinis, shirts and board shorts
Macmillan Court, Avalon Beach
918-7096

Jardel
Custom
Femitting

LAST
CHANCE:
... THEN
MOVE
TO

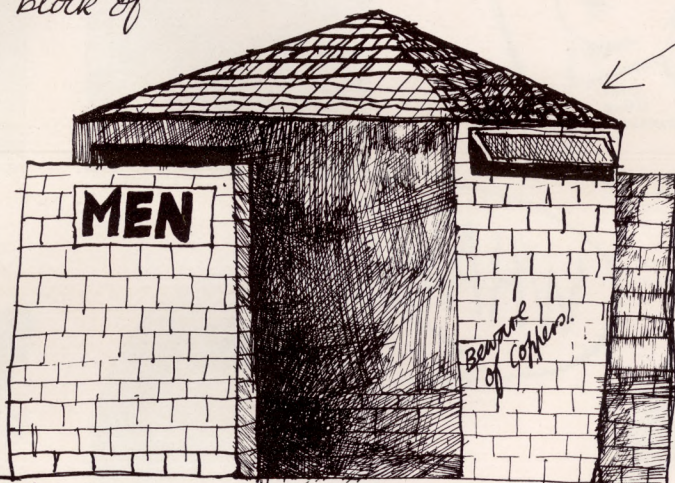
HAWAII

425
CLEVELAND
STREET
REDFERN
N.S.W.
PHONE
69-1680

HOW TO MAKE A PARK

OR Councillors and Aldermen HOW TO WIN RESPECT IN YOUR ELECTORATE

Locate a SUITABLE block of land.... Destroy all vegetation..... Sprinkle liberally with dust... mixed with broken beer bottles..... choose a central and prominent position to erect a red brick shrine to sanitation.



IT goes in here and it comes out at BONDI

plant some small dead twigs in the sand and build cages around them..... these are for shade.

FORBIDDEN
PENALTY £20 BY ORDER

erect a notice forbidding all the things you can do in a park.....

..... and a bubbler that dribbles warm brown water...

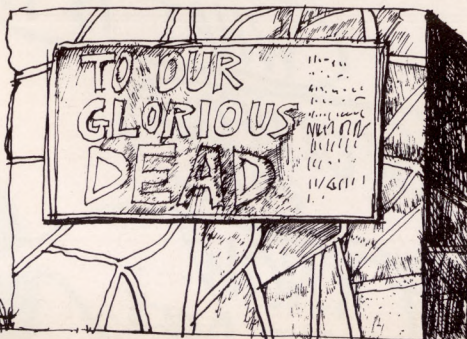
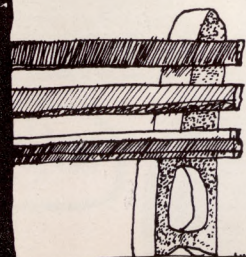
..... and a Bench.....



that is painted red and yellow and blue and green and purple

and a crazy paving War Memorial dedicated to those ^{who} died in the GREAT (just great) WARS, and who unselfishly and unwittingly gave their lives so we could have FREEDOM and Parks like this to remember them by.

P.S. name the park after yourself....



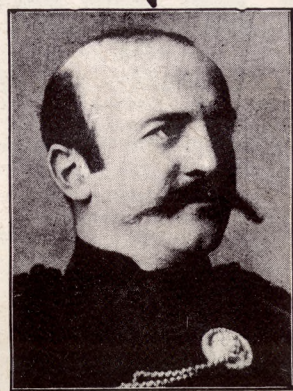


I don't

I do

she does what?

I should ~~love~~ hate to think



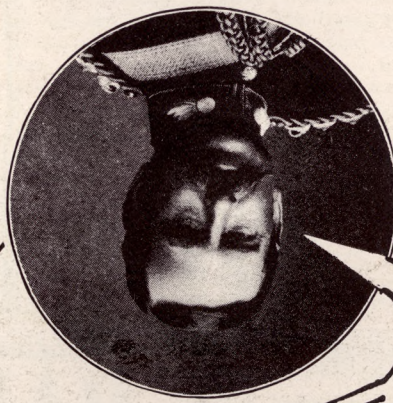
WHAT?



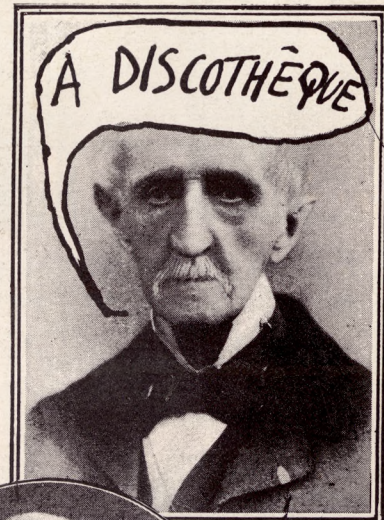
SHE GOES...



...TO "THE GAS LASH" 212 ELIZABETH ST. SYDNEY



WHAT IS IT?



A DISCOTHEQUE



WHAT'S A DISCOTHEQUE ???

I DONT KNOW..... BUT SHE DOES...



WHAT?