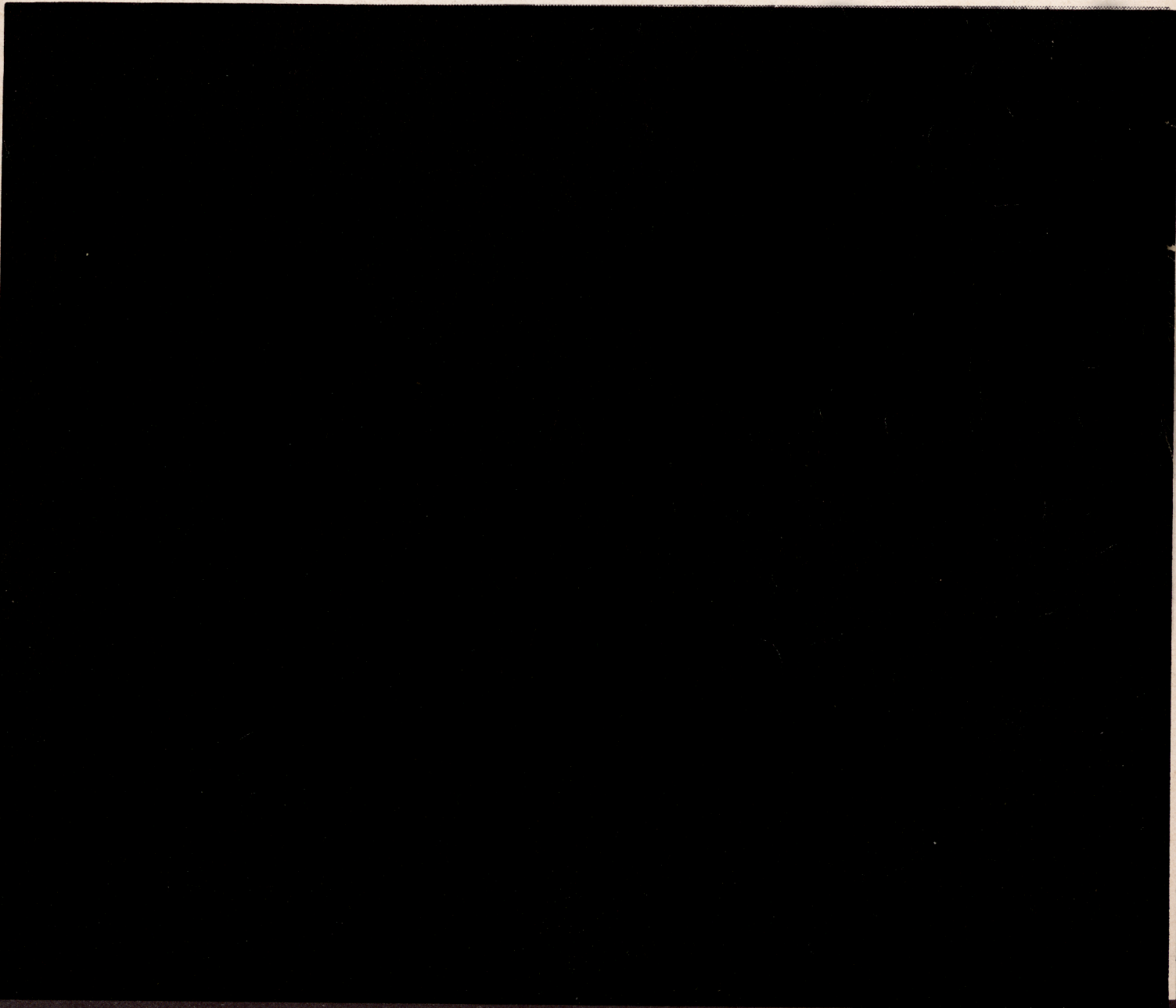


The editors of OZ wish
to express their deep
sympathy to the family
of the Prime Minister
in their sad bereave-
ment. We regret that
this issue was already
printed before the
tragic events of Sunday,
17th December.

OZ

no.35

20c



BEST WE

Hubble-bubble Smoker of 1967: (among other awards) to H. Holt for his statement in June that the Arab-Israel trouble was "all huffing and puffing" and would never lead to war (also in June).

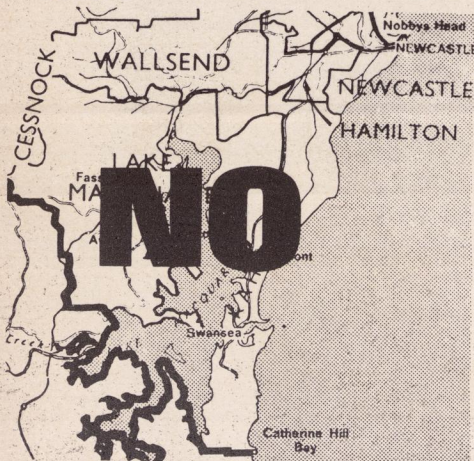
OZ Humane Society Medal: to Sir Frank Packer for Sydney "Telegraph" editorials

- suggesting control of Negro riots by shooting a hundred darkies,
- approving the Ryan hanging (alone amongst Australian newspapers),
- advising Vote No in the referendum on Aborigines,
- urging impeachment of Mr. Justice McClemens after the Cuthbert Case.

Freedom of the Press-Gang: again to Sir Frank for his work during the Sydney journalists' strike, for helping new talent (i.e., Donald Horne), by losing artist Les Tanner and editor Peter Coleman after an issue of the "Bulletin" which so displeased him that it was pulped, and more recently for wringing an abject apology out of "Nation" following nasty insinuations over share-deals involving his betenore Rupert Murdoch.

Machiavelli Memorial: to Alan Fitzgerald for his masterly "Don't Vote For Me" campaign which won him a seat on the A.C.T. Advisory Council as its first True Whig member — and its only candidate ever to run backwards for office.

Most Firmly Lost Cause: New State Movement in N.S.W., died 29th April, 1967, of an acute referendum.



Uplifts of the Year:

Cross My Heart bras
Harold's Devaluation Speech—
"good electoral material but
economic bilge": SMH.
Ed Clark: "Ich bin ein Australian"

Drop-Out of the Year: Dr. Timothy Leary, who has stepped down as head archangel of the League of Spiritual Development and married his former aide.



D. N. EVERINGHAM (A.L.P.)



F. B. RUDD (Lib.)

Romulus and Remus Prize: shared by Dr. Everingham (new member for Capricornia) and his brother-in-law Mr. Rudd (the runner-up), both of whom had a hard time with political wolves during the election. When Treasurer McMahon (Moulin Rouge Award 1967 as Communist Can-Can Kicker) began baying at the moon and savaging the doctor, Rudd threatened to withdraw. Proving himself a good scout but a lousy McMahon cub.

Folk-Runs-Amok Section: Marijuana Faithless, for services to the Persian Rug industry and her suggestion that sexual intercourse should now be portrayed in films. The Italian film seducer, Frederico Fellatio, is currently working on this latter suggestion and is soon to release the fruit of his endeavour under the old title, "Keystone Cops".

Bundle for Britain Award: Judy Lockrey, Australian entrant in Miss World who abandoned British nationality and was naturalised only weeks before leaving for the judging in London (from whence she does not seem to have returned).

Sir Robert Menzies Memorial Prize for Liberal Principles That Know When Not To Go Too Far: the Duke of Edinburgh, for continuing to project an "enlightened" image but keeping remarkably silent about his Greek relative, King Constantine the Flexible.

Hostess with the Leastest: Mrs. Ignace Listwan who brought out the peahen of the Peacock Throne, Princess Soraya. After staging a tantrum over a cholera injection, flouncing out of charity events and refusing to go anywhere near the Melbourne Cup, the princess also won our nomination for Persian Least Likely to Succeed.

World's Biggest Lie: that the Vietcong are all communists and under the direct manipulation of Hanoi (in December, even at last denied by the "Sunday Telegraph"). And Most Hopeful Prediction: an end to Vietnam and hence the discrediting and defeat of the Holt Government.

"The Loved One" of the Year: to Jayne Mansfield who lost her head in the most tasteless death of the year and then had every old flame descend upon her assets in unseemly haste. Also to William Manchester who is surely beginning "Death of a Sex Queen" to cash in on yet another American myth.

**ASKIN CAN DO IT!
SO CAN HIS MERRY MEN!**



Robin Hood Prize: to Eric Willis N.S.W. Chief Secretary (glasses) as unmerriest man and for hating people doing it.

FORGET

Closed Chapters Prize:

- "Twenty Unread Letters to a Friend" by the svelte Svetlana.
- "Afternoon Light" — an evening of boredom by a master of turgidity.

Worst New Ideas:

"The Naked Ape"
 psychedelicatessens
 macro-skirts
 Sadie the Cleaning Lady
 the Anti-Anti Football League
 three new DLP senators
 transcendentalising hippies
 Mohammed Ali Webster
 CIA subsidies



MRS BLACK, nee Shirley Temple.



Catch a Falling Star Award:

to Chuck Faulkner as the most degraded pop hero of 1967. Acquitted of being the brains behind a TV payroll scoop, Chuck is now chief spruiker for Z.Z. Cut-Price Centre Stores publicising radio scoops, tool scoops and crazy Nodding Animal scoops, which just about scoop the bottom of the barrel.

Special Goldfish Trophy: Andrew Jones, M.P., for the most open face with the most closed mind.

Happy Families:

Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer
 Mia Farrow-Frank Sinatra
 Mai Britt-Sammy Davis Jnr.

"Good Ship Lollipop" Award: to the most short-lived political career in history. Shared by Shirley Temple (now Black) and Col. Nyugen Ky (still faintly yellow).

Banner Headline of the Year:

"Star's Nude Dance" (Sunday Mirror, Dec. 10). This referred to a single buried paragraph in an inside story on Vanessa Redgrave ("She handed out her latest shock to a theatre audience this week when she danced baretop before a theatre audience in London") in a much longer article on something else. This single, obscure paragraph, on which apparently the whole issue was to be sold, was not only ill-written and stale (the "Sun" had carried the story four days earlier) but untrue (the "theatre audience" were some actors and the episode was, in fact, a scene from a forthcoming film).

Family Planner of the Year: Stanley Korman for his remarkable ability to syphon money out of his public companies to save his family companies from the financial ruin he brought to others.

Most Hideous Excess: seven doctors for the Brisbane quins (0.714285 repeater of a quin for each doctor — ignoring the mother as the journalist will).

Whatever Happened To:

Sergeant Harry Giles
 Woolcott Forbes
 Stinvics
 The Vincent Report
 Riley's Black Book

Most Considered Verdict: Sir Robert Menzies for "I certainly haven't carved out a masterpiece."

Blackest Comedy Cup: to Tony Hancock for Hiccup's Half Hour at the Dendy Theatre, Melbourne.

Carcinoma Diploma: to the most publicised and least worthy cancer victims of 1967, Sir Laurence Olivier, Lurline Wallace, Bobby Limb.

Most Significant Departure: "Last Exit from Brooklyn", banned in London.



Transcendental Giggle: Makarishi Makecash Yogi Bear.

Stumble into party's Credibility Gap.
DLP — what party?
ALP — wait 1 turn for gap to close (until
next Conference).
LCP — disappear.

Photographed in TAA jet with Linda McGill.
ALL advance 4 spaces except LCP who
loses slush funds and goes back 1 space.

Photographed with Linda McGill in VIP jet.
ALL go back to Start.

You are mentioned in the Bulletin.
ALP — miss 2 throws while issuing writ.
LCP & DLP — continue as though it was
nothing unusual; it wasn't.

Can't remember name of home state after
six years' absence from
ALL up one square.

Challenged to debate Vietnam by Ken
Thomas.
ALL except ALP add 10% of last throw.

You are abused by Andrew Jones in public.
ALL 6 free throws.

Photographed with leader's wife.
ALL it all depends.

Photographed in Ansett jet with Linda
McGill.
ALL advance 4 spaces.

You are accused of lying.
ALL play on as usual.

Explain Vietnam policy.
LCP & DLP — don't move.
ALP — back 2 spaces.

You are lampooned in OZ.
Go straight to the Senate.

Mentioned in Archbishop Mannix's will pub-
lished in "Telegraph" as reported in
Santamaria's "Weekly". according to B. A.
DLP — keep going.
LCP — don't move (for preference).
ALP — give up.

TV speech coincides with Showcase '67.
ALL miss one throw.

Rules

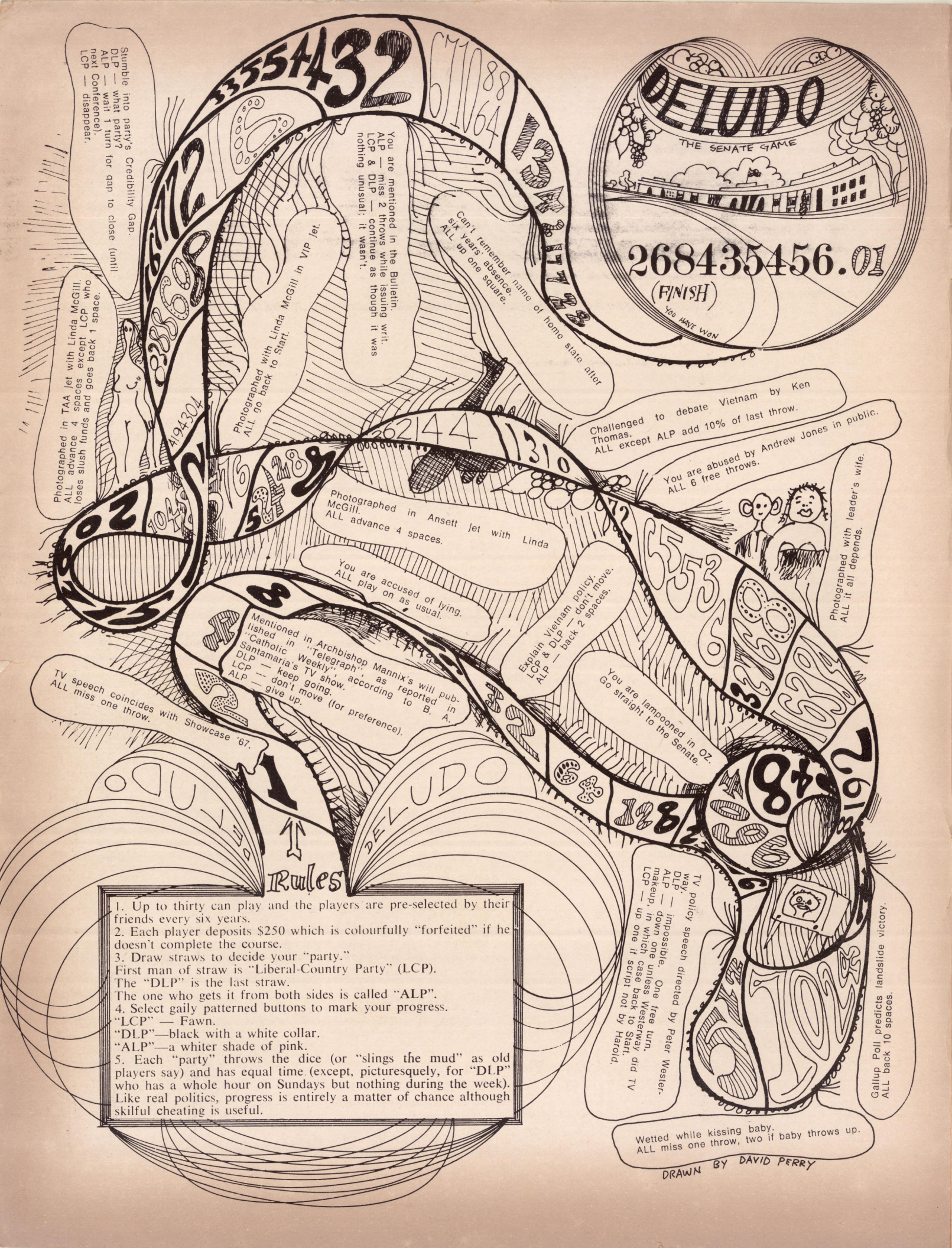
1. Up to thirty can play and the players are pre-selected by their friends every six years.
2. Each player deposits \$250 which is colourfully "forfeited" if he doesn't complete the course.
3. Draw straws to decide your "party."
First man of straw is "Liberal-Country Party" (LCP).
The "DLP" is the last straw.
The one who gets it from both sides is called "ALP".
4. Select gaily patterned buttons to mark your progress.
"LCP" — Fawn.
"DLP" — black with a white collar.
"ALP" — a whiter shade of pink.
5. Each "party" throws the dice (or "slings the mud" as old players say) and has equal time (except, picturesquely, for "DLP" who has a whole hour on Sundays but nothing during the week). Like real politics, progress is entirely a matter of chance although skillful cheating is useful.

TV policy speech directed by Peter West-
way.
DLP — impossible. One free turn.
ALP — down one unless Westway did TV
makeup, in which case back to Start.
LCP — up one if script not by Harold.

Wetted while kissing baby.
ALL miss one throw, two if baby throws up.

Gallup Poll predicts landslide victory.
ALL back 10 spaces.

DRAWN BY DAVID PERRY





ESD of ABC

WHEN IT COMES to politics the ABC has two major problems which it has never been able to solve. These are censorship and finance.

Both Liberal and ALP ministers have had the idea that they should be able to influence what is ostensibly an independent statutory Commission in its choice of viewpoints and programs. In recent times a number of politicians have leaned heavily on the ABC because of Four Corners.

More recently still, the Postmaster-General Mr. Hulme told ABC personnel that they seemed to be avoiding the highest standards in their TV programs. Presumably he thought of Contrabandits, Bellbird, sexy ole Australian Playhouse and the buffalo-shooting segment in Four Corners. The DLP chimed in on this although its main gripe is that it is not treated as the third major party when it comes to apportioning free time for electoral spiels.

When Four Corners was under fire several years ago, the ABC jumped when the whips cracked. But the day after Mr. Hulme's ludicrous speech, with every columnist predicting tamer programs, a memo went out to ABC-TV production staff. From Neil Hutchinson, federal Controller of Programs, the memo denied newspaper reports that ABC Chairman Sir Robert Madgwick had been "summoned" to appear before Mr. Hulme to hear more about his dirty shows—it was just an ordinary quarterly meeting.

The writer had a high regard for the programs being produced, it continued, so ABC staff should ignore newspaper reports and continue to produce to their hearts' content. The ABC wasn't playing Postmaster's Knock.

But finance is a different story. The ABC grab for higher ratings has meant higher costs, especially for home-grown shows. This Day Tonight costs more in a day than Four Corners ever did in a week, each Contrabandits (with staff costs added) is up around \$50,000 and the fledgling Special Projects division costs plenty, although it hasn't yet sent a minute to air.

Add the abortifone I'm Alright (sic) Now (which has been scrapped — Reg. Livermore will get an equally bloodcurdling "situation comedy"), plus Bellbird, plus Australian Playhouse and something's gotta give. Apparently it won't be the treasury.

Special Projects is drastically short of money. This Day Tonight will go into an unhealthy 2½ month recess instead of the planned three weeks. The new Contrabandits series may still begin production in March but more likely June and it won't begin on air till August. The budget has

been slashed—less film and lots fewer actors. New documentaries have been shelved, Australian Playhouse production is postponed until late in the year and all this for the one reason. No money . . . if you can't beat them, starve them.

SWEET COPS

N.S.W. State Labour really looked as though they were playing for real when they raised the Warringah allegations in parliament. They had previously set up a three-man committee of investigation, on whose findings they were relying for material. They were held back in their attack only in the knowledge, furnished by the same committee, that two of their own men were also involved.

The Ng case may still prove interesting. Some of the personalities involved are associated with the ex-policemen convicted on drug charges in the U.S. At least two police officers have recently been transferred off this case for being too efficient in their ferretting.

PROF-CONG?

The appeal by a number of Sydney professors for Civil Aid for South Vietnam has received widespread publicity. Intentionally or unintentionally, it has taken some of the publicity initiative away from the Vietnam protesting academics. Of course, if the appeal fails to reach its target of \$30,000—to be raised entirely from university staff—it will prove a worthwhile stick with which to beat the universities for their lack of sympathy for the South Vietnamese.

The letter launching the appeal has not gone out to all academics. Presumably postage will be saved by not bothering about the better known protesters, who would be unlikely—whatever their feelings about Civil Aid—to subscribe to an appeal whose trustees are so heavily committed to military action. The letter refers warmly to the generosity of three anonymous academics who have promised the Appeal half their recent pay increase. But then one of the trustees has the very strong conviction that this particular increase was a scandal (this academic has no children and a wife with income).

But the most interesting point about the begging letter is its statement that donations are tax-deductable.

If it were true, this would be the first foreign aid charity to obtain such a con-

cession from the Treasury. It is a concession that better known and longer established organisations, like Freedom from Hunger, Inter-Church Aid, Save the Children Fund and the United Nations Appeal for Children, have failed to obtain in the past. The Treasury has always argued that these charities are a drain on currency and not to be encouraged, which has been at loggerheads with E.A.'s claim that they are aiming to increase our civil aid to the proverbial 1%. Apparently if private individuals are prepared to boost the national effort in this area they are not to be assisted.

Suddenly after many years of agitation over this particular tax concession, a small newly-formed group is to receive immediate recognition. Or is it? Taxation has now had second thoughts and the final decision, if it is in favour of the Appeal, will be against the recommendation of the Tax Commissioner. The Government must be very grateful to these hard-working academics.

FILM CLIP

"NATION" REVEALED recently that a tired Commonwealth Film Censorship Board had appointed Deputy Film Censors to see those films that the official censors couldn't quite manage. There have been persistent rumours that anyone around from typists to office boys might be co-opted, given a list of "objectionable subjects" and shunted in to a movie. If the proxy censor sounded the alarm his aesthetic judgment would be checked by one of the Board.

Appointing Deputies eliminated this sort of activity although the Censor still had complete discretion as to whom he appointed. This means that he could select any Tom, Dick or Harry to enforce his own ideas of taste and indecency on the filmgoer.

One particular Dick was none other than Ray Septimus Maher, ex-Speaker of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly. A Miss Shepherd alleged in 1965 that he had proposed an indecent feature and then flashed some obscene footage at her. A court found the charges unfounded but Ray's political career was ended. He died this year.

But Ray was made a Deputy after he left the Chair and if you think that obscenity was a strange field for him then you just don't know much about Public Service appointments in the higher echelons.

"PHIZZIGS" CONT. PAGE 13

Phizzigigs are Australian informers, as distinct from American stoolpigeons, English marks and Scandinavian Quislings.

SAVE FAUNA AND FLORA FROM THE FARMER, PLEADS CSIRO EXPERT

NOVEMBER 17: A new frightening angle on the Victorian drought was revealed yesterday by CSIRO expert Artemus Boor, leading gynaecologist and animal husband.

"With the decline in fertility out here," he reported, "Flora and Fauna are on their last legs." This is believed to be a reference to the Misses F. and F. Brown of Warracknabeal.

Farmer Brown himself mused: "Once they used to run wild hereabouts but them days are gone forever, it seems."

Nov. 17: Quintin Hogg (the late Lord Hailsham) told Parliament that "there is no good reason for gaoling Australian visitors to Britain if they do not pose a social problem." A chill of resentment swept through the lower reaches of Earl's Court. Leading immigrants A.A. ("Zoe") Calwell and "Bazarre" Humphries quickly organised a Committee of the 100 Expatriate Social Problems and sent a stiff note to Parliament. Hogg's remark was seen as a direct threat to gaol London's half-million Australians and destroy the future of the Anglo-Australian Population Swap, which is expected to be completed in the 1970's.

Arrested in Panama was Heinrich Mueller, heavily disguised as F. Willard Keith, insecticide peddler of Webb City, Missouri. In fact, so heavily disguised that they had to let him go, no doubt with an apology. Meanwhile, back at the homestead, Martin Bormann is still alive and living at Anzac House.

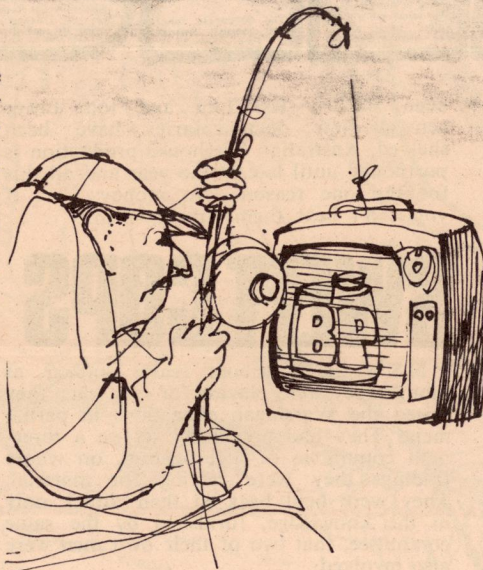
Nov. 21: Harold told the nation that it had "come of age" with our decision not to devalue. Since the ABC refused to allow Gough "equal time" to discuss the sterling devaluation (on the grounds that Holt's was not a political speech) they should at least have cut the segments that had political overtones—that way it would have made an interesting exercise in mime.

The best comment came from the SMH's Financial Editor: "Australia will truly 'come of age' when it doesn't feel a need to demonstrate to others that it has come of age."

A week before re-elections Senator Turnbull explained to the Press why he had taken so long to report to police the theft of his wife's \$23,000 jewels from his Launceston home: "I suppose if I had reported the jewellery missing immediately people would have said it was a political publicity stunt." Later (i.e. after the Senate voting) the jewels turned up in Mrs. Turnbull's swimming cap at their house. Not bad going really—nothing missing, much-needed publicity and no doubt a few sympathy votes thrown in for good measure.

Nov. 22: The Prime Minister was hooted, cat-called and hissed by a large group of Young Labourers at St. Kilda Town Hall in a vote-catching display of martyrdom.

"Communists!", the PM hissed back at them, as he thumbed nervously through Menzies' hand-me-down copy of "Teach-Yourself-Repatriate." "Veterans" said it was Harold's best speech yet in an otherwise dull campaign.



B.P. (British Petroleum) announced that they had discovered a method of obtaining food from pure oil. In another ambitious project, scientists are attempting—so far unsuccessfully—to convert Bob Dyer's good oil into palatable TV fare.

Australia's Ambassador to the UN, Mr. Patrick Shaw, opposed China's admission to the UN with the explanation that this "would not automatically make China a respected member of the community of nations." Mr. Shaw interrupted his speech at one point to send a cheerio call to three of Australia's most respected friends—Rhodesia, Portugal and Greece—and lamented that mere contact with respectability could not be expected to have an immediate beneficial influence on China.

Nov. 24: The Government was predicted to win the Senate on a "heavy swing" by notorious soothsayer Rex Morgan. Mr. Morgan was suitably face-reddened on the Sunday and could barely say even the traditional "sooth." The Gallup Poll having a bad trot and all that...

Nov. 25: Headline: "Sammy, Mai end marriage." Not only "Mai" but "did". Thus again the Rat Pack deserts the sinking marital ship.

A 21-year-old au pair girl became the latest (18th) victim of "The Beast of North London." George Brown denies all knowledge...

Nov. 27: The two juvenile leads in ATN's local adventure series, "Riptide" were given to—yes, Australians! Playing within beaming distance of that great American charmer Dy Grinnin. The Fairfax group enthused predictably about the local pair's "potential". Tough that ATN's sense of adventure and national pride never goes so far as to land locals in the star roles.

Melbourne's strike-threatening models came before State Minister for Labour and Industry, Mr. Rossiter. They complained of "sweat shop" conditions.

The confrontation was a kind of industrial dispute offensive but presumably the ladies, emerging as they were from their sweat shops, were not sufficiently offensive not to use a discreet dab of the old Roll-on.

Nov. 28: "Illegal hosing: 7 fined" (Age). Not amongst this group were two policemen later charged with illegal truncheon-bludgeoning. Constable Les Broadfoot of Heidelberg was fined \$10 for using a hand-held hose and Constable G. ("Hurler") Thug was fined \$20 for using "a hose not held in the hand."

Following the great French "Non", a hint of subversion at Woomera. When Australia's first space satellite fizzed on the landing pad, French workers nearby "cheered ironically." Equally "ironic" was the failure of the French rocket to ignite at the next ELDO attempt.

"Cox & Box" is an old G! & S. musical comedy about a landlord who defrauded his two tenants by having them, unbeknowns, share use of a single room. A recent revamp of the old musical has been playing to a "captive audience" at the Victorian Legislative Assembly. Cox (played by the Melbourne Stock Exchange), Box (played by the investing public) and the fly-by-knight landlord (Sir Frank Richardson) were gracefully panned by leading critic—the man who let the Cox Bros. swindle out of the box—B. J. Shaw.

Nov. 29: The Victorian Deputy Leader of the Country Party complained to State Parliament about the showing of sex films on Sundays. Rylah is soon to introduce legislation proscribing lust on the Lord's Day.

Yes, it's 1967 but sometimes it's hard to tell... Sydney TV personality Dita Cobb was dropped from radio station 2GB for using the word "bottom" on air. Dita is one of those hardy perennials, part of the Fairfax stable of "personalities" who are constantly being interchanged between the Sun-ATN-2GB. Formerly their leading ace, her latest escapade has caused her to be shuffled to the posterior of the pack.



LONDON, Dec. 1: U. F. O. Calwell announced today he would be soon coming home to land.

The famous Unidentified Flying Object has recently been reported circling the

Northern Hemisphere. Perceptive journalists had picked up a faint message that sounded like "conspiracy."

"I will stir up my friends," croaked the Old Loner from afar.

In a written statement Whitlam made no comment but intimated that he did not believe in U.F.O.'s. If the U.F.O. lands off Sydney Heads it is understood he will be greeted by the police launch "Nemesis" and sent on a speech-making trip around Australia, courtesy H. Holt.

Dec. 1: The late Postmaster-General Hulme deplored the moral standards of the ABC. The swansong of an ageing intellectual cripple

"Jordan is accused of smear" (Age). In further Middle East flash reports from the

Trades Hall Council, Jordan was also accused of diverting the mainstream of radical socialist thinking. The matter was referred to U Thant (played by G. Whitlam).

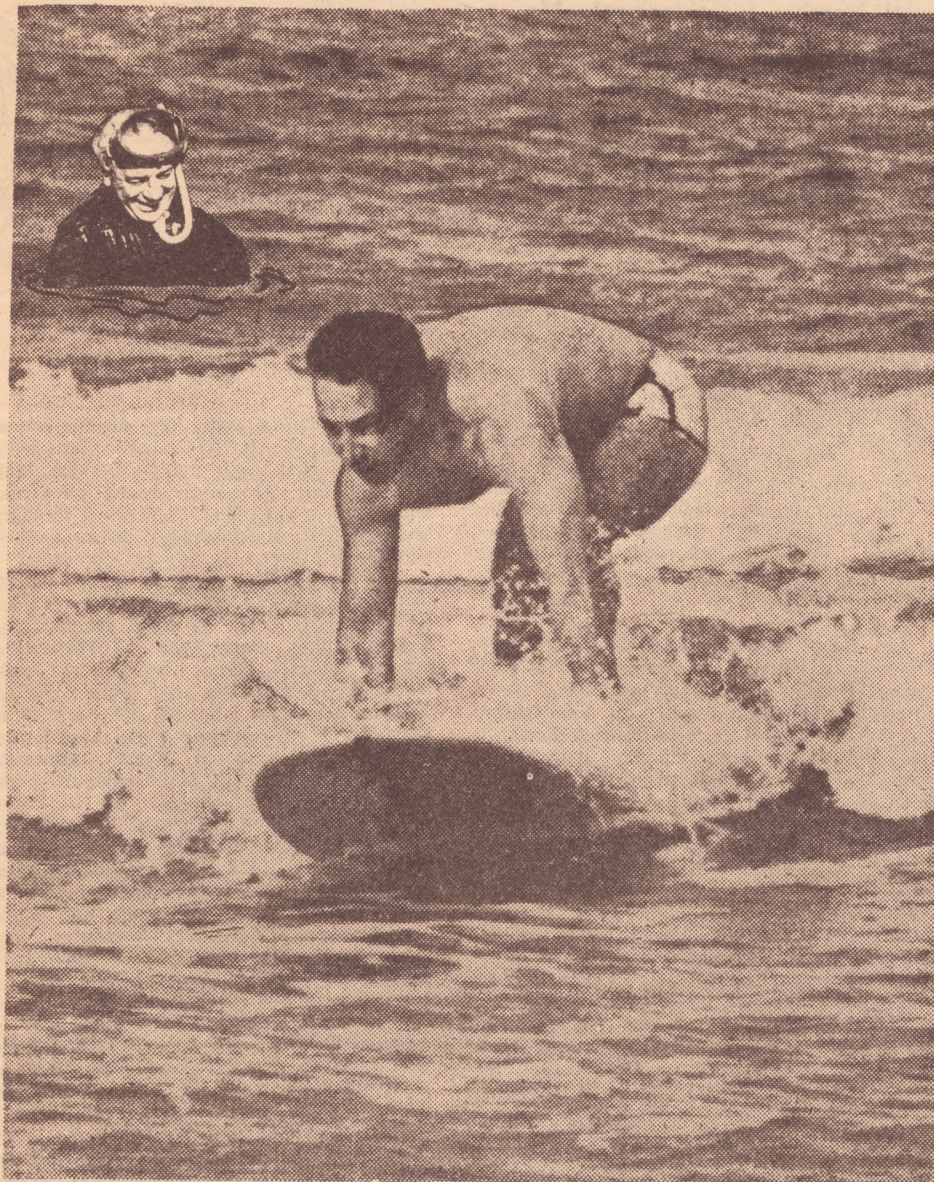
Dec. 3: A new insight into the "Pineapple Police State" was exposed at an Aboriginal Seminar in Townsville where one speaker pointed out that under Queensland regulations aboriginals could be detained in a dormitory for immoral conduct, being idle or careless at work, for failing to close a gate required to be shut, for destroying property, failing to obey orders or being insolent. There is no time limit on this detention and no right of appeal. Every State has its own Illiberal Government variation on Civil Liberties but the so-called "Brisbane Line" takes a lot of beating.

The London Daily Mail's court correspondent in a newly released book predicted that Elizabeth would become Queen of a United States of Europe and Charles would open Parliaments of "Kingdom-states like Australia." When asked to comment, Her R.H. was too busy looking Europe up in her gazetteer and Charles was "inapparent." It was also suggested that Charles might become Viceroy, believed to be an oblique reference to Lord Thompson's private choir-boy.

Dec. 4: Sir Henry Bolte denied that Melbourne's water regulations were due to his Government's bungling. "This drought is an act of God," he buck-passed.

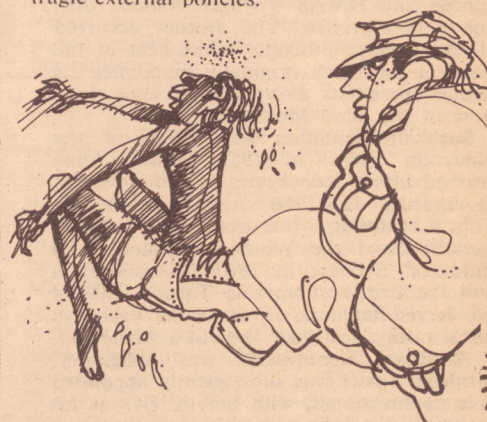
Tale of Two Candies. At Rome Ewa Aulin (Miss Hollywood Teenage '66, Miss Ewa Beauty '67), Swedish actress and title lead in the alleged "satire" Candy, was greeting the arrival of co-Starr Ringo. In Miama, Mrs. Candy Mossler, grandma-extraordinaire, was announcing her impending marriage to her young nephew, Melvin Powers. The kid had to beat a murder rap to get Candy off her former husband but it's unlikely there'll be a great rush of sportsmen trying to get Candy off the kid.

Dec. 5: Kudos to Billie Sneddon for agreeing that some South Vietnamese war orphans should come to Australia. A silver-lining to the grey clouds of our otherwise tragic external policies.



DECEMBER 1: Don Dunstan is one of the "nouvelle vague" Whitlamites—full of novel ideas and vague ideological commitment. A vigorous sportsman, Don usually spends his leisure hours out on the hustings "soft-peddalling" the Labor platform. Today, however, the "Australian's" photographer has caught him at sea establishing his electoral plank on the new wave.

Meanwhile in Sydney Gough told the ABC Staff Association: "Concepts of public enterprise based on outright nationalisation and the creation of government monopolies have little relevance to contemporary Australian problems."



A Northern Territory magistrate gaoled aboriginal workers' organiser Dexter Daniels on a charge of vagrancy, because he allegedly had no money in his pocket. Half the reason for Daniel's poverty is his refusal to work for anything but award wages. Perhaps the good magistrate might like to redirect the strength of his convictions against the vagaries of equal pay for equal work, regardless of skin.

Dec. 6: More Victorian embezzlement revealed, this time by Whelan—the Swindle-Wrecker . . .

The Victorian Legislative Council abolished capital punishment for pregnant women. We foresee the day when the old file in the cake is replaced by a test-tube and semen syringe. And how many murderesses will regard rape as literally "a fate worse than death"? Ghoulish thoughts that hang over ghouls.

Dec. 24: The Three Wise Men of the East (played by Nasser, Dayan and Gen. Grivas) resort to their traditional game of dog in the manger. The Middle East tensions rumble on in Arabia, Yemen and Aden. While in Cyprus it's tipped to be Turkey this Christmas.



VOYAGER...

1967, Gough Whitlam recently told a friend, was the Year of Aviation—VIP flights, F111A's and even pilots' strikes. "1968 will be the Year of the Navy."

1968 Parliament will begin with an Opposition attack on the Government for its handling during the last four years of the Voyager Case. This attack was foreshadowed by Whitlam on November 16, during one of his election statements, when he revealed that the Liberal Member for Warringah, Mr. Edward St. John, QC, was circulating among government members a document "showing the falsifications, distortions and suppressions of Liberal ministers on this matter . . . A diligent Press or an inquisitive public might be able to discover details".

It is not surprising that the general public has lost its inquisitiveness about this case as it has dragged on for too long to retain most people's interest. However, we have here tried to piece together the important facts that have emerged, to emphasise the scandal that has been revealed and, hopefully, to put in a bid for the title of "1968's Most Diligent Press".

On February 10, 1964, HMAS Melbourne and HMAS Voyager collided during night exercises. The disaster occurred off Jervis Bay, although in the heat of the moment the Navy originally pinpointed its rescue operations at a location somewhere west of the Blue Mountains.

Such disorientation was typical of the Navy in 1964. In 1958 Vendetta had crashed into the dockgates at Williamstown Dockyards; in 1960 Anzac holed the Tobruk during (unsuccessful) gunnery exercises and the Woomera exploded 20 miles off Sydney; in 1963 Queenborough and the British submarine Tabard collided off Jervis Bay; and in the same year five naval ratings lost their lives in a whaleboat.

A Royal Commission was obligatory. Sir John Spicer was subsequently appointed sole commissioner, with Smyth, QC, as his assistant. Sir John was a former Attorney-General under Menzies, a matter which raised criticism even at the time. John Jess told Parliament as early as 24th September, 1964: "I do not agree with judges being appointed to this House; and I do not agree that former Ministers of this Government should be appointed to take command of inquiries into matters in which the Commonwealth is vitally concerned . . . I do not know who appointed him (Smyth). I understand that he is a yachtsman and as far as I can ascertain that was his only qualification in relation to knowledge of the sea."

Sir John had no first-hand knowledge of Naval technicalities and should not have sat on this Commission on his own. The Government's decision to appoint three judges to the second Voyager Commission shows its late acknowledgment of this.

From the start of the first Royal Commission it was clear that Captain Robertson was under attack and was not to obtain quite the fair deal that was to be the lot of Captain Stevens, whose family was represented by Mr. F. M. Osborne (Ebsworth & Ebsworth), also a former minister in a Menzies Government.

It has been claimed that Sir Robert had little time for Robertson. From the outset the Commonwealth met the complete costs of legal representation for the families of Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Price, the officers most intimately concerned with the safety of the Voyager, but none whatsoever for Robertson, who began proceedings representing himself at the Bar table. It was only under pressure from Jess and other Liberal Party members that Sir Robert finally conceded Robertson representation (at first only junior counsel and later senior).

The Royal Commissioner went out of his way to refer to the one black mark against Robertson (he had once been censured for his handling of the Vendetta). He saw no reason to mention that Stevens had lost six months' seniority, had been passed over twice and also that he had been courtmartialled when the Koala ran aground.

In fact, while Sir John ultimately apportioned the primary blame for the tragedy on the Voyager ("It can be said, I think, that the collision was caused by reason of Voyager making a turn beyond 020 degrees. It is not possible to form any firm conclusion as to why Voyager did this"), yet Robertson and two of his senior men (Kelly and Bate) were the only officers criticised as individuals by the Commission. When the Commission ended, Robertson was not returned to his captaincy of Melbourne and was given a shore job. When he resigned in protest, the Menzies Government refused to grant him any part of a pension in token for the 34 years he had spent in the service.

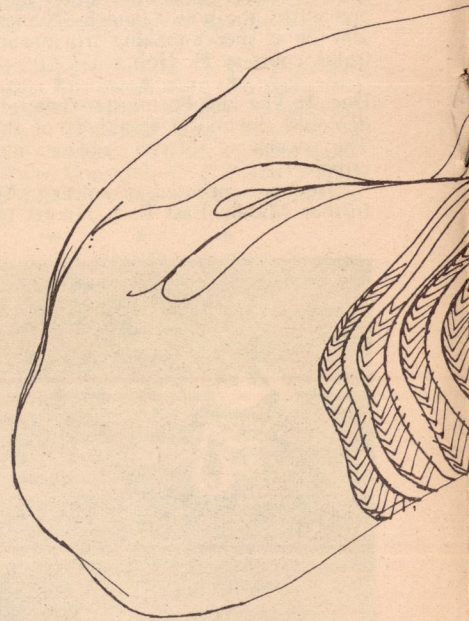
In contrast to the rough treatment accorded Robertson, Stevens in 1964 was made out to be the epitome of all Naval officers. Of course, there was evidence before the Commission that the captain had had a triple brandy 1½ hours before the collision but the implications of this were hardly mentioned. In the Navy there

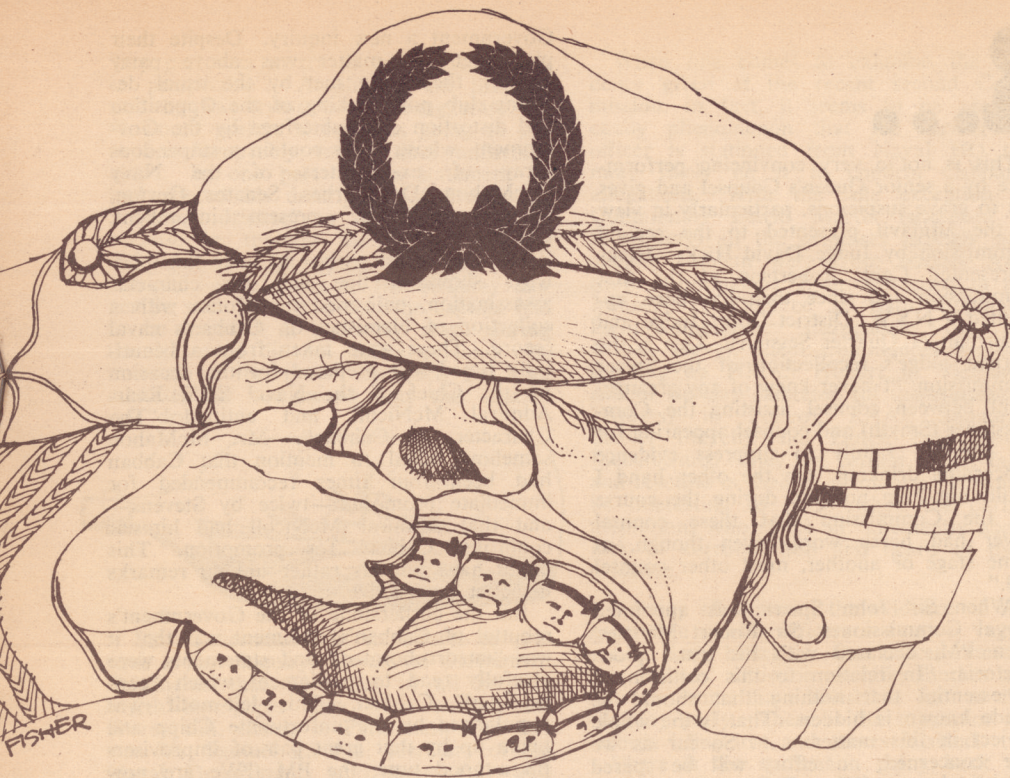
is no regulation enforcing abstinence at sea (unlike the RAAF where there is a regulation that liquor may not be consumed within 12 hours of the pilot taking to air) but there is a long-standing tradition that officers do not drink at sea—one which Stevens had always observed.

Yet when it was revealed to the Royal Commission that Stevens had drunk at sea on the night of the collision, the reaction was nothing remarkable. When the autopsy reports came back on the only three Voyager bodies that were ever recovered from the sea, all had alcohol in their blood, but somehow these reports were not read in court and so the significance of these findings was never evident to the general public.

Mr. Edward St. John, in his plea for a second Royal Commission, told parliament: "I have looked at the Press to see how it reported the proceedings on that day when the autopsy reports and blood samples were produced in evidence. The Press knew nothing of this. Those reports and blood samples were tendered, but the reports were not read. The Press reported on that day the evidence of Admiral Gatacre in which he spoke of the admirable conduct of the captain of the Voyager. According to him, the captain was the paragon of all virtues".

The blood alcohol level for these, the only three bodies recovered, were: Stevens 25mg%, the Navigating Officer (Lieut. Cook) 15mg% and Able Seaman Parker 50mg%. 50mg% is accepted in Victoria and other states as intoxication but Able Seaman Parker was not on duty, although he was apparently beyond the Plimsoll line and thus committing an offence. The Navigating Officer had only 15mg% but he was an officer, St. John reminded parliament, "who, I am told on expert advice,





even above the captain, above all people, is expected to be most responsible and most observant." And what are we to say about Capt. Stevens' 25mg%? He wasn't intoxicated in the usual meaning of the word, but was his judgment affected? Sir John Spicer appears to have been unconcerned.

Despite the fact that he found the Voyager's behaviour on that fatal night "inexplicable", Sir John seemed strangely reluctant to explore the implications of this 25mg%. One expert only was called, Prof. Blackburn of Sydney University.

Prof. Blackburn was asked to assess the blood analyses—the validity and reliability of which were never established—and to comment on their significance in the context of Stevens' drinking habits, as explained to him in private by Mr. Smyth. This evidence came under heavy attack from Ted St. John in his speech to parliament:

"If it was desired to place reliance upon Capt. Stevens' drinking habits, to show that 25mg did not affect him, then those drinking habits should have been established by evidence and not referred to at second hand by Prof. Blackburn . . . I am told that even in the coroner's court, where the rules of evidence are not very strict, it is usual to prove that a sample was taken from the dead body of an identified person and that it was delivered to the analyst and that the analyst analysed it. None of these points was established . . . Prof. Blackburn is not expert in these matters, but obviously he made some study of the subject so that he could give evidence. This was the first time he had ever given evidence in a judicial inquiry. He is called to brush all the suggestions aside.

"If honourable members look at the transcript they will see some curious things.

I do not attempt to attack the Commissioner or counsel; but I am concerned with the cause of this disaster. It was curious that the steward was not asked about the captain's condition when the steward delivered the triple brandy to him. It is curious that these autopsy reports and blood samples were tendered but not read. The Press never woke up to the fact that the only three bodies that were recovered all contained a percentage of alcohol. It is curious that His Honour should have butted in to say, after the other samples were tendered: 'Very well. As I understand it—and I think this should be made clear early in the piece—there is no suggestion that the captain . . . ' Mr. Smyth takes him up saying: 'No. Neither the captain nor the navigator was in any way affected by liquor . . . ' Then comes the evidence of Prof. Blackburn who was uncertain as to his qualifications, and his opinion that 25mg of alcohol was insufficient to affect Capt. Stevens."

Prof. Blackburn was defended later in this debate by "Puffing Billy" McMahon, who described him as "Professor Reuben Blackburn, who is a personal friend of mine". (Prof. Blackburn's full name is Charles **Ruthven** Bickerton Blackburn, "Charles" to his friends.) The professor is undoubtedly a highly qualified academic but, despite layman McMahon's preconceptions, professors of medicine are not experts in every field. Prof. Blackburn had every reason to be "uncertain as to his qualifications" in the field of blood analysis, which is only loosely related to his principal field of expertise, liver disease.

When real experts in this field finally gave evidence—during the second Commission—a more alarming picture of Capt. Stevens' alcoholicity emerged. The N.S.W. Government Analyst, who had performed the original analysis and had 20 years' experience behind him but whom no one had seen fit to call the first time, testified that he had indeed had great reservations about the accuracy of the readings. He identi-

fied one factor which certainly lowered the reading (the sample bottles were too large) and agreed that there might have been other factors having the same effect. Worse, Prof. Blackburn himself testified that at a recent International Conference on Alcohol and Road Traffic Accidents it was agreed that relatively low concentrations of alcohol (20 to 40mg) can affect a person's judgment and slow his reactions.

The carelessness with which the first Commission omitted to explore the alcohol story at all becomes more inexplicable in view of Stevens' reputation as a drinker, which had earned him the now notorious nickname "Drunken Duncan". Robertson knew of this reputation but refused to let his counsel (Hicks, QC) raise the matter. Since there were rumours flying around the Navy at the time of the first Commission that Stevens was drunk on the night of the collision it is inconceivable that none of this came to the ears of Smyth. Yet nothing was said.

It is in this context that Peter Cabban made his first statement to Smyth, in which he denied that Stevens ever drank at sea but affirmed that he more than made up for this abstinence when in port. Cabban, it must be remembered, was not some cabin-boy passing on third-hand mess gossip—though his statement was given about that much credence—he had been second-in-command to Stevens over a long period, ending a mere three months before the collision.

Why did Smyth never bring Cabban before the first Commission?

The Minister for the Navy (Mr. Chipp) told Parliament during the Voyager debate this year that "Mr. Smyth had formed the judgment that he (Cabban) was unreliable and his evidence was unsubstantiated and irrelevant" but Smyth denies on oath that he ever told the Minister this: "Smyth told Mr. Hiatt he did not remember having said Cabban's statement was unreliable, uncorroborated and irrelevant. If he had been asked, he would have said Cabban's evidence was irrelevant". (SMH, August 2). Incidentally, this was the second time that day that Smyth alleged the Minister had misinformed the House. At the end of 1965 Chipp claimed Smyth had told him that all relevant witnesses had been called at the first Commission but Smyth categorically denies having made any such assurance.

Too many reasons have been given for Smyth's failing to call Cabban to the witness stand during the first Commission for one not to be suspicious. The first excuse was the most ludicrous: it was claimed that Smyth conceived that Cabban was somewhat of a drunkard himself.

Smyth had sent a Commonwealth policeman (Turner) out to interview Cabban originally about Stevens' navigating ability. Turner had allegedly claimed that "he was so much under the influence of liquor I didn't think it was any use continuing the interview". Under cross-examination Smyth agreed that the statement obtained from Cabban at this interview was sensible, coherent and highly technical in parts. Since the Naval Board during the second Commission was trying to paint a picture



VOYAGER...

of Cabban as a wowser, with exaggerated sensibilities about drunkenness, this senseless slander was not pursued very far and it was not put forward as a definitive reason for ignoring Cabban.

Smyth claims he felt Cabban had a grudge against the Navy (although he only got this feeling towards the end of the interview he had with him). He remembers telling Sir John Spicer, when he discussed with him whether Cabban should be called before the Commission: "I said that from the conversation with Cabban I had formed the view that he was unreliable. I thought he would go to pieces under cross-examination." (Commission evidence, July 31, 1967.) Since, at the second hearing, Cabban lasted no less than seven days on the stand without "going to pieces", this would seem to show a remarkable lack of judgment by Smyth, completely at variance with his usual skill as an advocate.

Smyth claims that he did not call Cabban because his statement had been completely contradicted by Voyager's former Navigating Officer (Lieut.-Commander Griffith). This alleged denial of Cabban's statement by Griffith was also used in Parliament by Mr. Chipp to discredit Cabban. This is the statement by Griffith quoted in parliament: "Many of the comments of Lieut.-Commander P. Cabban are not familiar to me, and therefore I was not in a position to substantiate them to Mr. Smyth, QC . . . I stated strongly to Mr. Smyth that Captain Stevens did not drink alcohol at sea."

It is immediately clear that the only positive statement Griffith makes is, in fact, in corroboration of Cabban (that Stevens never drank at sea). When Smyth was taxed with this at the second Commission, "Smyth said that Griffith had denied every positive assertion that Cabban had made about Stevens drinking to excess. 'My recollection of what Griffith said was that Stevens was in command all the time'." (SMH, August 1.) Yet a month later, when Griffith was giving evidence, he affirmed that he had seen Stevens drunk at the birthday dinner and that Cabban had spent at least one day in command outside Tokyo (two of the crucial events in Cabban's statement).

We shall never really know what happened in that early interview between Smyth and Griffith but, even if Griffith had said Cabban was lying to his back teeth, should Smyth have been satisfied with that? Was it really possible to discount Cabban on the say-so of a junior officer and to jump immediately to the conclusion that for over twelve months the Voyager had had as its second-in-command a man who was capable of constructive and malicious slander?

Here is Hiatt, QC's, cross-examination of Smyth over this matter:

HIATT: May I take it that, in view of this utter conflict between Cabban and Griffith on what Cabban had been saying, you asked Griffith was Cabban some sort of nut?

SMYTH: I don't remember that.

HIATT: Didn't you probe to find why there was such extraordinary conflict between the executive officer and the navigator?

SMYTH: No.

This is not a very convincing performance by a senior Queen's Counsel and gives rise to grave suspicions, particularly in view of the affidavit presented to the second Commission by Judge David Hicks. Hicks represented Capt. Robertson at the first Commission and since then has been appointed a N.S.W. District Court Judge and Chairman of Quarter Sessions. This is the learned judge's recollection of the Spicer Commission: "I never knew of any arrangement between counsel assisting the Commissioner (Smyth) and counsel appearing for the Stevens' family to suppress evidence concerning drinking. On the other hand I could not help noticing during the course of the Commission that these counsel never had harsh words even though, at some stage or another, most other counsel did."

When Sir John Spicer was appointed Royal Commissioner, Sir Robert Menzies, then PM, declared with his usual pious rhetoric: "In relation to this collision, it is essential that nothing that should be made known is hidden. That is the whole object in this matter . . . So far as we are concerned, no effort will be spared in bringing to light all the facts relating to this most tragic event."

That, if you like, was where the Voyager credibility gap began. The longer the second commission has lasted the more inadequate Sir John Spicer's investigation appears. Cabban's evidence should never have been excluded; the triple brandy and blood alcohol levels should never have been dismissed so summarily; Capt. Robertson should never have been treated in such a patently unfair manner. A little more effort in fact **could** have been well expended.

During the period between the first and second Royal Commissions, as is well known, a number of individuals within the Liberal Party attempted to re-open the case. They met a stone wall and remarkable lack of co-operation. When copies of the Spicer Commission transcript were requested from the Parliamentary Library, for example, it was learnt that there was a Cabinet instruction against this (later removed by the Attorney-General under pressure).

On the afternoon and evening of May 16, 1967, Messrs. Jess, St. John and Turner put their promotion prospects on the line by demanding from their own

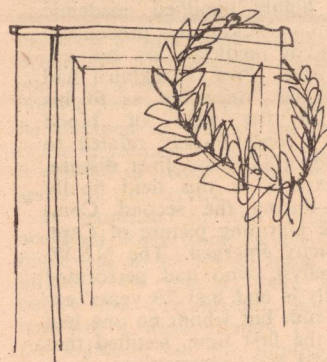
Government a new inquiry. Despite their plea that the matter was above party politics, they were met by the usual debating-club points-taking of the Opposition and distortion and subterfuge by the Government, whose ranks contain a stupendous array of ex-Ministers of the Navy (McMahon, Dr. Forbes, Senator Gorton, Chaney and the present incumbent, Chipp).

Mr. McMahon, who at such times always shows a fine flair for character assassination, enlivened the House with a collection of blemishes on Cabban's naval record. These were taken from a beautifully timed text prepared for the occasion by the Chief of the Naval Staff, Rear-Admiral McNicoll, and entitled "The Character of Cabban". Mr. McMahon somehow failed to mention that Cabban had been four times recommended for immediate promotion—twice by Stevens—and that Admiral McNicoll had himself confirmed Cabban for promotion. This might have put his rather unkind remarks in better perspective.

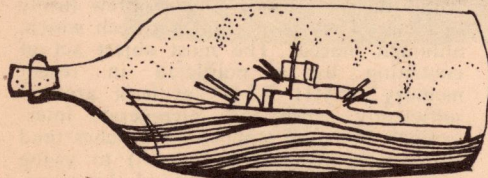
But the cornerstone of the Government's rebuttal of Cabban's statement was that it was "uncorroborated" and statements were gleefully read to parliament which "contradicted" Cabban. This **leit-motif** was popularised by the unfortunate Chipp and taken up by that great pair of improvisers on a good tune, the PM ("We are now told on the uncorroborated evidence of one man that we have been dealing with a chronic drunkard" — H. Holt) and McMahon ("I want to state in clear language that I do not think there is evidence that Captain Stevens drank to excess").

How much diligent research stood behind such a bland reassurance to Parliament? When it came to the crunch, there were a large number of officers who testified to the second Commission that they could remember Stevens drunk on one or more occasions. Even the statements read to Parliament, which were supposed to contradict Cabban, might well have been conceived as collaboration, as for example Griffith's statement already quoted. But before they took up this catchcry perhaps the Government members should have explored the methods used to get these "contradictory" statements.

In his evidence to the second Commission Griffith testified that when he made his statement to the Solicitor-General



"my part was to try to put matters back in perspective". Amplifying on this, he said he was trying not to exaggerate but "I would prefer, if one was going to err, to err favourably rather than unfavourably". In one part of his statement he had altered his description of Stevens as a "heavy drinker" to "moderate drinker" because he thought the former was "a little unkind". In another part he told an outright lie: referring to the birthday dinner he said "It is true that the captain had to be excused at an early stage during the dinner. I did not notice anything else unusual at the time." In fact, he later admitted he recognised that the captain was drunk.



The Government, in its efforts to prevent a new inquiry, quoted to Parliament statements that were not in all honesty worth the paper they were written on. Worse still, sitting in Parliament that day was Mr. Samuel Landau, Secretary of the Naval Department, who knew full well that there were two statements he had not handed the Minister which further corroborated Cabban. One, a part of Capt. Willis' statement which was omitted, was only minor.

The other was from Voyager's former doctor, Surgeon-Lieutenant Tiller. He had telegraphed from London confirmation that Stevens was very drunk at the birthday dinner. Landau told the second Commission that he had regarded Tiller's statement as "too cryptic". "I said that in the circumstances I thought it might be better if I destroyed the existing comments and having done that send back for further and fresh comments."

Landau was also asked at this time about Tiller's evidence on the telephone conversations in which Landau persuaded him to give permission for destroying these comments: "I got the feeling that Landau was keen for me to consent to destruction of my answers." Landau said he had no idea how Tiller got this idea "unless it arises from the fact that I did repeat it to make sure I had his wishes because I was a bit concerned about fadings-out" (on the telephone connection).

Whatever the truth of this last allegation, there is no denying that Landau sat in Parliament knowing that the Minister was incorrect in saying that Cabban could find no corroboration.

This initial calumny of the Navy Department was to be compounded in the days ahead. Cabban's counsel at the second commission (Hiatt, QC) in his closing address was forced to take back his allegation that the Navy Department had stood over some of the witnesses. But it is a fact that when it was allegedly "trying to get collaboration" for Cabban's statement the Solicitor-General's Department tacked on the end of its soliciting letter the paragraph "I might add that I have not been able to obtain corroboration of these allegations from other witnesses already in Australia", which might be assumed not to have the allegedly desired effect.

When one comes to examine the evidence given at the recent second Commission, in fact, it seems to be an uncanny phenomenon that the further an officer is stationed from Naval HQ the more likely he is to confirm Cabban's allegations. With the sole exception of Commander David Martin (stationed at Jervis Bay) all the witnesses strongly supporting Cabban were from outside Australia: Commander Irwin (attached to the Ministry of Defence at Bath, England), Lieut.-Commander Carpendale (of the British Navy), Lieut.-Commander Holmes (serving on HMAS Hobart in Vietnam), Arthur Barclay Jamieson (of the Australian Embassy in Tokyo), RAAF Squadron Leader Farrelly and Dutch businessman Lieberschutz. They are certain of the facts and resolute in their confirmation. It would be interesting to know when the parliamentarians who spoke so vehemently about lack of corroboration first heard of their evidence.

By way of contrast, the evidence of the Australian serving officers is evasive, vague and at times hilarious. One officer remembers Stevens' addiction to milk; another admits he "must have missed a lot" at the birthday party. There is the suggestion of records being lost and others falsified.

There is the systematic going back on evidence. Petty Officer Freeman originally told Mr. Burt there was "nothing controversial" at the Captain's birthday but changed his mind when he learnt that Steward Jenkins had spilled the beans. Surgeon Lieut.-Commander Kyd originally stated that Stevens went "regularly" to the sick-bay but later felt he had "exaggerated". Chief Petty Officer Youngs said that whereas he had originally said Stevens was in bed after Tokyo "for five days", he should have said "for about five days".

At the present moment the Royal Commissioners of the second inquiry are considering their findings. Some of these are inescapable, others will require courage. If, for example, the birthday party events and the handing over of command to Cabban outside Tokyo were true, as is

now almost conceded, Stevens was liable to court martial and loss of his command, as also if his ulcer was as bad as the almost unanimous evidence testifies.

But, whatever the judgment on Stevens, this should only be the beginning of the findings. The general public will be more concerned at the exposure by this second investigation of the weakness of any such public inquiry.

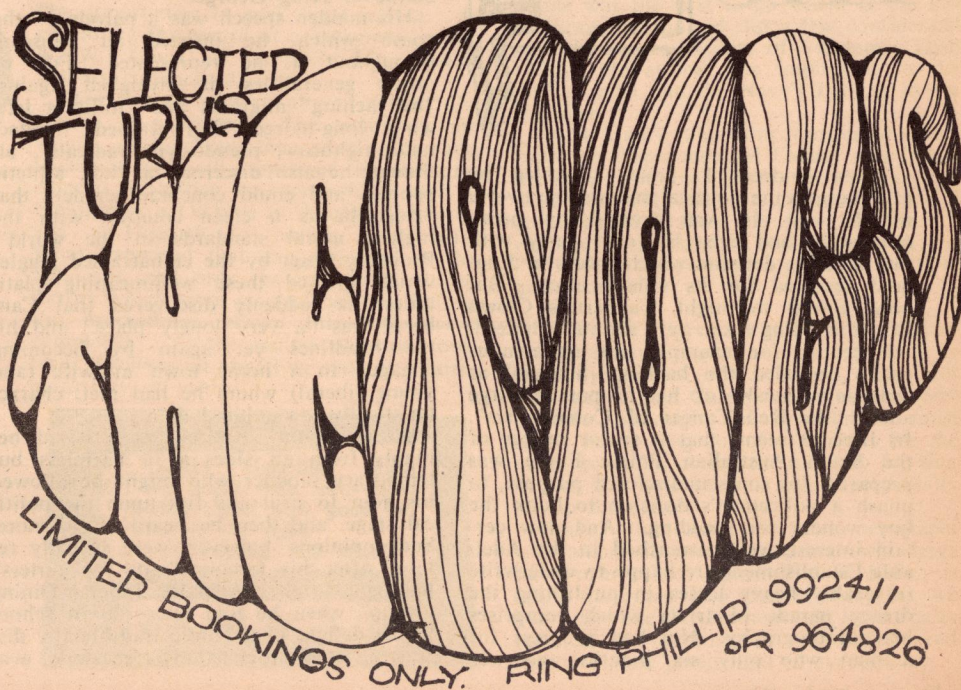
The Voyager Case has undermined an already crumbling faith in Royal Commissions. We have always been cynically aware of the careful hand-picking by governments of the commissioners but the lesson of the Voyager is how easily the public interest can be evaded by "gentleman's agreements" that unpleasant data should be shielded from the open court. It has shown how a powerful government department, with vested interests in the case, can exploit the loyalty, inexperience and sense of self-preservation of its dependants.

If the second Commission is really to close the book it must come to grips with the injustice and dishonesty that have been the hallmarks of this case since it began—it must grapple with these unpleasant facts and, hopefully, point to ways by which they may be eliminated in future.

And when Parliament sits next, the ALP will be putting Chipp's head on the block:

- why is the Navy so accident-prone?
- why was only a sole commissioner of Sir John Spicer's experience chosen?
- why was Robertson chosen as scapegoat?
- why didn't Chipp know what was going on in his own department? If he did, why is he still in Cabinet?
- why was the Government so reluctant to set up a second Commission? Did it know what was in store?

After Howson's miserable performance over VIP's and Chipp's bumbling of the Voyager affair, the credibility gap has grown to a chasm. Who will be the next to fall in?



the daring young man in the party mach- ine



When Andrew T. Jones stumbled by mistake into the political arena some twelve months ago, he was treated by press, opposition and even his own party with that amiable derision which medieval England reserved for its village idiots. But now, almost overnight, Canberra's Clown Prince is being taken very seriously indeed.

Recently, for example, an anonymous group provided the backing—financial as well as musical—for his hit-parade dirge about "the Red Cancer of Communism". In June, it seems that a senior officer of the South Australian Police Force was prepared, for some undisclosed purpose, to quash a policeman's decision to book the boy wonder for speeding. And now certain interests well-entrenched in the Adelaide Establishment are happy to underwrite foreseeably heavy losses in publishing the dreary parade of trivia which comprises his autobiography. Not bad progress for a man who only six months ago was

awarded the Melbourne University A.L.P. club's prize for "Services to Labor".

To understand both this striking change of heart towards young Andrew, and also the rumours that an influential South Australian Lobby is already manoeuvring to have him pre-selected for a safer Liberal seat at the next General Elections, it is necessary to examine more closely his sudden political metamorphosis from Court Jester to popular pacesetter.

It is ironically significant that Andrew Jones probably owes his political existence to a journalist's blunder. The pre-selection ballot for the seat of Adelaide which he should have contested with two other candidates was never held, because before the electoral council was to meet, a newspaper erroneously announced that Andrew had won endorsement. To save any embarrassment (according to "The Australian", 6-6-67) the newspaper report was simply confirmed, and the favourite for the unheld ballot—a Mr. J. P. Balnaves—was compensated with endorsement for the neighbouring seat of Port Adelaide. His loss, however, was Andrew's gain. Aided by fanatical support from local Young Libs, and a 14 per cent swing to the Government, Andrew won the seat—notwithstanding some deviously worded election propaganda describing himself as "University trained". This drew an angry protest from Adelaide University Students' Representative Council, which pointed out that Andrew had only ever enrolled in one subject, and attended lectures but rarely.

Andrew's first months as a fledgling M.P. provoked more gossip than the rest of his honourable colleagues put together—a fact which was hardly calculated to endear him to them. An early-bird "Sun Herald" correspondent caught the youthful worm padding barefoot across King's Hall at day-break one morning, and the resultant publicity provoked several gifts of shoes from impressionable readers. His faux pas of addressing the Prime-Ministers mini-clad daughters-in-law as "go-go girls" was widely reported, while less reputable journals (e.g. "Comment") even suggested that he ended the sumptuous reception for the opening of Parliament by chundering over the Statue of King George.

His maiden speech was a parody of the youth which he insisted ad nauseam throughout it, he represented. Full of otiose generalities, it inveighed against "bellyaching" migrants and "militant left-wing, long-haired, short-brained, intellectual, highbrow, pseudo-type radicals", although he also discerned a "tall, athletic people" and could conclude serenely that "Australia is a clean country, with the highest moral standards in the world". Probably upset by the embarrassed giggles which greeted these well-meaning platitudes, he suddenly discovered that Canberra was "a very lonely place" and hit the headlines yet again by becoming engaged to a home town midwife (and young liberal) whom he had met, characteristically, on a blind date.

At this point, Andrew was viewed benignly from all sides as a harmless but temporary plodder who might be allowed his hour to strut and fret upon the political stage, and then be heard of no more. Such opinions, however, were speedily revised after his famous "guts for garters" harangue to the "Adelaide Liberal Dining Group" when he told tales out of school to the delight of a public traditionally distrustful of politicians. His masterly evo-

cation of a day in the life of the House of Representatives, its members "half drunk half the time," although presumably still possessing a steady enough hand to "cut out your gizzards and have your guts for garters" conformed to popular notions of political morality, while his colleagues' mentality was neatly delineated in the image of a lone member "reading an out of date Donald Duck comic". His chances of becoming a folk hero overnight were increased by his uncompromising attitude the morning after—"I neither regret the speech I made nor do I apologise for it as I tried to be as objective as possible," he told the "Sydney Morning Herald" on April 21.

But then somebody took Andrew firmly in hand. They wrote him a speech which, although indeed "The most abject act of contrition by a politician in recent memory" (SMH 3-5-67) at least aroused sufficiently oafish and intemperate interjections from the Opposition benches (and particularly from Mr. Calwell) to swing public sympathy solidly behind the miserable Mr. Jones—whom most people believed had probably told the truth in the first place. "Data" (3-5-67) could not decide whether Holt or Snedden drafted the apology, but at a Corio by-election meeting in July, the Prime Minister not only vigorously defended "Young Andrew" but—for the first time—dared hint that a big future in the party lay ahead for him.

Since then, Andrew has become accepted. No longer the party's black sheep, he is now one of the most sought-after speakers on the Young Liberal and Jaycee circuits. Within six months he has cut a record and written a book—which is more than many of his colleagues will do in their political lifetime. He is one of the very few men in the country who can count on being quoted in the press, whether canvassing the most hackneyed idea (e.g., Universal call-up in S.M.H., 19-7-67) or the most absurd (e.g., the rights of bell-ringers in "Sun Herald", 24-9-67). Even his fine of \$80 and licence suspension for four months for driving at 75 m.p.h. in a 45 m.p.h. zone was laughed off as all part of the "young man in a hurry" act, although the transcript testified both to Jones' own pompous self-importance and his influential "guardian angel" high up in the Adelaide Establishment. What other inference could be drawn from the following roadside exchange (given in police evidence)?

Jones: "What are your instructions for addressing a member of Parliament?"

Highway Patrolman: "I have addressed you as 'Sir' and 'Mr. Jones'—what else would I call you?"

Jones: "I was booked for 48 on Port Road the other day by a car similar to the one you are driving, and had to ring Superintendent Brebner."

Just what Superintendent Brebner required in order to grant pre-trial absolution is not quite clear, but presumably he is not retained by the State merely to assist motorists in trouble with the police. For somebody with influence, Andrew must have been a special case.

To lose "Advertiser" support would be a disaster, and if the someone up there who likes Andrew Jones pushes hard enough for that blue-ribbon seat, Harold may be forced to treat his obstreperous baby bunting not as a short-term embarrassment, but as the definitive portrait of the Liberal as a young man.

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PHIZZGIGS cont.

Ray had a solid career and so has his brother, Thomas Victor Maher, OBE. In fact, brother Tom has been very big in tariffs and customs both privately and as a civil servant. And when he retired as NSW Collector of Customs in 1960 upon reaching 65, what position could a grateful Customs administration offer him? Why, Commonwealth (Appeals) Censor and when brother Ray was a bit up against it what position could a ?

RISE & FALL

AT 11 O'CLOCK on election night, the ALP was jubilant as the Senate figures ran 29-27-4 in Labor's favour. All that government ministers could muster were sourpuss comments about the results favouring the DLP and that "there was no comfort in it for the ALP". The electorate is becoming used to Ministers' words growing less and less true as time goes by but this time it was true. Through the next week there was a startling erosion of the ALP's grip on the Senate.

As counting progressed, first South Australia and then Western Australia seemed to slip away to the government with dispiriting momentum. The final results haven't been posted as we go to press but it looks more like a stalemate than victory for Gough's new-image ALP.

Sir Edwin Hicks' retirement after eleven years as head of the Defence Department climaxed several months' behind-the-scenes scuffling amongst the contenders to his throne. Unfortunately the heads of the Services Departments—who might normally be expected to be recruited to the post—had each successively blown up their chances with their indiscretions. The Army's Bruce White was the first to go when, at the last elections, he allowed slip a few confidential remarks on the wisdom of Vietnam. Then "Tich" McFarlane was implicated in the VIP scandal and the Navy's Landau in the Voyager.

So Sir Henry Bland was transferred across from the Department of Labour and Industry where he has learnt about discretion under Holt (Minister for Labour up to 1958) and then McMahon. He also has the advantage of personal acquaintance with the PM and, in the event of a palace revolution, his successor.

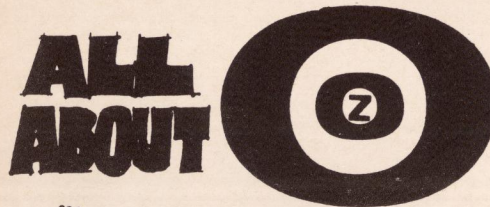
As we go to press, details of the Cabinet reshuffle have begun to leak. Hasluck is certainly no loss, nor is Hulme. The boot for Barnes and Chipp was the most predictable, although the Government must surely be running out of candidates for the naval portfolio or for the ministry for that matter if it is to keep its critics perpetually out in the dark.

Every other magazine and newspaper will lament about the good men who have been overlooked, again. But if Killen is really to come into the Ministry, as we hear, then the Government will have finally reached the bottom of its barrel and turned on the green light to sycophancy.

OZ, Jan. 43



AS GEORGE HARRISON SAID
 IN HIS BED-SITAR, "CHACQUN
 SON GURU", OR "A DOLLAR
 FOR YOUR THOUGHTS" —
 AND DOLLAR IS THE MANTRA.



editors: Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher.

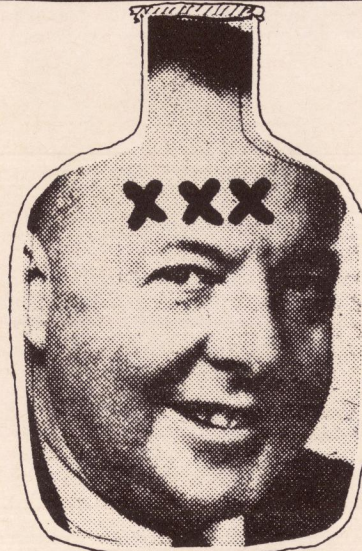
production: Erica Willis.

artists: PETER FISHER, DAVID PERRY

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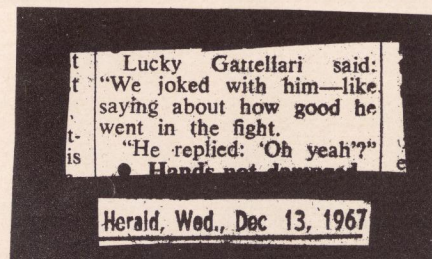
★ OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.



Harrison — politician or publican?

Labour's "Bottle in the cupboard"

???? of 1967 — Mr. Gerry Locke, S.M., who denied natural justice to, and wrongfully imprisoned, an incapacitated pensioner who was allowed neither bail nor the opportunity to seek legal advice. In presenting the award at a ceremony in the N.S.W. Court of Appeal, Mr. Justice Holmes commented:
 "There was a clear abuse of the discretion to grant bail: The picture is one which shows how the poor, sick and friendless are still oppressed by the machinery of justice in ways which need a Fielding or a Dickens to describe in words and a Hogarth to portray pictorially. What happened that day however, to the applicant, was only the beginning of the terrors which were to confront him before the proceedings before this S.M. were completed . . . the recital of what took place discloses an appalling state of affairs, a travesty of justice."



ABC OF MORALS

When the spokesman for commercial TV interests had his little blast about low moral standards in ABC-TV programmes, the Postmaster-General, Mr. Hulme, wasn't far behind in making similar complaints. Some might think the spokesman was piqued at the ABC's recent enormous increase in ratings. Untrue! It was all a matter of principles and ABC programming departments were almost as quick to see their errors as the Postmaster-General (who controls ABC finances).

Strong memos fluttered along the grey corridors and in no time at all the New Look dominated every Channel 2 (or 3 as the case may be):

Dr. Findlay's Casebook — Old Mrs. McTurkey is dying and only the vaccine locked away in the Tannochbrae Pharmacy can save her life. But the pharmacist is away at Lourdes and Dr. Findlay faces an ethical and moral dilemma. To take the vital vaccine without permission would be stealing. Doctor and patient discuss the problem and Mrs. McTurkey acknowledges

the correctness of Dr. Findlay's decision with her dying breath.

The Avengers — Mrs. Peel and Steed realise the ambiguity of their relationship and its deleterious affects on child viewers. Emma visits a Marriage Guidance Council with her husband and they are re-united. Steed takes the pledge and enters a monastery. (Starring Princess Soraya as Emma, Billy Graham as the forsaken husband and Ronald Reagan as Steed.)

Contrabandits — Smugglers quickly recognise that old Customs are best when the squad begins its evangelical campaign in Sydney's tough dockside districts. This week a Chinese seaman smuggling heroin in hollowed-out Bibles reads Deuteronomy and the Contrabandits help to change his whole way of life. Features Chiang Kai-shek (seaman) and the Crusade Choir with George Beverley Shea.

My Brother Jack — From the memoirs of Dr. Rumble, this is the true story of Brother Jack Tandawalla, first aborigine Jesuit.

The Dean Martin Show — Bethlehem All-Stars, Bishop Joey and the Rolled Stones are the Dean's guests on this hour of songful joy.

Swing In Time — with Sue Becker. Sue gives hints for every altar-boy having trouble swinging his censer in time with his organ. Noreen Hennessy plays with her.

Four Corners — This week's controversial stories include a glimpse of the Javanese plywood industry, twin pandas born at London Zoo and the threat of thrip to mushroom-growers as well as a fierce debate on the government's Vietnam policy between the Prime Minister and Mr. McMahon.

Australian Fowlhouse — Buff Orpingtons as broilers. (Formerly Australian Playhouse.)

Jericho — Desert adventure. Three phantom figures united in one to fight oppression and unrighteous forces.

Bellbird — by Henry Kendall, adapted for television by Gwen Meredith. Today's stanza — Hilda, Joe and the Lawsons come to live in Bellbird. All the established characters go back to Paddington and live (offscreen) together in sin. Directed by Michel Pearce.

Give Us This Day — formerly This Day Tonight. A wry look at blancmange; Gerald Stone interviews Gerald Lyons and finds they have something in common; Clair Dunne on the cake-mix boom; Bill Peach congratulates Sir Robert Madgwick on attaining the age of 62½.



THE HAIRY HUMAN

- WHY do we build skyscrapers?
Are they anything more than substitute trees?
- WHY do our children's idols choose non-human names?
The Monkees, the Beatles and the blatant Animals.
- WHY do low, sloping foreheads, close-set eyes and powerful jaws mark society's authority-figures . . . note their shuffling gait and flattened prehensile feet.
Why do we choose ape-like men for the police?
- WHY is the Prime Minister amazingly "refreshed" by staying underwater for hours.
Does his subconscious 'remember' his natural habitat? What are his ears but vestigial gills?
- WHY is a man's home his castle?
Even a dung-beetle defends its pile to the death . . . is there a link?
- WHY did newspapers all over the world serialise "The Hairy Human"?
Is it an amazing insight or just pop-zoology?
Is it an example of editors showing the pre-conscious "herd instinct"?



INDIA has sacred cows, we have sacred cow cockies. For years they have been milking the economy while the milksop taxpayers were deluded into thinking that all the subsidies, bounties, grants and concessions are little enough thanks for a gruelling life of service to the community . . .

5am: Get wite and kids up. Switch on silo-to-milkshed conveyor belt. Wash hands, face and udders. Back to bed.

8am: Up for milk and papers, wife off to work. Bed.

9.30am: Co-op man calls, live tadpoles in milk again, promise more kero in tomorrow. Collect mail—CSIRO pamphlets, cream cheque, superphosphate bounty cheque, spiny tussock compo. cheque.

10.30am: Take Dunfurnleyshire Proudfoot III semen out of fridge and down to the Five Acre. Serve Daisy, Strawberry and feed vealers.

11.00am: Vet arrives with anti-bloat for old Ruby. Lucky she's on pensioner medical scheme. Fill out HCF forms for rest of herd. Confirm free TB chest X-ray appointments for the lot.

12.45pm: Blue Hills, riverheights and stockmarket. BHP still rising, Marrickville Marg. Options doing nicely. Siesta.

2.30pm: Pasture Protection block about spiny tussock. I complain not growing fast enough but pricklypear, lantana and Salvation Janê thriving. Bloke leaves acid for blackberries so down to serve Ruby with it before "People in Conflict". Fill out Ruby's MBF claim form during "Case-book".

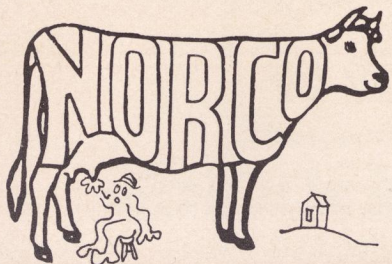
THE UDDER SIDE

3.30pm: Accountant arrives for yarn about moving to New Zealand. No subsidies except one for export! Polished off tax return together . . . depreciation on Jag. milk-truck \$750 . . . bumped up Farmhands' Wages—kids \$800 each, wife \$3,000, Buttercup \$2,300 . . . also Nightwatchman — Rover \$2,600. Fixed up brigalow-clearance grant, must remember to start planting soon.

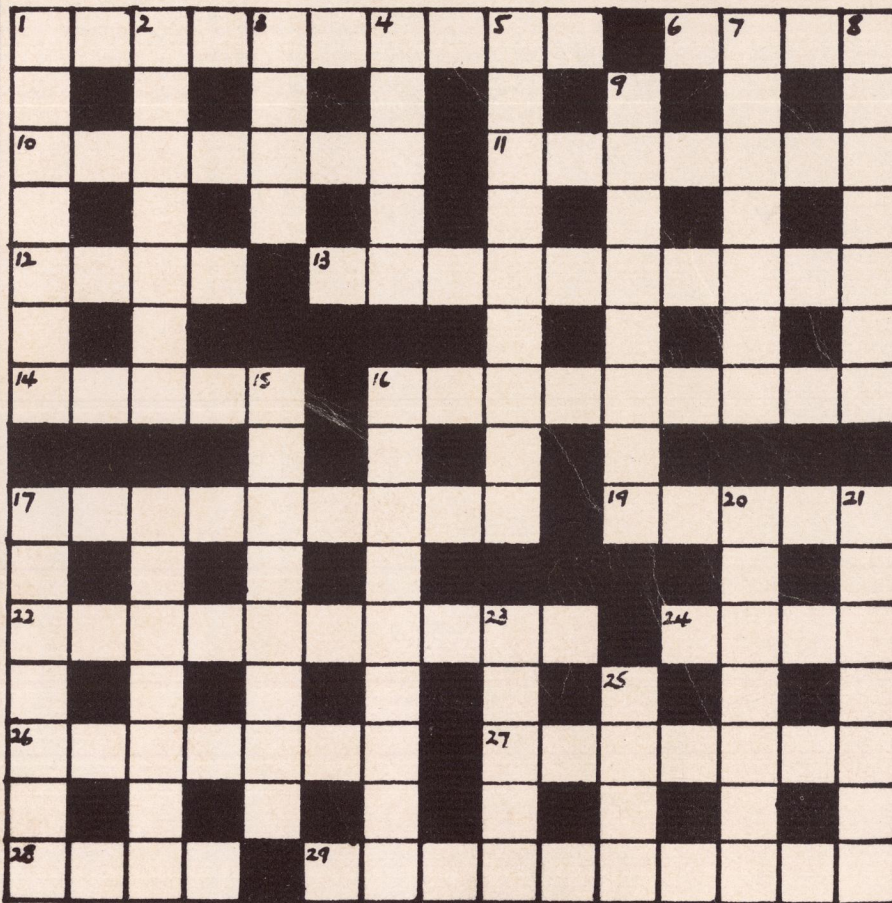
4.00pm: Mailman. Tessie's maternity allowance (where's Daisy II's endowment got to?), butterfat subsidy cheque, foot-and-mouth indemnity cheque, tax refund, Cottonseed Industries dividend cheque, "So You Want To Grow Oxalis?", bloody Country Party begging letter.

5.30pm: Bloody milking. Herd kids out with electric prods, switch on feed and milker. "Crusader Rabbit" (remember myxo claim papers), "Lassie" (don't forget dingo bounty on Blue).

6.30pm: News while waiting for tea. DEVALUATION! Prepare devaluation claim, export-loss estimate and McEwen House cheque. Put out the bottles.



OZWORD



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Disturbed over Bob and Ada—but their union's quite respectable (5, 5).
6. Discards from a game in bed? (4).
10. Take charge of again, when concerned with trouble and exercise (7).
11. Espy an attendant having a leak (7).
12. Feature of a bewitching smile, though not a double one (4).
13. Reward at the bottom! (5-5).
14. What's wrong with a harbinger of spring? (5).
16. Not straight at the top, on the tear at present (9).
17. Does go here, presumably, in error (4, 5).
19. She's discovered in the act of disrobing (5).
22. Something for the energetic to follow up—a mixture of peas on a perch (5-5).

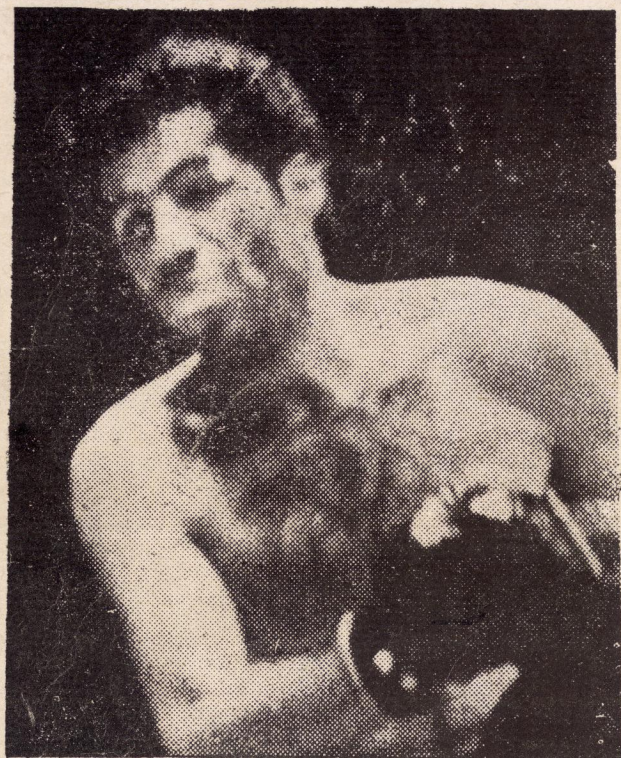
24. She's herr's! (4).
26. Narrow-minded, like Lord Howe (7).
27. He holds the ingredients of a dirty look (7).
28. The type of blood to leave about (4).
29. Theatrical personality in a mangled condition (7, 3).

DOWN

1. Fruitful result of an awkward couple on a small bed? (7).
2. Ring for transport in a musical fashion (7).
3. The god of love is overly sore! (4).
4. Excel touristwise (5).
5. Do the wrong thing by embracing after a scrape—another fruitful result? (9).

7. The practical type carries both a coin and its change (7).
8. Find the source of the beer by holding the right jug (7).
9. Twice involved with rape? Come again! (8).
15. Arch holds up 'erbert in a very commendable manner (8).
16. God's in the care of a beast of burden (4-5).
17. Palings constitute a possible fence material (7).
18. A soft teaser provokes the examiner (7).
20. There's a danger signal in the cannon's roar — creates restlessness (7).
21. Overturn one while you're splitting the atom (7).
23. I'd follow the sun with the firm (5).
25. Length of pipe? A chap holds one, anyway (4).

SOLUTION IN NEXT MONTH'S OZ



Feeling fuzzy, down in the mouth, a bit ropey?

OZ IZ BAK

with a vengeance!
And a new look.



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If desperate, give one to a friend. Late Christmas present, early Jewish New Year or any anniversary, give the punchy one, OZ.

To **OZ**:

c/o 29-31 MROGHER ST.,

CHIPPENDALE

N.S.W.

(with love)

Name

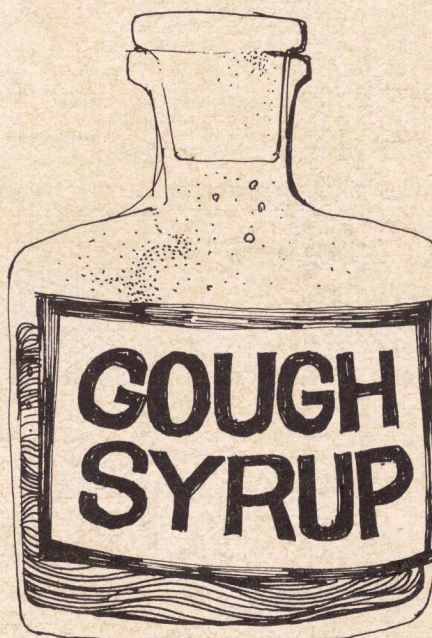
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READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Childe Harold & his merry men . . . Wilson—Toad of Whitehall . . . Crusader Babbitt . . . Charles De Gaulle—the frog that catches in Harold Wilson's throat . . . With-itness: the acid test . . . la plume d'U Thant . . . Sydney Soap Opera . . . Melbourne's Big Dry.



A concoction of the best cartoons of the year by Petty, Rigby, Tanner, Molnar, Weg, Collette, Sharp, King, etc., brewed under the supervision of Richard Walsh.



SunBooks