

# OZ

No. 11, July, 1964. 1/6





# fig leaves from Formal Wear...

Actually Formal Wear does not hire Fig Leaves, but — think what a disadvantage Adam and Eve had when Formal Wear wasn't around... but if they were, then Adam and Eve would have been the best dressed couple in the Garden of Eden — he in the craziest morning suit — she in the cutest bridal gown.

*For Eves*... glamorous ball, cocktail and Debutante gowns — veils, tiaras, gloves, petticoats, bouquets. Ensembles for bridesmaids and mother-of-the-bride.

*For Adams*... dress, dinner and lounge suits — all fittings in the very latest cut dress shirts, ties, studs, links, gloves, etc. Save money... save time — hire from Formal Wear.

## FORMAL WEAR

147a KING STREET

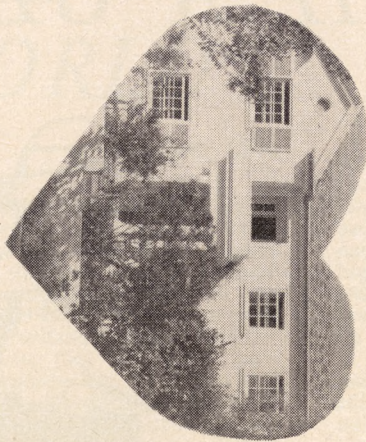
Telephone 28-0537



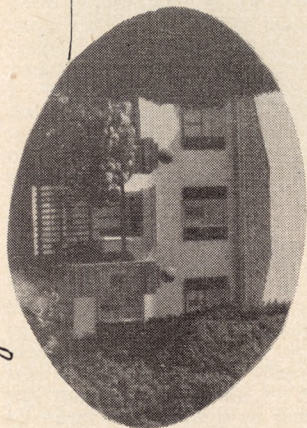


# SNAPSHOTS

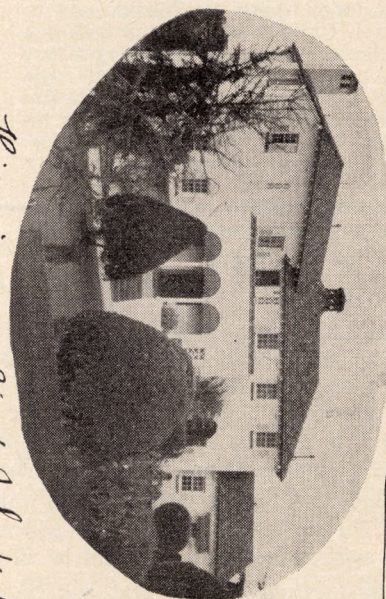
FROM THE  
'NORTH SHORE LINE.'



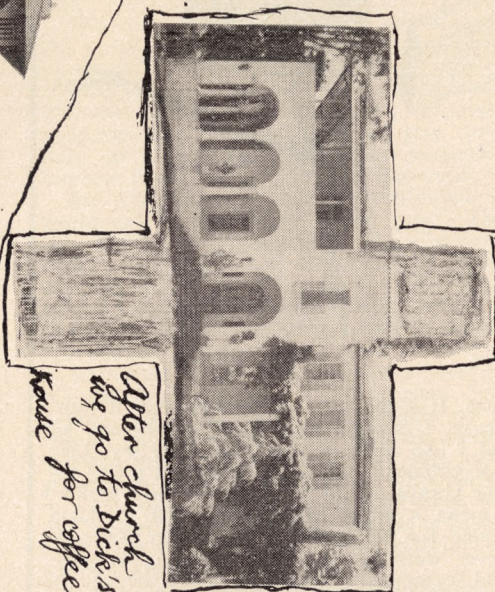
This is my girlfriend's house.



This is my house.



This is my friend John's house.

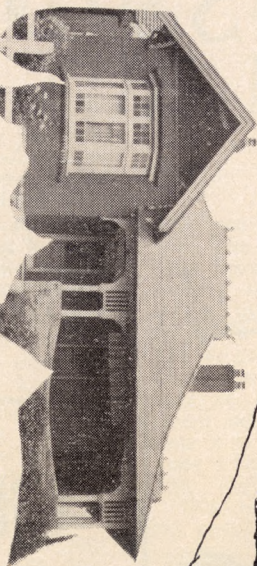


After church  
we go to Dick's  
house for coffee.

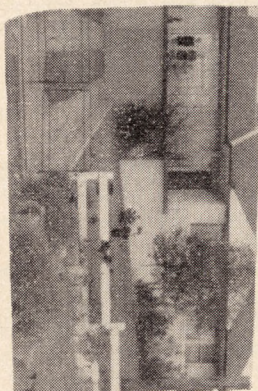


I once had a girlfriend  
lived here. (But mother got  
me to break off with her.)

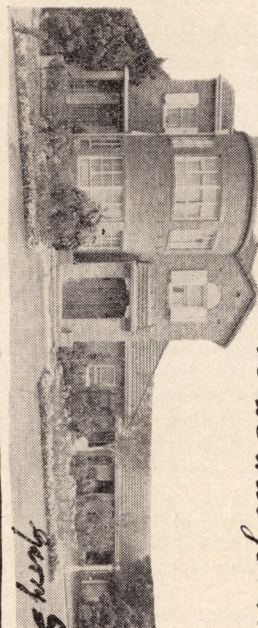
But Jane is giving a party that night,  
so we will go there.



Last week we crashed a turn  
here.



I have been invited for  
cocktail at Margaret's  
house next week.



My Shad.



# THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

I MEAN, I like the Catcher. I really do. Sometimes I can read anything. I swear it. I'm a maniac. I read comics, American literature, university magazines: anything. I mean? I even asked Old Macka (he's my room mate) while he was squeezing a pimple (we squeeze our pimples most of the time. I mean what else can you do in New York?) could I read the advertisement on the toothpaste tube he had. I really did. I mean it. I said before I'm a madman. I admit it. But, no kidding, I think some of the best writing in America today is on toothpaste tubes. I mean I never clean my teeth until I read that the message tells ya that's gonna happen. You know, new miracle whiteness and all. Only I don't really care. I mean I've got lousy teeth. I really have. But my brother Seymour Plastic, that's my brother, people in lifts look right into his mouth to see what helluva good teeth he's got. Right in there. Old Seymour. Sonuvabitch. You'd love old goddam Seymour. Funny. About teeth I mean. Like when I was a kid — a younger kid I mean — I looked in the mirror one day when they left me in the bedroom alone and I saw what lousy teeth I've got. You know, compared to Old Seymour that is. Anyway, I got this hammer. I mean don't ask me why, then I smashed the mirror and bashed all my teeth out. It cost Mom \$113 for dental treatment and psychoanalysis and all that jazz. Mom cried all night and I didn't eat candy for years, practically. But Old Seymour vowed that'd never happen again and said he'd go to Dental College. And he did, too. I mean he kills me. He really does. Only I don't miss my teeth though — not really. It's not like losing your brother or something. I mean I'd rather have Old Seymour round even without my teeth. Anyway, I told you I was a madman. I did. I said that.

Only, I still like borrowing toothpaste. That's the funny thing. So Macka said to me: "Jesus J. Christ whatfor in the hell you want toothpaste when you ain't got any teeth?" A prince. A real friendly guy. Old Macka. So I look at him very sincere like in the movies and I put my hand on his shoulder and say real low: "You got it boy. I mean it." I saw a guy do that in a movie



once. It killed me. So I always say it now. Crazy. I mean I can't stand movies and all but I like some of the things they say. Like this girlfriend that Seymour had. I mean she was always saying 'O, Seymour, how divine'. I mean it killed me. It really did. Goddam divine for Chrissake. I mean Old Seymour never went to church or anything anyway. Old Seymour, he was kinda divine though. To me I mean. I was just a kid when he died. I didn't tell you old Seymour died. He kind of of had a spasm one day and when they found him he had a tube of toothpaste stuck in his throat. I mean all that crap on the tube doesn't really interest me. But maybe I'll save some little kid from swallowing the tube. I mean I realise it's corny about the tooth-

paste and all. I know that. But it's kinda a message for humanity that I carry round like the old baseball cap I kept. You know boy loves big brother, big brother chokes from toothpaste tube, boy saves toothpaste tubes. Corny. I mean I know that's corny. I mean all that eternal triangle jazz is corny.

Still there's nothing else to talk about in New York. I mean now that Old Seymour's dead.

—TIM PIGOTT

## Campbell's Soup

### May 23:

4.30 a.m. Got up early today, just in case the sun might have come up early. But it didn't. No good trying it in the dark. Went back to bed.

11.00 a.m. Had breakfast. There was a wind blowing. Cooled my eggs too fast. Decided to hold off until this afternoon. Wait and see.

4.00 p.m. Wind gone but now the sun seems to be setting. Too bad. Maybe tomorrow.

### May 24:

5.00 a.m. Got up late today. So did the sun. Cloudy. Looks like rain. Track is almost dry. Trial run this morning. We'll see.

9.00 a.m. Clouds went away. Track not quite dry enough. Should be all right in a few hours. Almost dry enough. Almost.

11.00 a.m. Aborigine came by. Said it was going to rain. Threw him out of camp. Will be ready to go this afternoon.

3.00 p.m. Started to rain. Too bad. Time to give her a good tune up.

### May 27:

6.00 a.m. Gave her a test run this morning. Track too dry. One crack three inches long. Pray for rain.

11.00 a.m. Found rusty spark plug. Replaced it. Have to give her a complete check-up.

### May 28:

5.30 a.m. Frost overnight. Might be right today. This could be it. Track not too dry. Not too wet. No wind. No clouds. No aborigines.

3.00 p.m. Spent day getting her in perfect shape. She's all tuned up. All set. Ready to go. This is it. Start her up. Clutch in. Put her in gear. There. Ready for the flag . . . Hold it. Just a minute. Have to go to toilet.

RON SMITH

## AS SHE IS NOW WRIT . . .

Johnene Money, of Watson's Bay, who P. & O's to-day to U.K., was farewelled last night at a party hostessed by her mother, Mrs. Mary Money. Also partying were Johnene sisters Noelene, Clydene, Philipene and the youngest, Benzendrene ("Mother was a little unstable at the time"), Mosesene Schnitzelberger, of Bellevue Hill, Angusene MacTavish, of Rose Bay, Adolfene von Boche, of Double Bay, and Fredene Prole, from Tiger Bay.

Johnene will winter in Spain this year. "Daddy springed there once," Johnene said. "He was recovering from shock after granny suicided by arsenicking." Johnene will plane from London to Barcelona and then car to Alicante.

Misses Schnitzelberger and von Bloche, who are bi-lingual, gaily reparteed in German. The rest Englished. Mrs. Money briefly speeched. She bon voyaged Johnene and hoped she'd goodtime.

"I shall—thanks to your loot," riposted Johnene. "I don't want to pedant—but really I'm just an escapee!"

—K.B.



# APROPOS OF THE END OF THE WORLD

By Bob Ellis

I WAS brought up in a fringe church to believe like mad in not eating licorice, not playing musical knees, not kissing before marriage and mainly the End of the World.

The E of the W was a pretty big production — replete with choirs of angels and a sea of glass — which the faithful stood on and sang hymns of praise to the Lamb.

The Lord was to come on a black cloud the size of a man's hand holding a bright sword and a sickle and the righteous dead were then supposed to rise first, followed by the unrighteous dead, and whoop off to meet Him in the clouds. The unrighteous resurrected would then fall dead again and stay like that for a thousand years, when they would rise again and get chucked into a lake of fire; after which they would be very dead indeed.

Luckily, my mob was not one of the breed that used to set dates and wait out the darkest hours on Sydney Head expecting the Lord to come and then reckon afterwards that he'd come and we didn't see Him. But the operative word was "Soon" and when He hadn't shown after 120 years worth of prepubescence they sort of canned it, more or less, and uncorked the hitherto sinful lemonade bottle and curled up like teddy bears in front of the hitherto Satanical telly set. The end of the world became a blank fixture.

But elsewhere the idea caught on. Bombs dropped, and more bombs, till everyone sort of felt they had a moral obligation to go down the mine. So much so that when Cuba went white-hot last October and I headed for the hills, people told me I was running out on my obligations. You have a duty to stay and face it, grin and bear it, put your palms up philosophically in the Hebrew manner and get blown to bits.

I'm blowed if I can understand this pervasive attitude of We-might-as-well-go-the-whole-hog. It's almost as though we've got all injected with lemming juice and are heading at breakneck velocity for our ultimate cliff-edge.

The attitude isn't quite suicidal: it's a combination of morbid and fatalistic. The Night My Number Came Uppish. Maybe we feel the world has come too far too fast and we've got no more sunsets to ride into because we've got no certainties before us and no lasting traditions behind. People don't think about the future anymore. If I was to take a poll of 20-year-olds and ask them if they sincerely believed they were going to live to be 35 they wouldn't, you know. Not because they were scared of mushroom-shapes, but because it hadn't occurred to them, in such a changing world, that they would survive some of the changes. The question is: how long will it be before the end of the world is going to be taken as a matter of course?

Not long.

How long, then, before it's taken as so much of a matter of course that the button will be prodded by a corporate international shrug?

Not long.

In America it's pretty far gone. (Incidentally, I just thought up a word for the

American way of life — a definitive summation. The Teddiocracy. Like it? Oh, well.) They figure the place is going to the Niggers anyway, so what the hell. Also, I imagine they're little bit ashamed of living off the fat of the oil-derricks for so many years and, like the good little Puritans their granddaddies brung them up to be, they want to do penance, i.e., blow themselves up. In a country where advertising as the arbiter of public taste it is a tragedy of monumental proportions, I fear, that "dead" happened to rhyme with "red".

They reckon that civilisations fall because the people get to know too much and consequently to despise too much, and consequently to shrug and swozzle themselves into oblivion. Or at least into such a corporate hangover that the Goths at the gate have only to knock and the whole sheboodle tumbles down like a deck of soggy cards.

But what happens when the civilisation is world-wide? Who comes to the gate? The Martians? The Mongols? The Coloured Folk? No. No. Just the Forces of Darkness, the purveyors of kayakh (Evil Destiny), the leather-winged, soft-billed, death-bringers. Maybe it's the human race's corporate super-ego punishing it for lusting after its mother or for eating the apple of knowledge. Maybe it's the final punishment for Original Sin: a final death for sinners all. Maybe it's a vote of No Confidence in the Messiah, whose sacrifice was not enough, for our sins have grown too great. I don't know. But we're in a strangely futile frame of mind when we can believe that dying for a principle is worth killing our children too, that any principle is worth the martyrdom of all.

It must be something more than that. Perhaps the Creator has grown tired of the species, the way He grew tired of the Jews. Maybe He regards us like a psychologist regards white rats in an experiment that went wrong. It's moments like this I need Minties, or, alternatively, the comforting faith I once had in that goddam sea of glass. ●

## Bottomless Pants

SYDNEY: A Policeman today escorted from a crowded street a handsome young strippling who dared to appear in public wearing shoes and socks — and nothing else below the waist!

The charge: Suspicion of improper attire for shopping.

He was the first to be arrested for wearing the new bottomless pants which recently went on sale in American department stores.

Said Derek Sinew when arrested: "I see nothing wrong or indecent about the human body."

In London yesterday, famed Parisian pantless pants designer, Charles Rubens, admitted that the new trend saved material.

The weekly supplement of the Russian newspaper described the pantless pants as "just another copy Moscow tradition. For years our serfies have been wearing bear-skins".



PIPPLE keep telling me that satire is halthy: "It is a halthy sign of the times," they say.

"Halthy?" I ask them. "Would you say, therefore, that pippel dad on roadways are halthy because they show pedestriars they cannot gat away with so moch?"

"No. Halthy because it shows the friddom of spich. It proves that pippel are allow to comment on what they do not like."

"Ah. You min then that road accidents are halthy because they show that pippel are permit to gat themselves kill-ed?"

"Your analogy is lousy" they say. "Satire is indeed a good thing."

"Do you think that satire requires intelligible to be understand?"

"Noturel."

"Would stupid pippel onderstand satire?"

"Noturel not."

"Of what use is it than? It cannot aducate. for those who nid aducation are too stupid to onderstand it. Furthermore this stupid pippel cannot gat antertainment from satire."

"Ah, but the intalligent pippel are antertained by it."

"Why is this? Ferst they are flatter because they think they are smort onderstand the joke. Second they plissed to be nasty at some-ones expanse. Neither of this is admirable risson."

"Ah, but satire tiches those who are satirised. It shows them the stupid of their ways."

"This most wik risson of all, since avry-one know that satire never alters pippel doing things. Has Lord Holme resigned? Has Kelly change censor laws? No."

So final crafty axprassion comes into faces and they say: "Ah, but satire does benefit many pippel. For instance, the writers who write it, the poblshers who poblsh it, the printers who print it, the timbergatters who

"STOP" I say. "Satire is indid of great banafit to many pippel."

—DAVID ERSKINE



# THE BEATLES AND AGNOSTICISM

*This is a private interview by OLABISI AJALA with the four Beatles in their flat.*

**Inter:** Now tell me, what do you think of the Commonwealth of Nations? First you, Paul, can you tell me just what you think of it?

**Paul:** You mean what do I think of it?

**Inter:** Wherein lies the future of the Commonwealth?

**Paul:** Oh, I don't know much about politics you know. The future? Don't ask me, really, I've no idea.

**Inter:** How about you—you are John?

**John:** Yes, I'm John.

**Inter:** You are the one who wrote the book?

**John:** Yes, but it's nothing to do with . . . I've no idea about politics either. As long as they keep going and are all pals and all that I s'pose that's all right.

**Paul:** The thing is, we don't know what the situation is, really, anyway. We're not really clued up on it, so we can't really tell you what we think, you know.

**Inter:** Do you feel the same . . . ?

**Ringo:** Yeah, the same, yeah.

**George:** I do too.

**Inter:** So you don't know anything about politics?

**John:** Not really.

**Inter:** What are your views on communism and democracy?

**John:** We're all for democracy, aren't we, because we're British you know, so it's the best. We're not very keen on communism, some of it's all right, but they've gone a bit far I think, don't you?

**Inter:** Well, tell me . . .

**George:** George.

**Inter:** George, tell me, what is your religious faith—what would you say is your belief?

**George:** Er, I don't know.

**Paul:** All of us are agnostic.

**Inter:** Agnostic?

**George:** Really, you know, yes.

**Inter:** So in other words, you don't believe in God?

**Paul:** But we don't disbelieve, that's the thing.

**Inter:** You don't disbelieve in God?

**Paul:** We don't disbelieve, but we don't particularly believe, I don't think.

**John:** We don't take up any bats.

**Paul:** You know, the midway idea, but that's all there is to it really as far as we're concerned.

**Inter:** Put it this way—do you believe in the existence of God?

**Paul:** Yeah, but it's a very complicated thing you know—God, as the Church teaches it. I don't particularly believe in it, but just as the spirit of goodness type-of-thing, then I believe it.

**Inter:** O.K. And you—what is your name again, please?

**Ringo:** I'm Ringo.

**Inter:** Ringo, what are your views on God?

**Ringo:** I don't—I don't ever think of it, you know. I just don't bother. You know, I s'pose when I get old I'll hope there is one—give me a good time. But at the moment it just doesn't bother me.

**Inter:** Your visit to Sydney has not really been the tremendous success that it was in other places—New York, Paris, Copenhagen, and in Melbourne and Adelaide, where they've been queuing up. Here in Sydney, people have been more or less lukewarm, you know. What do you think is responsible for this — the weather?

**Paul:** Are you joking? It's not lukewarm, you go outside, it's boiling.

**Inter:** For instance, on the first night there were 3,000 seats empty at the Stadium.

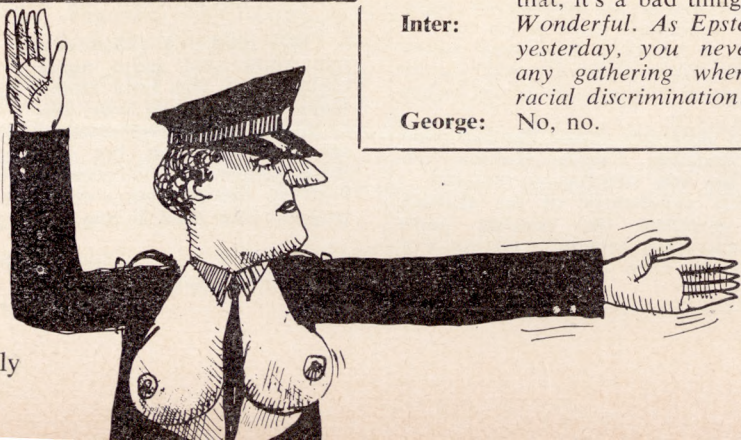
**Paul:** It's very good. The first day we were soaking wet, I don't think anybody would have come out, it was pouring wet, but now the weather's good there've been people here all day—have you seen the crowds? And the shows last night—fantastic!

**Inter:** I think the public is interested in your private views on religion, politics and such things. If I may ask all of you another question — what do you think of the racial tension in America, South Africa and England?

**George:** It's a bad thing, we all agree on that, it's a bad thing.

**Inter:** Wonderful. As Epstein told me yesterday, you never play to any gathering where there is racial discrimination.

**George:** No, no.



## WANTED: A GEE GEE

ONCE Lord De L'Isle had seen most of Australia, he was as capable as any ex-director of Schweppes to be Governor-General. In fact, he became a real "dinkum Aussie" in record time, as he will no doubt tell the English Speaking Union shortly before he leaves.

With his particular background, many thought he would be more of an adult soft drink of a G-G than the old pops we'd had before. But his early departure shows that true Schw-evanescence always comes through. In fact, the people of Australia took him to their heart as he took them to his. (Not a pleasant experience for any Viceroy.)

But now that his departure after three years, instead of the customary five, has been announced in the Gazette and the Weekly, we may well ask who should be next. An Australian? A war hero? Bertrand Russell? Loser of the next Presidential election? S. S. Orr? Janice Wilson? Hon. Catherine Sidney? . . .

### WHAT SHOULD A G-G BE LIKE?

(a) **He must not be an Australian.**—A G-G is known by the Oxford simper, blue eyes faded by a harsh sun setting on the Empire, light tan from the Libya campaign of '43 and gammy leg picked up in '17 at Villers-Bretonneux. Any Australians with these qualifications are overseas exploiting them and so cannot be regarded as Australians anyway.

(b) **He must not be a woman.**—As the RSL vote knows, this is a man's country and a place of untamed frontiers and bronzed beerdrinkers 6ft. 8in. in old Army socks. No decent-thinking digger would send a woman to this sunburned country of wild animals

(c) **If he dies in office, so much the better.**—But don't make him a Viscount or tasteless jokes will spread. If he dies of clap (i.e. a war wound) then this will show he's a digger through and through. The government will be swept into office again for their sterling choice. On second thoughts, make him die of clap.

(d) **He must be conservative and totally unknown to the populace.**—This is to ensure absolutely that the position is kept as a sinecure for retainers of pensionable age. "Conservative" means that the Prime Minister will approve the appointment; "unknown" means that his name has never appeared in a British newspaper. No mentions, favour able or unfavourable. Mentions in the "Times", despatches and Birthday Honours List are allowed.

(e) **He must have a social daughter or close female associate**—(preferably not a mistress). This feminine appendage must climb Ayer's Rock, the social ladder (Sydney and Melbourne) and on to assorted band-wagons with all the finesse and endurance expected of a seasoned socialite. Practise can help to an extent but most theorists in the field agree that women with these qualities must be born like that. The British inbreeding system (or "class system") does the job more efficiently than any surgical techniques yet developed.

In conclusion, though the qualifications may appear to be unduly stringent, they are not when the G-G's political and social position is considered. I am sure there are hundreds of ageing, crippled, clap-ridden ex-India Rifles Lieutenant-Generals with crumbling castles, tottering finances and ambitious womenfolk.

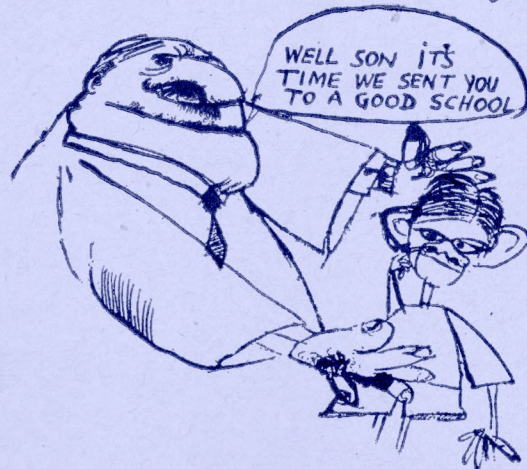
—DEAN LETCHER



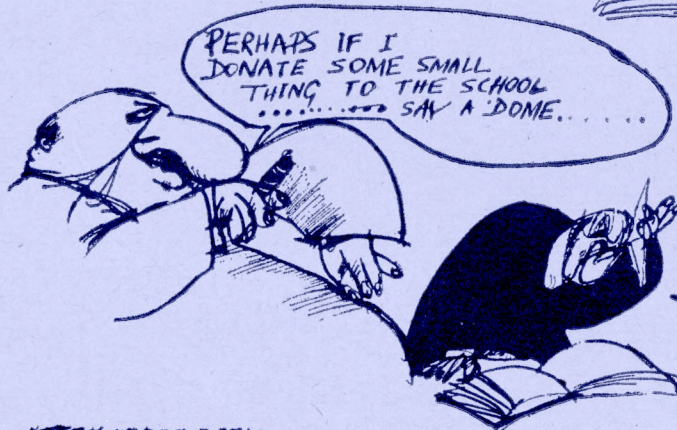
# THE GPS BOY



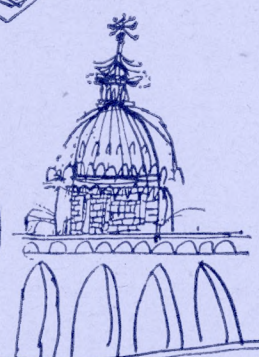
By Garry Bhead



The Headmaster  
Sydney Church  
of England  
King's School

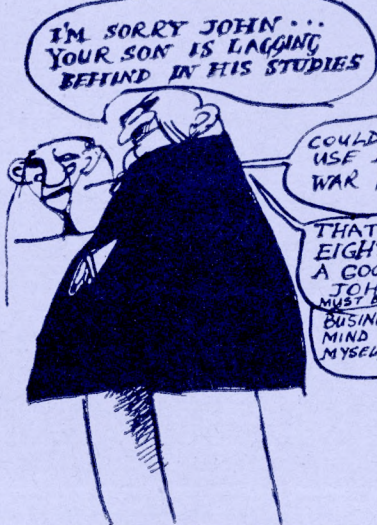


ER... WAIT  
I HAVE  
OVERLOOKED  
THIS  
VACANCY



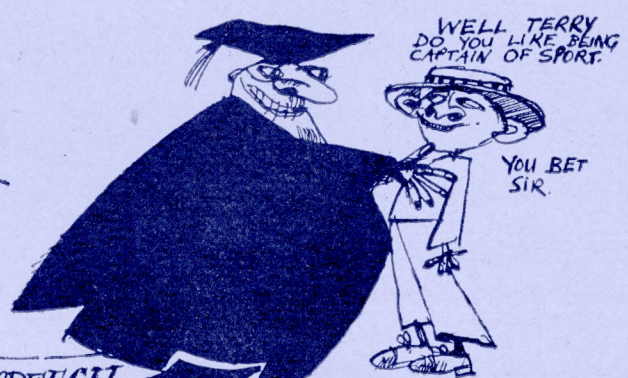
THE DOME WAS ERECTED  
COMMEMORATING OLD BOYS OF  
THE SCHOOL LOST IN THE FIRST  
WORLD WAR.

THE NEXT YEAR.



COULD YOU  
USE ANOTHER  
WAR MEMORIAL?

THAT DESERVES  
EIGHT A'S. YOU'RE  
A GOOD SPORT ~~FOR~~  
JOHN. RETAIL  
MUST BE A GOOD  
BUSINESS, WOULDN'T  
MIND CONSIDERING IT  
MYSELF.



SPEECH  
DAY

AND TERRY WINS THE  
HEAD PREFECT PRIZE, THE  
CENTRAL PROFICIENCY PRIZE,  
THE CRABBER-SMITH PRIZE,  
THE PACKER PRIZE FOR PROF-  
ICIENCY.

WE ALL WISH TERRY SUCCESS IN  
THE FUTURE IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION



Fashion scoop of last month was the capture of a 16-year-old prowler in drag. He was caught parading in the posh Sydney suburb of Double Bay.

The Daily Mirror gave an infatuated description of the lad's stunning ensemble. "The youth was wearing thongs, jockey

shorts, an athletic singlet, a woman's brassiere, a blue polo-neck sweater, a red cardigan, a fawn skirt and a green dressing-gown." Featured as fashion accessories were a brown and white spotted scarf and a red torch.

Society leaders were quick to praise

the new outfit. "The green dressing-gown was the master stroke," said Mrs Edna Ferrier, of Vacluse, who was also tickled by the "sheer eccentricity" of the jockey shorts.

Late today, leading Department stores were reporting brisk sales.



# THE TRUTH!



*A Notorious ALF*

*Every week day about 5 million Australian Alfs (or Alves) invade the capital cities to plot against YOU and YOUR families. They work as Accountants, Executives, Bank Managers, Doctors, Lawyers, Salesmen, Wharfies, Bus Conductors . . . nearly everyone is an Alf these days. Now is the time to stamp out Alfs before they overrun us completely.*

## Aims of the evil ALF movement

1. To convert YOU to a clean living, all Australian, anti-erotic, healthy, mentally retarded citizen.
2. Full employment.
3. To crush minority groups such as blacks, atheists, Nazis, anti-fluoridationists, intellectuals and Communists.

## Little known facts about ALFS

1. Alfs kill more people in automobiles in this country than any other ethnic group.
2. They are clannish. Observe any bus or train. (Note: Alfs usually only employ other Alfs.)
3. Despite their general stupidity, they are SMART in business.
4. They love to sing and dance. They can be easily pacified by simply humming a ragtime tune.
5. The prowler is an Alf.
6. They sometimes try and change their names so they can "pass". Examples, Nino Cullotta, Johnny Raper, Dusseldarf and Santamaria.

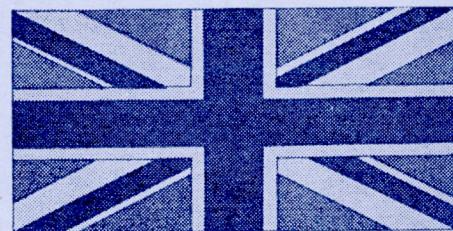
7. They are trying to marry our daughters.

## A short history of ALFISM

The Alfs were not the original inhabitants of this country. The Push were. The English Alfs had all their Push transported to Australia. When the Push made the country inhabitable, English Alfs gate-crashed.

The gold-diggers weren't Alfs, nor were the bushrangers. Ned Kelly was one of the last truly great Push. But now the Alfs use him as a symbol.

Many of the original Push have died on the gallows. They were the real swingers. Some died in the war and the few that survive to-day are in prison or out of work.



*An ALF Symbol*

## SUBS CRIBE

to OZ now! Send £1 plus your name and address to 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, for 12 months' supply of OZ. For £2, you'll receive two years' supply PLUS a selection of naughty back numbers.



# about the ALF conspiracy!



*A bunch of ALFS playing.*

## ALFS at play!

When they are not conspiring to dominate the world, Alfs **HAVE FUN**. This is the best time to discover which of your friends are secretly Alfs. Watch for those who:

1. stand up for the National Anthem,
2. drive Holdens or Falcons,
3. shop at DJ's or Myers.

Every big sport is dominated by Alfs. The "Ampol" car trial is exclusively Alf. Surfing is becoming more Alf every day.

The Army is an Alf stronghold.  
The Navy was an Alf stronghold.

Organisations formed to **DO GOOD** are always Alfistic — Red Cross, R.S.P.C.A., Lifeline, the Sunday "Mirror", the Smith Family, Christianity, Legacy. But some of these are so Alfish that even the Alfs won't touch them, e.g., the Life-savers.

## WARNING!

In the past few years, Alfs, in an effort to make themselves accepted by us, have taken up singing our folksongs. Some wear duffle coats and drink black coffee. But don't worry. In the end an Alf will always give himself away. If you're not sure, expose yourself. Watch him blink.

## Are you an ALF?

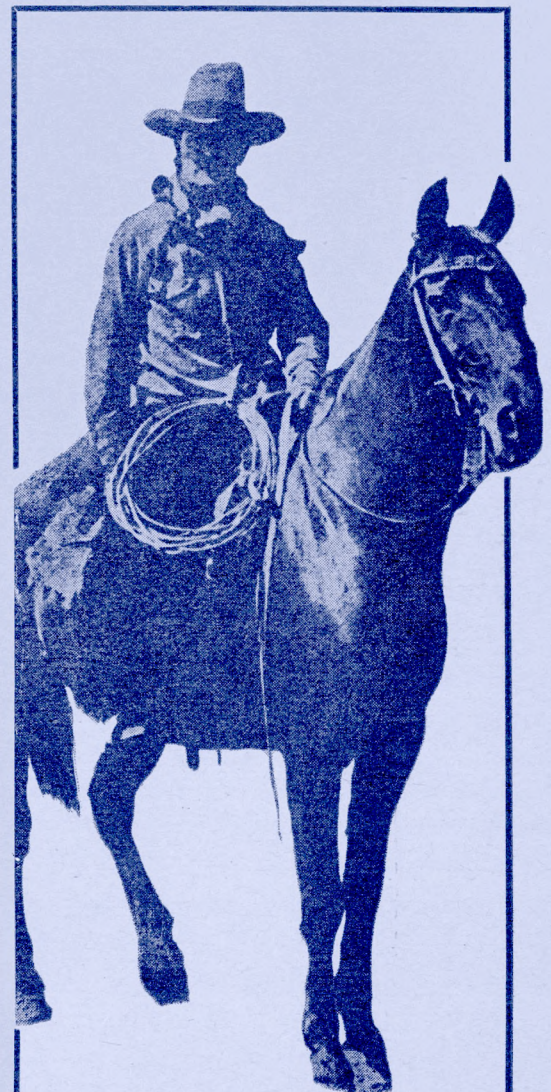
Even Alfs read OZ. Check these questions to make sure you're not an Alf.

1. This land of ours has the greatest economic potential of any other nation in the world. ☐ True or False?
2. We are a sunburnt, easy-going country of tall, bronzed Anzacs. ☐ True or False?
3. God is on our side. ☐ True or False?

*Note: If you attempted any of these questions, then you are an Alf.*

## Final solution

Although we are outnumbered, it's still not too late. OZ calls for Export Action: Send all our Alfs to Tasmania. Why don't you export an Alf now? Buy all the Alfs you know a ticket to Tasmania—they'll feel quite at home on the Empress.



*Originally this guy was Push. Then the ALFS got hold of him and shoved him on Television.*



Close in our hearts she will always stay.  
Loved and remembered every day.  
With farewells left unsoken, she quietly passed away.  
Lovingly remembered by daughter, Bill, and grandchildren.

1962. If I only had my dearest wish, my trembling lips would pray, please God, turn back the hour of time, and give me yesterday. Remembered by his cousin, Will.

Gladys, in loving memory of my daughter, Gladys, who passed away one year today. She had a smile for everyone, a heart as good as gold. Happy and smiling, always content and highly respected wherever she went. Dearly loved and sadly missed by Mum.

To think we could not say goodbye, will always bring regret. But the hearts that really love you are the ones that won't forget. You are the one I love so dear, or even said goodbye, your soul had flown before we knew and God alone knows why.

Too dearly loved and sadly missed to ever be forgotten by his loving wife, Marie, and adoring daughters, Bettie, Jean and Marjory.

May the happiness you missed on life's highway be found in God's Garden of Rest.

There's a face that is always before me.  
There's a voice that I long to hear.

There's a smile I will always remember.  
Of the one I love so dear, 'Tis you, dearest Jack.

Sadly missed by his loving wife, memory of my darling mother who fell asleep June 17, 1963.

There is a face that is always before us.  
There is a voice we long to hear. We are thinking of you today, Mum.

As it ends this first sad year, Words cannot heal the heartache. Or stop the lonely tears.

Or take away the memories Of the mother I loved so dear. They say that time can heal the wound, and teach us to forget.

But time so far has only proved How much we miss you yet, Sadly missed by your loving daughter, Euplice, and son-in-law, Vic.

Loved ones go and yet they stay, And walk beside us all the way. Never forgotten by their loving children.

Loving thoughts are ever near, As time unfolds another year. God has him in His keeping, We have him in our hearts.

## FUNERALS

Today brings back sad memories of a loved one gone to what. To think we could not say goodbye will always bring regrets.

He lived for those he loved; And those he loved, remember. Always remembered by Edith and Jack.

## FUNERALS

A silent thought, a secret tear, always wishing you were here. Though you are gone, I miss you still. Forget you Nan, we never will.

God saw that he was suffering. He did what he thought best. He took him gently by the hand, whispered come to rest.

## IN MEMORIAM

be together in the same old way would be our dearest wish today. Sadly missed by his loving family.

God looks from Heaven, He was looking for the best. He chose our mother and He took her home to rest.

## IN MEMORIAM

How well do we remember, Billy. Two years ago today.

Sadly missed by his sisters and brothers.

To think we couldn't say goodbye will always bring regret. But the ones who really love you are the ones who won't forget.

Sadly missed by your loving family.

## SITUATIONS VACANT

2 boys 7 and 4, child to 4 year

years. Close to our hearts he will always stay, loved and remembered always. Inserted by his loving family, brothers, sisters-in-law and families.

## LOST

light, white

## PERSONAL AND MISSING FRIENDS

## THIS

## FUNERALS

fell asleep June 28, 1961. A little corner in our hearts is set aside for you. As long as life and memory last, We will remember you.

Cherished memories and everlasting love of my dearest mother and father, Elizabeth and John, whom God called to His keeping August, 1941, and June, 1942. United waiting till the day breaks. Always in the thoughts of their loving daughter.

who fell asleep June 28, 1961. Time is quietly passing, but memories are everlasting. Sadly missed, Auntie Mavis, Uncle Jack and cousins.

## IN MEMORIAM

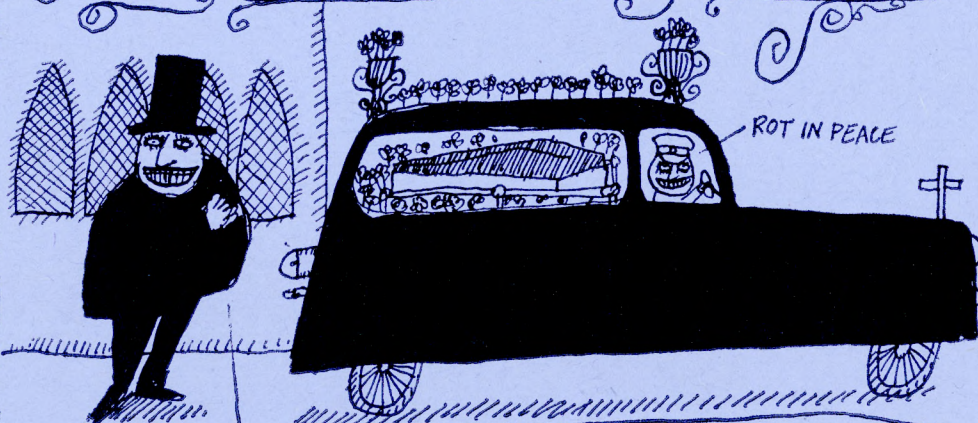
Treasured memories of my dear wife, mother and nana, Ethel May, who passed away June 30, 1963. For all the love you gave to us, the comfort of your presence, in days of joy and tears, each sacrifice you had to make, along the path you trod, remembered by us who loved you, as you left in peace with God.

thoughts of our darling nana, whom God called home, June 17, 1963. As long as life and memory lasts, You will live for ever in our hearts. Carmen and Michele.

A little tribute, true and tender, Just to show we still remember, Ever remembered by Jeanette and Colin.

## SITUATIONS VACANT

# WITH DECORUM AND TASTE



Running a Funeral Parlor is a VERY REWARDING Profession.....

.. We get LOTS of BEAUTIFUL flowers.. (mainly gladdies & lillies) FREE

We get LOTS of LOVELY Jewellery (mostly rings and crosses) FREE.....

We flog grave-pilots for a fortune, and exotic coffins for £200 to the bereaved for the cremation of their dearly BELOVED—then toss all the bodies on a BIG pile, sprinkle 'em with petrol and burn 'em all up (JUST LIKE BELSEN), give the relatives of the deceased last weeks ashes, and resell the coffin to the next pack of suckers with a corpse on their hands. it's all very moving.....

WHEN THE GREAT REAPER REAPS YOUR BELOVED — DO COME TO US FOR A DECENT BURIAL

R.I.P. SHARP.

## FUNERALS

It's hard to walk the road alone, instead of side by side. But to all there comes a time when the path of life divides. And when I'm sad and lonely and wonder why your gone, I just ask God to forgive my tears and help me carry on. Sadly missed by his loving wife.

Ever in our thoughts, Always in our hearts. Sadly missed by their loving family, Bert, Dot, Jack, Glad, Jess and families.

There is no separation from those we loved. No distance can divide. Each day in memories' garden We walk side by side.

## POSITIONS VACANT

think of you in silence, dad, and often speak your name; we cannot bring the old days back, your voice we cannot hear. But we treasure all the memories of you we loved so dear. Sadly missed by his loving daughters and sons-in-law.

A smiling face, a heart of gold. No better mother, this world could hold. Deep in our hearts she will always stay.

Loved and remembered day by day. Sadly missed by her loving daughter.

Time changes many things. But one thing changes never. The memories of happy days. When we were all together. Always remembered by his loving family.

God will link the broken chain closer. When we meet again, Sadly missed by his sister.

Remembrance of our darling husband and dad, called home June 28, 1959. Only those who loved him are able not saying farewell. Sadly missed by Stella and children, Billy, Maris, Jim, Les, Mary and families; also Pat, Bella, Mick and families.

## MONEY, STOCKS & SHARES

memories of our dear mother, who passed away June 27, 1962. Sadly missed by daughter Frances, son-in-law Stan, grand-daughter Beverly.

## POSITIONS VACANT

Although you never said goodbye, Perhaps it's just as well. We never could have said goodbye to one we loved so well.

You left behind our aching hearts. That loved you most sincerely. We never have and never will. Forget you mother dear.

So sadly missed, John, Gwen, Ken, Melva, Don, Jan and grandchildren Bradley, Christopher, Jane and Belinda.

Today we are thinking of someone. With thoughts that are fond and true.

Someone we miss so sadly. That someone dear, Cec is you. Just a prayer from those who loved you.

Just a memory fond and true. In our hearts you will live forever. Because we thought the world of you.

## DEATHS

fell asleep June 28, 1961. Three years have gone. How long it seems.

But in our hearts, His face still beams. Sadly missed by Auntie Jean, Uncle Don, Ron and Wayne.

## POSITIONS VACANT

When the evening sun is setting, And we feel all alone; In our hearts there comes a longing.

For you to come back home, You can't come back, we know it's true.

We pray darling, we will some day come to you. We would rather have the thought of you.

To hold against our hearts. Than any earthly happiness. In which you took no part.

We would rather have had you, And your love for every day you lived.

Than all the glory and the wealth. This world could ever give. So deeply longed for by his loving mum and dad.



PPSSSSSSSTTT

..... IT'S THE PROWLER

WHERE it not for the gravity of the present situation, I should never have thought myself justified in writing this story. I have a rooted objection to all literature of a prurient or obscene kind, and I am even now anxious to avoid all taint of sensationalism, which is why I have requested **OZ** to publish this.

A situation has arisen, in which I discern only too clearly that my duty is to disclose certain facts about a way of life unknown to the world at large, but participated in by quite a large number of insignificant and humble people like myself. The hysteria surrounding our secret brotherhood has swelled to such proportions, that I see that I must tell my story from the beginning, if I am to find any sympathy whatever.

I was educated in a good school, where I received a solid grounding in the basic moral principles which seem so neglected under more "progressive" systems. We were taught the appropriate respect for our elders and betters, and for ourselves, and I flatter myself that I left my *alma mater* a well-mannered, cleanly, open-faced young man. I was, however, and still am, painfully timid and self-effacing. The only people I knew, apart from the staff of the Music Store where I worked, and where I now hold a position of great responsibility, were members of the Church younger set.

There was a young lady in the group who used to ask me to all the subscription concerts. I accepted every time. Soon her parents began to think of us as betrothed, and after two years during which we never missed a concert, I realised that the younger set expected us to get married. I had no objections: I have and have always had the highest regard for my wife.

For some time after our marriage, which was a delightful ceremony — I directed the music for it myself — my wife seemed restless and frequently burst into tears. I treated this girlish disturbance with great forbearance and gentleness and eventually she became accustomed to the life of a matron, and threw herself wholeheartedly into her work for the Church.

Our marriage has been an edification to me, and to our friends. My wife has a sweet dignity and reserve which fill me with the tenderest and most dutiful sentiments. She is frail and delicate, but her energy and her capacity for self-sacrifice know no bounds. I have never raised my voice to her: I have never laid a disrespectful hand upon her: I have never treated her with the least familiarity. My greatest fear in writing this account of my and my colleagues' nocturnal habits is that she will read it, and it would cause her such pain! This is another ground for my having offered it to **OZ**. I think I can be sure that my wife would never buy it

Some time after our marriage I was appointed organist and choirmaster for our church. I should have been delighted but that the choir has been delighted but that the choir was for the most part composed of ancient and worthy foundation members whose hearing and whose voices were not what they had been. I fought a constant battle with myself, being unable to decide whether they should perform great music badly, or simply put mediocre works to death. I oscillated between weeping tears of fury because they were slaughtering Tallis or struggling on desperately with something which was never meant to sound good anyway.

My work in the Sacred Music Department fell away sadly. I became pale and harassed and my concentration faltered. My work-mates put it down to my marriage, but when I assured them that my wife was the best-tempered of women they laughed in a mystifying manner which I thought it best not to investigate. The last straw came when a stout middle-aged lady asked for the vocal score of the **Exultate Jubilate** of Mozart and I burst into tears and sobbed all over the counter.

I was given a week's leave to recollect myself. I began taking long walks in the evening to soothe my nerves for bed.

One night, after a particularly excruciating evensong, when I had attempted to ask a certain raucous matron to leave the choir, but had subsided in mumbling ingratitude, I was walking slowly homeward when I passed a lighted window. A young girl was standing in her underclothes before her mirror.

As swift as thought I passed into the garden, and watched her carefully from a vantage point in a hibiscus. In one half hour I discovered more about that young lady than her mother or her husband would ever find out.

My feeling of cowardice and defeat evaporated as I stood there. Those fearsome old women with their brontosaurian insensitivity dwindled in my recollection. I felt whole and sound again.

My walks became a habit, a habit that my dear wife never questioned.

One blissful evening I actually saw a member of the church choir singing **Softly awakes my Heart** lying naked on the floor before her bedroom mirror.

I saw the rector's wife treating her piles.

I, who have never so much as attempted to peep at my dear wife in a situation where her gentle modesty was compromised, have witnessed the most intimate ablutions of the greatest in the land.

I would catch the bus into the inner Eastern Suburbs and methodically, street by street, I scanned fine ladies slipping out of their Chantilly and crepe-de-chine, and their rubber and whalebone, removing their pad-

ding and their false teeth, peeling off their eyelashes, shaving their armpits. I was delighted to find that the most sumptuous ladies are usually the dirtiest. I watched an obese eighty-year-old millionairess jiggerbugging naked in her bathroom. I saw a politician's wife in her bath drinking brandy out of a toilet.

When I saw the photographs of these great ladies at social functions, I did not need to read the captions. I knew just how much of every bosom was false, how much flaccid flesh was compressed beneath their smooth skirts, how many were bald under their gleaming coiffures.

I shall not tell you how many secrets I am privy to. I daresay that this could be turned to a source of power, but I have never been tempted, at any time in the last ten years, to turn it to account.

My confidence and address had improved greatly and I became Manager of the Sacred Music Department, and although the choir went on much the same, for old sopranos never die, nor do they fade away, I was more able to cope with the continual disappointment and frustration.

But the absolute monarch is a lonely man. I longed to share my curious experiences with someone, or at least to feel that I was not entirely peculiar in my source of stimulation and amusement.

One night I was standing among the branches of a particularly fine camellia when a dark figure materialised beside me. I drew a sharp breath and awaited exposure, but the figure did not move.

I glanced furtively sideways and saw the gleam of the man's eyes. They were fixed on the lighted window. At the same instant he turned and met my gaze. Silently I held out my hand. He shook it warmly.

So I was not alone. I began to recognise familiar faces that flitted by me in the dusk as I covered the Bellevue Hill area, and small but meaningful signals were exchanged. They were all small men, meek and unobtrusive.

One night I was watching fascinated as a chain-store butcher's wife squeezed a pimple on her breast, when she suddenly turned as if startled by a noise, flung back the plush drapes and revealed me in a shaft of light. I sprang off into the depths of the shrubbery, laying about me frantically with my cane, leaving a swath of maimed shrubs and smashed perennials.

The next day, a photograph of the lady still semi-clad, sobbing in the arms of a young policeman, appeared under the heading **PROWLER SCARES SOCIALITE**.

I was a prowler! We were **prowlers!**

The title seemed gloriously menacing and sinister. We were all flattered, I think, and many who had been only half-hearted and

timid in their observance before took heart and prowled with greater vim.

Then a lady was murdered. They said a prowler did it.

This was quite wrong. Prowlers prowled. They do not kill people. We have been about for years, but these murders are a new thing.

At first we were rather pleased with the extra publicity. Our numbers grew enormously: the city became prowler-conscious, which was flattering except that they were determined to believe that there was only one prowler. We were bigger news than that band of effete English hooligans who came here disguised as musicians. The press became a reliable guide for the best and most popular prowling spots.

Our numbers grew so rapidly that for some time there was congestion in some of the best places. The gardens of girls' schools and nurses' homes became at times quite congested.

Now we are a dying race. Our activities have been less than ever in the last two months, although the published accounts of prowlers are more numerous than ever.

One can never tell nowadays whether it is safe to slip into a garden. People employ guards and savage dogs; trip wires are set up for us; lights flash on; bells ring.

At the slightest sound women rush to their windows and scream like Banshees for their menfolk, or begin blazing away with shot-guns into the darkness.

Even if we complete the hazardous path to the lighted window, the shades are drawn and sealed, the curtains sewn together and nailed to the window frame. Supposing we find a chink, they hardly dare to undress without covering themselves with some enveloping garment and furtively drawing their clothes off underneath it.

Our lives are spent like hunted animals, alert for any sign of danger, ready for precipitate flight.

The bitterest pill to swallow is that I must stay at home every evening of late, because my wife is afraid of the prowler.

I am writing this account then, so that you will see that murderers and prowlers are different entirely. We do not wish to kill anyone, or even to touch anyone. Human contact is repugnant to us. All we ask is to look. We are not young men, we are not vicious and we are not strong.

We, the prowlers of Australia, wish to disassociate ourselves completely from the enactors of these atrocities. We beseech the womanhood of the Eastern Suburbs and our subsidiary areas to settle back into their old routine, which has been the means of satisfying so many ageing and deserving gentlemen.

God bless you all.

Oliver Inchbold.



# THE PRESS —



On Thursday, June 18, 1953, the Melbourne "Herald" ran this picture with the caption, "East Berlin police manhandle angry workers during yesterday's anti-Communist demonstrations." "We want free elections" the demonstrators shouted. After a large number of Melbourne citizens had phoned the "Herald" to remind it that the police concerned were—from their helmets—evidently West German, the "Sun" the next morning came out with the following "clever" caption under the same picture: "West German police protecting a Communist agitator from crowds which attacked him in the British section of the city . . ."

The furore aroused by the picture led the "Herald" into an embarrassed explanation the next day: the picture, it said, on June 19, "actually showed West German police on the East German border."



The above photograph is reproduced from the Melbourne "Herald" of April 4, 1962. The caption read: "They're not so happy, the women who have to queue in an attempt to beat Castro's meaningless rationing system."

"The food lines begin to form between 3 a.m. and 4 a.m. Then the women may get half a pound of chicken—or lizard, Cuba's chicken substitute."

A year before on April 24, 1961, Page 4 of the Melbourne "Sun", a "Herald" publication, the same picture is published. The caption then read:

"Mixed emotions show on the faces of these Cuban women in Miami (Florida) as they view the first photographs showing rebel troops that invaded Cuba, now held as prisoners of Fidel Castro's revolutionary army. The pictures were received in the U.S. from United Press International's bureau in Havana. (Last night's radio picture.)"

Jim Healy died on July 13, 1961. He was given the biggest funeral Sydney has seen (about 7,000 attended and marched). In its first edition on that day the Melbourne "Herald" carried an obituary written by its "inside" industrial man, E. C. Crofts, the son of the late Charlie Crofts, who was at one time secretary of the Australian Council of Trade Unions.

The obituary was headed: HEALY, IDOL OF THE WATERSIDERS. Crofts wrote: "... Pipe-smoking, 63-year-old James Healy, wharf leader Communist, who died to-day, was the centre of many struggles on the Australian waterfront. Son of an Irish laborer and a mother who worked in a Lancashire cotton mill, Healy and his wife, Elizabeth, came to Australia in 1925. He became a waterside worker and joined the Labor Party."

That is how the obituary in the first edition began. It went on to describe Healy's union history and his war record, mentioning the fact that he had been severely wounded in World War I. This fact was given a sub-head

in World War I was dropped. In the space of a few hours the "genial personality" was changed to . . . "unionists speak of the 'two Healys.' The tough, at times ruthless, Communist boss, and the outwardly genial Healy who liked playing an old-fashioned pianola or reading the poems of Robert Burns at home."

From being "one of the astute union leaders in the nation", Healy became "the most astute industrial brain in the Communist Party, and many of his opponents claimed he used the W.W.F. as a Communist weapon".

Such is the character of the monopoly press. One of the finest leaders ever produced by the working class of this country had been dead only a few hours when the poison began to flow in an effort to pollute his memory which will remain evergreen in the hearts of the people.

It is said that the Soviet Republic was born amidst a storm of curses from capitalist newspapers.

## extracts from "Meet The Press"

in the story. Healy was described as being a "genial personality and an idol to most of the nation's waterside workers".

"Healy was also one of the most astute union leaders in the nation. When he was elected to the A.C.T.U. executive in 1957, it was no surprise," wrote Crofts.

But even in death the greatness of Jim Healy was a danger to the monopolists. They knew his position had to be filled, so that greatness had to be reduced somehow.

The second edition saw big changes in the obituary which was still under the name of E. C. Crofts.

First the heading. This was changed to: HEALY, THE MAN WHO RULED WHARVES.

The second obituary began: "James Healy, 63, who during his lifetime was hated by thousands of opponents and sentenced to jail under a Labor Government, always remained outwardly calm. His sphinx-like imperturbability was described by opponents as "cynical." But most of the nation's 23,000 waterside workers regarded him as their undisputed leader."

All mention of him having been wounded

In his book, "The Press and Public Wants", Mr Kingsley Martin, editor of the British "New Statesman and Nation", says:

If one was searching for a classic case of wishful reporting, the story of the futile and costly adventures of the (anti-revolutionary) Russian General Koltchak, would make the supreme example.

"The U.S. press showed, for instance, over a period of spectacular victories, Koltchak was constantly occupying towns with unpronounceable names which few Americans had ever heard of before. Looking up the map, it was discovered these towns were all behind the line from which General Koltchak had started so that during this month of apparent victory, he had actually been in full retreat".

And it was from these sources that the Australian press was supplied.

Here are some of the headlines and news items concerning the events of 1917 in Russia chosen at random from Australian newspapers. They speak for themselves.

● 1917—"Criminal Bolsheviks: It would be idle to deny that criminals and irresponsible and ignorant people do constitute the bulk

claims, print 73 per cent. of all papers sold in Australia but they do not print 100 per cent. nor do they have any effective way of gagging NATION—or OZ, for that matter.

\* It is highly improbable that any communist country can boast a press, fearless and unbiased in its news values. One suspects that Clarke is not really complaining that the press is prejudiced but that it is prejudiced against his own particular viewpoint, which is human if not entirely logical. Press nationalisation would impose real monopoly and biased reportage unchecked by independent publications.

\* Clarke seems to be committed to the rather pessimistic Marxist line that it is impossible to have an independent press in a capitalist society. The existence of "Guardian" and other communist publications belies this prediction if nothing else does.

"MEET the Press", a pamphlet produced in 1962 by Duncan Clarke, has not to date received the critical attention of any of the main Australian newspapers. This is probably not unintentional oversight. Clarke is a staff member of the "Guardian", Melbourne's Communist weekly. As if this were not bad enough, he has written a blistering attack on the capitalist press, in whose services he was for some years himself employed.

Yet, however interesting—and, at times, amusing—his revelations, the case he makes out for nationalisation of the press is not persuasive:

\* Although he refers to the press monopoly this does not in fact exist in the strict meaning of the word even in Melbourne, where two-thirds of the dailies are produced by the same company. The Herald and Weekly Times group and John Fairfax may, as he



# underdog bites editor

of Lenin's followers."—From a syndicated article by Keith Murdoch in the Melbourne "Herald," October 6.

Young Keith had started off well.

"Kerensky on the march; Ends Lenin's So-Called Government."—Melbourne "Herald," November 12.

● 1918—"Grand Duke Nicholas Tsar; Lenin and Trotsky Flee." "Bolshevism Overthrown."—Melbourne "Herald," June 28.

● 1919—"Thieves Fall Out; Trotsky Arrests Lenin."—Melbourne "Herald," January 9.

"Russia Nationalises Corpses." — The "Argus," January 14.

"The American view is that the days of Bolshevism are numbered."—The "Argus," March 3.

From 1919 right down to the Hitler attack on the Soviet Union in 1941, the Australian newspapers were full of stories like the foregoing; fantastically contradictory, patently absurd, and incredibly stupid. One day Bolshevism was finished; the next day it was threatening Europe and the whole world.

And so it was down the years. The Five

## BALLS

Never had the sub-editors made such a boo-boo! Or, at least, not since years back when the "Bulletin" printed an infamous little poem whose initial letters spelt out a message to the editors of that respectable journal to go and have sexual intercourse.

On Tuesday, June 2, the "Sydney Morning Herald" printed the following seemingly harmless little letter. The tongue in the cheek and the sting was in the signature, apparently missed by all the top brass who yet the leader page so carefully:

### "Thugs" on the Soccer Field

Sir,—On Sunday, May 24, I was a spectator at a Soccer match at Wentworth Park between Pan-Hellenic and South Coast. What I saw take place on the field after the match horrified me beyond description.

Supporters of one of the teams ran on to the field (one of them wielding an uprooted paling from a fence) and attacked a linesman who had given a ruling against their side. The attack was of the kind that one expects to be made by vicious thugs in a dark alley, not by "law-abiding" citizens on a playing-field in broad daylight.

What followed was even more vicious. I am elderly, and confined to a wheelchair as a result of an old war wound. Some of the hoodlums, in their haste to escape after attacking the linesman, came bullocking their way through the crowd and knocked my wheelchair over, throwing me face down on the ground. Fully a dozen other people passed by me on their ill-mannered rush to the exist before someone was kind enough to assist me to my seat.

In such circumstances, it is not difficult to see the Peruvian tragedy as an ominous portent of things to come here. Cannot something be done about this before it is too late.

R. SUPWOOD.

Enmore.

Year Plans were "hideous failures," the great dams and power stations and the gigantic new factories were destined to stand as silent and motionless on the steppes as the pyramids on the Egyptian deserts. The debts contracted abroad for production goods would never be paid. The nation's leaders were beasts in human form. The Melbourne "Herald" of June 14, 1926, wrote:

"Soviet leaders, without exception, are thieves and murderers and propagandists for robbery, atheism and murder. We are sinking below the eternal law when we deal with men who openly exalt evil and crime."

The despatch of a huge American task force to the China coast in September, 1958, brought the world again to the brink of World War III. In the hue and cry of the warmongering over Formosa and Quemoy, little publicity was given to an event which shows how strictly controlled the Australian press is, and how it can be brought into line with the aggressive policies of the United States. The event was reported in the Church of England paper, "The Anglican" of October 4, 1958.

It said:

"It now seems clear that the only kind of war likely to be fought over the issue of Quemoy, for the time being, will be fought with ink and newsprint in the columns of the Press. Outstanding among these 'brighter' and more sensational organs is Australia's oldest metro newspaper, the 'Sydney Morning Herald.' . . .

Until last Friday, this daily newspaper put forward in its leading articles a sober and cautious point of view which was in general accord with that of such distinguished organs of liberal opinion as 'The Times,' 'La Prensa,' and the 'Manchester Guardian.'

"But last Saturday all was changed. The complete reversal which came about was not due to any change in the situation in the near north, or in Peking, Washington or elsewhere. It was due solely—and this is the thing which must shock all Anglicans who try to regard international disputes in the light of Christian teaching—to the direct intervention of a politician in Canberra no less a person, indeed, than the Prime Minister himself. Not less alarming than the reversal of editorial policy . . . (is that) . . . no mention should so far have appeared in the Press of the Prime Minister's intervention. The facts are simply that Mr. Menzies summoned to Canberra the 'Advertiser' and the Sydney newspaper, ignoring the functionaries of other newspapers of similar status, it seems, to make clear to them that policy of his government about Quemoy, which barely a week ago earlier he had publicly stated through their columns did not exist! The 'S.M.H.' from that day following began to propound a view so far to the right of any put forward by the most extreme sections of American or British opinion that Mr. Dulles—were he to learn of it—must surely be slightly surprised."



MRS. NOEL VINCENT and MR. ARTHUR BROWNING dining at Prince's last night after learning that they had won the £30,000 Teleword No. 4, last of the Teleword series.

— from the Sunday Telegraph, November 9, 1959.

A few weeks ago Sir Frank Packer married Mrs Noel Vincent. A few years ago Mrs Vincent won Sir Frank's Teleword competition.



# COMING SOON



THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS.

## round the world on a limerick

### ALGERIA

Ben Bella is rather a sly one  
Dictatorship? HE'D never try one!  
Have you noticed of late  
It's a one-party state?  
And guess who's the Almighty High One?

### ENGLAND

The rockers came in by the drove  
They beat up a mod dressed in mauve  
Then without a word,  
They beat up his bird  
It all happened in Brighton and Hove.

### INDIA

Weep India! Nehru's no more  
"Amar rahe" cry Brahmin and whore  
The flames of the pyre  
Rise higher and higher  
Weep India! What lies in store?

### SOUTH AFRICA

Said Verwoerd "I am not unduly  
Concerned about Albert Luthuli  
If we can't restrain him  
We'll threaten to chain him  
And charge him with being unruly"  
—Grant Nichol

the

4

village  
square

the column of lasting insignificance

by John Wilcock

"I believe above the storm the loudest prayer cannot be heard,  
I believe that one One in the great nowhere hears not a word."

—Sam Kushner writing in *American Atheist*,  
50 cents from 4547 Harford Road, Baltimore  
14, Maryland.

### Anti-Social Stuff

Formal clothing invariably inhibits good conversation. At any party where the dress is formal, the talk will be limited mostly to the reiteration of facts rather than the exchange of ideas. And in a welter of "basic black," I—like most men—know that the most life and the best conversation is going to come from the one chick who's dressed in bright colors... The American Civil Liberties Union is still bugging ABC to drop its requirement of a loyalty oath signature before allowing Pete Seeger on its shows. "It is inconceivable," says the ACLU, "that a performer could threaten national security by earning his living in full hearing and view of the public on radio and television." ... David Ficken (Box 463A, R. D. 1, Newton, New Jersey) collects foreign beer bottle labels, and very colourful they are for decorating bars and bathroom walls. He'll send a set of 50, all different, for one dollar... The New Republic (50 cents from 1244 19th Street N.W., Washington, D.C.) has just passed 100,000 circulation and is getting to be the nearest equivalent to one of the more intelligent European literary mags. ... The latest attempt to form a body of world citizens, the Mondcivitan Republic, publishes a quarterly newspaper (50 cents a year from 27 Delancey Street, London, N.W. 1) and runs regular parliamentary sessions, with delegates from a score of countries, at its headquarters in Wales. Citizenship forms free from the address above. ... The few girls I know who still wear bras usually go for that "Private Life" model by True Balance (3.95 dollars). ... Writing in the Campus Voice (20 cents from 415 East San Fernando, San Jose, California), Robert Wolf says that police dogs can be diverted from their target by throwing them buns soaked in a solution made from anise seeds and hot water. ... Art and bureaucracy usually being in conflict, it's pleasant to report the case of artist Robert Watts (R.D. 2, Lebanon, New Jersey), who designs his own postage stamps and sells them in sheets of 100, all different, for five dollars. Smaller sheets of sexier stamps retail for two dollars. With artistic pride, Bob always affixes his own stamps to his letters, and on the occasions when he's forgotten to affix the more prosaic Federal type, the letters have always gone through anyway. ... A worldwide network of correspondents in different colleges is the aim of U, a new English quarterly devoted to student writing and photography. First issue of U (40 cents from Peter Moran, 12 Marryat Road, London S.W. 19) includes pieces on jazz, sex, theatre, and religion. ... The Shumway seed catalogue (Rockford, Illinois) still lists those midget vegetables (four-inch corn, tiny lettuce) that can be grown in the window box. ...

(By special arrangement with the  
'Village Voice', New York.)

Now estranged are Doris  
And her lover, James;  
He polished his Morris  
With her whatsanames!

P.O.M.C.



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EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh  
 ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp  
 ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Mike Glasheen, Peter Kingston.  
 STAFF: Anou, A. G. Read.

\* OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. BW 4197, XM 1448.

\* OZ appears on the first of every month. In Sydney it is available from street-corner vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Mary Martin's Bookshop sells OZ in Adelaide and Cheshire's sells it in Canberra.

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