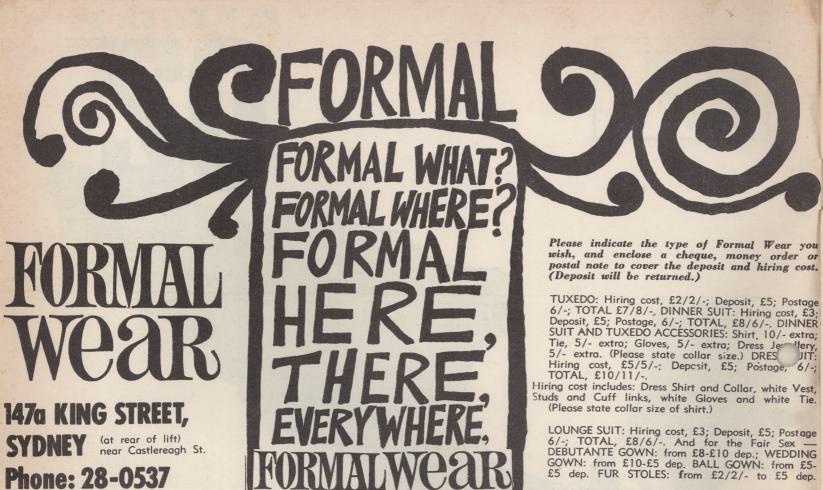
No. 19, May 65: 2/-ALL THE WAYWITH L.B.J.



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CHEST Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades.







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

iacket.



Measure over the waistband

WAIST

without belt.



LENGTH

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

**Shirt Size** 

Neck

## Where is he now?

ARRIVAL OF MR. J. R. DARLING

HEAD OF GEELONG GRAMMAR.

Public School Boys in Business.

Mr. J. R. Darling, who has been appointed head master of the Geelong Grammar School, Corio, in succession to Dr. F. E. Brown, arrived in Melbourne by the Adelaide express yesterday. He left the Otranto at Adelaide in order to have an additional day with Dr. Brown at Corio before the term begins on Wednesday. Mr. Darling is tall and sparely built, and there is a remarkable likeness between his features and those of Dr. Brown. He was educated at Repton School and Oriel College (Oxford), and was recently senior history master at Charterhouse. He is aged only 30 years, and before going to Oxford he served in France with a commission in the Royal Field Artillery. Early last year Mr. Darling was in charge of the English public schools' tour of New Zea-

Mr. Darling said yesterday that he was interested in the repetition of such tours as a means of strengthening the bonds of Empire. "That tour," he said, "impressed upon me that there was much more that was British in Australians than they

sometimes realised, and that Australia had a unique opportunity of development because it could avoid making the mistakes Britain had made while holding fast to the incomparable British virtues. If intelligence is the capacity to profit by past experience, then Australia has a marvellous chance of exhibiting intelligence."

"I am going to be very interested," he said, "in the cultural (beastly word) side of the school, in the unacademic as well as the academic side. I am interested to learn of the work of the literary and debating society, the musical and artistic activities at the school, and the publication of the magazine 'If.' It is always good to find schoolboys writing poetry. Of course it must necessarily be rather 'rubbishy'



stuff usually, but if it is sincere, that is all that is really important. With schoolboys the usual tendency is to imagine that good poetry consists in using unrecognisable words and being generally obscure, instead of realising that all that matters is that one should feel something deeply, 'see' it clearly, and put it down in the simplest and most truthful manner. I think Rupert Brooke is the ideal schoolboys' poet. He is so splendidly normal, so freely in love with life, so utterly and beautifully different from what might be called a professional poet like Swinburne."

Mr. Darling said that it was pleasing to notice that in Britain the managements of many important business houses were tending to give preference to old public school boys in making appointments. understand the same tendency can be seen here," he added. "I do not like to see boys leaving school for commercial reasons before the normal age of about 18 years. That time is the most usefully impressionable phase of their development. Businew men are realising that those two or three additional years when boys gain experience in leadership in various ways are immensely important, even from an entirely commercial point of view, and also that a public school training is much more than a mere hall-mark.

'AGE' FEB; 1930

Featuring the latest gimmicks in restaurants...food



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DAILY MIRROR, MONDAY, MAY 3, 1965

campaign made full use of the tide against Labor. It appealed especially to young people frustrated by the fuddyduddy, slow-moving attitudes of a government dug-in for more than 20 years.

But the vote is plainly against the oldfashioned, unimaginative, bureaucratic pattern of Labor administration he was unable to shift. It is a vote against petty tyrannies and muddle in transport, rents, shopping hours and Sunday entertainment. DAILY MIRROR, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1965

So on his record, Mr. Renshaw deserves a full term as Premier.

Beside his temperate platform that of Mr. Askin, who scatters fresh promises at every whistle-stop, appears somewhat hysterical.

However it is not Mr. Askin's failings but Mr. Renshaw's virtues which should influence voters tomorrow.

We believe there is every indication that, if given a mandate, Mr. Renshaw will streamline administration, get rid of dead wood in his cabinet and introduce brighter, more vigorous and more imaginative men. In short, we believe that his re-election will

In short, we believe that his re-election will ensure continued and even greater prosperity for this great State of ours.

rebuilt, and soon we will be able to go along once more to those "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons"—a jolly potpourri of prayer and play. Perhaps a short reading from the writings of John Wesley.

It is not generally realised that wesley cured ills of the body as well as ills of the soul, and that some of his cures, like some of his dogma, were really way, way out! I am the jealous owner of a little book, published in 1863 and inherited from my paternal grandmother. It is called "Consult Me On All You Want to Know" and offers interesting solutions to ever-occurring problems.

Like hot mashed swede turnip poultice for pains in the breast, and a unique set of abdominal and anal exercises for constipation. Also cures for certain disorders caused by "an excess of venery".

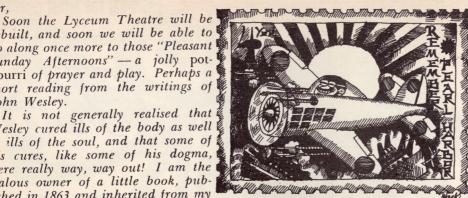
John Wesley rates two pages for his interesting cures for consumption:

Or, drink thrice a-day two spoonfuls of juice of water-cresses. This has cured a deep consumption. In the last stage, suck a healthy woman daily. This has cured my father. For daily. This has cured my rarner. For diet, use milk and apples, or water gruel made with fine flour. Drink cider-whey, barley water, sharpened with lemon-juice, or apple water. So long as the tickling cough continues, chew well, and swallow a mouthful or two of a biscuit or crust of bread twice-a-day. If you cannot swallow it spit it out. This will always shorten the fit, and would often prevent a consumption.

-John Wesley.

Une can visualise his dear aged father, in the last stages of consumption sitting up in bed, eagerly gulping down his medicine.

John Meredith, 7 Agar Steps, Miller's Point, N.S.W.



FOLK WORKSHOP/SONG-SWAP Non-professionals wanted for informal and, for the time, non-public sessions. Sing in tune (sic) and interest only requirements. Also folk fiddlers, guitar, mandolin, accordion, tin-whistle, didgeridoo, etc. Ring 31-8325 for further details.

Michael Ball

#### All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dean Letcher. SECRETARY: Marsha Rowe. ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.

ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Peter Kingston, Mike Glasheen.

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from Albert's Bookshop.

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

★ OZ circulation now 25,000. Back copies are still available for 1/-.
Nos. 1. 4, 5, 6, 8 and 9 have sold out.

Council for Civil Liberties and the Freedom to Read Association are appealing for funds for the defence of "The Trial of Lady Chatterley" in Victoria. Donations to K. Buckley, Economics Department, University of Sydney, Sydney.

For the thrills of night trotting come to Harold Park Paceway

You've all seen "junkies" on TV films — well some of our trotters are confirmed drug addicts, too. You'll admire the spirit of friendly co-operation amongst owners and drivers. None of this senseless competition you find in some sports.

Of course sometimes one of the fellows jumps out of line and tries to win when it's not his turn, but we know how to deal with that.

The bookmakers are happy to take your money, delighted in fact, and many of them pay out quite large sums, too, to a few lucky winners.

Incidentally refreshments are provided for the public at standards which would satisfy even the most discerning patron of a Railway Refreshment Room.

-John Howett



STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS . . . NARKS, read no further! "PARTY" Novelty LP Album Covers - from the U.S.&A.

WAY-OUT Gamey Titles/Illustrations on the front (full colour) . . . Uproarious Suggestions for Record Enclosures on the back.

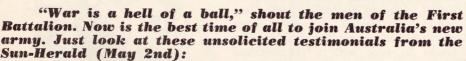
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## NOW is the best time to join the Australian Army





"Troops of the 1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment 'can't get to

Vietnam quick enough'.

"'This is what we joined the Army for,' they told me when I spent Friday—the 'day of the announcement'—with them at Gallipoli Barracks, Holsworthy Camp, near Liverpool. You could feel the excitement rippling through the camp.

"Friday might have been an ordinary training day—there were troops marching, troops pulling down mortars, troops firing rifles and machine-guns

"And despite a ban on Press interviews their high spirits were irrepressible.

"'You'd be amazed at the lift in morale since the announcement this morning,' said a be-ribboned senior N.C.O.

"'Now they know they are going overseas to fight, there's a new snap to

their every movement.' The troops say the same thing.

"This is what I joined the Army for—to go overseas and fight. I'M
LOOKING FORWARD TO IT."

. . . and we're looking forward to having you.

Take their advice . . . you'll get a free trip to exciting, cosmopolitan, historical Vietnam.

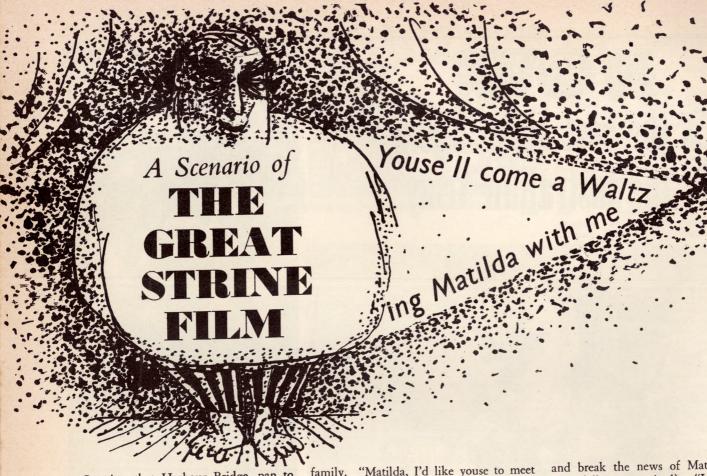
You too can witness scenes of horror that inspired artists like Goya.

You too can be photographed committing war atrocities . imagine; YOU torturing a Viet Cong guerilla in the family album.



And remember, on our side

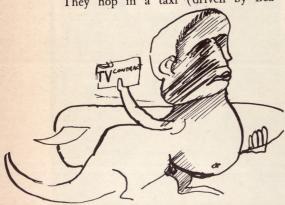




Opening shot Harbour Bridge, pan to Manly ferry, zoom in to Les Trench (played by Murray Rose) talking to his fiancee Matilda (played by Dawn Fraser). It is Anzac Day noon, they are just returning from the Combined Nondenominational Service. Les is talking to Matilda about his convict great great great grandfather (who was on the right side of the Eureka Stockade) and grandfather (who almost died at Gallipoli).

Scene two at Taronga Park. Les and Matilda holding hands beside a kangaroo pen. (Kangaroo in foreground played by Midget Farrelly). Les: "Let's go to meet my folks Matilda."

They hop in a taxi (driven by Bea



Miles) and drive to Sofala.

Scene three in Sofala pub. They quaff a few ales and waltz to an old 78 of Melba singing "The Man from Snowy River". The swinging doors burst open and in strides the Trench

family. "Matilda, I'd like youse to meet Dad (played by Chips Rafferty), Dave (played by Russell Drysdale) and My Brother Jack, he's a sentimental bloke (played by Donald Horne)." Dad orders another round of ale from the barman (played by J. T. Lang).

Scene four. They go for a picnic in the bush (close-up of two koalas eating leaves, played by Les Tanner and Leonard Teale). Les and his brother Jack, Dave and Dad play football. A Lyrebird creeps up and tries to ravish Matilda. She breaks its neck with a poker-worked boomerang — only to find it is a Viennese Reffo (played by Gordon Chater).

Bushfire starts cattle stampede across screen. Scene of the Trench family and Matilda beating out flames with a dead wallaby (Barry Humphries). The fire out — Les says "It looks like rain." Dad says "It sure does. I wouldn't mind a drink." Calls of "Coo-ee coo-ee" and "Waltzing Matilda" come through the smoke. Joan Sutherland staggers out of smoking bush with an esky full of Millers New slung over her back celebration all round, much quaffing of grog. They all pass out. A swagman creeps up (Rolf Harris) and kidnaps the drunken Matilda, shoving her in his tuckerbag with glee. "You'll come a walting Matilda with me." And so they set off down the Birdsville Track towards the Trocadero - suddenly Ned Kelly (Sid Nolan) rides out and beats swaggie to death with a sheet of masonite and carries Matilda off. Cut to Bib and Bub (Robert Helpmann and Patrick White)

and break the news of Matilda kidnapping (all are surprised). "I thought she was powdering her nose." Meanwhile, Matilda held prisoner at a blacks' camp in the shade of Ayers Rock. (Blacks played by Charles Perkins, Kath Walker and Hal Lashwood.)

Cut to Bondi Beach. It is three years



later. Les Trench is a lifesaver. Bondi Lifesavers are marching past for the spectators (The Duke of Edinburgh played by Lord De L'Isle). HORROR! Les breaks ranks with a cry of STREWTH and plunges into the thundering surf. With his bare hands he kills a huge shark (Knopfelmacher),

drags Tiggy Touchwood (played by Morris West) from its jaws and brings her into the beach, the crowd roars: "Hooray for Les, he's a horse's ass." He is knighted on the spot. Tiggy Touchwood (now played by Pixie O'Harris for closeups) grants Sir Les three wishes . . .

He wishes silently and to himself. At that moment he wins the Opera House Lottery, a premier holden appears on the beach and suddenly a huge Woomera shaped hunk of Ayers Rock lands in the sea just off Ben Buckley. (The late Sir Robert Menzies.) Once more Les plunges into the surf cleaving towards the Rock, plowing through the sewerage (Archbishop Gough). He takes a belt out ties round rock, hand over hand they drag it in. Les and Matilda reunited once more.

Cut to Wayside Chapel, Kings Cross. Les as Matilda a lovely bride - radiant - on their way to the Paddington R.S.L. in Lime green Premier Holden. They are ambushed just opposite the Rushcutter Bowl by the relatives of the late Viennese Reffo Lyrebird (relatives played by Zell Rabin, etc.) Three weeks of

bitter fighting.

The feud is ended by the intervention of 7,000 U.S. troops led by L.J.B. (Sir Robert Menzies) backed by a battalion of Australian troops drawn from the Metropolitan Leagues Club, the Balmain R.S.L., The National Trust and the Elizabethan Trust. Peace is restored. The Reffos are bundled aboard the Fair-



sky and sent C.O.D. to Herd Island.

Cut to Paddo Town Hall, where the assembled cast, as with one voice, join together to sing "Advance Australia Fair" and a Queensland Blue Cattle dog (Dolly Dyer) recites "My Country".

During the festivities Sir Leslie and Lady Trench slip away to Surfers for their long delayed honeymoon.

Cut to Kookaburra swallowing snake (consummation of the marriage).

Ripple dissolve to billabong - wattle falling. Petals form the words "And they lived happily ever after."

THE END



In December last year the Sydney pre-Christmas rush was enlivened by the revelations that the Speaker in the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly, Mr. Ray Maher, was to be charged with indecent exposure. Later, at a magistrate's hearing, Mr. Maher was committed to trial and he is due to come before the Court at the end of this month.

The central figure in these proceedings was Miss Elizabeth Shepherd, Parliamentary emanuensis (alias typiste), who alleged that her job at Parliament House terminated after she refused to accede to certain

"indecent suggestions" made to her by the former Speaker.

In this interview Miss Shepherd gives her impressions of Parliament House employment. Just for the record and those readers who don't believe anything they read in OZ: this is the Miss Shepherd and a real interview.

How long were you working at Parliament House altogether?

Four months and I was sorry to have to The girls don't start work there until 10 and they finish up at 4.30 or 4.45. The pay is £24 a week to start with. There's no special award or rules and they even have their own special little section in the Public

Service Association.

Whatever else I might think of them, whatever else I might think of them, politicians are pretty good employers. When my father died last year, he fell ill on the Sunday and died on the following Tuesday. I asked for the Wednesday off for his funeral and they told me I could take the rest of the week off.

The girls have a pension of £17 and their or private liquor supply. They're not own private liquor supply. They're not paid overtime but the sick leave is very good. A half hour off for morning and afternoon tea; one hour for lunch; your own individual office with an electric fan, your own radiator, locker, carpet and choice of electric light or fluorescent. They were in the process of changing my room over to fluorescent when I left—I hope that's what

I took a stroll in Sydney latterly To check a chick called Lady Chatterley

But to my extreme disgust I witnessed sights of utter lust Like a flock of tiny black birds All screaming out four-letter words. I must admit I cannot be very sanguine

About the morals of the angry panguine.

—DAVID ERSKINE

the girl who took my place likes.

Each girl has four members whom she works for. I worked mainly for Mr. Waddy and Mr. Dalton plus others when some of the girls were on holiday. Each parlia-mentarian is allowed an hour's dictation per day. Mr. Dalton had a standard 12 o'clock appointment but Mr. Waddy would ring through about three minutes before he wanted an appointment.

The major part of the work is accepting or not accepting invitations. You got pretty used to the pattern. If a Liberal member had received an invitation from the Housing Minister he usually refused; but if Mr. Askin sent one he accepted. And vice versa. I noticed that the Liberal members did not accept as readily invitations concerning Aboriginals, but Mr. Dalton was very strong on Aborigines and would really go out of his way in that regard.

of course, there was a lot of class-consciousness. The Hon. Jane Bloggs of Vaucluse had more chance of having her invitation accepted than the President of the local P. & C. This applied as much to the local P. & C. This applied as much to be a labour member—in fact more so. the Labour members-in fact, more so, because it was such a new thing for them.

The amount of mail members get varies considerably. Some get lots of mail and some are lucky if they get a letter a day. It depends very much on the size of the electorate. Bankstown is a big electorate with bad sewerage and roads and so on-there's a ton of mail. It often depends a lot on the councils.

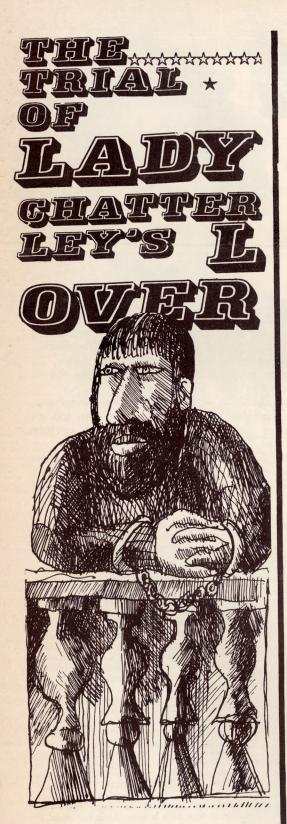
To most of this kind of mail there is a stock reply:

Dear Madam,

Your letter has been forwarded on to the Minister concerned and I will advise you on receipt of the Minister's advice.

When the Minister's advice comes through,

OZ, MAY 7



AVAILABLE from all Sydney city bookshops except Angus & Robertson's. Interstate readers send 15/- to POCKET BOOKSHOP 98 Pitt Street, Sydney you merely forward it with a complimentary note from the member.

Even people who make absolute pests of themselves never get a rude letter. of the letters have to be sent on to the Minister for Education. Particularly at the beginning of the year when the kids are being allocated to the different schools and the parents have different ideas to the Department over where they should be sent.

What impression did you get of the parlia-

mentarians as people?

unpredictable: one day They're very they're not talking to someone and the next day they're on very friendly terms. Most of them are incredibly childish and it's hard to find one with a really adult attitude. They get a great kick out of seeing their names in print and are always terribly busy sending out copies of their speeches to the main press and the local papers.

Most of them are trying to prove something. A lot of them come from very hard backgrounds—certainly 90% of the Labour members do. With some of them you do not have only to type their correspondence, but compose it. You could give them a letter with bad grammar and bad spelling and they would say, "Oh, beautiful", and

sign it without blinking.

Some politicians take pariiament as a joke and some are in it for what they can get out of it. For example, every month each member receives two sheets of postage stamps. If they aren't used at the end of the month they would go down to the G.P.O. to cash them.

They get their liquor at cost price at the parliamentary bar—three pints for three shillings or something like that. I think the bar is open as long as parliament is sitting. When the bell rings for a quorum or a vote it rings loudest in the bar. You see men scurrying out of their rooms, but the largest group comes from the bar.
Although some of them share rooms,

they're all beautifully furnished and could be let out at £8 a week easily. Most of them have a divan in their rooms and could actually live on the premises. But only the

Speaker has a proper suite. There's a beautiful tennis court, billiard room and a first-class restaurant with extremely cheap prices—3/9, I think, for a three-course meal. There are changing rooms and showers, of course. It's just like

Even the girls-if they want a packet of cigarettes—just ring up and a steward brings it up on a tray. They also bring liquor it up on a tray. but the members are notoriously bad tippers and are noted for their meanness in general. All the Ministers have parliamentary cars,

of course-beautiful Ford Galaxies.

Funnily enough, all the Labour members belong to a Union—the A.W.U. or Miscellaneous Workers' Union or one of those. It's just something they believe in.

How about the speech-writing?

They write their own speeches and press statements, mainly. But the girls usually have to knock them into shape. Particularly the press statements where they usually put their name in twenty times in twenty lines. The more important speeches are written by the campaign directors and other personnel at the Party headquarters. There's not much contact between the parliamentary staff and the Party rooms. However, you usually have to help with the research. Often, you have to do everything for them but blow their noses.

Is there any espionage?
Well, I don't think any of the girls give away Party secrets purposely. But they are sometimes juggling things around so much to keep the members happy that they don't realise they have said something they should't have. You really have to spoonfeed them a lot and it's a difficult job trying to be helpful to members of two opposing Parties.

Is there much camaraderie between the two Parties?

No, not really. There is quite a lot of talking behind people's backs. There are personal feuds, even within a Party. are cliques—you find the educated and the uneducated sticking together.

How do the press get their stories?

They have some kind of set-up but nobody knows how they get their stuff. When I made out my statutory declaration I gave a copy to Askin, Renshaw and the Commissioner of Police. A week later the "Mirror" had it printed in their paper.

All of them have a skeleton in their cup-

board. Although they might know who made the leak they would be afraid to put their finger on him for fear of retaliation.

What about individual members?

Well, Mr. Dalton and Mr. Waddy were my permanent members and they both worked pretty hard. Dalton didn't go to school until he was 15 and he couldn't give a damn for anyone. I would go so far as to say he was the only honest member in parliament and one of the most conscientious.

Mr. Mahoney was also very conscientious: he would go through the death notices every morning and send out sympathy letters to his electors. He was next in line for the Speakership and had been reading up the little book of rules for three years.

Waddy had a bad name among the girls because he was so demanding and always wanted his mail to go out on the same day. He was a Group-Captain and had never come down out of the clouds. The Liberal Party asked him to write a little article on the campaign in some country electorate; he replied that he was sorry, he was too busy, but could give them a story on his flying experiences.

Mr. Hills wasn't terribly popular because he had an unfortunate attitude. He is so busy looking after his own interests that he can't find time to join in with the others.

Any funny incidents?

You get a lot of nuts ringing up. One woman wouldn't speak to anyone except Mr. Waddy because he had such a nice face. A chap who had been locked up in an asylum for 22 years claimed that Mr. Sheahan was picking on him.

One woman rang up wanting "Mr. 'Ills" I didn't understand whom it was she wanted. So I asked "Who?" "Mr. 'Ills-you know,

the 'ighwayman.'

While I was there they started building some elaborate lavatory extensions. was a terrific delay in getting them com-pleted with the workers standing around having smokos and long tea-breaks. they were finally completed everyone was so terribly proud that I asked if they were for sitting members only. They weren't amused.

The first time I met Mr. Maher I imagined that, as the Speaker, he would have a big. booming voice. In fact, he has something wrong with his voice and it's a bit hard to hear him. More of a croaker than a speaker. He is very high in the Catholic Church:

his sister is a Mother Superior and he is a former Editor of "The Catholic Weekly". I'm a Catholic too and my daughter is at the same convent school I went to as a girl. Any regrets about what you have done?

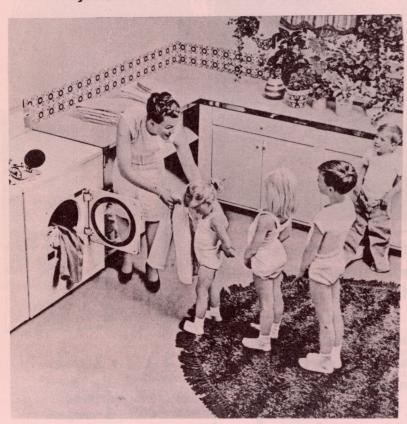
I worry a bit about my daughter. She once asked me what "illegitimate" meant but I passed it off, telling her she was always asking silly questions at the wrong time. No doubt she will ask me about the case and I will have to answer her. But if you believe you have done the right thing it takes a lot to stop you going ahead and taking it to its conclusion.

### SOFT GORIE PORNOGRAPHY

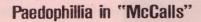


Sex is more than a four-letter word. Pornography is more than a Playboy pinup or a postcard from Port Said. While the prudes have been decoyed by hard-core filth (in some cases disguised as literature), sex has crept in through the front door. Nowadays, obscenity is your mother's fashion magazine. Perversion is an advertisement in tonight's paper.

Phallic symbolism in the American 'Glamour"



FLAMELESS ELECTRIC CLOTHES DRYING adds so much to the joy of total electric living.



# Does she...or doesn't She?



Narcissism plus a phallic pussy in the "English "Vanity Fair"



Homosexuality in the "Herald" Masturbation in En



More phallic sy in the English





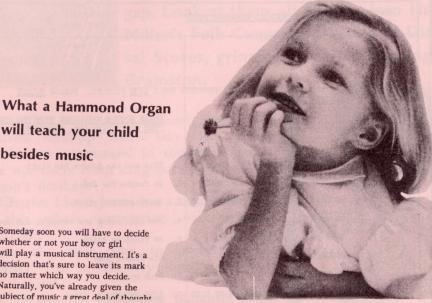


Nymphet-mania in



will teach your child besides music

Someday soon you will have to decide whether or not your boy or girl will play a musical instrument. It's a decision that's sure to leave its mark no matter which way you decide. Naturally, you've already given the subject of music a great deal of thought



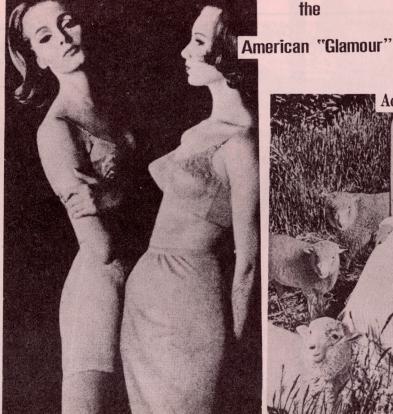
the

Lesbianism in

A woman's most important accessory...her escort

His dinner suit by Lord West, makers of gentlemen's formal clothes. One hundred dollars at fine stores,

Lord West





Bestiality in "Woman's Day"

glish "Vogue"

mbolism "Vogue"



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

ADDRESS



The Sydney Morning Herald,

#### Robin William Askin

The test and proof of the man came when Murray Robson entered into a headon collision with Liberal Party headquarters over the question of a joint policy with the Country Party. Askin could have remained aloof. Instead, he stood with Robson all the way until Robson lost the leadership

The tasteless, maudlin advertising for the Winston Churchill Fund was created by the Hansen Rubensohn-McCann Erickson agency. Below is an authentic script for a television commercial used in the campaign. "C.U." means "close-up" camera shot; "M.S." is "medium shot".

HANSEN RUBENSOHN - MCCANN ERICKSON PTY. LIMITED



COPY

FILM VIDEO TAPES KINESCOPES

WINSTON CHURCHILL MEMORIAL TRUST PRODUCT:

LENGTH: 30 secs. announcement KEY No.: T 30/1

VIDEO

AUDIO

ALL MATERIAL FOR AIR MEDIA PROVIDES FOR A LIVE CLOSING. PLEASE FOLLOW SCRIPT CAREFULLY.

KARSH PHOTOGRAPH

MS CHURCHILL IN RUINS OF CHURCH

MS CHURCHILL HOLDING CHILD'S HAND

CU CHURCHILL WITH CIGAR

LONG SHOT PARLIAMENT HOUSES

DISSOLVE TO CUI CHURCHILL

CU BIG BEN

IN 'V' SIGN. LETTERING: - "GIVE -SO THE WORLD WILL REMEMBER CHURCHILL".

HAYES GORDON MONOLOGUE FROM THE DISC:-

1. This man has fought his fight

2. He fought for God

3. He fought for right

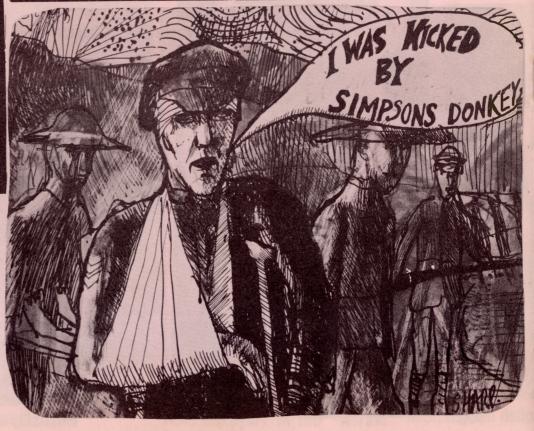
4. Now laid aside are strength and power

5. He finds in death

6. His finest hour

7. Drum roll

GRAPHIC OF DOBELL PICTURE OF HAND & LIVE ANNOUNCER: (Very soft, quiet) There are ... days to D for Donation Day - February 28. Give - so the world will remember Churchill.



## **BEWARE!** The Alfs are Revolting!



We're the "with it" generation. Do something outrageously non-conforming and The STANDARD Vanguard you'll soon set a trend. All the squares have turned hip. The Alfs have closed the gap. Look at them all packing into Harry Miller's Folk Concerts, dressing at Disposal Stores, grinning at Strine, giggling at Bramston.



Hell, just last week some affluent snobs held a fancy dress "send-up" Anzac Day party at Paddington. It was announced in the social pages. Everyone was there from drag-queen war-widows to Simpson's donkey.

Even Charles Lloyd Jones has a dog called OZ. Soon this whole generation will overtake Salvador Dali.

So now the only way to preserve your individuality - to be one step ahead - is to be

one step behind. Maybe if you do something blatantly OLD

HAT you'll scare the squares away:



Go back to Fellowship,

the gymnasium, the Tiv-

oli, the Glaciarium. Have

your Honeymoon at the

Hydro Majestic, Jenolan

Caves or Katoomba. If

you're International, go to Niagara. Have your 21st at the Metropole, make a debut, go to a 50/50 dance.

#### WHAT TO DO



Marry a virgin, enlist, idolise Martin Royal. Bend the elbow with Clive Churchill, Vic Patrick or Lew Hoad. Bash a Bible, play Ludo or Solitaire, listen to the Amateur Hour, join the Young Liberals. Cultivate plastic flowers, square dance, put your pennies back into circulation and if you're a mum use old fashioned bar soaps. Take the bull by the horns and bring back cliches. Use French Letters. Be photographed in the Mirror 'Under 25's'.

Collect Tommy Dorsey and Victor Silvester records, play them on a wind-up H.M.V. 78 portable. Read Earle Stanley Gardiner, Mandrake and Phantom. Eat Lamingtons, take De Witts root liver pills and put a jerry under your bed. Grow sweet peas, dance the Fox Trot, send a bundle to Britain, take a slow boat to China.

As a last resort, have a baby, become a St. John Ambulance man or die of Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough or Consumption.

#### **EX-EDITOR ATTACKS** PRESS -DIRECTOR REPLIES

(With kind permission "Newspaper News".)

Cigarette manufacturers had pressured newspaper proprietors not to publish material about lung cancer, Mr. Maxwell Newton, former managing editor of "The Australian" told a Canberra audience recently.

Speaking at St. Mark's Memorial Library on censorship and propaganda in the newspaper business, Mr. Newton made some hard-hitting points about newspapers generally which brought a reply in "The Australian" by Mr. Douglas Brass, a director of News Ltd.

Mr. Newton asked the question "Do advertisers exercise control over editorial pol-

icy?" and answered it by saying:
"Well, I've had experiences of cigarette manufacturers ringing up newspaper proprietors and asking proprietors not to publish material about lung cancer or not to play up the fact that the British have stopped the TV ads until after 7.30 p.m., and it has been done.

"But cigarette advertising is the excep-tion. There are very few advertisers who have got the individual power to lean on managers that cigarette manufacturers and liquor manufacturers have, so the thought of a big manufacturer leaning on the management of a big metropolitan paper in Australia is more the exception rather than the rule, although it applies a lot in the country, unfortunately."

Starting his address, Mr. Newton said that newspaper proprietors first had to find out

what sort of paper they wanted to put out.

Most of the newspaper proprietors and
managers had decided that what they were interested in putting out was an efficient

medium for advertising.

"Accordingly," he said, "the sort of papers which are produced are more or less shop-ping guides with some items of news put around the advertisements.
"The 'Melbourne Herald' is a shopping

guide par excellence and Melbourne's 'Sun News-Pictorial' sells well on dogs, trees and footy. The Sydney evening papers are simi-

lar shopping guides.

"As advertising is the main thing in these papers, the principal preoccupation of the people in charge of these papers is to keep their readers happy and not rock the boat. They succeed magnificently in doing this
"Newspapers are run by businessmen and

they must be expected to reflect the ethics and standards of the Australian business community. This is what, by and large, they

do.
"People forget that editors have very little to do with producing most newspapers in Australia, although there are a few notable exceptions that one can think of.

"'The Canberra Times' is one, to some extent 'The Australian', and to some extent 'The Australian Financial Review'. On most of the other papers the editor's character hardly has any effect on what the paper is

"Newspapers reflect the standards of the

business community.
"Accordingly, anything which would hinder making money has a rough time in Australian newspapers, and anything which disturbs the calm of the Australian business

of how managerial control affected the newspapers controlled by "The Sydney Morning Herald" group.

"The general manager and the managing director in that company have control over the editorial policy of the newspapers in that

"These managers don't go around giving orders to individual journalists or individual editors. The way it works in 'The Sydney Morning Herald' group is that the editor 'The Sydney Morning Herald' publishes of 'The Sydney Morning Herald' publishes editorials which are then read by all the employees of the company. They deduce how to handle the editorial policy of their own publications and the news editors know how to handle the news.

"For example, during the brief period when 'The Sydney Morning Herald' was supporting the Labor Party in 1961, the news editor of 'The Sydney Morning Herald' knew that he would have great freedom in playing up statements by Arthur Calwell, whereas if he tried to exercise that freedom in the same way today he would get into trouble.

'He wouldn't be hauled up and told that

"He wouldn't be hauled up and told that he had disobeyed editorial policy.

"He would be told that he had no news judgment — that he was a lousy journalist.

"Most editors subscribe to the view that it is the boss's paper and he is entitled to what he wants with it.

"This is the prevailing rationalisation by weak and cowardly newspaper editors in

weak and cowardly newspaper editors in

Australia, and by and large it is the dominant rationalisation.

ant rationalisation.

"Unless editors are prepared to take large individual risks, there is no chance for the journalists working for them being given the chance to show their paces."

Mr. Newton's remarks were answered in the April 2 issue of "The Australian" by Mr. Douglas Brass, a director of the parent company of "The Australian", News Ltd.

"Mr. Newton names the Melbourne 'Herald' and the Melbourne 'Sun' as examples of

ald' and the Melbourne 'Sun' as examples of newspapers which are run by businessmen desirous only of producing an efficient medium for advertising.
"The 'Herald' has been run these last 30

years or so not by businessmen, but by journalists, professional men who have been devoted to the elusive ideal of turning out a newspaper of which the community could

be proud.

"The creator of the Herald in its present form was Sir Keith Murdoch, who believed in newspapers so passionately that right to the end of an action-packed career which brought him great rewards and distinctions, his greatest pride was in describing himself as a journalist. He was followed by one of his own editors, Sir John Williams, who lives newspapers just as assiduously and who has recently shown himself to be more of a patriot than a businessman by investing £700,000 of his company's funds in the Press of insecure New Guinea.

"In the second place, the 'Herald' and its stablemate must be acknowledged by any fair-minded person to have achieved their success largely by building a distinguished staff of writers and technicians and by extending their news services around the globe with a most unmiserly disregard for costs. They have, in short, built themselves on

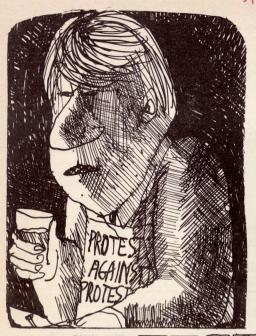
service to the public.
"We needn't exclude "The Sydney Morning Herald', also criticised by Mr. Newton for its domination by management, from this rough defence. The man who ran it for so long, Mr. R. A. G. Henderson, was a journalist. So is the present managing director, Mr. Angus McLachlan. And Granny's office in London, for example, is probably the biggest international bureau in the

capital.
"There are many things in the 'Herald' that one could criticise legitimately, not least their illiberal and timid squeaks of policy. But to base one's attack on their enviable advertising revenue, and to ignore their news strengths and occasional glimpses of staff independence, is not very profitable in today's competitive world."

#### Stave off scurvy and rickets ...



3 Jersey Road, Woollahra Opp. Paddo Police Station Phone 32 4815 for reservations & grog orders.



H PROTEST

.00DY hathetic (OMMEM. ... | motested against DRAGGY We both PROTESTED against PROTESTS... but STILL no bloody action! Those BLOODY John's reelen GIVE me they only amostod - DESTROY COMMEM? next year I'll protest against He declined to say what he considered his main contribution to Australian life. "You will read that in my obituary," he said.

The Sydney Morning Herald,

# 13 TJARY



William Sidney, first Viscount De L'Isle, V.C., in the afternoon of Thursday, 6th May, at Fairbairn Aerodrome, A.C.T., of acute rupture of the sinecure. His daughters survive.

It was barely three and a half years ago that Australia was first given a chance to know and love Lord De L'Isle. It may be thought that this was too short a time to learn to love such a man and indeed thus it proved to be. But is it a Governor-General's function to be liked and respected by those he formally rules? Apparently Lord De L'Isle thought not—he saw his role as being more that of a role-player.

However, when visiting the trouble spots of Australia such as the Ord River project, Papua-New Guinea and Canberra, his presence lowered the temperature of debate several degrees. In fact, he was coolly received almost everywhere.

But his links with politics may be described as close. Lord De L'Isle has always been associated with the most democratic parliamentary assembly in the world. I refer, of course, to the English House of Lords. Members of this house are selected by pure hereditary chance and there are no ugly barriers such as intellect or ability.

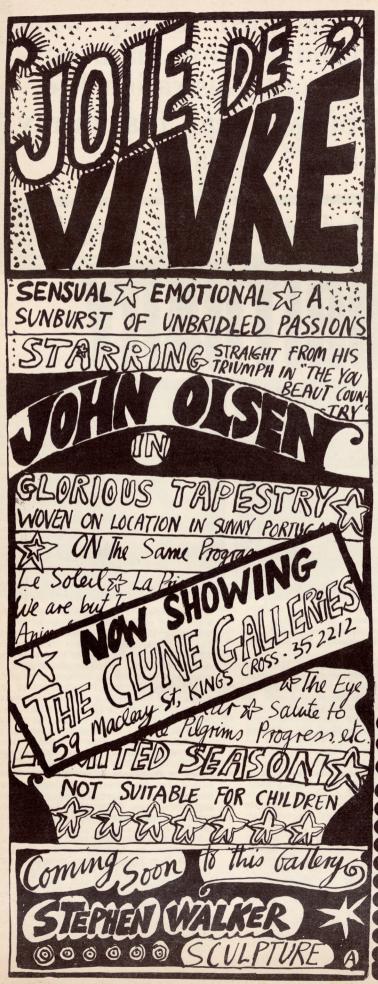


for themselves. He entered the ruthless hurly-burly of English commerce in 1955 as Managing Director of Schweppes (Home) Ltd. and later assumed many more onerous directorships. It was a bitter blow to British enterprise when he relinquished all commitments to come to Australia in 1961. Many observers have speculated on his reasons for abandoning such a distinguished career and on the effect his decision had on the companies whose fortunes he appeared to direct.

Although this fifteenth Governor General described himself as a "constitutional symbol," there are other views. Some have been stated by those men whose animosity he incurred by his frankly challenging pronouncements on Australia's internal affairs and role in Asia. Regrettably, many of these comments have remained unrecorded and

unreported.

It is difficult to know what was his main contribution to Australian life. Certainly not his New Year messages, speeches at unveilings, effect on the political climate nor his reshaping of the bonds between Commonwealth countries. His arrival was not quite "pregnant with sygnifikance" (as his ancestor, poet Philip Sidney (1554-1586) might have written) and it is not easy to pick out a single major contribution in his term of office. Perhaps it was his departure.—D.L.



#### BALLS AT FALLS



231A George Street, Sydney., Tel. 27-7582/Falls Creek, Victoria. Tel. 27

To ski at Ko-Ki said the Yeti, as he switched off his skifree, is a gas

T-bars, chair lift, Austrian Ski School — downhill type

slopes — all weather roads — parking at Village Rustic-screams of the natives as they hurtle over Compound Fracture Ledge heading for Red Light Cornice

hidden local stone on the Ski Home Trail. Exploding pink stretch pants as the Snow Birds go for a Burton down Ruin-Me Raceway — then light up a teather tipped Slalom at Harolds Coffee House

Falls (optional) Creek via Albury — per Plane, Train or Steam Car (loaded with steam) Evening brawls (singsing), Friendly Fondu and Coffee Cognac Club.

Honeymooners £28 per week | per person | twin singles irrespective

Peasantry £24 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & red The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow storms, coloured views and a variety of slopes to loose

yourself or unwanted friends Even Mt. Kosciusko pales — temp. steady at 22 degrees — locally brewed Glüwine to combat frostbite and emotional fatigue

Are you in a little rut - we'll fix that - become snowbound and be glad to come out alive We love the Alps -'cos God Alps those who alp themselves Have a fall (oops - ball) - ski at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, that's "U" for you.

#### SKI FOR RELIEF

PERSONAL BOOKINGS—SYDNEY 277582

#### THE POSTER EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE IN THEIR PAD

I saw it and I wanted it. It's really not an Ozism. This poster was actually printed in 4 colours and displayed throughout army camps in Australia during World War II. When I stole this one in 1957, it was "gracing" the wall of headquarters at Old Holsworthy Camp. Even then there

were copies of it still decorating the parracks walls of camps throughout N.S.W. For its clarity of message and downright realism, I don't think it has ever been surpassed. The meaning of the "fifth column" comment at the base completely eludes me—there is no way to justify its challenge. One can only imagine what went on in the meetings of minor bureaucrats as they decided that it should be used. Perhaps it won a long-forgotten poster competition.

A. HANKIN, Bondi.

#### THE AWFUL END OF OSCAR THE ORDERLY















WHAT ABOUT THIS 5th. COLUMN?

# Who reads

25,000 people will buy this issue. Many more will read it.

Who are you?

What are you?

We're planning to boost the size of OZ. But we'll need more advertising, and advertisers are snoopy. They want to know what sort of people are going to read their ads.

Answer these questions and you'll help us bring you a fatter, prettier OZ.

Where do you live?....

Age:

Sex:

Occupation:

The number of people who read

your OZ:

You don't have to mutilate your OZ, just send us the information in a letter addressed to:

Bob Bruce.

16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

P.S. — Let us know what you thought were the best and worst articles in this OZ.

# Glothes to moke



What could be more painful than the sight of a double-breaster that looks like a boiler suit, wears like Kleenex and feels like steel wool? It's worse than losing an English Governor-General or even an election!

At any rate, that's what Ken Morrison thinks. He's first past the post with liberal prices and informal styling in suits that really swing all the way from Right to Left.

And following Toggery's policy of 'a choice, not an echo', he now has a range of (pre-selected suits at only or about twice as many dollars. Go to DJ's, Walton's and Palmer's for alf Staminas at the same price if you like but the electorate is just distributing itself over this gear—Toggery gear.

—Toggery gear.
So stop being numbered with every square, make it to Toggery. Bring Bob.

KEN MORRISON'S

# lage Coagerv

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

#### Travel wise pound foolish

Every year, at about this time, there is the Exodus. Dozens of fresh faced, suntanned, happy happy happy Australians fill their pockets with money and gum leaves, pick up the odd stuffed koala to swap for a stuffed camel at Port Said, and clear out, ready for the joys of an English spring. Then they arrive at Southhampton, and need help. Here it is.

Do not arrive in bare feet. The Australian image in England is certainly disreputable: beards, jeans, sweatshirts, and old armpits are okay, but for some reason the thin red line is drawn at the ankle. Apart from anything else, bare feet tend to freeze off, and are hard to carry around unattached. The same applies to other parts

of the anatomy.

Do not go to Australia House. No matter how imposing it looks from the outside, remember your dealings with Australian Government departments at home. It's like that only worse. Australia House is there to lure Englishmen to Australia, and it is hard to prevent yourself uttering mordant and bitter chuckles as you read what they are promised. The good thing about Aus-tralia House is that it's a free place to get warm - but then, so is the National Gal-

Do not attempt to imitate the English. It's so much harder than it looks, unless you're strangely built around the nose and mouth. The words "Kyuh" and "Soiy" are all you really need, but they are very difficult. Easier is the Australian image; be aggressive, and tell prospective employers to get stuffed. "Ah, these Australians," they will murmur, and invite you out to lunch. Accept, and insist on raw steak. Then insult the beer and the country, and you may get the job. There are Australians in London whose entire success can be traced to the way they told their first boss to piss

Talk about Australia. In particular, exaggerate its virtues enormously to your superiors. (After a few months in London, this becomes all too easy.) Dwell on how much sun there is, how easy it is for the right man to get ahead, and how easy the women are. Your superiors will sigh, and give you more money. In extreme cases they will even leave, and you can take over. Sack anyone who tells you to get

stuffed. It's time to improve your image.

Do not live in Earls Court (or "Kangaroo Valley," as it is affectionately known to the English). This gives you both status and individuality among your English acquaintances (you haven't any friends) and also saves you money. If you must live in Earls Court, refer to it as West Kensing-

ton. If you must refer to it as Earls Court,

smile when you say it.

Do not pay your bills. It's one of those things a gentleman doesn't do, and, al-though you're not a gentleman, there's no reason not to try. Selfridges is a splendid institution, offering unlimited charge accounts for little (indeed no) return. When they get frantic (about once a year) explain that you are Australian, and they will write you off as a bad debt.

Use an English bank. English banks exist on the interest they receive from over-

on the interest they receive from over-drafts, and are perfectly willing to give you a second overdraft so you can pay off the interest on the first one. When they jack up, go to another bank and open an-

other account.

Take advantage of the Welfare State by being sick a lot. All foreigners in London are always sick, and are given free medical certificates at the drop of five shillings. Go to hospital; get a set of false teeth. Go on the dole, whether working or not. Take two jobs, and be sick half the time from

two jobs, and be sick half the time from each of them. Never pay income tax.

Remember you can't leave. The emigration trick no longer applies, and it costabout twice as much to get back. On an English wage, Paris is at least as far as Heard Island. Write letters to the "Sydney Morning Herald" explaining what marvellous opportunities you're getting, and what a pity it was that Australia didn't recognise what a huge thing they had in you. They might even pay you to come back. Take the money and don't.

Don't get homesick. Or if you do, take a trip to Earls Court. Or Cornwall, where they go to crack the boomers. Or to Australia didn't to the state of the state o

they go to crack the boomers. Or to Australia House. Or to the Surrey, a pub which sells Australian beer to Australians and does very nicely, thank you. Or to the Down Under Club, of a Friday night. Or take a look at the new arrivals getting off the boat train. If you kick them, don't

arrive in bare feet.



SYDNEY: The Rev. Bernard Judd, well-known authority on teenage morality, has told his congregation that the principal cause of teenage moral laxity is fathers going out to work.

"Statistics show beyond any shadow of doubt," he said, "that the great majority of teenage crime is committed by youths whose fathers go out to work."

Since then conscientious fathers all over the country have responded to his appeal and courageously downed tools in a dra-matic bid to save their youngsters.

"The Reverend is right, and I don't care if I never work again," a father of five told reporters as he waited for a poker machine to become vacant at the South Sydney Leagues Club.

-Caroline Hawkins.

FROM A PERSIAN MARKET Travelling in Persia, In the tracks of Marco Polo, Every solo overlander, Carries sacks of Coca-Cola; With a skin as dry as leather, In the bright brass-monkey weather, If you can't find an oasis, You'll be living out of cans.

No wonder Alexander, Went on back to the Aegean-There's a neon every epoch, And a treetop every aeon. And lots of cheap petroleum, And carpets like linoleum, And seven hours of sunshine, And a million years of sand.

Though it's cheap enough on paper, Just make sure you've got your booking, Or you'll spend a bloody fortune, In avoiding Persian cooking. Keep enough for bare essentials, Like policeman and officials, Who will make you buy your freedom, When you want to leave Iran.

-M.M.

BOB CORROBOREE We like him with his clothes off And ochre on his dial, Picturesque as bloody hell, A real ball of style ... It doesn't hurt then to admit That he exists, you see, Because we've got him nicely tabbed As "Bob Corroboree".

Yes, Bob Corroboree's a must If ever you're outback, Just the thing in Kodachrome., A Technicolour black Who knows his proper place is On a travel-agency ad, To get those city people Booking tours like mad.

You can have your concert-singers, Your Betty Fishers, too -Reg Saunders and Doug Nichols May be all right with you, But those who know will tell you The abo's rightful place Is just a half-a-mile or so Outside the human race ...

-BRUCE DAWE.

#### Help me retire to Costa Brava by 1966...



3 Jersey Road, Woollahra Telephone 32 4815



binkie's drive-in restaurant 210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week