

OZ

No. 27

20c

SEND ONE TO A SOLDIER

Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney for
transmission by post as a periodical.

PRIVATE CALWELL
REPORTING FOR
DUTY SIR



**Australian pop cata-
logue • bigot jokes •
Holt & the maimed •**

Martin Sharp in Bangkok writes:
"No place here like Binkies. I miss
those sumptuous Binkies Burgers
because Binkies Burgers taste best!"

M.S.

Binkies are open
24 hours a day, 7 days
a week. 212 Eliz. St
near old TIV.

Binkie
Burgers
taste O
Best O

0000 Z competition

Amongst the entries received for OZ Competition No. 6 — to devise some characteristically Australian bigot jokes — one stood out as an easy winner. The following were submitted by Mr. G. S. Beatty, 4/29 Bannerman St., Cremorne, N.S.W.:-

Why do Jews have dirty feet?
Because they're terrified of shower rooms.

Why are there no Italians in Rhodesia?
Because of the oil embargo.

Why are vegetable shops always full of Italians?
Because they eat like rabbits, too.

What is the biggest book in the world?
"Famous Polish Axe Murderers."

Why are Italian women fat?
It saves lira on maternity gear.

Why do Italian women wear black?
So you can tell them from watermelons.

Why are there no Croats in Long Bay?
There's no room—it's full of Serbs.

Why is the oil refinery on Botany Bay?
It saves money on transporting metho to La Perouse.

Why are there no aborigines at universities?
They don't need a Ph.D. to carve boomerangs.

Why do so many Sicilians go home?
So they can be murdered on home ground.

And here are some more bigot jokes:
What's a Greek barbecue?
A fire in a garbage can.

Why are there more Italians in Melbourne than aborigines in Sydney?
Sydney had the first choice.

What do you get when you mate a gorilla with a Greek?
A retarded ape.

What would be a description of 250 Lebanese paratroopers?
Air pollution.

How do you brainwash a Greek?
Give him an enema.

What do you call a Greek who marries an aborigine?
A social climber.

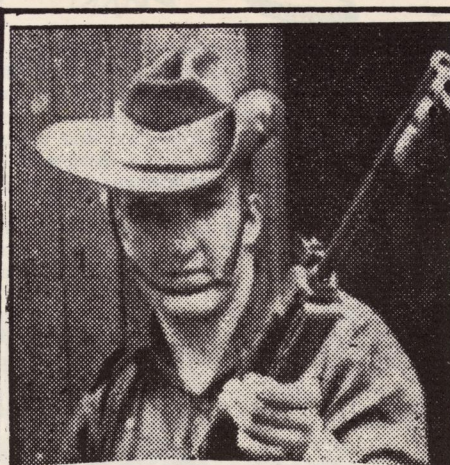
Who has a long dirty white flowing robe and rides on a pig?
Lawrence of Italy.

Did you hear about the Lebanese beauty contest?
No, who won?
Nobody.

Why don't they give Maltese workers ten-minute tea breaks?
It's too costly to restrain them.

What do you call a Greek restaurant?
A fish-&-shits shop.

Why don't you offer an aborigine a tip?
Better housing doesn't interest him.



GUNNER O'NEILL says
enlist now in the
irregular army of



conscribers

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

OZ Magazine
16 Hunter Street
Sydney



\$ 2:40 a year

OZ Competition No. 7: *****

The comic strip has made its comeback, not only old favourites like "Batman" and "Superboy" but also dramatisations of the lives of John F. Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson. *****

Australia is not without its contemporary political folk heroes — Harold, Arthur and all the gang. We are seeking a comic strip situation that could be used as a running commentary on political events. *****

You do not have to be able to draw to enter this competition. Merely send a frame-by-frame script for the first episode in such a series. *****

\$10 to the winner. *****



* SuperLBJ ... saving the G.R.E.A.T. society

All about OZ

editors: Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher.

design: Neil Burley.

artists: Mike Glasheen, Peter Kingston, Mike Brown, Peter Fisher.

foreign agents: Richard Neville, Martin Sharp.

★ OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. 28-4197.

★ OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty. Ltd., Chippendale.

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

★ Back copies are still available for 1/- each. Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16 have sold out. For collectors: a few copies of No. 17 have turned up so rush your shillings to OZ.

The Editorship

As a result of a bloodless coup, Messrs. Richard Walsh and Dean Letcher have been installed as the new co-editors of OZ in the absence of Messrs. Richard Neville and Martin Sharp, who have been deported into the East.

The new regime has been quick to denounce the old brigade as a pair of bourgeois reactionaries — and deviates.

Neville and Sharp are travelling through Asia to Europe in a vain attempt to rally support for a counter-revolution. They are telling their few friends that OZ has sent them overseas to collect material. We intend to print their contributions from time to time so as to curry favour with them, in case they should ever return to power.

Mr. Jim Sharman

Jim Sharman has joined the staff of OZ as full time resident drama producer for the Group Theatre.

His first production has been the very successful "On Stage OZ", which was playing at PACT until a disagreement with the management resulted in our expulsion. The alleged purpose of PACT is to encourage Australian culture.

After a one-night stand at the AMP Theatre, which was originally planned as a last night, we were offered the Wayside Chapel Theatre by the Rev. Ted Noffs.

Negotiations are still being made to get the Revue to Canberra and Melbourne for short seasons.

The next production of the Group Theatre will be "The Sport of My Mad Mother" by Ann ("the Knack") Jellicoe.

BRING HOME A NASHO (Hea)

April 12: Arthur Calwell promised that if Labor won this year's Federal election it would immediately bring home all National Servicemen overseas. On the issue of conscription, he declared he would "live or die politically".

Arthur appears to be suffering from the delusion that he is still politically alive.

April 14: Item in the "Daily Telegraph". Australian manufacturers are bidding for multi-million dollar contracts for U.S. forces in South Vietnam.

A spokesman for the Department of Supply said today that a liaison officer had been appointed to Saigon to co-ordinate Australian sales bids.

The main contracts, of course, concern the iron and steel industry, which is well represented on the various newspaper boards of directors.

We presume that the fact that war in South Vietnam means booming business to these gentlemen will have no effect on the editorial policies of the organs of public opinion which they control.

Buddhists agree to Premier Ky in role of caretaker

SMH: April 16

"As we drew up outside the ornate gates of the temple," writes our Saigon correspondent, "my eye was caught by the stooped figure with broom and pan who was sweeping up the ashes of yet another dissident Buddhist monk. A welcoming committee ushered us into the main hall to meet the new government leaders but even there, despite the saffron finery, that trim moustache and flying jacket stuck in my memory. Who was he, this mysterious temple-cleaner? Then, like a flash, I remembered the news that . . .

April 19: Although he could command a swag of honorary doctorates while in office, it was obvious that Sir Robert would have to really battle to get near a university after retirement. In this case the battle was William C. Battle, ex-U.S. Ambassador, who swung him an appointment as Scholar in Residence at University of Virginia.

"I think his views will be extremely interesting," Mr. Battle said, referring to the Vietnam situation, but obviously out of touch.

Our elder statesman's views on Vietnam can be summed up in a few words — to be precise, the last few that Johnson spoke.

April 22: The fighting Tigers of the Fifth Battalion left to earn their stripes.



They were christened "The Tigers" by their commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Oxley, in his first pep-talk to them last year. That's odd. When this same Lieut.-Col. Oxley was greeting Nashos at Singleton in January, he referred to them as his "Young Lions". Oh well, I don't suppose it matters up there what sort of animal you are.

April 23: Three Christchurch university students painted "Q.M. Go Home" and other anti-royalist slogans on a fence at a race-track that the Queen Mother was going to visit. Police took a dim view of this and threw the book at them. The magistrate, his glasses also misted with wrath, rather hastily refused bail and so they stayed in gaol for three days.

It's all a question of values. What's more important, folk lore or justice?

April 24: David McKay, ace motoring writer, tried the new HR Holden. He was one of the few writers (or motorists for that matter) who really liked the last model. "After the controversial HD model Holden which, despite its many critics, I contend was the best yet," he writes, "the new HR released this week seems to have won immediate acceptance from all quarters."

This must have surprised no one more than David McKay because he describes it as "basically the HD tidied up all round to suit the popular taste".

The little tidinesses he notes are just frills, of course! "Appearance, power, handling and riding comfort have all been added to . . . the tail end has been cleaned up with a wider rear window, new tail lights and a lower boot sill for convenient loading . . . seating is far more comfortable . . . minor suspension changes and lowered height have made a world of difference to the controllability and ease of driving" and, of course, those popular "liver-scoop" leading edges have gone from the mudguards. In fact, it's just the same car but isn't "popular taste" a nasty old ogre?

Except for one tiny thing. The new high-compression engines don't go too well on normal petrol. The thing will ping so just wait a few months until a suitable petrol comes out and then whiz off in your turbo-jet comfort. Or wait for the next model.



April 26: Bob Crosby, last of the Bobcats and world-famous for his impersonations of Bing, quits Australian TV after appearing in the most tedious program of softboiled schmaltz ever screened.

In spite of this formula, the show's ratings never rose above disaster level. The producers decided that Crosby, who reminded Melbourne of a thinner Norman Banks and Sydney of Askin playing Harold Wilson, had to go.

Crosby collected his pipe, children, Dad's LP's and other stage props, sang a last chorus of "So long, it's Bing good to know ya" and shambled into the obscurity whence he came.

pursuer

A 35-year-old garage attendant was shot while chasing an armed hold-up man at Tempe early today.

The thief had just said to hand over the attendant of money.



Get away from it all. Live! Jet by Air New Zealand to Samoa. (If you can't afford this, lose yourself in the mystic tropical fragrance clinging to each page of the Samoa Times. Let this weekly bring South Seas romance to your bungalow. Subscriptions 52 for \$10.80, 'Samoa Times', P.O. Box 906, Pago Pago, Samoa.)

MIKE BROWN

RIP (ARTIE)

DIE YA BASTARD (PLEASE)



April 2: The Prime Minister revealed that next year and thereafter "cracker night" will be held on the Queen's birthday, rather than on May 24.

Apparently Harold has finally seen the similarity between Her Majesty and a damp squib.

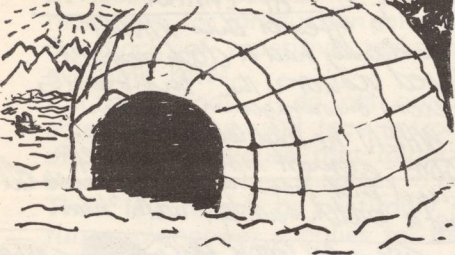


April 3: In the 11th annual edition of "Getting Married", a handbook published by the British Medical Association, the Bishop of Woolwich has written that British teenagers should be free to make up their own minds about premarital sexual intercourse.

And in the same book, a scientist claims that peak periods in human love-making can be reduced to a matter of geography.

Australians, for example, like Indians, are at their hardest in January. For Americans autumn is not only the season of falling leaves but of falling ladies. (Oh, to be a rake now that fall is here!)

Interestingly enough, "Eskimos are apparently quite impartial and make love equally successfully in the midnight sun or the darkest days".



Frankly, penetration in the Arctic zone has always had a voyeuristic curiosity for us. Before reading this, we had regarded the Igloo screw a pretty frigid affair.

But apparently love-making is just another of those things which are twice as nice when done on ice.

April 4: The Premier of South Vietnam, Air Marshall Ky, announced military operations to quell the anti-Government rebellion in Danang. 3,000 demonstrated in Saigon against the Government and the Americans. Washington officially communicated its concern at the anti-American trend of events recently in South Vietnam.

Asked to comment, Mr. Holt reiterated that we are in South Vietnam at the request of its people. He refused to reveal the source of his information.

April 5: Marshall Ky prepared to take Danang by force. He reported that it was "in the hands of Communists" and that "either the Mayor of Danang is shot or the Government falls."

The Mayor of Danang retorted "I am not a Communist and I am not going anywhere."

On further question, Ky explained that he knew the Mayor was not a Communist but an Australian called Wilfred Kent Hughes had told him that it was a clever thing to say.



April 6: Ming and the Lady Mingess moved into "No. 2 Have-A-Look Avenue". And the first task?

"First, we are going to find out just what is in the garden," Dame Pattie said.

"My wife is the gardener, not me," added Sir Robert, who is himself a retired hatchet-man.

The house will be refurbished with gas-light and 1927 fittings to make Sir Robert feel at ease. But the *piece de resistance* will be a pair of Victorian antiques installed in the hallway. Themselves.

HELP!!

OZ's Secretary is being thrown out



of her present accommodation at the end of May, and would like a flat or part of a house in the Eastern Suburbs — preferably Elizabeth Bay or Paddington. Phone Jackie 28 7633 28 4197



Python Lee Jackson & A Too Much band for WILD TURNS RING TINA 287633

April 7: Remember Gordon Sheldon? He was the ABC correspondent in Mt. Isa during the big strike. His news reports did great things for the Company's image — which was just as well because he was also the full-time Company public relations man. The ABC didn't seem to realise this. Maybe no one told them.

After the strike ended, Gordon hacked out a book on the subject. It is notable for its slavish devotion to the Company line. Reviewers only mentioned that he had been a Mt. Isa employee because he didn't. No one knows whether the book was part of his work for the Company but, whether it was his twisted idea or theirs, it seems to have paid dividends.

Someone appreciated his frank, unbiased approach to industrial questions. He is now press secretary to Senator Henty, Minister for Supply.

* * *

April 14: Item in the "Daily Telegraph".

Australian manufacturers are bidding for multi-million dollar contracts for U.S. forces in South Vietnam.

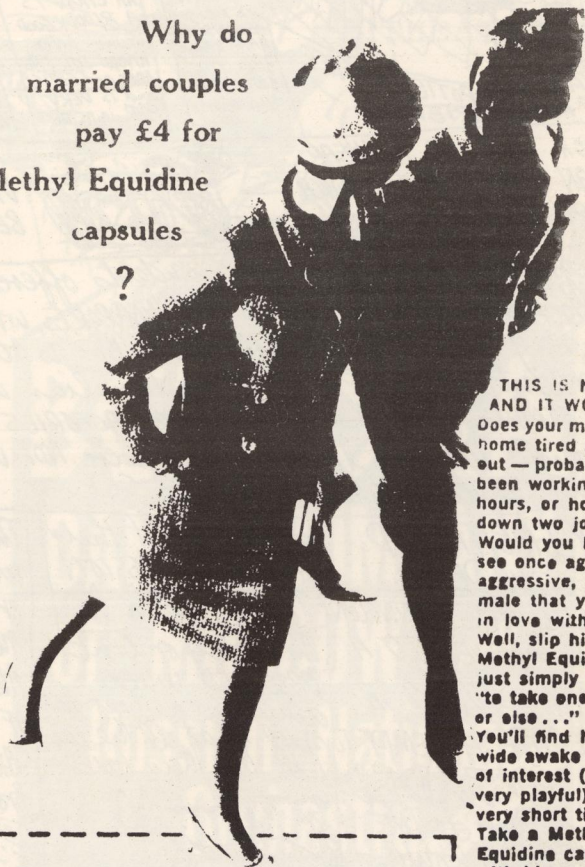
A spokesman for the Department of Supply said today that a liaison officer had been appointed to Saigon to co-ordinate Australian sales bids.

The main contracts, of course, concern the iron and steel industry, which is well represented on the various newspaper boards of directors.

We presume that the fact that war in South Vietnam means booming business to these gentlemen will have no effect on the editorial policies of the organs of public opinion which they control.

* * *

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MR426/

OZ disco-go/may 13

OZ May 5

2 INNOCENTS ABROAD

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF THE OZ OVERSEAS CORRESPONDENTS AT THE CROSSROADS of the WORLD SINGAPORE



THE NEXT DAY, after leaving RAFFLES to the CONQUERING AMERICANS, The innocents were discovered by a TRI SHAW DRIVER, AH-CHON, who having little english showed them his small dog-eared book of REFERENCES A FEW PAGES OF WHICH ARE REPRODUCED BELOW...

CHON IS A BLOODY GOOD BLOKE AND KNOWS ALL THE BARS + GIRLS PROB THE SMITH

AH-CHON IS A BLOODY GOOD BLOKE AND KNOWS ALL THE BARS + GIRLS and is VERY FAIR. HIMAS. MEH!

AH CHON IS THE BEST AND FAIREST TRI-SHAW DRIVER IN SINGAPORE YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD - WIC. LUMP

AH-CHON IS A BLOODY GOOD BLOKE AND KNOWS ALL THE BARS + GIRLS PROB THE SMITH

AH-CHON IS MARVELLOUS GUIDE AND KNOWS ALL THE CHEAP SPOTS

SO they travelled with AH-CHON TRI-SHAW PEDDLAR EXTRAORDINAIRE...

WHO TOOK THEM TO A CHEAP AND CLEAN CHINESE HOTEL WHICH WAS VERY ETHNIC...



AND THERE THEY STAYED UNTIL THEY LEFT... BUT BEFORE THEY LEFT THEY...

MET a very friendly MALAY AT CHANGI Beach.

Who recognising them as but poor students offered kindly to show them the SIGHTS of SINGAPORE, which to HIM may have been FASCINATING but to OUR correspondents, who were only too familiar with RAILWAY STATIONS, FERRY WHARVES, CAR FACTORIES and underground PARKING STATIONS, these were NOT WOT. they had travelled 4000 miles to SEE.....

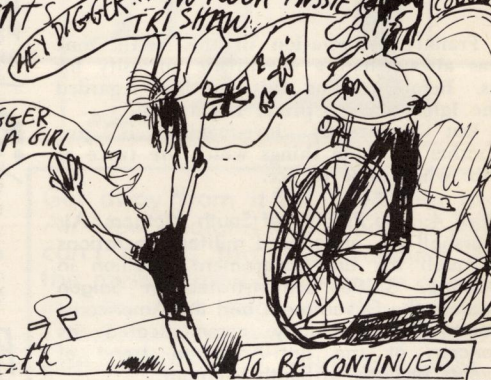
BUT not wishing to offend this KINDLY ORIENTAL who obviously had a deep respect for those cultured visitors, the innocents GAVE him every encouragement in his DREARY tour. WHEN he had left them their hotel room - almost round asleep on their feet - and bid them a polite farewell, they realised a watch had left with him.....

GREATLY EMBITTERED BY THIS FOUL DEED The DISILLUSIONED INNOCENT TOOK THEMSELVES TO A MASSAGE STUDIO... IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO REVIVE THEIR JADEED SPIRITS..... only to THE LADY of the HOUSE would...

not accept their STUDENT CONCESSION PASSESTHAW

The correspondents OBSERVED, while dining at a street side stall, That all the cats had lost their tails.

The CORRESPONDENTS WERE LAST SEEN BY THE HARBOUR AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE SS FAIRSKY CARRYING VISITORS from AUSTRALIA.



DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIA — PROPOSALS FOR:

Suggest basic changes in methods of (a) recruiting for and (b) promotion within, forces for defence of homeland shore.

Major disadvantage of past wars has been extreme wastage of youths — due mainly to their lack of experience and understanding of life in general. The following radical changes bear this in mind.

Firstly, 40 years of age should be the lower age limit for service whether voluntary or National.

Those of mature age have a capacity for military strategy and logistical techniques far superior to that of youths. (I have personally witnessed several learned and even eloquent explanations of great battles of the two World Wars from men no longer young. No means of illustration were necessary beyond three glasses and one pool of beer on a bar table.)

Age, generally speaking, governs the country. If a physically youthful person has reached an exalted position in the government it is only because he has been trained to be "mentally old", or "mature", as his teachers would say.

The aged must, therefore, be more fitted to preserve our national heritage, having a greater appreciation of Australia's problems — which they have created.

Also, all posts of high military command are held by old men — mainly because the older they are, the less their desire for normal leisure activities. This leaves more time for killing.

I am aware that some youths will not wish to give up their birthright of risking death with its attendant cheap housing loans, Legacy scholarships and conversation-piece wounds. But today's youths may surprise us by their tolerance and be prepared to waive their former privilege of service in favour of their elders. Nor will they surprise us by letting false pride stand in the way of relinquishing another responsibility. They usually don't. Of course, these same youths must man the machines for production of war goods with the drawback of repetitive tasks for long hours at overtime rates.

But here again I do not anticipate any serious objections. They will face it from a national point of view and realise that minor irritations cannot be considered when it comes to Australia's defence. Their leisure can be profitably spent in supplying future manpower supplies for defence industries.

Secondly, I propose a means test for promotion within the over-40's force. Promotion should, for efficiency's sake, be subject to an inflexible property or income qualification. The more a man has to protect, the harder he will fight. I suggest that all NCO's and lower ranks should be those holding property or a salaried position worth no less than \$8,000 per annum (gross).

If, then, the officer class is drawn from the other (impoverished) section, this will ensure the purest of idealism in command.

Several retired generals have spoken with approval of this goal if not of my methods for its attainment.

—JOHN DOUGLAS



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The Holt & the Maimed



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Politicians have only their image, for which there is no mark-up price. It is cultivated like a prize orchid and pampered like a French poodle.

Harold Holt has this image of a skindiver, a sort of ageing Lloyd Bridges. It helps him fool people into believing that he is young, which at 58 is an optimistic kind of delusion.

Yet already Harold has been ordered to quit the frogman bit for health reasons and in a few years time when Statesmanship (the description a politician invariably gives to his machinations) has taken its toll, he will need a couple of aides to chair to the water's edge.

But, as the old pro knows, the Show must go on . . .

It was January, 1970, and a few of the Press boys had come down to see the P.M. take his annual dip.

The familiar "C.I." Daimler pulled up and the wheelchair was quickly unstrapped from the roof and Harold appeared.

Harold this year seemed to have aged more than usual, though it was hard to judge accurately the face behind the goggles. His white hair waved in the breeze and the belt of his blue Speedo flapped.

In '66, when asked to comment on the bikini issue, he had made his famous pronouncement: "It depends on what's in them."

It's much the same with Speedos. There wasn't much left in this one.

The wheelchair stopped at the high-water mark and the aides propped Harold up on his feet to help him off with his cardigan. His flippers seemed to help him keep balance.

Then they handed over the snorkel and he had a few practice blows to see that the ping-pong ball wasn't stuck. But it gave its reassuring click.

Finally they strapped on his emergency oxygen supply and his water-wings.

Everything seemed all set for action and the photographers closed in holding their

light meters at arm's length.

Harold took a few stumbling steps oceanwards but after that only the reassuring grasps of his two aides prevented the grand old fellow falling forward on to his face.

His doctor frowned and began to fidget with his stethoscope. He took a quick assessment of the pulse. By this time Harold was coughing somewhat into the snorkel and then got a bit delirious when he accidentally turned his oxygen supply on full-blast.

Between the lot of them, they got the switch turned off again. The aides, stripped to their togs by now, took each arm and carefully guided him into deeper water.

Bulbs flashed and the pages of the short-hand pads flipped over, quickly filled with eloquent descriptions and apostrophes to Youth and Vitality. The aides gave the human side of the story and the doctor a few pertinent medical facts.

Suddenly an aide realised that a strong wind had sprung up. Somewhere out to sea there was a pair of water-wings under full sail.

Moral: In the pursuit of Immortality, Youthfulness is not enough.

—R.W.

COMING SOON . . . THE TRIALS OF OZ

"In my opinion the publication would deprave young people or unhealthy-minded adults so injudicious as to fancy it as literature and so misguided as to cultivate the habit of reading it." — Mr. G. A. Locke, S.M.

"The first thing that I should like to mention is what I might describe as the failure of communication evident in a great number of cases of this type. I refer to the obvious gap between on the one hand many decent people in the community — among whom I will include my learned friend, the Crown Prosecutor — and a great body of very intelligent, cultivated and well-educated people, such as trooped through the witness box in this case." — Mr. E. J. St. John, Q.C., summing up for the defendants in the OZ case.

"The Trials of OZ" is about this gap, the gulf between witnesses who testified their belief in the worth of the magazine and a prosecution which believed that it was confronted by a conspiracy of intellectuals trying to cloak pornography with the respectability of literary merit. In the course of their evidence, the literary witnesses — including James McAuley and Morris West — analyse what is satire and its relevance to the contemporary Australian scene; the artists — such as Les Tanner, John Olsen — explain the function of cartooning; the psychiatrists and sociologists explore the question: is it possible for literature ever to deprave and corrupt?



"The Trials of OZ" is an edited transcript of the evidence in the unsuccessful prosecution of the February, 1964, issue of OZ, in which the editors were originally sentenced to six months gaol. It includes the conflicting judgments handed down in three N.S.W. Courts and a full reprint of the offending issue.

OZ POP SHOP CATALOGUE



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Millard's Hard
Hats from 5/6

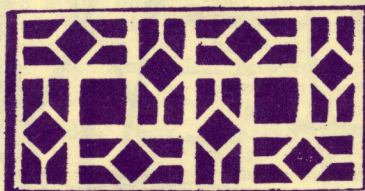
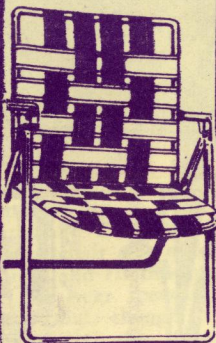
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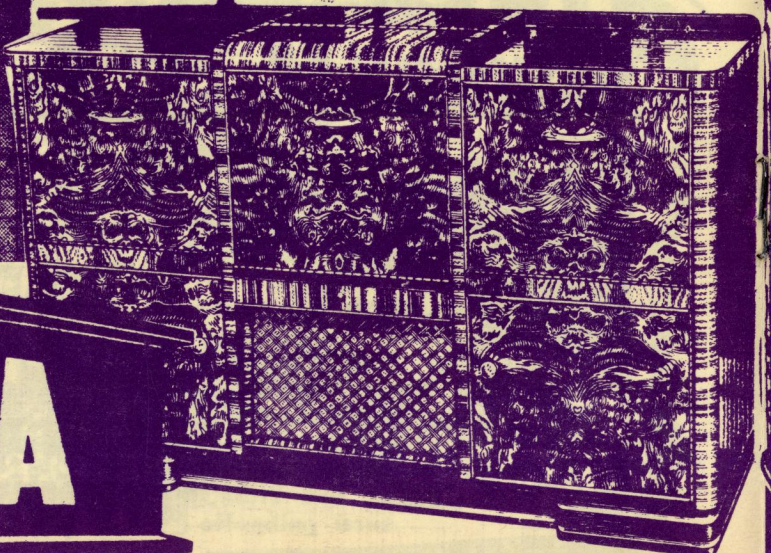
SL
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ALWAYS POPULAR!

MONSTERA DELICIOSA

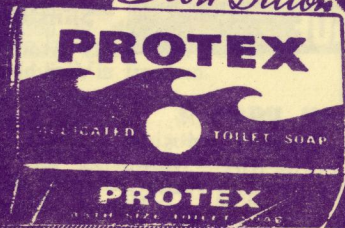
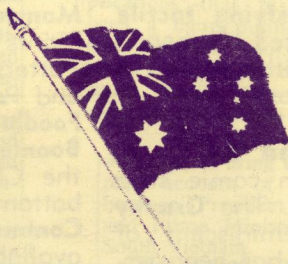
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Everyone is well aware of American pop art but somehow, the Australian public has remained blind to the indigenous pop movement which has flourished here for so long beneath its very nose.

Joining the groundswell, OZ now presents its collection of pop sculptures, assemblages, lithographs and montages, which are available at reasonable prices to any collector swinging from op to pop.

SHOP CATALOGUE

Illustrated on page 9

Turn Back Jimmy Creek road sign sculpture. Other collectors' items include Fat Lubra Hill, and "Have You Protexed Yourself This Morning?" A witty reprint of "Bathurst Welcomes Careful Drivers" recently fetched \$200 while "You are now entering Elizabeth—a good Rexona town" also produced spirited bidding.

Norco Cow. Part of the brilliant collection conceived by the Royal Agricultural Society school, which achieved some of its finest moments in the three-tone Maxam cheese packet, the Contented Cow lithos and the Royal Visit milk bottle tops.

Bex Powders Packet. After scoring an initial hit with its packet in visual opposites the Bex Co. proceeded to inundate the art world with a series of fine reprints of their unsolicited testimonials (originals n.f.s.) including the famous Mrs. K. Gray of Footscray whose "For over 20 years I knew no relief and then I tried your . . ." is reproduced in every anthology of blank prose.

Nino Nonchalant with Hands Flip-pant. Wep's realisation of the famous Pop Wop Nino — O'Grady's sans culottes camp hero. Reprints priced at \$50 each.

Sunshine 2 lb. Tin. Our collected works of the post-Laminate pre-Vinyl Sunburst Period include this early visualisation of the famous Sunshine 2 lb. Tin. Other examples seen over the page are a formalised **Sunkist** and radiant **Esso** while **Pte. J. Hamilton, V.C., Ipana** and a polished **Brasso II** sculpture also reflect this vision.

Dawn Roll. The satisfying tactile Dawn Roll anticipated Sorbent's series of tear-off lithographs in pink, blue and primrose too.

pages 10 and 11

Traditional Australian comic strip characters (top left). The **Granny Herald** cameo is reminiscent of Grandma Moses and has been acclaimed as a visual Mrs. Miller. Les Dixon's two figures date from his bluey period, obvious from the curlicues. A major Stan Cross completes the triptych.

Pte. Hamilton, V.C. While thematically similar to "O'Neill Transcript" (kindly lent by A. Fairhall, Esq.), this was executed in a cleaner style.

Scott Dillon Surfboard. Our collection of sporting Pop has recently been boosted by Makaha 1963 Pre-stretched T-shirts and "Thredbo 1951" coat patches, also Ski Heil cuff-links.

The Billy Tea. An heraldically conceived montage, gumtree verdant

conversation mordant. Reprints: 30c.

Tubular Chair VI. A wide range of Patio Pop is in hot demand for artistic placement around the garden. These include imitation plaster gnomes, Waltzing Matilda Indoor Barbecue equipment, Matson Line Swizzle Sticks and Qualcast Manual Lawnmower.

Monstera Deliciosa. Other Pop Plants include the Venus Fly Trap, Patterson's Curse, Salvation Jane and Polythene Paspalum.

Foodland Non-returnable Plastic Boomerang. Also: Inflatable Tom the Cheap Grocers and a garden bottom of Woowoo's Foo Fairies.

Commonwealth Money Box: Also available are: Pink Bakelite Piggies, Spastic Tins and Plastic Christmas Crippled Children Stockings.

Brasso II has been evaluated as an esoteric optical illusion to Warhol's Brillo A.

Also available

4ft. by 2ft. blow up in chipped enamel of VD Horror Sign.

15 original Woods' Great Peppermint Cure tram posters.

A wide range of Pop Sculpture including shoe-store X-ray machines, set of used Globites, flamboyant poker machines.

Also new Pop L.P. with the following tracks; Australian Amateur Hour with Terry Dear, Village Glee Club, Theme Music from "Blue Hills", five minutes of John Harper clearing his throat, Jack Davey's Hi Ho, Bob Dyer's Happy Lathering Customers, the Aeroplane Jelly Song (two reprises) and Miss Anne Dwyer reading The Little Red Train.

Pop Interiors

Your own Pop room at Lennon's Broadbeach or Wagga's Zebra Motel — two walls in GPO telephone speckle-green, feature wall of Japanese occupation money wallpaper, divan-bed in dark-green vinyl with NSWGR motif repeated throughout. Choice of pictures — Emmanuel, Joe the Gadget Man, Max Harris, S. S. Orr. All with open aspect to carpark and westerlies. Optional extras of ULVA glasses, framed Argonauts Blue and mulga paper-knife.

OZ's little brother The Group Theatre presents -

a 'POP' play

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by ANN JELICOE
(author of THE KNACK)

mon. to sat. at 8.15 comm. thursday may 19th

BOOKINGS: Palings D.J's OZ (28-7633)

Wayside Chapel Theatre.



Emotional State

of the Nation



In a dramatic "State of the Nation" speech, the new Prime Minister shocked many with his boldness. Seasoned parliamentary observers were surprised that he should give such a detailed account of Cabinet activities and government intentions at this early stage.

Reviewing the six weeks since he became Prime Minister, Mr Holt said: "In addition to the tasks normally to be expected in these circumstances, we have found ourselves engaged in discussions—some of a profound and far-reaching character—in the fields of defence and foreign policy."

Liberal backbenchers hurried from the lobbies as word spread of his slashing attack on the past government's lack of an independent policy on South-East Asia. Foreign diplomatic sources confessed to be stunned by his stubborn resistance to Australia's role being dictated by American interests.

"We felt that there should be discussions between ourselves and United States representatives on our respective activities in South-East Asia," he said.

"It would be of great advantage to develop the widest possible agreement on

policy aspects and to see how far our activities can be co-ordinated."

Any hint of "me-too"ism was brushed aside angrily as the new leader put his cards on the table and bitterly attacked the statements of U.S. Vice-President Humphrey during his flying visit. The implications that his visit had been a mere publicity gesture and that his information had been little better than propaganda could not have been more clearly spelled out.

Mr Holt said: "He was able to bring us a complete account of the talks between President Johnson and Prime Minister Ky of South Vietnam."

"We found our own assessment of the situation there, based on information reaching us from our own sources, to be very much in line with that conveyed by Vice-President Humphrey to us."

(At least one ALP member cancelled plans to return to his electorate after receiving news of this dramatic turn in events.)

Opposition interjectors fell silent and a packed gallery was tense as Mr. Holt announced the specific aims for which Australia was fighting in Vietnam.

"Neither we, nor our allies, are in South Vietnam for territorial gain or colonial power. We are there to establish conditions in which ordinary men and women—and there are 14 million of them in South Vietnam alone—can pursue their lives in freedom."

(Ministerial cheers.)

But it was with the announcement of the "Holt Plan" for social and economic reform that the mantle of the statesman seemed to descend most surely on his wide shoulders.

On overseas aid, he said Australia had an expanding role to play in South-East Asia and in the world at large, consistent with its growth in economic strength and the development of its natural resources.

(Prolonged applause from both sides. Speaker threatens to clear public gallery as shouts of "Another Menzies!" and "Bravo" continue for several minutes.)

"We are told," he continued, "that we over-simplify the issue there. It is more accurate to say that our critics over-complicate it."

Labor front-benchers were obviously dismayed by this rigorous analysis and exchanged hurried words. Their despondency about success in next December's elections could only have deepened as the Prime Minister punched home his further defence plans in one decision-laden pithy sentence.

Announcing the increased military commitment, Mr Holt said: "Measuring the availability of Australian troops in the light of our other commitments and in consultation with our Allies, and at the request of the Government of South Vietnam, the Government has decided that the battalion will be replaced by a self-contained Australian task force under Australian command embracing all personnel serving there and enlarging our contribution to a total of some 4,500 men—in effect, a trebling of the current strength of our military forces there."

Opposition spokesmen admitted that Mr. Holt's final foreign aid bombshell had caught them unawares and its implications had not been considered even at an informal level by Caucus. But if the statement numbed Labor members it electrified the government benches and brought a dazed gallery to its feet in a storm of applause and cries of "Another Menzies!"

As he threaded his way between overjoyed colleagues and cheering well-wishers and out into the glare of television lights and exploding flash-bulbs, Mr. Holt must have felt a surge of relief and confidence.

Not often has a prime minister given new hope and direction to his country a bare six weeks after taking office.

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Bob Dylan is a genius, of course. Craig McGregor said so.

Craig is one of the SMH's more reluctant proteges, their expert on Pop music, who sports a beard and as of very late his own magazine ("Comment"). He is Dylan's principal (self-appointed) apologist in this country and naturally saw quite a bit of the boy during his brief stay.

Having heard any of Dylan's records you would hardly imagine he needs an apologist; having heard him attempt to be funny, you would feel that he needs a better one than our Craig.

Bob Dylan arrived in Sydney on April 13. Within half an hour, he had "conducted an anti-interview, put down the Press — and parodied the whole performance" (SMH).

To put down the Australian Press, as anyone who has ever watched a Press conference on TV will be aware, is not exactly a monumental intellectual exercise. The anti-interview has been attempted by every Pop star that has visited this country in the last two years.

For Craig, this was a real novelty and the laughs kept coming up in rapid succession:

Q: *Why have you started playing rock 'n' roll?*

A: *Is that what you call it?*

Pretty witty, huh? That's one reporter who wouldn't dare ask another.

Q: *Why have you gone commercial?*

A: *Commercial—that's a word that describes old grandmothers that have no place to go.*

Copy that down as a quotable quote. A really Wildean definition — incisive, aphoristic, meaningful yet with a touch of worldly-wisdom.



In the evening the "Sun" made a sacrificial offering of its columnist, Uli Schmetzer. Schmetzer, as he is better known, is an intellectual cripple who contributes a piece of hobbled prose each evening in a vain attempt to prove that New Australians can be integrated into Australian society.

Presumably the "Sun" editor must have felt that if anyone could dish The Genius up with knock-down lines it would be their Uli.

This was real David and Goliath stuff with David right out of stones and his hands tied behind his back:

Q: *What would you describe yourself as?*

A: *A tree-surgeon.*

Gasp! What a genius! You can easily tell he's a poet—he's so good with his words.

Unfortunately, Uli was more interested in the long hair and the phony facade than the intrinsic wit there for his shorthand's taking. However, he did discover that Bob had three rib-digging stooges. (Haven't they all? Presumably it saves the cost of canned laughter.)

When Craig McGregor's big Press conference ended Dylan was left stretched out on a settee, with Albert Grossman, the five members of the band and a last cameraman. (Presumably since Craig is telling the story he must have been the straggling cameraman himself.)

Moving swiftly from seat to seat, Dylan immediately improvised his own Press conference.

"How long is it since you saw your mother?"

"About three months."

"Why don't you see her more often? Doesn't she approve of your music?"

"Well, my mother doesn't approve of it but my grandmother does."

"I see you've got about 12 people there with you; what's that, a band? Don't you play music any longer?"

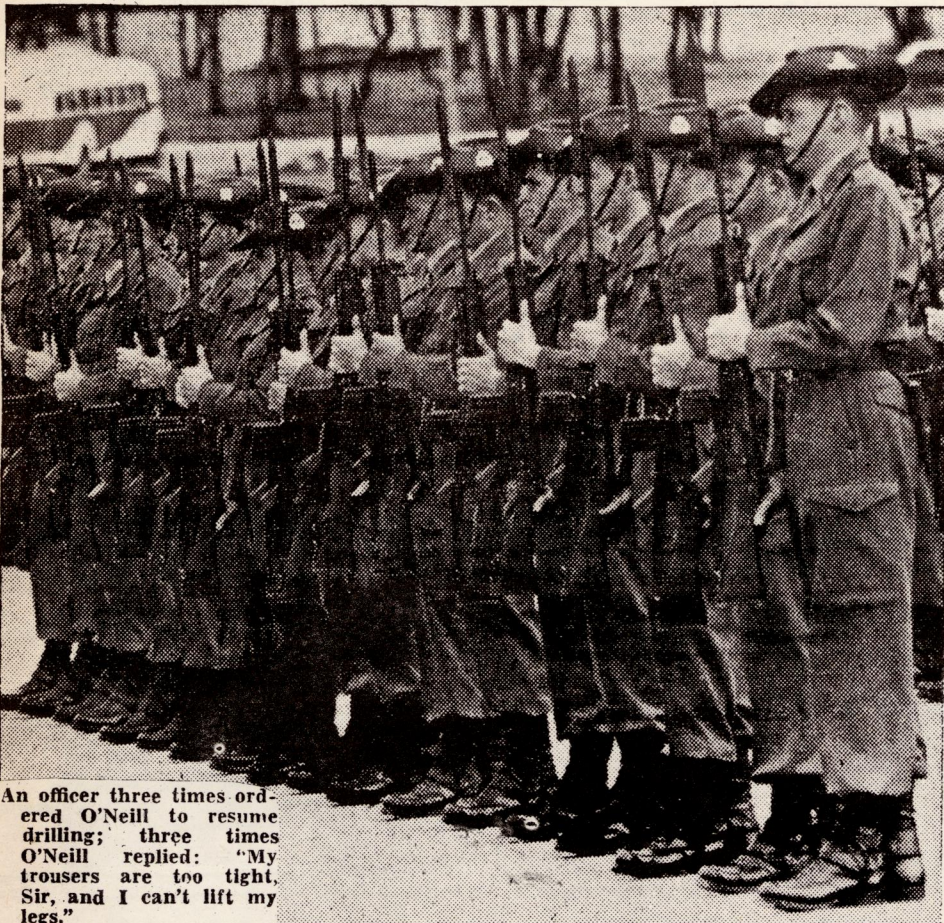
"No man, that's not a band with me. They're all friends of my grandmother . . ."

What a fantastic parody!

The boy ought to write, as I said to Craig.

He ought to write songs.

—R.W.



An officer three times ordered O'Neill to resume drilling; three times O'Neill replied: "My trousers are too tight, Sir, and I can't lift my legs."

Militarism

"I spent 33 years and four months in active military service as a member of our country's most agile military force—the Marine Corps. I served in all commissioned ranks from a second lieutenant to Major-General. And during that period I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and for the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism.

"I suspected I was just a part of a racket at the time. Now I am sure of it. Like all members of the military profession, I never had an original thought until I left the service.

"Thus I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half-a-dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. The record of racketeering is long. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. In China in 1927 I helped see to it that the Standard Oil went its way unmolested.

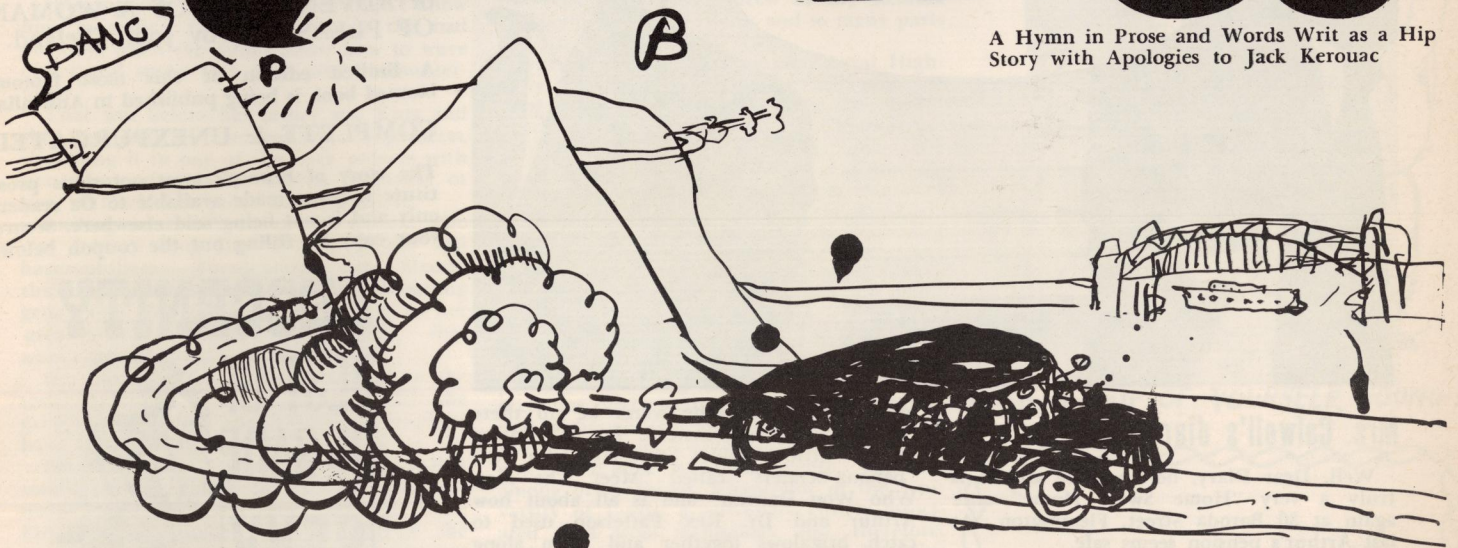
"During those years, I had, as the boys in the back room would say, a swell racket. I was rewarded with honours, medals and promotion. Looking back on it, I feel that I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate his racket in three city districts. I operated on three continents."

—Major-Gen. Smedley D. Butler, U.S.M.C., Retired.

From an article in *Common Sense*, November, 1935.

australia

A Hymn in Prose and Words Writ as a Hip Story with Apologies to Jack Kerouac



William "Dusty" Barnes had a mouthful of words and an assful of buckshot that he'd picked up trying to steal a chicken from a MidWesternAustralian backyard of 500,000 acres of BanjoPattersonnened cracked ground. I met him drunk and high in the yard of a PaddingtonesqueRedfernTerrace House wearing army surplus trousers and a jungle green shirt—to rebel against conformity he later told me.

'Let's go!' were his first words ever to me. 'Where?'

and before he had finished yelling 'Christ! you're not so square as all that are you?' we were driving a stolen car down the other side of the Great Dividing Range.

'Look!' he cried, passionately, pointing at the speedo that was registering 90. Looking at the dizzily shuddering needle on the indicator made me think of Heroin and how great Australia really was.

'The Nullabor Plain is as pretty as a girl' I mused.

'Sure' mumbled Dusty. By this time he had his foot flat down and had taken both hands off the wheel so that he could concentrate on the chick we'd picked up hitching on the border. I looked at Dusty and at the plain as we swerved across it as adventurously as the Pilgrim fathers in 1620. Then I thought of me, the sky-writer, and how I would take off in my little 'plane and I would write the poetry of Henry Lawson over TheNullaborPlain andbetweentheBlueMountains, till the three sisters and I were but as one, and I would swell with pride as the musings of our bard streaked out over the continent, shrilly as he would have liked it, like some apochryphal (... is that the word? ... Really? ...) vision.

'Henry!' I was calling, 'HENRY where are you? If you are real then just show yourself once to me, and then I could have kicked myself silly and given my ass a good beating for he was there all right, all around us. And we were screeching through his Eden in our shaking car. 'Cobb and Co. you are everywhere and I, I am with you!' I leaped to the front seat and took over the reins.

We stopped though no one could say we were out of gas. Taking our lunch around a single shrub, the embryo of some oasis.

'One prickly leaf ...' Dusty drawled and by the pause we could guess that he had something real to say, something that was not just deepfrozen or pressurepacked in the supermarket of square thought, this was to be for real. 'One prickly leaf of this bush has more poetry than all of the ageing pansy we met once on the Transcontinental Express, pastel shades and all.'

'Pansy? Why you called him Blake's Sunflower when you met him.' I retorted in existential haste. It was a pleasure to argue with Dusty even though you knew you were going to lose. Boy, the philosophy was on. 'Yes, but he was buying us drinks then. Stuck on the train; who can find love bound between two enclosing rails? That's society. Remember the second verse of that poem:—

*where youth pined away with desire—
that's him only society pined him away.
'That was him, him, him!'*

Collapsing after this soliloquy he lost consciousness and had to be revived with a swig of whiskey, not inappropriately from a hip flask. He was awake again by Kalgoorlie. We stopped to piss on a lamp post to show our dislike of the squares and the built up cities. A dog sniffed Dusty's leg but didn't. 'Piddling dog,' he murmured.

'Let's get a move on before I chuck.' It could have been said by any of us for it echoed all our thoughts and ten minutes later our northeasternboundcar was heading for the real heart.

'By Jesus when we get there I'm going to get on my back and pray.' Dusty said and we all, both of us, agreed—nodding in silent and profound acceptance. 'Ayer's Rock is the grail stone and I intend to find it.'

We stopped only once, to pick up a tramp unshaven and with corks on his hat. He was a wonderful man and seeing him just sitting there I've never felt so equal in my life, though he didn't have much in terms of communication. It was a shame he asked to be let out at the next home-stead, a real, crying, shame. 'Australia!' I called out after him, 'Remember Australia!' and though none but the tramp heard me, and he didn't answer, I knew that I was right.

'ZOOM' roared Dusty, as though imitating the engine's voice as we sped off into the vastness of the dust that looked like the haze before dawn, a real dawn, the kind you have to get up early to have a real look at. Wherever you looked you couldn't see the water. This was the real Australia, Australia the land—brown as a native's forearm (fore warned is fore armed). We had sped through its twilight, now we were speeding through its dawn.

We were hip and speeding our way to a beginning, not just any beginning but a proper beginning. I smiled and as I did so a poem of Lawson's crept streaking through my brain but I'm bugged if I can remember any of it now.

—C.

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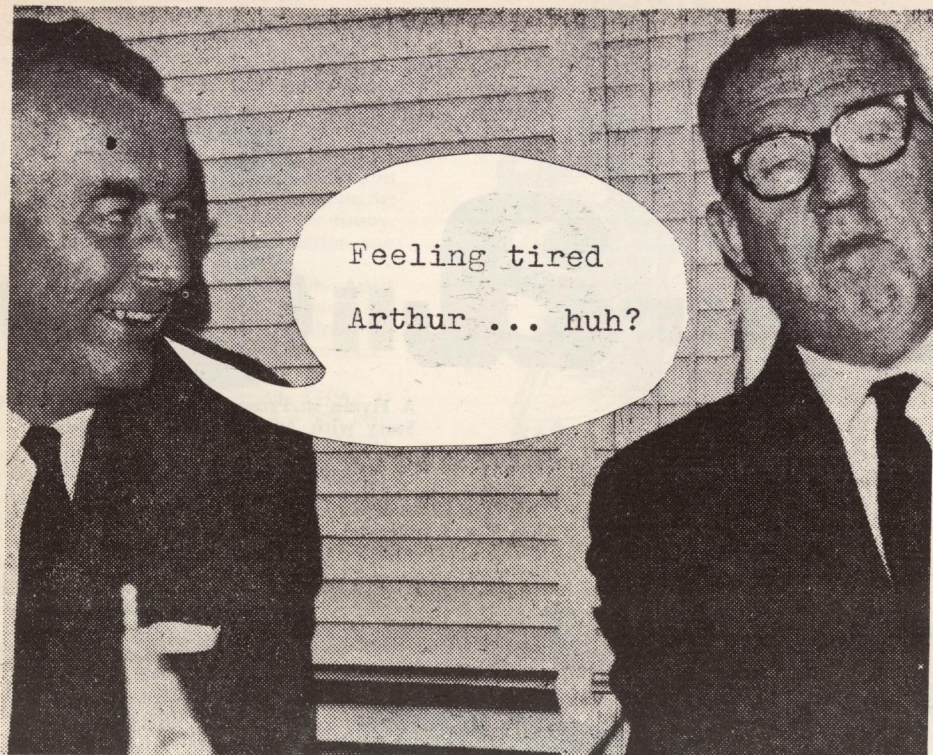
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Mrs. Calwell's diary

Well, Dear Diary, here we are and it is truly a very "Home Sweet Home" once again at 30 Baroda Street, Flemington. At last Arthur's pension seems safe.

He put up a tremendous fight but I'm not surprised that he did. Arthur has always had to battle—like most men with his sort of talents. All through life people have been against him but Arthur has usually managed to show them and once again he has shown them just what sort of a chap he is. I doubt if anyone else of his age could have done it.

Isn't he wonderful, though? "I am not tired," he said, and didn't everyone love that phrase, simple yet very telling! It told worlds about my Arthur, though nothing that I didn't know already, of course. We have no secrets from each other.

So when Arthur said that thing about living or dying politically on the conscription issue, I had to laugh, I really did. "That's not Arthur speaking," I thought, because we both know that it's not true! There are lots of things more likely to kill Arthur than conscription, Dear Diary, truly.

And speaking of Gough, Arthur certainly put him in his place! Not Arthur's place if you understand, because he'll never do that. Arthur says that it will need a democratic show of hands for Gough to get the leadership and not one of these secret ballots that the young fellows keep talking about.

Anyhow, since Arthur beat Gough 49-24 I don't think that there can be any doubt about where they both stand in the affections of most of the other lads.

And, even I have a good idea where 24 of them stand in Arthur's affections.

But after all this fuss it was so good to have Arthur at home so that we could have a good chat and a roneo together. I have kept the machine humming while he's been away but somehow it takes on a happier tone when he tends it.

The Queensland branch has told Arthur that the climate in December may not

agree with him so he won't be up there for the elections. Instead, he is printing off a little booklet especially for the "banana-benders" called "Meet The Man Who Won Dawson" and is all about how Arthur and Dr. Rex Patterson used to catch brigalows together and roam along the beef-roads hand-in-hand as kids.

I must confess that his outback Queensland childhood is one chapter of his life I've not heard much about but it all sounds very vivid, I must say.

Especially Arthur cane cutting to pay Rex's university fees.

After Graham Freudenberg resigned as Arthur's secretary, I drafted most of his speeches. ("Ask not what your party can do for you, ask Arthur what he can do for the party", etc.) But now we are casting around for someone new. Arthur saw a letter in one of the papers yesterday and was very impressed so he is getting off a letter to the writer.

He's an ex-serviceman called Peter O'Neill.

WHO ARE THE FUGS ANYWAY?

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DISCO-GOO

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It took the Queen years to learn to smile. The Queen Mother, when she was Queen with Princess Elizabeth beside her, would call her, "Smile, Elizabeth smile."

But once Queen she went to an enormous amount of trouble to correct her shortcomings.

She lowered her voice, which was much too high-pitched, by speech training. (After all her father corrected a stutter, why shouldn't she bring her voice down a half-tone?)

And once she had mastered the art of smiling when it wasn't easy she found she could switch it on and off when (and I quote her Press officer on this) "the smile was actually hurting her."

Sunday Telegraph April 24

Once upon a time the Queen didn't know how to smile. That was back in the bad old days when she didn't know how to wave either and spoke in a high-pitched counter-tenor.

That was before her father was King and she was just an average sort of princess, slumming it in one of the back palaces with her stammering father and a governess or two to teach her poise and elocution.

Smiling came difficult to the Queen, who was from a long line of non-smilers and haemophiliacs. Fortunately, her blood's thicker than water but the non-smiling gene came through as a throw-back to her great-great-grandmother, the one that wasn't amused.

But once the Queen set her mind to the task, she began to learn to smile with the grim determination that all her biographers have found so remarkable.

Recently, while I was in London, I called round to her palace to see how she was making out. As I was announced, she came forward and hitched the corners of the royal mouth up into her by-now-familiar Welcoming Smile.

As our conversation warmed, she asked if I would mind if she took her smile off for a while as it was beginning to hurt. I acquiesced, of course.

It was clear that she has now developed a small but versatile repertoire of smiles.

She beamed again the Welcoming Smile and then quickly switched over in turn to her Severe Smile, her Waving Smile and the famous Indulgent Smile, which she has dedicated to her husband.

It appears that for formal occasions she prefers to arrive wearing her smile rather than having to put it on *in situ*, as it were. In these circumstances, she is able to give her mouth some internal support by artificial means.

The mechanical aids she employs include a pair of cheek pads, a set of teeth clamps and a natty little tongue depressor. With them in place she can maintain her smiles for hours.

She spoke earnestly, but without a trace of self-pity, about the difficulties of speaking through her smiles and the particular problem of State luncheons where she has to eat and talk and smile!

I asked her about the change of life, which has been worrying journalists in the last few months, and whether she felt her smile was becoming a little *middle-aged*. Losing some of the contours at the edges, perhaps?

She admitted that she was doing it less but enjoying it more.

I asked if she had ever considered taking up laughing.

She explained that in England today there was very little to laugh at, particularly since politics had been deprived of the Tories' enormously humorous bunglings.

Not at all, I reassured her, so long as there was a monarchy, England had at least one thing left to laugh at.

The last laugh smiled loudly.



DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL

—from "Hansard", March 30th, 1965.

Sir ROBERT MENZIES (Kooyong—Prime Minister): Mr. Speaker, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal—the only daughter of the late King George V and Queen Mary—died suddenly on Sunday. She was 67 years of age. She collapsed while walking with her eldest son, Lord Harewood, and his three children in the grounds of her home

Last year was one of the Princess Royal's busiest years. Her official engagements took her to Newfoundland . . . to Lusaka, where she represented the Queen at the Zambia independence celebrations; and to many parts of Britain

During two World Wars Her Royal Highness worked unceasingly to help provide comforts for British troops. In the Second World War she was Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots, the Royal Corps of Signals, the Indian Signal Corps, the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and other corps. She was also Controller Commandant of the Auxiliary Territorial Service—the women's branch of the Army—and Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Society. The facts I have recounted are only those that one might gather from "Who's Who".

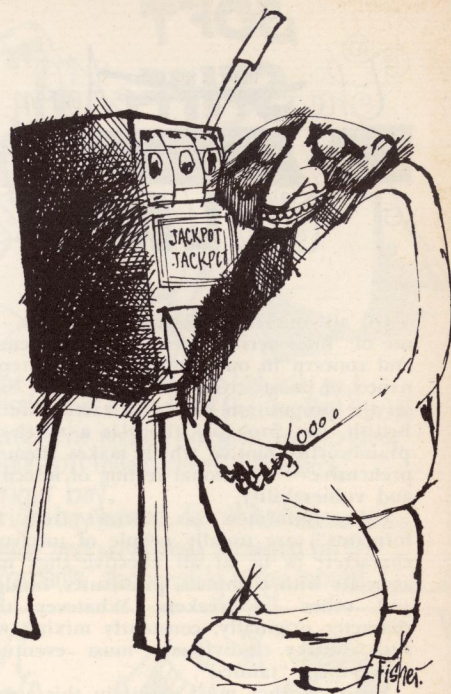
Very few people in Australia had ever met the Princess Royal. I had the singular privilege of having met her on a variety of occasions and having come to appreciate that although she was reticent and a little reserved, she was a woman of immense charm and of the most lively intelligence. She was, among other things, Chancellor of the University of Leeds, a university closely associated with wool technology and, therefore, with Australia. In that university the Princess Royal took a most active part and displayed a most active interest. The one thing known against her was that she conferred upon me a degree of that university a few years ago. The Princess Royal had an intense patriotism for that part of Great Britain and a genuine and unaffected interest in the work of the university and, therefore, in what is, after all, our greatest industry in Australia. I shall always remember her for that

If I may repeat myself without appearing to be patronising, Her Royal Highness was a woman of charm and intelligence. I myself conceived a very deep regard for her. I am sure that, had she been in this country at any time, she would have made a remarkable impact on our people. I propose that we should address ourselves to Her Majesty the Queen, and therefore I move—

We, the Speaker and members of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Australia in Parliament assembled, have learned with heartfelt sorrow of the death of your aunt, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. On behalf of your people throughout the Commonwealth of Australia, we express deep sympathy to Your Majesty and members of the Royal Family in the loss which you have sustained.

MR. CALWELL (Melbourne—Leader of the Opposition): The Opposition supports the motion of sympathy with Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family on the occasion of this very sad bereavement. There is very little that I would like to add to the remarks of the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Menzies)

The Prime Minister said that very few Australians had ever met the Princess Royal. I believe that is true. It is a great misfortune for us that she did not come our way and that so few of us who ever went to England had the opportunity to meet her. On behalf of all my colleagues, I say that the motion moved by the Prime Minister expresses adequately and fully the sympathy of the House for Her Majesty the Queen and members of the Royal Family.

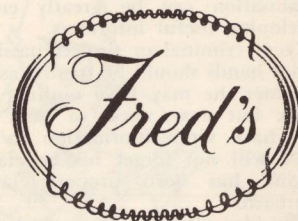


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Of all unorthodox police methods, the use of "informers" causes most apprehension and concern in our community. The repugnance of most citizens is ostensibly based on the proposition that such tactics are un-British, but probably there is a much less praiseworthy motive which makes them apprehensive — a personal feeling of insecurity and vulnerability.

Police informers (as distinct from "informants") are usually people of unsavoury character; to be at all effective they must associate with criminals, prostitutes, bludgers and other law-breakers. Whatever their character originally, constantly mixing with such murky individuals must eventually make them "tainted".

However, they must maintain this association to be of use in this, possibly the lowest of all occupations. The type of information sought by policemen is not likely to come regularly to the notice of decent people, clergymen or lay-preachers.

Perhaps the most apt description of these traders in crime was given by a famous police chief — "Informers, like manure, are not pleasant to handle but often produce excellent results."

The really successful policeman, despite his ability, experience and energy, needs assistance from these people to reach the top. In his contact with the criminal classes the policeman must be ever on the alert to detect and cultivate the person, male or female, who has information to give. Usually such information will not be volunteered unless appropriate inducement is given, and he must always weigh carefully its value against the privilege or advantage sought.

Cultivating Informers

The cultivation of informers is something which all detectives should work at unceasingly. No matter how efficient and valuable a detective may be, his worth to the organisation can be greatly enhanced by developing useful informers.

Every criminal or suspect passing through police hands should be treated as a potential informer; he may have nothing to tell you today but next week, or next month, he may have vital information to impart.

He will not forget his benefactor if the ground has been properly laid for his approach.

Consider carefully when dealing with suspects how you may best develop a situation where they feel obliged to you for some favour — perhaps in arranging bail, a kindness to their family or not unduly pressing minor charges. There are many avenues of approach in achieving this and quite a number are based only on the ordinary concepts of common decency.

Judicious pressure can be brought to bear on potential informers by the use of consorting provisions. After the initial contact it is often best to leave the next few "bookings" to other members so that the suspect can come to you for advice.

Often the Vice, Licensing or Gaming Squad can exert pressure which will achieve a similar result.

Where he is not co-operating well over a period, one or two visits or checks by other police should be arranged, to remind him that you can still be of mutual assistance to each other.

Discipline yourself so that you never pass by a criminal without stopping to speak — he may just have had a quarrel with an accomplice, he may know of a "job" to be done that night — if you pass him by, tomorrow may be too late!

Above all attempt to develop amongst the criminal classes and their cohorts the reputation of being a man who can be trusted implicitly.

This is vital as, no matter how you may silently despise your "informer", when he gives you information about another criminal he takes grave risks of which he is usually very conscious.

Before he takes such risks he must feel certain that he can trust his confidant.

An Article by Insp. W. D. Crowley, Reprinted from an Australian Police Association journal

Motivation

Influences which usually induce people to inform on others are emotions such as hatred, jealousy, greed, or a desire for revenge.

More practical reasons are a desire to bargain for the right to continue illegal activities, to avoid punishment for a crime committed by the informer, to ingratiate and occasionally, on a higher plane, to repay a good turn done them by a policeman.

Protection for Informers

At all times police must be conscious of the need to protect the informer, not only from his criminal associates and acquaintances, but also from unwanted police attention. To be of use to you, he must consort with known criminals and cannot hope to escape police observation and attention.

Remember well that not only will your failure here lose you a source of information but could well lose your informer his life!

Handling Informers

Policemen must be circumspect in all their dealings with informers; dignity must be maintained and standards of proper behaviour cannot be lowered.

Absolute secrecy as to their identity must prevail and their activities should be cloaked as far as possible. No matter what the cost policemen must keep their word to their informers.

Wherever these people have become familiar with police or police methods disaster has most certainly followed. Under no circumstances should they ever be permitted to call at members' homes or mix socially with them.

An informer must never be allowed to commit or participate in crimes for the purpose of trapping other criminals. Such allegations are made from time to time and do police reputations great harm.

Where you believe your informer is committing offences himself, arrange for other detectives to detain him and carry out the investigation. He must be prosecuted but obviously your "vested interest" can be protected and even made ultimately of greater value if he is thus investigated. He will undoubtedly send for you and will want to strike a bargain.



Even though his propositions may be unacceptable, you will still be able to assist him and perhaps induce him to divulge information of value.

It is vital that a written record of all your dealings with informers be kept, even though in certain circumstances it will be best to enter only false names in such records. If he is paid from police or Government funds, see that proper receipts are obtained and kept.

Liability of Informers

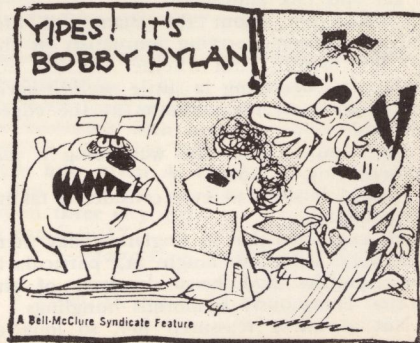
Where your informer commits offences of a serious nature he has no protection and should be prosecuted just as any other offender. Where he offends in a minor way you should consult your officers and his breach can be weighed carefully against the aid he is able and willing to give.

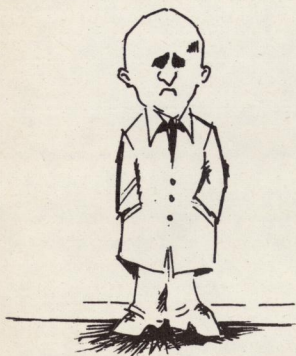
However, where he enters into a conspiracy with others, but does so only for the purpose of betraying them, he commits no offence.

Conclusion

Remember, every criminal, suspect or law-breaker should be regarded as a potential informer and treated to produce the best from him.

Once he is your informer, handle him decently and fairly, but at all times with great caution. Your association with him, if properly conducted, can be profitable indeed, but if badly managed can end in disaster for both of you.

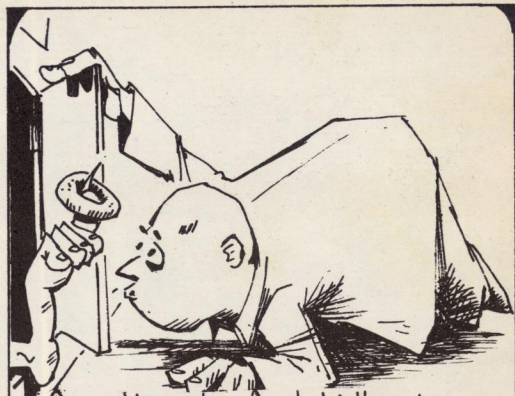




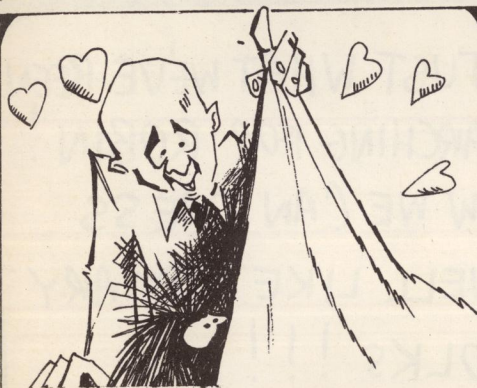
Once there was a young mortuary attendant named Newton.



He was a very sad young man, even for a mortuary attendant (a group never given to excessive gaiety for reasons of decorum) because of lack of feminine company. This was quite in order, as his list of faults included; round shoulders, warts, halitosis, compulsive nose picking and innumerable other faults.

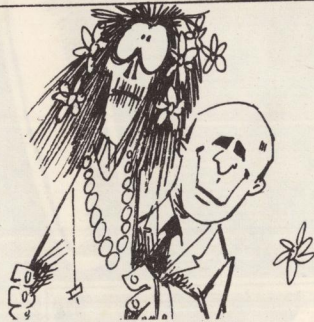


One night, searching for a lost jelly and passionfruit icing donut (he was that kind of person) he noticed an open freezer door. "Mayhap it rolled in here," he mused. Bright boy. Bright boy indeed. For it had indeed rolled inside and was firmly skewered on the occupants abnormally large toenail.



"Gear toe for sure!" cried Newt "I wonder what the rest of her looks like."

Without hesitating he lifted the shroud and exclaimed "Hey! she's orright - better than the last one we had (an axe murder victim) Hey! can we go steady?" He interpreted her silence as yes.



Of course, there were some difficulties to their courtship - For one, she was stiff as a board and cumbersome. She could not be manoeuvred into his car and had to be securely lashed to the roof rack. In the movies people were always telling her to sit down. She could not watusi and the smell of formaldehyde made dancing close impossible.

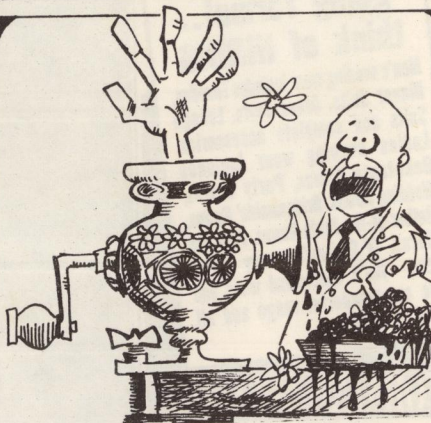


But around the home she was a gem. When not in use she doubled as a combination hotrack, crowbar, and (laid between two chairs,) ironing board.

"I must have her for my gown!" cri Newt. "I will buy her from the good doctors at the motuary! A good idea, my sweet?" She decomposed quiet agreement in the corner.



Next morning arrangements were made for her purchase at 85¢ per foot over 3 years at 8¾% reducible interest and ¼ deposit. But when he returned from the bank she was gone.



He found her in the dissection room. "Sorry Newt" said the good doctors, "but some junior med. students ran her through the mincer for kicks." But did Newt lose his love for her? No.



Intrepid Newt struck a new bargain with the good doctors for a new purchase price of 15 cents a pound. So if you're in the movies and a little man with round shoulders, warts, halitosis and other numerous faults sits next to you and he's clutching a large red and dripping poethylene bag. It's probably Newton.



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