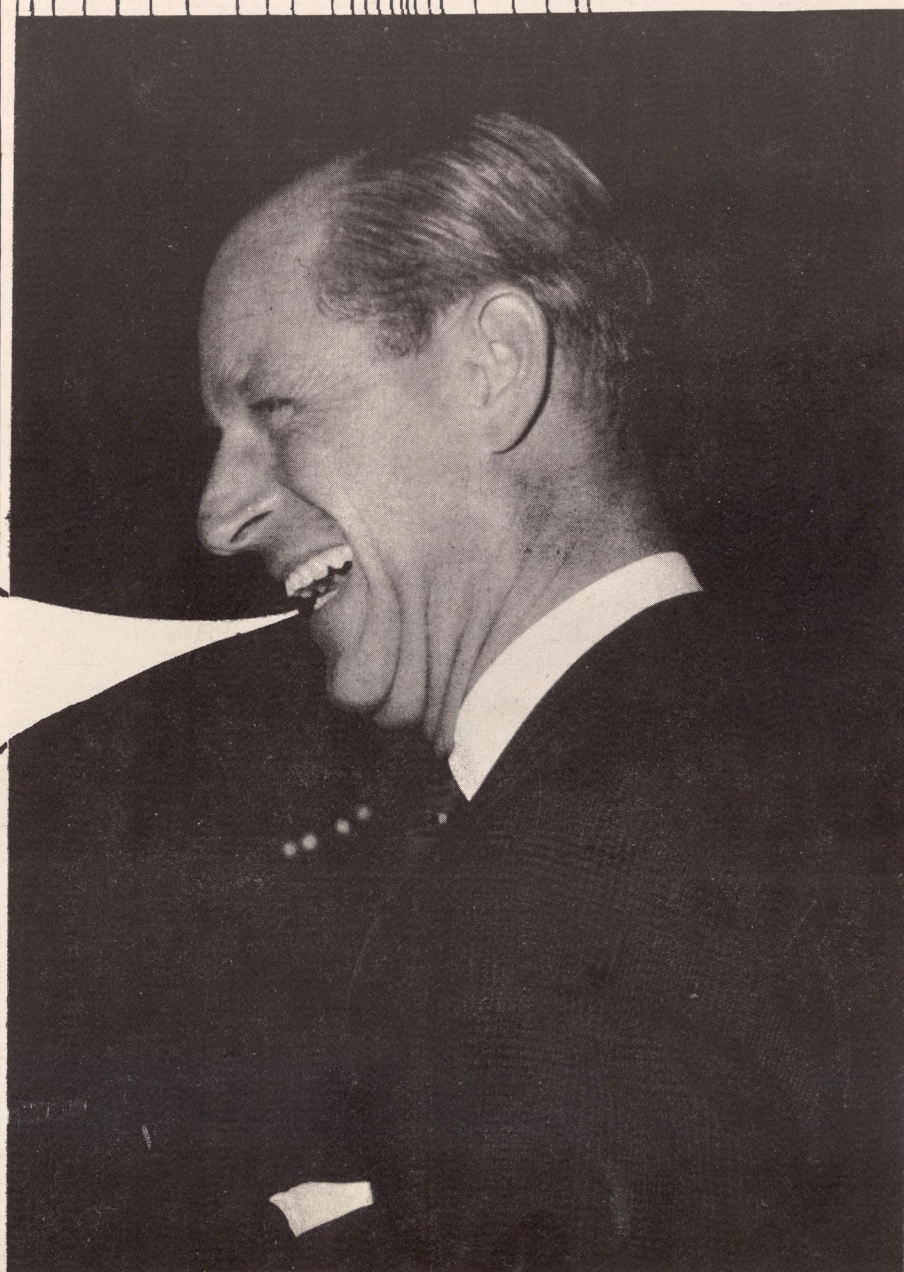


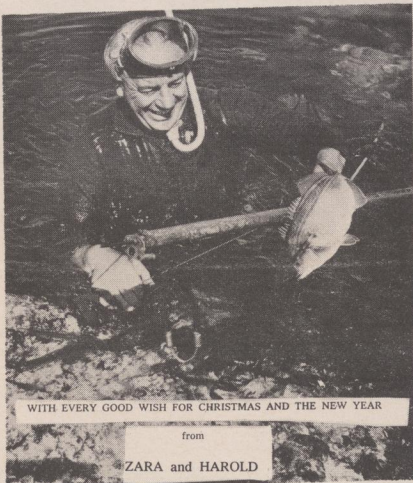
No. 23
OCTOBER
1965
2 SHILLINGS

OZ

THE WONDERFUL WIT OF HRH PRINCE PHILIP

MY WIFE
DOESN'T GO
TO THE LAVA-
TORY, IT
BLOODY WELL
COMES TO
HER





THIS IS THE CARD HAROLD HOLT WILL SEND TO HIS COLLEAGUES AND FRIENDS THIS CHRISTMAS. IT DEMONSTRATES HIS ABBYSSMAL EGOCENTRIC TASTE.... HAROLD (SEA HUNT) HOLT ASSPIRES TO BE YOUR NEXT PRIME MINISTER... DONT LET HIM!

Fred's

... A menu
reminiscent of Sydney's
old Hasty Tasty...
But our prices are better.

3 Jersey Road, Woollahra
32 4815
for reservations

SEPTEMBER 5. Albert ("Hey, Mr. Lambarene Man") Schweitzer died at 90. That he was a great man and humanitarian has really not been denied. But it is only the Christian mentality that can see any merit in hiding such enormous gifts under a bushel.

SEPTEMBER 16. Small item on the front page of THE AUSTRALIAN:

The American Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Ed Clark, has a heart of gold but there's no disguising the fact that "he is something of a disappointment".

This is the opinion of Douglas Brass, who tells why in his weekly column "Looking On" which appears on page 8 today.

We turned on to page 8 and were disappointed to find that Brass hardly proved his mettle. There was merely a very subdued reiteration of all we've been saying for months about the lustreless Ed, leading to the inevitable conclusion.

But it should be a sobering thought for us all that President Johnson holds his ally in Vietnam so lightly that she should so confuse it with his own corn-chewing Texas, to be charmed with home-spun innocence.

I should make it clear that the Editor of THE AUSTRALIAN is not associated in any way with these brash remarks of mine and indeed regrets my having made them.

Which, of course, is why he stuck the blurb on the front page.

SEPTEMBER 18. Philippines Airlines (PAL to you but no friend to the Dept. of Civil Aviation) has decided to go ahead with its plans for in-flight movies, despite DCA's active discouragement.

Inside Australia, DCA has the power to stop the two national airlines from offering anything the other does not offer—giving everyone a choice which is really no choice at all. Outside Australia, they have no such power than God. And PAL is prepared to buck their dissuasion.

Either we believe in free enterprise or we don't. DCA doesn't.

September 19 (Sunday). An American expert on prison reform was refused permission to look over Fremantle Gaol — despite the fact that he was only in town for several hours — because of a rule that no visitors be allowed on Sundays.

The expert had gone to the gaol because Mr. Justice Clemens of the N.S.W. Supreme Court had told him in Stockholm that it was a backward gaol.

Fortunately he did not have to go inside to confirm the Judge's opinion.

Alderman Wallace said: "Civil defence of the 100,000 people in King's Cross is left to the Lions' Club, who meet every second Friday night."

THE AUSTRALIAN



Two of Australia's best known poets, Robert Fitzgerald and A. D. Hope, shared the £5,000 Britannica Australian Poetry prize for 1965. The Art award went to Russel Drysdale and that for Education to Sir Fred Schonell, Vice-Chancellor of Queensland University.

No doubt about these awards — they're really unexalting a load of talented young Australians.



WANNA SEE SOME HARD PEOPLE?

LOVE IS AN ELECTRIC MASSAGE MACHINE

IT WAS A GREAT HONOR BEING

I MADE 1/2 OF THE MONTH

IT IS MY CHILDHOOD DREAM COME TRUE

I AM WRITING ABOUT YOU PRIME MINISTER NOT A WINDY LADY SHE IS

SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE
SHAPE OF
MY HEAD

DAY BY DREARY DAY (YAWN)

JESUS CHRIST HAD
LONG
HAIR

SO DO I

SO DID MARY

HOW

September 21. The Vernon Report was finally released to the public, after Cabinet had rejected the idea that this infamous document join the Minister's short list of banned publications.

Excerpts from the PM's speech:

"I would say that we are not in a position on many of the matters examined by the committee to offer definitive views or, in some cases, useful comments."

"It would be doing less than justice to the committee and its report if we were precipitately to engage in arguments which did not arise from a full opportunity for consideration and judgment."

"I do not, of course, propose on behalf of the Government to make any dogmatic remarks."

Of course not. But, speaking as undogmatically as ever, Sir Robert suggested that, after all, reports of this kind were really only useful every ten years or so (when one's majority is beginning to slim) and there was no need for the Parliamentary amateurs to have professional advice on a permanent basis.

After all, every other portfolio has its big decisions made by amateurs, why suddenly break with tradition and have a bit of professionalism in the Treasury?

September 22. With the announcement by Mr. Rylah that legal action had been dropped, "Lady Chatterly" finally broke the last State barriers. Or, rather, ruptured the Victorian hymen. Frankly, the Virgin State has been deflowered so often lately you'd think she'd drop the act.

Rylah gave four reasons for his action. Oddly enough, none of these was the real one, namely that he did not think he could win in the Courts. Sly old Arthur is more interested in intimidation than litigation.

OZ is proud to announce that he is being particularly successful with us at the present moment, having forced expurgation of two words from the September OZ.

Victorian readers (not subscribers, of course, who get the unexpurgated edition) curious to discover what these two awful words were and why we were forced to erase them should send a stamped self-addressed envelope under plain wrapper to this magazine.

September 23. Gough Whitlam moved a motion in Parliament that Appeals to the Privy Council from Australian courts were inconsistent with Australia's national independence and should be abolished.

Sir Robert, replying, said there could (yes, could) be some merit in limiting the grounds for appeal and welcomed the opportunity to discuss the matter (patronising old bastard!).

"Sir Robert said he had certain views on the Privy Council but could not express them because it would commit the Government to a definite policy." (The Aust, 24/9).

Oh no, Bob spare us that!

SEPTEMBER 24. Abe Landa was announced as the NSW Agent-General in London. No comment we could make would

come up to the following delightful letter to the SMH:

Sir,

Congratulations all round.

To Mr. Landa whose burning desire to serve the people of N.S.W. is stronger than mere party loyalty.

To Mr. Askin, who has shown by this shrewd move that he has reached political maturity (according to N.S.W. standards) after a poor start in which he gave the impression of being handicapped by old-fashioned principles.

To Mr. Renshaw for modestly concealing his pleasure in seeing one of his colleagues honoured by the appointment.

And to all you New South Welshers for again getting the Government you deserve.

T. Handran-Smith,

September 27. Clara Bowed out. But she couldn't take IT with her.

September 28. President Sukarno commemorated Peasant's Day by criticising the Indonesian people for "breeding like rabbits". He was speaking from his warren in Djakarta.

October 6. Fill in the missing word:

"Adherence to . . . is sustained by a mixture of mental conditioning and fear."

"The mental conditioning is effected by hypnotic techniques and procedures which have a brainwashing effect."

" . . . robs people of their initiative, their sense of responsibility, their critical faculties and sometimes their reason. It induces them mentally to debase and enslave themselves."

No, not Christianity — Scientology. (Excerpts from the Anderson Inquiry.)

OCTOBER 8. Ming was appointed Head Finque of the Siquing Ports.

Of all the hoo-ha about 19-gun salutes, etc., the most intriguing is his entitlement to "fishes Royal". As Ming himself explained it; "If a whale gets itself washed up on the beach at Dover, the Lord Warden has the supreme privilege of paying for its removal."

We know a whale that has just got itself washed up on the shores of English snobbery. Lord Warden, remove thyself.



ALL ABOUT OZ

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OZ NEEDS Contributions

★ 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.

TING A SONG

2 THE REV ROGER BUSH IS

A PINK FACED PUBLICITY SEEKER... BUT HE IS

TOO OLD TO MAKE IT AS A POP STAR

I AM NOT JOAN SUTHERLAND

ISN'T HE MARVELLOUS

Extract from *The Complete Adventures of Snugglepot and Cuddlepig* by May Gibbs. Published by Angus & Robertson Ltd., Sydney.



Very gently they carried him to the bed prepared by Mrs. Kookaburra, and then they all sat round—Mr. Lizard panting still and bruised, Mr. Shag all dripping with sea, Mr. Eagle and Mrs. Kookaburra — all watching to see if his eyes would open — and they did!

"Cuddlepig," he cried, springing up.



"Snugglepot," cried Cuddlepig, hugging him tightly.

"Where's the Banksia man?" asked Snugglepot.

"Deadibones," said Cuddlepig.

"Good root," said Snugglepot, and he fell asleep again, and slept and slept, for he was worn out. When at last he woke and told them how Ragged Blossom had stayed behind to take care of little Obelia, Cuddlepig wept sorely, for he missed his little friend.

"Don't cry," said Snugglepot, "she will be quite happy with the Fish Folk and dear Ann and Frilly, and by and by we may be able to go down and see them all."

So Cuddlepig cheered up and they said good-bye to Mr. Shag and Mrs. Kookaburra, and Mr. Eagle.

Mr. Lizard, being rested, made a bed and slung it upon his back; and in that way he carried Snugglepot beside Cuddlepig all the long, long journey, away, away back to their old home — and great was the rejoicing when the dear mother and father once more clasped their little Nuts to their hearts.

And this is the end of the Second Book of Tales of Snugglepot and Cuddlepig.

This is a story of just twelve men.



Two Queen's Counsels each with their compulsory juniors.



A judge.



Four jurors because it was a civil case.



The defendant and his solicitor.



That makes eleven. The twelfth is the plaintiff's solicitor.



The plaintiff can be ignored and is. (But this is his story.) The solicitor told the junior all the details.



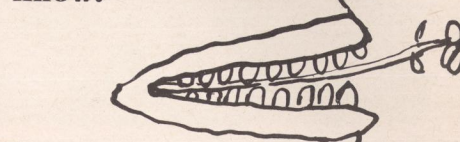
The junior told the QC all he needed to know. (Running-down case, please don't be too late.)



The QC told the jury all he thought they should know.



The other QC told the jury all he thought they shouldn't know.



Both QCs told the judge all they thought he didn't know but should.



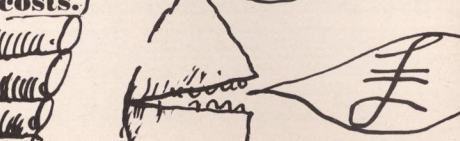
The judge told the QCs all he thought and told the jury all he should and did know.



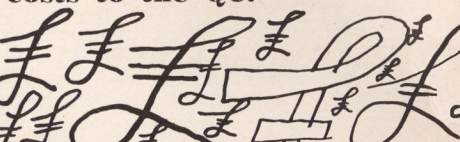
The jury didn't think or know but told the judge what he should and did do



The judge gave damages and costs.)



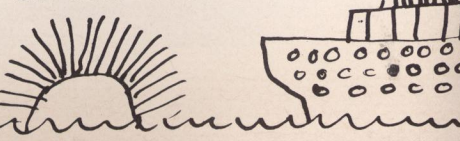
The plaintiff's solicitor gave costs to the QC.



The QC gave costs to the junior.



The solicitor gave more costs to the solicitor and put the rest in a trust account which he stole and took to Argentina where he met the judge, junior and QC who were all on a world cruise with 3 of the jurymen's wives and the one woman juror. The plaintiff could be ignored and was.



Ten Little Niggers



and then there were none.

POEM AFTER NEWS FILM (CHANNEL 9)

A shot
and a man falls
and breaks the glass
of the rice field
Soldiers run and hold him.
Now they begin to drag him
until his black clothing is removed.
His blood mingles with the rice
He is thin,
unshaven, he covers his face
with his arm
until they reach the camp where
his leg is bandaged
someone gives him something to ease the
pain.

"I'm damn sure he wouldn't do the same
for me — but that what makes us
better than them."

Funny.
Why did we shoot him in the first place?
B. SEARLE.



HELLO SWINGERS

Seems there's room for a boom in the
pop performance and even tired young out-
siders like meself feel we have to hop on
the waggon, pop goes the easel, so why
not the typewriter as well? It's that catch-
ing. Kan't help it it comes natural
after a while. It's really the Thing to be
first with the with-it-est, and Oz is that
indeed it iz. It's very consoling for us
Alves, indeed it IS. Whereas and asmuchas
swingens come and go, we go on and on
and on. The satisfying truth is that
swingens just don't endure. They pass into
the limbo of tired old trouperes who swung
until they dropped. Dadadadad . . . I
mean Dada is an example of wot I mean.
Nothing's more dreary that that sort of
stuff what and which was withit back in
the beaut ol' days I mean when Dad was
in short pants and Mum was in drag . . .
oops. Like spats and boaters, if you wear
them now you look like some kind of nut.

Swingers pass, like I say, but us Alves go
on making money and COKE (plug) and
wars and that's all. Swingers need us more
than we need them, because we buy all
that gear they come up with we buy oz
we write for oz we get conscripted to go
to Vietnam kill each other.

Think what a drag it would be if Aus-
tralia was chockablock full of swingers.
There'd be no-one to send-up and what
doesn't go UP in the form of satire doesn't
go down in the boooooooks as profit, altho Os
iz a nonprofit organisation, all those two
bobs go towards production costs, except
for a few which get kept for sentimental
reasons, what with the decimal coming in
and all . . .

There I go sending-up the hand what
feeds me. Thing iz, it'd be that BONZER
two to too 2 know where all the cash
goes, not that it matters indeed it doesn't
but its beaut for the old PUBLICK IMAGE
to have this sort of deep Honest SELF
appraisal-type stuff in the mag.

This article is that bad for me public
image! If i keep up this knocking of sacred
cow knockers (Swingers find the latter to
be even more sacred than the Beasts them-
selves) I'll never make the YOUTHQUAKER
bit in VAGUE before I'm thirty, and by
then it'll be too late.

You can't deny the reality of the Now
image—but I wonder if swingers will have
a tomorrow image.

*This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang (perish the obscene
thought), but a pop.
Here we go round the prickly square, the ..
prickly square
Knock knock?*

Peter Draffin



Sir Robert ("MEDICI") Menzies, le grand patron des arts, famed for his "avant garde" tastes, has a large collection of Sir Lymphy's works, among them the magnificent "NUDE PRIME MINISTER" "RAMPANT PRIME MINISTER", "THE PRIME MINISTER AT BAY" and the smaller, but equally important, "Sir Robert Menzies as the Blue Boy." The P.M. heaped LAVISH PRAISE on the mural "LUSTLESS HAS

SURPASSED HIMSELF.... I THINK THE LIFESAVER IS A FINE SYMBOL OF AUSTRALIAN PROGRESS. UNFORTUNATELY THE MASTERPIECE HAS BEEN MARRED BY THE INCLUSION OF SEVERAL DARK SKINNED PEOPLE, NO DOUBT IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO ELIMINATE THEM IN THE INTEREST OF ARTISTIC INTEGRITY...."

item on the festive programme by turning the idiot-box on and perhaps watching a film on it.

It must be remembered that Newcastle is one of Australia's chief ports and the products of many lands flow through it — radios from Japan, heroin from Hong Kong.

Unique opportunities are presented for academic research projects in Newcastle and much has been written and said already on such topics, which are always of great general interest, as "Sex and the Steelworker", "The Incidence of Venereal Diseases Among Fitting Turning Apprentices", "Fornication and the Boilermaking Apprentices", "Sex and the University Student in an Industrial Society", "The Growth of the Birth-Rate in the Secretarial School" and "The Sex-Life of the Maitland School Girl".

Novocastrians are very proud of their Lord Mayor, who is the only Lord Mayor in captivity outside of a capital city. This was an honour bestowed on the city by goodness-knows-who and is actually worth hell-only-knows-what, but this office still gives a boost to the Australian silver, lead and zinc industry since there is a Lord Mayoral chain to be worn. The function of the Lord Mayor is to spend as much time as possible running for State Parliament as

an Independent and consequently, if and when elected, to use his Lord Mayoral salary as entertainment expenses for his M.P. position. However, in the words of a local bard, when he is defeated in the State elections, "nice big sinecure at the City Hall, Cushions his electoral fall..."

A fair city, in its own way, Newcastle must surely rank among the top cities of the world — more smoke production than anywhere else, more industrial trouble than anywhere in Australia, more militant wharves than Sydney, more bigoted Labor politicians than Surry Hills.

And so we must say farewell to this city of contrasts, this northern suburb of Gosford, this "City of the Long Red Cloud", in the words of yet another of the bards of which Newcastle is so justly proud...

"Farewell to thee Newcastle
North New South Wales ars'h'l,
Like a fairyland lit
And all covered in

—G.R.M.



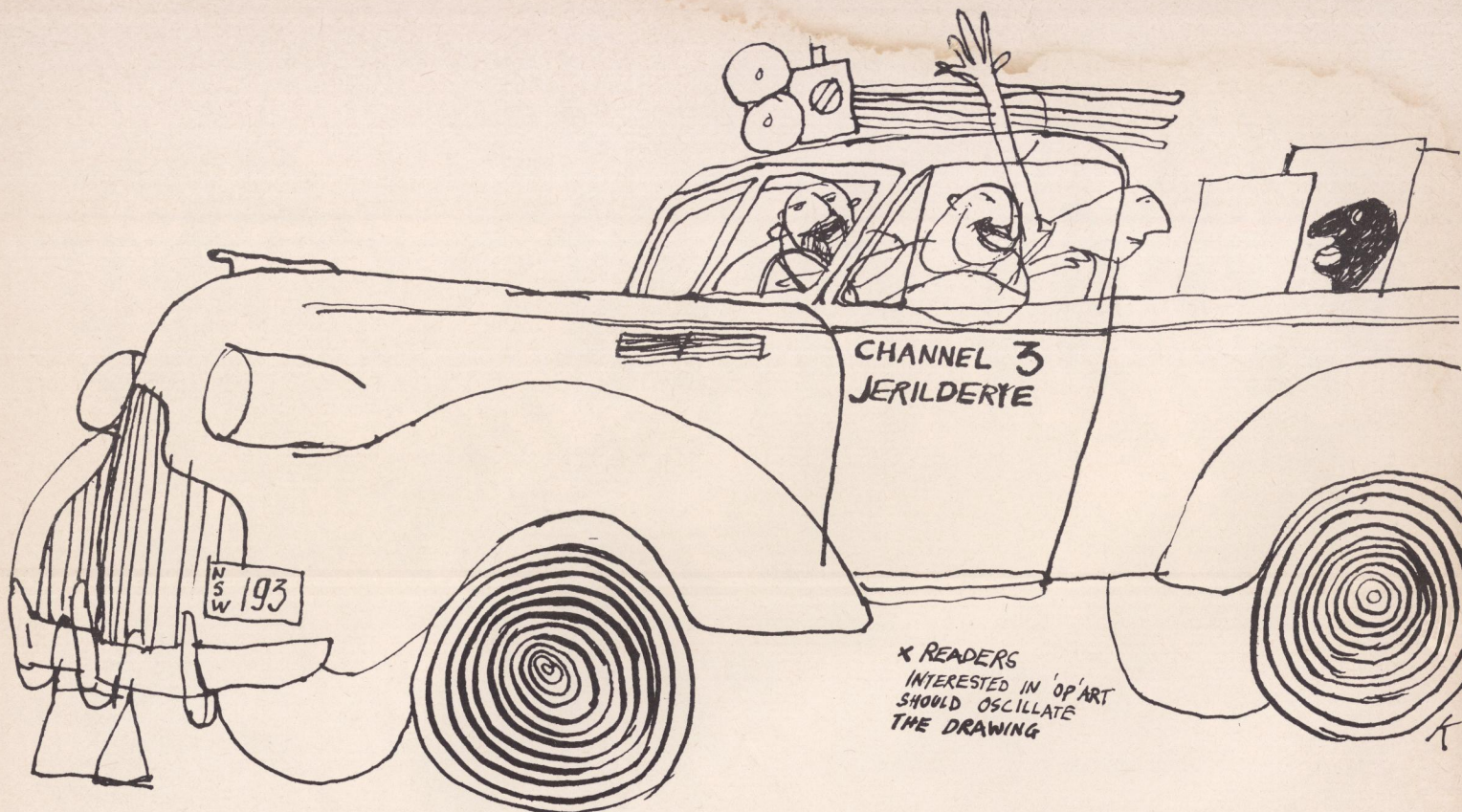
classifieds

YOUNG free lance writer, been published here and overseas, seeks congenial, part-time job. Reply: J. A. Georges, 3 Napier Street, Paddington, N.S.W.

STEPHEN LITTLE. Sings ballads, laments, lampoons, rude songs, protest songs, chorus songs at dinner parties, soirees, concerts, meetings, for fifteen guineas and much less for charities. Bookings 28-4197.

MICHAEL'S HAND-PAINTED HAND-MADE GEAR IS JUST THAT. GEAR. At Primavera, Double Bay, Studio 183, Darling Point, and The Craft Centre, South Yarra.

WORLD DESIGN SCIENCE DECADE CO-ORDINATING CENTRE. Students (architecture) are available for draughting, design, model-making, inventing or other exploratory work in any field. Ring 31-4167 or call at Top Floor, Taylors Chambers, 2 Flinders Street, Darlinghurst, N.S.W. WANTED. Back issues of Private Eye featuring Barry Mackenzie. Contact David Farrow, 11 Hammond Avenue, Normanhurst, N.S.W.



“BANG GOES ME BRETZ BOX!”

“... The first documentary done by Channel 3 Jerilderie and I pluck the director's job ... bloody beauty!

The title seemed a real cod-tearer ... “A Quick Squiz at Sydney” ... and the Dairy Farmers Co-op. fronts up as sponsor with a 450 quid budget.

Now any rooster worth his grits can shoot 30 minutes of newsreel quality footage for 200 bills ... so I figured that we'd have 250 fiddlies left for turps and a bit of youngie jumping.

Anystate ... I picks up big Kicker the cameraman and young Stalky (that's his little Abo mate that Kick's been trainin' as a focus-puller) ... we hoist the Arri and a 16 mill in the back of the station's ute and take off.

Well we make pretty good time down to Sydney and front straight up to the Hotel Aussie.

And strike me fat!

There ... right outside the entrance we peg our first bit of human interest material.

This poor mug (obviously a Returned Man 'cause he's clobbered up in this uniform) is leapin' around flappin' his arms ... blowin' this ridiculous bloody whistle and tryin' to throw himself under cabs!

Now havin' seen action overseas meself I reckon he was in dead-set shell-shock or throwing a troppo fit.

Anystate ... Kicker whipped thru a few feet an' we waited around for him to get bowled.

No such bloody luck. But what he did do was stop a cab ... grab an ol' tart all dusted up in diamantes and furs, then toss her in the back with her gigolo mate.

And get this ... the gig then tosses the digger a coupla bob an' smiles at him!

Well, seein' Kicker's zoomed in for a tiger ECU on this action, I reckoned we had a de-luxe segment in the can already.

You know ... something like ... “Sydney ... an uncaged playground for troppo war heroes” ... something warm ... dead-set sincere!

But that ... is when the strife ... really started!

See ... durin' this time I've sent young Stalky in to book a couple of rooms ... ar' this pie behind the counter (shares for sure in the Moree Pool) takes one peg at Stalks, drums him they they're all booked up and suggests the Rex at The Cross!

Well Kicker gets a bit dirty on this but I keep him sweet an we shoot thru an' book in at The Rex.

But by this time the only way to whip the rust off Kicker's liver is to slip him into a few steams ... so we freshes up ... climb into our creative clobber (lairy shirts, light meters, lenses and me favourite Bretz Box) and heads down to the saloon bar.

Well I sense that somethin's on the bugie soon as we hit the carpet! Like the place is full of these galahs slapped up to the hilt with Max Factor 5 and carryin' on like a lot of copy-boys in a Port Said calendar factory.

But no worry ... it's amazing what a few schooners of jolly does for a bloke ... and after gettin' outelves on the outside of four or five shouts we were just settlin' down to a nice low roar.

And then the bloody roof fell in!

Just as Kicker's curlin' his pink slips around a port wine and brandy he lets out a God-Almighty yelp and screams that some lair fairy's goosed him.

Before I can step in to quiet Kicker down, this other refugee from Her Majesty's gives young Stalky the eye and says ... “Ooo Hooooo ... chocolate soldier ... point your bone in this direction dahls!”

Well you know ol' Kicker ... show the dog the bunny and there's no stoppin' him.

“Bloody poof” ... he yells ... whips the panning handle off the Bolex and plants this rooster smack in the boko.

First thing I know, this fairy falls back on me, then a King-hit merchant spins me round and says ... “treat a lady like that will you” ... and loops a bolo in low at me heart!

Crack!

Right in me Bretz Box!

Now I reckon any bloke that goes for your technical apparatus is a mug lair mongrel!

So I does the lolly ... picks up a bottle of Chateau Tun and wraps it into the dingo's laughers ... then lifts the slipper in'o his fragiles for good measure.

By this time it's like a New Years Eve party at a knackerly ... blood guts an' fairies flyin' everywhere.

Young Stalky (his old man gave Dave Sands his hardest fight) is set in a corner hookin' so well he'd up-stage Jimmy Sharman ... and poor ol' Kicker's furious 'cause everytime he puts the boot in ... the mugs give a yelp of delight and back up for more.

Come to think about it ... we didn't do too bad until the boys in blue arrived ... then that was the finish!

Last think I remember was some big three-striper reefin' Kicker in the guts, which unfortunately prompted Kick to go the big technicolour yodel (that got us another three days at The Bay) ... then young Stalky takin' off like a startled cassowary with a couple of constables after him.

Well ... by the time we'd spent a week of enjoying Her Majesty's hospitality ... paid all the fines and had Kicker's crook gut attended to ... we had exactly three quid left ... 48 feet of film in the can ... and just enough juice in the ute to get us back.

TERRY BISSAKER

We Apologise, Sir Robert

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER

Dear Sir Robert,

You have been the uncomplaining butt of many of our under-graduate gibes, you have tolerated our petty viciousness, chuckled paternally at our feeble attempts to score marks from you. You probably thought, these eager young Australians showing a healthy disrespect for authority, they'll learn they can't tear something down without building something in its place, they'll learn and they'll probably grow up to be useful, normal members of society. You, Sir Robert, probably thought that of us, but alas others didn't, others less astute, less worldly, took our "satires" seriously. Incredibly, as it may seem, some extremists have even been demanding your resignation. . . . Sire, we are appalled . . . "Many a word said in jest" . . . How can we possibly undo the evil we have done? These vile anarchists screaming insanely for your blood have been inspired by our innocent guileless jests. WE are responsible, responsible for this, shame on us, shame on us. Demanding your resignation, you, sire, poet, statesman, humorist, politician, sportsman, humanitarian, you who have made this country what it is today, you noble sir, who have led Australia humbly, saintly, Christlike, for sixteen years, you are being spurned and mocked by the very people whom you have helped the most. What thanks . . . what thanks have you received, a vicious kick in the crutch while you're down.

In a humble attempt to make amends, and to sweep you back to your deserved glory, on a tidal wave of nostalgia, we have declared October 31 Save Ming Day (see details below). We hope we are not too late, we hope it is enough, we hope . . .

Sorry, god bless, age shall not wither you, may your brows never fade, yours,

Most sincerely,

OZ



WHAT TO DO ON "SAVE A MING DAY"

1. Buy an OZ "Ming please don't go go" button. They're obtainable from OZ, 16 Hunter Street, 4th Floor. Wear it proudly. Why not offer to sell some yourself?
2. Beginning next week you can dial BW 7633 between 12 and 2 p.m. and hear a genuine recorded extract from a recent Sir Robert Parliamentary Speech. Free.
3. Join in the OZ "Save our Ming" parade. Invent your own banners and assemble at the rear of the Menzies Hotel in Carrington Street at 1 p.m., Friday, October 31. The march will proceed from the Menzies, via Hunter St., Pitt St. and Martin Place to Parliament House.
4. Fill in the attached coupon. Send it to Bob in a perfumed envelope.

PERSONAL

(Your own address)

The Prime Minister,
Sir Robert Gordon Menzies,
The Lodge,
Canberra,
A.C.T.

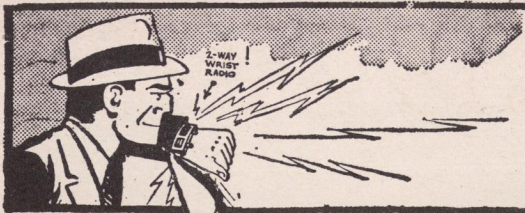
Dear Sir Robert,

Please don't resign because

- ☐ You speak nicer than Harold
- ☐ I'm an American business man
- ☐ I hate my 20 year old son
- ☐ I'm a professional cartoonist
- ☐ I came 12,000 miles to get away from those black bastards
- ☐ I dig your poetry,

Yours sincerely,





OZ GUIDE TO THE

Ever wondered how to get invited to dances where criminals get shot, gush blood and twitch convulsively while the band plays on?

Ever wondered how to arrange a "contract" to bump off your old man's partner, to get your wife's lover bashed up or how to meet a male prostitute?

OZ makes it easy for you. And two of Sydney's top criminologists made it easy for OZ. Just stuff this compilation of their information in your trench coat pocket, head for the baccarat school in Kellet Street and ask for Norm, Ronnie or Dick. Don't tell them OZ sent you.

WHERE CAN I MEET REAL CRIMINALS?

At the Mansions Hotel (Bayswater Road), The Tradesmen's Arms (Liverpool St.); The Centennial (near the Park). These are the pubs where the standovers and heavies congregate. Heavies are for hire, now more than ever since the cash S.P.'s have closed down. Standovers are specialists in collecting money from illegal organisations.

Most criminals drink with each other privately rather than in bars because of the Consorting Act, which is rigidly enforced. Nevertheless, the pubs are worth visiting — and you'll probably find a gun in the cistern in the gent's.

WHAT'S THE 'SET-UP'? WHO'S THE MASTERMIND?

Sydney's underworld is far removed from the English conception of Train Robbery masterminds or the American tradition of mobsters. Sydney crooks are largely loners, who sometimes co-operate briefly with others for a "bust" or some other operation. There is no such thing as an organised gang. The brief associations usually terminate after a dispute, usually over women or money.

A Gladesville resident known as Lennie almost qualifies as a mastermind. He is feared and hated by most. He is a fence (buyer of stolen property) and a fizzgig (police informer).

Many of Sydney's crooks work. Some drive taxis, others work on the wharves. Johnny Hodder and Barney Ryan, the two recent victims of knives and bullets were both members of the Coal Lumpers Union.

HOW CAN I HIRE A GUNMAN?

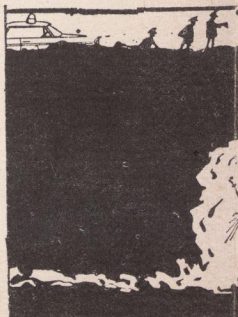
Difficult unless you know someone who knows someone. There's an old local adage implying you can knock someone off for a fiver. This is no longer true, it may cost £200. (Although a Manly father recently wanted to avenge his daughter's pregnancy and was unable to arrange a contract at any price.)

Most professional killings are done to hoods by hoods. A recent murder was the result of a family feud between the Reeves and Paddo Mob. The killing of a man named Walker at Randwick had a different basis. Walker had tried to blossom as a standover man but his methods were considered too rough. (He once broke a man's leg with an iron bar.) A loose combination of hoods threw in to have him done — the executioner was imported.

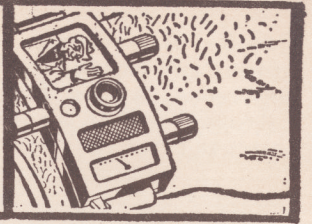
UNDER TO

I.
(There isn't a

2. Lennie
3. Perce
4. Abe
5. Joe T.
6. Eric F.
7. Norm
8. Ronnie
9. Dick
10. The Yank
11. Smokey Joe
12. Cuffancollar
13. Sammy Sho
14. Lugs
15. Empty
16. Melbourne
17. Bondi Aleo
18. Hollywood
19. The Scholar
20. Katie & Ti



SYDNEY UNDERWORLD



WHERE CAN I GAMBLE?

There are six regular baccarat schools, all of which were named recently in court . . . one is in Forbes St., one in Kellet St., one in Goulburn St., the International Club on the corner of Palmer and William St., one at the Victoria Club, Victoria St., one at Bondi Junction.

Two-up is only kept going for the old regulars and the people who have worked there most of their lives.

WHO RUNS BACCARAT?

Someone (guess who) with a flair for track publicity. His partner is quiet and has once been on the seamy side of nightlife (he ran a nightclub in King St. for years until a murder there closed it up) . . . They "drew the crabs" in the form of the Income Tax Department recently and both had to find upwards of £50,000 . . . the men behind the Kellett St. Operation, Norm, Ronnié and Dick, are an oddly assorted trio—a half-caste Chinaman, an elderly fashion plate, and a huge bruiser . . . the William St. school is run by Eli, who also runs sly grog in Paddington . . . the Goulburn St. school is run by Charlie, who moved into gambling with the aid of a shadowy figure known as The Brother — a Christian Brother who does favours in return for donations to his order.

Two-up is run by "gentleman hoodlum" Joey T. who, whenever he wins at the horses happily pays out to friends and hangers-on. He also runs a "fairly well-appointed" sly grog club.

ANY PERVERSIONS?

Not as much as the good old days. To quote from our informer "there's a house in Balmain with a reputation for strange goings on with academics and would-be intellectuals (many with a CSIRO tie-up) allegedly dropping all inhibitions." There are establishments in Kirribilli and Bayswater Road which offer delights we dare not recommend to beginners.

WHERE ARE THE GIRLS?

If you like your sex straight there's no trouble. Especially if you're not particularly fussy and can manage in the back of a car with one of the tarts who parade William and College Streets. There's not much organised prostitution—the last two big wheels having long since retired. Classy hotels have classier dames for about £30.

The girls in the trade are said to "have laughed themselves sick" at a recent newspaper story about an interview with a £200 a time call girl — as Julie said: "she must have two snatches".

Anyway, if you're ever wandering along Tusculum St. ask for "The Big Panther" who repays a chance taken on a rugged exterior with a performance regarded as highly satisfactory.

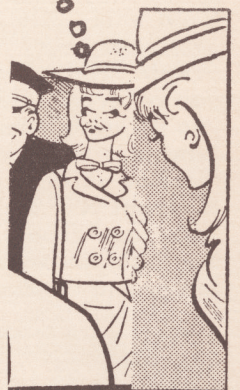
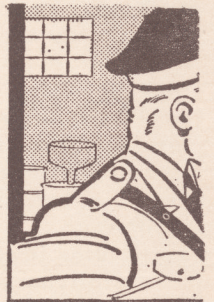
WHERE'S THE HASH-HISH?

It was recently alleged in Central Court that locally-grown marijuani is being blatantly distributed in the Kings Cross area. Most of it's being collected from the Hunter River area (half the kids in Newcastle are said to be high) or grown in Paddington backyards. But, despite police prosecutors, assertions, it's pretty harmless and non-addictive. You'll probably pick up a reefer from someone at

RECIPE

(for fixing dogs)

Take Menthol Crystals and whipped cream. Mix. Give to the Greyhound a few minutes before the race. There's no danger or discomfort. It's just that he can't breathe heavily, so half way through the race he stops dead, then walks. This concoction has been used with great success by local fixers. It's also undetectable.



WORLD
P 20

ny)

partners

Johnson
owoff

John

G.

ly (retired)



the Royal George. Most of the opium and heroin landing in Sydney goes to the Chinese — or doctors, four of whom have been convicted in the past few years.

WHAT NAMES WILL I DROP IN CRIM CIRCLES?

Sammy Showoff — he holds the record for the fastest return to the Big House. He was released from Parramatta at 8 a.m., caught in the act of robbing his sister's house in Clovelly at 9.30 a.m. and back in the pen at Long Bay with a sixer at 4 p.m.

There's "Lugs", who specialises only in books and poor "Archie", a North Sydney character who steals scrap metal and always flogs it to the same dealer, then hides with his sister in Balmain. With Archie, crime and punishment follows a rapid, established ritual . . . an inquiry from the dealer, a visit to the sister, then arrest and sentence.

You better pretend you once knew Joey Hollybone. He was a little Chinese man whose most famous performance was at a party at Waterloo just after being released from gaol. He walked in with a .45, shot seven times killing two people and wounding five. If you've ever tried aiming a pistol you'll understand why this is famous. He was reported to be the best shot in Australia, barring Sergeant Ray Kelly. He died five years ago from a heart attack. Say too, you were at Shana Ryan's lavish and enormous wake . . . she was called "kiss of death" because all of her five husbands died suddenly.

Watch out for The Scholar. He walks round Sydney with a plum in his voice, well dressed and tons of money, but he's never seen working. When he was 16 he organised a punters' union in Melbourne to protest against the odds. Eventually he had to be bought off by the bookies.

WHO SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF?

The "dogs" mainly. This is a special branch of the police force who are completely under cover and live like bums and hoodlums. No one knows who they are. Only trained detectives, sergeants and the more intelligent constables from outer Sydney are recruited (the next drunk you see in the gutter could be a cop).

A FINAL WARNING!

Most Sydney crims are pretty stupid. They often steal things nobody wants, they can't get rid of or are easily traceable. Some years ago crooks swiped a grand piano off the wharves (imported for a concert by Isador Goodman) then gave a much-publicised party to celebrate their newly-acquired instrument. The party was raided by Customs men.

Anyway, if you get nabbed, beware of Grafton. Grafton is dreaded as a prison where spirit and body are broken . . . "getting the key" (being declared an habitual criminal) which carries an indeterminate goal sentence is also dreaded. "Nodding the nut" (pleading

guilty) is the accepted thing when caught, but anybody facing Grafton will fight the most forlorn hope — and all will toss in for legal costs.



I WANT YOU

TO FLASH OUT STRAIGHT AWAY AND BUY YOUR COPY OF THE COMBINED UNIVERSITIES' SONG BOOK, THE GREATEST TO COME OUT OF THIS COUNTRY IN THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES.

7/6 PLUS 1/6 POSTAGE FOR MAIL ORDERS.
(SEND TO THE EDITOR, UNIVERSITY OF NSW, P.O. BOX 1, KENSINGTON). LESS HUGE DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS THROUGH UNIVERSITY UNION.

*Australian
Symphony
Success*

Australian music lovers will be glad to know of the tremendous success enjoyed by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra during their recent tour of Britain.

The opening concert was given and the Mechanics' Institute Hall, Bobbingdale, via Inkwell, where a capacity house of fifty-seven were first to hear the orchestra. For obvious reasons the audience sat on stage while the orchestra filled the body of the hall.

Highlight of the tour was the concert at the Albert Hall. The orchestra opened up with the English National Anthem which they were surprised to find was somewhat like the Australian National Anthem. Then under John Hopkins they played "Don't

Aside from all that Sir Robert made an unusual statement to open the convention. He had, he said, come to it under orders.

Whose orders? "A good friend of mine, Sir Frank Packer. He reminded me, at the time he made the demand, that he published a certain number of journals.

"I'll refrain from mentioning them; you know them. And as no politician ever knows where the next good deed will come from, I came."

THE AUSTRALIAN

sit under the apple tree"—with seventeen variations, by Joseph Haydn—known to his close friends and even more so to his mother, as Joe. Following, there was a little narked music by Wolf Mozart.

Interval then, while the audience gathered in the foyer for a pint of ale and a game of darts.

The second half of the concert was conducted by Sir Malcom Corporal — recently demoted — who got through a temporary composition: "Consolation for tin whistle, wind machine and orchestra" by Doctor Clive Douglas, who, it is rumoured, has never given an injection in his life. The

evening concluded with another Australian Composition—"Canberra in Contortion", by Harry Holt. This featured some delightful solo gong playing by J. Arthur Rank.

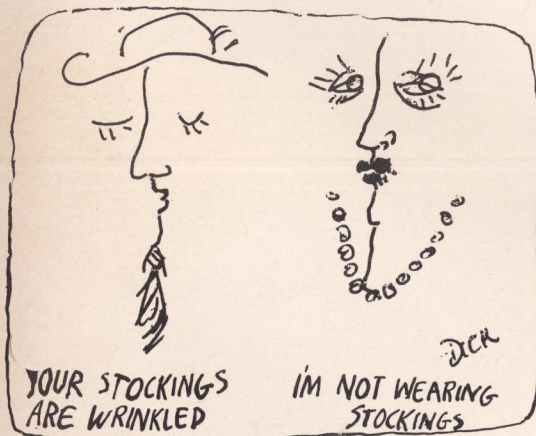
Outside afterwards the orchestra was mobbed by a near hysterical crowd. Miss Cornish of the third violins had her false eyelashes torn off by a souvenir hunter, while Cornel Hacket, of the Brass, lost his horn for good.

Afterwards, in their room at the Haymarket, the orchestra reminisced about the tour. Understandably, some of the players were a little disappointed over certain aspects of the visit.

And tell me sir ever-so-honorable
robert
when we exported 800 men this year
Did we make a profit?

* * *
Meditate a minute on
the beauty of the napalm bomb.
The napalm bomb is something rare.
It explodes and showers in the air,
and floats like snow on upturned
faces
and onto other funny places.
Let us watch him while he tries
to peel it off before he dies.

(MAL.



Dear Sir,

I wish to disagree with one Arthur Hankin who took it upon himself to expose the Cortina GT 500 in your last issue. He should check his facts before twisting them to provide a story:

1. Ford made 115 GT 500's specifically to qualify for the Armstrong 500 but
 - (a) They are/were available to the public.
 - (b) The price is £1,503. One wonders why Ford sold them at "cost price" when the maximum price limit for that class in the Armstrong is £2,000, and they could have been sold for anything up to that. Perhaps the price represents the increase over the value of the Cortina GT, of which the GT 500 is a development?
 - (c) Ford dealers seem to be of the opinion that GT 500's will be available (in limited quantities) in the future... but perhaps Hankin knows better.
2. Hankin compares the GT 500 to the rest of the Cortina range (55 and 65 b.h.p. of showroom Cortinas) but chooses not to mention the 83.5 b.h.p. showroom Cortina GT, the basis of the GT 500.
3. Brake pads and linings will not be of "vastly superior quality": they will be of a *harder* type, not necessarily better under normal conditions, for they require greater pedal pressures and are, if anything, *less* efficient at lower speeds.
4. It will be nice to know where Hankin heard of the "very special gearbox designed perfectly..." In fact, they use the close-ratio gearbox of the production Lotus-Cortina (not available in Australia) which again has disadvantages in normal driving.
5. Holden have not "done the same thing with their X2"—though they did it with the S4 — the car lost, partly through inadequate braking. GMH now offer a disc brake option. Perhaps Hankin might concede that Ford, too, benefit from experience gained in racing — experience which carries over to the whole Cortina range.

Fred

NOT A SUBSCRIPTION TO OZ?

IVE GOT A LOVELY GIFT FOR YOUR...

RANDY... OZ "MIN OF THE MONTH"

NO DARLING GUESS AGAIN HO HO

DANNY

These two youths appear in the movie "Jungle Interlude" available from Athletic Model Guild

IF YOU ARE NOT "CAMP" YOU ARE NOT WITH IT

The Sydney Morning Herald, Saturday, Oct. 2, 1965



CLIMAX

Dynamic New Concepts
in Physique Photography!

FOR AN EARLY COMMERCIAL CHRISSIE GIVE OZ
SUBSCRIBE NOW for YOURSELF OR YOUR
"FRIEND"

24/- per year.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OZ 16 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY.....



uperb Powers of Virile Manhood

To all those whose souls and bodies are tortured with weakness because of the criminal neglect of prudish parents, or because of their own indiscretions or excesses resulting from ignorance of sex, this book is most respectfully dedicated.

PREFACE

It is the writer's desire to furnish the greatest amount of information in the fewest possible words. He is of the opinion that there are thousands, and perhaps millions, of boys, young men, and even old men, whose powers, mental, physical and sexual, are fast declining because of the need of knowledge which can be supplied here, and he firmly and honestly believes that the contents of this work will do more to elevate, ennoble and strengthen its readers than any other influence of a similar character. It will help them to be men — strong, virile, superb — and the first duty of every male human adult is to be a man.

CAUSES OF LOSS OF MANHOOD.

*Abnormal conditions that
confront all boys.*

From the ages of six to fourteen years, the disgusting and depraved secrecy maintained in all sexual subjects arouses a boy's curiosity, and he finally discovers through evil companions, or by accident, that horrible curse, MASTURBATION. Vitality may have struggled for the mastery before, but now it has an enemy, with which it literally has no chance. (See Chapter on Masturbation.) When a boy finally escapes from the clutches of this Gorgon evil—though many never escape—he finds that he is cursed with night losses that seem to waste his vitality almost as speedily as the previous evil. (See Chapter on Night Losses and Other Drains upon Vital Powers.) He usually escapes from this with his life, and then is confronted with promiscuous intercourse, as practised almost universally among young men in all civilized countries. (See Chapter on Promiscuous Intercourse.) This habit is not practised long without severe suffering. Some one of the diseases

which is the terrible penalty for this plain infraction of Nature's laws is sure to be contracted. Then the torture of body and mind is terrible. Visions of complete loss of manhood confront him. 'He may have had dreams of a home, surrounded by a loving wife, and happy, beautiful children. He realizes with stinging keenness the fact that these diseases may forever destroy the possibility of the realization of this beautiful dream.

MASTURBATION

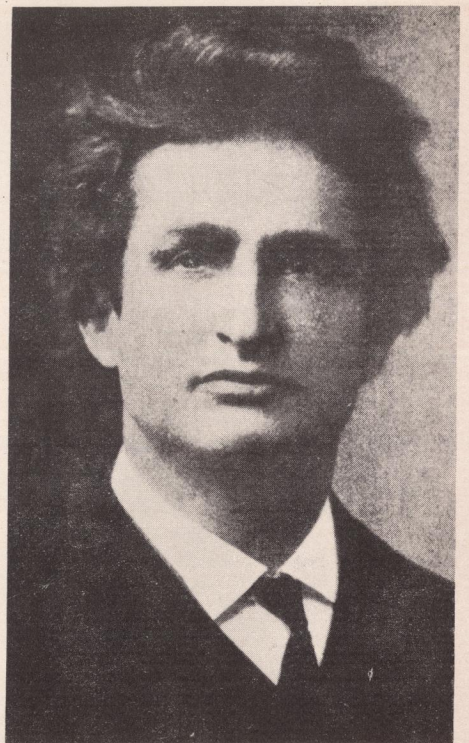
*Terrible arraignment of this
evil by an authority.*

"Masturbation outrages nature's sexual ordinances more than any or all the other forms of sexual sin man can perpetrate and inflicts consequences the most terrible. It is man's sin of sins, and vice of vices; and has caused incomparably more sexual dilapidation, paralysis, and disease, as well as demoralisation, than all the other sexual depravities combined. Neither Christendom nor heathendom suffers any evil at all to compare with this; because of its universality, and its terrible fatal ravages on body and mind; and because it attacks the young idols of our hearts, and hopes of our future years. Pile all other evils together — drunkenness upon all cheat-eries, swindlings, robberies, and murders; and tobacco upon both, for it is the greatest scourge; and all sickness, diseases and pestilences upon all; and war as the cap sheaf of them all — and all combined cause not a tithe as much human deterioration and misery as does this secret sin."— Prof. O. S. Fowler.

HANDSOME BOYS WRECKED

You see a strong handsome boy, clear-

Authentic extracts from "The Virile Powers of Superb Manhood" by Bernarr Macfadden, published by Physical Culture Publishing Co., Townsend Building, 25th Street, New York. There is no date on the imprint.



Bernarr Macfadden

eyed with beautifully-tinted complexion, straight, well-formed limbs. You admire his elastic step, his manly carriage, his fine, wholesome, symmetrically-formed body.

A year or two, or even a few months, intervene, and this boy has learned, through evil associates, or by accident, this secret vice. You see him again, and you may well start with pain and surprise at the change.

Is this the same boy I admired so much? You may exclaim.

There is no light of health in his eyes now; there is no symmetry to his ungainly body, no tint to his sallow cheeks, no grace, or manliness in his bearing. He looks old and weak, appears bashful and timid, seems afraid of your glance. The dark circles under his eyes, unshapely appearance of his lower limbs, and general decrepit and demoralized condition tell a tale that no language can fittingly depict — the awful results of masturbation.

YOU CAN'T WARN YOUR BOYS TOO SOON

"Rendered childless by my husband's ignorance of these private truths you teach, I adopted three sons, whom I determined, by forewarning, to save from this vice, and warned my eldest on his sixteenth birthday; but it was too late, as he owned he had perpetrated it for years. Determined to be in ample season with my other two, I warned my next youngest at thirteen, never dreaming that it could be practiced before puberty; but found myself again too late. Half frantic with disappointment, and determined to make sure of saving my now only undefiled, I warned him at ten; but, horrible to relate was still too late; for he had already learned and perpetrated it!"—**The Founder of the College at Cleveland.**

SEXUAL EXCESS

Richness of This Vital Fluid.

Excess in this way seems to destroy the energies, takes away the ambition. Some physiologists claim that one drop of the semen is equal to sixty drops of blood. Although it would unquestionably be difficult to determine accurately the relative value of this vital fluid compared to the blood, no one will question its richness in vital elements. It contains the very essence of a man, for is it not bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh?

Marry a Real Woman — Not a Wreck.

While writing along this line it would be well to mention the enormous importance of marrying a girl who has sufficient stamina to be normal in this way. Many women, because of their weakened and general abnormal condition, are void of all instinct, so important is protecting themselves and their husbands from these excesses.

Instinct of Your Feeling Can Judge.

The best guide, when desirous of knowing if you indulge to excess, is your own feelings. When living under marital conditions and you seem to be lacking in energy, when your strength seems to be lessening, when that "tired feeling" becomes chronic, if you are taking precautions to follow the rules that demand regular exercise, nourishing, wholesome diet, proper bathing, and a copious supply of pure air at all times, you can at once conclude that sexual excess has something to do with your weakness.

Of course, the remedy under these circumstances is first, temperance, preferably entire abstinence in all sexual relations.

PROMISCUOUS INTERCOURSE

Usually nothing but Lust.

No reasoning man who carefully inves-

tigates the subject can avoid condemning promiscuous intercourse. In many cases it is almost as unnatural as masturbation. The woman who allows promiscuous privileges in this way cares nothing for a man. There is absolutely no natural reciprocation on the part of the female. His feeling for her is nothing more than the lowest, the most bestial passion. It is simply lust, lust, lust, of the lowest order. The female endures the embrace for whatever she may gain. Such relations are unnatural and therefore productive of both physical and mental deterioration. This would be the unquestionable result even if no disease is acquired, and think of the terrible risk incurred in this way!

"Promiscuous intercourse leads to gonorrhoea, gleet, syphilis, stricture, diseased offspring, childlessness and many other evils. Almost the entire civilized race is today tainted with venereal poison. If we imagine vitality divided into equal portions, each item may be looked upon as cancelled by an act of cohabitation. Then it is obvious that the more frequent these acts of intercourse, the sooner the stock of vital power must be exhausted."—**Prof. O. S. Fowler.**

TOBACCO — ITS DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT ON SEXUAL POWERS

Sometimes direct cause of Impotence.

There is a uniformity of opinion among all writers on this subject as to the effects of tobacco on sexual powers. The writer has heard of numerous cases where it has actually been the direct cause of impotence.

To one who has not attained his entire growth, the use of tobacco stunts the body and dwarfs the muscles, making them flabby and weak. When used in excess, tobacco greatly affects the vision. Physicians who make the treatment of the eye a specialty tell us that when they use the magnifying lens, and throw the light in upon the retina of the eye, they can tell immediately when one is addicted to the excessive use of tobacco. It also deadens the hearing, greatly affects the heart, producing palpitation, and when used regularly, in large quantities, results in producing what is called "tobacco heart". Tobacco discolors the teeth, makes the breath offensive, excites the glands which secrete the saliva, and tends to produce dyspepsia, low spirits, a pale face, and an emaciated form. It also tends to produce dizziness, rush of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, loss of memory, and a diseased condition of the mouth. Such results have been noted in the death of prominent persons, such as General Grant and many others.

WHY MARRIAGE SOMETIMES WRECKS

"Our young women, how miserably sexed, physically. Few are two-thirds grown. Most are dwarfed, rendered too small to be of much practical account, by excessive brain and deficient bodily action. Scan the forms of these pocket Venuses. Nearly all are deficient in bust and pelvis,

meagre in face and limb, narrow and round-shouldered, humpbacked, crooked-backed, stooping, too fat, unless too lean, with their breast bones caved in, short ribs meeting or overlapping, bowels small or knotted; faces painted, besides. What a damaging confession that they need to paint? Yet how awfully they look without and even with? And use cologne in addition, thus telling all within smelling distance that they lack that balmy perfume which is coincident with sexuality. ONE FOURTH HAVE CROOKED SPINES." — **Prof. O. S. Fowler.**

MARRY A WOMAN— NOT A CORSETTED SEXLESS NONENTITY

My own average is, that not one woman in one hundred has a fair amount of sexual vigor, and that at least nine in every ten, if not nineteen in every twenty, are more or less prostrated, or else actually diseased sexually. Even if a girl possesses a vigorous body and strongly sexed nature, the corset pressing down on the delicate organs of sex, displaces and lessens the strength of the organs themselves and every surrounding part.

That is the true reason why woman suffers so at childbirth. The abdomen and other muscles have been weakened, thus weakening the internal organs to a similar degree and without that power so necessary under the circumstances, she naturally suffers seriously at this time.

Let the warning be plain. Avoid corset-crushed waists, or prepare for marital miseries that will torture your soul like an animal that is being goaded with a red hot iron.

UNDEVELOPED OR WASTED ORGANS

A dangerous remedy useful in rare cases only.

Massage of the organ itself with an air pump, which is made for this particular purpose, will, no doubt, be of value in some special cases. The remedy is, however, very dangerous, and if used to excess may produce serious harm. It should be adopted only in extreme cases, and then should be used with utmost care to avoid any possible chance of excess. This device is a glass tube, somewhat larger than the average male organ, and is provided with a vacuum pump, which forces out the air. As the air is removed the blood is drawn down into the organ, gradually enlarging and drawing it out to its greatest possible size. The inventor claims that there is absolutely **no sexual excitement** connected with this — that it simply brings more blood to the organ, thus giving new life and vigor, as does a massage treatment when applied to the body. The device mentioned above will be forwarded by us on receipt of price, \$6 though remember the writer's warning in reference to its use and the fact that it is of no value if the cause is simply depleted physical and nervous powers, and even when its use can be recommended it should be used only a few times with long intervals intervening. All letters referring to this, address to publishers and mark **personal**.

There's no Place like Martin's



The soldier and the sailor have stood guarding the Cenotaph since 1928.

They have stood there in the middle of a teeming city, cars and people thronging around and past them and never received even a first look.

They have stood there fixed and silent while the men they represented, and many of the ideals, too, grew old and died.

They have occasionally had flowers laid at their feet.

They were not there in the early twenties, in the years of boom and irresponsibility, but they stood there in 1930 when the bubble sprang a leak and 30% of workers were out of a job.

They were there in the early thirties and heard the echoes of fascist barking over there in Europe.

And they stood there in the autumn of the decade when the treaties and the promises were dead leaves blown around them by the wind.

In 1940 they may even have wondered whether it had been worth it.

On August 15, 1945, as cheering crowds heralded the end of another war perhaps they were satisfied.

But when on the same night, hooligans danced around bonfires in Martin Place and destroyed the flower stalls and uprooted the poplars which were memorial gifts from the French Government, they might, even then, have had second thoughts.

And since then what?

No doubt they applauded the creation of the R.S.L. to protect the interests of the returned servicemen as they had not been protected after the First World War, but they might also have despaired of what it has become.

No doubt they appreciated the aims and achievements of Legacy and similar organisations, although they might have regretted the necessity for them to beg in the city streets.

And they might have been quietly envious of the annual wake-like celebrations of Anzac Day, and they may have softly chided the inebriated mourner who vomited all over the back seat of a taxi on his way home.

But these were only the direct material rewards.

What of peace, I murmured as I stood there in windy Martin Place a few weeks ago on the twentieth anniversary of the ending of World War II.

I stood for an hour on the steps of the G.P.O.

I watched the people drive up in a endless stream, hastily jumping from cars to post letters.

I even saw a few glance casually at the wreaths around the Cenotaph as they drove

away.

I saw a man clutching his young daughter's hand stumble over the base of the memorial without looking at it.

I saw four men in an hour who actually walked up to it to possibly wonder why the garlands had been laid.

I saw a happy Japanese family drive by in a Holden car.

After standing a while in the ending Sunday afternoon I walked across from the G.P.O. steps to read the cards pinned to the wreaths of flowers.

They were mostly from associations — R.S.L., Limbless Soldiers.

Little official thank you cards stuck to the plastic laurel.

Once they used to sell real poppies in wreaths and on the streets.

Once when people bought them possibly they meant something.

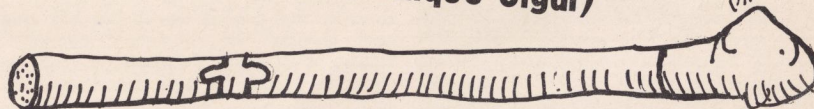
Now I get the feeling they are bought out of an uncomfortable sense of obligation.

Buy one and earn the right to call yourself a patriot.

And I too turned and walked away for I too had more important things to do on that dead Sunday afternoon.

FIN.

LAUDED IN LONDON,
AND NOW IN AUSTRALIA
SCHIMMELCASEY
(The Unique Cigar)



Acclaimed by connoisseurs to be the rarest, most peculiar cigar obtainable What is the secret of SCHIMMELCASEY'S uniqueness? Find out for yourself. Select a SCHIMMELCASEY.

Eye it up and down. You can see the quality. Notice you do not have to bite off the end; the end is removed from every schimmelcasey while it is still young.

Take a sharp blade, and carefully slice the SCHIMMELCASEY lengthways. This reveals the makings. First there is the wrapper, made from a single leaf of lordly "Establishment" tobacco, matured in England for five whole years to ensure a mild, distinguished smoke. Next is the inner wrapper, blended from exotic oriental treasures picked up by our man during his Asian travels. The basic leaf is "Bengal Jungle Ju-JU", dry with a touch of madness from being out in the hot Bengal sun for two years, and wet from two monsoon seasons.

Finally the filler, of finest Australian tobaccos, matured for 75 years. The character of this tobacco could only be Australia. It is this character which is the real secret of SCHIMMELCASEY'S uniqueness. The British blandness and exotic zest of the wrappers merely serve to highlight the true Australian tang coming from deep down in the very heart of the cigar.

LIFT IT TO YOUR LIPS. LIGHT IT. DRAW IN SLOWLY.

Sigh contentedly as this unique, ostentatious, peculiarly Australian cigar —

- (a) Fizzles out
- or (b) Unfurls a Union Jack
- or (c) Dribbles pink champagne all down your shirt front.

J.C.

Hitler died for You

The Alfs are on the move again in Western Australia's Perth, City of Lights. Already thirty thousand innocent citizens have quietly succumbed to a voluntary mass fingerprinting scheme directed at the entire State population plus any passing tourist with the urge to put his prints in police records.

Similar campaigns have failed to get off the ground in Australia's more easterly settlements but trendsetting Rotary and R.S.L. Alfs led the way in the West and fingerprints are pouring into Police Headquarters at the rate of a thousand sets a week. The news that a British scientist can now reproduce fingerprints with a rubber pad has done nothing to stem the tide.

The C.I.B. is delighted; fingerprint forms thoughtfully provide spaces for name, address, age, personal description, occupation, religion, next of kin, place of birth and date of entry into Australia and Western Australia. If you don't mind giving your fingerprints to the police, it's unlikely you'll mind revealing the rest of your personal background. "What does it matter?" say the thousands as they obligingly fill in the form.

Western Australia Voluntary Civil Identification FEMALE

Ref. No. 263546190 DO NOT WRITE IN THESE SPACES *FOR THE ALF'S* *ALWAYS* *in Reading*

Surname: **ALVE** (Name in BLOCK LETTERS)

Christian Name: **PHYLLIS STEIN**

Place Where Taken: *Op Shop.*

Date Fingerprint Taken: *19/9/65*

Signature of Person Taking: *X*

1. Right Thumb 2. Right Index Finger 3. Right Middle Finger 4. Right Ring Finger 5. Right Little Finger

6. Left Thumb 7. Left Index Finger 8. Left Middle Finger 9. Left Ring Finger 10. Left Little Finger

HITLER DIED FOR YOU

YOU MUST BE JOKING

THANKS A LOT

Of course, the prints will be useful to identify nameless bodies and amnesia victims, although the chances of this particular problem getting out of hand in a State the size of Western Australia appear somewhat remote to critical observers. Voluntary prints will only be used in criminal investigations in emergencies, the police insist. Just what is an emergency to a detective in pursuit of his quarry?

The Orwellian marvels of the cynernetic age add a sinister facet to the affair. Feed the data you've collected into a computer and listen to it purr, when you ask it how many green eyed, Lichenstinians there are running bookshops in North Perth. How many red haired, Baptist Trade Union secretaries in the Port of Fremantle area? How many Jewish doctors? Atheistical schoolteachers? Anglican housewives? British immigrants from East Africa? Methodist University students? (The University was "fingerprinted" two years ago.)

There are less than a million people in Western Australia.

At present Voluntary Printing rates, you'll be an oddity soon if the police can't find your name and address in their files. Hitler's Gestapo never had it so good.

Of course, Australia's right wing democracy may not begin direct action against possible subversive elements at this stage, although a few West Australians are beginning to wonder about their civil rights, when the local Minister for Education, Mr. Lewis publicly accuses the Parents and Citizens' Association of "pressure group activity", in planning a campaign for an official enquiry into State educational needs. As a member of the Country Party, Mr. Lewis is, perhaps, better equipped than many to recognise this form of political expression and, given time, he may be able to remove bothersome critics through the useful mass fingerprint records being sponsored by his colleague in the Police Department.

Meanwhile, the queues of fingerprint volunteers are still forming, beside mobile printing units in West Australia's shopping centres, offices and factories. "After all, it's our duty to help the police," they murmur and the Alfs smile happily. They couldn't agree more.

M. MAYMAN.

IM-POTENT and TRITE

A NEWSPAPER has only two outlets for comment and the putting forward of ideas: editorials and a column such as this.

Because of this, we feel this column carries a heavy burden of responsibility towards its half a million daily readers to unearth injustice, fight oppression and speak out against prejudice. This responsibility is made more onerous by the fact that "The Herald", priced at only fourpence and available cheaper by subscription at your corner newsagent, is Melbourne's only evening paper.

MINDFUL of this responsibility, I would like to vehemently decry the action of a certain redheaded, south suburban newspaper boy who repeatedly and unabashedly hurls "The Sun" all over residents' front lawns from a speeding bicycle when there are retainers provided.

A COLLEAGUE parked his car in Mug's Alley yesterday and left his wife minding it while he fulfilled an important business engagement with "Herald" chiefs of staff at their offices in the Phoenix building.

While he was gone, a parking attendant, two polite young police cadets and Hok Yor Kok, a ninth-year Colombo Plan student at Melbourne University, criminally assaulted his spouse. We thought it was nice.

AND speaking of Mug's Alley, which you would have noticed we do constantly, we parked our car in a no standing spot briefly this morning and when we returned after lunch . . . Yes, you've guessed it! There was a surly looking parking attendant (No. 3421) raucously writing out a ticket.

We explained who we was and that the car had only been there a couple of hours and reminded him of the significant nature of our employment, but he merely muttered something inaudible about only doing his job and walked off with a cheeky air.

We think our town can do without types like this on its municipal payroll.

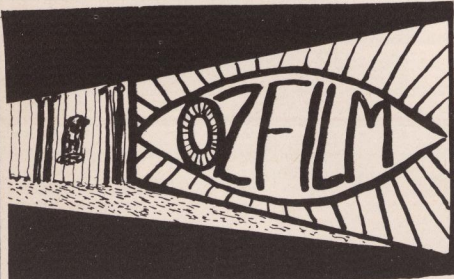
OUR own Ron Clark, one of the world's best distance runners, a fine gentleman, a good fellow and one of the leading exponents of the art of false modesty, dropped in to see us during the week.

Ron said he thought the Melbourne public deserved to know the reason behind his shock defeat in a 10,000 metres race in Europe by a 52-year-old, barefooted, Algerian peasant, carrying a 40 pound mahogany toilet chair on his back who accidentally became mixed with runners.

Ron said he had no excuses to offer but his spikes were too small, his shorts were too big, he hadn't eaten for six days before the race, he had indigestion, the crowd were shockingly partisan refusing to call out "Come on, Ron" and his jock strap laddered at the 5,000 metres mark.

It's good in these times of brash young sportsmen to find a man who knows how to accept defeat.

WETIPPING.



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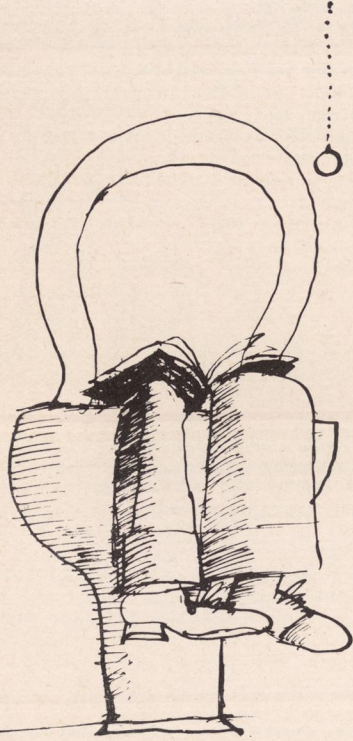
STATE COLOURS

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WANTED NUDE GIRL ★

TO MODEL FOR PHOTOS TO BE USED IN COLLAGE FOR COMING SHARP EXHIBITION - LOVELY FIGURE GOOD PAY (OPTIONAL) RING OZ FOR DETAILS - BW4197 ★★★★★

How they will die



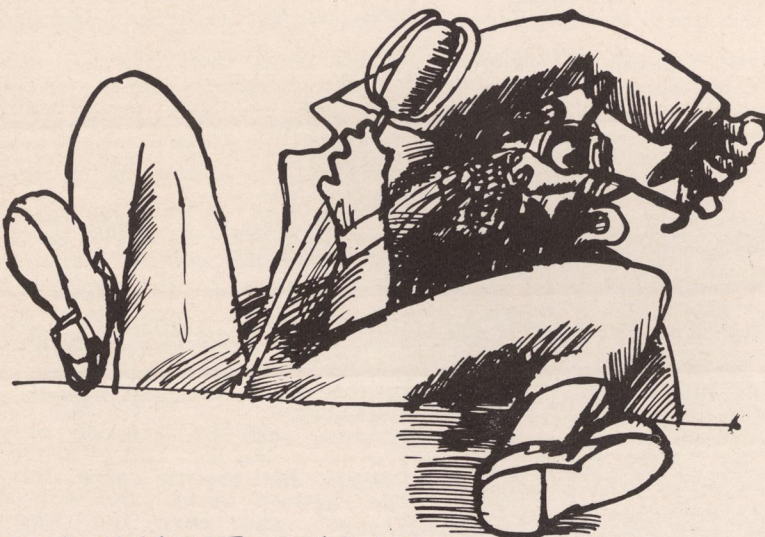
MR. RYLAH SUFFERS APOPLECTIC
FIT WHILE CENSORING 'THE NAKED
LUNCH' IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS LAV.



MAX HARRIS DIES OF
SUFFOCATION STRUGGLING
TO REMOVE HIS OSCAR WILDE
MASK.



SID NOLAN GETS
LOST WHILE
SEARCHING FOR A MYTH.



ERIC BAUME COLLAPSES FROM ASPHYXIATION
AFTER HE TAKES WIND.



SIR FRANK PACKER GETS DROWNED
IN A BARREL OF PRINTING INK
BY HIS TWO SONS.



THE PRIME MINISTER BURSTS A BLOOD
VESSEL WHILE STOOPING TO KISS
HER MAJESTY'S FOOT.



ARCHBISHOP GOUGH HURTLES
TO HIS DEATH WHILE ATTEMPTING
TO FLY.

MR. ASKIN OF BOREDOM.

- ★ BRASS BEDS
- ★ OLD COLLARS
- ★ OLD BOOKS
- ★ TURN of the CENTURY MAGAZINES
- ★ MICHAEL WILSON TIES
- ★ EX QUISITE LACE
- ★ KITCHEN THINGS
- ★ BUY and SELL

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MUNCHY
MUNCH
LUNCH
MUNCH



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TWELVE MINUTES
PAST FOUR I DRIVE
INTO BINKIES
AT 210 ELIZABETH ST.

AND

GREEDILY
DEVOUR 4
EXQUISITELY
DELICIOUS BINKIE
BURGERS
LUBRICATED
BY A QUART
OF PERCOLATED
COFFEE

OH
SWEET
ECSTASY



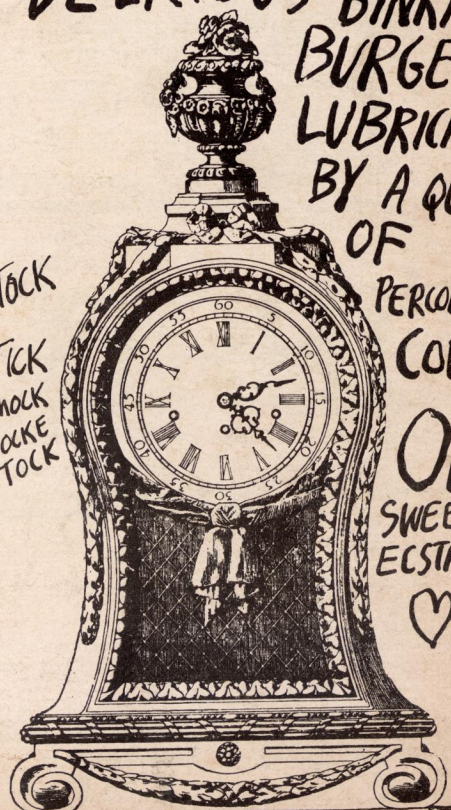
BURBLE
BUBBLE
RUBBLE
BUBBLE



5.



TICK TOCK
TOCK TICK
MICK MOCK
LICK LOCKE
TICK TOCK



SHARP.