

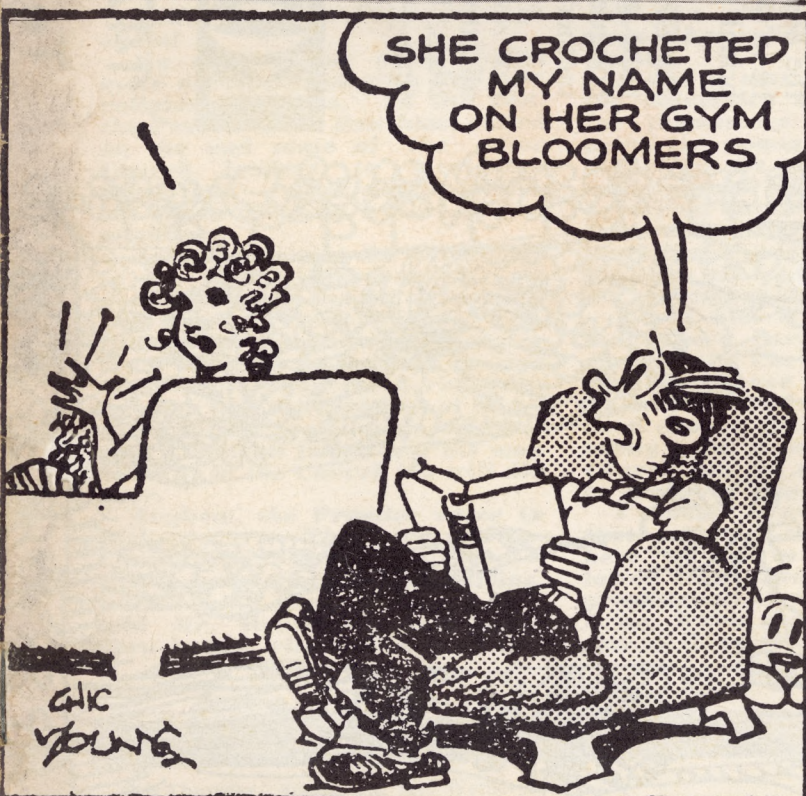
OZ

LARGEST AFTERNOON PAPER SALE IN N.S.W.

THE SUN

ABOVE ALL
"FOR AUSTRALIA"

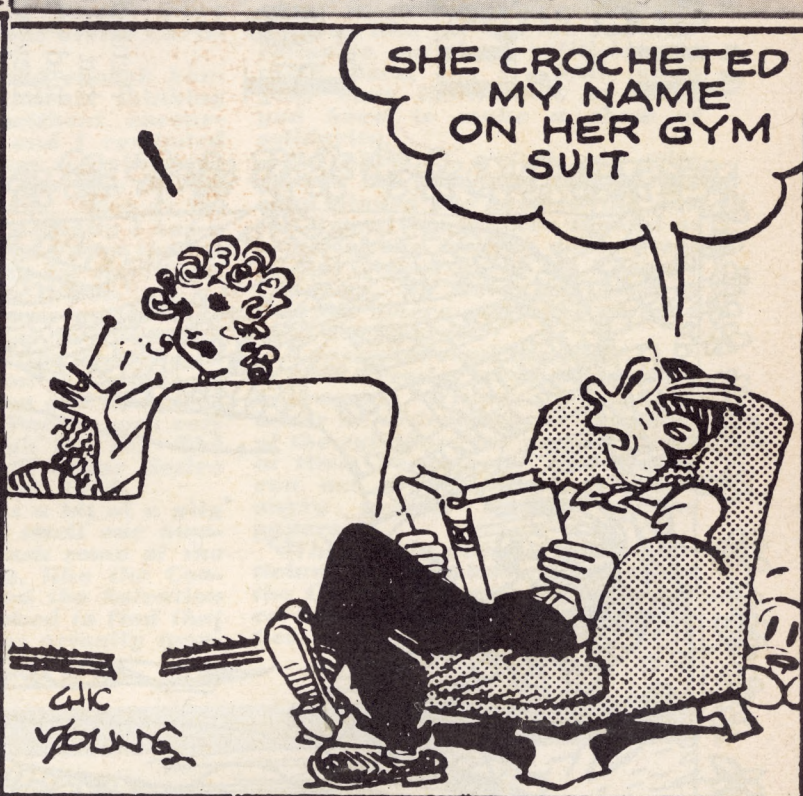
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—Sydney "Sun", Tuesday August 18, 1964

The Herald

63-0211 MELBOURNE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1964 32 PAGES



—Melbourne "Herald", Tuesday August 25, 1964

A Tale Of Two Cities

In a state in which neither 'The Group' nor OZ is safe to appear on the streets, it was inevitable that the Censor should not allow Dagwood Bumstead (how did that name ever get through Customs anyway?) go unmolested.

These two cuttings are absolutely genuine. The incredible thing is not that someone should find the word "bloomers" offensive but that an organisation as large as the Melbourne Herald and Weekly Times should go to the trouble and expense of making the alterations.



fig leaves from Formal Wear...

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

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

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

FORMAL WEAR

147a KING STREET

Telephone 28-0537

IN THE BEGINNING
WAS THE WORD... AND
THE WORD WAS
GOUGH.



Hello, there, Archbishop Gough again!

My word we've been having quite a hullabaloo with this new religious syllabus. In the end, the Premier, Mr. Renshaw, called on me and some of the other Church leaders to straighten things out — pour a little political oil on the holy water, as you might say.

Actually he met the delegation at my place, Bishops court, set very pleasantly indeed at fashionable Darling Point, Sydney. Yes, I know Our Lord said "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But I intend to die poor. And if this Wetherell fellow has his way all of us in the Church biz will die poor.

Anyhow, the Premier came to Bishops court. There we were—Church and State, as it were—sitting up having tea and muffins, just like the good old days. So I told Mr. Renshaw we weren't very happy with the idea of let-

ting the children know there were other religions beside Christianity.

I said it was bad enough having university students thinking for themselves without encouraging the young and I reminded him of all the great contributions made to our modern way of life by devout Christians. Such as Sir Robert Menzies. Actually I had a much better example than that at the time but I can't for the life of me remember who it was.

I told him it was quite clear that Henry Parkes in 1866 had granted the Christian churches a perpetual lease on the minds of Australian children and what was good enough for Parkes was certainly good enough for us. The Church has no particular desire to progress beyond 1866.

I thought it was a bit of a pity that, in order to swell our numbers, we had to ask some of the lower sects along, like the Congregationalists and the Salvation Army. I was shocked to find that one of these chaps actually turn-

ed up in ordinary street-clothes! Nothing like the old bib and dog-collar to put these politicians in their place, say I. Still, when your very livelihood's at stake you have to make a show of solidarity.

At about 5 o'clock my wife poured the tea. The Sally Army chap played the tambourine and the Rev. Allan Walker showed us a few of the modern dance steps he has picked up at his Teenage Cabaret. My word he's good at that bit where you have to bend over backwards.

I passed around the plate.

The Premier seemed terribly impressed. Within twenty-four hours he ordered the withdrawal of the syllabus "for review." Just in time, because we had almost run out of volunteers to write angry protest letters to the papers.

Which only goes to show: politicians may not know much about the Church but we of the Church certainly know how to play politics.

On Thursday, August 13, Mr. Wetherell, N.S.W. Minister for Education, announced a new religious syllabus for primary schools:

- Religious instruction was to be removed from the social studies syllabus and so become unexaminable: "the effect of general religious teaching as defined is seen in the pupil's own conduct and is not properly measurable through written examinations."
- Religious teaching was to become synonymous with the "teaching of ethical principles". Although the Bible was to be regarded as a "rich source of teaching material" teachers were urged to seek additional material in the writings of other religions.
- The weekly Scripture lessons, given by visiting clergymen, were to be retained.

The main criticism of these changes seems to have been:

- This represents a CHANGE.

● Why weren't the Church leaders consulted? Pretty obvious in view of the changes contemplated.

● Mr. Wetherell is not a Christian. This is blatant namescalling. Nor were Albert Einstein or Mr. Nehru but we still listened to them.

● This syllabus panders to a small minority

of non-Christians. That is better than denying the right of minorities and forcing dogma on those who do not want it. The weekly Scripture class is still retained and most Sunday schools have plenty of vacancies.

● It represents a CHANGE. This is the first, last and foremost reason for protestation.

For anyone who believes that minorities should not be trampled underfoot by arrogant propagandists of the notion that there is always only ONE RIGHT WAY, the new N.S.W. syllabus is an important issue. For those who glibly descant on the abnegation of freedom in the U.S. and South Africa from the depths of their armchairs here is an opportunity to serve the cause on the home front.

This syllabus must not be retracted.

THE CULTURAL MERRYGOROUND

Harry was a failure. He was also antisocial. For a while he worked in a shop but he was sacked. Finally, Harry lost interest: his hair grew long; his face was unshaven. But he read a book. Lifting his eyes unto the mountain of Zen & Albert Camus, Harry shrieked: I'm an extentionalist.

So it was off to the domains on Sundays in sandals, jeans and duffle coat and lectures on "The Sex Life of the Australian Policeman". Then came the basement at Paddington, ban the bomb marches, a mistress from the art school.

The police removed Harry from the Domain. He was made. Violent letters to the editor followed. Harry was "a non-scientific reactionary" (Messel) and a "Communist Stooze" (Wentworth). Even more, he was no longer Harry Johnson but R. Baxter Huxley (Huxley hints of a rich genetic background), author of the great blank verse tragedy "The Return of Godot" which was filmed with Richard Burton reading dirty poems at the beginning—or as Harry would say: At the genesis of my work.

IN THE GARDEN



ALANUS WALK- ERUS

Genus: Lee Gordinicus
Species: Methodicus

The branches of Walkerus are strong and are said to possess life-saving elixirs. However, recent studies have shown that the elixirs may produce dangerous side-effects.

The Walkerus is a known climber but cannot be expected to attain great heights.

In recent years grafting and experimentation have caused radical changes in Walkerus until today it tends to overshadow the rest of the species. However, many people fear that the changes are not for the best and may even be stunting the growth.

A hardy breed which flourishes in almost any surroundings. Gaudy extravagant blooms and love for rock have earned for Walkerus the title of "Young People's Flower."

Walkerus delights in constant changes of position. It has a remarkable resistance to hardship and has even been known to survive fires.

Then followed the best-selling "Confessions of a Poet: Mother & The Other Women" dedicated to a mysterious Z.X. (Let the literary historians work those initials out!) It was banned in Victoria. Trucks rolled across the border by day and night. £3 a copy.

The ultimate: Harry went academic. R. Baxter Huxley, Ph.D., for his book of essays: "Midcult and the Bomb: Does Mankind Deserve Bertrand Russell?" This only sold 3 copies and Mum and Dad didn't understand anyway but the Nobel Prize and a chairmanship of an ABC Critics Show really raked it in. Gerald Lyons asked his views on censorship ("I haven't heard of Mary McCarthy but Noddy is one of the few not to have fallen into the anti-hero category"); Sidney Nolan painted the cover for his "Ned Kelly: Artist or Saint?"; Bill Dobell, the You Beaut Country Cultural Hero, painted him in the Archibald.

Social engagements were the next step in his Writers Progress. He presented the Winning Jockey with The Cup; kicked off for the Grand Final; placed the sash on Miss Australia with a lovable smile on those grand Aussie features; led the Anzac Day March; spoke out fearlessly against Communism. And retired to the English countryside.

Witty and impish he began to Speak After Dinner. But by the time dinner was finished Harry was stoned. Staggering to the platform, Harry fumbled the topic as (gasp: Yes) "The Sex Life of the Darlo Cop" ... The Police Commissioner, sipping hot milk at his Ashfield home, said he was shocked and humiliated. The Festival of Arts Committee didn't send him an invitation. A fearless critic proclaimed: "a writer who betrayed the mainstream of life of his virile native soil".

It should end. But:

"Hux", just divorced for the third time,



writes scripts for Cinematic Arts Inc., California. Known for his wives, E-type Jag and friendship of Bergman, he owns a lavish villa in Switzerland ("A beautiful country: An ancient unspoiled land, the soul of the Old World ... er, no taxes").

Homesickness set in. Harry came marching home again. With his magnum opus: "George, My Mate & Brother" and the critics raved. Then he went back to journalism ...

He just keeps going round and round in circles ...

TIM PIGOTT.

Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

CONGO

The Congo's a great bloody mess,
It's played like a mad game of chess,
Who the hell is the ruler?
Tshombe? Adoula?

Can even the Congolese guess?
NORTHERN RHODESIA
(ZAMBIA)

A prophetess, Alice Lenshina,
Had a following, like Sabrina,
She sat back and smiled,
When her Lumpas ran wild,
And her chances of Heaven grew leaner.

We put it this way
in the Navy - the best
scapegoat lies ten
fathoms deep



UNMINTED FAUNA



CALWELL GALAH: Best known for its intermittent hysterical squawk. Everyone's mate, it is invariably in labour. Has just learnt to fly using only its left wing.



ECHIDNA ANSETT, the spiny airways-eater. A night flyer — good at take-off; best at take-over. In between marauding flights, it is to be found hanging by its toes from lobby and backroom ceilings. Requires liberal feeding: will eat anything.



THE LIBERAL SHEEP have too much money to count in their sleep. Believed to be the only breed of sheep that actually fleeces others. A herd animal from way back, it follows the Good Shepherd Ming. Very non-ewe.



SANTAMARIA VAM-PIRE: Feeds exclusively on A.L.P. blood (preferably ripe red). Note the missing left wing, causing it to fly in continually decreasing circles.



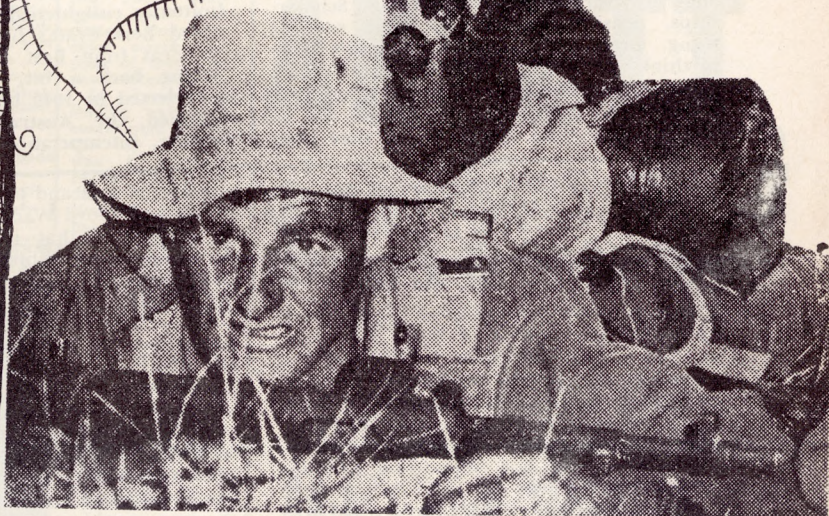
THE BUMBLE MING has a tired old sting: It oft is seen droning around the Queen.

* THESE COINS FIRST APPEARED ON THE RAY TAYLOR SHOW CHANNEL MELB.

WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US AT THE COMMONWEALTH MASOCHIST'S FEDERATION?

C.M.F. Camp Training

MORE MORE



BARBED WIRE breakthrough. Tough work, but this is an exercise that C.M.F. men enjoy when away from their routine civilian jobs.

AFTER the publication this month of "The Rulers" — in which DON WHITINGTON claims that the Menzies administration achieved nothing in its first fifteen years of government — an imaginary interview with the Prime Minister on his hundredth birthday by Alistair Duncan VI on "Time Out".



Good evening. Our guest tonight is Lord Robert Menzies, First Baron of Kooyong. Lord Robert was Prime Minister of Australia for two years up till 1941, during which he declared war, and for fifty years after 1949, during which he did nothing. Tell me, Lord Menzies, why was it you didn't do anything?

I wasn't in the mood. Besides, I had my reputation to think of. And, at any rate, what you say is not entirely correct. It is true that I did nothing. It is not true that I didn't do anything. To not do anything is merely wasting time. It's negative. To do nothing, however, is positive, and can be done deliberately. It largely depends on the way you do it. I did nothing with style.

But surely in all that time you sometimes had access to other people's ideas — ideas you could have put into effect and claimed as your very own?

True. But, my dear chap, why bother? I put it to you. The Mannix-Packer axis was on my side. I was assured of office for as long, well, for as long as my youth pills sustained me. Harold Holt continued in a state of eternal adolescence, Bert Evatt dribbled at the mouth and Cocky Calwell talked in that voice. On top of that my electors were getting younger and younger, and couldn't remember a time when I wasn't there. I was the mummy in the family cupboard, omnipresent and immovable. And so gradually I began taking credit for the Labor Government's achievements — and they weren't so very few, you know. Snowy River Scheme, Education Scholarships, pensions, universities, that sort of thing. Great heavens, man, I didn't have to think for myself. So why should I bother?

What was the most exciting thing that happened to you in all those years?

Well, aside from the thank-you note from

Tojo in 1941, and the birthday card from Nasser in 1956, I think it was when I was made Father of the Year at the age of sixty-nine. "What the devil?" I thought, when I heard it. "Surely she —" Then I remembered it was impossible. Actually it was only an excuse for having a party, so the who's who could catch up on who wasn't who any more. I think I called them the Fluctuating Elite. It was rather flattering nonetheless, although, I'm afraid, quite unfounded.

Do you think there was any hypocrisy in your approach to foreign policy during the short three-month period of the Goldwater presidency?

What, becoming a Grand High Dragon of the Klu Klux Klan? The gas ovens at Con-dobolin? Not a bit of it. I put it to you. At first the only way I could conceal the confusion in my own foreign policies was to blame Uncle Sam. So gradually it became convenient to do whatever he did. Thus without denying myself the pleasure of an idiotic foreign policy (because I love taking trips) I could escape all the blame. That poor devil Goldwater had his little pleasures, too, while they lasted. So why shouldn't I play along?

What were your relations with Queen Elizabeth II?

She came on tours. I also wrote her sonnets, but unfortunately she never understood them.

After America was destroyed and you assumed the office of Titular Head of the United Nations, with head offices in Koo-yong, from what source did you gain your admittedly enlightened policies?

Read Bert Evatt's biography. Got all my best ideas from Bert.

Going back a bit, would you say you were elected in 1949 because you personally embodied the Australian ideals of non-chalance, intemperance, and lassitude?

No, it was because I said I'd put value back into the pound. Well we all know what happened to that policy, ha ha, don't we? And also I said I'd abolish the A.B.C. Those pompous plum-suckers embodied everything we red blooded Australians loathed — objectivity.

Then why didn't you?

Abolish it? What, and lose a free political rostrum? You must remember I am partly Scotch. And so, on reflection, are my meals.

Going back a little further, is it true you first determined to be a politician when you got your eyebrows caught in your zip fly and spent such a long time in a servile position you decided to be Top Dog?

I'm afraid that story is a little apocryphal. Obviously a man of my size couldn't bend down that far. Haven't seen my knee in sixty years.

Would you say your much-vaunted ability as an orator was much greater then, say, that of the average disc jockey?

Not really. We both had something to sell. We were both in it for the money. If need be, I would have spoken with the aid of a ventriloquist. I have no pride.

Lord Menzies, I put it to you that you were the most unscrupulous, cowardly boun-der ever to bloodsuck a gullible public, and you ought to be ashamed.

Ah, but you must remember there are bloodsuckers and bloodsuckers. It may well be true that my only achievements were those naturally accruing from the post-war upsurge of prosperity. It may well be true that the country would have been better off if I'd stayed a grocer's assistant in Jeparit. But I didn't tell many lies. I never said I'd do anything much, except drift along and play the schoolmasterly huckster and gerry-mander a bit when things looked dangerous. The people knew that and didn't care.

So why should I?

the onus was on the defence to establish not only literary and artistic merit but also the justification of publication.

The witnesses called to establish this merit, when pressed to elaborate, had been "most unconvincing". He submitted that if the magistrate had any doubts in this matter at all he should find the defendants guilty.

The prosecutor said that the cover of the February issue (three men standing in compromising positions in front of the P. & O. building) would lead most buyers to expect obscenities within the magazine.

They would not be disappointed. In fact, they would enjoy a bonus — there was not only emphasis on sexual matters but also on horror and crimes of violence, he claimed.

The Court seemed well supplied with copies of the magazine, presumably from the 120 originally confiscated by the police from a King's Cross newsagent.

OZ BCENITIES

IT'S good to see that Customs is not letting the gr**** grow under its feet. The latest book to get the meat-axe is "CANDY", a satire on pornography which has gathered raves where it may. According to the latest TIME-ratings it is currently America's best-seller. Too bad for Australia.

AWARD for the best supporting headline of the month goes to PIX. Under the heading "SANDY "TOPLESS" NELSON comes "EMERGENCY TIPS FOR DRIVERS".

VERDICT in the OZ trial will be handed down by Mr. Locke, S.M., on September 23.

Counsel for the defence (OZ Publications,

its editorial staff and printer), Messrs. Trevor Martin and Lloyd Waddy, in their summing-up, submitted that the defence had discharged its responsibility to show that the issue prosecuted, February OZ, had literary and artistic merit.

They claimed that the onus was on the prosecution to show that, notwithstanding this merit, the publication was unjustified. The prosecution had in fact called no witness to show this, whereas the defence had called a number of witnesses—including the headmistress of a girls' school, a professor of moral philosophy, a criminologist and two psychiatrists—to testify that in their opinion the issue would not deprave and corrupt.

The defence submitted that, since this was a criminal prosecution, any doubts in the magistrate's mind should be settled in favour of the defendants.

THE prosecutor, Sergt. Ellis, claimed that

THE OZTRALIAN

NUMBER EIGHTY-SIX

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 31 1964

PRICE SIXPENCE

NEW MOVES PLANNED AFOOT

Controversy, crisis and chaos now seem almost imminent

It is rumoured by unusually reliable sources that the Government will issue a new report in the next few days, months or years.

The details of this impending plan are still officially secret. It has even hushed our usually reliable inside sources.

However, our confidential Cabinet sources have refused to deny that it is actually a report on new moves by our inside sources.

It is expected, unofficially, that far-sweeping new trends will eventuate when the report reaches the Prime Minister. A split in the ranks seems likely when Sir Robert reaches for the report.

Drastic changes, foreshadowed by the Treasury, are gaining currency but on this point our Mint sources are silent.

In the foreseeable future this submission afoot may bring many dissidents to heel. Opposition is expected from within and without Parliament.

Even without Parliament we will keep the impending projected controversy alive and bring you each day further exciting, informative details culled from our sources.

RAPER HUNG UP

When our man Ozzie Jumbuck rang up famous Rugby League footballer Johnny Raper to ask his comment on last Saturday's match, he had the receiver slammed in his ear.

Wind called Maria

On the East coast of Florida today Hurricane Harry met Monsoon Maria.

The event was breathtaking: it was just at first gust.

The two zephyrs screwed over Miami beach most

of the morning and then resumed again in the afternoon, when they got their second wind.

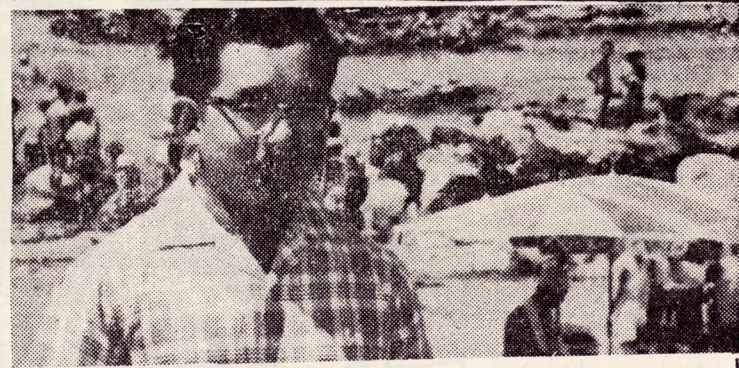
After a whirlwind romance, they married and blew out of town, where they consummated half the neighbouring district.

They are heading for Texas, where Harry aims to become a typhoon.

Dombeyand Sun

STOP PRESS

I want to get off it



BIG MINH OR GEN. KHANH?

YOU'LL havh to workh it out forh yourself, if you canh, manh

I KHANH KHANH LIKE NGUYEN KHANH

FROM OUR MAN IN HAVANA

In the early hours of this morning a Plane of Jars landed on the Bay of Pigs.

This has brought life almost to a standstill in this famous international wildlife sanctuary in which are preserved in their natural habitat all

manner of fauna, like U.S. Marines, etc.

In Washington this act of aggression is seen as an attempt to Viet Cong Cuba's latest attempts to cut into South Vietnam's most important export — foreign press releases.

According to the latest statistics, South Vietnam has now ousted Cuba as chief world supplier of this vital raw material.

In London a leading naturalist commented that the bay of pigs was a sound rarely heard today. An expedition of students has set out to try or taperecord it or posterity.

A spokesman for Whitehall said a complaint would be laid. A veterinary surgeon later visited the

fowl-house to diagnose the complaint.

In Havana, interviewed at his surgery, Dr. Castro commented: "I guess I'm Chiang Kai-Shek-mated."

Boy found shot in room

SASKATCHEWAN, SUNDAY

Francois Bidet, 9-year-old offshoot of a famous Canadian timber-getting family, was puzzled to find small pieces of metal strewn

across the floor of his room early this morning.

Police later identified the metal as lead shot.

Winnipeg Gazette

BLONDE MAKES HEADS TURN

Miss Madeleine Hill took more than six hours to cover five miles when Monsoon Molly hit the Scottish Highlands this morning.

Her car at one stage was blown right across three lanes of traffic on busy Highway 72, into the path of

oncoming cars. But the 72-year-old, white-haired headmistress from Kithness was determined to reach the school principals' get-together, held annually at Brigadoon.

And she made it!

Brigadoon Bugle

NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF SEX



WE find, to brighten up an otherwise thoroughly dull page

FOR THOSE WHO TRUST THE WEATHER —
Mostly fine in some parts

Lady Bird
Lady Bird
flies away
home

The White House was on fire and all the young LBJ's had POQ-ed, AWL.
The Last Post

THIS IS THE YEAR OF

ANSETT

- In Queensland, when they passed me over for the new TV channel, I just went and bought up the company that had been given the licence . . .
- In Victoria, when they wanted to build a dam on my property, I just bought up the place next door and talked the State Rivers Commission into taking that instead . . .
- In N.S.W., when the High Court decided the State Government could curb my activities there, my buddy, Ming, decided that he might like to take over intrastate air control himself . . .

REG ANSETT

the opportunist who knocks twice and then lets himself in the back door

COMES SEPTEMBER
AND —

THE RETURN

WITH APOLOGIES TO OMAR KHAYYAM



HERE, WITH A
HAMBURGER IN
THE BACKSEAT.....
A TUBE OF FOSTERS, A
TRANSISTOR AND THOU
BESIDE ME IN THE MINI..
...AND A MINI' IS
PARADISE ENOW.



Witzig: Would you explain what you mean by saying the surfing movement is virtually asexual?

Thomas: Within the tradition of a teenage cult, there has been a very blatant and very self-conscious sex-peddling. In Rock'n'roll, for instance, Presley and Little Richard pushed sex in their presentation—in the body movements and so on. They were deliberately provocative. The lyrics of the songs emphasised sex all the time.

Surfie music is, for the most part, instrumental. It's played by anonymous groups—there are no Presleys. The lyrics of the songs concentrate on the sport—surf, sand, waves. The actual dance is different from Rock'n'roll. The stomp is a mechanical thing. You dance it alone or girls dance with each other.

Witzig: I've mixed with a lot of different groups. Private school groups, University... there is more sexual activity among the surfing group than any other.

Thomas: Are you talking about Brenda-the-Bender type orgies: putting on a queue and thing? This is terrifically unromantic. Putting on a queue so you can blow once a week—so you don't have to worry about sex—so you can spend more time on the beach.

Witzig: That may go on but so does normal promiscuity. Surfing women are more sexually promiscuous. It starts younger and goes on further. You're wrong when you say the movement is asexual.

Thomas: Still, the emphasis of the surfie movement is not on sex as in previous fads.

Witzig: But in any sport—football, golf, cricket—is the emphasis ever on sport?

OZ: Why is this lack of emphasis unhealthy?

Thomas: This is not what I called unhealthy. The complete subjection of individuality to group values and group attitudes is terribly unhealthy in a very big, young population.

Witzig: Very young people with a common interest are bound to develop group attitudes and a group jargon. The whole thing you're forgetting is that surfing is a sport. Real surfing is something you can get terribly involved in. It is tremendously rewarding, physically and emotionally.

Thomas: This is something that amazes me when I talk to people like you. This fantastic devotion...

Witzig: Yes, that's right. You can become so

A rather earnest young Sydney journalist recently published an article in the national surfing cult. His more conservative local press and attacked by dedicated surfers. Witzig is a former Architecture student who threw in the fourth year of his studies in America and obtaining the rights to surf in Australia. Witzig later began Surfing Promotions, as well as handling "Midge Farrelly Skating Boards", the inevitable accessories to surfdom.

deeply involved. Phil Edwards, a close friend of mine, used to be utterly devoted to the sport. He did nothing but surf all day. When he was out of the water he wore gloves. He would not touch doorknobs or money. He was afraid of being contaminated by other people's germs. That's deeply you can become involved in surfing. If this devotion occurs naturally, how can you say it's unhealthy?

Thomas: But some of the people I interviewed had an arrogant ignorance of anything outside surfing. "Bomie", for instance, lives off the dole, odd jobs and women. He's a full-time surfer. If it gets to the stage where that's all there is in life then it's terrifically bad.

Witzig: I think it's bloody brilliant. You can get to the stage where you can surf all day long and you don't want to talk to anyone, just go to sleep, get up next morning and surf again. You can get sexual fulfilment; you can get emotional fulfilment. It's tremendously satisfying.

Thomas: But how escapist for Chrissake. It's 100 per cent escapist.

Witzig: You might say it's escaping from something. I might say it's finding something. Especially if you can find complete satisfaction. An individual exists only to satisfy himself. How can you call it unhealthy? It can be a great fulfilment. Take a musician who spends his life in a cave composing music. Would you call this unhealthy?

Thomas: No. He's writing for other people. To me riding a wave is terrifically unimportant because it is absolutely unproduc-

OF THE SURFIE

A WHITE
SPORTSCOAT AND
A GREEN CARNATION



Journalist, **Michael Thomas**,
the "New Statesman" on the
colourful jibes were republished by the
noted surfer, **Paul Witzig**.
resident at Sydney University
course after meeting Bruce Brown
to distribute his surfing films
surfing Promotions

dling Brown's films, distributes
-shirts and all the other

tive. It is terribly insignificant in anything
but a narcissistic sense. Unproductive people
are unhealthy. Take someone like Salinger.
he has withdrawn. But he is offering some-
thing to the world. Or even a man who goes
away and invents seamless nylons. He's
contributing something. Or even the beat-
nik. He's withdrawn. He's rebellious. But
what he's not doing has some relevance to
what he was once doing. This mute form
of protest is in some way significant. To
spend your life riding a wave is terribly in-
significant.

Witzig: It's wrong for you to say that one
kind of human activity is worthwhile and
another is not. You are not in a position to
judge this. You say surfing is not contrib-
utory. But the musician is only contribut-
ing because he has a receptive audience. A
surfer who perfects a technique is contribut-
ing something to those who love the sport.

Thomas: I think I am entitled to make
some judgment of human behaviour. I
think the person who goes away and makes
a study of masturbation is not doing very
much. He has the right to do it. But
I don't think he is doing anything worth-
while. I don't think surfing is worthwhile.
Witzig: That is because you haven't ex-
perienced it. You haven't got involved
enough to understand what it can mean. I
maintain it can be extremely significant.

Thomas: I'm amazed.

Witzig: If I spend weeks away surfing, I do
nothing but eat and sleep. I don't need to
drink, smoke or have any sex. I get com-
plete emotional satisfaction.

Thomas: All I get is wet.

THE SURFIES GUIDE TO CORRECT DINNER PARTY TERMINOLOGY

BOARD:

Not a "plank". An expression used in dinner
party conversation meaning dull or dreary.

HO DAD:

By George, father! That was an amusing story!

WALK THE PLANK:

Boarding overseas jet-liner for quick out-of-
country dinner.

SCHOONER:

Large pleasure craft. (With sails; but motor al-
ways used.)

DOWN THE MINE:

We're ruined — simply ruined — the stock
market has crashed!

GAS TURN:

A little disturbing post-prandial flatulence.

GREMMIE:

Affectionate term for dowager Grandmother.

SPINNER:

The Butler. As in: "More port, Spinner."

OUT THE BACK:

Vague direction of family property. Indicated
by even vaguer hand wave.

MAD CASE:

Lady Cynthia's delightful divorce action.

KING:

What Lord Basingthwaip went dressed as to
last year's charity masquerade.

ROCKER:

Astounding news (usually about one's nearest
friend) which must be passed on as quickly as
possible.

FLICK OFF:

Never practised. The cigar ash should be let
to drop off by itself.

HOT DOG:

Eaten when slumming.

LITTLE PATTIE:

A small hors d'oeuvre.

CRASHING:

See "BOARD".

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GOSH! A great BIG City like SYDNEY is a REALLY VITAL COLOURFUL PLACE with MILLIONS OF FASCINATING VITAL colourful people and so many different vital colourful things to do - why on Monday I went to see



Peter O'Toole was superb as Lawrence just like it says. AND THEN ON TUESDAY I WENT TO SEE

"THE VICTORS"

CARL FOREMAN'S

NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

from the MAN WHO GAVE US THE GUNS OF NAVARONE "now 'The VICTORS' which was really marvellous, BEN CASEY was in it."

ON WEDNESDAY I SAW



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and on THURSDAY NIGHT I SAW A STORY UNPARALLELED IN ITS MAGNITUDE



ON FRIDAY I SAW



and found out WHY DR. STRANGE LOVE wanted 10 WOMEN FOR EACH MAN That FILM really made me THINK

ON SATURDAY NIGHT Jan and I are going to SEE *Lilac Time*, I think we should see a "live show" every once in a while, one shouldn't loose touch with REALITY

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All About OZ

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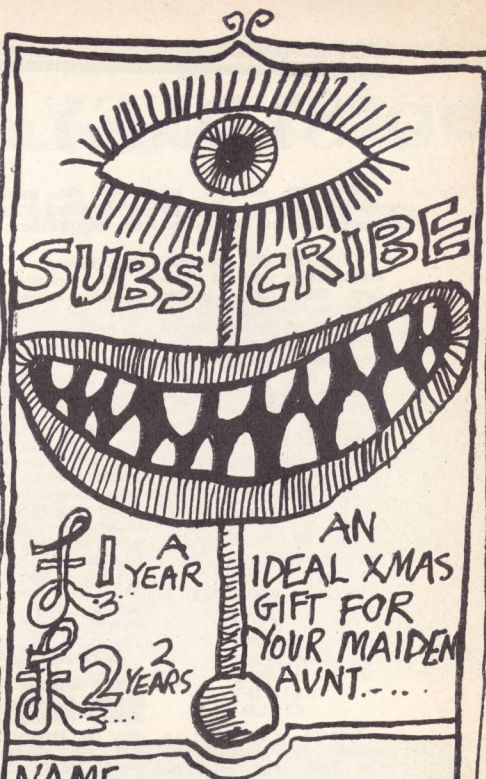
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AGENCY

SYDNEY: VORTEX OF PERVERSION

"Glutinous corpses spattered the unctuously smelling streets of Ancient Sydney."—Sydney: Perspectives in Revulsion", by this author.

STUDIES OF the ante-Operasian period (before the Opera House) seem to confirm this assessment of Sydney in the 1960's. Particularly illuminating for the archaeologist are the popular journals (or "newspapers") of the day. The following is a random sample of the headlines:

CLERGYMAN
CANNIBAL,
POPE
SPEWS
* * *

FIEND USES
STEEL WOOL
CONTRACEPTIVE
* * *

MOTHER
WATCHES
SPASTIC
CRUCIFY
CHILD

Though revulsion mingles with gratitude for the light they shed on contemporary life, it is not really known what purpose these newspapers served.

Linguistic studies have shown that "news" is an abbreviation for north, east, south and west. It is therefore suggested that it was something hung up to see which way the wind blew. Of the word "paper" little is known except that it was an ingredient in a contraption (called "fly-paper") for trapping flies.

It is therefore postulated that "newspaper" was a device for plucking noxious objects out of thin air. What relation, however, this hypothesis has to these admirable, crisp black insights into twentieth century life, when "honeymooners" were drenched in their beds" (see Aristotle: "Look Back and Vomit", p. 22) is not yet known.

Revolting image

Professor Pygmalion (author of "The Interlocking Overlappers", "The Overbearing Undercutters", "The Interfering Uppercrusters" and "Studies in Classic Prostitution") has a theory that, in an age when thinking as a habit had been largely replaced by smoking, the average Sydneysite needed at least one revolting image a day to keep his brain-blood flowing.

It mattered little what the image was (though it mostly mingled lust and death) so long as it belovied "for shame" in thick, black monstrous capitals. Thus "Meriden—Mistress Sacked" took on the same momentous importance as "Washington—President Shot" (meaning "President Drunk"), and the same momentous impotence. And the amount of ink used in revealing, shall we say, that a famous Swedish actress had not only disrobed, but done so in private in order to take a bath, would fill fifteen pages of the "Lon-

don Times".

As a matter of fact, a valuable contrast could here be made with the "London Times", which was a masterpiece of objectivity.

In proclaiming, for instance, the outbreak of World War II in quarter inch type at the bottom of page fourteen it recognised that to the man peddling socks in the front page classifieds a war was a mere nothing, while his socks were all. Thus it wisely applied the Oracle Parkinson's 7th Law — "When in doubt, shrug". The man couldn't stop it, so why should he worry?

Naked vampire

Its contrast with the Sydney journals is immediately obvious. In Sydney, the typical "Editor" was an extremely passionate man who worked on the assumption that if a housewife was minced to porridge by a naked vampire in, say, Bechuanaland, it was of immediate relevance to Sydney.

It is not known how such apparent mental defects gained such high positions, though the simple thesis that it takes an idiot to please an idiot must not be overlooked.

A typical "Editorial" (meaning, presumably, "the mutilator's war-cry") postulated the theory that "Sydney's Women Go In Fear Of Their Lives". In support of this, it claims that "sexual maniacs" (a prominent pressure group of the time, whose needs society could not fulfil) were exposing themselves nightly in every Sydney street, and police should search everyone for loose

1. an interesting word, meaning "The cutter out", "the cutter up" or "the mutilator". His task it was to skin each story of all extraneous matter, such as perspective.



SYDNEY STREET 1964: a cutting from one of its dailies

fly-buttons or the city's womanhood was doomed.

This Editor apparently forgot that women obviously liked going in fear of their lives or they wouldn't be buying his papers.

Buggery

It appears that acts of buggery, decapitation, infanticide, etc., though very common, were committed only in the afternoon or late enough in the morning to spice the afternoon editions. Multifarious explanatory hypotheses of why this was so have been, in the main, inadequate.

Professor Aristotle declares that Sydneysites were unduly affected by the sun (which one of their newspapers worshipping and their joy each morning at seeing the sun drove some of them temporarily mad).

He supports his hypothesis with the observable fact that many of them went through elaborate morning rituals involving physical jerks, a mock

throat-cutting, the smashing of alarm clocks, and claiming in a mystic fashion that their breakfast cereals "talked" (we have films of this).

Professor Aristotle thinks that these rituals occupied the energies of the joyous sun-worshippers until he went to Professor Aristotle de-

2. Note on the word "work". It is an odd word, meaning an extended period of time in which a person withheld his natural energies while sitting down and thus became exhausted.

He also quotes the irrefutable evidence of the mass-cult "sun-bake" rituals where people too overjoyed to look at the sun would put on blinders to shut it out and the rather loose thesis that the nightly televised sermons of doom known as "Reflections" were based on a fear that the sun might never rise again.

Professor Aristotle's theory, then, was that "maniacs" were people who stayed home one day from "work" and got too much sun. Thence they became so joyous they straightway tried to procreate. Then they thought of the child-rearing costs, and slaughtered the prospective mother.

Tax returns

Child-rearing costs, judging by contemporary income-tax returns, were enormous. This would account for the large proportion of murderers who strangled only their wives or the women they had just finished ravishing.

Other hypotheses that murders were committed by men too poor to own an alarm clock or a breakfast cereal or by men who were bald and thus more susceptible to the sun, are too obscure to examine here. Scholars persisting with the "sun" theory always leave out of their calculations the small but significant number of murders committed on rainy days.

My own thesis, I think, is far more realistic, and more in line with the admitted unscrupulous rapacity of those turbulent days.

Plainly, the real facts

are these. The newspaper editors, who were all wealthy men, realised that the reading public, after a hard day's "work" (viz. sitting down) were stupid enough to believe anything. They therefore hired murderers to rape and strangle octogenarians in the morning on the understanding that when they got out of gaol — in five years' time on good behaviour — they would be eligible for positions as journalists (because of their suitable backgrounds).

Euthanasia

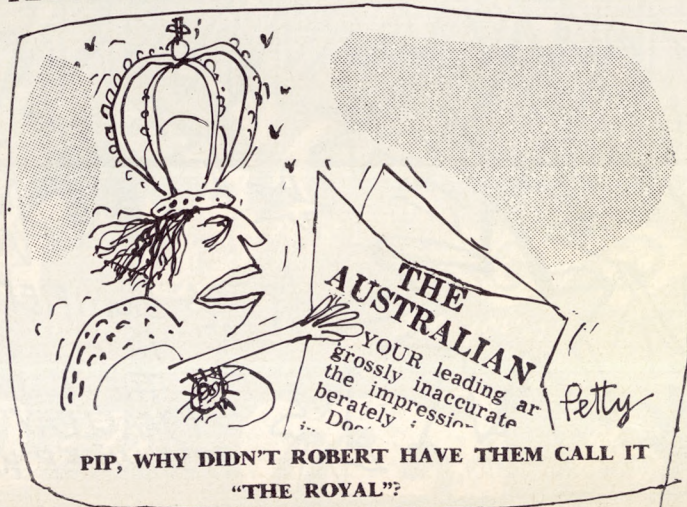
Thus the editors mixed self-interest with a benevolent euthanasia. The one proviso, of course, as understood by the hired killers, was to strangle in time for the evening edition.

These Sydney journals, valuable as they are as evidence of what actually happened in Sydney (or, indeed, that anything happened at all) are, however, insufficient sources for an unbiased panorama of contemporary life.

It was not possible for them to report every murder that took place; obviously there were thousands more daily. It was not, we must remember, the job of these papers to report all the news; only a fair sample; and then only that which was "fit to print".

What untold horrors were also perpetrated in corpse-mangling Sydney cannot be imagined. That disgusting side of ancient history must remain forever sealed, alas. Or, should I say thank goodness?

PETTY COMMENT



PIP, WHY DIDN'T ROBERT HAVE THEM CALL IT
"THE ROYAL"?

This is the *Peter Brennan* page

— The column on the lighter side



ANYONE for the jewel-box?



ANYONE for a dip?



ANYONE for puppy love?



ANYONE for bed?

Sorry. We got so carried away pasting up the pickies that we forgot to leave any space for the column.

—ED.



ANYONE?



TWO PAGES OF

JAPAN 1964

by Shanti Zaveri



London Letter

THE new advertising campaign for Australian foods in England features guess what? A man on a surfboard sliding down a very large wave, carrying a tray full of Australian foods, usually canned pears. The caption reads: ALL THE BEST FROM AUSTRALIA. SUNSATIONAL CANNED PEARS (or whatever).

This inspiration came from an Australian copywriter from Greenlys, the agency that handles Australia. But unfortunately he went home when it was still in production. This left no one around who knew very much about surfboards, and the stages the ad. went through before it reached the great English public were ludicrous.

First it was demanded that the man, and even the props, should be genuine. So, from Australia came an expensive photo of a very odd model standing on a very motionless surfboard in very shallow water. This was thrown out. Then came a clever piece of faking, which would have been all right except that the man in question was wearing a quaint English bathing cap. This too was thrown out. It was at this stage that some genius suggested that a kangaroo would look better than a man, but repeated experiments showed that a man in a kangaroo suit could not stay upright on a surfboard, even when the tail was nailed down. And so it went on. Many, many taxpayers' pounds. Later came the end result: an American model on the Atlantic Ocean carrying a tray of plastic canned fruit. All the best from Australia.



WHILE desperately raking through the ashes of the recent Commonwealth

14 OZ, September.

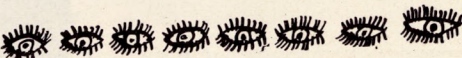
Prime Ministers' Conference in the hope that he might come across something useful for the forthcoming elections, Sir Alec Douglas-Home was pleased to stumble over our Prime Minister in exile, Sir Robert of the thistle. Not, admittedly, in person (though even that would have been no surprise; many bets were lost round Australia House when he visited home before the end of the Test series) but as one of the few remaining pillars of the Great Conservative Dream of a Commonwealth in which White men lead the others towards a vague, but definitely God-Queen-and-Country-fearing, Utopia.

Bloody good stuff, thought Sir Alec. We can use that. But other Tory supporters were not so sure. Unquestionably Sir Robert had the right attitudes, but was he quite a nice person? With pain and gloom they reminded Sir Alec of Sir Robert's overnight stay at Chequers, which the other PM's had left shortly after dinner. Was it true, someone asked, that the only reason Sir Robert left at all was that lackeys poured black coffee into him and gently but firmly carried him towards the door?

And then there was that embarrassing business of Sir Robert blowing the gaff on Southern Rhodesia. After all the trouble Sir Alec and his advisers had been to in drafting a resolution that seemed to commit Britain to some course of action, but in fact (by the judicious use of phrases like "the opinion was expressed..." or "some members also felt...") committed no one to anything at all, Sir Robert had to go and admit that it committed no one to anything at all. And this the very day that Jomo Kenyatta had publicly stated that what he had meant, and in fact what 90% of the delegates had meant, was that Britain actually had to do something at last.

And let us not forget that nasty affair of Sir Robert leaving in the middle of Jomo Kenyatta's opening speech; and not being there at all for Albert Margai's speech on South Africa; and then attacking Mr. Margai outside the conference, a gross and boorish breach of courtesy. In fact, about the only good thing that happened to Sir Robert was being made an honorary member of the Imperial Institute of Builders, and then most people thought the adjective was in the wrong place.

It was hinted that Sir Robert had become rather a bad joke, and not at all the sort of person to be linked with during a general election. But only Time (and of course the "Daily Telegraph") will tell whether Sir Alec decides to take a flyer on our Bob.



AS winter approaches, talk at the Surrey (the pub near Australia House that serves Foster's Lager) turns to home, and the dreadful rumour that Australians in England may have to wait seven years instead of the present five before they can count as immigrants and go home for ten pounds. Two Western Australians beat up an Englishman; another, more logical, hit a member of the immigration department from Australia House. Oh to be in April, Now that England's here.

—AUS

BROADLY speaking, modern Japanese are of three types.

Firstly, there are the Pro-japanese Japanese, by which I mean the ultra-nationalists or, in modern parlance, ultra-rightists, who think, act and want everything Japanese. They hate all aliens whether they are from the East or West. I would call them, with all apologies to General Tojo (who, after all, wasn't as bad as he was made out to be or not even bad at all), the "Tojo Tribe." And, believe it or not, there are still too many of them hiding in the most unexpected places and among the most unexpected people. They are still writhing and wriggling under the humiliation and defeat of the last war which they have neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Secondly, there are Anti-japanese Japanese. You may not believe this but there are quite a few who hate everything Japanese and would emigrate to any other country if they had the means and opportunity to do so. Most of them you will find among the younger generation, who have taken to the Way of the West and are fast joining the ranks of the Beatnik.

And thirdly, there are those who are too confused to know where they stand or what they believe or want.

Before the war, the Japanese, like their Chinese brothers, used to look upon all foreigners as barbarians. Despite the knowledge and understanding of the foreigner gained after the war, there are many Japanese who still hold this view and sometimes do not hesitate to pronounce it in various ways.

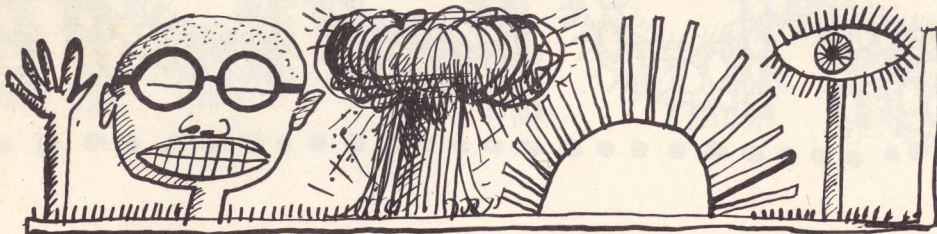
They still consider themselves superior to any other race on earth and the Tojo Spirit has never really died out. This is, I believe, mainly due to their long isolation from the rest of the world and an uninterrupted history of national independence until a decade or two ago.

In fact, their minds are still moulded in almost every respect by Big Brother China. This is only natural. In the past everything has come here by way of China to which they were closely bound, being the nearest mass of land to their country. There is hardly anything—whether in art, science or language—which can claim its origin in this country.

That was until the end of the war. The crushing defeat turned the tables after that and now it's America they are looking to in almost everything. This is the case of the vanquished following and imitating the victors. It is particularly true in the case of

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WORLD CABLES



the younger generation born after the war.

However, the greatest change has been among the young Japanese women who have found themselves absolutely free from the past bondage and traditions and are determined to enjoy that freedom fully. That is why they admire foreigners more than the boys and some of them even yearn to marry them. And were it not for the language barrier one does not know what would have happened.

The bitter lesson of the last war had humiliated and humbled them and cured them of their past arrogance, it was believed. But if people have short memories then Japanese perhaps have even shorter memories. Only one decade of economic prosperity, thanks to American aid and

benevolence, combined with the Korean war, has already turned their heads once again and the old spirit has returned even more vigorously.

Today's Japanese suffer from many complexes of superiority as well as inferiority. He is jealous of the foreigner, particularly the American. He wants to vie with him in almost every field and even surpass him, if possible, though basically he has nothing with which to compete. Unfortunately, he knows this too well and hence feels extremely frustrated. This has given birth to the inferiority complex which he can't overcome.

On the other hand, partly perhaps as a result of this, he wants and claims the leadership of Asia and Africa. General

Tojo tried to establish this claim by force of arms but failed. But the claim has never been abandoned and is again being pressed forward, this time with the backing of America and some other Western nations. It is based on the economic boom at home and a trickle of financial aid advanced to these countries, mostly as loans with interest. Isn't this enough to claim the right of leadership? they ask. However, the underdeveloped countries have different ideas. They ask for better qualifications for leadership than financial aid.

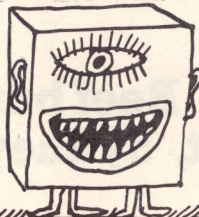
Anyway, the Japanese have a superiority complex toward their backward Asian and African brothers, who no doubt are terribly hurt when they are snubbed.

However, the Japanese know their dependence on the outside world and their helplessness. They know that their prosperity is precarious. They can't dispense with the foreigner and his trade without the entire economy collapsing. Thus many of them hate the foreigner, but fear him at the same time. Even if he is an evil, it's necessary evil they think, which they must tolerate.

That is the reason why there is such double talk and double dealing in almost everything.

THE VILLAGE SQUARE

No. 6



"The fact that it is today widely accepted . . . that the sensual is not a forbidden topic is one of the few good things that has happened in a world where so many things seem to have become worse."

—from William Cole's introduction to his anthology of "Erotic Poetry" (Random House, \$8.95)

Mostly About Things to Read

The topsy-turvy adventures of Alice when she crawled through the looking glass do not contain merely chess references but can actually be played out on a chess board, according to Martin Gardner, author of "The Annotated Alice" (World, \$2.25), one of the most delightful books I have read all year. Gardner's extensive footnotes to the two Alice stories make my favourite book more interesting than ever . . . A country that is run on the principle of logic and commonsense is obviously too utopian to exist, and that's why Louis J. Halle's "Sedge" (Praeger, \$3.50) has to be mythical. But Sedge, in addition to prodding the imagination, implies most of what is wrong with our civilisation by showing what is right with theirs. . . . "Japan on \$5 a Day" (Pocket Books, \$1.95) by John Wilcock is a sexy sociological study as well as a travel book. I'll send an advance copy in return for \$1 and stamped, addressed envelope or label . . .

Britain's most influential medical journal, The Lancet, has suggested that consideration might be given to legalising marijuana. The drug "is almost certainly not addictive," says the editorial, which adds: "Aggression is valued in the West, and passivity in the East; alcohol, which releases aggression, is accepted in the West; marijuana and opiates achieve passivity and are valued in the East." . . . If the next Mayorality candidate offered to declare a general amnesty for all unpaid parking tickets, he'd win by a landslide . . . A friend of mine says the only practical thing to do with a parking ticket is to put it on the next car down the block. "Most of the time the other dumb clot will pay for it, and even when he doesn't they can't prove you've ever seen it." . . .

Nobody has ever been so frank about practical sex matters in a book as has Albert Ellis in "Sex and the Single Man" (Lyle Stuart, \$4.95) . . . Beautiful Gloria Steinem ("I Was a Playboy Bunny for Show Magazine") is responsible for "The Beach Book" (Viking, \$8.50), a heterogeneous anthology with a silver-paper-lined cover—for suntanning . . . The Free Humanist (25 cents from Box 4661,

Baltimore, Maryland) sounds dull but isn't. The fiery (and gutsy) Madalyn Murray is editor . . . The Pedestrian League of America (Box 1308, Church Street Station, NYC 8) will send a free copy of its newsletter in return for stamped, addressed envelope . . . Bernard Wolfe, one of the few novelists whose characters are recognisable as people I know speaking dialogue from my own milieu, has now tackled the Hollywood scene—mostly successfully—in "Come On Out, Daddy" (Scribner's \$5.95) . . . Instead of fluoridating the water, why don't they just put Enovid in all the reservoirs? Any girl who wanted to get pregnant could just not drink the water that day . . .

Little Words That Mean So Much

The famous Winston Churchill rebuke to a proofreader who changed his sentence structure because of an "illegal" final preposition—"This is the sort of impertinence up with which I will not put"—is quoted in an interesting article by John Nist, "The Idiomatic Preposition", in the quarterly magazine Word Study, of interest to all writers—and anybody interested in the written language.

The idiomatic preposition—the little word that attaches itself to a verb (examples are in, on, off, to, out, up, with)—often packs "a great deal of moral edification and spiritual enlightenment into its semantic structure", writes Nist.

"Thus, an athlete who refuses to let up for a breather may soon find himself involved in a serious letdown. He who does not pass up that third drink at a cocktail party may ultimately pass out . . ."

BALLAD OF NEW WORDS

stubble mulch, slop jar
string quartet, stock car
source boik, sacred cow
steamer trunk, solemn vow
sudden death, smoke-filled room
sandwich board, sonic boom
silver screen, strep throat
spinner play, straw vote
shish kebab, sandy loam
scandal sheet, soldiers' home
squirrel cage, sour mash
song and dance, swung dash
shelter half, swim fin
state guard, scatter pin
scrub brush, swimmer's itch
service charge, slip stitch
spirit lamp, sucking louse
section hand, solar house
surgeon general, scratch sheet
sweat pants, sliding seat
set point, strawberry roan
spoon feed, strike zone
shore dinner, striped bass
sweetie pie, sung mass
shop steward, skid row
steel band, ski tow

There's much more on these lines, and the remainder of Word Study (published by the G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield 2, Massachusetts) is devoted to letters from readers, several of which are concerned with the origin of words. One reader, for example, points out that the higher use of the word "like" first popped up in a 16th-century poem in the line: "Yon man is like out of his mind."

The Merriam people, who publish dictionaries, reserve Word Study for colleges and teachers, but maybe they'll send a sample copy if you ask them nicely. If you can get the December issue you'll find it contains the complete version of the poem which is excerpted to the left. All the words are from the seventh edition of Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.

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