BOY, what a predicament! Apparently we’ve all got to sit round for the next eighteen months pretending like mad that LBJ is every bit as good as JFK was — a vintage model of the New Frontiersman tuned up for the occasion. Because if we dare breathe one word of criticism America might fall into the waiting arms of Senator B. Goldwater.

Well, I suppose that catastrophe is worth a lot of kidding. But it’s going to be hard to maintain the illusion that Johnson is anything more than a pretty sound career politician — a dilute version of that other Roosevelt protege, Harry S. Truman.

The LBJ-mania sounds the kind of gimmick-prop upon which lesser men lean. And as for Ladybird — Hell, why doesn’t she elope with one of the Beatles?

The Revelations of the Film "that ends where all the others begin" for thei part he plays Sydney’s own Dr John McGillicuddy as "the criminal's friend" for the part he plays in the murder of two others. Now, he’s confessed to two more alleged murders and nobody knows how many more he’ll confess to.

Well, if you’ve got to go, you’ve got to go; but prison officials are afraid that if someone doesn’t gag him soon they’ll lose their whole clientele.

1963 was the year of the company directors.

Do you remember: the Stein brothers and the International Vending Machine crash; Stanley Korman and the Chevron collapse? The Reid Murray bungle, the Standard Insurance swindle, the Latec scandal? This month we have had: the Ducon double-dealings and Factors fraud; revelations about “Santa” Sennes and a reminder of the old “Australian gold bubble” case with the death of Claude de Bernales.

Meanwhile in Melbourne where the Companies (Public Borrowings) Act is being pushed through to shut the stable door, it was revealed that two men in that city sit on more than fifty boards of directors and one sits on 78 of them.

However, this month we have to announce that the good doctor has met his match in Perth murderer Eric Edgar Cooke.

Cooke has been sentenced to death over the murder of two people and the attempted murder of two others. Now, he’s confessed to two more alleged murders and nobody knows how many more he’ll confess to.

In a study of seventeen nations Dr Stanley A. Rudin, of Dalhousie University, USA, found perfect correlation between causes of death and reaction to frustration. He put it this way:

* * *

If you frustrate an Englishman, he will keep a stiff upper lip and develop an ulcer.

If you frustrate an Irishman, he will die of angry hypertension.

If you frustrate an American, he will shoot you, then establish a million-dol-

lar aid programme for your relatives. Then he will die of an ulcer.

Australia did not rate a mention among Dr Rudin’s findings but I think we can safely say:

* * *

Turn Again, Danny Boy. Once upon a time, in a moment of rashness, Arthur Augustus Calwell told a television audience that the Labor Party’s real chance of electoral success would only come with “the angel of death”.

At last on November 7, the angel of death came. And Arthur, in a touching scene, tarnished only by the political undertones, was dutifully at the deathbed. He later referred to the Archbishop as one of “the two greatest figures the Catholic Church in Australia has known”, a rather tactless smack in the eye for Sydney’s Cardinal Gilroy, who was not the other one and may have been reminded that when he was chosen cardinal in 1945 the same A. A. Calwell publicly expressed bitter resentment that the Vatican had passed over “the nation’s greatest ecclesiastic — the venerable Archbishop of Melbourne”.

Calwell, Gilroy, Mannix — what a fascinating Roman trinity! But, alas, the angel of death brought no Promised Land for over-eager Arthur.

* * *

Let’s put the X back into Xmas.

* * *

Do you remember Mandy Rice Davies? The Lady Hamilton who met neither her Waterloo nor her Nelson but made a clean breast of things and made her fortune from the dirt that had been clinging there all those years?

Back into the news she leapt with a timely observation to remind us what a warm-hearted creature she really is: “Fate is strange. Here am I going off to a party with wealthy and famous people and Christine is in a cell.”

Non is more sensitive to public feeling than the film industry. Thus, after the assassination, United Artists withdrew their film “Manchurian Candidate”, about the attempted assassination of the US President by a Communist-brainwashed ex-GI, on the grounds of bad taste.

But never fear — the pocket still masters the conscience. As soon as the time is ripe “PT109” will leap back onto the local screens with the kind of publicity guaranteed to make your stomach turn.

As well be killed for a sheep . . . Last July, you will remember, OZ named Sydney’s own Dr John McGillicuddy as “the criminals’ friend” for the part he plays in letting criminals loose onto society.

In the film “that begins where all the others left off”) are making The Revelations of Gabriel, the film “that ends where all the others begin”.


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THE mystery of the Immaculate Conception is as old as Christmas itself. Apparently there was only one witness to the great event and they bought his silence by elevating him to the influential position of Holy Ghost.

But Hollywood has a way of eking out the most heavenly secrets on earth. This time the movie that made Barabbas (the film “that begins where all the others left off”) is making The Revelations of Gabriel, the film “that ends where all the others begin”. Its sub-title: What The Angel Saw.

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I trust the British taxpayer is as thrilled as his Australian counterpart at the prospect of four more Royal additions (minimal estimate) in the new year. After all it is out of his pocket that the money will come to maintain them for the rest of their lives. Still I suppose it's a good idea to run off a few reprints while the model is still in vogue.

At Botany cemetery, more than a dozen gravediggers were dismissed for refusing to work with one digger, who was described as "dangerous". The men, who work in pairs, claimed that they might be struck with a shovel or that grave timbering might collapse.

Nothing in recent years has brought home to the public more dramatically the dangerous and heroic work of the gravedigger. All those brave men picking and shovelling about in the bowels of the earth, defying death — either from being felled by an over-enthusiastic shovel or buried in a cave-in — in their attempts to make for death a better place!

Grave dangers indeed!

Troubles, troubles. . . Already there's an unseemly squabble between Jackie and the US Government over who will pay the gas bill for the eternal flame. It's not that everybody isn't sorry for Jackie, but the question is: how long is eternity? With the Government wary from experience about undertaking long-term commitments, it looks like Uncle Sam will hold the lantern while Jackie chops the wood. That is, unless they establish the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Eternal Flame Trust to maintain a little man standing at the ready with a pocketful of dimes to put in the gas meter every time the flame flickers.

Hark the Herald's angels sing Glories to the reborn Ming.

See the Sparkes Fly. The Professor seems to have really put his Orr in it by refusing to accept the University of Tasmania's offer of £16,000, plus legal costs.

For those who have never flagged in their support for this Amoratus Professor of Philosophy but still were keenly aware of the damage being done to the Australian education system by the prolongation of the quadwrangle, this must be a dilemma indeed.

It is obvious that the University of Tasmania would never take Orr back, but they have swallowed their pride sufficiently for most people's liking by conceding, at least partially and certainly under pressure, the errors of their ways. Also, no doubt, the resignations were not unwelcome.

In the unseemly rush to find justice in compromise, Orr suddenly is out in the cold again, asked to swallow the past years of humiliation and any chance of academic re-employment for £16,000. With a £50,000 libel suit pending and the university obviously unhappy at the prospect of defending it, why shouldn't he tack his colours to the justice of the law courts rather than the makeshift justice of academic politics?

If the University Council is genuine in its desire to seek a compromise and not just trying to buy Vice-Chancellor Isles out of trouble cheaply, then these same terms will be offered after the Court decision has been made. In the meantime, it might try to arrange some alternative academic post for the professor, and so end this unfortunate affair once and for all.

—nelson

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OZ, December
AUSTRALIA, as the current myth has it, is famous for many things, not the least of which is its population - you know, koala bears, wallabies, kangaroos and other beasts which bear their young in a pouch. The marsupial is for the Australian zoologist what the Harbour Bridge is for Mrs Everedge - a justification of nationalism.

That is not to deny that other continents have had their marsupials at some time or another, but elsewhere the marsupial was superseded by the mammal, a rather more efficient animal biologically, which then wiped out the marsupial.

Likewise those quaint aborigines, to which we evidence such an interesting love-hate relationship, are not peculiar because other races have never passed through such a primitive stage but merely because ours have passed beyond this stage. The aborigine, like the marsupial, the cygnet would add "like the Australian white" - represents the strange phenomenon of arrested evolution.

The explanation for all this is simple enough and for once the myth does not lag too far behind the reality. While not exactly a land of milk and honey, Australia is certainly more hospitable to animal life than most countries. Over the centuries it has been able to supply the often highly specific needs of its inhabitants and, more importantly, made very few demands upon them. Australia - unlike other countries with more extreme and variable conditions - has put no pressure upon its inhabitants to evolve more efficient ways of living and so, being good Australians, has benefitted from this over the centuries.

In 1788 the white man arrived bringing with him mammalian life. Both the new settlers brought more than just their own animal life. We may be symbolic; youth is governed by Sierra Leone's Daily Telegraph and London's Sunday Times. It appears that there are more European than African cars driving on the streets of Sierra Leone.

The Daily Telegraph and the Sunday Times are the only newspapers in Sierra Leone, and they are published not only in English but also in the Krio language. The Daily Telegraph is the oldest and most well-known newspaper in Sierra Leone, with a circulation of around 10,000 copies per day. The Sunday Times has a smaller circulation of around 5,000 copies per week.

The Daily Telegraph was founded in 1875, and the Sunday Times was founded in 1961. Both newspapers are headquartered in Freetown, the capital city of Sierra Leone.

The Daily Telegraph and the Sunday Times cover a range of topics, including politics, business, sports, and entertainment. They also publish feature articles and columns on local and international issues.

In addition to the newspapers, there are several radio and television channels in Sierra Leone. The oldest and most well-known radio station is Radio Freetown, which was founded in 1930. The oldest and most well-known television station is Sierra Leone Television, which was founded in 1978.

The state-owned Sierra Leone Broadcasting Corporation (SLBC) provides radio and television programming in both English and Krio. In addition to SLBC, there are several other private radio and television stations in the country.

The media in Sierra Leone is relatively free, although there are some restrictions on what can be published or broadcast. The government has occasionally imposed restrictions on the media, particularly during political crises.

Overall, the media in Sierra Leone is a vital source of information and entertainment for the country's population.

AUSTRALIA Where?

OZ is the only magazine in Australia consistently committed to an independent and objective criticism of the Australian scene, mainly (alas!) because we have no vested interest in any part of that scene. However, lest we appear to make the claim, quite unjustifiably, that no one else shares our concern at some of the nastier phenomena of Australian society today, we would refer the reader to two excellent articles that have appeared since our last publication:

• *Under Old Management* by Geoffrey Dutton (Nation, October 19).

Dutton's interest is in the myth Australia maintains overseas of youth and virility - a touching picture of us bounding from triumphs on the tennis court to bulldozing another million or two acres of virgin bush. "Alas, how embarrassing the truth would be if one were faceless enough to tell it, namely that youth in Australia controls nothing except, maybe, the teenage gramophone record business. This may be symbolic; youth is governed by its elders to a maximum of 45 rpm. Australia as a nation is run by old men and is subservient to senile institutions. When a war comes young men are as invaluable as they are expendable, and in sport, whatever the age of the gentlement who control it, young men have to do the running and the jumping."

He hastens to remind of Yeats' reference to "an old man's eagle minc": "But the essence of an eagle is that it is a loner. Eagles do not sit together on committees or congregate in clubs or cabinets."

Anybody can compile his own private list of grown sons hamstrung by aged parents, of governments, businesses, committees and associations where the young are likely to die before their chance comes. At the top of Dutton's own list is the octogenarian mentality of the Literary Advisory Board (familiar to readers of July OZ) under the inspiration of eighty-one-year-old Kenneth Binns.

"A random sampling produces a faminos shipping firm whose General Manager will be ninety next year and whose Chairman of Directors is so old that he does not even list his age in the Australian Who's Who; a sprightly director is only eighty this year. The Chancellor of Sydney University will be ninety next year. Chief Justice of South Australia was eighty last year. The General Manager of the ABC is a youngster of sixty-three, but he has been in his present position for nearly thirty years. . . . Our young rebels link to be almost old masters before they are appreciated. Dobell, Drysdale and Patrick White are in or past their fifties; all the angry young men, from Nolan to Max Harris, are in their forties."

• *She'll Do* Attitude Won't Do* by Owen Harries (first published in "The American Scholar"; reprinted in Saturday Herald, December 7).

Harries contrasts public life in England and Australia, concluding that the greatest difference is the strength of liberal tradition in the former and its weakness in the latter. The death penalty, the treatment of homosexuals, censorship, prison reform, racial discrimination on all such issues English liberalism speaks out strongly and, despite its own complaints about a reactionism, establishment, with considerable effect.

"Australians do not on the whole (and there are notable exceptions) have finely tuned consciences on matters of civil rights. The disgraceful treatment of the aboriginals, for instance, passes almost without comment and despite recent improvements the censorship of books is still one of the least enlightened in the Western world." "She'll do" is a traditional Australianism usually applied to a less than perfect solution of a practical problem; it also seems to apply frequently in the case of other organisations. As long as things work more or less well there is not much concern about major mistakes and imperfections."

To this is grafted the old British liberal legislation. This grants the right to see only the things one wants to see. Abroad, we refuse to face the very real danger of our persistently arrogant attitude towards the rest of the world. We defend blatant injustices and illiberal repressions on the grounds that they maintain a way of life which we refuse to admit is as immoral and corrupt as the way of life of other countries we far stand liberal legislation.

What has happened? Perhaps it is history repeating itself. Life has been
to good to us. Sheltered by isolation, protected from over-exertion by the semi-socialisation inherited from the past, comforted by the much-proclaimed natural potentiality which we are too lazy to realise to its full extent, we have gone to sleep on our feet, as our predecessors did, and allowed the world to evolve on around us without our active participation in that process.

At the present, each nation is too busy going about its business to notice a laggard, but no doubt one day we will be remembered and rediscovered. Perhaps then the world will treat us as kindly as we have treated our predecessors and maintain us as a museum piece depicting the manners and morals of a bygone era. Who knows? By refusing to move with the times we abnegate the right to determine our own future.

—R.W.

Did you read where that Beer Tycoon left all those millions to St. Vincent's Hospital and other charities?

Funny thing, really. I mean doing all that work for charity without ever sitting on the Black & White or any other committees.

Of course, I do my bit by charity by going to all the balls, wine tastings and cocktail parties. But Art is still my Number One charity. You know—supporting starving artists by sipping wine at the galleries and going to first nights.

**LETTER FROM EDITORS**

**THE present issue of OZ is the fifth so far and the first of the new series.**

Briefly, THE STORY SO FAR is as follows:

On April Fool's Day, 1963, the first issue of OZ appeared. From the start it was billed as a satirical magazine—in the words of Ray Castle, "more concerned with shooting down pie in the sky than flying Over the Rainbow"—and this image has since been consistently maintained by such diverse sources as "Everybody's", "Vogue", the ABC's "Critics" and MAX HARRIS' "Australian Letters". Yet the reaction of OFFICIAL-DOM was that OZ was some kind of upstart competitor of PLAYBOY.

The bureaucratic processes of the Customs Dept., and Crown Solicitor's office went into a tanglepin. About three months later they swooped and presented the editors and printers with summonses for publishing "an obscene publication, to wit OZ No. 1".

Meanwhile, circulation had been steadily increasing from 7,000 in April to 8,000 in July (the last issue). On legal advice, however, it was decided that publication should cease until after the magistrate's hearing. In September all defendants were fined heavily, even though the printers used a QC to plead not guilty.

Despite this, it was decided to continue publication as soon as the university examinations, in which both editors were involved, concluded.

And so — OZ DECEMBER is here . . .

We think you will find that six months has not dampened our vigour nor court appearances tamed our thoughts. Although we remain unrepentant for OZ APRIL, it should be realised by those not fortunate enough to obtain copies that it ventured much closer to the wind than subsequent issues.

To those contemplating taking out subscriptions we can honestly say that we are unlikely to sail so close again. And with one editor at last released from the burden of examinations we contemplate no stoppages in the future.

The future, of course, depends on the buying public. But we are confident that an increasing Sydney, interstate and even overseas readership guarantees a long lease of life for this publication.

Contributors of articles are in constant demand, but the most practical contribution that can be made to this venture will always be to take out a subscription.

As always, subscription rates are £1 for twelve months. Naturally current subscribers will be unaffected by the delay in publication and will receive 6 and 12 issues respectively.

RICHARD NEVILLE and RICHARD WALSH Co-editors, OZ Magazine.

**Who’s Finger’s on the Trigger?**

In the colourful pre-law days of the American West, there was a routine method of silencing opposition — you hired a gunman. These lanky, ill-mannered, mean-looking hombres have now been replaced by our judicial system. Clumsy, expensive, but (if skilfully used) just as effective as any Paladin.

Take OZ, for instance. The first issue irritated somebody, but instead of the editors being riddled with lead, they were issued with a summons. Who prodded the police department into action?

Was it the Queen? Perhaps her hubby straggled home from a hard day at the bank with APRIL OZ in his hot little paws. "Something I picked up from the corner of Market and Pitt, dear — a little different from the Digest, hey, hey." Berryl was not amused, so she rang the Vice Squad.

Was it the other newspaper giants? Was it any of the dears from the OZ Social Top 20? "Nelia, darling, we've been sent-up in that scuffy little OZ, such a bore, really . . . do we know anyone in the House?"

Was it the other newspaper giants?

"Rupert here. Sir Frank, those louts from the varsity are trespassing beyond the campus; shall we have a word to Norm?"

OZ, December 5
Riding the banned wagon

The August Commonwealth Gazette published the new revised list of banned books. For those who’ve read everything, we may suggest that here at last is that imaginative gift you have been seeking. To help you in your selection, we give below capsule reviews of a few of the titles that caught our eye. Of course, for obvious reasons, the titles are all that we have read, but they appear to give quite an accurate pointer to the contents. We leave it to your ingenuity to obtain originals to scatter 'neath the Chrissy tree.

1. The Carnal Days of Helen Seferis: Francis Lengel. A slightly more sophisticated portrait of the typical Enid Blighton heroine. Helen’s lovable, carefree nature will warm the heart of every mum and dad.


Author as politician

In June, OZ was happy to introduce to its readers promising author, bombast and poetaster, “Arty” Calwell, who had just published his second novel, “Australia’s Role In Modern Society”.

Since then, Arty has renounced his artistic leanings and turned to politics. But even the hustings could not dampen the flashes of wit of this genuine Australian character.

And so, from an otherwise dreary political battle, we extricate The Best of Author Calwell:

“I am much nearer to the front line in the battle against Communism than the Prime Minister has ever been.” (November 18.)

“If our enemies wanted a fair-dinkum fight they would have to come down the Hume Highway.” (November 23.)

“I was one of the faceless men for twenty-two years. You know my face. I cannot claim it is handsome. I have not movable eyebrows. They can’t pull the wool over my eyes. All I can say is that I have a rugged kind of grandeur.” (November 23.)

“The Ansett organisation has the right to say something for the Liberal Party but I do not know why it has to go so far as to publish a photograph showing the Prime Minister as thirty years younger than he is today.” (November 26.)

“The late Senator McCarthy ... was only a tyro alongside Australia’s outgoing Prime Minister.” (November 26.)

“He wants to be able to say he has a mandate from the people for a gerryman.” (November 27.)

“Have you ever noticed this about Sir Robert Menzies — that he is a great namesdropper ... Indeed, he is the Elsa Maxwell of Australian politics.” (November 29.)

“And I will go to Canada, too, and then proceeds to explain how the joys of a game with the girlsies are eventually consummated off-court.

3. School Life in Paris: anon. Blurred as De Gaulle’s answer to the Wyndham Report. Perhaps the less broad-minded reader will raise an eyebrow or two at these off-beat Parisian customs which make Bathurst High seem like a monastery.

4. The Passionate Lash: Alan McClyde. A charming insight into “Tom Brown’s Schooldays”. Mr McClyde offers this tender-hearted romance between a boy and his headmaster’s strap — it was love at first feel.

5. Forbidden Paths: Ronald Kapitan. Love and Safety: anon. Road Floozie: Darcy Glinto. Here’s a bright new trilogy issued by the road safety department (and a practical gift for the uninitiated). As the title suggests, “Forbidden Paths” warns any over-enthusiastic beginner of the dangers of straying from the beaten track. “Road Floozie” is a cynical look at the careless woman driver.

6. Initiation Inn: Told by a Set of Joyous Students: anon. The game, of course, is chess. In his inimitable style, anon. skips breezily (via his pupils) from one checked mate to another.

7. The Strap Returns: New Notes on Floridination: anon. An old-time favourite at G.P.S. schools, the lash is now being re-discovered (boosted by the Profumo Affair) by State High School Heads. This admirably-illustrated pamphlet will keep teacher abreast with modern techniques — you’ll love the section on “Six of the Best for Beginners”.

8. The Sexual Life of Robinson Crusoe: Humphrey Richardson. This erudite document is based on the unpublished letters of Daniel Defoe’s dairy. Until the arrival of Man Friday, the amusements of Mr Crusoe are somewhat predictable. Those who are instinctively shocked by questions of miscegenation will be reassured by Mr Richardson’s objective, though sympathetic, analysis of this difficult subject.

9. Mabel’s Torments: Erie Dexter. What does a woman do when Alka Seltzer fails to heal those every-day aches and pains? Poor Mabel resorted to an overdose.

10. Initiation Inn: Mary Mark. You can enjoy the delights of Hawkesbury Agricultural College and university initiation ceremonies without the inconvenience of actually having to enrol.

11. The Autobiography of a Flea: anon. A gourmet’s guide to the bitter-sweet delights of the human flesh. Listed are the most edible human breeds, the tenderest portions, the tastiest tit-bits. An ideal gift for the calorie-conscious cannibal!


—R.N.
President Kenny was assassinated a week ago. Three weighted rolls of ticker tape fell through the President when they were dropped from a rooftop as the President passed by. Soon afterwards, the President passed away.

The crowd of 700 was stunned.

The late President scorned security; once remarking that he needed security like he needed a hole in his head. He was surrounded by only half the normal complement of 1,300 security officials at the time of his death.

Leadership of the Republic automatically fell to Vice-President L. B. Johns some minutes after Kenny was felled. He rushed to the Presidential Palace to consult economists, diplomats, interior decorators and other experts.

Interviewed while relaxing amongst the massed bands, playing with muffled drums.

The assassination brought repercussions throughout the Republic. Security men, searching for the assassin, shot up a few loitering coloured families in mistake for the culprits.

The stockmarket crashed, but recovered when it was realised that he Kenny did not intend to liquidate her holdings.

The new President addressed the people, saying he faced an enormous task, and praying for guidance. Later he consulted Public Relations experts.

The funeral ceremony was the simplest provided by the Church. Five cardinals officiated. Details of the ceremony were decided by Mrs Kenny.

Watching crowds were hushed as the coffin was borne to the cemetery — the silence broken only by the sound of 29 massed bands, playing with muffled drums.

The President was buried in a plot set aside for national heroes. Explaining her choice, Mrs Kenny said, "He would have wanted it that way."

Mrs Kenny insisted that the President be buried in the same manner as a normal citizen. At the widow's request, a 100 ft. granite column, an eternal flame and a lily pond are to be constructed on the site. The lily pond is to be stocked with goldfish from Ecuador. This, said Mrs Kenny, was the late President's favourite goldfish ground.

Millions throughout the Republic sat up through the night to watch the television coverage of the widow's secret midnight visit to the grave site.

Congress announced that 59 streets, 28 parks and 13 monuments were to be renamed after the late President — 53 streets, 25 parks and 12 monuments at the special request of Mrs Kenny.

President Johns stated that the late President's memory would live forever on the bookshelves of history. Mrs Kenny stated that she was writing her husband's memoirs. The selected publisher stated that he had been touched.

It is understood that Lerner and Lowe are changing the central character of their musical "Camelot!"
When you hear *The Queen's* Christmas broadcast every year do you sometimes feel you've heard it all before? So do we. 

So yes, OZ Man at the Mitchell Library, Dean Letcher, scurrying to the back-files and this is what he found.

**THE Queen's Christmas messages,** those precious jewels sent by the BBC around the world, ranging from 126 words — 1959, the shortest — to about 500. But that winsome Windsor wisdom always comes through.

Of course, in any long-running commercial of 500 words there's bound to be a pretty strong story line. It's got to be a hard sell right from *My husband and...*

Naturally, after the continuous market research and the focus group members of the family, we should expect a consistently-selling message. However, looking back over the past six years, the remarkable feature is how consistently ratings have remained high, though the message has hardly changed at all.

It's a great tribute to the original team that the brand image has needed only minor modifications over the years.

First section (family travel) fluctuates.

The first section, thanking all Aunt Ednas for the ten-cents, beachs and postal notes never varies — a truly great evergreen. The brand image has hardly changed at all. However, looking back over the past six years, the remarkable feature is how consistently ratings have remained high, though the message has hardly changed at all.

The trouble is caused by unthinking睫瞳 applicable to Santa Clausology, that he is basically a man.

I have so far taken the liberty of pointing out the blantly obvious shape of a Christmas stocking and the peculiar behaviour of some of us receiving anything at all. But the big question has not yet been answered. What on earth is in Santa's boots?

By competent zoologists that they are the children of this planet are not the easiest way to a young man's heart.

Of course we'd be tempted to say yes. But the big question has not yet been answered. What on earth is in Santa's boots?

You'll see it! It's not hard to work out what you do when you're there.

Given this perennial world crisis, what can we do about it? The first section, thanking all Aunt Ednas for the ten-cents, beachs and postal notes never varies — a truly great evergreen. The brand image has hardly changed at all.

THISTLE SLEIGH YOU

**For Whom the Jingle Bells Toll**

**T** is a great mystery why the famous *Jingle Bells,* and we have no plans for space travel or the like. We have no plans for space travel or the like.

It is now recognised that he leaves just as nice presents for some brothers and sisters, send some renegade critics of English literature, as we were in the same year of puberty, tended to reach Santa Claus and make clear that this phenomenon is a whimsy. But liquor is quicker.

But the big question has not yet been answered. What on earth is in Santa's boots?

And don't be misled by the trissy names of Christian domesticity, tripping about the Sandringham homelands. It is now recognised that he leaves just as nice presents for some brothers and sisters, send some renegade critics of English literature, as we were in the same year of puberty, tended to reach Santa Claus and make clear that this phenomenon is a whimsy.

**CONGRATULATIONS Santas on completing your training course. Before we understand you on the kiddies, let's run through the rules just once more.**

1. Be careful where you put your hands.
2. Always remember to let them kiss you.
3. Be tactful: If Johnny asks Santa for an Andy Cunliffe doll, of course we'd be tempted to say yes. But the big question has not yet been answered. What on earth is in Santa's boots?
4. Be specific: If a lad whispers in his ear for a ticket, tell him to show his secret Xmas wish for a special Cypriot hand-made delicate figurine purchased by a Vicla two-stroke, cheap at half the 115 guineas.
5. Some of the kiddies are rather excitable, and in the past our Santas have found wrappers, plastic ties to otherwise:

- **DELLA**

**THINGS NO doubt about the originality of some of the dolls on the market this Xmas:**

- the Hiroshima doll in three attractively appalled
- the Vietnamese Buddhist monk doll, complete with petrel, by the McCullin doll that says, "Yes, Sir Frank."
- the Ben McNamara doll that says, "Not here, Philip," and "Put that bloody down, Charles."

There is a current rumour that a large department store in the heart of the city will soon announce plans for a "Second Christmas." They will celebrate the nativity again in June.

"Everyone adores Chrissy," says the store's PR men, "so why not have double the fun by offering a second visit from Santa. Of course we'd have to think of another gimmick to replace the manger and virgins jazz."

Here are some suggested New Year resolutions:

1. Apply for the Chair of Philosophy
2. Invent a dance craze.
3. Land a date with Mandy Rice-Davies.
4. Replace the manger and virgin jazz.
5. Be specific: If a lad whispers in his ear for a ticket, tell him to show his secret Xmas wish for a special Cypriot hand-made delicate figurine purchased by a Vicla two-stroke, cheap at half the 115 guineas.
6. Subscribe to OZ.
The ABC of Surfdom

When a situation changes it does not take the ABC more than three years to sense the need for an alteration in its format. So it shouldn’t be too long before the news filters through the Top Brass that cricket is now OUT and surfing is KING.

And so, with a slight reshuffling of personnel, we take you out to Bondi Beach where Allan McGilvray, Charles Fortune and guest-commentator, teenage surf-idol, “Butchy” Bates, are ready to bring you their impressions of today’s breakers . . .

“Well, Arthur, here we are back in this sunny, sunburned, sundrenched, sundry Australia and, Arthur, I would venture to say that I think that surfing today has acquired the prestige of other sports, sports which . . . .”

“Quite so, Charles, I think I would agree. What is your opinion, Butchy?”

“Yeh. It’s king.”

“Well, here comes the first immense rolling, frothing roller rolling beachwards. And, yes, he’s got it. Like a bronzed Adonis poised astride his flimsy balsa, like the Colossus of Rhodes as he swoops delicate as a winged angel down the foaming crest of a veritable Everest of a wave toward the gleaming golden shingle twinkling . . . An impudent dumper that one, eh, Butchy?”

“Yeh. King.”

“I fancy Midge might have played that one a bit differently, Arthur.”

“Quite so, Charles. Midge’s slow gliding arm action and easy pace on the plank would stand this fellow in good stead while dogging . . .

“The blue sword stretches before us with golden, god-like figures bending forward expectantly as the next wall, smooth as glass, rolls with awesome majesty towards the pavilion. With its free action and fine movement the first ride is a true corktop . . . ”

“Quite so, Charles.”

“. . . takes off neatly turning left in a fine slip, hangs five, walks back and backs out very fine . . . ”

“Quite so, Charles.”

“. . . he’s riding toes-and-ten, making it four-up and five still to come. Slipping along the wall but caught in slips looking hangdog . . . .”

“Quite so, Charles.”

“He’s going for broke but it’s an off-break so he makes a shore break and breaks even. I think it’s a swamper—no, it’s a bodyline dumper or an in-swinging dipper. A bumper! And he’s wiped out, run out, running along the tube.”

“No, Charles, it’s a no ball and he’s been sent off for chucking.”

“Quite so Arthur.”

“Heh, king.”

December Personality

This month OZ introduces as its Personality of the Month, Fred Sparkes, of Panania.

Fred suffers from the unfortunate infliction of looking like every Identikit picture ever published. He has been picked up for every murder and rape committed in Australia since the Identikit was introduced.

Because of the constant demand on him, Fred has had to give up his job and go on to relief. But he has no complaints.

He says police no longer rough him up in the chargeroom and are often apologetic for their mistakes.

POSTSCRIPT: Fred tells us that he used to be a murderer and rapist but gave it up when the Identikit came in.
Out, Damned Spot!

ONCE upon a time there was this guy who invented the wheel.

He was in his bathtub at the time and meditating over the sponge. His lips pursed, his eyes narrowed. Then all of a whatnot he leapt up like a shotten gazelle and whooping out the neolithic equivalent of "Eureka! I’ve found it!", invited his wife, who was holding the towel, to inspect his thumbnail sketch:

"Yeah beaut," said the wife, "But what does it do?"

"Well, it moves things," he said.

"You mean you don’t have to push them anymore?" she asked.

"Well no, you’ve still got to push."

"You mean you don’t gotta push them uphill?"

"No, not exactly."

"Oh f’r cripes sake, come off it, big boy, so what’s this big improvement?"

"Well it’s not that you don’t have to push but you don’t have to push so hard."

"So I buy a horse and I got that already!"

"Well you don’t have to push it downhill."

"That sounds all right. But there’s a chance it’ll run away from me maybe?"

"Well, yes, there is that possibility."

"Now listen, big boy. We been married for twenny years, right? I know you like the fur on the palm of my hand, right? So why come the raw prawn with me, when I’m bigger than you already and can knock you silly with one lousy kick already? You reckon you got somep’n, well it won’t sell. You got a humble bathtub has yet to justify him­self to me, for I can still see no earthly use in it . . .

A bath is basically obscene. It is a denial of dirt, which is another form of growth. To take a bath involves three things: a) you are, b) you begin to become, and c) you wish you hadn’t and you start to wash it off. But it never gets you anywhere. Another fifteen hours, and you’re sloshing around again.

If taking baths was natural we’d spend more time getting clean, not the paltry twenty minutes a day we’re used to. Pretty measly when you consider that you’d probably spend some 23 hours and forty minutes accumulating filth.

A bath moreover, is an interruption. Consider the artist, who baths but rarely. Now why is this? Because baths and the arts are not blood-brothers, that’s why. When you bath you’re shedding layers off yourself that the good Lord saw fit to give to you. If the good Lord had meant us to take baths, let me add, we’ve been born with built-in spraying systems, or at least a furry tongue, like the cat.

Inspiration comes with dirt, because inspiration’s a build-up of self-know­ledge, like sweat. And when you scour it off beneath the pulsing shower, you not only debilitate yourself, you turn yourself into a mere Average Man without those additions, which make up true individuality, still clinging to you.

Americans wash three times a day (they have almost as many bathtubs as television sets) and are the most unimaginative, hopeless conformist race on earth. Englishmen bath once a week and are perhaps the most creative. Russians bath once a month and have technologically advanced a thousand years in the last 43.

Eskimos never bath at all, but they’ve got problems enough already. I mean, they don’t take their dacks off all winter either. This could be depressing.

The most creative periods of human history are when nobody takes baths. The Greeks didn’t bath, but the Romans did. The Egyptians had to wait for the annual flood. In Elizabethan times nobody took baths. They just kept putting on more make-up.

It is a theory worth considering. So the next time you pause on the brink of the porcelain, meditate, consider, take thought.

The next thing down the plughole may be YOU.

—BOB ELLIS

SEE HOW THEY FALL

Do you ever dream about your favourite celebrities? OZ editors do. Here are our choicest dreams of 1963:

1. Nola Dekyvere actually read the column published under her name by the Sunday Telegraph, and was so nauseated she joined the push.

2. The 8 Good-guys embezzled 2SM funds, robbed a Catholic Orphanage and then fled to Las Vegas.

3. Dave Allen stated he never had anything to do with Eartha, because he "hasn’t bungs, anyway".

4. Reverend Allan Walker, on the verge of suicide, dialled Lifeline but got the Test score on a wrong number.

5. The Singing Nun turned out to be Little Richard in drag.

6. Douglas Pratt (a dreary landscape artist who banned a modest sample of "pop" art from the Gallery) was caught importing censored copies of Playboy magazine.

7. One of the Royal mothers-to-be upstaged the other three by having twins.

8. Lee Gordon turned up alive and well with a carload of free publicity for his latest imported artist, world-famous Lazarus.

9. Michael Fomenko revealed himself as Rockefeller’s long-lost son gone bush, painting political slogans in a Melbourne magazine.

10. Princess Grace lost her crown on one throw at the casino.

11. Mrs. Oswald turned out to be Anastasia and was made Queen of the USA.

12. Archbishop Simonds was caught painting political slogans in a Melbourne subway.

OZ, December 11
Obscene or Absurd?

From the "Libertarian Broadsheet"

"ALFRED JARRY is the playwright who set the Theatre of the Absurd revolution rolling in 1896 with his play 'Ubi Roi' which SUDS presented last year. He died in 1908, but the College de Pataphysique has been set up in Paris to popularise his works...

Three stage-door Johns from the Sydney Vice Squad, who had not consulted the above note in the programme of Sydney University Dramatic Society's A Revue of the Absurd kept the revolution rolling with an unscheduled entrance on the stage of the Union Theatre at the conclusion of its second night performance on March 29 last. Their mission—find Alfred Jarry, author of one of the Revue items, Song of Desembraining, with its grisly theme of leucotomy and rousing chorus "arseholes to you".

Nobody—neither cast nor stage-hands—seemed willing or able to assist them in locating Alfred, and a cry of "run for you life!" from the cops and "on you" only intensified their belief that a fugitive from justice was near. Frustrated, they lighted on Albie, producer of the show.

A dialogue followed, in which one of the great moments in the history of the theatre fell flat upon rows of recently vacated seats:

Biggest cop (pointing to his programme): "Get me Alfred Jarry". Albie: "If you read your programme you'd see he died in 1908,"

Biggest cop (incredulously): "Oh did he now."

The following day the police let it be known that they would not initiate action against the Chief Secretary's Department viewed the film at rehearsal the night before opening, and, as the Chief Secretary subsequently told the Daily Mirror (which faithfully told its readers) "blushed" at what they saw.

Four policemen arrived on the following night 15 minutes before curtain armed with a restraining injunction signed by Christopher Augustus Kelly, Chief Secretary and Minister for Tourist Activities. Prohibition of the film was stated on the injunction as being on the grounds that it depicted "human excreta dropping from the sky." Nothing in the scenario suggests that the shit is human; if a causal connection must be made, God is a far more likely candidate.

Though the injunction restrained Jacques Prevert, it allowed Christopher Augustus Kelly to make his stage debut. The immaculate officialise of his injunction was read nightly to the audience by a member of the cast. It so delighted Sydney audiences that when the Revue went south early in June for two nights it was accorded the rare privilege of being read to Melbourne audiences in preference to the more ponderous prose of an injunction presented the occasion by the Commonwealth Film Censors.

A newspaper story of the film's short gay history in Sydney had set Melbourne officialdom in panic, and they had dispatched it with the true to the Commonwealth Censors for a decision in default of their own.

But the wrath of Alfred Jarry had obviously set police minds in Sydney attached to the Chief Secretary's Department in the audience every night who did not initiate action against the song, gives credence to a rumour, circulating at the time, that the Chief Secretary's Department would not support a Vice Squad proposal to prosecute the song on the grounds that the Department could be made to look foolish.

Already there was evidence in abundance to substantiate this belief. A five minute film had been made of a scenario by Prevert entitled It droppeth to brooding. One Monday morning early in July, Albie and Bruce Williams found policemen with summonses, snuggled to brooding. One Monday morning early in July, Albie and Bruce Williams found policemen with summonses, snuggled amongst the doors of the respective doorsteps. Williams' summons charged him with singing an obscene song; Albie's with "aiding, abetting, counselling and procuring" the song to be sung on a public stage.

The summons suggested that prosecution was being launched with misgivings—they had been issued well over a month after the Revue terminated in Sydney, and had taken another month to be delivered to the respective hands of their intended. As well, it transpired that the song was being prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act, although the Theatre and Public Halls Act (1908) had been invoked to restrain the film, and seemed more appropriate.

The denouement of this particular pataphysical romp was at the bench of Mr Chick SM at Newtown Magistrates' Court on October 31. However, only Detective Sergeant McKenzie, the biggest cop of the March 29 raid, was prepared to say that the song was obscene in the legal sense of the world (i.e. "tending to deprave and corrupt"). McKenzie (laughing): "Did it corrupt you?"

McKenzie (laughing): "Did it corrupt anyone around you?"

McKenzie (big smile): "No."

Was there any evidence of a bacchanal going on?"A what?"

Mr Chick: "From Bacchus, a god."

O'Keefe: "No orgies in sight?"

McKenzie (big smile): "No."

The two other policemen following McKenzie would only testify that the song was in bad taste, possibly because an adjournment for lunch intervened between his evidence and theirs.

It transpired that the "complaint upon which the Vice Squad had acted was from drama critic Frank Harris who had reported in the Daily Mirror that the policemen banning the film had missed the "filthy little bathroom song by Jarry". Placed on the stand again against his will, Mr Harris refused to say that the song was obscene.

O'Keefe followed up these initial advantages by asking all prosecution witnesses if they had read Spencer's Faerie Queen, Shakespeare's Hamlet and The Merry Wives of Windsor, and the Book of Samuel. None of the policemen had read any of these works but Mr Harris had read them all, including the Bible from cover to cover.

All three cops accepted Mr O'Keefe's submission that shit and arseholes appeared in each of these works. Mr Harris agreed that the words appeared in Spencer, Shakespeare and the Bible; he had read (Mr O'Keefe omitted to say in Court that the Bible he was referring to was the Wyclif translation of 1388, which only a few scholars are likely to have read).

Accordingly, Mr Chick found that the song was vulgar and in bad taste but not likely to corrupt people's morals. All of which is probably a triumph for the freedom to be vulgar and in bad taste without being obscene.

To establish this freedom cost Albie £50 (that he does not have) in legal costs. A plea of guilty would have inurred a fine amounting to no more than half that amount at the very most.

-CAM PERRY
The STIFF Arm of the Law

Tweeddale Case: Last July Mr Ward SM dismissed the charge of stealing against waiter Graham Earl Tweeddale after saying that he found it impossible to accept with any confidence evidence given by detectives. Witnesses who saw Tweeddale just prior to his arrest said he appeared to be normal, without any bruises and cuts.

However, he was later admitted to hospital with a ruptured liver, two large bruises to the face, one of them two inches across, and bruising to the arms. He claimed that he was struck several blows by police officers, that he was pushed off a chair and then jumped on continuously by a Detective-Sergeant.

Smith Case: In August, the Minister for the Interior, Mr Freeth, announced the dismissal of Senior Constable Keith Smith. The case involved seven youths who had driven from Canberra to Sydney. They were approached by two constables when they were parked outside a garage.

Constable Smith struck at least three of the youths without provocation, shouted abuse at them and ordered them out of town. Constable Harris fired several shots from his pistol into the air as they followed the youths to the ACT-NSW border.

At the border, Senior Constable Smith stopped the youths' car and again assaulted three of them.

Ellevsen Case: On October 5, Constable Owen Richard Ellevsen was reinstated to the Police Force with a twelve months' loss in seniority.

The Appeal Board was told that while on duty at Young on October 15, he had driven Miss X to a reserve in a police car, while on duty, and had partially undressed her. Ellevsen had been the only police officer on duty at the time and should have been conducting regular patrols of the town.

Ellevsen was subsequently charged departmen tally with misconduct and neglect of duty and with carrying Miss X in a police car to a reserve while on duty, and kissing and partly undressing her.

Fennelly Case: Robert Daniel Fennelly claimed that on his way to Redfern Police Station, where he was subsequently charged with car-stealing, police slapped his face, cutting his lip and breaking a tooth. He claimed to have signed a confession only after police had hung him out a window at the police station.

The Reverend B. W. Gook told the Court that he knew Fennelly well as a helper at the church youth club and had no reason to disbelieve him.

In his judgment Mr Bartley SM said that he had no reason to believe that police had attempted to obtain an involuntary confession from Fennelly.

O'Sullivan Case: In Melbourne, O'Sullivan, a married man with a 12-months-old baby, was taken to hospital after being in custody for about three hours. He later died from injuries he had received.

Apparently the State of NSW has resigned itself to the inadequacies of its Police Force. On November 8 the SMH published one of its most provocative leading articles, "The Making of a NSW Police Constable," without raising a ripple in its Letters columns.

The Staff Correspondent made the following points:
- Of the 143 trainees then doing their initial training only eight had their Leaving Certificate.
- Only 67 per cent. of the remainder had their Intermediate Certificate.
- The only educational examination for entry is a dictation test in which 20 mistakes are allowed ("even so, fewer than 20 per cent. pass it at their first attempt") and a six-question arithmetic test in which three correct is a pass.

Some months ago the evening papers made great play of new proposals for a two-level recruitment to the Police Force, which would include some university graduates. Now we hear nothing.

But who cares, so long as we win the Tests?

Signed: William Frederick Johnston (Const. 1st Class)

OZ, December 13
An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialities, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press.

Once upon a time the slogan was "Art for art's sake". Nowadays we find that art is a popular social and financial investment. Mrs Poekley is the latest to discover the profit that can be got from the palette. And what profit! The opening of her exhibition (semi-abstract) dissolved into a tear bath as frustrated art-lovers wailed in disappointment on finding their favourites already snapped up. (Mirror 21/11/1963.) But Mrs P must have been very happy. It's great to see Sydney society fulfilling its cultural obligations and getting financial perks on the side.

Kudos to vice-chancellor, Stephen H. Roberts, for his recent Carillon Capers. We congratulate this quadrangle crafty for entertaining his social friends at the University's expense. Perhaps that's why there's such a shortage of scholarships, etc. Still, when your own house isn't big enough to impress Mrs Dekyvere and the gang, it's good to know that your education can serve to some purpose.

Yet another vain attempt by Miss Caroline Drury to overcome the stigma of being a professional model! To force herself into the social limelight she became engaged. Unfortunately this type of publicity stunt has been tried before. Anway Miss Drury's engagement photo was only a quarter as big as the modelling photo on the next page. (ST 8/12/1963.) She would do well to remember that there is no room for divided loyalties on the Social Top Twenty.

Once a time the slogan was "April in Paris". But we were surprised to learn that Mrs S had not mingled with the international elite but goggled enviously at the whole show on TV. Surely it would have been wiser to have kept quiet about her failure. It was certainly disastrous to confide to her "friends" to hold two parties on the same day at "dignified Rosemont". (Sun 14/11/1963.) Richard is still a novice at the trade. Even Lady Lloyd Jones managed to rake up enough "friends" to hold two parties on the same day at "dignified Rosemont". (ST 8/12/1963.) By sunset Rosemont might still have been dignified, but we wouldn't like to bet on Lady L-J's condition.

Mrs Clem Maloof should learn that she can carry mix'n match too far! The Telegraph (21/11/1963) informs me that to match her outfit she wore "muted royal blue make-up". Was her face red?

A promising young newcomer Richard Hill is well on the way to ousting Dickie, Leslie and Merv from the Social Top Twenty. His coy small party before the Olympic Ski Ball marked a humble but promising beginning. (Sun 14/11/1963.) Richard is still a novice and we have yet to see him in the Sunday papers, but he is young and we tip a swanky future for him.

Yet another local star has been a complete flop overseas. Mrs Max Sturzon went off to New York to try her luck. The highlights of her hasty trip was the "April in Paris" Ball. But we were surprised to learn that Mrs S had not mingled with the international elite but goggled enviously at the whole show on TV. Surely it would have been wiser to have kept quiet about her failure. It was certainly disastrous to confide to her "friends" to hold two parties on the same day at "dignified Rosemont". (ST 1/12/1963.)

It was chance and Christmas that brought together two lovely young people featured in the Telegraph. (12/12/1963.) Pretty Sandra Miller met the panda of her dreams when browsing through city stores. From the rapt way they're gazing at each other we'd say there will be one extra for dinner on Christmas day at Glenview Park, Bowral. Or is she imitating Mary-Ann Borthwick who took a sheep to a ball in Bowral. Or is she imitating Mary-Ann Borthwick who took a sheep to a ball in order to make the July Social Top Twenty? (OZ July.)

Hands together for naughty Nola D. Everytime she opens her mouth she puts her foot init. (Any remedies for foot n' mouth disease?) This time she "takes her hat off to those committee members who will try anything for the sake . . . of the blind". If Nola is so eager to doff her hat we're wondering just what those other girls took off.

1. Miss Jane Hill and Mr Gordon Douglass.
2. Mrs Dick Pockley.
3. Mr Stephen H. Roberts.
4. Miss Kerry Henderson.
5. Miss Caroline Drury.
6. Mr Rupert Scammell.
7. Miss Justine McCarthy.
8. Mr and Mrs Geoff Proctor.
9. Mr Terry Clune.
10. Countess Teleke.
11. Miss Celia Winter-Irving.
12. Lady Lloyd-Jones.
13. Mr Denis O'Neill.
14. Mrs Maloof.
15. Mr Richard Walker.
16. Mr Richard Hill.
17. Mrs Lazzlo.
18. Mrs Max Sturzen.
19. Miss Sandra Miller.

We were keenly looking forward to the outcome of the struggle between the two weddings contending for the title of "Show of the Month". So we were disappointed when one fizzled (but we don't want to be sneaky about that). This left the field clear, so Jane Hill and Gordon Douglass romped to victory. Not that they didn't work hard to make their wedding the "biggest and best" of the year. (SH 1/12/1963.) There was tremendous advance publicity and even Nola plugged it in her column. Jane played the radiant role to perfection. Gordon was content to be witty. (ST 1/12/1963.) There's no doubt about it: the Hill's are a great name in the world of social biz. And we are glad to see that young Susan is following in her sister's foot-steps from the deft way in which she caught the bouquet (stephano-tis) tossed romantically from a "Romeo and Juliet window" (ST 1/12/1963.) If the old saying is true, then we can anticipate another Hill Spectacular in the near feature.
binkie’s drive-in restaurant
210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli
open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week