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 worse 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?

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**Burning Question of the Month.**

The familiar clangour of great intellects clashing, rose deafeningly from the SMH Letters columns last week. The question: Should biros be used in primary school? The verdict (predictably): No.

The reason is plain to see. Fountain pens build up character; nibs make men out of boys and sports mistresses out of girls. I mean scratching away like that really steel the mettle, and changing nibs sharpens the mind.

Me? I was born with a Ladies' Sheaffer in my writing hand (an easy mistake to make at that age) and was nicknamed "His Nibs" for my scrip-torial prowess.

Only one thing worries me though. Recent studies show that 90 per cent. of children using a split nib develop into schizophrenics and those with leaking pen tubes become chronic bed-wetters.

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**The**

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") are making *The Revelations of Gabriel*, the film "that ends where all the others begin". Its subtitle: *What The Angel Saw.*

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**As well be killed for a sheep...**

Last July, you will remember, *OZ* named Sydney's own Dr John McGeorge as 'the criminals' friend' for the part he plays in letting criminals loose onto society. 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.

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.

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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. There's no doubt: for some people life must be hard to maintain the illusion 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 death-bed. 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 ecclesiastical — 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.

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Let's put the X back into Xmas.

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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."

---

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

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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". 

None 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.

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2 OZ, December
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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AUSTRALIA, as the current myth is, is famous for many things, not the least of which is the marsupial — you know, koala bears, wallabies, kangaroos and other beasties which bear their young in a pouch. The marsupial is for the Australian zoologist what the Harbour Bridge is for Mrs Everege — a justification of nationality.

It 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 cyne would add "like the Australian white" — represents the strange phenomenon of arrested evolution. The young rebels have to be almost old men before they can be out-Pickwicks.

"She'll do" is a traditional Australian expression, and is a touchingly polite way of saying something is not exactly a land of milk and honey, but will do in an emergency. 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 hint to be almost old masters before they are appreciated. Dobell, Drysdale and Patrick White are in or past their fifties; the angry young men, from Nolan to Max Harris, are in their forties.

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 nowadays, we would refer the reader to two excellent articles that have appeared since our last publication:

O Under Old Management by Geoffrey Dutton (Nation, October 19)

Dutton's interest is in the myth Australia maintains overseas of youth and virility. He discusses 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 tactless enough to tell it, namely, that youth in Australia controls nothing except, maybe, the teenage grammar 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 gentlemen 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 mind": "But the essence of an eagle is that it is a 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 cyne 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, types from way back, they have allowed evolution to stop dead in its tracks.

In 1788 the white man arrived bringing with him mammalian life. Both soon became a tangled mass of mixed blood. Any doubt our predecessors really had evolved beyond doubt their evolutionary superiority by sailing into the task of wiping out the locals (animal and human) with characteristic gusto. In fact, if it was not for an earlier conservation movement, of which we might never have preserved these biological curiosities about which we have now developed some intense national pride.

But the new settlers brought more than mammalian life to this country. They brought with them the lively social awareness and conscience that was to dominate Australian politics in the second half of the nineteenth century. These were the dissidents and agitators of the Old World, bent on establishing in the New an egalitarian society along Benthamite or Chartist lines. Under their influence Australia led the world in the enlightenment of its social legislation.

Today all that is passed. It may be regarded either as dissipated youth or the uncovering of a latent and long-buried self. The Liberalism, radicalism, republicanism and reform, of which our fathers boasted, have now become political smears. The sons, satisfied with having half-realised their fathers' ideals, have allowed the momentum that drove Australia to Federation slowly, peter out. Where once we were ranked among the most progressive nations of the world, to-day we have obtained an unenviable reputation for social unenlightenment.

At the helm is a man who out-Pickwicks Pickwick in Ye Olde Worldliness. He has Australia sold on a concept of monarchy and empire which even Britons abandoned several decades back. In opposition is a party which clings tenaciously to a platform of catchphrases and slogans — a strange concoction of colonial jingoism and half-baked Marxist borrowings from the goldfields where they originated than to contemporary Australian society.

Torn between loyalty to the myth of a one-class society and entanglement in politics based on the class struggle between "workers" and "bosses", a national character has developed which has the familiar rancid smell of Britain half a century ago. An ugly mixture of ignorance and arrogance, it is calculated to endear us to our neighbours just as efficiently as it endears Britain to the world.

To this is grafted the old British genius for seeing only the things one wants to see. Abroad, we refuse to face the very real danger of our persistently arrogant attitude. Hence 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 those of the other countries we so often sneer at.

What has happened? Perhaps it is history repeating itself. Life has been
too 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.

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—"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 tizzy. 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 dampered 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 10/- for six months and £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. 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.

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.

But my ultimate stroke in charity work was when I presented some of my friends with OZ subscriptions as presents.

Did they think I was way out! What originality!

And to think that OZ couldn’t even exist without charity workers like me.

The cost? Only 10/- for six months’ subscription and £1 for twelve months, sent to: OZ Magazine, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.
Riding the banned wagon

THE August Commonwealth Gazette published the new revised list of banned books. For those who’ve read everything, may we 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.

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2. The Sports Mistress: P. Manpierre. “Anyone for tennis?” asks Manpierre, then proceeds to explain how the joys of a game with the girls are eventually consummated off-court.

3. School Life in Paris: anon. Blurbed 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.

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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. Its First Practice, 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 Flagellation: 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 adroitly-illustrated pamphlet will keep the 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 Mr Crusoe. 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.

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—R.N.

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 gerry-mander.” (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 . . . The people of Australia will pay for it and they won’t have to pay as much as they actually having to enrol.” (November 29.)

“I know the Australian people far better than does Sir Robert Menzies as I move around Australia as much as he moves around Europe.” (November 29.)

“I walk around Australian cities without any guards.” (November 30.)

I will go to New Zealand . . . The people of Australia will pay for it and they won’t have to pay as much as they have for trips by members of the Government, because I am a very simple man and my wants are easily found.” (November 29.)


NEW BOOKS

HE August Commonwealth Gazette published the new revised list of banned books. For those who’ve read everything, may we 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.

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—R.N.
President Kenny was assassinated a week ago. Three weighted rolls of ticker tape fell on 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 Presidential silverware, he commented: "This is a national calamity." Later, he announced that the late President typified Lasting Bravery and Justice. 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 had not intended 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. Wreaths 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." STOP PRESS: It was announced that the Republic of Americas is to be renamed the Republic of Kenny. This was at the request of Mrs Kenny.

—ROBERT WALKER

Am I too old at 70 to govern Australia?

No. You may be discouraged by rumours that men reach their mental and physical peak at 40 and then decline—but senility is no barrier to a political career. Look at these members of the ALP State Cabinet who'll seek re-election in 1964.

The Premier, Mr Heffron, is 75 and has been an MLA since the depression (an old doggie who doesn't need to learn any new tricks). And here's our old, old friend and Chief Secretary, C. A. Kelly.

So all you spritely octogenarians, pack your crutches, oil your rocking chairs and follow our leaders. After all, age shall not weary Education Minister Wetherell (70), nor the years condemn Health Minister Sheahan (68)—they shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old.

PASSING OF A PRESIDENT

The full story

UPU. Republic of the Americas. Dec. 22: The entire population here is still staggering following the funeral of President Kenny.
When you hear The Queen’s Christmas broadcast every year do you sometimes feel you’ve heard it all before? So do we.

So here’s OZ at the Mitchell Library, Dean Letcher, scurrying to the back-flies and this is what he found.

THE Queen’s Christmas messages, those precious jewels sent by the BBC around the world 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 to find the right numbers 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 in the years.

Here’s the basic framework:

1. Thanks for the kind wishes, gifts, etc...
2. Family news.
3. Births and deaths.
4. The world is a...<br>5. But don’t reject the “ageless ideas” (i.e., moral decay) just because they aren’t breaking up with you.
6. Our future lies in the hands of young people and countries (and the stars).

7. We have every reason to be...<br>8. OED: “For Christmas”

The first section, thanking all Aunt Ednas for the teacakes, bedsocks and postal notes never varies — a truly great tribute to “Women’s Weekly” and the Thursday.

Section two (family travel) fluctuates. In the two years of the 1960s most of us will be travelling to different parts of the world and hope to see more of you than ever before!” The kids, mum and uncle, aunt and cousin Alex were due to see Pakistan, East Africa, Nigeria, Ceylon, and old and overworn mannerly” (1957).<br>

The pills, the source, the old man of living was a main theme in 1958...<br>
the prophets and dreamers... men of ideas and poets... the whole company, who change our encouragements and entertain and give pleasure.

At all times of change, disorder and uncertainty that we should cling more to all things familiar to which we know to be right and good. Christmas, as we know it, or what we would like it to be, depends upon a constant stress on “better things” (e.g., a bigger Commonwealth) (1960).

We have in our hands a most potent force, the BC and the image of unity bonds in this torrid world. Let us keep faith with the ideal we know to be right...” (1960).

Section six goes into the future of the Empire on which the sun sets and new markets in the family (e.g., Nigeria... this great nation... most valuable as the future unfolds... one of the bright spots... (1961).

As well as ideal young countries, we have young idiots and need...”

For Whom the Jingle Bells Toll

IT is a great mystery why the famous phrase “for whom the jingle bells toll” was not used to investigate the mind of Santa Claus.

There has, of course, always been a great interest shown by historians, as evidenced by a recent study of the influence of Santa Claus in Greek polities. It has also been put forward by some notable critics of English literature that Santa Claus wrote Shakespeare’s plays.

This is no longer seriously accepted by western academics. As they so rightly point out, Santa Claus would have about 16 hundred years old when the first play was written and there are marked indications of the author having been a much younger man.

I have so far taken the liberty of western academics. As they so rightly point out, Santa Claus would have about 16 hundred years old when the first play was written and there are marked indications of the author having been a much younger man.

My interest was first aroused when I observed how little boys and girls upon reaching the age of puberty, tended to reject Santa Claus and make wild claims that he did not exist. Obviously a man who had such power over adolescents was worth investigating.

However, this is most unusual but requires much practice. Chimneys—wonderful sex symbols in themselves—they are the easiest way to a young child’s heart. As Ogilvy and Mather have observed, chimneys are whiskers but liquor is quite different.

But I suppose the main point is not how the Santas changed but what you do when you’re there. I have always been appalled by the blatantly obvious shape of a Christmas stocking that this recalcitrant generation must so delay Santa Claus on his rounds in the hope of experiencing neither one of us receiving anything at all.

But the big question has not yet been answered. In Santa Claus comes.

From a casual observation of his face, especially those wrinkling eyes, one would be tempted to say yes. But the evidence does not bear it out and it is known that he leaves just as nice presents for girls as for boys.

What licks then does this dirty old man, who is wandering around in the dead of night, sliding into children’s bedrooms?

Obviously Santa Claus is a voyeur. And don’t be misled by the trisy names of his reindeers. It is now recognised by competent zoologists that they are simply Shetland ponies in drag.

Santa Claus will undoubtedly go down in history as the world’s most prolific consumer of xphrodite, organic fruit cake. These little stimulants left for him by the virgin children of this planet are underwritten by no one, theodorically, for his peculiar behaviour.

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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, sunbrown, 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 sward 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."

"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 twenty 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 dud on your hands. So get back in the bath before you freeze to death!"

Inventors have always had it tough. Imagine the inventor of the cigarette when he first said "Well you get a piece of weed, you wrap it in paper, put it in your mouth, set one end on fire and suck. I dunno what it does but it's progress."

Or the inventor of the chewing-gum as he gave his opening spiel: "In the words of the Bible, my friends, here is the patience of the saints, the friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Or the discoverer of poison ivy trying to persuade his customer to wait around and let it grow all up a wall.

But the bloke who invented the 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 builtin 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 debilitating 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, hopelessly 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 "hates 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 was our choicest dreams of 1963:

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

9. Michael Fomenko revealed himself as Rockefeller's long-lost son gone bush, and was so nauseated he joined the push.

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 Disembowelling, 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 your life, Albie, the cops are on to 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 the song was vulgar and in bad taste, possibly because it referred to human excreta dropping from the sky. Nothing in the programme of 1388, which only a few scholars are familiar with cover to cover, appeared in each of these works. Mr Chick who had reported in the Daily Mirror that the song was in bad taste, possibly because it was vulgar and in bad taste without being obscene. 

"I heard someone say . . ."

Did it corrupt you?

Did it corrupt anyone around you?

Did it corrupt anyone around you?

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 it referred to human excreta dropping from the sky. Nothing in the programme of 1388, which only a few scholars are familiar with cover to cover, appeared in each of these works. Mr Chick who had reported in the Daily Mirror that the song was in bad taste, possibly because it was vulgar and in bad taste without being obscene. 

O'Keefe followed up these initial advantages by asking all prosecution witnesses if they had read Spencer's Faerie Queene, Shakespeare's Hamlet 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 officers 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 incurred a fine amounting to no more than half that amount at the very most. 

—CAM PERRY
The report of the Commissioner of Police on the recent bashing allegations was never made public. Solicitors could at no stage obtain a copy of the report.

However, OZ has procured not the final report, but a draft, the typed-written report of a police officer. It is believed a senior police officer edited the report to improve the grammar.

REPORT TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, NEW SOUTH WALES,

ON THE ALLEGED BASHING INCIDENT:

William Frederick Johnston (Const.1st class): On the night before Alf got picked I was at Phillip St plain clothes station in my home hunting team ready for the detail. At about eight o'clock Green brought in a youth indulging in indecent language was lawyer. I hit him, first and the kid was looking all surprised and hurt so Green nodded him. The desk sergeant then hit the youth and then Green got the restrained him. He was another beauty. I myself punched him several times but good one although I can’t claim much credit it enraged was Green who was really doing him. Then the youth’s companions several indecent words. The desk sergeant told them to get lost but they continued left wouldn’t. I got out then just before the reporters got there.

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

OZ, December
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.

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 footsteps from the deft way in which she caught the bouquet (stephanotis) 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 future.

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 Pockley 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. Anyway 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.

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 snaky 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

Disturbing to see that the social set are overcoming their prejudices against the Soho scene. 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 Sturzen 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 enviably 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 “friend” Nola D who gleefully reported it in her column. (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 that 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.

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.

Social Top Twenty

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 Lazslo.
18. Mrs Max Sturzen.
19. Miss Sandra Miller.

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