fig leaves from Formal Wear...

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

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

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

FORMAL WEAR
147a KING STREET
Telephone 28-0537
This is my friend John's home.

This is my house.

Next, from the North Shore line.

Streetcar route."

Foot walk to orchard & farm.

There's a garden near here.

Sure to grow a grand friend like me.

But soon to green a party that night.

We'll have a great of fun, sir.

After dinner, lots of time to go to dumps.

You're here a grand friend in the town.

and we will go there.

And we'll have a great of fun, sir.

Next week we shall walk a farm.

Foot walk to orchard & farm.

There's a garden near here.

Sure to grow a grand friend like me.
I MEAN, I like the Catcher. I really do. Sometimes I can read anything. I swear it. I'm a maniac. I read comics, American literature, university magazines: anything. I mean? I even asked Old Macka (he's my room mate) while he was squeezing a pimple (we squeeze our pimples most of the time. I mean what else can you do in New York?) could I read the advertisement on the toothpaste tube he had. I really did. I mean it. I said before I'm a madman. I admit it. But, no kidding, I think some of the best writing in America today is on toothpaste tubes. I mean I never clean my teeth until I read that the message tells ya that's gonna happen. You know, new miracle whiteness and all. Only I don't really care. I mean I've got lousy teeth. I really have. But my brother Seymour Plastic, that's my brother, people in lifts look right into his mouth to see what helluva good teeth he's got. Right is there. Old Seymour. Sonuvabitch. You love old goddam Seymour. Funny. About teeth I mean. Like when I was a kid — a younger kid I mean — I looked in the mirror one day when they left me in the bedroom alone and I saw what lousy teeth I've got. You know, compared to Old Seymour that is. Anyway, I got this hammer. I mean don't ask me why, then I smashed the mirror and bashed all my teeth out. It cost Mom $113 for dental treatment and psychoanalysis and all that jazz. Mom cried all night and I didn't eat candy for a week. The rest of the family went to Dental College. And he did, too. I mean I never went to church or anything anyway. It's not like losing your brother or something. I mean I'd rather have Old Seymour round even without his teeth. Anyway, I told you I was a madman. I did. I said that.

Only, I still like borrowing toothpaste. That's the funny thing. So Macka said to me: "Jesus, I Christ what fur in the hell you want toothpaste when you ain't got any teeth?" A prince. A real friendly guy. Old Macka. So I look at him very sincere like in the mirror and I put my hand on his shoulder and say real low: "You got it boy. I mean it." I saw a guy do that in a movie once. It killed me. So I always say it now. Crazy. I mean I can't stand movies and all but I like some of the things they say. Like this girlfriend that Seymour had. I mean she was always saying 'O, Seymour, how divine'. I mean it killed me. It really did. Goddam divine for Chrissake. I mean Old Seymour never went to church or anything anyway. Old Seymour, he was kinda divine though. To me I mean. I was just a kid when he died. I didn't tell you old Seymour died. He kind of had a spasm one day and when they found him he had a tube of toothpaste stuck in his throat. I mean all that crap on the tube doesn't really interest me. But maybe I'll save some little kid from swallowing the tube. I mean I realise it's corny about the toothpaste and all. I know that. But it's kinda a message for humanity that I carry round like the old baseball cap I kept. You know boy loves big brother, big brother chokes from toothpaste tube, boy saves toothpaste tube. Corny. I mean I know that's corny. I mean all that eternal triangle jazz is corny.

Still there's nothing else to talk about in New York. I mean now that Old Seymour's dead.

—TIM PIGOTT

AS SHE IS NOW WRIT . . .

Johnene Money, of Watson's Bay, who P. & O's to-day to U.K., was farewelled last night at a party hostessed by her mother, Mrs. Mary Money. Also partying were Johnene sisters Noeline, Clydene, Phillipe and the youngest, Benzene ("Mother was a little unstable at the time"). Moseene Schnitzelberger, of Bellevue Hill, Angusene MacTavish, of Rose Bay, Adolfene von Boche, of Double Bay, and Fredene Prole, from Tiger Bay.

Johnene will winter in Spain this year. "Daddy springed there once," Johnene said. "He was recovering from shock after granny suicided by arsenicking." Johnene will plane from London to Barcelona and then car to Alicante.

Misses Schnitzelberger and von Bloche, who are bi-lingual, gaily reparteed in German. The rest Englished. Mrs. Money briefly speeched. She bon voyaged Johnene and hoped she'd goodtime.

"I shall—thanks to your loot," riposted Johnene. "I don't want to pedant— but really I'm just an escapee!"

—K.B.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Campbell's Soup

May 23:
4.30 a.m. Got up early today, just in case the sun might have come up early. But it didn't. No good trying it in the dark. Went back to bed.

11.00 a.m. Had breakfast. There was a wind blowing. Cooled my eggs too fast. Decided to hold off until this afternoon. Wait and see.

4.00 p.m. Wind gone but now the sun seems to be setting. Too bad. Maybe tomorrow.

May 24:
5.00 a.m. Got up late today. So did the sun. Cloudy. Looks like rain. Track is almost dry. Decided to hold off until this afternoon. Track not quite dry enough. Should be all right in a few hours. Almost dry enough. Almost. 11.00 a.m. Aborigine came by. Said it was going to rain. Threw him out of camp. Will be ready to go this afternoon.

3.00 p.m. Started to rain. Too bad. Time to give her a good tune up.

May 27:
6.00 a.m. Gave her a test run this morning. Track too dry. One crack three inches long. Pray for rain.

11.00 a.m. Found rusty spark plug. Replaced it. Have to give her a complete check-up.

May 28:
5.30 a.m. Frost overnight. Might be right today. This could be it. Track not too dry. Not too wet. No wind. No clouds. No aborigines.

3.00 p.m. Spent day getting her in perfect shape. She's all tuned up. All set. Ready to go. This is it. Start her up. Clutch in. Put her in gear. There. Ready for the flag . . . Hold it. Just a minute. Have to go to toilet.

—TIM PIGOTT

RON SMITH
I WAS brought up in a fringe church to believe like mad in not eating licorice, not playing musical knees, not kissing before marriage and mainly the End of the World. The E of the world was a pretty big produc- tion — replete with chimes of angels and a sea of glass — which the faithful stood on and sang hymns of praise to the Lamb.

The Lord was to come on a black cloud the size of a man's hand holding a bright sword and a sickle and the righteous dead were then supposed to rise first, followed by the unrighteous dead, and whoop off to meet Him in the clouds. The unrighteous resurrected would then fall dead again and stay like that for a thousand years, when they would rise again and get chuckked into a lake of fire; after which they would be very dead indeed.

Luckily, my mob was not one of the breed that used to set dates and wait out the darkest hours on Sydney Head expecting the Lord to come and then repent afterwards that he'd come and we didn't see Him. But the operative word was "Soon" and when He hadn't shown after 120 years worth of prepublicity they sort of canned it, more or less, and uncorked the hitherto sinful lemonade bottle and curled up like teddy bears in front of the hitherto Satanical telly set. The end of the world became a blank fixture.

But elsewhere the troopers caught on. Bombs dropped, and more bombs, till everyone sort of felt they had a moral obligation to go down the mine. So much so that when Cuba went white-hot last October and I headed for the hills, people told me I was running out on my obligations. You have a duty to stay and face it, grin and bear it, put your palms up philosophically, the Hebrew manner and get blown to bits.

I'm bloomed if I can understand this pervasive attitude of We-might-as-well-go-the-whole-hog. It's almost as though we've got all injected with lemming juice and are head- ing at breakneck velocity for our ultimate cliff-edge.

The attitude isn't quite suicidal: it's a combi-nation of morbid and fatalistic. The Night My Number Came Uppish. Maybe we feel the world has come too far too fast and we've got no more sunsets to ride into because we've got no certainties before us and no lasting traditions behind. People don't think about the future anymore. If I was to take a poll of 20-year-olds and ask them if they sincerely believed they were going to live to be 35 they wouldn't, you know. Not because they were scared of mushroom-shapes, but because it hadn't occurred to them, in such a changing world, that they would survive some of the changes. The question is: how long will it be before the end of the world is going to be taken as a matter of course?

Not long.

Not long, then, before it's taken as so much of a matter of course that the but-ton will be prodded by a corporate inter-national shrug?

Not long.

In America it's pretty far gone. (Incidentally, I just thought up a word for the American way of life — a definitive summation. The Teddocracy. Like it? Oh, well.) They figure the place is going to the Niggers anyway, so what the hell. Also, I imagine they're little bit ashamed of living off the fat of the oil-derricks for so many years and, like the good little Puritians their granddaddies brung them up to be, they want to do penance, i.e., blow themselves up. In a country where advertising as the arbiter of public taste it is a tragedy of monumental propor-tions, I fear, that "dead" happened to rhyme with "red".

They reckon that civilisations fall because the people get to know too much and conse- quently to despise too much, and conse- quently to shrug and sworzel themselves into oblivion. Or at least into such a corporate hangover that the Goths at the gate have only to knock and the whole sheboodle tumbles down like a deck of soggy cards.

But what happens when the civilisation is world-wide? Who comes to the gate? The Martians? The Mongols? The Coloured Folk? No. No. Just the Forces of Dark- ness, the purveyors of kayakh (Evil Destiny), the leather-winged, soft-billed, death-bringers. Maybe it's the human race's corporate super- ego punishing it for lusting after its mother. Maybe it's the final punishment for Original Sin: a final death for sinners all. Maybe it's a vote of No Confidence in the Messiah, whose sacrifice was not enough, for our sins have grown too great. I don't know. But we're in a strangely futile frame of mind when we can believe that dying for a principle is worth killing our children too, that any principle is worth the martyrdom of all.

It must be something more than that. Perhaps the Creator has grown tired of the species, the way He grew tired of the Jews. Maybe He regards us like a psychologist regards white rats in an experiment that went wrong. It's moments like this I need Minties, or, alternatively, the comforting faith I once had in that goddamn sea of glass.

**Bottomless Pants**

SYDNEY: A Policeman today escorted from a crowded street a handsome young strip- ling who dared to appear in public wearing shoes and socks — and nothing else below the waist!

The charge: Suspicion of improper attire for shopping.

He was the first to be arrested for wear-ing the new bottomless pants which recently went on sale in American department stores. Said Derek Sinew when arrested: "I see nothing wrong or indecent about the human body.

In London yesterday, famed Parisian pant- less pants designer, Charles Rubens, ad-mitted that the new trend saved material. The weekly supplement of the Russian newspaper described the pantless pants as "just another copy Moscow tradition. For years our serfies have been wearing bear-skins."

**PIPPE** keep telling me that satire is halthy: "It is a halthy sign of the times," they say.

"Halthy?" I ask them. "Would you say, therefore, that pipple dad on roadways are halthy because they show pedastrians they cannot gat away with so much?"

"No. Halthy because it shows the friddom of spich. It proves that pipple are allow to gat themsalves kill-ed?"

"Your analogy is lousy" they say. "Satire is indeed a good thing."

"Do you think that satire requires intelli- gence to be onderstand?"

"Noturel."

"Would stupid pipple onderstand satire?"

"Noturel not."

"Of what use is it than? It cannot aducate. for those who nid aducation are too stupid to onderstand it. Furthermore this stupid pip­ pel cannot gat entertainment from satire."

"Ah, but the intelligent pipple are anter- tained by it."

"Why is this? Ferst they are flatter because they think they are smart onderstand the joke. Second they plissed to be nasty at someone on alses expanse. Neither of this is admirable risson."

"Ah, but satire tiches those who are satri- rised. It shows them the stupid of their ways."

This most wik risson of all, since avry-one know that satire never alters pipple doing things. Has Lord Holme risigned? Has Kelly change censor laws? No."

So final crafty expression comes into faces and they say: "Ah, but satire does benefit many pipple. For instance, the writers who write it, the publishers who publish it, the printers who print it, the timbergatters who..."

"STOP" I say. "Satire is indit of great banafit to many pipple."

—DAVID ERSKINE
THE BEATLES AND AGNOSTICISM

This is a private interview by OLABISI AJALA with the four Beatles in their flat.

John: We don't take up any bats.
Paul: You know, the midway idea, but that's all there is to it really as far as we're concerned.

Inter: Wherein lies the future of the Commonwealth?
Paul: Oh, I don't know much about politics you know. The future? Don't ask me, really. I've no idea.

Inter: How about you—you are John?
John: Yes, I'm John.

Inter: You are the one who wrote the book?
John: Yes, but it's nothing to do with...I've no idea about politics either. As long as they keep going and are all pats and all that I s'pose that's all right.

Paul: The thing is, we don't know what the situation is, really, anyway. We're not really clued up on it, so we can't really tell you what we think, you know.

Inter: Do you feel the same...?
Ringo: Yeah, the same, yeah.
George: I do too.

Inter: So you don't know anything about politics?
John: Not really.

Inter: What are your views on communism and democracy?
John: We're all for democracy, aren't we, because we're British you know, so it's the best. We're not very keen on communism, some of it's all right, but they've gone a bit far I think, don't you?

Inter: Well, tell me...
George: George.
Inter: George, George, George, tell me, what is your religious faith—what would you say is your belief?
George: Er. I don't know.
Paul: All of us are agnostic.
George: Agnostic?
Paul: Really, you know, yes.

Inter: In other words, you don't believe in God?
Paul: But we don't disbelieve, that's the thing.

Inter: You don't disbelieve in God?
Paul: We don't disbelieve, but we don't particularly believe, I don't think.

George: Wonderful. As Epstein told me yesterday, you never play to anywhere where there is racial discrimination.

THE BEATLES AND AGNOSTICISM

George: No, no.

O NCE Lord De l'Isle had seen most of Australia, he was as capable as any ex-directed director of Schweppes to be Governor-General. In fact, he became a real "dinkum Aussie" in record time, as he will no doubt tell the English Speaking Union shortly before he leaves.

With his particular background, many thought he would be more of an adult soft drink of a G-G than the old pops we'd had before. But his early departure shows that true Sch-ewanescence always comes through. In fact, the people of Australia took him to their heart as he took them to his. (Not a pleasant experience for any Viceroy.)

But now that his departure after three years, instead of the customary five, has been announced in the Gazette and the Weekly, we may well ask who should be next. An Australian? A war hero? Bertrand Russell? Loser of the next Presidential election? S. S. Orr? Janice Wilson? Hon. Catherine Sidney?

WHAT SHOULD A G-G BE LIKE?

(a) He must not be an Australian.—A G-G is known by the Oxford simper, blue eyes faded by a harsh sun setting on the Empire, light tan from the Libya campaign of '43 and gammy leg picked up in '17 at Villers-Bretonneux. Any Australians with these qualifications are overseas exploiting them and so cannot be regarded as Australians anyway.

(b) He must not be a woman.—As the RSL vote knows, this is a man's country and a place of untamed frontiers and bronzed beardrakers 6ft 6in. in old Army socks. No decent-thinking digger would send a woman to this sunburned country of wild animals and revenge.

(c) If he dies in office, so much the better.

—But don't make him a Viscount or tasteless jokes will spread. If he dies of clap (i.e. a war wound) then this will show he's a digger through and through. The government will be swept into office again for their sterling choice. On second thoughts, make him die of clap.

(d) He must be conservative and totally unknown to the populace.—This is to ensure absolutely that the position is kept as a sinecure for people of the past timeable age. "Conservative" means that the Prime Minister will approve the appointment; "unknown" means that his name has never appeared in a British newspaper. No mentions, favour able or unfavourable. Mention in the "Times", despatches and Birthday Honours List are allowed.

(e) He must have a social daughter or close female associate.—(preferably not a mistress). This feminine appendage must climb Ayer's Rock, the social ladder (Sydney and Melbourne) and on to assorted band-wagons with all the finesse and endurance expected of a seasoned socialite. Practise can help to an extent but most theorists in the field agree that women with these qualifications must be born like that. The British inbreeding system (or "class system") does the job more efficiently than any surgical techniques yet developed.

In conclusion, though the qualifications may appear to be unduly stringent, they are not when the G-G's political and social position is considered. I am sure there are hundreds of ageing, crippled, clap-ridden ex-India Rifles Lieutenants with crumbling castles, totering finances and ambitious womenfolk.

—DEAN LETCHER
Fashion scoop of last month was the capture of a 16-year-old prowler in drag. He was caught parading in the posh Sydney suburb of Double Bay.

The Daily Mirror gave an infatuated description of the lad's stunning ensemble. "The youth was wearing thongs, jockey shorts, an athletic singlet, a woman's brassiere, a blue polo-neck sweater, a red cardigan, a fawn skirt and a green dressing-gown." Featured as fashion accessories were a brown and white spotted scarf and a red torch.

Society leaders were quick to praise the new outfit. "The green dressing-gown was the master stroke," said Mrs Edna Ferrier, of Vaucluse, who was also tickled by the "sheer eccentricity" of the jockey shorts.

Late today, leading Department stores were reporting brisk sales.
Every week day about 5 million Australian *Alfs* (or *Alves*) invade the capital cities to plot against YOU and YOUR families. They work as Accountants, Executives, Bank Managers, Doctors, Lawyers, Salesmen, Wharfies, Bus Conductors... nearly everyone is an Alf these days. Now is the time to stamp out Alfs before they overrun us completely.

**Aims of the evil ALF movement**

1. To convert YOU to a clean living, all Australian, anti-erotic, healthy, mentally retarded citizen.
2. Full employment.
3. To crush minority groups such as blacks, atheists, Nazis, anti-fluoridationists, intellectuals and Communists.

**Little known facts about ALFS**

1. Alfs kill more people in automobiles in this country than any other ethnic group.
2. They are clannish. Observe any bus or train. (Note: Alfs usually only employ other Alfs.)
3. Despite their general stupidity, they are SMART in business.
4. They love to sing and dance. They can be easily pacified by simply humming a ragtime tune.
5. The prowler is an Alf.
6. They sometimes try and change their names so they can "pass". Examples, Nino Cullotta, Johnny Raper, Dusseldorf and Santamaria.
7. They are trying to marry our daughters.

**A short history of ALFISM**

The Alfs were not the original inhabitants of this country. The Push were. The English Alfs had all their Push transported to Australia. When the Push made the country inhabitable, English Alfs gate-crashed.

The gold-diggers weren't Alfs, nor were the bushrangers. Ned Kelly was one of the last truly great Push. But now the Alfs use him as a symbol.

Many of the original Push have died on the gallows. They were the real swingers. Some died in the war and the few that survive today are in prison or out of work.
about the ALF conspiracy!

A bunch of ALFS playing.

ALFS at play!

When they are not conspiring to dominate the world, ALFS HAVE FUN. This is the best time to discover which of your friends are secretly ALFs. Watch for those who:

1. stand up for the National Anthem,
2. drive Holdens or Falcons,
3. shop at DJ's or Myers.

Every big sport is dominated by ALFs. The "Ampol" car trial is exclusively Alf. Surfing is becoming more Alf every day.

The Army is an Alf stronghold.
The Navy was an Alf stronghold.

Organisations formed to DO GOOD are always Alfistic — Red Cross, R.S.P.C.A., Lifeline, the Sunday "Mirror", the Smith Family, Christianity, Legacy. But some of these are so Alfish that even the ALFs won't touch them, e.g., the Life-savers.

WARNING!

In the past few years, ALFs, in an effort to make themselves accepted by us, have taken up singing our folksongs. Some wear duffle coats and drink black coffee. But don't worry. In the end an Alf will always give himself away. If you're not sure, expose yourself. Watch him blink.

Are you an ALF?

Even ALFs read OZ. Check these questions to make sure you're not an Alf.

1. This land of ours has the greatest economic potential of any other nation in the world. ☐ True or False?
2. We are a sunburnt, easy-going country of tall, bronzed Anzacs. ☐ True or False?
3. God is on our side. ☐ True or False?

Note: If you attempted any of these questions, then you are an Alf.

Final solution

Although we are outnumbered, it's still not too late. OZ calls for Export Action: Send all our ALFs to Tasmania. Why don't you export an Alf now? Buy all the ALFs you know a ticket to Tasmania—they'll feel quite at home on the Empress.

Originally this guy was Push.
Then the ALFS got hold of him and shoved him on Television.

OZ, July 9
Running a Funeral Parlour is a VERY REWARDING Profession.
We get LOTS of BEAUTIFUL flowers
(mainly gladiolas & lilacs) FREE
We get LOTS of LOVELY Jewellery (mostly rings and crosses) FREE.
We fog grave-pilots for a fortune, and exotic coffins for $200 to the bereaved for the cremation of their dearly BELOVED—then toss all the bodies on a big pile, sprinkle them with petrol and burn them all up (just like Belsen), give the relatives of the deceased last weeks ashes, and reseed the coffin to the next back of suckers with a corpse on their hands
...it's all very moving...

WHEN THE GREAT REAPER REAPS YOUR
BELIEVED — DO COME TO US FOR A
DECENT BURIAL

R.I.P. SHARP.
WHERE it not for the gravity of the present situation, I should never have thought myself justified in writing this story. I have been a prudent or obscure kind, and I am even now anxious to avoid all taint of sensationalism, which is why I have requested OZ to publish it.

A situation has arisen, in which I discern only too clearly that my duty is to disclose certain facts about a way of life unknown to many New Yorkers. My participation in it has been quite a large number of insignificant and humble people like myself. The hysteria surrounding our secret brotherhood has swelled in such proportions that I see that I must tell my story from the beginning, if I am to find any sympathy whatever.

I was educated in a good school, where I received a solid grounding in the basic moral precepts of society, but nowhere under more “progressive” systems. We were taught the appropriate respect for our elders and betters, and for ourselves, and I flatter myself that I left my alma mater a well-mannered, clean-cut, well-fed young man. I was, however, and still am, painfully timid and self-effacing. The only people I knew, apart from the people in the store where I worked, and where I now hold a position of great responsibility, were members of the Church younger set.

I was a frequent visitor to the bar in the local coffee shop, which had a reputation for being a gathering place for the clergy. It was here that I met Father Michael, a man of great charm and intelligence. He introduced me to his wife, a beautiful woman named Margaret, who was one of the most popular barmaids in the city.

Some time after our marriage I was appointed organist and choirmaster for our church. I had been delighted but that the choir was for the most part composed of ancient and weary foundation members whose hearing and whose voices were not what they had been. I fought a constant battle with myself, and to this day I wonder whether they should perform great music badly, or simply put mediocre works to death. I speculated between weeping tears of joy and weeping tears of despair, struggling on desperately with something which was never meant to sound good any way.

My work in the Sacred Music Department fell away sadly. I became pale and harassed and my concentration faltered. My workmates put it down to my marriage, but when I assured them that my wife was the beset up by the women in the house in a mystifying manner which I thought it best not to investigate. The last straw came when a stout middle-aged lady asked for the onde score of the Exultate Jubilate of Mozart and I burst into tears and sobbed over the counter.

I was given a week’s leave to recover myself. I began taking long walks in the evening to soothe my nerves for bed.

One night, after a particularly exhausting evening, I decided to ask a certain raucous matron to leave the room but had subsided in mumbling ingratitude. I was walking slowly homeward when I passed a lighted window. A young girl was standing at the window, her face turned and her eyes closed. As soon as she turned I saw the gleam of the man’s eyes. They were fixed on the lighted window. At the same instant he turned and met my gaze. Slightly, I held out my hand. He shook it warmly.

So I was alone. I began to recognize familiar faces that fitted into the dusk as I approached the light, and I saw the woman and her husband would ever find out.

I glanced furtively sideways and saw the gleam of the man’s eyes. They were fixed on the lighted window. At the same instant he turned and met my gaze. Slightly, I held out my hand. He shook it warmly.

So I was alone. I began to recognize familiar faces that fitted into the dusk as I approached the light, and I saw the woman and her husband would ever find out.

The next day, a photograph of the lady still-soft-clad, sobbing in the arms of a young policeman, appeared under the heading PROWLER SCARES SOCIALITE.

I was a prowler! We were prowlers! The title seemed gloriously menacing and sinister. We were all flattered, I think, and many who had been only half-hearted and timid in their observance before took heart and prowled with greater vim.

Then a lady was murdered.

Then a man was murdered.

This was quite wrong. Prowlers prowl. They do not kill people. We have been about for years, but these murders are a new thing. We have always been on the edge of the extra publicity. Our numbers grew enormously: the city became prowler conscious, which was flattering except that they were not interested in me. I was only one of the prowlers. We were bigger news than that band of effete English hooligans who came here disguised as musicians. The press became a friend of the movement for the best and most popular prowling spots.

Our numbers grew so rapidly that for some time there was congestion in some of the best places. The gardens of girls’ schools and nurses’ homes became at times quite congested.

Now we are a dying race. Our activities have been less than ever in the last two months, although the published accounts of prowlers are more numerous than ever. One can never tell nowadays whether it is safe to slip into a garden. People employ guards and savage dogs: trap-wire is set up for us; lights flash on; bells ring.

At the slightest sound women rush to their windows and scream like Banshees for their menfolk, who have begun hunting away with shotguns into the darkness. Even if we complete the hazardous path to the lighted window, the shades are drawn as we approach, the curtains seen together and nailed to the window frame. Supposing we find a chink, they hastily dare to undress without covering themselves with some en veve garment, and hastily drawing their clothes off underneath it.

Our lives are spent like hunted animals, alert for any sign of danger, ready for precipitate flight.

The bitterest pill to swallow is that I must stay at home every evening of late, because my wife is afraid of the prowler.

I have written this story so that you will see that murderers and prowlers are different entirely. We do not wish to kill anyone, or even to touch anyone. Human contact is repugnant to us. All we ask is to look. We are not the only prowlers in the world, we are not vicious and we are not strong.

We, the prowlers of Australia, wish to dissociate ourselves completely from the enactors of these atrocities. We beseech the womanhood of the Eastern Suburbs and our subsidiary areas to settle back into their old routine, which has been the means of satisfying so many ageing and deserving gentlement.

God bless you all.

Oliver Inchbold.
Jim Healy died on July 13, 1961. He was given the biggest funeral Sydney has seen (about 7,000 attended) and marched in. In its first edition on that day the Melbourne "Herald" carried an obituary written by its "inside" industrial man, E. C. Crofts, the son of the late Charlie Crofts, who was at one time secretary of the Australian Council of Trade Unions.

The obituary was headed: HEALY, IDOL OF THE WATERSIDERS. E. C. Crofts wrote: "...Pipe-smoking, 63-year-old James Healy, wharf leader Communist, who died today, was the centre of many struggles in the Australian waterfront. Son of an Irish laborer and a mother who worked in a Lancashire cotton mill, Healy and his wife, Elizabeth, came to Australia in 1925. He became a waterside worker and joined the Labor Party."

That is how the obituary in the first edition began. It went on to describe Healy's union history and his war record, mentioning the fact that he had been severely wounded in World War I. This fact was given a sub-head in the story. Healy was described as being a "genial personality and an idol to most of the nation's waterside workers".

"Healy was also one of the most astute union leaders in the nation. When he was elected to the A.C.T.U. executive in 1957, it was no surprise," wrote Crofts.

But even in death the greatness of Jim Healy was a danger to the monopolists. They knew his position had to be filled, so that greatness had to be reduced somehow.

The second edition saw big changes in the obituary which was still under the name of E. C. Crofts.

First the heading. This was changed to: HEALY, THE MAN WHO RULED WHARVES.

The second obituary began: "James Healy, 63, who during his lifetime was hated by thousands of opponents and sentenced to jail under a Labor Government, always remained outwardly calm. His sphinx-like imperturbability was despised by opponents as "cynical". But most of the nation's 23,000 waterside workers regarded him as their undisputed leader."

All mention of him having been wounded in World War I was dropped. In the space of a few hours the "genial personality" was changed to "unionists speak of the 'two Healy's. The tough, at times ruthless, Communist boss, and the outwardly genial Healy who liked playing an old-fashioned pianola or reciting the poems of Robert Burns at home."

From being "one of the astute union leaders in the nation", Healy became "the most astute industrialist in the Communist Party, and many of his opponents claimed he used the W.W.F. as a Communist weapon."

Such is the character of the monopoly press. One of the finest leaders ever produced by the working class of this country had been dead only a few hours when the poison began to flow in an effort to poison his memory which will remain evergreen in the hearts of the people.

It is said that the Soviet Republic was born amidst a storm of curses from capitalist newspapers.

In his book, "The Press and Public Wants", Mr Kingsley Martin, editor of the British "New Statesman and Nation", says:

If one was searching for a classic case of wishful reporting, the story of the futile and costly adventures of the (anti-revolutionary) Russian General Koltchak, would make the supreme example.

"The U.S. press showed, for instance, over a period of spectacular victories, Koltchak was constantly occupying towns with unpronounceable names which few Americans had ever heard of before. Looking up the map, it was discovered these towns were all behind the line from which General Koltchak had started so that during this month of apparent victory, he had actually been in full retreat".

And it was from these sources that the Australian press was supplied.

Here are some of the headlines and news items concerning the events of 1917 in Russia chosen at random from Australian newspapers. They speak for themselves.

1917—"Communist Bolsheviks: It would be idle to deny that criminals and irresponsible and ignorant people do constitute the bulk of the press, that they can boast a press, fearless and unhampered by gagging NATION—or OZ, for that matter."

It is highly improbable that any communist country can boast a press, fearless and unhindered in its news values. One suspects that Clarke is not really complaining that the press is prejudiced but that it is prejudiced against his own particular viewpoint, which is human if not entirely logical. Press nationalism would be a monopoly and biased reportage uncheckable by independent publications.

* Clarke seems to be committed to the rather pessimistic Marxist line that it is impossible to have an independent press in a capitalist society. The existence of "Guardian" and other communist publications belies this prediction if nothing else does.
underdog bites editor

of Lenin's followers."—From a syndicated article by Keith Murdoch in the Melbourne "Herald," October 6.

Young Keith had started off well.

"Kerensky on the march; ends Lenin's So­


● 1918—"Grand Duke Nicholas Tsar; Lenin

and Trotsky Flee."—"Bolshevism Over­


● 1919—"Thieves Fall Out; Trotsky Arrests


"Russia Nationalises Corpses." — Th e


"The American view is that the days of

Bolshevism are numbered."—The "Argus,"

March 3.

From 1919 right down to the Hitler attack

on the Soviet Union in 1941, the Australian

newspapers were full of stories like the

going; fantastically contradictory, patently

absurd, and incredibly stupid. One day Bol­

shevism was the menace, came bullocking

its way through the crowd and knocked my

wheelchair over, throwing me face down

on the ground. Fully a dozen other people

attacking the linesman, came bullocking their

pale face at the exist before someone was kind enough

to assist me to my seat.

I saw take place on the field after the match

between Pan-Hellenic and South Coast. What

More Balls

SUPWOOD.

"Thugs" on the

Soccer Field

Sir,—On Sunday, May 24, I was a specta­
tor at a Soccer match at Wentworth Park

between Pan-Hellenic and South Coast. What

I saw take place on the field after the match

horrified me beyond description.

Supporters of one of the teams ran on
to the field (one of them wielding an

up-rooted paling from a fence) and attacked

a linesman who had given a ruling against

their side. The attack was of the kind that

one expects to be made by vicious thugs in

a dark alley, not by "law-abiding" citizens

on a playing-field in broad daylight.

What followed was even more vicious. I

am elderly, and confined to a wheelchair as

a result of an old war wound. Some of the

hoodlums, in their haste to escape after

attacking the linesman, came bullocking

their way through the crowd and knocked my

wheelchair over, throwing me face down

on the ground. Fully a dozen other people

passed by me on their ill-mannered rush

to the exist before someone was kind enough

to assist me to my seat.

In such circumstances, it is not difficult

to see the Peruvian tragedy as an ominous

portent of things to come here. Cannot some­

thing be done about this before it is too late

Emmore.

R. SUPWOOD.

Year Plans were "hideous failures," the

great dams and power stations and the

gigantic new factories were destined to stand

as silent and motionless on the steppes as

the pyramids on the Egyptian deserts. The

debts contracted abroad for production goods

would never be paid. The nation's leaders

were beasts in human form. The Melbourne

"Herald" of June 14, 1926, wrote:

"Soviet leaders, without exception, are

thieves and murderers and propagandists

for robbery, atheism and murder. We are

sinking below the eternal law when we

deal with men who openly exalt evil and

crime."

The despatch of a huge American task

force to the China coast in September, 1958,

brought the world again to the brink of

World War III. In the hue and cry of

the warmongering over Formosa and Quemoy,

little publicity was given to an event which

shows how strictly controlled the Australian

press is, and how it can be brought into

line with the aggressive policies of the United

States. The event was reported in the Church

of England paper, "The Anglican" of October

4, 1958.

It said:

"It now seems clear that the only kind

of war likely to be fought over the issue

of Quemoy, for the time being, will be

fought with ink and newsprint in the

columns of the Press. Outstanding among

these 'brighter' and more sensational

organs is Australia's oldest metro news­
paper, the 'Sydney Morning Herald.' . . .

Until last Friday, this daily newspaper put

forward in its leading articles a sober

and cautious point of view which was in

general accord with that of such distin­

guished organs of liberal opinion as The

Times,' 'La Prensa,' and the 'Manchester

Guardian.'

"But last Saturday all was changed. The

complete reversal which came about was

not due to any change in the situation in

the near north, or in Peking, Washington

or elsewhere. It was due solely—and this

is the thing which must shock all Angli­

cans who try to regard international disputes

in the light of Christian teaching—to the

direct intervention of a politician in Can­
berra no less a person, indeed, than the

Prime Minister himself. Not less alarming

than the reversal of editorial policy . . .

(is that) . . . no mention should so far

have appeared in the Press of the Prime

Minister's intervention. The facts are simply

that Mr. Menzies summoned to Canberra

the 'Advertiser' and the Sydney newspaper,

ignoring the functionaries of other news­
papers of similar status, it seems, to make

clear to them that policy of his govern­

ment about Quemoy, which barely a week

ago earlier he had publicly stated through

their columns did not exist! The 'S.M.H.'

from that day following began to pro­
pound a view so far to the right of any

put forward by the most extreme sections

of American or British opinion that Mr.

Dulles—were he to learn of it—must surely

be slightly surprised."

A few weeks ago Sir Frank Packer married Mrs Noel Vincent. A few
years ago Mrs Vincent won Sir Frank's Teledom competition.

— from the Sunday Telegraph, November 9, 1959.
round the world on a limerick

ALGERIA
Ben Bella is rather a sly one
Dictatorship? HE' D never try one!
Have you noticed of late
It's a one-party state?
And guess who's the Almighty High One?

ENGLAND
The rockers came in by the drove
They beat up a mod dressed in mauve
Then without a word,
They beat up his bird
It all happened in Brighton and Hove.

INDIA
Weep India! Nehru's no more
"Amar rahe" cry Brahmans and whore
The flames of the pyre
Rise higher and higher
Weep India! What lies in store?

SOUTH AFRICA
Said Verwoerd "I am not unduly
Concerned about Albert Luthuli
If we can't restrain him
We'll threaten to chain him
And charge him with being unruly"
—Grant Nichol

Anti-Social Stuff

Formal clothing invariably inhibits good conversation. At any party where the dress is formal, the talk will be limited mostly to the repetition of facts rather than the exchange of ideas. And in a welter of "basic black," I—like most men—know that the most life and the best conversation is going to come from the one chick who's dressed in bright colors...
The American Civil Liberties Union is still bugging ABC to drop its requirement of a loyalty oath signature before allowing Pete Seeger on its shows. "It is inconceivable," says the ACLU, "that a performer could threaten national security by earning his living in full hearing and view of the public on radio and television."...

The New Republic (50 cents from 1244 19th Street N.W., Washington, D.C.) has just passed 100,000 circulation and is getting to be the nearest equivalent to one of the more intelligent European literary mags. The latest attempt to form a body of world citizens, the Mondcivitan Republic, publishes a quarterly newspaper (50 cents a year from 27 Delancey Street, London, N.W. 1) and runs regular parliamentary sessions, with delegates from a score of countries, at its headquarters in Wales. Citizenship forms free from the address above.

The few girls I know who still wear bras usually go for that "Private Life" model by True Ballance (3.95 dollars)...

The Shumway seed catalogue (Rockford, Illinois) still lists those midget vegetables (four-inch corn, tiny lettuce) that can be grown in the window box...
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