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.
This is my house.

This is my friend Jon's house.

Next Shore Line
From The Snapshots
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 up there. Old Seymour. Sonuvabitch. You'd 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 years, practically. But Old Seymour vowed that'd never happen again and said he'd go to Dental College. And he did, too. I mean he kills me. He really does. Only I don't miss my teeth though — not really. 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 J. Christ whatfor 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 and say real low: "You got it boy. You got it. You just got it. You just got it. You just got it. You just got it. You just got 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 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 choses from toothpaste tube, boy saves toothpaste tubes. 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 fare-welled last night at a party hostessed by her mother, Mrs. Mary Money. Also partying were Johnene sisters Noelene, Clydene, Phillene and the youngest, Bendene ("Mother was a little unstable at the time"). Mosesene Schnitzelberger, of Bellevue Hill, Angusene MacTavish, of Rose Bay, Adolfene von Boche, of Double Bay, and Fredeene Prole, from Tiger Bay.

Johnene will winter in Spain this year. "Daddy sprung 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 Boche, 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.

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. Trial run this morning. We'll see.
9.00 a.m. Clouds went away. Track not quite dry enough. Should be all right in a few hours. Almost dry enough. Almost.
11.00 a.m. Aborigines 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.

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 W was a pretty big production — replete with choirs 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 sicle 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 chuckled 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 reappear 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 sacred 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 idea 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, your palms up philosophically, the national shrug?

I'm blowed if I can understand this pervasive attitude of We-might-as-well-go-the-whole-hog. It's almost as though we've got an invasive attitude of We-might-as-well-go-the-whole-hog.

The attitude isn't quite suicidal: it's a combination of morbid and fatalistic. The Night My Number Came Up. 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 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.

How long, then, before it's taken as so much of a matter of course that the butt will be prodded by a corporate international 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 Teddiocracy. 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 Puritans their granddaddies brung them up to be, they want to do penance, i.e., blow themselves up. In a country where advertising is the arbiter of public taste it is a tragedy of monumental proportions, I fear, that "dead" happened to rhyme with "red."

They reckon that civilisations fall because the people get to know too much and consequently to despise too much, and consequently to shrug and swizzle 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? Not. Just the Forces of Darkness, 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's breast. 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 worse than the leather-winged, soft-billed, death-bringers.

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.

**PIPPLE 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 pedestrians they cannot get away with so much?"

"No. Halthy because it shows the freddom of spich. It proves that pipple are allow to comment on what they do not like."

"Ah, You min then that road accidents are halthy because they show that pipple are permit to gat themselves kill-ed?"

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

"Do you think that satire requires intelligen­ce to be onderstand?"

"Noturel."

"Would stupid pipple onderstand satire?"

"Noturel not."

"Of what use is it than? It cannot aducate."

"Ah. You min then that road accidents are halthy because they show that pipple are permit to gat themselves kill-ed?"

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

"Do you think that satire requires intelligence to be understood?"

"Noturel."

"Would stupid pipple onderstand satire?"

"Noturel not."

"Is it possible to gat antertainment from satire."

"Ah, but the intelligenat pipple are anter­tained by it."

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

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

This mostwik risson of all, since avry­one know that satire never alters pipple doing things. Has Lord Holme risedign? 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 indid of great benafit to many pipple."

—DAVID ERSKINE
THE BEATLES AND AGNOSTICISM

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

George: 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.
John: Put it this way—do you believe in the existence of God?
Paul: Yeah, but it's a very complicated thing you know—God, as the Church teaches it. I don't particularly believe in it, but just as the spirit of goodness type-of-thing, then I believe it.
Inter: O.K. And you—what is your name again, please?
Ringo: I'm Ringo.
Inter: Ringo, what are your views on God?
Ringo: I don't—I don't ever think of it. You know, I just don't bother. You know, I s'pose when I get old I'll hope there is one—give me a good time. But at the moment it just doesn't bother me.
John: How about you—you are John?
Inter: Yes, I'm John.
John: You are the one who wrote the book?
Inter: Yes, but it's nothing to do with . . . I've no idea about politics either. As long as they keep going and are all pals 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, 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.
Inter: Agnostic?
George: Really, you know, yes.
Inter: So 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.

WANTED: A G-E GEE

ONCE Lord De L'Isle had seen most of Australia, he was as capable as any ex-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 Schwe-evanescence 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 bashful squirming on the Empire, from a 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 beerdrinkers 6ft. 8in. in old Army socks. No decen-thinking digger would send a woman to this sunburned country of wild animals anyway.

(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 all ages. "Conservative" means that the Prime Minister will approve the appointment; "unknown" means that his name has never appeared in a British newspaper. No mentions, favourable 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 band­wagons with all the finesse and endearment expected of a seasoned socialite. Practise can help to an extent but most theorists in the field agree that women with these qualities 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 Generals with crumbling castles, tottering 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 Santa-maria.
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.

A Notorious ALF
about the ALF conspiracy!

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.
Close in our hearts she will always live, loved and remembered every day. She said goodbye on June 17, 1968. Miss you dearly and remember you. The woman who was always loved. We miss her so much. In loving memory of Ethel Elizabeth, the mother we loved. May she rest in peace. 

IN MEMORIAM

Ethel Elizabeth, a wonderful mother and grandmother. She passed away on June 17, 1968. Miss you dearly and remember you. The woman who was always loved. We miss her so much.

IN MEMORIAM

Thoughts of our darling ETHEL EILEEN, our beloved grandchild. Passed away on June 17, 1968. Miss you dearly and remember you. The woman who was always loved. We miss her so much.

WITH DECORUM AND TASTE

Running a Funeral Parlour is a VERY REWARDING Profession.

We get LOTS of BEAUTIFUL-flowers (mainly gladdest rushes) FREE

We get LOTS of LOVELY Jewellery (mostly rings and crosses) FREE

We flog grave-plot for a fortune, and exotic coffins for $200 to the bereaved for the cremation of their dearly BELOVED—then tow all the bodies on a BIG pile, sprinkle em with Petrol and burn em all up (just like BELSEN), give the relatives of the deceased last weeks ashes, and resell the coffin to the next hack of suckers with a corpse on their hands.

IT'S ALL VERY MOVING...

WHEN THE GREAT REAPER REAPS YOUR BELOVED - DO COME TO US FOR A DECENT BURIAL.

R.T.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 never been a prurient or obscene 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 the public. By way of illustration, let me give you a few examples of the quite a large number of insignificant and humbling people like myself. The hysteria surrounding our secret brotherhood has swelled 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 principles which I had learned 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, open-faced young man. I was, however, and still am, painfully timid and self-effacing. The only people I knew, apart from the staff where I worked, and where I now hold a position of great responsibility, were members of the Church younger set.

I frequented a young lady in the group who used to ask me to all the subscription concerts. I accepted every time. Soon her parents began to think of us as betrothed, and after a while I was asked to come and be introduced. I cleared, I realised that the younger set expected us to get married. I had no objections: I have and have always had the highest regard for her.

For some time after our marriage, which was a delightful ceremony — I directed the music for it myself — my wife seemed restful and frequently burst into tears. I treated this girlish disturbance with great forbearance and gentleness and eventually she became accustomed to the life of a matron, and threw herself wholeheartedly into her work for the Church.

Our marriage has been an edification to me, and to our friends. My wife has a sweet dignity and reserve which fill me with the tenderness of the most dutiful sentiments. She is frail and delicate, but her energy and her capacity for self-sacrifice know no bounds. I have never raised my voice to her: I have never laid a disapproving hand upon her: I have never treated her with the least familiarity. My greatest fear in writing this account of my and my colleagues’ nocturnal habits is that you will think I have been guilty of such impertinence. I hope that you will be satisfied that this is a ground for having offered it to OZ. I think I can be sure that my wife would never buy it.

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

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 best tempered of women they laughed in a mystifying manner which I thought best not to investigate. The last straw came when a stout middle-aged lady asked for the local score of the Exultate Jubilate of Mozart and I burst into tears and sobbed all over the counter.

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

One night, after a particularly excruciating evening song-mongering, I felt the need to ask a certain raucous matron to leave the choir, but had subsided in mumbled ingratiation, I was walking slowly homeward when I passed a lighted window. A young girl was standing facing the window and for my sins I glanced at her.

As swift as thought I passed into the garden, and watched her carefully from a vantage point in a hibiscus. In one half hour I discovered more about that young lady than her mother or her husband would ever find out.

My feeling of cowardice and defect evaporated as I stood there. Those fearless old women with their bronchial insensitivities dwindled in my recollection. I felt whole and sound again.

My wife has become a habit, a habit that my dear wife never questioned.

One blissful evening I actually saw a member of the church choir singing Softly awakes my Heart lying naked on the floor before her breast.
Jim Healy died on July 13, 1961. He was given the biggest funeral Sydney has seen (about 150,000 people marched). 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. Crofts wrote: "The sea is a dangerous breathing place. James Healy, wharf leader Communist, who died to-day, 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 WAREVES.

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 obituary was changed to: ‘unionists speak of the two Healy’s. The tough, at times ruthless, Communist, and the outwardly genial Healy who liked playing an old-fashioned pianola or reading the poems of Robert Burns at home.”

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

Sure 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 pollute 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.


If one was searching for a classic case of the futility of 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—“Criminal Bolsheviks: It would be idle to deny that criminals and irresponsible and ignorant people do constitute the bulk of the press...”

**MEET the Press**, a pamphlet produced in 1962 by Duncan Clarke, has not to date received the critical attention of any of the main Australian newspapers. This is probably not unintentional oversight. Clarke is a staff member of the "Guardian", Melbourne’s Communist weekly. As if this were not bad enough, he has written a blistering attack on the capitalist press, in whose services he was for some years himself employed.

Yet, however interesting—and, at times, astonish­ing—his revelations, the case he makes out for nationalisation of the press is not persuasive:

* Although he refers to the press monopoly this is not in fact exist in the strict meaning of the word even in Melbourne, where two-thirds of the dailies are produced by the same company. The Herald and Weekly Times group and John Fairfax may, as he
late.

thing be done about this before it is too

wheelchair over, throwing me face down

way through the crowd and knocked my

to assist me to my seat.

to the exist before someone was kind enough

passed by me on their ill-mannered rush

on the ground. Fully a dozen other people

attacking the linesman, came bullocking their

hoodlums, in their haste to escape after

a result of an old war wound. Some of the

am elderly, and confined to a wheelchair as

their side. The attack was of the kind that

linesman who had given a ruling against

the field (one of them wielding an up­

horrified me beyond description.

between Pan-Hellenic and South Coast. What

rooted paling from a fence) and attacked a


In such circumstances, it is not difficult

What followed was even more vicious. I

Sir,—On Sunday, May 24, I was a specta­

ator 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

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.

R. SUPWOOD.
**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 Brahmin 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

**COMING SOON**
round the world on a limerick

**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 reiteration 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."...David Ficken (Box 463A, R.D. 1, Newton, New Jersey) collects foreign beer bottle labels, and very colourful they are for decorating bars and bathroom walls. He'll send a set of 50, all different, for one dollar...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 Trus Ballance (3.95 dollars)...Writing in the Campus Voice (20 cents from 415 East San Fernando, San Jose, California), Robert Wolf says that police dogs can be diverted from their target by throwing them buns soaked in a solution made from anise seeds and hot water...

**THE VILLAGE SQUARE**

"I believe above the storm the loudest prayer cannot be heard,
I believe that one One in the great nowhere hears not a word."
—Sam Kushner writing in American Atheist, 50 cents from 4547 Harvard Road, Baltimore 14, Maryland.

Now estranged are Doris
And her Lover, James;
He polished his Morris
With her whatsanames!

P.O.M.C.
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Be the first nut in your street with a Beethoven or Albert OZ sloppy-joe. You can protest against the outrages of pop music in your Beethoven sweat-shirt, or sneak out for a quiet prowl in your Albert OZ sloppy-joe. Wear them front or back, night or day, but order now — before they’re banned! S.M., M., X.O.S. Only 30/- each, post paid. Immediate delivery. Complete coupon and mail it now — order several, they’re an ideal gift for everyone.

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STATE...........................................SIZE REQUIRED

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