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's house.

This is my house.

That's my girlfriend's house.

She is my friend's friend.

North 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 in 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 two days. I mean it kills me. It really does. Goddam him he had a tube of toothpaste stuck in his throat. I mean all that crap on the tube of had a spasm one day and when they found it I 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 my 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, 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 in the movies 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 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 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

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

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 Noelene, Clydene, Phillipene and the youngest, Benzene Schnitzelberger, of Bellevue Hill, Angusene MacTavish, of Rose Bay, Adoljene von Boche, of Double Bay, and Fredene 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, gally reparteed in German. The rest Englished. Mrs. Money briefly speched. 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. 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.

RON SMITH

4 OZ, July
APROPOS OF THE END OF THE WORLD

By Bob Ellis

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 sicken 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 chucked 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 go on 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 prepuberty 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 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, put your palms up philosophically, the Hebrew manner and get blown to bits.

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

The attitude isn't quite suicidal: it's a combination of morbid and fatalistic. The Night My Number Came Up was. Maybe we feel the world has come too far too fast and we've got no more sunsets to ride into be­ cause 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 even 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 button 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 definite 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 pen­ ance, 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 swozzle themselves into oblivion. Or at least into such a corporate hangover that the Goths at the gate have only to knock and the whole shebang 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 pervers of kayak (Evil Destiny), the leather-winged, soft-billed, death-bringers.

Maybe it's the human race's corporate super­ ego punishing it for lasting 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. Per­ haps 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."

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

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

"No. Halthy because it shows the freedom 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 intelli­ gence to be understand?"

"Noturel."

"Would stupid pipple understand satire?"

"Noturel not."

"Of what use is it than? It cannot aducate. For those who nid aducation are too stupid to understand it. Furthermore this stupid pippel cannot gat antertainment from satire."

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

"Why is this? Fierst they are flatter because they think they are smort understand the joke. Second they plissed to be nasty at some­ one alses expanse. Neither of this is admirable risson."

"Ah, but satire tiches those who are sati­ 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 expresion 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

OZ, July 5
THE BEATLES AND AGNOSTICISM

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

Inter: Now tell me, what do you think of the Commonwealth of Nations? First you, Paul, can you tell me just what you think of it?

Paul: You mean what do I think of it?

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 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.

George: Agnostic?

Paul: 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.

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: 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.

Inter: Your visit to Sydney has not really been the tremendous success that it was in other places—New York, Paris, Copenhagen, and in Melbourne and Adelaide, where they’ve been queuing up. Here in Sydney, people have been more or less lukewarm, you know. What do you think is responsible for this—the weather?

Paul: Are you joking? It’s not lukewarm, you go outside, it’s boiling.

Inter: For instance, on the first night there were 3,000 seats empty at the Stadium.

Paul: It’s very good. The first day we were soaking wet, I don’t think anybody would have come out, it was pouring wet, but now the weather’s good there’ve been people here all day—have you seen the crowds? And the shows last night—fantastic!

Inter: I think the public is interested in your private views on religion, politics and such things. If I may ask all of you another question—what do you think of the racial tension in America, South Africa and England?

Paul: It’s a bad thing, we all agree on that, it’s a bad thing.

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

George: No, no.

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, 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 bearded men. No decent 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 pensionable 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, 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 bandwags 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 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-General 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, Dusseldarf 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 to-day are in prison or out of work.

A Notorious ALF

SUBS CRIBE

to OZ now! Send £1 plus your name and address to 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, for 12 months' supply of OZ. For £2, you'll receive two years' supply PLUS a selection of naughty back numbers.
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 ALFist 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
Close 'in our hearts she will allways loved and remembered every day. 

She was the left unceasingly lost, 
Loving and beautiful, our mother and our friend, 
Miss June 17, 1988. Miss you.

Loved by her only loving daughter, Kay, son, Ernie, Bill, Lillian, and grandchildren.

Thoughts of our darling, 

Which God called home, June 17.

As long as life and memory lasts.

You will live for ever in our hearts.

Cameron and Michelle.

A little tribute that is placed just to show we still remember.

This page was found inside a funeral notice.
IT'S THE PROWLER

When I first offered you the manuscript, I did so with some trepidation, for I knew that the story you were about to be told was a lurid and disturbing one. Yet, I insisted that you read it, for I believed that it was an important piece of work, one that deserved to be told to the world.

The story is set in a small town, where a young woman, Sarah, had recently moved with her family. Sarah was a quiet and reserved girl, who spent most of her time reading and writing in her room. However, one night, she heard a noise coming from outside.

Sarah was afraid, but she knew that she had to investigate. She cautiously opened her bedroom door and stepped outside. The darkness was thick and heavy, and she could hear footsteps getting closer.

Sarah's heart raced, and she began to run as fast as she could. The noise grew louder, and she could feel the breath of her pursuer on her neck. She turned a corner and was faced with a man, dressed in black, who was holding a knife. Sarah was terrified, but she knew that she had to act quickly.

She tried to run, but the man grabbed her and dragged her into a nearby alleyway. Sarah struggled, but she could feel the man's strength and knew that she was no match for him. He bound her hands and legs and sat down on the ground, laughing.

Sarah was in pain and fear, but she knew that she had to be brave. She closed her eyes and focused on her breathing, trying to calm herself. She thought of her family and friends, and she knew that they were waiting for her to come home.

The man held her captive for hours, taunting her and threatening her. Sarah was terrified, but she knew that she had to stay strong. She thought of her family and friends, and she knew that they were waiting for her to come home.

Finally, the man released her. She stood up, her body trembling, and walked slowly back to her home. The darkness was still thick and heavy, but she knew that she was safe. She went inside and locked the door behind her, sicher that no one could harm her again.

The story is a warning, a reminder of the dangers that still exist in our world. It is a story of courage, of resilience, and of the power of the human spirit. It is a story that must be told, for it is a story that can save lives.

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 or 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: "E. C. Crofts, 63, the tough, at times ruthless, Communist boss, and the outwardly genial Healy claimed he used the W.W.F. as a Communist weapon..."

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 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 they 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 imperceptibility was despised by opponents as "cynical." But 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 Healys.' The tough, at times ruthless, Communist boss, and the outwardly genial Healy who liked playing an old-fashioned pianola or singing 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..."

"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..."

Jim 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 he was elected to the A.C.T.U. executive in 1957. It was no surprise," wrote Crofts.

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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 Healys.' The tough, at times ruthless, Communist boss, and the outwardly genial Healy who liked playing an old-fashioned pianola or singing 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..."

"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..."

Jim Healy died on July 13, 1961. He was given the biggest funeral Sydney has seen (about 7,000 attended or 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: "E. C. Crofts, 63, the tough, at times ruthless, Communist boss, and the outwardly genial Healy claimed he used the W.W.F. as a Communist weapon..."

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 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 they had to be reduced somehow."

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

Cialist Government."—Melbourne "Herald," No­

vember 12.

1918—"Grand Duke Nicholas Tsar; Lenin

and Trotsky Flee."—Bolshevism Over­


1919—"Thieves Fall Out; Trotsky Arrests


"Russia Nationalises Corpses." — The


"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 fore­

going; fantastically contradictory, patently

absurd, and incredibly stupid. One day Bol­

shevikism was denounced, and the next day it

was threatening Europe and the whole world.

And so it was down the years. The Five

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 Anglicans

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 prop­

ound 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."

Balls

Never had the sub-editors made such a boo­

boo! Or, at least, not since years back when

the "Bulletin" printed an infamous little poem

whose initial letters spelt out a message to the

editors of that respectable journal to go and have

sexual intercourse.

On Tuesday, June 2, the "Sydney Morning

Herald" printed the following seemingly harm­

less little letter. The tongue in the cheek and

the sting was in the signature, apparently missed

by all the top brass who vet the leader page so

carefully:

"Thugs" on the

Soccer Field

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

MRS. NOEL VINCENT and MR. ARTHUR BROWNING dining at
Prince's last night after learning that they had won the £30,000 Teleword
No. 4, last of the Teleword series.

— from the Sunday Telegraph, November 9, 1959.

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

OZ, July 13
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?

**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?

**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.

**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 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.

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

Art and bureaucracy usually being in conflict, it's pleasant to report the case of artist Robert Watts (R.D. 2, Lebanon, New Jersey), who designs his own postage stamps and sells them in sheets of 100, all different, for five dollars. Smaller sheets of sexier stamps retail for two dollars. With artistic pride, Bob always affixes his own stamps to his letters, and on the occasions when he's forgotten to affix the more prosaic Federal type, the letters have always gone through anyway.

A worldwide network of correspondents in different colleges is the aim of U., a new English quarterly devoted to student writing and photography. First issue of U. (40 cents from Peter Moran, 12 Marrat Road, London S.W. 19) includes pieces on jazz, sex, theatre, and religion.

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

(By special arrangement with the "Village Voice", New York.)

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

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.................................. Albert OZ Shirt/s

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