LET'S KEEP IT THIS WAY
Off to a barn dance in Bourke? A wedding in Walgett? A dinner date at Dapto? . . . You’ve got nothing to wear? Quick, clip out this coupon and send us your measurements. Be first to take advantage of this unique service to OZ readers—and be second (since Cinderella) to enjoy the luxury of being the best-dressed belle (or boy) at the ball with so little effort. Besides, we guarantee not to change you into a pumpkin.

PLEASE INDICATE THE TYPE OF FORMAL WEAR YOU WISH, AND ENCLOSE A CHEQUE, MONEY ORDER OR POSTAL NOTE TO COVER THE DEPOSIT AND HIRING COST (DEPOSIT WILL BE RETURNED)

**TUXXEDO:**
- Hiring cost: £2
- Deposit: £5
- Postage: 6/-
- TOTAL: £7/6/-

**DINNER SUIT:**
- Hiring cost: £3
- Deposit: £5
- Postage: 6/-
- TOTAL: £8/6/-

**DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES:**
- Shirt, 10/- extra
- Tie, 5/- extra
- Gloves, 5/- extra
- Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra

(Please state collar size).**

**DRESS SUIT:**
- Hiring cost: £5/5/-
- Deposit: £5
- Postage: 6/-
- TOTAL: £10/11/-

Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, white Vest, Studs and Cuff links, white Gloves and white Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt.)

**LOUNGE SUIT:**
- Hiring cost: £3
- Deposit: £5
- Postage: 6/-
- TOTAL: £8/6/-

**For the Fair Sex:**
- Debutante Gown from £8—£10 dep.
- Wedding Gown from £10—£10 dep.
- Ball Gown from £5—£10 dep.
- Fur Stoles from £2/- — £5 dep.

**POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO**

OFFICIAL ROYAL MAIL WAREHOUSE

26-28 MARKET LANE, MELBOURNE (off Bourke Street, opp. Southern Cross car park)
PHONE: 32-4795

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY (at rear of lift) near Castlereagh St.
PHONE: 28-0537

FOR ALL OZ READERS

10% OFF
Backwards, Christian Soldiers

Newton’s Third Law tells us that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. That was Isaac Newton, of course, not Max Newton (ex-editor of “The Australian”), who might have ruefully added that in Australia every action is met full face by a reaction of double strength.

“The Australian” began publication as the only big circulation newspaper in this country with even vaguely Leftist tendencies. Apparently, as is now known, the advertisers were able to exert enough pressure against such a policy to have Max axed and replaced as editor by a gentleman of more subdued views. The policy has subsequently moved, accommodating enough, several degrees to the Right.

And now, when there is some stirring of the forces proposing such basic civil liberties as less severe censorship and racial equality, we are about to have the “National Review”.

Of course, the pity is that, with the decline in quality of “The Bulletin”, there is a crying need in Australia for a good quality news Review magazine and if “N.R.” can supply this it will do very brisk business, whatever people think of its policies.

The exerpts reproduced here from their dummy issue indicate clearly what these policies are. The words “Fasest” and “Nazi” are smear-words more often abused than correctly directed these days; but if any policy deserved such a description this is it, with its careful blend of national jingoism and Anglo-Saxon racialism.

Will it sell? None in his right mind would join the Australian Nazi Party but we may well find that Nazism as a way of thinking is fast becoming a popular Australian pastime.

Goldwaters Run Deep

Some time in the middle of April a new magazine will appear on the news-stands, “Australian International NEWS REVIEW,” priced at 2/- Already a dummy copy has been sent out to advertising agencies, consisting of a “Statement of Policy” and sample story headings. In this scoop preview, OZ reproduces below the cover, Statement of Policy and headings contained in the pilot issue of “News Review”.

The first issue will be 40,000 but an ultimate circulation of 60,000 is expected. The Managing Director is Mr. H. J. Fisher, who is connected with the Rotary and Lions Club.

The following is an extract from a letter by the Editor, T. M. Ulyatt:

“News Review” is designed to give private enterprise a “voice” that can be heard and understood by every thinking Australian — Man and woman.

As you know, a constant demand for higher wages in our already inflated economy and intimidation of Labour by Communist controlled organisations has now reached an extremely dangerous state. As witness, Mt Isa.

Who is to blame? In my view, private enterprise generally must bear most of the blame. In the face of an organised and concerted attack upon us we have done absolutely nothing to defend ourselves, so now we must make a stand or watch our economy erode away.

I am asking you to back us in the common fight; to give us your advertising support so that we can speak up for our free enterprise system and the inalienable rights of the Australian people.

STATEMENT OF POLICY

Australian International NEWS REVIEW is an entirely new and independent news magazine designed to appeal to the greatest number of readers in every section of the community, with particular emphasis on the family.

News Review is a magazine of our times, speaking openly, plainly, and to the point on every vital matter affecting the welfare of our Nation and people. Bold, lively and imaginative it presents the news behind the news — sifting fact from fiction to reach the truth, that Australians may properly assess the pattern of events that are now shaping their destiny.

News Review is not confined to news analysis. The first and forthcoming editions cover many topics such as agriculture, education, religion, family and home, business, medicine, science, art, entertainment, music, books, radio, TV, sport, new cars, motor racing, and a host of other features of wide reader appeal.

Journalists and writers with names well known to the public are among News Review contributors.

The Publishers, in commending this new media to the attention of advertisers, agencies and account executives, desire to make editorial policy of News Review quite clear.

News Review, although wholly independent, fully supports the policies of the present Federal Government, and is dedicated to the principle that only within the present system of free enterprise can Australia develop her massive potential to ensure prosperity for all.

News Review supports responsible trades unionism, but rejects the use of blackmail and intimidation as a weapon with which to circumvent arbitration.

News Review is openly hostile to Communism, subversion and extremism of any kind.

News Review supports severely restricted immigration to prevent the development of a colour problem and its consequent danger to Australia.

News Review is utterly opposed to the present mass exploitation of the sex theme and the impetus it gives to increasing moral delinquency throughout the Commonwealth.

In brief, News Review holds firm to the highest traditions of truth and morality; in the inalienable rights and privileges of the individual and in the authority of government elected by the people.
As the policy of 'News Review' is offensively backward, its staff of contributors with names 'well known to the public' must consist of those fatuous Australian reactionaries who are always willing to take pen and prejudice in hand to aid a Good Cause.

For example, we can foresee such scintillating gems as:

**MOTORING**
by Hugh (Hot-rod) Gough

The good distributors allowed My Grace to test their delightful new conveyance in the spacious grounds of Bishopscourt. First blessing: Holden is a model of cleanliness, next it's Australian. During my test I discovered that the high speed indicated on the speedometer was quite fast but the car could be brought to a halt, God willing.

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS**
by our guest, the Mayor of Moree, Alabama:
Let's drop the white man's burden.

Alright Johnson. No more bucknigger passing. How come you're always sending commyrat troops down south to wet-nurse the blacks when, Mr. President, YOUR OWN HOUSE IS WHITE? Anyways, News Review's readers (ain't this mag long overdue?) Bull Conner cabled me and told me that if Johnson ever pokes his snotty nose into Alabama's segregated main street then he'd get his head blown off like we all know who . . .

**GOOD READING**
by E. L. Dearne (President National League of Decency)
Sydney Telephone Directory: Dial P. for Pornography.

At first suspicious glance the Directory seems harmless enough. But look at page 403! A Mr M. Furkert, Greenknowe Ave, Potts Point, raises his ugly telephone number right in there amongst a Fuoco (Wentworthville) and five Fuchs (p. 402). And if that's not enough to ensure a successful prosecution against the P.M.G. (even in this decadent Post Levinian age) look at these other smut-names: Page 865, Shituhin of Kogerah: 3 columns of Cox’ (p. 269), page 866, Pricket (Roseville) and there's a Prikulis right on top of Prime Minister's Department! Last but not least are two Tite's (Oyster Bay, Coogee) and a Bugeya lurking at Maroubra.

Next week 'News Review' looks at the Pink (Dictionary: "Pale red") Pages . . . are you listening wharfies and University students ? ? ?

**OFF-BEAT**
by a top Secret Staff Reporter
All this poppycock about academic freedom and weak willed tolerance for University students! Remember lecturer in so-called Economics, Ken Buckley, who perpetrated that communist, homosexual front "Civil Liberties"? Well, listen to this: He was just picked up for OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOUR. The case isn't over yet so I won't prejudice it. But I can tell you some yarns about that corduroy, long haired, intellectual, Asian-fondling . . .

**TELEVISION**
Keep the tubes clean
Not much to report these days, folks. I still think the ABC's Children Session is probably the pick of the 5 o'clock shows.

I turn the set off strictly at 6.30 and read until it's time for "Quiet Time" at 10.30 with Bishop Goodwin Hudson.

Coming attractions include: Eric Butler's stimulating and, needless to say, factual look at The Jewish Problem; Norman Banks looks at South Africa (yes, again); Bill Wentworth's interesting regular feature What went wrong in Australia this month and how the Communists caused it.

News Review's Australian of the Year: the RINSO MAN IN WHITE.

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**OZ**

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dean Letcher.
SECRETARY: Marsha Rowe.
ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.
ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Peter Kingston. Mike Glasheen.

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OZ should appear on the first of every month, but is usually late. In Sydney, OZ is available from street-corner vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Cheshire's sells OZ in Canberra. In Adelaide, OZ available from Mary Martin's Bookshop or from John Waters, St. Mark's College. Jack's Central Newsagency, The Record Market and larger newsagents handle OZ in Brisbane.

OZ paid a total of £85 for original contributions to the last issue.

Why don't YOU write for OZ?
THE PILL AND YOU

A Sydney doctor answers the seven most frequently asked questions on this vital subject.

1. Who needs it?
   Despite all the propaganda, the Pill is probably completely useless for married women, who are usually battling to conceive anyway. It is for the spinster who happens to be an optimist; for the youngster who is expectant but doesn't want to be expecting. Start a course today — you never know when you'll be lucky enough to need it.

   Men, do you have a secret desire to be hirsute? The Pill can take that worry right off your chest.

2. Where do I put it?
   Women, select the aperture of your choice and insert.
   Men, your choice is not so wide but make the most of it.

3. How do I take them?
   Don't be unimaginative about this:
   • sprinkle them on your breakfast cereals (regularity is a byword in the Pill biz).
   • crush them up and spread them over your peanut butter sandwiches.
   • dissolve them in Bonox. There's nothing like a hot thermos of orals to give you that midday lift.

   How many should I take?
   The Church advises you to have scruples. So does your doctor.
   One heaped scruple-ful of orals is exactly what the doctor (D.D. and M.D.) ordered.

4. Has it any side-effects?
   The Church claims the Pill leads to spontaneous abortion. This is a misconception.
   If you suspect side-effects, try to decide which side is effected and take remedial action.

5. Do orals have any other use?
   They make very useful poker chips and conversational pieces. Small children can choke on them.
   They are also effective against painter's elbow, washerwoman's knee, writer's cramp, ricketts, the jimjams and the bends, all of which, incidentally, they cause.

   No wonder they're so good — you're so busy worrying about the side-effects, how could you conceive?

7. What about my conscience?
   If you've got a conscience, there's only one cure: try a little sex. If you're having a little sex, you'd better take the Pill.

   Damn your conscience! Your vicious circle NEEDS the Pill.
According to a recent "NATION" (March 6) no less than four out of seven issues of the new American magazine "FACT" have been banned by the Customs Dept. Not because they are sexy or naughty but because they hit at sacred institutions. The latest issue to receive the censorious axe features an article on "Coca-Cola". Although not agreeing with the author’s rather over-stated case, we publish below a condensed version to give readers some idea of what they are missing out on.

Coca-Cola is the best-known and most widely distributed commercial product in the world. Just in the United States alone, 40,000,000 drinks are consumed every day. Abroad, the Big Daddy of soda pop is made in 129 countries at 1,900 licensed bottling plants — understandably, many foreigners honestly believe that the object held aloft by the Statue of Liberty is a Coca-Cola bottle. But even though everyone from Adolf Hitler to Richard Nixon has tasted and enjoyed Coca-Cola, even though records show that one baby imbied Coke before milk and survived and one woman lived into her late 90s after having though the latest issue to receive the censorious axe features an article on "Coca-Cola". Although not agreeing with the author’s rather over-stated case, we publish below a condensed version to give readers some idea of what they are missing out on.

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The Coca-Cola Company is understood to be about admitting that its product contains caffeine. A letter from a Fact researcher to Mr Harold L. Austin at the company’s Atlanta headquarters drew the reluctant reply that Coca-Cola does in fact contain caffeine, but "scarcely one-third the caffeine (as) the same volume of tea; or one-fourth that of coffee". True, coffee and tea do contain more caffeine than Coca-Cola. But — and it’s one of four important buts — everybody knows coffee and tea have caffeine in them; not everybody knows that Coca-Cola contains caffeine because it’s not listed on the bottle.

A second important but is that whereas people may deliberately limit their consumption of coffee, knowing it contains caffeine, with Coca-Cola they may let out all stops. Six bottles on a hot day is par for many of today’s teenagers, and not only because Coke quenches thirst but because Coca-Cola is habit-forming. When heavy drinkers don’t get enough, they lapse into what might be called a Coca-Cola. The late John Witherspoon, M.D., professor of medicine at Vanderbilt University and a one-time president of the American Medical Association, once said:...
than the caffeine in either tea or coffee. Look like morphine habitues, so far as their
usually drink Coke not with meals but when its effect wears off, the reaction is the user and makes him feel better; then, when its effect wears off, the reaction is one of depression, and he gets very nervous and seemingly cannot do without it . . .
Coca-Cola-containing beverages on an empty stomach has more effect on a person than if they are taken on a full stomach. And people containing beverages on an empty stomach has more effect on a person than if they are taken on a full stomach. And people have had three or four patients afflicted with the Coca-Cola habit during the last four or five years. I have had three cases in a hospital that I tried to break off the habit. As the user gave up the habit, his health improved . . . I regard Coca-Cola as habit forming; one glass creates a demand for another because it stimulates the user and makes him feel better; then, in the face of all this resistance to Coca-cola-ism, if France had succeeded in outlawing the drink the whole European market might have been closed by anti-Coke laws. In France our former ambassador, David Bruce, donned his striped trousers and the others when coke companies do — Coke spokesmen James A. Farley, former publicity machine cleverly began picturing that he and his friends were boycotting Coke on behalf of Coke. Public opinion in the United States was aroused. The company's publicity machine cleverly began picturing the French resistance as a Communist plot, Coke spokesman James A. Farley, former U.S. Postmaster General, paid a no-nonsense call on France's ambassador to the United States, Henri Bonnet. In the company's home state, Georgia, Congressman Eugene Cox went so far as to announce that he and his friends were boycotting French dressing for the duration.
In the end, the French senate vetoed the proposal "sit-in" of N.S.W. State Parliament by resolute members of the Landlords' and Property Owners' Rights Association during a debate on rents, and the "park-in" organised by motor scooter owners to establish their legal rights to use a whole parking space.

The use of this technique could be extended. There could be a "run-in" of athletes who object, say, to Wentworth Park being used as a dog track. Or they might try a "drive-in" of motorists protesting against the closing of parking stations at night.

If any group needs to be protected these days, it is the Middle Class Satirical Younger Set. Here they are, desperately satirising middle class society by smashing up buses, waking up the complacent bourgeoisie with Lukey mufflers, turning staid North Shore parties into really gas turns, and what does authority do but lock them up? Perhaps a "write-in" to newspapers, magazines, and anybody else bored enough to listen would help. For those who, like Gandhi, prefer direct action, a "crash-in" of the Police Club dinner might bring results.

— Clem Gorman.

Whatever happened to Malcolm X.
The leader of one of the lesser sects?

X was axed; his cause is lost —
In fact, ex-Malcolm X was double-crossed.
Dear Rev. Bush,

I am a thirteen-year-old (attractive) girl, just recently I have been having a lot of sex.

My Son, Give Me Thine Heart.

My Lord, Frustrus Bush is King.

At the day's beginning
Do you kneel and pray.
"Keep me, Lord, from sinning.
Give me help this day?"

Enter BUSH to meditate (in a cassock)

BUSH:

Alack! I am by all abhorrest,
Here in lower-class French's Forest.
They've heard my voice grow thin
And reedier.
Without result. So, mass media!
Where art thou with thy fees so fat,
Acclaim and fame and all of that?

Enter Mephistophelis in the guise of a Mass Medium

MEPH:

I'll pay you to condemn the Push,
Roam the beaches, follow the "Sun."
Tape-record and make a ton.

He produces a contract (generous)

BUSH: (surprised)

And here I see a contract! Sirrah,
I'll sign right now with "Sunday Mirror"
And tape-record the surfi gang
Admirst monosyllabic bangs.
Like Paul I've seen a flash of light
And I'll pause not in swiftest flight
From my poor parish in the sticks
(Or Paul I long to kick the pricks).

BUSH signs.

MEPH: (aside, to mass audience.)

But now the cleric's fate is Hell,
This contract sells his soul to Zell!
And now we'll crush him on the rack.
Make him talk to Cilla Black;
He'll reveal the teenage cults
And answer letters from the dolts.
BUSH will cry: "No aberrations!"
Proscribe illegal operations,
In 96 points he'll be moral.
Our sales will soar;
And there be lit by Hades' glow.

BUSH:

Ah, sweet success and who'll demur?
Better than frankincense and myrrh.
Is knowing that I'm fighting sin
By getting all the young folk in.
I make religion just so simple,
It's obvious as a teener's pimple.
Jesus surfs and God is love.
(I bet I'm wowing Dad above)

Enter MEPH:

MEPH:

Hold it, Bush, your contract's ending.
In the time that you've got pending,
Read your contract, note clause (8)
And see there what will be your fate.

(Bush reads and groans in despair)

Our lawyers say there'll be no fights;
We own your soul — exclusive rights!
Your soul must come with me below
And there be lit by Hades' glow.

BUSH:

But wait, dear Meph, to life I cling
I must appear on "Sing, Sing, Sing"
Let me talk on Eric Baume
Before we go to Murdoch's home.
Oh Meph! please give me just a few
Minutes on "It Could Be You."

MEPH:

Unhappy Bush! You'll burn today,
For errant priests must always pay.
Mass media need religious tools
Perverting dogma, gulling fools.
Too late to change, too late to learn,
Fiery Bush, be damned and burn!

Finis
As his lips came close to mine, I felt as if our breasts had turned to fire.

N-NO-OO-O!

And this time, besides his gentleness, I felt the stunning passion of his kiss, and my heart beat wildly.

His lips were a sweet whisper against mine.

And this time when his kiss told me the truth—I believed it...

...after all...

Dearest!

At that moment I felt that life could offer no greater happiness than that which filled my soul.

And, with his second kiss, I knew my dream had at last come true!

And I saw the mysterious sea draw our lips together as if by a magnet no human could resist.

Darling—darling—I love you. Do you love me?

But he wouldn’t wait... and crushed my answer against his mouth...

How could I tell Harry that all I wanted was a good screw?
Death of a CIA Man

by Joseph Mathewson

Of course I did. And that was all right too—for awhile. Out in the Middle East, pitching in to help some revolution. But, like he used to say, you always knew where you stood in the Middle East. I tell you—give that man a clear-cut issue and there wasn’t anybody loved his work better. So why did he do it?

COLUMBIA

McCOHEN

His calling, Columbia.

COLUMBIA

Calling? Who called him to Viet Nam?

McCOHEN

The dream—that’s who—the dream that goes with that calling. He was a CIA man, and when you’re a CIA man there’s no rock bottom to life. You’re way out there in the blue, riding on a bomb and a cyanide pill. And when that bomb stops going off the way you meant it to—that’s an earthquake. Then you start to leave your code book around in check rooms. And you’re finished. But still, a CIA man has got to dream. It comes with the territory. You see?

COLUMBIA

I guess. But I always thought, if he did go, it would be something—something noble.

COLUMBIA

It was, Columbia. It was. Someone has to start those fires. Someone we trust. And if he should go on the road to Saigon, his sample case filled with saffron robes—who’s to say he’s not doing his part in his way? And if he should sit in the middle of the square—ah, his head shaved, wearing one of his samples, seemingly lighting one of those dear cigars and should slip and light himself in the process, who’s to say there hasn’t been some good done? Those photographs—they were spectacular. Attention, attention was paid.

McCOHEN

He’s right, Mama.

McCOHEN

Indeed. And though these ashes may belong to—well, to any one of a number of people, the monument we’re giving him will be your husband’s, all your husband’s. But come now. It’s getting dark.

COLUMBIA

If he should go on the road to Saigon, his sample case filled with saffron robes—who’s to say he’s not doing his part in his way? And if he should sit in the middle of the square—ah, his head shaved, wearing one of his samples, seemingly lighting one of those dear cigars and should slip and light himself in the process, who’s to say there hasn’t been some good done? Those photographs—they were spectacular. Attention, attention was paid.

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Indeed. And though these ashes may belong to—well, to any one of a number of people, the monument we’re giving him will be your husband’s, all your husband’s. But come now. It’s getting dark.

As the funeral party moves away, the massive stone figure of a female bald eagle is lowered onto the top of the grave. The eagle, while clinging tightly to an olive branch and a sheaf of thirteen arrows, is also nesting. She seems to have laid at least one egg, though there may be more. It becomes impossible to tell as the flickering lights fade out and universal darkness covers all.

SIMPSON’S DONKEYS

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli, (April 25, 1915) a contingent of ex-World War One diggers is returning to the historic battleground.

A spokesman for the R.S.L. stated that "this time the men would be armed with Aussie beer, woollen garments, boomerangs and stuffed Koalas as a gesture of goodwill".

STOP PRESS: (AAP-Reuters)
A ‘goodwill’ contingent of Australian ‘ANZACS’ was today ambushed at Gallipoli by a band of Turkish veterans and slaughtered to the last man.
Satirical magazines are published in many countries, but only a few are distributed in Australia. Everyone knows "Private Eye" and "Simplissimus", "Le Canard Enchaîné", "Panic Button" and "Krokodil" are not so well known. The magazines differ greatly in format and outlook.

MONOCLE is more disgruntled and cynical than angry. On the other hand, the "Sine Massacre" cartoons on this page show well the bitterness and the raw anger that the whole magazine expresses. This French magazine is violently anti-clerical, anti-American, and Left Wing. "Sine Massacre" here comments on the French-German rapprochement, the role of the church in the US-Cuba crisis, and police imbecility (a universal Aunt Sally).

"LE JOUR LE PLUS LONG". Souvenir... souvenir...

Our father who art in the United States....
To ski at Ko-Ki said the Yeti, as he switched off his ski-free, is a gas
T-bars, chair lift. Austrian Ski School — downhill type slopes — all weather roads — parking at Village
Rustic-screams of the natives as they hurtle over Compound Fracture Ledge heading for Red Light Cornice — hidden local stone on the Ski Home Trail. Exploding pink stretch pants as the Snow Birds go for a Burton down Ruin-Me Raceway — then light up a leather tipped Slalom at Harolds Coffee House
Falls (optional) Creek via Albury — per Plane, Train or Steam Car (loaded with steam) Evening brawls (sing-sing), Friendly Fondue and Coffee Cognac Club.
Honeymooners £28 per week / per person / twin singles / irrespective
Peasantry £24 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & red
The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow storms, coloured views and a variety of slopes to lose yourself or unwanted friends
Even Mt. Kosciusko pales — temp. steady at 22 degrees — locally brewed Glühwein to combat frostbite and emotional fatigue
Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become snowbound and be glad to come out alive We love the Alps — 'cos God Alps those who alp themselves Have a fall (oops — ball) — ski at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, thats "U" for you.
1. Sings to Tenterfield emus, inspired by boundary-rider father. Accompanies own childish piping voice on ukelele strung with fishing-line.
2. Wins Junior Song (self-accomp.) at Tenterfield Eisteddfod acquires first pr. riding boots, plywood guitar.
3. First 2TE broadcast taped by Bush Record Club Records talent scout, who pays his rail fare to Sydney. Wild applause at Eureka Youth League dance and Ironworkers' Hall talent quest.
6. Records 'Sydney Town' — smash chart hit pop! TV show now sponsored, peak slot. Craig McGregor ghosts autobiography, ABC TV half-hour "Folk Vision of Gary Shearston"
7. Snubbed by Edgar Waters, noticed by Ward Austin, felt by Grantly Dee, "In Melbourne Tonight" guest spot. Records "Shearston Sings Sylvester", signs contract with Muzak; wears bow-tie to Troubadour, also Old Spice.

Moral: A profit is without honour in his own land. D.L.
Sir,

How about something on rural idiocy? We live in the original pilot area it seems and most of your satire being Sydney-orientated just doesn't touch the rich folklore and abysmal ignorance of our pioneering types. Round here they still wear red flannel underwear, treat kids with bromide for all ills and shave a penny down a dog's throat for distemper, worms, or mange.

The Festival of the Falling Leaf is Tumut's local annual thing. In 1963 an ode was composed to commemorate this event. It ended:

"Come, see our grande demesne
Our perfect habitat
Our ideal home,
Our haven of retreat;
Then stay awhile or live a lifetime here.
Come all the world and welcome.
This is Tumut.

This sparked off a Poetry War which lasted almost a year, ranging over the local unfiltered pool, P.P. Board, and every other sacred cow around the place. Fun while it lasted. Anyway, hereto appended is my Attempt, for which I would appreciate a purple heart certificate in return.

"Oh, Golden Tumut! Culture's Nest! Renowned throughout the Far South West! Where struggling artists reach fruition By hanging in our Exhibition And wear the heady Olympian Crown Thrice blessed, and opened by Carter Brown.

T U M U T ! ! ! ! ! ! !

The very word's a song.
From either end it's just as long.
From either end it reads as such.
Oh, two-faced town we love so much. Beloved Town, which, like its name, Can up itself and stay the same.
Carter Brown was chosen by the Festival Committee to open the 1963 Festival. One objection was raised: a committee member questioned the suitability of a "literary prostitute."

—SAPPHO OF ADELONG,
Tumut, N.S.W.
I love the Wild West Circuit,
That swings around Australia,
With broncs and bullets that buck because
They've cinched-up genitals.
But is it really sport to let the riders go scot-free?
Why not bind up all the cowboys
— The wide brown belt for me.

Clique go the shears boys, clique, clique, clique,
How does the squattocracy get so rich so quick.
Why, by putting in a Manager who's got a Ph.D.
And jaquering down to Sydney to have tea with Nola D.

Oh, what shall we do with our eldest loon,
Send him to Sydney to fail at Uni.
And if his voice breaks far too soon, he can always be a crutcher.

Oh de Picnic Races are doin' de rounds, doo-dah, doo-dah.
So I'm headin' for de mulga in me Dior Gowns, oh doo-dah day.
Gwine to grog all night, gwine to sleep all day.
And I'll compromise a squatter from the Back o' Bourke
Or a doo-dah from Double Bay.

A diller-a-dollar.
A G.P.S. scholar.
How can you pay the fees
Cos Dad overstocks
And rigs his tax
And his sheep have Ph.D.'s.
One of the articles in the notorious OZ No. 6 which caused a great deal of trouble was a piece called "Ta Ra Ra Boom-de-ay" by the American entertainer and satirist, Lenny Bruce. Last December Lenny died. In his last days he was involved in legal proceedings with prosecutions launched in both Chicago and New York against him. We reprint below an obituary to Bruce published in the current issue of "The Realist," an American magazine unavailable in Australia because of a Customs Dept. Ban.

Lenny Bruce and John F. Kennedy had something in common. They were both great cocksmen. I couldn't help thinking, among the other thoughts one has at the death of a friend, that there must have been a special throb of mourning among all the ladies who had been limited partners in the countless less-than-one-night stands of comedian and President alike.

Lenny once told me that the role of a comedian was to make the audience laugh "at a minimum of, on the average, every 15 seconds — or let's be liberal to escape the hue and cry of the injured, and say one laugh every 25 seconds . . . ."

More and more, though, he began to get so serious during performances that it was obvious that he wasn't even hoping to pull a laugh every 15-25 seconds.

It was in Milwaukee that three plain-clothed policemen went into his dressing room, kicked a musician out, and told Bruce that he was not to talk about politics or religion or sex. or they'd yank him right off the stage. The night before, a group of 28 Catholics had signed a complaint about the stand he had taken on religion and sex.

"What does he do there?"
"He's staying at the Y."
"What does he do there?"
"They say he reads a lot."
"He's gonna read himself right out of a job."
"And in a way this was an accurate prediction. Because Lenny found that the novelists didn't have to say "frig" anymore. He began to want the same privilege of non-restriction. His point of view was the same on stage and off, and he wanted to talk to his friends in the night club with the same freedom of vocabulary he could exercise in someone's living room."

But Lenny wasn't exactly like a book. He finally realised that.

If I ever end up in court on anything, I'll get a haircut, and wear a white shirt and tie, and swear on the Bible, because I don't have the guts to be as consistent as Lenny was — in faded blue denims and long side-burns, calling the oath a farce — he always wanted to win purely on the basis of the law, and so he was willing to risk losing purely on the basis of prejudice by judge or jury.

As more and more night-club owners became more and more afraid to hire him, he devoted more and more of his time and energy to the law. When he finally did get a weekend booking in Monterey, he remarked: "I feel like it's taking me away from my work."

In New York, the judges ordered him to undergo a psychiatric examination before they passed sentence. "Watch," Lenny told me, chuckling — but also with genuine terror — "They're gonna say I have a persecution complex."

The first issue of the "Realist" quoted Malcolm Muggeridge, former editor of "Punch": "As I see it, the only pleasure of living is that every joke should be made, every thought expressed, every line of investigation, irrespective of its direction, pursued to the uttermost limits that human ingenuity, courage and understanding can take it. The moment that limits are set . . . then the flavour is gone."

More than anyone else I've ever known, Lenny Bruce lived up to that ideal; but now the flavour will never be the same, for he is gone.

When the newspapers called me at 3 o'clock that cold December morning for a statement, I simply said: "It was God's will."

Paul Krassner.

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LONDON.—A member of the House of Commons said it would take seven years to set a button ap­proved for a pair of Brit­ish Army pants, Associated Press reported.

Addressing the House last night Mr. David Walder, Conservative, said there was a committee which ex­amining the general prin­ciple of army trousers.

When a general principal was accepted the design of a button was then consid­ered.

Eventually a prototype trouser button was produc­ed, he said.

Then trials of the button now by one regiment took place.

Then the button was ac­cepted, and the amount of time lapse was seven years.

He said:— Something must be done.

---

MUG
The Top People

(Well, almost the top.)

Here's a man who's where he is now only because he chose Toggery gear exclusively. Note his flattering non-wrinkle lambswool sweater. It's guaranteed to impress the most dubious bird or presidium. And get with his fleecy pleatless cufflesses! You too can have a crutch-fit like Nikki — with inbuilt popular support.

Collectively, he's a wow so nick off with Nikki to the shop where the Top (almost) stop. And ask the commissar for our newest — the NKVD style button-down collar (as modelled at right).

Stop the tractor at Double Bay and shop with the Top (almost) at

KEN MORRISON'S

Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 364418
10 HINTS FOR THE CONSTIPATED

The lazy bowel often needs just a little regular training to stir it back to normal activity. Give the matter your attention first thing in the morning.

To do this you will need a little more time, so try to get up ten minutes earlier. By sacrificing these few minutes you will improve your health and feel better for the rest of the day.

But it isn’t enough merely for you to get up. Your bowel must rouse itself too! A glass of cold water will help. But don’t drink it in one gulp. Sip it slowly.

You now have an extra 10 minutes at your disposal and can take your breakfast in comfort. Don’t rush. Eat your food slowly and relax. Don’t keep looking at the clock!

After breakfast, even if you have no inclination, try to empty your bowel. Take the morning paper with you. Or smoke a cigarette. A gentle pressure on your abdomen may help. If there is no movement within 5 minutes, don’t be discouraged. The results will probably be better tomorrow.

Another important point is that your body requires regular physical activity. Go for walks, especially when you have a sedentary occupation.

Rest and relaxation are very important. Always try to have at least 8 hours sleep. Even if you have to work at high pressure most of the day, you should try to find time to relax occasionally for a few minutes.

In spite of all these natural corrective measures, recourse to a laxative is sometimes unavoidable. A laxative is certain in its action and is completely safe for use by persons of all ages because it is not absorbed into the system. When taken in the evening before retiring the enteric coated tablets bring about an effortless evacuation on the following morning.

The suppositories act very quickly, usually within 10-60 minutes. Frequently two motions approximately 20 minutes apart result from the use of one suppository.

Follow your Doctor’s directions and you will soon enjoy healthy regularity.

N.S.W. Dept. of Health
"HELLO MAVIS"

"Channel 7? . . . Mr Plant, please . . . hello . . . Michael . . . Michael, got a fantastic script here for the Show. You'll love it boy, a natural. Is it FUNNY? Man, it's a riot, it's got a tremendous sexy bit and the greatest gag about the Pill and . . . Sure, yep, yep . . . well, I've got troubles we've all got troubles. Now Mike . . . Michael, wait man and it SWINGS. Now look, five minutes, that's all . . . five lousy little . . . two? OK, fine . . . right, understood.

Opens on a long shot Mike, Michael—office of a bloated controller of the international oil cartel. How's it for IMPACT, boy, an immediate visual hit huh? And it's TOPICAL because just then we have R. W. Miller (Chater's a natural, a gas bit for Charlie) . . . well, R.W. comes in about the oil ships and . . .

And he's looking well, kinda satirical man, ironical, biting, a touch of IRREVERENCE maybe if the lighting boys can . . . right, sure, yep, yup. Then there's this really Bramstonish, anti-sacred-cow bit with the office boy rushing on but in WOMEN'S CLOTHES — great new twist, huh! And he FALLS OVER flat on his bum, turns to camera one — a big close up here — and he says it. Yep, he says: "SHIT!"

And while the laughs are still coming he rubs his bum and when that laugh and the applause die down he turns his head away and you hear VOMITING sounds. So Miller makes a funny face and SPITS at him and they all sing . . . OK, in falsetto voices. See, hits at ALL the conventions! Knew you'd love it and . . . well, don't decide right now.

I'll just rough it out Mike Michael real quick yep yup . . . just the IDEAS, the satiric positives. It's a big SEND-UP, Mike, a child can see the point, the double entendres are fantastic. It fits the format just so terrifically and you even get a crack at the ABC.

Well, then it sends up the big oil companies just rotten, shows up all this public spirit, cultural jazz for the SHAM, the lousy IMAGE-GRABBING facade it really is. It all comes over in three HARD minutes Mike, Michael man. The whole FARCE, the repressive undertones to all those big shows they sponsors; and to bleed the little men who don't know better, the very people who are Bramston regulars!

Just reeks of social conscience and the way they CENSOR yup yep uh huh the stuff . . . that's true, but against their own octopus interests and . . . and Michael? . . . Mike . . . Mike Michael . . . Michael . . . ?

—D.L.
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