Many of the world’s celebrities depend on Formal Wear. It is rumoured that Farouk was dressed by them when abdicating. African Prime Ministers wear Formal Wear when being executed. And now they have gate-crashed the social circuit...

It is whispered that Treasurer McMahon and child-bride Sonjia were married in Formal Wear.

Said Sonjia, “My wedding gown was valued at $200, yet I was able to hire it from Formal Wear for only a small fee.”

You can too and OZ readers get a further 10% discount.

Now! Interstate and country people can hire too — just phone or drop a line to Formal Wear Sydney or Melbourne, and we shall send our measurement form and price list.

For men a complete size range of dinner, dress, morning and lounge suits. See also model wedding and bridesmaids’ gowns, ball gowns, furs, debutante and maternity ball gowns.
December 9: Exposed! OZ as a dog in the manger.

The cover of our Xmas issue was that ugly Christmas stamp with the caption, "Who knows, some day he may grow up to be Prime Minister." Although we manfully resisted the temptation to caption it, "Congratulations, it's a girl!" the Sydney Morning Herald still believed we were on the blasphemy kick and set out to prove that "this time the OZ irreverence misfired". The designer of the stamp denied that he meant it to be the Nativity scene. "That's not what I meant," he said. "I hoped it could be any family group of any country and period." Well, if Dad just whips off the false beard and gold chain while Mum bundles up the marriage under her brocade smock we'll back out the Holden and take junior down to the Truby King centre.

December 18: In New York, Brigitte Bardot emphatically denied a suggestion that in private life she was a "sensible and intelligent" woman and stressed that she was only a sex-symbol.

Of course, the figures also chose this time to deny alleged virtues. "Call me a shrewd politician of the Tammany Hall school," pleaded Sir Robert Menzies, "but not a statesman," while Ian Smith wept tears of frustration as a Panorama report called him "a man of principle and deep conviction". N.S.W. Agent-General Abe Landa hotly denied that he was the only one suitable for the job and Arthur Calwell laughingly disparaged a remark that 1965 had been the Year of Calwell.

December 19: Illegal immigrant Andrew Wong was deported to Hong Kong. The Sydney Soccer star Johnny Wong is due to follow him as soon as the Government feels it is politically expedient. Which proves that two Wong's still don't make a white.

December 25: Queen's Christmas Day speech to her remaining loyal subjects was ghosted by a professional TV scriptwriter. The producer of the big spectacular thought that "it was the first time the Queen has felt really at home with the script. It was a writer who knows the medium of TV pretty well...knows how to praise things colloquially in short sentences."

He seems to know the Queen's capabilities pretty well, too.

December 28: Good old Paul Hasluck was still being coy about his big trip to Vietnam. No one could imagine him of playing to the Press Gallery when he returned but he was accused of everything else. The 'Australian' editorial summarised the farce.

December 29: Following this summary justice and an order from his Ming on high, Hasluck finally gave the year's most uninformative press-interview. He also showed himself to be one of the year's most ill-informed interviewees and the Press was not impressed.

Poor modern St. Paul, as soon as his God told him to stop kicking against the pricks, the pricks kicked him back.

January 1: New Year's Honours to Reg. Fogarty of Carlton and United Breweries (for the finest set of restrictive trade practices in Australia), Henry Bolte (for the same reasons as his honorary doctorate of laws, i.e. none) and an OBE to Eric Baume, Frederick Ehrenfried Baume said his was a great compliment to broadcasting. When asked by the 'Austral'ian' why he had been selected to receive this compliment to his profession, he replied: "I haven't the faintest idea." And neither have we.

January 3: Time magazine declares General W. Westmoreland "Man of the Year" for his role as 'the main instrument of U.S. policy in Vietnam'. Actually, Westmoreland was its second choice. "Man of the Year" was going to be the strategist who formed U.S. policy in Vietnam—but no one would admit responsibility.

Billy McMahon, Minister for Labour and National Service, returned from a 17-day honeymoon in Tahiti. He told a press conference that he had not changed his basic position in foreign relations or domestic affairs.

January 16: Colonel Oxley, manning the frontline at Singleton Nasho training camp, is well-prepared to receive the 'young lions' of recruits that he expects in the next (forced) draft. The colonel and his officers plan to whip the cubs into shape with a special plan to "whip the cubs into shape with a special plan." "My officers have their orders," Col. Oxley grated to the 'Sun-Herald'. "They will extend to the recruits my three F's—fairness, firmness and friendliness." And the recruits will teach them the fourth.

January 17: David Manton, Australia's exchange for Prince Charles, arrived in London on his way to a term at Gordonston School. On the whole it seems a pretty fair swap.

According to the "Australian", David is not outstanding at scholastic work or public appearances (how its fits!) but did manage to win a Rutter Badge for proficiency in the house (which doesn't sound very Charles). His father described him as "a very placid and simple young man, uncluttered and quite uninhibited...not too ambitious..."

January 21: Singer Normie Rowe is due for his third big-time court appearance in a few days. The charge that everyone has for-
The Department of Immigration did not want me to go to Hanoi. They didn't tell me why: they just endorsed my Passport "Not Valid for North Viet Nam."

I tried to persuade them to cancel this restriction — after all, as a taxpayer, I pay their wages, don't I? But they would not be in it.

Until then, although I had hoped to look in on Hanoi during a tour round South East Asia and China, I would not have lost any sleep if the authorities of the Democratic Republic of North Viet Nam had refused me admission. To be told by my own Government, through the bureaucrats I help to pay, that I couldn't go to Hanoi, made me determined to do just that.

As it happened, the restriction probably helped. They regard Australia in Hanoi as a mere puppet of the United States, and they have a sufficient sense of humour to help twist the tails of puppet governments. I wrote about it to a mate in Pekin—an Anglican priest, as a matter of fact. He kindly communicated the facts through the usual channels to his R.C. friends in Hanoi (communists, Christians or what-have-you, the attitude of these chaps is that they are all Asians together) and when I reached Hong Kong the New China Travel Agency whisked me across to Canton, where my D.R.V. visa was waiting on a piece of paper to be clipped inside my Passport. Then I flew to Nanning and down to Hanoi.

All in a day. As simple as that.

As a Christian, and therefore au fait with some aspects of morality (especially alcohol, juvenile delinquency, sex and the other things which interest my Archbishop), I had assumed that the Department of Immigration wanted to keep me away from Hanoi because of its erstwhile reputation as a hotbed of oriental vice. Immediately I set foot on Gia-lam airport (the main airfield at Hanoi), I was on the alert for signs of all that vice for which the Mysterious East is famed, and which I had detected in all its most repellent forms in Saigon two days earlier.

There was none. The Department may be reassured. Like Pekin and Shanghai, Hanoi is a completely safe glade to send the most innocent child, unaccompanied. He would stand in no moral danger whatever: there just is none.

The contrast between Saigon and Hanoi could not be more glaring. Saigon is a dirty, rich old whore, full of brothels, clip joints masquerading as night clubs, extortion and other rackets, sandbags, barbed wire, rackets of every imaginable kind. Hanoi is a pure, somewhat puritanical virgin. No grog. No brothels and all the rest. She is poor: there are hardly any motor cars. There is just about enough food to go round; but no one seems to get more than his share.

The chaps who run the place are monkish in a way, yet, it seemed to me, full of wisdom, worldly and otherwise. I met most of them privately and on the basis that, although I was at liberty to use all they told me as "background", I would not quote them directly. This account therefore contains no quotations from Mr. Ho Chi Minh, Mr. Pham Van Dong, General Vo Nguyen Giap or any others whom I met. They played it straight with me. They did not dodge a single question or refuse to show me a single thing I asked to see. They were so considerate and courteous that I felt humble at my Australian boorishness by the time I left.

The first thing that shook me was the discovery how extraordinarily well-informed they are about the outside world. They have a first-rate broadcasting monitoring service, which produces a daily abstract of global radio news. It covers the United States, France, China, Russia and every other Power. Backing this intelligence, their Foreign Ministry in Hanoi has a set of up-to-date newspaper files which would be the envy of the National Library in Canberra. You see two- or three-day-old copies not only of "Pravda" and the Chinese daily Press, but of the "New York Times" and half-a-dozen other U.S. dailies, the London Times, the French Press, and the presses of every Asian country—including Australia. It was nice to see Monday's edition of the "Australian" in Hanoi on Wednesday evening.

All the top leaders of the D.R.V. seem to know quite a bit about what goes on in the
United States, and what U.S. public figures are saying and doing. Only a very few people in Hanoi—and they don't belong to the highest echelon—write or speak about what Australia and Australians are doing and saying. As far as Hanoi is concerned, Australia just does not count. The very few who even knew we were here offered little hope that we had been compelled by the American imperialists to blurt our copybook with other Asian countries.

I formed the impression that there was much greater delay in getting information from Saigon friends, and that Saigon friends told me this was so strongly the case that there is much difference between the two, because even during my brief stay in Saigon, friends told me that there was a great deal of ... no idea. One thing is certain, Hanoi knows what is going on in areas of the South outside the capital before Saigon knows itself.

I asked indirectly how many regular D.R.V. troops had been sent south to fight, and in particular whether it was true that they numbered three divisions. The answer was that the total number was considerably less than half a division, and that it did not contain any homogeneous, self-contained fighting unit at all. The N.L.F. had all the men it needed, I was told, and the "very few" D.R.V. regular troops in the South were concerned with training, information and supply.

They are very particular in Hanoi to make it clear that the N.L.F. paddles its own canoe, and is not directed from Hanoi. At the same time, they make it clear that the two act in concert.

As to Chinese and Russian influence, I can only say that I saw perhaps half-a-dozen Chinese in all my time in Hanoi, but many more Russians. They were all in miff. They could well have been soldiers. There is certainly no Russian or Chinese military formation, but many Westerners volunteered the information that there were "many" Russian advisory teams in the country helping with the SAMs which the Soviet Union has sent to counter U.S. air attacks.

The future? Unanimously, with one heart and voice, Hanoi says it will win. It is completely uninterested in "negotiations"—a fact which has already been well reported in the West. The reason is, they say, that there is just nothing to negotiate about. The negotiations were all completed at Geneva in 1954, signed, sealed and delivered. The Americans did not sign and seal, but they took part in all the negotiations leading up to the Agreements, and when everyone else signed and sealed, the Americans solemnly said they should string along with the rest and not upset any of what had been agreed.

Well, they say in Hanoi, where does that lead us? One of the things agreed was that all foreign troops would leave Viet Nam—North and South. The French honoured their promise, but then the Americans, who had a mere handful of military advisers at the time in Saigon, started gradually building up their numbers of troops, setting up enormous air and naval bases. In other words, the Americans broke the spirit of the Geneva Agreements. Before they or anyone else can start talking about "negotiations", the Americans must pull out.

Hanoi knows that the U.S. is not going to do anything of the kind. They know that it would involve too great a loss of "face". They are prepared for escalation on a massive scale, including bombing of the Red River dyke system and the invasion of Laos from Thailand and South Viet Nam. The economic effects on Hanoi, they realise, would be terrible. But they do not care. Every bomb that the U.S. drops anywhere on Asian soil, they say, loses the U.S. another friend, turns a potential friend into an implacable enemy.

World opinion, says Hanoi, would simply ostracise the U.S. if the Red River dyke system were bombed and some hundreds of thousands of Viet Namese were killed—as they assuredly would be.

U.S. "Peace offensives" cut no ice in Hanoi. Deeds speak louder than words, they say. The one thing about which they are absolutely certain is that the U.S. cannot possibly win this war by military means, without first killing every one of more than 10 million Viet Namese capable of fighting. In other words, Hanoi says, even if it comes to bare hands against nuclear bombs, they are going to win.

Well, it is a pre attitude. A point of view. A ridiculous one, in purely military terms, if you consider what the U.S. Seventh Fleet, cruising offshore, alone could do in a matter of minutes. None the less, it is a point of view that I am personally inclined to accept.

FRANCIS JAMES
The following is not satire but fact. It is the examination paper in "Christian Doctrine" set in August last year for a class of 12-13 year olders at a Sydney Roman Catholic school:

**Which statements do you consider are the BEST to complete these sentences?**

(a) Man is the noblest of God's creatures on earth because (i) God made man (ii) Man is made to the image and likeness of God (iii) Man can think.

(b) Authority in society comes from (i) God (ii) the State (iii) Parliament.

(c) For true obedience we must obey (i) because we will get into trouble (ii) because we love and respect our parents (iii) all authority comes from God.

(d) If we live at home with our parents we must obey them (i) till we are 21 (ii) forever (iii) until we have the right to vote.

(e) What name is given to murder of the sick or aged? (i) euthanasia (ii) suicide (iii) abortion.

(f) Which of the following can be listed as a step towards murder (i) sloth (ii) reading gangster comics (iii) jealousy.

(g) Which of the following statements is most correct? (i) Man is the leader, woman must follow (ii) The woman is the real force in family life (iii) Man and woman are complementary in character.

(h) Marriage must be permanent because (i) The Church does not grant divorce (ii) To give stability to the loved one and the children (iii) even the State looks down on divorce.

(i) The vice most likely to lead to suicide is (i) despair (ii) impurity (iii) laziness.

(j) Which of the following would you apply to Christian love (i) faithful (ii) patient (iii) inspiring (iv) chaste (v) pleasant.

(k) We should pray to Our Lady when tempted to impurity because (i) Mary is the Mother of God (ii) Mary, a woman like ourselves, by the grace of God was preserved from sin (iii) It is good to have devotion to Our Lady.

(l) The virtue which controls the sex appetite and helps us to use it rightly is (i) Chastity (ii) Modesty (iii) Purity.

(m) We should respect our bodies because (i) they are just as important as our souls (ii) they will one day be glorified in Heaven (iii) God made them.

(n) Drunkenness is a sin because (i) it robs man of the power of living according to his nature (ii) alcohol is a drug (iii) strong drink is bad.

(o) To overcome anger it is a good idea to (i) count to ten (ii) try to forgive others (iii) go to Holy Communion every day.

(p) I offer my seat to an old lady in the bus because (i) I am in my school uniform (ii) it is a school rule (iii) for the love of Christ Whom I see in her.

(q) When I am a parent, the most important way to help train my children in Christian principles is by (i) sending them to a Catholic School (ii) giving good example (iii) by demanding obedience.

(r) The State may execute a prisoner because (i) it cannot commit a mortal sin (ii) it possesses this right for a common good (iii) criminals desire to be killed.
PROSPEROUS HUMBUG

Eric the Red, a thousand years dead, his prowess contested by few,
Has his Nordic claim to immortal fame, now challenged by Eric a Jew.
Throughout the year in every sphere his triumphs, he says, are homeric,
To heads of State he is persona great, also according to Eric.

A brave career as volunteer, without any prospect of fighting
Somehow he dropped, and off he popped when things grew a trifle exciting,
With war's alarm he flew to arms behind a Mayfair door-o,
Achieved no fame but earned the name of Fleet Street's Plazatoro.

When some brigade a sortie made or charged the German front,
He'd always swear that he was there right in the toughest stunt.
Mid din of battle his keys he'd rattle, ignoring shot and shell
Eric, you see, was a W.C., which means war correspondent as well.

A radio clown, he fooled the town and half the press as well,
And though no corps took him to war, he joined the R.S.L.
The yarns he told of ventures bold would lift Munchausen's lid
And make look tame the Viking's name beside his namesake yid.

King-size ME of 2BG, he sates his modest ego
As mikes bulge full of bilge and bull and soundwaves get vertigo.
His bovinism, bum chauvinism and puerile fulminations
Still fool some glugs and pop-drunk mugs who tune to hand-out stations.

On Anzac Day he blabs away as "ex-Lieutenant B;"
And then from war he turns to law, as son of a K.C.
Of politics he knows the tricks—his pa held cabinet rank;
All flagrant lies, to aggrandize a bombast mountebank.

Captain FRED AARONS, M.B.E.,
Exeter, N.S.W.

OZ January 7
Get your copy:

Catalog of ADVANCED SWIMWEAR OF HAWAII (wowie!), only one pound (£1) ($2) includes 20 new topless suits. Rush your dough for this fabulous new catalog.

Write to

Jardel

Waikiki P.O. Box Y,
Honolulu, Hawaii 96815. U.S.A.
``The recent Government back-bench revolt in Canberra ... is not a revolt of progressives. It is an intended coup by the Bourbons of the Liberal Party those who have forgotten nothing and learned nothing.”

Who are the Bourbons? Where do they plot?
When will they strike next?
How do you recognise the Bourbon Nextdoor?

Who are the Backbench Bourbons?
They are a group of Liberal backbenchers who cannot influence the Government. So, to rule, they must conquer. There are two main groups:

1. The Old Pretenders
(a) W. C. Wentworth IV, MHR for Macquarrie (NSW). Always a backbencher, he has led the clique (like the Duke of Plaza-Toro) from behind since 1949.
(b) Sir Wilfrid S. Kent Hughes, MHR for Chisholm (Vic.), MRA for ever. Enthusiastic skier, quondam poet (Slaves of the Samurai — epic written surreptitiously while POW) and leading anti-communist.
Recently leapt into print on the Manchurian forces in 1946–48, thus confounding the historians and re-inforcing his electoral image. Now known as the “Manchurian Candidate”.
(c) W. C. Haworth, MHR for Isaacs (Vic.), undistinguished sportsman and chemist. Well known in Canberra for his incisive Med. Benefits orations. (N.B.—The similarity in initials of the Old Pretenders — two W.C.’s and Kent Hughes’ W.S. Is it a secret sign? Are they born that way?)

2. The Young Pretenders
(d) D. J. “Jim” Killen, MHR for Moreton (Qld.), ex-jackeroo, aircraftsman and employee of Rheem. In hot water ever since. Founded Young Libs. in Qld., etc.
(e) J. D. Jess, MHR for Lathrobe (Vic.), an S.E.2 revolutionary. His father was Lieut-General, from whom he inherited his militaristic streak.
Interests: Tennis, fishing in troubled waters.
(f) Dr. W. T. Gibbs, MB, BS, FRCS, FRCS (Eng). MHR for Bowman (Qld.). An ex-Flying Doctor, who now keeps Australia out of the pink of condition. Author of Report on Liquor Reform in Qld., 1963 (in collab), now believed to be writing new novel White Paper on Communism (innuendo).
(g) Dr. M. G. “Mal” Mackay (PhD), MHR Evans (NSW), another flying doctor but this time on the side of the angels (Presbyt. Minister). Coined term “Australian Viet Cong” to describe critics of Govt. policy. Former Master of Basser College at the University of NSW — not strong on free thought according to students.
(h) Tom Hughes, MHR for Parkes, another outdoors man (skiing, surfing) learning fast how to come in out of the rain.
Canberra mouthpiece for Sir Frank Packer and star of recent reserve wool price opposition, he frequently leads his parliamentary columns across the pages of the “Daily Telegraph”.

Where do they plot?
2. Naval and Military Club (Melbourne) — main hotbed of anti-subversion in the South. Members include Kent Hughes, Haworth and Jess.
3. Royal Sydney Golf Club — This is an apparently unlikely centre for conspiracy but many tookovers have been hatched at 19th and the atmosphere is strongly Bourbon. Hughes and W.C.W. IV admit membership but Dr. Mackay is more reticent, purporting to belong to the “Rose Bay Surf Club”. Since Rose Bay is not a surf beach (or even a beach) but is no more than a grenade-throw from Royal Sydney, only one conclusion may be drawn: Dr. Mackay is a SECRET member of Royal Sydney Golf Club.
4. Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee — Mr. Haworth represents the Old Guard while Jess and Hughes are right in there for the youngsters.

How do you recognise the Bourbon next door?
1. His wife — she is a soldier’s daughter.
2. Teach-ins.
3. The Wool Board.
5. At every post office with call-up papers.

Royal Sydney, only one conclusion may be drawn: Dr. Mackay is a SECRET member of Royal Sydney Golf Club.
Dame Patty and I were laughing over the latest copy of OZ tonight when Patty mentioned that she felt that I didn’t have the usual amount of space devoted to me as in previous issues.

Well, I immediately took down my leatherbound volume of OZ and a quick check revealed that what she said was true.

Then it occurred to me that I haven’t been featured on the cover for at least three issues — Proby, Prince Philip, Jesus but no Ming since Issue 21. Is it something I’ve done?

I really tried my best to sell all the Ming Don’t GO-GO badges you sent me. And I believe I myself didn’t know about my retirement until I read about it in the "Herald".

Hoping to see more of me in the next issue.

Robert G. Menzies.

P.S.—I still have a few unsold chapters of my book which you might like an Exclusive on. Let me know soon.

Ming.

... and though I was a little "sour" on it when the item was first brought to my attention I have since realised that our recruitments have risen over 300%.

It would seem that the calibre of men we are looking for are very much attracted to life in the force as you portrayed it on pages 18 and 19 of your December issue.

Should you intend doing anything on the Police Force again please feel free to call upon me so that I may extend to you the full co-operation of my department.

Yours,

Norm Allen,
NSW Commissioner of Police.

Dear Sirs,

1966 is here and in keeping with my policy of being on everybody’s side I would like to make my peace...
with the editors of OZ.

As I was saying to my good friend King Farouk last week: "OZ is the kind of magazine that appeals to men of the world like you and I". He agreed with me.

My good friend and fellow writer Bernard Shaw would have liked, no applauded, OZ for its forthrightness and candour.

I once in my youth referred to OZ as a "dirty little magazine with filth in it". I won't go back on this statement — that's the kind of magazine I like.

Please feel free to call upon me at any time for the help that my tremendous journalistic experience can offer you. Perhaps I can get the co-operation of famous people for you to lampoon—I know the names of many of them personally.

Your friend,
Eric Baume.

We take this opportunity to thank you for the support your admirable magazine has given the British Monarchy over the last year.

However, we would like to point out that you misquoted our husband on a recent cover. Our husband did, in fact, say: "Her Highness doesn't go to Gerry, he comes to my wife."

"Gerry" being the Hon. Gerald Fitzgerald Squath, a close personal friend of ours whom certain French papers have mentioned of late in a rather unfavorable light.

Again we thank you for your support and our best wishes for your success in 1966.

E.I.R.

P.S.—Enclosed is a small piece about the Prime Minister. We are sure you will be able to use it.

I have been reading OZ regularly since it was first brought to my attention in court during that regrettable little matter in 1964.

Though I have not changed my decision in the matter of obscenity I would like you to know that I thoroughly enjoy reading it.

I remain yours,
E. A. Locke, S.M.

Early morning habitues of Bondi Beach were startled by this unusual sight last month. Some believed the group to be a Commission of N.S.W. State Cabinet Ministers come to study the problem of pollution on Sydney Beaches.

Others thought they were elements of the OZ "Save Our Ming" march who had lost their way.

The truth was simpler. The group was part of the crowd scene from a new cigarette commercial being filmed there. Details of the actual commercial are a closely guarded secret but your OZ reporter was able to ascertain that it is for an entirely new cigarette called "Pop".

"Pop" is the first joint marketing venture of Rothman's and W. D. & H. O. Wills in a combined effort to beat the "cancer scare". "Pop" is 90 per cent filter and 10 per cent marijuana, that looks and tastes like a cigar.

It will be test marketed in limited areas at first to assess public acceptance. We are told it will be sold in Paddington, Prahran and Nurioopta.

The jingle which was written and orchestrated by Garry Shearston, says: "Take off your shoes . . . run through the surf . . . enjoy the lightheaded feeling of "Pop".

The commercial, on which no expense will be spared, will be produced by Samuel Bronsten, directed by Ingmar Bergman and will star Sammy Davis Jr. and Blossom Rock.

Watch your TV screens for this great new extravaganza.

Scoop! Photo!
HANOI, Monday.—A Chinese adviser hoped to accompany the corpse of his Australian "mate" killed in action last Friday, back to Australia.

The pair, Sergeant Sean Patrick "Paddy" O'Reilly, 58, originally from Sydney, and Sergeant Han "Tiny" Ping, burly 6ft. 4in. of Peking, were special advisers with the same unit of North Vietnamese rebels.

Ping told the press yesterday that they became "mates" from the first time they met in a Saigon brothel where he had also learnt how to speak English.

O'Reilly was with him on his first atrocious mission. And the pair were together in every subsequent atrocity in the last six months, many of which involved heavy fighting in which the two of them were greatly outnumbered by American and Allied advisers.

You could trust

"He was the sort of dinkum bloke you felt you could trust at any time, regardless of whatever atrocious condition he happened to be in," said Ping of his mate. "We certainly experienced no racial segregation."

They were together on Friday when Sergeant O'Reilly was hit in the head by a single new-fangled tumbling bullet fired by a cunning sniper from the roof of a nearby American consulate eight yards away.

"Paddy", Ping reminisced, "kept on pathetically trying to get up, even though he had been totally decapitated. I've seen chickens behaving like that." He added quaintly, "But I didn't know those Aussie jokers were the same."

Chinese advisers sent around the army surplus helmet to meet the cost of sending O'Reilly's body back to Australia and to help fellow-traveller Ping with his fare. Apart from escorting the body back to Sydney, Ping also wishes to enter Australia, where he will be met by Mrs. O'Reilly, surrounded by friends and sympathisers.

Mrs. O'Reilly said her husband had died "doing the atrocious things he had always wanted to do."

FRANCIS KUIPERS,
Kings Cross, N.S.W.

December 9: A Sydney detective testified that an accused man had dictated a confession to him. It was a remarkably full and well-phrased confession.

Unfortunately the man had a rare speech defect and a specialist found he was "incapable of saying even simple phrases or sentences". Almost everything he said was incomprehensible and his mother was the only one able to really communicate with him—and this was by "signs and instinct". There was no doubt he had signed the statement—"but this was because one of them threatened me with a gun and said: 'Sign it or I'll shoot you'". Case dismissed, no action against police.

December 17: Another Sydney detective giving evidence against a man charged with murder said he had taken a statement (i.e. confession) from him. However, the alleged murderer was never shown it, was not asked to sign it and didn't even get a copy. "I didn't believe he should have one," said the detective. No action, the case continued.

December 31: John Stuart, 24, appeared before Scarlett, S.M., on 11 charges (from rape to impersonating police to assault). Stuart entered the dock picturesquely bent over, with one hand clutching his ribs. The prosecutor explained that this was the result of a recent car accident. Stuart disagreed. "I have been assaulted by police during the night," cried he, "and would like to see a doctor as quick as I could."

Mr. Scarlett said that he did not think it was the "appropriate time" for him to consider such an allegation. Bail was refused and the rib-clutching Stuart was led downstairs to meet again those friendly coppers of the night before.
Mrs. Calwell's diary

And yet another busy month at 31 Baroda!

After Arthur's fine showing in the
Restrictive Practices debate I expected
he would take a few days off—if only to help
trim the Festive Bough. But no, off to
Castlemaine as soon as Sir Robert let them
out. He had to speak at the opening event
of the ALP's 1966 Election Campaign. How
appropriate that it should be held in a
small Western Victorian bush town!

Arthur does so enjoy electioneering. An
election is one thing he really loves and
Arthur always looks forward to the next no
matter how bad the result. He's a real
glutton for punishment, as they say.

There he is now, Dear Diary, out in the
kitchen hard at work on the roneo machine.
The Party thought the 1963 campaign
literature wasn't quite as effective as it
might have been so this time Arthur is
taking great care to keep his margins
straight. It's a truly family business, too,
because I check his spellings and even tap
away at a stencil or two if he has to look
up a reference or think of something.

So far, we've started on four little booklets
— "The Problem of the North", "What's Wrong With the
South" and "Dilemma in the East". They
have a cheerful tone and Arthur used his
bright style.

My Arthur doesn't stop, even at bedtime
which is when I usually do stop him. As I
drifted off to the Land of Nod, I could
hear him muttering under his breath. I
woke up early to hear him still at it. By
then his voice was even hoarser than usual
but after a few gargles of his false-teeth
water, Arthur was back to his normal full
throated bay.

While Australia slept, he had been making
up slogans for the big campaign to
come. "Halt Holt", "Oust Liberal Hicks
in '66", "Harold lost the Battle of Hastings in
1666 and in 1966 this Harold will lose the
Battle of the Hustings" (which I thought
was very classical), "Get a Labor Fix in '66" (for the younger folk) and "Liberals Nix in '66". Of course, he rejected a few of these
first thoughts over breakfast but I know I
can look forward to seeing some of Arthur's
ideas along the railway line or even in the
"Herald".

On New Year's Eve we went to the
Flemington Sub-Branch Mardi Gras and
Hawaiian Smoko and had a very late but
enjoyable time. Old Sol was peeping
through the kitchen window as we came in
and the papers had already arrived. But I
wish they hadn't. Our little idyll was soon
ended. Arthur was terribly downcast at
miming out on a New Year's Honour again
and could barely manage a very lopsided
smile. "Oh, Arthur," I said, "you will
always be my knight in shining armour!"
But I will admit to a little tug at my heart-
strings. It would be nice for the girls at
whist to have to call me Dame Beth and I'm
sure the grocery boy would be more polite.

Of course, we both cheered up at the
news that 1965 had been declared The Year
of Calwell. Arthur could scarcely believe
his ears when the first reporter rang up.
But he luckily recovered in time to say "No
comment!"

Later that day, Jim Cairns dropped in to
congratulate Arthur and leave an auto-
graphed copy of his new "Living With
Asia" book. Jim was rather disappointed
with the reviews but he said that it was
selling very well and was soon off, crying
all the way to the Yarra Bank as it were.

The afternoon passed quietly after Jim
left, with only the hum of the roneo machine breaking the Flemington stillness.
After tea, we had a night to ourselves.

"What will Sir Robert do now he's
retiring?" I asked. Arthur suggested that he
might become Gough's new secretary. I
didn't think that Sir Robert would be loyal
either to the Party or Arthur but Arthur
said he was sure that he'd suit Gough to a
"T".

"Strange bedfellows," thought I, as
Arthur put out the tins. And so to bed.

BRISBANE: THE NEW JERUSALEM

In Russell's New Jerusalem
the watch-words "decentiness"—
the statues in the galleries
are dressed in neck-to-knee,
the dogs all wear smart lap-laps,
the bitches, Mother Hubbards, the
mice all sleep in single beds in
strictly-censored cupboards . . .

In Russell's New Jerusalem
they're tied-off every dream—
henceforth in sleep or waking
the fig-leaf rules supreme.
The city's safe for six-year-olds,
the Golden Age returns,
while Russell over porno books
the midnight oil burns . . .

Russell risks his noble soul
to build a heavenly city
where you and I will rest secure
from sensual thigh and titty,
where phallic symbols don't exist,
giraffes have shortened necks,
and there are no sex-problems
because there is no sex!

BRUCE DAWE.

BRUCE DAWE is a regular contributor to
OZ now serving with the R.A.A.F. in
Malaysia. He has just published his second
book of poetry, entitled "A Need of Similar
Name", handily priced at 18/-.
This is a collection remarkable for its wit, humanity
and vitality which we can recommend to
our readers. All inquiries to F. W. Cheshire
Pty. Ltd., 338 Little Collins St., Melbourne.

- Ming Don't Go-Go buttons
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- Also old OZ posters for 1/-.

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THE OZ PRIZE GIVING

HEROES OF THE YEAR:
1. The policeman who prevented the escape of a suspicious 17-year-old by shooting a hole in his head.
2. The boy's father who expressed the opinion that "he got what he deserved".

HEROIN OF THE YEAR: A batch worth £50,000 taken from a freighter in Sydney Harbour. Which led everyone to think Sydney was going to pot.

THE PROTEST MOVEMENT THAT NEVER GOT OFF THE GROUND:
Don't resign Ming!

HEROES OF THE YEAR:
1. The policeman who prevented the escape of a suspicious 17-year-old by shooting a hole in his head.
2. The boy's father who expressed the opinion that "he got what he deserved".

YESTERDAY'S HEROES: Midge Farrelly, Gary Shearston, Pat Mackie, Lord de-Lisle.

ALMA MARTYR: Frank Knopples.

PHILATELIST OF THE YEAR: Jean Smith.

MOST INAUSPICIOUS EVENTS:
Opera House opening party, Tommy Hanlon's heart crisis.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO:
Sydney Sparkes Orr
Det.-Sgt. Harry Giles
Madame Ngo Diem Nhu
Elizabeth Shepherd

BLACKEST EVENT OF THE YEAR:
The night the lights went out in New York.

ACADEMIC PROSTITUTE AWARD: To Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University for presenting Premier Bolte with honorary degree.

LAZARUS PRIZE: Lenny Bruce.

HE DIDN'T TAKE THE HINT:
Frank Knopples.

WORST NEW WORDS:
ZAZ
AV-GO GO RICOPUDI

BEST NEW WORD:
FRUG

THE PRANK THAT BACKFIRED:
The kids who tossed metho over the oldie then offered him a light.

FATHER OF THE YEAR:
The man who pushed his son over the gap.

WORST IDEAS OF '65:

BUSINESSMEN OF '65:
H. A. P. Veron and Hal Munro (Solicitors), Abe Landa, Shapolloff, Dr. Williams (the cancer quack).

GREATEST STATESMAN: Mayor of Walgett — "When everybody's equal they will be treated as equals."

MOTHER OF THE YEAR:
Brenda James.

WHY DIDN'T IT HAPPEN?

WORST IDEAS OF '65:

BUSINESSMEN OF '65:
H. A. P. Veron and Hal Munro (Solicitors), Abe Landa, Shapolloff, Dr. Williams (the cancer quack).

GREATEST STATESMAN: Mayor of Walgett — "When everybody's equal they will be treated as equals."

OZ PRESS PHOTO OF THE YEAR
AWARD: Normie Rowe charming a trio of under-age nymphets the night before his carnal knowledge court hearing — they were the daughters of his defence council.
BIGGEST TAKE: Shintaro. He appeared just three times, each for five minutes, and waved his samurai. He solemnly repeated this action to each section of the stadium audience. Main acts were R.S.L. club performers and Chinese waiters from Dixon Street.


PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH: DOLLY FRICKER
Charming, not unattractive, 39-year-old blonde, Dolly Fricker works as a Police Sergeant during the day and a decoy at night. Unusual work for an unusual lass.

Though only a petite 5 ft. 5 ins. in her regulation stockings, she overcomes this natural handicap by her proficiency at unarmed combat. She also has the quick wits characteristic of those involved in police work.

Dolly is better known to her friends as Del and to her intimates and inmates as “Ding Dong” (See Melbourne “Herald”, Jan. 6). One of her friends, Det.- Insp. Roy Kelly testified recently: “Sergt. Del Fricker is the tops. She didn’t bat an eyelid although she knew she was risking her life.”

Amongst the men, Ding Dong has a big reputation as a “femme fatale”.

At 39 she is on the wrong side of 35 and at an age when most decoys are considering retirement. But not this one!

In fact, tolling as well as she does, Ding Dong hopes to play the fatal belle for many years yet.

Barry Humphries gets his laughs because he sends up our mother and father and our relatives and we can laugh because they aren’t in the theatre.

because they have these funny rituals, customs, interests and worry about trivial things

because we have different rituals, customs, interests and worry about different things

because Sandy Stone and Edna Everage are composite characters drawing on a wide range of social mores and are everyone’s parents

because we have to laugh at them because we have never really left them (even if we live at Paddington) and we haven’t become separate people and we still eat Sunday dinner with them and are polite and submissive

because we are governed in what we like by the fact that it is different from our parents and we haven’t reached individuality

because Barry Humphries was the very funny kid at school who imitated the teachers while they were out of the room and made us giggle but when they were there he never answered back

because if we laugh we can feel intellectually superior but we’re not sure just how intellectually superior and Barry shows us that at least we are intellectually superior to our parents, I mean, they still think the Queen is lovely

because we are sure that our parents would “have a fit” if they knew how we lived

because Barry Humphries threw us a few inaccurate sketches based entirely on the old device of repetition (the skier’s “old man’s business,” the surfies’ “Chunder,” the declasse’s “Kafka”) and we could say that the show wasn’t only sending up our parents but that it was a general satirical programme although we knew it wasn’t and that it depended entirely on Edna Everage and Sandy Stone and the rest was padding

because Mrs. Everage showed home movies and we knew this was funny

because Barry Humphries said you may not be anything special but you’re not as sick and tiresome as Sandy and Edna — your big saving factor is that you laugh at Barry Humphries

because Barry Humphries carefully masked the sneering with humour and we were able to sneer while we were laughing and no one noticed.

Barry Humphries gets his laughs because Australians are socially adolescent
Don’t forget your New Year Resolution —

SUBSCRIBE TO OZ

24/– for one year,
45/– for two years.

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Address
State

Send to OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

"When Harold is Prime Minister, I’m sure that Muffs will come right back," laughed vivacious Zara. She showed us this sketch and recalled Harold’s Royal Muff of last Season. (For trade reasons now marketed as Dollar Muffs.) Other designs for Harold include Horror Muffs (at budget prices) and the South East Asia Muff (not yet created but a hot prediction).
In 1961 the Italian Department at the University of Sydney was in a bad way. The then Head of the Department, R. A. Shaw (a Senior Lecturer) was at loggerheads with the Australian Italian community over the progressively losing staff. In that year, the Italian II and the Honours course had to be abandoned for lack of lecturing staff.

Unable to keep Shae, the University in 1963 hit on the idea of appointing a Professor over him, who would then take precedence and might finally exert a cure on the Departmental ills. Their choice was the man who had been the head of the Italian Department at Leeds since 1949. This was Fred May, ever thereafter laughingly known as "Professor".

Fred May is a caricature of the Arts Faculty professor: a small, jolly figure bursting with joie de vivre and articulating with breath-taking fluency... He is Mr. Pickwick, updated and gone arty. He is Barry Humphries — with strands of long hair flopping down either side of a pudgy, bespectacled face — only not as heavily built.

His enthusiasm was drought-breaking rain to the wilting spirits of Sydney University's Italian scholars. But it was not long before his influence was reaching a wider circle.

He became immersed in University Drama activities, being particularly infatuated with the then vogue for "Absurd" plays. When Sydney University presented its "Theatre of the Absurd", Fred contributed some translations and even took to the boards himself: a fantastic figure gamboiling and frolicking about the stage like a superannuated matinee-idol.

Fred May is not one to shirk publicity; some would say he courts it. And no medium is too lowbrow to transmit his message. He has written articles for the "Daily Mirror" and the Australian, "Playboy" magazine, "Squire". His TV appearances have ranged from "Four Corners" down to "Dave Allen Show".

He first roused public attention by his complete opposition to any kind of censorship. He began his campaign in a humble way — speaking to university audiences. Soon, however, the good word spread, and there was a lively public debate. Fred became a provincial and middle-class icon. Black comedy, burlesque, and TV appearances were a regular feature of his public life. In all his correspondence, Prof. May takes himself too solemnly; he is too intent on martyrdom, and unimpressed by his sense of humour dies. He has written articles for the "Bulletin", "SMH", and "The Australian Times".

During this protracted correspondence, the Professor has attempted to make the following points:

1) Knopfelmacher's friends acted unethically in allowing premature public discussion of training in the Knopfelmacher's rejection of the selection committee. A strange argument from an anti-authoritarian not noted for his reticence.

2) The general public should have blind faith in the integrity of the Professorial Board. An almost unworthy argument from a man who is on public record as opposed to the Big Brother attitude of Censorship Boards.

3) Dr. K. is not academically competent. In a letter to the "Australian" he wrote, "Happily, we may accept six or seven of his non-philosophical papers as demonstrating general ability", most preposterous piece of condescension from a man without any real philosophical training or any major publications to his name. He later referred to Dr. K.'s writings as "unethical, paranoid, hyperbolic, illogical and disbelieving, a jolly, trampling, sub-Chestertonian attitude".

Although it may well be true that Knopfelmacher's philosophical is insufficient for the post for which he applied and that this is sufficient reason for him not being appointed, the following facts still remain:

1) Fred May, like most of the Professorial Board, is not a trained philosopher. Hence any comment he makes on another man's philosophical competence is utterly presumptuous.

2) He has never concealed his personal animosity for Knopfelmacher and so always left a doubt that this interference was with his justice out. Thus, "My own experience of him as a speaker is limited to hearing him at the Peace Congress. Then he appeared to me meagre talent, unorganised, slow in thinking on his feet, intent on martyrdom, and unimpressive in his analysis of political factors. Like him, I value argument, but somehow we feel sure Fred will manage to bring another cause.

Basically, however, the Knopfelmacher Affair caught Fred on the wrong side. For Fred May seems to have avoided the real central issue: in voting the way they did, were any of the members of the Professorial Board acted by political motives? The question of Dr. K.'s actual worth is quite separate from this but it is the one uppermost in Fred's mind, which finds it difficult to distinguish central issue from red herring.

To the dispassionate outsider — fortified by Prof. Dunstan's statement — it seems certainly that some of the Professorial Board were in fact influenced by Knopfelmacher's reputation as a trouble-maker. That is an abuse of academic freedom. Fred was not the first to criticise (in fact he contributed nothing to the actual Professorial Board discussion). True, to give him his due, he has always been the threat of political intervention on behalf of Knopfelmacher, another abuse of academic freedom which he has been quick to condemn.

By the time people were becoming bored with censorship, Fred had found another cause. On April 14, 1965, the Professorial Board of the University of Sydney rejected the application of Dr. Frank Knopfelmacher for a vacancy in the Philosophy Department, despite the unanimous recommendation of its selection committee. Estimates of the number of professors who voted against Dr. K. on that occasion have ranged from 20 up to 40. Oddly enough, of this number (whatever it is) only one has ever seen fit to publicly defend the way they all cast their votes that was honest, fearless-of-controversy Fred May.

Odder still is the fact that Fred at all time made any contribution to the debate which culminated in Knopfelmacher's rejection (see Prof. Dunstan's account, THE BULLETIN, Dec. 25). Yet whether they liked it or not — presumable it caused many of them the most excruciating distress — Professor May quickly foisted himself on the outside world as the champion and chief-spokesman of Sydney's Professorial Board and waged a running battle against the Knopfelmacherites on three fronts, through the letters to the Editor columns of the Australian, SMH and Canberra Times.

I am R.W.
If you have completed your formal studies you are now faced with the most important choice of your life.

A decision made wisely now will save a more agonising decision later on. How will you select from the extraordinary variety of career opportunities offered to you? Don't. It has been proven that fame and fortune comes easiest to those who form their own companies...companies that are bound to collapse.

The advantages of forming a dud company are (a) you make more money, (b) you pay no tax, (c) you become a celebrity (who's more famous M. V. Richardson of Victa Mowers or Stanley Korman?), (d) there's practically no chance the government will ever prosecute (e.g., still at large are the Kormans, the Cattells, (Latec), O. J. O'Grady (Reid Murray), the Steens (I.V.M.)—he's been remanded and H. G. Palmer (he has only the civic-mindedness, can outdo the prospect of government action), (e) being your own managing director is all play and no work.

The following hints for the ruthlessly ambitious have been extracted from the Government Investigator's reports into notorious Australian companies like the Korman group of Chevron Sydney, Factors, S.D.F., etc., who not only left a large hole in Macleay Street and the pockets of thousands of shareholders, but also gave its official source is H. G. Palmer (Consolidated Credit Corporation) switched non-chronantly from accountancy to tobacco farming.

Where To Begin

Money is the scarce commodity. It oils the wheels of industry. In your case it is the industry. How do you raise it?

The Companies legislation provides that shares in private companies cannot be debentures in companies without a registered prospectus.

Don't be discouraged.

Vending machines, forest plots, pigs, land development sites, etc., can be sold at the door. Registering a debentures prospectus is a difficult task but worth the extra trouble. You can raise far more. Reid Murray, H. G. Palmer (Consolidated), Latec Investments and the Korman group fully exploited this technique. Few of the debentures will ever be honoured.

Who To Have On Your Board

Choose carefully.

Some people still think that boards are a list. Directors' fees are minimal. You can get knights at a cut-rate if you place a million pounds by the time the I.V.M. empire was sold—at the peak of profitability. The financial Press delights in ribbing fraudulents and the Kormans, the Cattells (Latec), Walter Shapowloff (Kwikasair), O. J. O'Grady (Reid Murray), the Steens (I.V.M.)—he's been remanded and H. G. Palmer (he has only the civic-mindedness, can outdo the prospect of government action), (e) being your own managing director is all play and no work.

The financial press, therefore, is not the force that most of its journalist-members believe.

At the height of the 1959-60 boom a crooked vending machine venture published the following internal document:

"The Financial Press should not be worried about since, by definition, the people who read it would not be interested in our proposition."

On the other hand, the Press can be useful. The cost of entertaining journalists, providing a number of free trips for them to view openings of your new ventures, is very small. The rewards are very large.

In January, 1960, one respected financial paper, under the heading "An Exhilarating Year for Reid Murray", said:

"The shares have advanced sharply to 14/6 in recent weeks with the yield down to 4.2 per cent. Growth will undoubtedly require more share capital in the next few years. The scrip at current prices is for long-term holders and has appeal for the small investor who gets a wide spread of interests from a holding of this unique type of counter."

The shares have since been removed from the Stock Exchanges as valueless.
If the financial Press begins to irritate you, there are plenty of remedies. Pressure from the advertising side, and the growing in of ‘stop-writes’ are two well-known ways to bring the Press to heel. ‘Stop-writes’ are usually issued to stifle Press criticism at crucial money-raising periods. The Press is effectively gagged by the threat of a contempt of court action. The writ can later be withdrawn. These techniques have been used by Stanley Korman, the Steens in I.V.M., and more recently by Walter Shapowloff.

The Launching

When your ostentatious new office block has been completed, it must be officially opened. Best openers are prestigious politicians. They will lend class to the function and ensure impressive publicity. (Politicians can also be duped into laying foundation stones—see picture). Always aim high. Latecomers (commonly known as the M.L.C. technique). The Davico Development and Vending Corporation, which lost £1 1 million of the public’s money, was opened by the Commonwealth Director of Health.

The Flow of Funds

Lack of money should pose no great problem for the young initiate into Australian business. Study the following diagrams:

Initially, flow A is always bigger than flow B and C. When flow A begins to taper off, taper flow B off, never touch flow C; sometimes it may prove wise to increase flow C to show people that “everything’s all right!” They will believe you.

When Things Get Tough

(Blame the “credit squeeze.”)

Australia’s indulgent company laws provide that investors need only see the results of their investments once a year. Since bank cheques take more than one day to clear, you can substantially improve your position as at your annual balance date by simply “swapping cheques”. The following diagram of the technique known as “round robin” in the Korman case should help explain the new degrees of sophistication attained in business.

All the companies A to H are part of the same group. Cheques, all of identical amounts, pass from one company to another simultaneously. At the end of cheques—passing the overall position has not changed, or any other non-extraditable country

At the end of November last the Crown announced that it would not proceed with a criminal charge against Stanley Korman and two other directors of his companies. This was because “the picture presented by the whole of the evidence available indicated it would be improper for the Crown to proceed”.

The Korman group raised many millions from the public and has incurred losses totalling more than £5 million.

Now you should be ready to go into business yourself. But first, test your skill on the OZ Management Quiz:

1. Make sure there is absolutely no money left in chasing them, and it is extremely rare for the defrauded members or creditors to be prepared to put up any money at all to enable the liquidator to undertake the necessary investigations. (2) keep delaying the best people to exploit are pensioners, retired schoolteachers, widows, etc. The ‘soft sell’ method is most effective. “I’m sorry madam, this venture is understandably so popular, that I doubt if there’s a spare uranium mine left.”

She’ll end up cashing in her insurance and doubling the mortgage on her cottage.

Many innocent widows have been successfully ruined by activities of the above-mentioned companies. The directors are still flourishing in luxury. Take heed.
Binkies is a king place for Binkleburgers and other good eats. Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. 210 Elizabeth St. (Sydney), near the Tivoli, next to Gas Lash.