OZ
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THE NATION MOURNS
THE PASSING OF THE PRIMEMINISTER
even farouk wears

FORMAL WEAR

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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 mantually 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 blasphae 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 baby-broccoli 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.

On the whole it seems a pretty fair position in foreign relations or domestic affairs.

December 19: Illegal immigrant Andrew Wong was deported to Hong Kong. The Sydney Soccer star Johnny Wong is due to appear in court (how its fits!) but did manage to whup the house (which doesn’t sound very fair). The charge that everyone has followed and quite uninhibited. . . . not too fatalistic “what will be, will be” attitude to the result. Even Normie seems to have a clay feet and so no one really cares about the result. Even Normie seems to have a fatalistic “what will be, will be” attitude to the whole affair. Or has he? Is the name of his latest LP a sly attempt to influence the jury? (For those over 13, the title is “It Ain’t Necessarily Rowe”).
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, racketts 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 just 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 Press 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 higher stratum—bother 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 know a little about us are irritated that we regret that we had been compelled by the American imperialists to blot our copybook with other Asian countries.

I found them unbelievably well-informed about Saigon and what they call the U.S. puppet government of Sub Brigadier-General Cy. At first, I suspected that I was being told the literal truth. It explained much in Saigon, the American official who was present added politely, I could not answer—about the Opera House!

At a guess, I suspect that the U.S. Army in Saigon must know that Hanoi’s intelligence reaches into the heart of the South. Viet Namese Army and Government (not that there is much difference between the two), because even during my brief stay in Saigon friends told me this was so strongly suspected that the South Viet Namese army will soon be kept in the dark about certain impending military operations. I thought they might have been soldiers. There could well have been soldiers. There is certainly no Russian or Chinese military formation that has 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 leave 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. They know 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 their 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, if 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 free 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 everyday.

(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.
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.

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JARDEL

Waikiki P.O. Box V,
Honolulu, Hawaii 96815. U.S.A.
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 Mackellar (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 — epics 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 twins?

2. The Young Pretenders
   (d) D. J. "Jim" Killen, MHR for Moreton (Qld.), ex-jackeroo, aircraftman and employee of Rheem. In hot water ever since. Founded Young Libs. in Qld., etc.
   (e) J. D. Jess, MHR for Latrobe (Vic.), an S.E.2 revolutionary. His father was Lieut.-General, from whom he inherited his militaristic streak.
   Interests: Tennis, fishing in troubled waters.

Who are the Bourbons? Where do they plot?

Royal Sydney, only one conclusion may be drawn: Dr. Mackay is a SECRET member of Royal Sydney Golf Club.

How do you recognise the Bourbon next door?

1. His wife — she is a soldier's daughter.
   2. Naval and Military Club (Melbourne)
   3. Royal Sydney Golf Club — This is an apparently unlikely centre for con-sprracy but many takeovers 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.

Where will they strike next?

1. Teach-ins.
   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 takeovers 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.

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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.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.

... You're the only people down there who apparently believe I had nothing to do with that dreadful Virgin Mary affair . . . .
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.
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. 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 out, if necessary, anything he can't manage on the 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 to either 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.

Fame at last! Fancy, after all those cartoons of Arthur we now have one of little me to put on the kitchen wall. I thought Collette captured my floral print rather well but the tiles on my spec frames just don't show at all. I'd like to have a real woman-to-woman chat to Collette. (She is a very fine cartoonist—almost an artist in fact—and also wrote "Gigi", which I enjoyed very much.)
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".

HEROINES 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.

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

2. The boy's father who expressed the opinion that "he got what he deserved".

HEROIN OF THE YEAR: The policeman who prevented the escape of a suspicious 17-year-old by shooting a hole in his head.

WHEN DON LANE WEEPED OVER THE AUSSIES IN VIETNAM.

OPERAHOUSE OPENING PARTY, TOMMY HANLON'S HEART CRISIS.

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

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

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.

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

IN MOTHER OF THE YEAR:
BRENDA JAMES


BUSINESSMEN OF '65: H. A. P. Veron and Hal Munro (Solicitors), Abe Landa, Shapoff, 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.

THE EQUIVALENT OF 1 DOLLAR is 10,000 yen. One dollar is 50 yen. As half the entrance fee to Romanos au go-go.


Dear Private Tom Locke, Getting Shot Up, Yank Loves HAHA... love myrtle.

GRUESOMEST TWOSONES: Laurie Allan and Bobbie Bright; Don Lane and Bruce Menzies; John Thompson and Robert Kennedy; Harold and Zara.

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.-Inspc. 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.
"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).
the great FRED controversy or...

In 1961 the Italian Department at the University of Sydney was in a bad way. Then the Head of the Department, R. A. Shaw (a Senior Lecturer) was at loggerheads with the Italian course, which was progressively losing staff. In that year, the Italian II and the Honours course had to be abandoned for lack of lecturing staff.

Unable to teach the students, 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 Department's 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 withering 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 sub- "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. Here was a highly articulate academic that would speak at any place at any time and most per- sistently.

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 unani- mous recommendation of its Selection Committee. Estimates of the number of professors who voted against Dr. K. on that occasion have ranged from 20 to 40. Oddly enough, of this num- ber (whatever it is) only one has ever seen fit to publicly defend the way they all cast their votes that was honest, fear-of-controversy Fred May.

Odder still is the fact that Fred at no 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 — presum-ably it caused many of them the most excruciating distress — Professor May quickly foisted himself on the outside world as the champion and chief-spokes- man of Sydney's Professorial Board and waged a running battle against the Knopfelmacherites on three fronts, through the Letters to the Editor col- umns of the Australian, SMH and Con- berra Times:

1) Knopfelmacher's friends acted un- ethically in allowing premature public debate of a matter before the Professorial Board and its 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 (May 4) he wrote: "Happily, we may accept six or seven of his non-philosophical papers as demonstrating general ability", a 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, il- logical and highfalutin", and displayed "a jolly, trampling, sub- Chestertonian attitude." Although it may well be true that Knopfelmacher's logical philosophy is insufficient for the post for which he applied and that this is suffi- cient reason for him not being appoint- ed, the following facts still remain:

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

1) Knopfelmacher's friends acted un-ethically in allowing premature public debate of a matter before the Professorial Board and its Selection Committee. A strange argument from an anti-authoritarian not noted for his reticence.

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1) Fred May, like most of the Profes- sorial Board, is not a trained philo-osopher. Hence any comment he makes on another man's philosophical competence is utter nonsense.

2) He has never concealed his personal animosity for Knopfelmacher and so always leaves a doubt that this inter- fered with his judgment. Thus: "My own experience of him as a speaker is limited to hearing him at the recent Peace Congress. Then he appeared to me weak, inarticulate, slow in thinking on his feet, intent on martyrdom, and unimpressive in his analysis of political fac- tors. Like his influence, it is limited to hearing him at the Peace Congress."

The Australian (April 22). As a judge of the messianic posture, Fred should know what to look for.

3) In all his correspondence 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 activated 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 — for- tified by Prof. Dunstan's account — it seems certain that some of the Professorial Board were in fact influ- enced by Knopfelmacher's reputation as a trouble-maker. That is an abuse of academic freedom which Fred should be intent on martyrdom, and unimpres- sive in his analysis of political fac- tors. Like his influence, it is limited to hearing him at the Peace Congress."

The Australian (April 22). As a judge of the messianic posture, Fred should know what to look for.

The way of the controversialist is not easy. Fred has always kept his thinking simple by adopting an absolutist line wherever possible. In the more complex situation of the Knopfelmacher Affair he showed himself unequal to the con- flict.

Currently the professor is trying to break into the Vietnam Teach-in circuit. Here he is back on safe, familiar abso- lute ground, being a pacifist (he has been a fringe Quaker and active Anglo- can for years) he can oppose the Aus- tralian commitment in Vietnam without having to involve himself in the intrici- acies of Asian politics.

The Vietnam bandwagon is already slogging from the weight of numbers but somehow we feel that Fred will man- age to get aboard. You can't put a good pacemaker down. And he has such a flow of English, even if no head for dizzy philosophical heights.
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 Victoria, Money or Stanley Kormans?), (d) there's practically no chance the government will ever prosecute (e.g., still at large are the Kormans, the Cattellos (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 a civil action outstanding and the possibility 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 founder, Stanley, control of more money in ten lifetimes. More tips are found in the official reports of Reid Murray, Latec Investments and International Vending Machines. An unofficial source is H. G. Palmer (Consolidated).

Around £50 million of public money has been "lost" in these companies. THE FIRST LESSON: Our young business trainee will learn that money "lost" must be lost more in his direction than in any other.

Which Industries To Enter

It doesn't matter much. The best industries are the new ones, the glamorous ones, the untried ones. The most successful recent ones have included vending machines, coffee planting, uranium prospecting, beach sands mining, home unit development, factoring, electrical retailing, pine forest planting, and merchant banking.

Your Qualifications

The less formal qualifications the better. Academic degrees are definitely out. They prove more a hindrance, viz., the recent resignation (= sacking) of the M.I.C.'s deputy general manager, Dr. A. H. Pollard, M.Sc., M.Sc.(Econ.), Ph.D., as the alleged bunny in the H. G. Palmer collapse.

How Much Experience Do You Need?

Past experience has little to do with future business actions.

Reid Murray's Mr. R. L. Borg was a cleaner. Mr. Korman's previous experience was in textiles and R. C. Moulton (Commercial Credit Corporation) switched non-chantly from accountancy to tobacco farming.

Your Public Personality

Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel and the first sentiment of the crooked tennis personality spread through astatically about the unlimited future of this sullied country. Emphasise how your company (regardless of its pursuit) will hasten national development.

Be conservative, right-wing, supremely optimistic, confident and profuse a universal knowledge. As Reid Murray once said: "I'm an expert at anything from building home units to electrical retailing."

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 hawked around the countryside, nor can 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 run companies. Eligible members should include knights, famous sportsmen and rising politicians. Any sharebroker will be delighted to sell companies (regardless of its pursuit) will hasten national development.

Who To Have On Your Board

Choose carefully.

Some people still think that boards run companies. Eligible members should include knights, famous sportsmen and rising politicians. Any sharebroker will be delighted to sell you a list. Directors' fees are minimal. You can get knights at a cut-rate if you place them on several boards.

There were at least four knights and one famous tennis personality spread through the Korman boards at one time or another.

Rising politicians, especially if they are lawyers, are a solid asset in times of strife.

Mr. J. C. Maddison's membership on the board of member companies of the Freightlines and Construction Holdings group has effectively stalled Government action against Shapowloff despite the Inspector's condemnatory report. Mr. Maddison is also Minister for Justice.

How To Advertise

No investment is "absolutely guaranteed". But that shouldn't prevent you from using the phrase to woo potential shareholders. (The only thing "absolutely guaranteed" is your take.)

On television, the late Mr. Charles Cousins was fond of "absolutely guaranteeing" the public's investment in International Vending Machines (I.V.M.). According to the official investigator's report, Louis and Joseph Steen (nee Finkelstein) were richer by a little short of half a million pounds by the time the I.V.M. empire was sold—at the peak of profitability—to another company in 1960.

Advertisements should never be made on the financial pages of our daily papers. The financial Press delights in ribbing fraudulent propositions. It is not worth the trouble of convincing the financial readers of the sincerity of your proposition. There are far too many other eager investors.

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 4/6 in recent weeks with the yield down to 42.5 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 interest 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 interest in ‘stop-writs’ are two well-known ways to bring the Press to heel. ‘Stop-writs’ 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. Later did Sir Garfield Barwick opened its ten storey building in Newcastle. On that occasion the S.M.H. reports him orating: “It is not an easy thing to manage money or business. We should pay special tribute to those who do . . . There are no limits to Australian industry while good, honest, sensible management are available.” Also, the Davco Development and Vending Corporation, which lost £1.4 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 law provisions 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 amount, pass from one company to another simultaneously. At the end of cheques-passing the overall position has not changed, but new debtor-creditor relationships have been created. These are important, since some are regarded as better, sounder and more reliable than others.

All cheques must be passed on the same day, usually at June 30. New bank accounts can be opened for the purpose. The Korman’s “round robin”—a classic in any business text—involved eight companies, five of which opened new bank accounts for the purpose.

Some Cardinal Rules

(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 things as long as possible. So that by the time you finally get called to Court many years after, your original witnesses are either dead or have forgotten everything.

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.

If the Press rings you up seeking information, do you—

- Deliberately mislead it.
- Say “No comment”.
- Say that the subject is far too complicated to discuss over the phone, and suggest that he come over to your yacht on Sunday for a discussion in more pleasant surroundings.

Which is a better time to hold an annual meeting:

- The day before Christmas.
- Between Christmas and New Year.
- At Oodnadatta.

- Insist on all questions being asked in one bunch before answering any of them, and close the meeting immediately afterwards (commonly known as the M.L.C. technique).
- Refuse admission to the Press, but send the Press copies of your chairman’s annual address, but no mention of questions asked at the meeting (the British Tobacco technique).
- Appoint a new chairman a few days before the meeting who is unfamiliar with company affairs and thus can’t make embarrassing disclosures.

When deciding how to organise your annual company meeting, do you—

- Say “No comment”.
- Deliberately mislead it.
- Insist on all questions being asked in one bunch before answering any of them, and close the meeting immediately afterwards (commonly known as the M.L.C. technique).
- Refuse admission to the Press, but send the Press copies of your chairman’s annual address, but no mention of questions asked at the meeting (the British Tobacco technique).
- Appoint a new chairman a few days before the meeting who is unfamiliar with company affairs and thus can’t make embarrassing disclosures.

FINAL WORD: Remember, 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 Binkieburgers and other good eats. Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. 210 Elizabeth St. (Sydney), near the Tivoli, next to Gas Lash.