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# A Squint Down Under

Bill Hornage

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# A Squint Down Under

**Description**

Bill Hornage, A Squint Down Under, Review Publications, Dubbo, 1971, 52p. A compilation of stories, articles and cartoons from magazines such as OZ and The Bulletin, covering a wide range of controversial Australian topics.

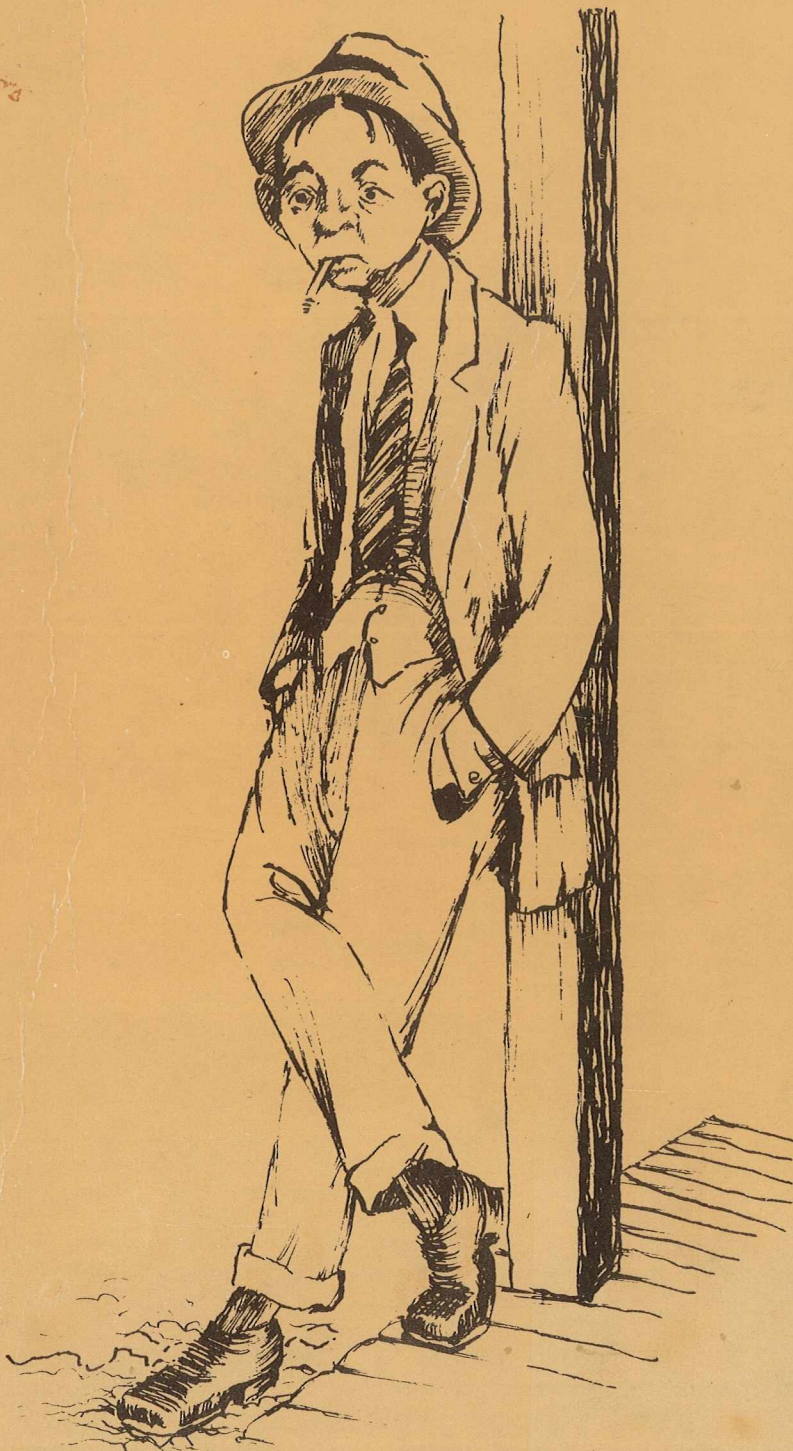
**Publisher**

Review Publications, Dubbo, 52p

# A SQUINT DOWN UNDER

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By Bill Hornadge





# A SQUINT DOWN UNDER

**By Bill Hornadge**

**FIRST EDITION 1971.**

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by post as a book

**Published by**

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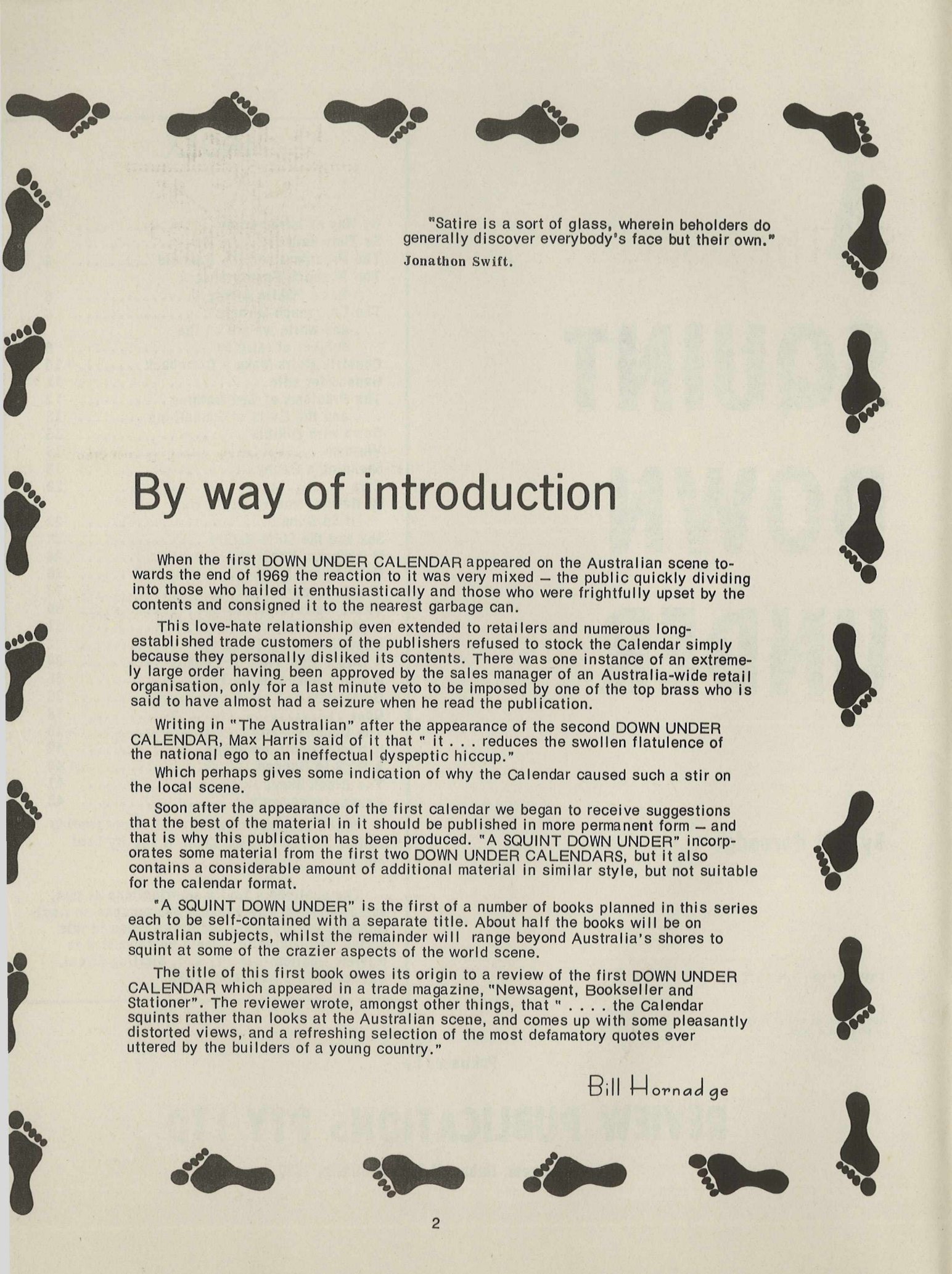
**Sterling Street, Dubbo, N.S.W. Australia, 2830.**

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Which only shows what a lot of codswallop  
can be packed into 48 pages if you try hard  
enough.

The publishers invite contributions of text,  
verse, art work and unusual photographs on Aust-  
ralian or world themes for future titles in this  
series. Contributions should be submitted to  
Review Publications Pty Ltd, Sterling Street,  
Dubbo, N.S.W. Australia, 2830.



"Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own."

Jonathon Swift.

## By way of introduction

When the first DOWN UNDER CALENDAR appeared on the Australian scene towards the end of 1969 the reaction to it was very mixed — the public quickly dividing into those who hailed it enthusiastically and those who were frightfully upset by the contents and consigned it to the nearest garbage can.

This love-hate relationship even extended to retailers and numerous long-established trade customers of the publishers refused to stock the Calendar simply because they personally disliked its contents. There was one instance of an extremely large order having been approved by the sales manager of an Australia-wide retail organisation, only for a last minute veto to be imposed by one of the top brass who is said to have almost had a seizure when he read the publication.

Writing in "The Australian" after the appearance of the second DOWN UNDER CALENDAR, Max Harris said of it that "it . . . reduces the swollen flatulence of the national ego to an ineffectual dyspeptic hiccup."

Which perhaps gives some indication of why the Calendar caused such a stir on the local scene.

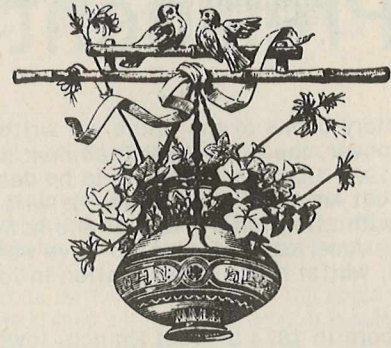
Soon after the appearance of the first calendar we began to receive suggestions that the best of the material in it should be published in more permanent form — and that is why this publication has been produced. "A SQUINT DOWN UNDER" incorporates some material from the first two DOWN UNDER CALENDARS, but it also contains a considerable amount of additional material in similar style, but not suitable for the calendar format.

"A SQUINT DOWN UNDER" is the first of a number of books planned in this series each to be self-contained with a separate title. About half the books will be on Australian subjects, whilst the remainder will range beyond Australia's shores to squint at some of the crazier aspects of the world scene.

The title of this first book owes its origin to a review of the first DOWN UNDER CALENDAR which appeared in a trade magazine, "Newsagent, Bookseller and Stationer". The reviewer wrote, amongst other things, that " . . . the Calendar squints rather than looks at the Australian scene, and comes up with some pleasantly distorted views, and a refreshing selection of the most defamatory quotes ever uttered by the builders of a young country."

Bill Hornad ge

# So They Said . . . .



"The inhabitants of this country are the miserablest people of the world."

William Dampier, 1688.

"A country and place so forbidding and so hateful as only to merit execration and curses."

Surgeon-General John White, 1790.

"To men of small property, unambitious of trade and wishing for retirement, I think the continent of New South Wales not without inducements."

Captain Watkin Tench, 1791.

"A more wicked, abandoned, and irreligious set of people have never been brought together in any part of the world."

Governor Hunter.



"I found the colony barely emerging from infantile imbecility."

Governor Lachlan Macquarie,  
Letter to Bathurst, 1822.

"Drunkenness, the fruitful parent of every species of crime, is still the prevailing vice in the colony."

Sir George Gipps.

"There are only two classes of persons in New South Wales. Those who have been convicted, and those who ought to have been."

Governor Lachlan Macquarie, 1822.

"If I had any selfish interest in advising you to emigrate to Australia I would not say a single syllable about the morals or society of Botany Bay."

Rev D MacKenzie, about 1848.

"It's the best country to get out of that I was ever in."

Henry Lawson, 1896.

"Australia is all right for migrating European peasants."

Author, Gerald Glaskin, 1969.

# The President and the Barmaid

When the history books of the future are written, Herbert Clark Hoover, the thirty-first President of the United States, (1929-1933) is not likely to be described as one of the great American presidents. He will always be remembered with affection by Australians however, as being the only American president to have worked in Australia and, whilst here, to have fallen in love with a barmaid!

Hoover was born in 1874 at West Branch, Iowa. After gaining his A.B. in mining engineering at Stanford University in 1895 he set out to win fame and fortune abroad and one of his first ports of call was Australia where he worked for several years as a mining engineer mainly on the West Australian goldfields.

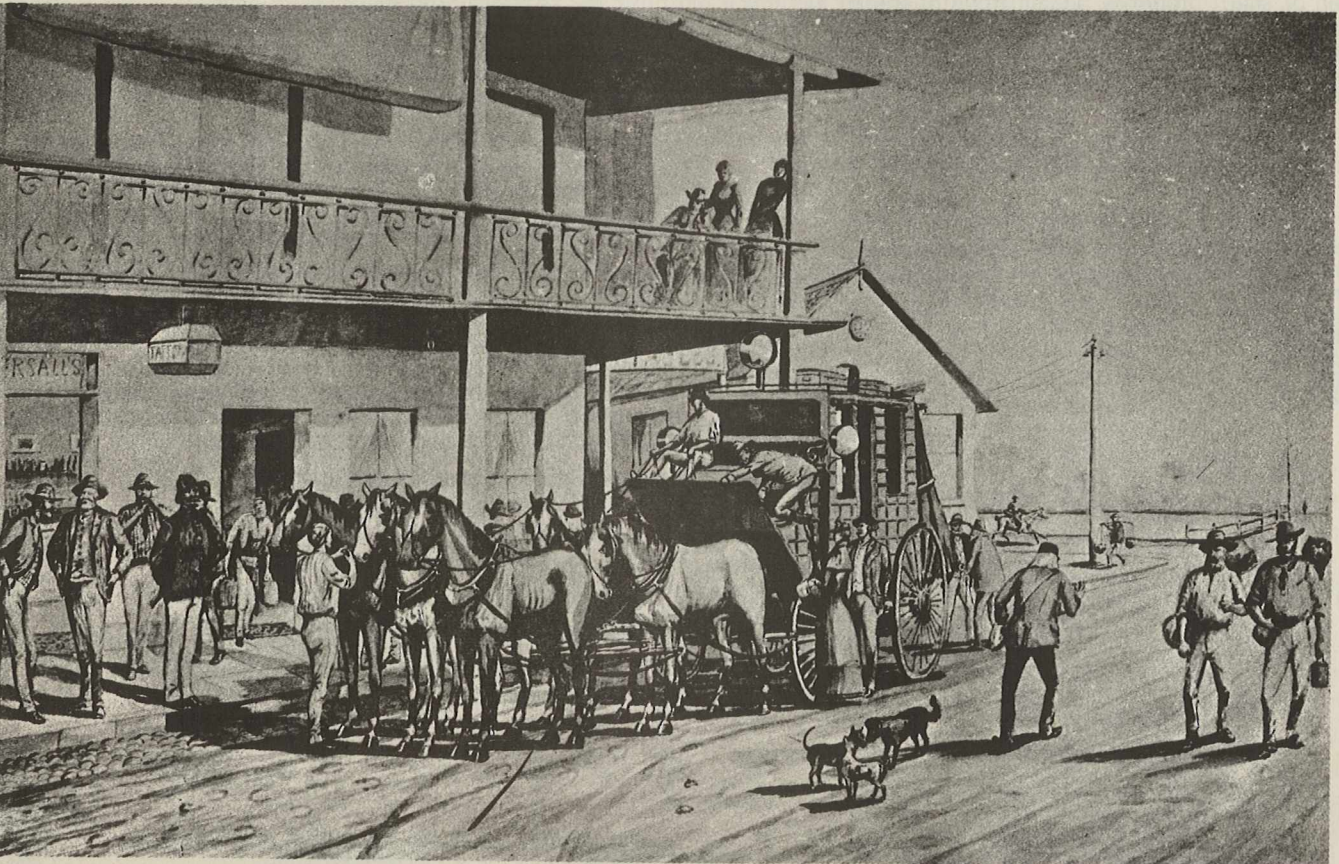
While staying at Hannan's Hotel in Kalgoorlie he met and wooed a barmaid at the pub. Unfortunately the name of the lass has not been preserved for historical record but she must have been quite a charmer for she later inspired Hoover to put pen to paper (a dangerous practice for politicians) as follows:

Do you ever dream my sweetheart, of a twilight long ago  
Of a park in old Kalgoorlie, where the bouganvilleas grow,  
Where the moonbeams on the pathways trace a shimmering  
    brocade  
And the overhanging peppers form a lovers' promenade.

Where in soft cascade of cadence from a garden close at hand,  
Came the murmurous mellow music of a sweet orchestral band.  
Years have flown since then, my sweetheart, fleet as orchard  
    blooms in May;  
But the hour that fills my dreaming, was it only yesterday?  
Stood we two a space in silence, while the summer sun slipped  
    down,  
And the grey dove dusk with drooping pinions wrapt the mining  
    town,

Then you raised your tender glances darkly, dreamily to  
    mine,  
And my pulses clashed like cymbals in a rhapsody divine.  
And the pent-up fires of longing loosed their prison's weak  
    control,  
And in wild hot words came rushing madly from my burning  
    soul.  
Wild hot words that spoke of passion, hitherto but half  
    expressed,  
And I clasp you close my sweetheart, kissed you, strained  
    you to my breast,  
While the starlight spangled heavens rolled round us where  
    we stood,  
And a tide of bliss swept surging through the currents of our  
    blood.

And I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your scarlet mouth  
Oh! my red-lipped sun-browned sweetheart, dark-eyed daughter  
    of the south.



In old Kalgoorlie, long ago. . . .

# . . . . and the girl he married

It was well that fate should part us, it was well my fate should lead,

Back to slopes of high endeavour aye, and was it well indeed.  
You have wed some southern squatter, learned long since his every whim,  
Soothed his sorrows, borne his troubles, sung your sweetest songs for him.

I have fought my fight and triumphed, on the map I've writ my name,

But I prize one hour of loving, more than fifty years of fame.

It was but a summer madness, that possessed me, men will hold,

And the yellow moon bewitched me, with its wizardry of gold,  
As they will, but oft times in the dusk, I close my eyes  
And in dreams drift back where stars rain silver splendour from the skies,

To a park in far Kalgoorlie, where the golden wattles grow,  
Where you kissed me in the twilight of a summer long ago,  
And I clasp you close my sweetheart, while each throbbing pulse is thrilled

By a low and mournful music that shall never more be stilled.

Young men frequently woo barmaids under bough-vile trees (and in the back seat of cars, too) but they usually end up marrying the girl next door. And this is what happened in the case of Herbert Hoover. The Kalgoorlie barmaid certainly seems to have set his blood racing, but when he returned to the United States shortly afterwards (in 1899) he married a girl he had met while studying at Stanford University. She was Lou Henry of Monterey, California and also a graduate of Stanford. This picture of Mr & Mrs Hoover was taken in 1928 shortly before Hoover received the nomination for Presidency of the United States.



# The Peacock Family Sheets Get a Public Airing

Some women seek the limelight because they love it, whilst others are unceremoniously thrust into the world's cruel spotlight by events in a way designed to imprint permanent scars on sensitive personalities.

Take the case of Susan Peacock, a very attractive, vivacious Melbourne housewife and mother who does some part-time fashion modelling mainly for charity. Sometime in 1970 she agreed to pose in her home for some photographs to publicise a certain brand of bed sheets. For this she was paid a fee (less than \$100) which she earmarked for donation to a home for waifs at Port Moresby.

Nothing very wrong in that, but when the advertisement appeared as a double page spread in a national women's magazine it included these words " . . . Mrs Andrew Peacock is wife to Australia's youngest Federal Minister and one of the most vital women on the Australian scene."

Mr Andrew Peacock, MHR, Minister for the Army, and at the ripe old age of 31, thought the roof had

fallen in. He submitted his resignation from the Ministry twice (once verbally and then in writing). Prime Minister Gorton, an old hand at dodging accusations of impropriety, waved away the resignations and dismissed the matter for what it really was, a very minor storm in a teacup.

Even the Labour Party couldn't see any political capital in the issue and unanimously decided not to raise the matter in Federal Parliament.

Which didn't stop Mr Peacock calling a press conference to explain his actions and to reveal that he had reprimanded his wife for her indiscretion. Not very gallant of him when you come to think of it.

It was however left to visiting English author and wit Clement Freud to sum up the views of a fair number of Australians on the subject. Wrote Mr Freud: " . . . of all the rotten, unchivalrous, egotistical and immature actions, resigning because his wife appeared in an advertisement for bed-linen is the most peurile I have encountered . . . if Peacock does not wish to assoc-

**Mrs. Andrew Peacock is wife to Australia's youngest Federal Minister and one of the most vital women on the Australian scene.**

**She chose to decorate her bedroom around Sheridan Printed Sheets.**

Susan Peacock grew up in politics. So she takes naturally to the pace of public life. Fairly bobbing with energy (this mother of 3 daughters is a keen water-skier) she faces up to a hectic round of duties with lively interest. She delights in meeting new people and willingly accompanies Andrew on his many engagements. Very proud of him, she works at making his private life as relaxed as his public life is strenuous.

Her success is evident in their home, where comfort is the first consideration. The generous chairs have down-filled cushions. The latest books are lying around, plus photographs and mementoes of many happy trips. It's a friendly, lived-in house. In furnishing, Susan believes that the dominant colour should come from movable elements such as paintings, or flowers. And there are flowers in every room.

**A BED OF BRIGHT FLOWERS**  
In their bedroom, which is basically all muted gold, the colour excitement is provided by Sheridan printed sheets. "I think printed sheets are a brilliant idea. Much more fun than a plain colour. And every time you change the linen, you can change the pattern; so they're ideal to use as the changeable part of your decorating scheme." Today the bed is wearing Sheridan's Sunspray, a dainty all-over daisy pattern of Pink on White. Tomorrow it



might have on Petaldown, a very feminine print in the Gold/Pink/Lilac colour combination, or perhaps Fleur, a delicate small-flower design, in Gold.

**PRETTY PRACTICAL, TOO**

"And it's not as if we lose out on the practical benefits because we chose these super designs. Sheridan sheets are as modern as anything overseas. They're terribly quick-drying. They're crease-resistant, so they look fine without ironing. Completely pre-shrunk as well."

What I like best is the way the bottom sheet fits the mattress so it just can't rumple and bed-making is easier."

Sheridan printed sheets have other modern advantages, too. Their weave of 50% polyester/50% cotton is the reason why they are so luxuriously soft and light, yet last much longer than ordinary sheets. And why they "breathe", so they're warmer in winter and cooler in summer. And of course they're colourfast. Sheridan make them fitted or flat, for single, double and king-size beds, with matching pillowcases, all at sensible prices. See the exciting Sheridan Printed Sheet Collection at finer stores now.

**FREE!** For your FREE copy of "Guide to Personalizing" Decorating with the living colour of Sheridan's a 16-page book filled with helpful decorating ideas and exciting colour photographs, send this coupon to:

Sheridan Printings  
P.O. Box 129  
South Yarra, 3141, Victoria.

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**Beautiful bedrooms begin with Sheridan Printed Sheets**

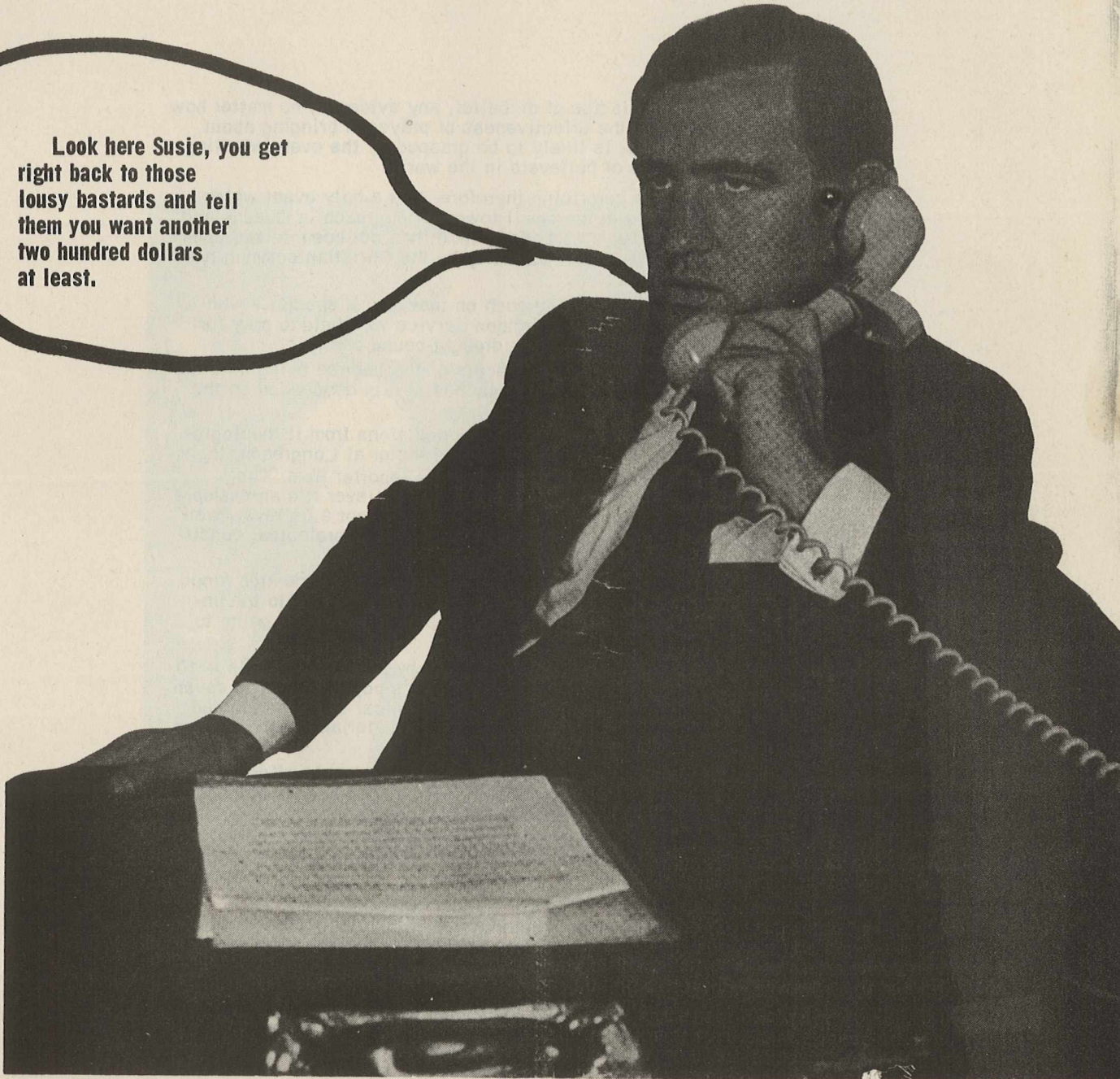


iate himself with a pretty wife doing a decent job that is his business . . . but to humiliate her in public — to state 'she has done wrong' — as if she had goosed Mr Gorton in the Opera House — and then to resign, which is another way of saying 'My wife's bad taste has ruined my political career' becomes everyone's business . . . if he really felt like resigning; if he considered that the picture of the wife of Australia's youngest Federal Minister sitting demurely by a virgin-bed is more than he as a politician can take, then he had no right to be a politician. Also Mr Gorton had no right to reject his resignation. In fact what Peacock did is

something for which Peahen could get a divorce for public cruelty in any right-thinking community."

As is usual in such cases, it was left to the woman in the case to have the last word. Red-eyed from tears and lack of sleep, she said she did not blame the ALP for any of the political opposition over the advertisement, adding darkly, "I know where it has come from."

Asked if she meant the incident had originated from within the Liberal Party, Mrs Peacock replied: "That would be right. You don't know Canberra. They play dirty politics up there."



**Look here Susie, you get right back to those lousy bastards and tell them you want another two hundred dollars at least.**

"Don't pray for rain — dam it."

Bishop J Moorhouse.

# The Longreach Miracle

In this age of disbelief, any evidence, no matter how slim, of the effectiveness of prayer in bringing about miracles, is likely to be grasped by the ever-dwindling numbers of believers in the world.

It is surprising therefore, that a holy event which occurred in the small town of Longreach in Queensland on Sunday, October 11, 1970, has not been seized upon and given wider publicity by the Christian community in Australia.

In far-off Longreach on that day, a special seven-church Sunday afternoon service was held to pray for rain in Queensland's drought-bound centre.

And within a few hours of the service being held the skies opened and two inches of rain descended on the district.

"I wouldn't draw any conclusions from it theologically," the Church of England rector at Longreach, the Reverend Peter Davies, told a reporter from 'The Australian' adding "If you're a believer it's an example of the providence of God. If you're not a believer, well it would have happened anyway, meteorological conditions being as they were."

Mr Davies said although there was some high cloud in the sky at the time the service started, "to the unpractised eye it didn't look as though it was going to rain."

The service was attended by about 500 people — 10 per cent of the Longreach area's population. The seven churches involved in the ecumenical service included Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and the Salvation Army.

Mr Davies said the drought had deeply affected life in the Longreach area, which has not had its normal annual rainfall for the past 15 years.

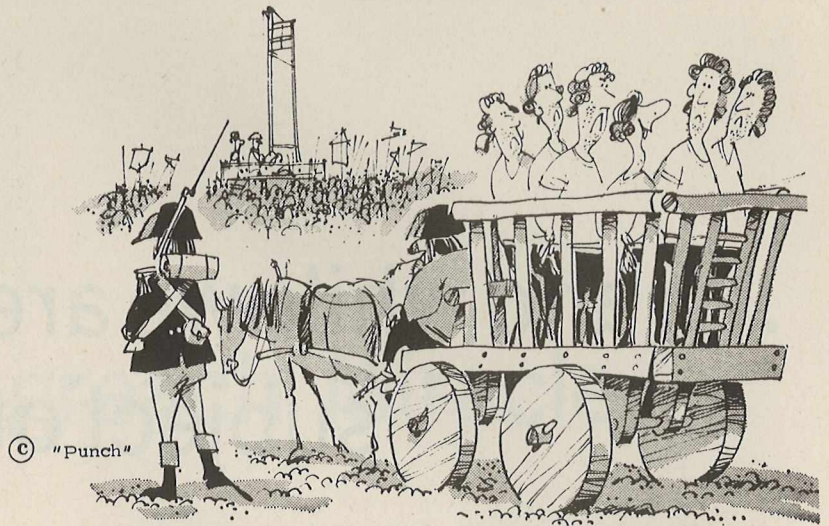
"It's slowed down business in the town," he said. "Even the pubs are starting to feel the pinch — and they're the last line of defence: if a man starts to cut down on his beer then he's really feeling it."

The Queensland Premier, Mr Bjelke-Petersen said that most people were prepared to accept there were many powers and forces at work in the universe, one of which was the power of prayer.

"I believe that the united prayers of Christian people do not go unanswered," he said. "I believe that recent rains are attributable in no small measure to the united prayers of Christian people,"

....and while we are on the  
subject of religion . . . . .





"Well at least we won't have to wear these awful chastity belts much longer, will we girls?"

# Chastity Belts Make a Comeback

One of the most amazing, and unexpected, pieces of fashion news to emerge in 1970 was the intelligence that chastity belts are making a comeback. News of this dramatic event was conveyed to us by that indefatigable searcher after the truth, Sydney newspaper columnist Ron Saw.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we should explain that a chastity belt is a metal device dating back to medieval times but seldom referred to in this modern permissive age. The belts were made by locksmiths for jealous husbands who locked them about the loins of their wives so that they could not indulge in extra-marital activities whilst the aforesaid husbands were away from home.

Such devices disappeared from the market place several centuries ago and until 1970 examples could only be found in museums. According to Mr Saw however, this curious piece of feminine wear has made an unexpected revival and is in moderate demand from the Italian community in Sydney. The devices are being manufactured by Mr Richard Strzelecki, a Polish armourer who is employed by a Sydney firm which makes Heralds and Crests. Mr Strzelecki claims to have made a number of tailor-made chastity belts for Sydney clients, all beautifully constructed of steel, velvet-lined and padlocked — with only one key. The belts can be supplied with or without the client's family coat of arms, in prices that range from \$60 to \$80.

Mass production is not envisaged by Mr Strzelecki or his employer at this stage, but ultimately this may be forced upon them if the demand quickens.

Mr Saw was rather unenthusiastic about the new fashion trend, especially when he learned that it was also possible to manufacture another type of steel garment — a male purity girdle — designed to achieve the same end as the original chastity belt. All of which opens up rather frightening possibilities for the future especially if the head buyers of Myers and David Jones latch on to the idea and apply their well known mass merchandising techniques to pushing this new, and hitherto relatively unexplored, fashion field.

Canine Chastity belts are on sale at a well-known London store. Partly plastic shield, part leather harness, the contrivance is made in six sizes and costs 24s.11d. The makers claim 'maximum protection with minimum anxiety'.

"Sunday Dispatch".

*Since that time, in Venice and in Rome  
There is not pedant, cit or gentleman  
But, to guard the virtue of his house,  
Lays up a stock of girdles and padlocks.  
There, every jealous man, without fear of blame,  
Holds under lock and key the virtue of his dame.*

Voltaire.

*"Those jealous Italians do very ill to lock up their wives; for women are of such a disposition they will mostly covet that which is denied most, and offend least when they have free liberty to trespass."*

Pope Pius II

# Banned for Life

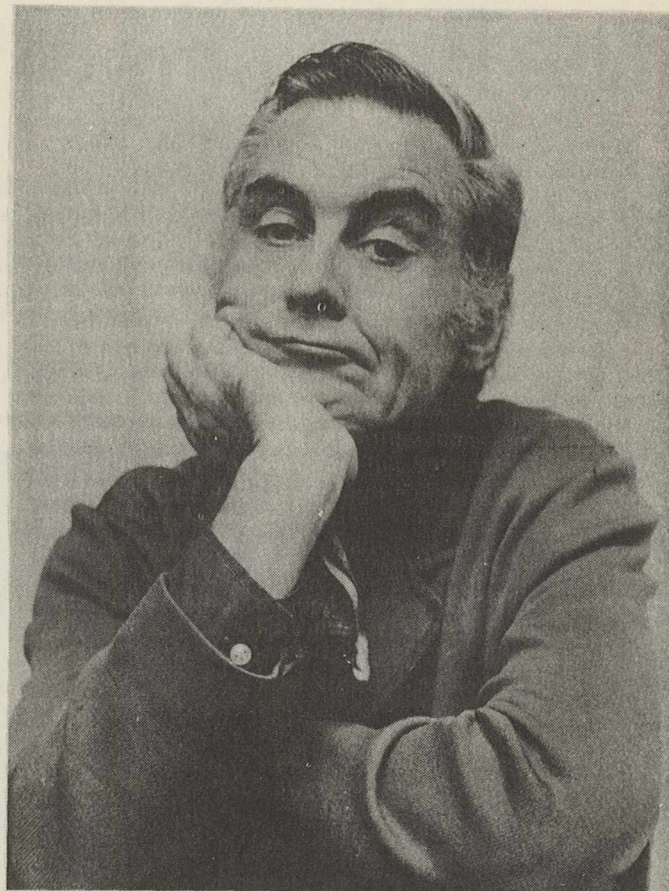
Mr Ray Taylor is a man who has been around the Sydney Radio, TV and entertainment scene for a considerable time. It is freely acknowledged that he has plenty of talent but his waspish tongue and unconventional attitudes haven't exactly endeared him to people in high places.

Still, it was a distinct shock when, in August 1970, the A.B.C. banned him for life following some remarks which Taylor made on an A.B.C. radio programme.

The national press reported the affair but did not give the subject the treatment in depth which might have been expected to follow such an unprecedented action as suspension for life by the A.B.C. of such a noted personality. There was also remarkable coyness by the public media in dodging around the exact words that Taylor uttered to bring down on his head the wrath of the A.B.C. establishment.

The AT HOME THIS MORNING programme which caused all the bother was a women's programme dealing with current affairs and broadcast "live". The entire programme was axed by the A.B.C. late in 1970, a decision believed to be not entirely unconnected with the furore caused by the Taylor incident.

Mr Talbot Duckmanton who banned Mr Taylor for life and who personally went on to the air to deliver an abject apology to ABC listeners.



**"NOW, what have I done wrong?"**

But back to that fatal day of August 18, 1970, when Taylor went on the air as guest to compere Elizabeth Bond. The discussion was based on "backlash" and about the hatred that is generated from the "fear of the different." Early on in the programme, Taylor prophetically commented that "anybody who is different is in for it."

How right he was!

After a general discussion on backlash, civil rights and law and order, Taylor and Miss Bond turned to "the permissive society syndrome." Miss Bond quoted a recent comment by some one in authority that "sex will destroy us all", which lured Taylor into a comment that "... all ills are attributed to sex and drugs. If I hear one more public leader or spokesman talking about sex, I think I'll flip. Now we've got the Pope up and he's just bitter because he isn't getting any."

Taylor's "crime" therefore was not to utter a four letter word, which he might have got away with, but to refer to a religious personality in an irreverent manner.

In the eyes of the A.B.C. he had committed the unforgivable, and his sentence was the ultimate — banishment to the cultural Siberia of the commercial networks.

The A.B.C. General Manager, Mr Talbot Duckmanton, himself handed down judgment from the throne: "Mr Taylor will not appear on any A.B.C. programme in the future."

To which Taylor no doubt said: Amen.

# The Problems of Sea Bathing . . .

Every weekend in summer hundreds of thousands of Australians head for the beaches to swim, to shoot the breakers and to sunbake. They take it all very much for granted, the majority of them neither knowing nor caring that the right to frolic in the sea and laze on the sand was won only after a bitter, drawn out battle against officialdom on one hand and wowsers on the other.

The bid to prohibit public bathing started quite early in the history of the colony in 1833 in fact, when Governor Bourke issued a proclamation prohibiting bathing in Sydney Cove or Darling Harbour between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m. This was followed in 1838 by another proclamation which stated:

**It shall be unlawful for any person to bathe near or within view of any public wharf, quay, bridge, street or road or other place of public resort within the limits of any of the towns between six o'clock in the morning and eight in the evening.**



A similar piece of legislation was in 1841 passed for Victoria, forbidding bathing in the Yarra River between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m., though why anyone should want to swim in the Yarra is beyond the comprehension of a New South Welshman.

Australians who wanted to have a dip in the briny in those days had to get up at the crack of dawn or shoot the breakers under cover of darkness.

The residents of Sydney and Melbourne didn't take too kindly to these laws and there were many breaches of the regulations and there were even scandalous reports of mixed bathing having taken place on some of the quieter beaches.

The issue was brought to a head in Sydney in 1902 when a group of yachtsmen decided to cool off with a dip in the harbour. Police arrested them and they were charged with breaking a by-law by swimming after 7 a.m.

The editor of the "Manly and North Sydney News", Mr W H Gocher, was outraged by this and commenced a campaign to have the laws amended. He announced that the following day he would defy the law by bathing at Manly in daylight, which he did. Rather to his dismay, it proved to be a non-event as police didn't turn up as expected to arrest him. The same thing happened on a second, and again well publicised, defiance of the law. The police were more co-operative on the third occasion and did arrive on the scene and arrested the crusading editor. They did not however, proceed with a prosecution and Mr Gocher later quoted the Inspector General of Police, Mr Fosbery, as telling him that bathing would probably be tolerated if the men wore neck to knee costumes and the ladies took care not to expose their bosoms.

There was so much publicity over the incident that Manly Council capitulated and on November 2, 1903, rescinded the by-law which prohibited bathing after 7 a.m. and introduced a new by-law which allowed sea bathing provided everyone over the age of 8 wore a neck to knee costume.

In Victoria, where the morals of the citizenry are guarded rather more closely, the fight took longer, and as late as 1912 sea bathing was still totally prohibited in daylight on some beaches, whilst on others it was permitted providing the sexes were segregated.

Melbourne Councils were just as opposed to sunbathing as to surfing but they were swimming against the tide of public sentiment and gradually the old laws were allowed to lapse.

Having lost the major battle, the Councils in subsequent years contented themselves with a whole string of absurd regulations governing the costumes of surfers and sunbakers.

When backless costumes for women appeared on Australian beaches in 1932 they caused almost as much of a furore as did the Bikini a generation later. A Congregational Minister, the Reverend S H Cox, described it as "the hottest thing ever introduced on the beaches", adding that the costume would "affect the essential modesty of the pure woman."

The Rev Cox and his friends however, were fighting a vain fight for costumes continued to get shorter and briefer — much to the delight of the male population in general.

# • • • and the Evils of Sunbaking

"Sea bathers always have suffered. Up and down the coast they have been persecuted by every town and city council. The regulations were rarely intended to protect their comfort, or even to protect their safety; they were to protect the perfection of their morals."

Keith Dunstan  
in "Wowzers".

In consequence of the proximity of the Esplanade, and the houses bordering on the same, gentlemen using these baths are particularly requested not to unnecessarily expose themselves. Instructions have been given to the police to take action against any person who may offend in this way."

Notice erected by St Kilda Council  
outside Hegarty's Baths, 1873.

"Any person bathing shall, on leaving the water, forthwith resume ordinary clothing, and no person shall loiter save as far as is necessary, to enable him or her to dress, run or walk in the vicinity of the beach in bathing costume, or without having resumed ordinary clothing."

St Kilda City Council Ordinance, 1912.

"Lolling on the sand, either for individuals or for mixed groups should be regarded as strictly forbidden, not only by law, but by etiquette, which is more effective than law."

The Argus, Melbourne  
March 8, 1912.

"No modest women can be associated with mixed bathing and no man who respects the opposite sex could take part in it. Married women ought to take up a strong position in this matter. If some of them who bathe could hear what is said about them they would be startled."

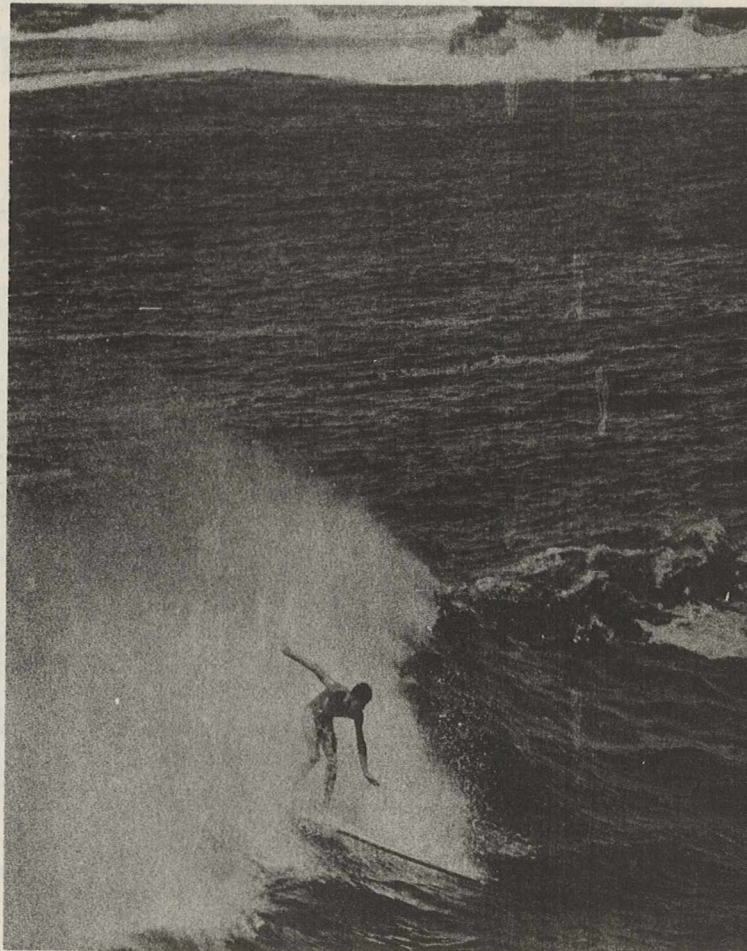
Reverend T Adamson, Melbourne  
Methodist Conference, 1912.

"The pastime (of sunbathing) has an astonishing charm for its devotees. Sometimes it becomes almost fanaticism. In these cases men and women can find time for nothing else. In their blind enthusiasm for the sun they are prepared to neglect such necessary formalities as the earning of a livelihood. With such people, indeed, the gradual browning of the skin under the sun's rays appears to constitute half the fascination."

The Melbourne Argus, 1912.

"That we deplore the disgraceful exhibition of men and women, who not only parade our beaches in a semi-nude state, but pose in most unbecoming positions to be photographed. Believing the same to be most hurtful to the morals of our community, particularly the young people, we strongly urge that such disgraceful conduct be strictly prohibited by our authorities."

Resolution passed by the  
Box Hill (Victoria) Branch  
of the Women's Christian  
Temperance Union, 1925.



"When you're driving hard and fast down the wall, with a soup curling behind yer, or doing this backside turn on a big one about to tube, it's just this feeling. Yer know, it leaves yer feeling stoked."

An interview with a modern  
surfie, quoted by Hugh  
Atkinson in "Quadrant".

## VIC. MOTHERS WANT BIKINIS BANNED

MELBOURNE, Mon. — The Victorian Federation of Catholic Mothers' Clubs has written to 19 Melbourne councils asking them to ban bikinis from their beaches.

THE Federation Secretary (Mrs. C. Hamilton) said the mothers' clubs wanted bikinis banned to protect the morals of youth.

She said the move had the backing of more than 18,000 mothers in the clubs.

"We believe that these abbreviated bikinis lead to sexual offences."

"They place immoral temptations in the path of teenage boys and girls."

"We have heard the tops of these bikinis offer very scanty covering."

SHARP

## Down With Bikinis

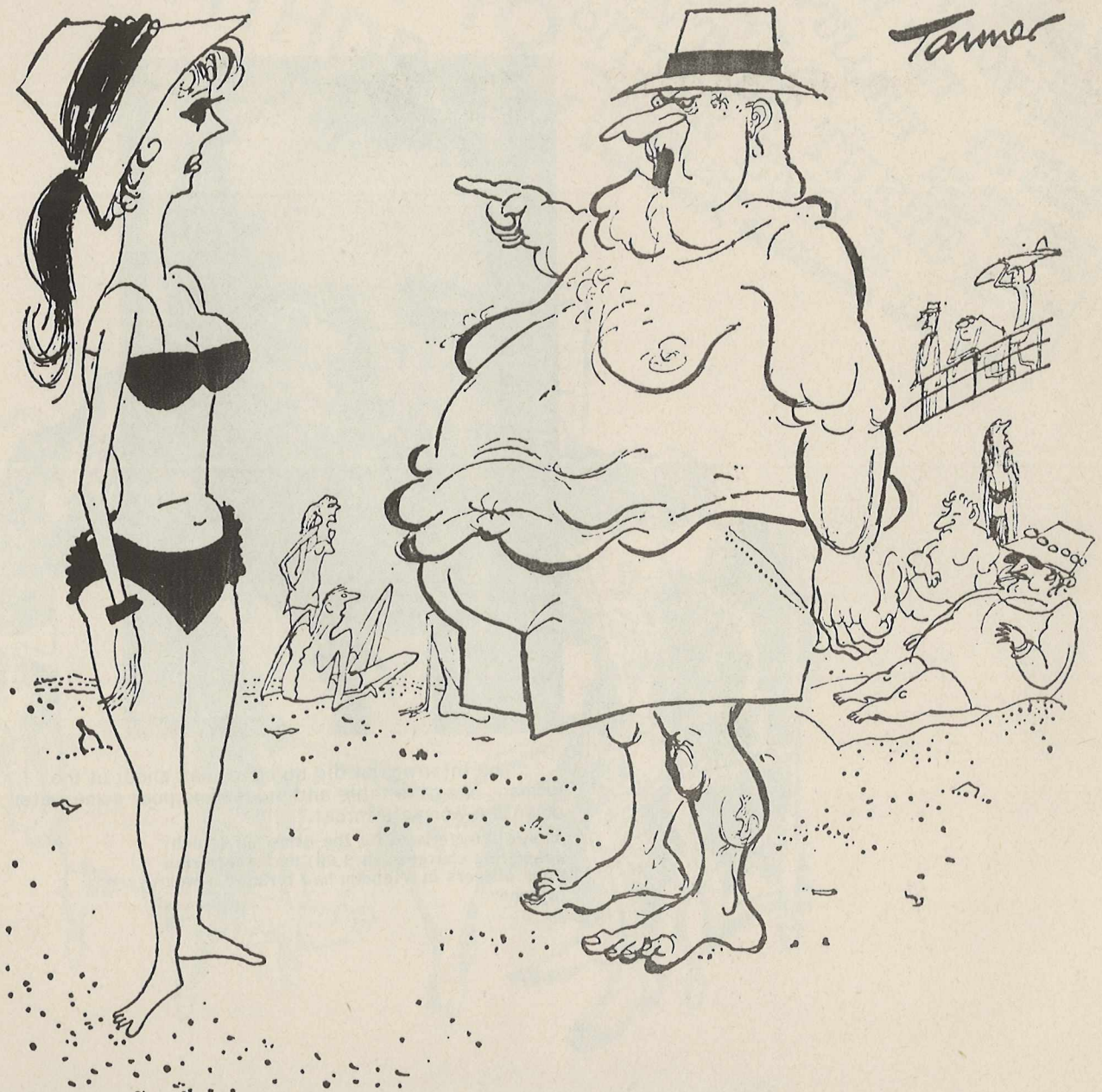
Whilst most of the skirmishes in the "Battle of the Beaches" centred on the right of Australians to frolic in the surf or laze on the beaches in daylight hours, some of the action centred on what surfers actually WORE on the beaches. Particularly female surfers.

The Mrs Grundies of Sydney and Melbourne were unanimous in their view that all bathing costumes were obscene, since they revealed in clear detail the body outlines of the wearers, and they fought a constant, but losing battle to have costumes made longer. Instead, as we all know, they actually became shorter . . . and shorter . . . and shorter. Which distressed the dear old ladies of both sexes no end.

When one piece costumes gave way to briefer twopiece bathing apparel, the sharp intake of breath by outraged matrons of Vaucluse and Toorak could be heard at Oodnadatta. And when Bikinis first made their appearance on Australian beaches, there were widespread predictions that the world was about to end.

"We definitely think that bikinis lower the resistance of young people to temptation, and contribute to immorality. I can't see anything attractive about bikinis. In my opinion they expose an ugly part of the body."

Mrs Mary Cullen, secretary of Victorian Federation of Catholic Mothers' Clubs, 1964



"Get off the beach! You look obscene."

# VIETNAM



"The interrogator did no more than shout at the woman, bang the table and proceed to pour some water down the woman's throat."

**Australian Minister for the Army (Mr Lynch) answering charges (14.3.68) that Australian army officers in Vietnam had tortured a woman prisoner.**

# WAR TO 'FADE AWAY' Gorton wants to stay in Viet OUR TROOPS TO THE BITTER END' OFFER TO WITHDRAW ON VIET PULLOUT

MELBOURNE, Sun.—The Prime Minister (Mr. Gorton) today predicted that the war in Viet-  
nam would continue away from the upper hand.  
He said that the troops could expect a political settlement before Mr. Gorton's rain periods, thunderstorms about southern

asked if Aus-  
"By mean-  
The Prime  
Gorton said he did not think their presence at the Americans out of Vietnam. Vietnam will be necessary quite a long time." He said he did not think their presence at the Americans out of Vietnam. Vietnam will be necessary quite a long time." He said he did not think their presence at the Americans out of Vietnam. Vietnam will be necessary quite a long time."



"Gentlemen, we are in grave danger of peace"

# Spending a Penny

The average Australian tends to resort to euphemism whenever he has need to unzip a fly or drop his trousers to answer the calls of nature. Instead of saying, as would be perfectly natural, "Excuse me a minute fellows while I duck out to the lavatory", he tends to dodge the issue with such evasions as:

*"Hold on sport while I go an' shake hands with me wife's best friend."*

or

*"Be back in a jiffy, just goin' to point Percy at the Porcelain."*

Given this general tendency of the average Australian male never to call a spade a spade where his bodily functions are concerned, it did not come as a great surprise to read reports that the good ladies of the Brisbane Housewives' Association were agitating for less plain speaking and more euphemisms in the matter of public toilet signs.

At a well attended meeting of the Association in October 1970, considerable discussion centred on the use of the word "LAVATORY" on public toilets. The president of the Association, Mrs Gabby Horan said: "Women are up in arms about the toilet conveniences of Brisbane. One has a big sign saying LAVATORY right across the top of it. That's a crude and rude word and we asked the council some years ago to paint it out. Why couldn't they just call it LADIES" she asked, adding "I'm sure everyone would know what it was for."

Interviewed by THE AUSTRALIAN after the meeting, Mrs Horan expanded her views and threw in a few charges of sexual discrimination. It wasn't only the crude words that upset her and the other members of the Housewives' Association, she said, but the brazen practice of the Brisbane City Council (an all male body) in providing toilet facilities free of charge for male members of the public but charging women by, as she coyly put it, "making them spend a penny".

Mrs Horan added that she had it on reliable information that the facilities for men were almost sumptuous compared with those for women.

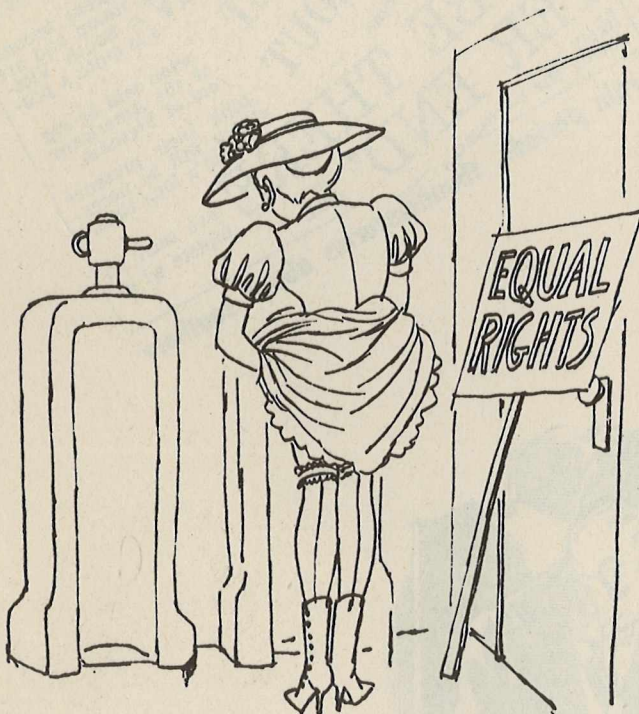
"The basic problem could be that they are both built by men," she said. "We even thought of getting up a working bee and painting a few places ourselves. But then we thought the city council would probably charge us as vandals."

In the housewives' survey of city lavatories only one came up to standard.

"In the Valley they have an attendant who keeps things nice and puts wax flowers in," Mrs Horan said.

Mrs Horan never, never admits to going to the lavatory.

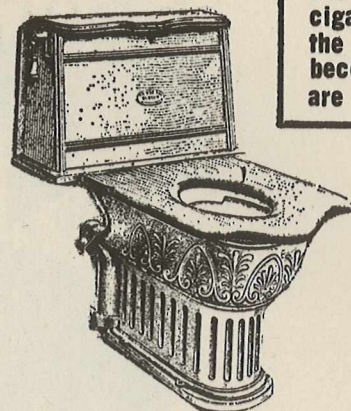
"It's old hat and it has connotations which are not good," she said. "I always say I'm going to spend a penny, though usually it costs two cents."



One aspect of the Women's Liberation Movement. As seen by "The Realist" (US)

# NOTICE

Please do not drop cigarette butts in the W.C. as they become soggy and are hard to light.



And whilst on this delicate subject we have a question to direct to Marshall McLuhan; if, as you maintain, the medium is the message, what is the message of a brick wall on a public lavatory? Has it any special Freudian overtones? Or is the message identical to that on the brick wall of a textile factory?

Even Marshall McLuhan would have to admit, we think, that the walls of the public lavatories pictured on this page bear messages somewhat beyond those intended by the original signwriters.



Wanted young girl lavatory attendant, genial work.  
Advt in "Western Daily Press  
and Bristol Mirror", (UK)

# ZARA



Who, me?

There is only one Dame Zara. There COULD be only one Dame Zara. Two of them would be more than this mortal world could bear. We refer of course to Dame Zara Bate wife of Mr Jeff Bate, Member of the House of Representatives.

For many years Dame Zara has been in the public eye, particularly on the political front, first as wife of a leading cabinet minister and prime minister Harold Holt, and then as wife of Liberal backbencher, Jeff Bate. Her marriage to Mr Bate was one of THE social events of 1968, although a lot of the limelight was stolen by the bridegroom's gift to the bride, a sturdy bull calf who got wedding jitters on the eve of the big event and developed colic.

After her marriage to Mr Bate, Dame Zara turned her hand to a new occupation — marital guidance counselling via a syndicated "Dorothy Dix" type column for the love-lorn. The column has provided readers with some unexpected bonuses in laughs due to Dame Zara's inability to spot a clever leg-pull. The two examples quoted below deserve some sort of immortality in Australian press history:

**QUESTION:** I am a first-year undergraduate, and since coming to University, I have been intimate with a girl student a number of times. I now find that I am not in love with her but she wants to get engaged and marry me after we leave university. Should I keep it up or let it work its own way out? — "Dinger"

**ANSWER:** What for, for goodness sake? I am sure you do not realise what a horrifying picture you are painting. You should slide away as gently, and quickly, and kindly as you can from this girl before you find yourself in an even more awkward spot.

**QUESTION:** I am the mother of four children and can't help feeling my marriage is a failure.

My eldest son was found drinking at 13.

My eldest daughter swears in public, causing me great embarrassment.

She has been hanging around with a hippie crowd who go to lewd stage shows.

I have often told her her skirts are too short, but she says people appreciate them that length.

My husband has to travel a lot in his job.

Even when he is home he spends most of his time following the horses and getting into arguments with strangers.

He swears in front of the children and I fear my youngest boy will pick up the habit.

Now he says he is not getting enough money and we should sell our lovely home.

I'm worried that if we do, he will leave us to go back to his home in Greece.

Should I leave this man before it is too late?

E.R.

**ANSWER:** Don't sell your home, and don't leave him. If necessary make him leave you.

Go to the Social Services Department to see what benefits you are eligible for as a deserted wife with four children before you do anything.

"You could get a typewriter, a telephone and a secretary under it."

Zara Holt, describing a flame-coloured chiffon muu muu she had purchased in London in 1966.



Mr Jeff Bate MHR

"I love his mutton-chop whiskers, his braces, his big, big boots."

Dame Zara Holt, speaking about Mr Jeff Bate, February, 1968.

"The cattle are mostly Fresians which pleases me because they look so good on the green background."

Dame Zara Bate.

Mr Hawke,  
You've Never  
Had it  
So Good

# MESSRS. WARREN, HAMILTON & CO.

Merchants and Ships Chandlers  
SYDNEY TOWN, 1852

## RULES FOR THE CLERICAL STAFF

1. Godliness, Cleanliness and Punctuality are the necessities of a good business.
2. On the recommendation of the Governor of this Colony, this firm has reduced the hours of work, and the Clerical Staff will now only have to be present between the hours of 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays. The Sabbath is for Worship, but should any Man-of-War or other vessel require victualling, the Clerical Staff will work on the Sabbath.
3. Daily prayers will be held each morning in the Main Office. The Clerical Staff will be present.
4. Clothing must be of a sober nature. The Clerical Staff will not disport themselves in raiment of bright colours, nor will they wear hose, unless in good repair.
5. Overshoes and Top-coats may not be worn in the office but Neck Scarves and Headwear may be worn in inclement weather.
6. A stove is provided for the benefit of the Clerical Staff. Coal and Wood must be kept in the locker. It is recommended that each member of the Clerical Staff bring 4 pounds of coal each day during cold weather.
7. No member of the Clerical Staff may leave the room without permission from Mr. Ryder. The Clerical Staff may use the garden below the second gate. This area must be kept in good order.
8. No talking is allowed during business hours.
9. The craving for tobacco, wines or spirits is a human weakness, and as such is forbidden to all members of the Clerical staff.
10. Now that the hours of business have been drastically reduced, the partaking of food is allowed between 11.30 a.m. and noon, but work will not, on any account, cease.
11. Members of the Clerical Staff will provide their own pens. A new sharpener is available, on application to Mr. Ryder.
12. Mr. Ryder will nominate a Senior Clerk to be responsible for the cleanliness of the Main Office and the Private Office, and all Boys and Juniors will report to him 40 minutes before Prayers, and will remain after closing hours for similar work. Brushes, Brooms, Scrubbers and Soap are provided by the Owners.
13. The new increased Weekly Wages are as hereunder detailed:

Junior Boys (to 11 years)	1/4
Boys (to 14 years)	2/1
Juniors	4/8
Junior Clerks	8/7
Clerks	10/9
Senior Clerks (after 15 years with the Owners)	21/1

THE OWNERS HEREBY RECOGNISE THE GENEROSITY OF THE  
NEW LABOUR LAWS, BUT WILL EXPECT A GREAT RISE IN  
OUTPUT OF WORK TO COMPENSATE FOR THESE NEAR UTOPIAN  
CONDITIONS.

Our next objectives are a 30-hour working week and a complete ban on overtime, shift-work and anything else that interferes with the love life or the bowel movements of the working class.



## Sex and the Shift-Worker

A man's bowel movements and his sex life are drastically affected if he has to engage in shift work.

These were the conclusions reached by the Victorian Employees' Federation in 1970 after having made (unspecified) investigations into the lives of some 200 hospital shift workers and their wives.

And, having come to these conclusions, the Federation decided to translate its beliefs into actions by applying to the Wages Board of the Department of Labour and Industry in Melbourne for special rates of pay for shiftworkers to compensate for the dislocation to their private lives.

Giving evidence for the Federation at a hearing of the Wages Board in Melbourne in June 1970, the Industrial Officer of the Federation, Mr L Boxhall, said that a shift worker suffered because he had to make adjustments.

"He is a physiological organism with basic body rhythms of eating, sleeping and bowel movements which do not change easily as a person moves from one time sequence to another", said Mr Boxhall, adding: "Bowel habits are particularly sensitive to change in the rhythm of life and to fatigue."

"Shift work also affects the husband-wife relationship — the absence of the worker from the home in the evenings, sexual relations and difficulties encountered by the wife in carrying out her household duties. The late evening hour is most commonly used for sexual relations. Even aside from the absence of the husband, many conditions work against intercourse during the day. Housewives generally reserve the daylight hours for their many chores about the house."

All of which probably explains why a Melbourne newspaper, a few years back, ran this heading on a union story: A.C.T.U. PASSES RED MOTION.



If it moves, shoot it.

If it doesn't, chop it down.

**Australian Motto.**



**BE AUSTRALIAN -**

**Axe a tree today!**

# Politics are Bosh

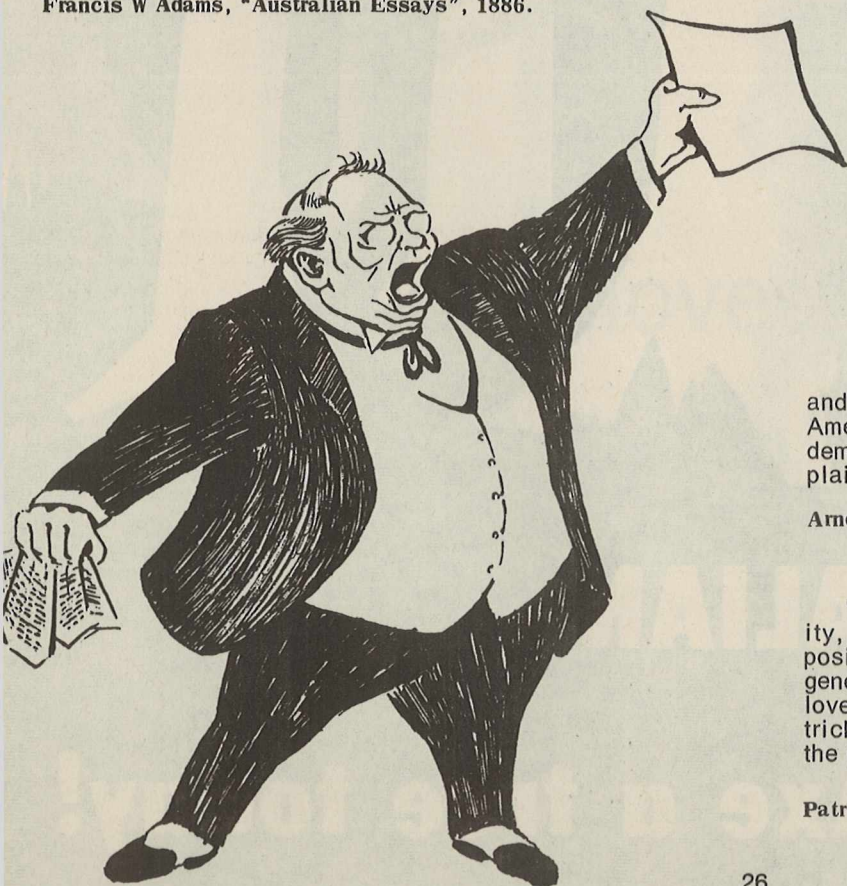
"Politics are bosh," declared Daniel H Deniehy away back in 1860, and few of the modern generation would care to challenge his assessment, particularly as applied to the Australian scene.

"Curse the Government, and say the country's done. It doesn't matter what Government it is, for he's always against it. I never knew a real Australian that wasn't."

Henry Lawson, 1900.

"Political life at present in Europe can scarcely be called noble, but here in Australia it is positively so base that there is a danger of its becoming the monopoly of men whose verbose incompetence is only equalled by their jovial corruption."

Francis W Adams, "Australian Essays", 1886.



"Render any politician down and there's enough fat to fry an egg."

Mr Spike Milligan, of Woy Woy, 1968.

"Australia is governed by a hierarchy of hicks."

Liberal backbencher,  
Mr H B Turner, 1969.

"I am glad to inform the honourable senator that sorcery plays a limited role in Australian political events."

Mr D J Killen, Minister  
for the Navy, 1970.

"I was never prepared to kick somebody else to death in order to achieve the Prime Ministership."

Lord Casey, 1969.

"Before coming to Australia it was explained to me that political preferment was awarded to people who have shown the highest degree of tactlessness and mediocrity over the longest period of time."

British author Clement Freud, 1970.

"The hardest thing to do is to get Members of Parliament to read something that is long."

Sir Robert Menzies.

"The average Australian politician, there have been and there are magnificent exceptions, . . . is not like his American counterpart, an astute and not over scrupulous demagogue, ingratiating and plausible. He is just a plain damn silly fool, ill-educated and narrow."

Arnold Haskell, 1935.

"Vanity, ambition, plausibility, platitudes, insincerity, double-facedness, cant, recklessness as to results, posing, self-regarding motives, imperfect or misapplied generalisations, unscrupulousness, tact, cleverness, love of contention, obtrusiveness, coarseness of fibre, trickery are all in the armory or storehouse upon which the politician draws."

Patrick McMahon Glynn.

"Whoever you vote for, a politician gets in; Vote Informal."

Election Poster 1963.

"When I am in office I always keep members of Parliament talking. If they stopped, they might start to think."

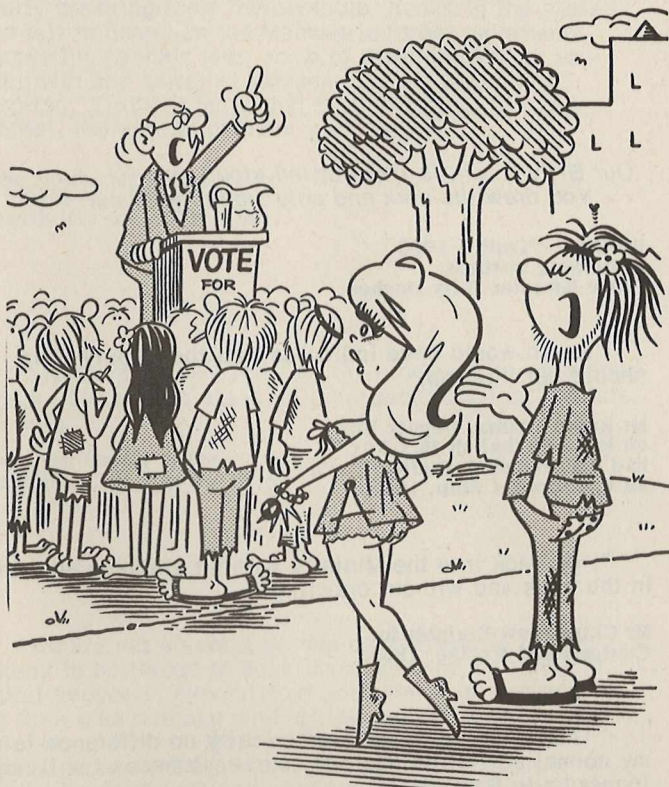
Sir Robert Menzies, 1954.

"The only advice my father gave me was to keep away from politics."

Mr Kevin Lyons, Tasmanian MP.  
Son of a former Prime Minister, 1969.

"There is an unfortunate tendency among some Federal politicians to try to avoid answering to the public for their actions and decisions, and this tendency must be resisted."

Mr Milton Morris, NSW  
Minister for Transport, 1969.



"Speaking as a non-partisan disinterested observer, I'd say he's a rotten liar."

## A Definition

*POLITICIANS: An eel in the fundamental mud upon which the superstructure of organised society is reared. When he wriggles he mistakes the agitation of his tail for the trembling of the edifice. As compared with the statesman, he suffers the disadvantage of being alive.*

Definition from "The Devil's Dictionary" by Ambrose Bierce.

"I've found it's not hard to get publicity if you act like a political ratbag."

Victorian Premier,  
Sir Henry Bolte, 1968.

"Government members, particularly Mr Gorton, profess to find something amusing in my persistently raising the question of sewerage to the national level."

Leader of the Opposition,  
Mr Gough Whitlam, 1969.

"This is our first and greatest sin: we do not care. Preferring to regard politics as a 'dirty game' which we shall leave to others, we have allowed too many of our political leaders to be men who are not worthy to hold such office."

Edward St John, QC,  
and former MHR, 1969.

"More direct in its intention but not necessarily entirely reliable in its results, is the payment of money to politicians. Much of this occurs in Australia. Individual politicians receive campaign contributions, sometimes in cash and often at a very high level in individual parties. Other politicians are paid 'retainers' by companies. This certainly applies at the Federal Level. It would be wrong however, to believe that this sort of direct payment system guarantees results."

Maxwell Newton in "Profiting from Propaganda", 1969.

"No country deserves politicians as bad as these."

John Pringle, 1958.

# The Politicians

After the quick summary of the general political climate given on the preceding pages it is perhaps time to observe the habits and follies of the politicians themselves. Probably the most succinct commentary on "Down Under" politicians can be drawn from the fact that when the noted German ornithologist Kurt Kolar, a world expert on parrots, visited Australia a few years back he acquired considerable local fame when he quite innocently announced that he was going to Canberra to seek and study galahs!



*Our Billy's talk is like bottled stout,  
You draw the cork and only froth comes out.*

Brisbane "Truth", 1916  
criticising wartime  
Prime Minister Billy Hughes.

"Logic would have indicated that the Deputy-Whip  
should get this job."

Mr Kevin Cairns, Deputy Whip,  
on learning that Mr Max Fox  
had succeeded Mr Dudley Erwin  
as Government Whip, 1969.

"I go back into the Ministry without stabbing anybody  
in the back and without crawling."

Mr Chipp, new Minister for  
Customs and Excise, 1969.

"This is going to make practically no difference to  
my normal activities. But, of course, it means I will no  
longer be in Parliament."

Expelled NSW Legislative Councillor,  
Alexander Armstrong, 1969.

"The girls in the typing pool always say that bald-headed members are the most virile"



"Members sit, with bloodshot eyes, foul breath and disordered clothing, alternately leering at the galleries and swearing at each other. At last, late at night, they resolve to return home. They stagger down the steps, nearly breaking their 'respectable' necks in the process and fall in heaps on the Macquarie Street pavement. Staggering to their feet, some of them proceed to bargain with and swear at cabmen . . . it would not surprise 'Truth' to learn that they had slept off, in a brothel, the effects of their potations."

John Norton MLA describing in "Truth" a sitting of the Legislative Assembly, 1901.

"Members of the Victorian Government can walk down Bourke Street with signs on their backs saying 'Minister for Hire',"

Victorian Leader of the Opposition, Mr Holding 1968.

"We are not so short of men or manhood in this colony to be forced to seek lawmakers in the ranks of brutal seducers, hypocritical adulterers, or men who for their own purpose wink at the ravishing of a helpless girl . . . We want honest and trustworthy men to make our laws, not salacious reprobates, drivelling drunkards and unscrupulous scoundrels."

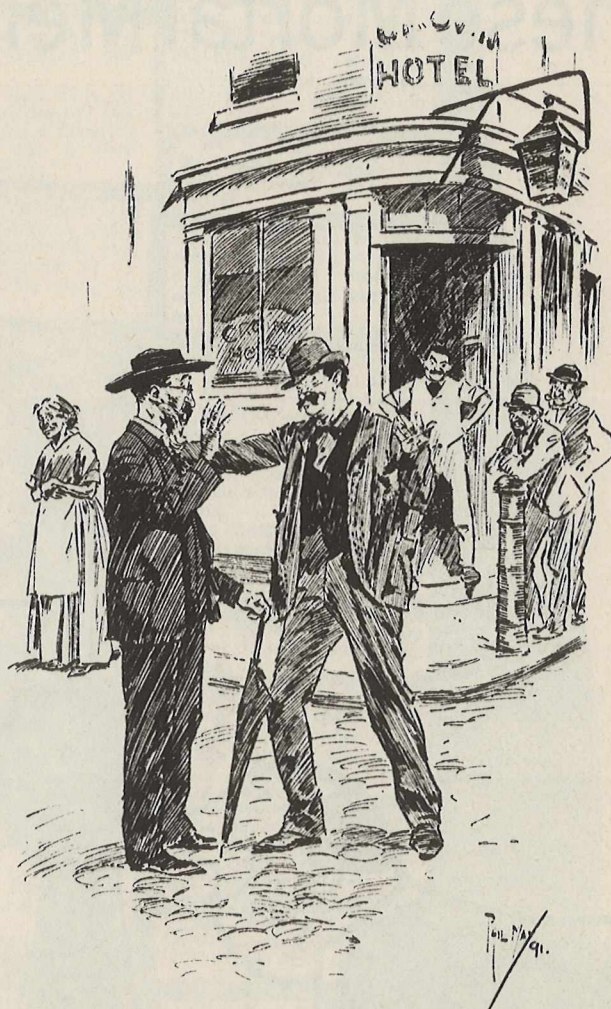
Editorial in Sydney  
"Daily Telegraph", 1890

"Canberra is a lonely place for a fellow my age who has little in common with other politicians, many of whom are half drunk half the time."

Andrew Jones, MHR, 1967

"One wonders just how many alcoholics there are in our Parliaments and just how many important decisions are made by people in the throes of alcohol-induced liver or brain malfunction."

Dr H Lander, Reader in Medicine  
Adelaide University, 1970.

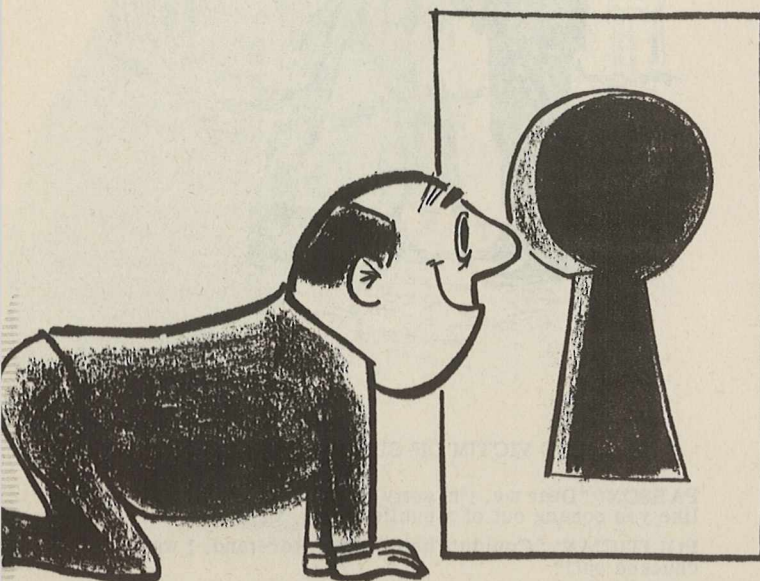


#### THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES

PARSON: "Dear me, I'm sorry to see a leading political light like you coming out of a public house, Mr Brown."

POLITICIAN: "Couldn't help it, yer Reverand, I was (hic) chucked out!"

# These Mortal Men



One thing clearly emerges from any study of the Parliamentary reports of the nation's legislative chambers; that is that the elected representatives on both the State and Federal scene are mere mortals, with all the failings of other mortals. In the 19th Century the most frequent charge laid at the door of politicians was that they drank to excess (like Sir Edmund Barton who so liked his ale that he was known as "Toby Toss-pot") or that they fornicated too much (like Henry Parkes who endeavoured to become the "Father" to his country in the fullest sense of the term).

In 1890 there was a slight twist to the usual charges of lechery when it was admitted by Mr McRae, the honourable member for Morphet, during a Divorce Court hearing that he had "ruined the reputation" of a girl of 17 within the chaste precincts of Parliament House, Sydney. "I wanted someone to fool with, all women being alike to me", he candidly testified. The case had a striking parallel some years later when a Speaker of the same Parliament was accused of attempting much the same thing with one of the Parliamentary typists.

When in 1906 the member for Newtown in the NSW Legislative Assembly, Mr Hindle, told the Primitive Methodist Church that Parliament contained some notorious drunken blackguards and licentious brutes, another Member, Paddy Crick, replied: "It may be that the honourable member for Newtown — a human mullett — has poured into his carcass as much grog as would make any other man drunk. But it may be that he has not the necessary mental structure to be affected by alcohol. But suppose that he never did taste strong drink, And he looks foolish enough never to have done so (laughter). What great virtue is there in that? . . . And as for the Member's mention of licentious brutes. If he has not sinned in that particular direction it may be no fault of his. There are certain people connected with the harem of the Sultan of Turkey who could not sin in that direction."

Charges like these have not changed much over the years, although some variation was witnessed in 1969 when a certain South Australian legislator was accused of having Portnoy's complaint (see quotation below).

From the HANSARD Report of the South Australian Parliament on July 23, 1969:

Mr LAWN (Adelaide): I am perturbed and also disappointed at the low standard of debate and the lack of ethics shown by some members that have developed in this Parliament since the general election in 1968 . . . The only sport the member for Light indulges in, as I remarked last session, is playing with himself; he does not play competitive sport. Yesterday evening, when he was speaking, he made an ass of himself. I understand there were a few young Liberals listening in; I will not say where, because I am not supposed to refer to the place, but they were very close handy and listening, and some members opposite told the member for Light to ask leave to continue and not to continue the strain in which he was talking yesterday evening, because they did not want members of the Young Liberal Party to see how some at least of their members in this House conduct themselves. To prove my earlier point, members need only look at the colour of the honourable member's face to see what sort of sport he indulges in. It is obvious: he is flogging himself to death. Mr Speaker, I seek leave to continue my remarks.

Leave granted, debate adjourned.

# LORD OF THE FLY



"Can you imagine anything like this happening between a man in public life and a woman he practically doesn't know, in his own office?" he said.

Mr Maher said he would give drinks to other girls and this practice was practically always in the afternoon.

She said Mr. Maher was wearing a lace collar and jacket, and he told her: "Don't be worried or nervous. Underneath all these frills I'm just an ordinary man."

Mrs Iesu added, "Everything she said changed. She did not exactly say so in so many words that she was a virgin, but she gave that impression."

Mr. Kerr: Was there any reference made to virginity?

Miss Shepherd: Yes, he did make a remark to me. It was early in the piece.

She said Mr. Maher said: "Don't tell me a lovely, sexy thing like you is still a virgin."

Several times, Miss Shepherd said, Mr. Maher had said to her: "You and I can have a lot of fun."

Mr Evatt: When you speak, address the Bench.

Mr Smyth: That's ridiculous.

Mr Maher said he had worn zippers on his trousers for the last 10 years.

He had said it was caused by worry and the responsibilities of his office.

Miss Shepherd said she asked if treatment by massage would help his gout.

She said he had made an improper suggestion.

Mr Clive Evatt, QC, Miss Shepherd's counsel, asked "What about my case?"

Mr Evatt: Why should he control the position?

Mr Stonham: He isn't controlling the position. I am in control.

"How can it be of assistance that her boyfriend knew Rachmaninoff, or whether she had an illegitimate child," Mr Kerr asked.

After further legal argument Mr. Stonham said:

"There have been so many surprises in this case that I am getting to the stage where I cannot be surprised any more."

Miss Shepherd had said the place was like a brothel. "Anybody could say that, and it could mean anything," Mr. Stonham said.

"I think that as she was going she thanked me again."

"I think I said then, 'It is minor kindnesses like this that will get me a ticket to Heaven.' It was a very friendly discussion."

Mr Kerr: You and Miss Shepherd tell entirely different stories about what happened on November 17.

Mr Maher: My word, we do.



She said she saw several people who told her "it was too hot to handle because he is the Speaker."

Mr. Maher said: "I said jokingly 'The Premier will be happy to hear about it.'"

Miss Shepherd: I have heard the word before.

Asked by Mr Smyth whether she then proposed to get out of the room as quickly as possible, Miss Shepherd said she didn't make a "run and a dive out of the door."

Asked whether she strolled leisurely, she said she "walked slowly."

He said: "You're smiling, why?"

Miss Shepherd: I know what sort of a comeback you're going to make. I won the case, Mr. Smyth.

One one occasion, after an argument with her boyfriend, she told her, "Maurice realises I am a beautiful and attractive woman, and I could get other men if I wanted to do so."

Mr. Stonham also told Mr. Smyth to sit down, because he could handle the matter.

Mr Evatt said he was ready to proceed in three days, but Mr Stonham said he could not see how he could go on.

She told Mr. Kerr she had wriggled away from Mr. Maher and was walking towards the door.

"He attracted my attention in some way, by a cough or a call," she said. "I automatically turned around."

Miss Shepherd said he then exposed himself and made an indecent suggestion.

Mr Smyth: "You were smiling."—It's a nervous reaction.

You could never forget it coming from a man in the Speaker's position?—Oh, I wouldn't say I could never forget it, Mr Smyth. That might be untrue.

Miss Shepherd and Mr. Maher sat at extreme ends of a stool between four legal representatives.

Mr. Evatt said: "In the interests of justice—" then his words were lost.

All had zip fasteners.

Selected extracts from proceedings in Sydney Magistrate's Court, January 1965 when the Speaker of the NSW Legislative Assembly, Mr Ray Maher, was charged (and acquitted) of indecently assaulting a female typist.

"In my more extensive acquaintanceship with politicians I have wondered why a man who uses words only for political purposes — including the yelling of an interjection such as 'Sit down, mug!' — is considered to have shown talents more worthy of respect than the writing of a sonnet."

Sir Paul Hasluck, 1970

# Unparliamentary Language

Visitors to Federal and State Parliaments will quickly observe that the standard of oratory of the nation's legislators is not unduly high. They will also note that at rather frequent intervals the members on both sides of the house lapse into namecalling with a result that debates all too often are peppered with such un-parliamentary phrases as "Mug Lair", "Drongo", "Raw Prawn" etc. The really witty insults and the nice turn of word are sadly lacking in the present Australian Parliamentary system. We need far more of the sophisticated wit displayed by Mr Don Dunstan, South Australian Labour Leader, who in a debate on the Dartmouth Dam site in 1970, said of a member on the other side of the House that he had taken more stands on the issue than were described in the Kama Sutra "and some of them even more difficult." The quotations on the opposite page, a random sampling taken over the years, clearly shows that Mr Dunstan's effective style is an exception rather than a rule amongst Australian Legislators.



MR DUNSTAN: "... more positions than the Kama Sutra".

"He was . . . like a bladder out of a sewer, and burst and made a nasty smell."

John Norton MLA describing Joseph Carruthers, Minister for Lands, 1898.

" . . . that black-hearted bawdy blackguard and barbarous brutal benedict Baldy Black who has befooled, befouled and betrayed women, should be banned and blackballed from brotherhood until he behaves himself better."

John Norton in 1891 referring to George Black MLA member for North Sydney.

"Who will pay sixpence to see the wild beasts at the Zoo when it is possible to see John Norton eat at the Metropolitan for nothing?"

Mr George Black, MLA, 1891.

"Like that foul fiend of our race — the abortionist — who would outrage nature and prevent our material birth this mental Mokanna exuded his most malignant maledictions to stifle my political birth . . . Impervious as was Parkes to shame, I found means to pierce the adamant crust of seventy years of sin. This impersonation of humbug apes the cunning of the monkey and the manner of the boa-constrictor."

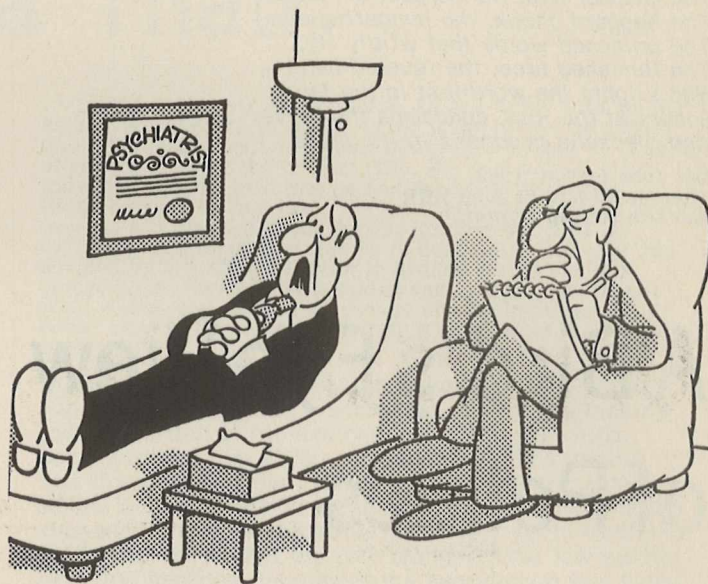
Paddy Crick, Member of the NSW Legislative Assembly, describing another member Henry Parkes, 1890.

"The ill-bred urchin whom one sees dragged from a tart-shop kicking and screaming as he goes."

Alfred Deakin MHR, describing William Morris Hughes MHR.

"It was then that I heard from this side of the House some mention of Judas. I do not agree with that; it is not fair to Judas, for whom there is this to be said, that he did not gag the man whom he betrayed, nor did he fail to hang himself afterwards."

William Morris Hughes MHR describing Alfred Deakin MHR.



" . . . and when I got to me feet I couldn't think of a single unparliamentary term to call the drongo."

"They are a lot of pirates in Canberra."

Sir Henry Bolte,  
Premier of Victoria 1970.

"Baa baa Grassby, have you any wool?  
No sir, no sir, just a lot of bull."

Mr Ralph Hunt MHR  
referring to  
Mr Al Grassby MHR.

"The honourable member for Bourke, who is believed to have committed every crime in the calendar — except the one we could so easily have forgiven him — suicide."

Sir Henry Parkes.

"Southern politicians are like cockatoos on a corn patch, but half of them would not know where Queensland was unless someone pointed it out to them on a map."

John Nicklin, Queensland Premier.

*He is not old, he is not young,  
The Member with the Serpent's Tongue.  
The haggard cheek, the hungering eye.  
The poisoned words that wildly fly,  
The famished face, the fevered hand —  
Who slights the worthiest in the land,  
Sneers at the just, condemns the brave,  
And blackens goodness in its grave.*

**Mrs John Gorton, 1969,  
after Mr Edward St John MHR  
had attacked Mr Gorton.**

# A Bird's Eye View of Politics

No coverage of the Australian political scene would be complete without a quick look at the feminine side of Down Under politics. Our political birds, with a few notable exceptions, tend to be rather frumpish, matronly figures not given to making news headlines, but a few pearls of wisdom have fallen from their lips.



**"Labour women are no different from  
Liberal women."  
Mrs Gough Whitlam.**



**"My husband makes me nervous."  
Mrs John Gorton, 1969.**

**"You don't know Canberra. They play dirty politics  
up there."**

**Mrs Susan Peacock, wife of  
Minister for Army, 1970.**

**"Marrying a 58-year-old bachelor was no different  
from marrying a bachelor of any age."**

**Mrs Sonya McMahon, wife of  
William McMahon, MHR, 1970.**

**"You want to know what political manoeuvre was used  
to remove me? . . . I can't describe it other than to say  
it is shapely, it wiggles, and it's cold blooded."**

**Mr Dudley Erwin, after being  
dropped as Minister for Air, 1969.**

**"Australian political life is a blackboard jungle of  
nervous tension, cut-throat artistry, questionable  
morality, and no place for a considerate man."**

**Mrs Dudley Erwin,  
wife of the former  
Air Minister.**

# A Man's a Man for a' That!

Weighty problems exercise the minds of the nation's legislators in Canberra as is evidenced by the following extract from Hansard of a House of Representatives' Debate on May 2, 1963:

## DEBATE ON SUPPLY (Grievance Day)

**Mr MINOGUE (West Sydney)** —The matter that I now propose to raise has left me almost at the end of my tether. It concerns a constituent of mine whose case I have referred to many times previously. This man had been working for about nine months in a Sydney club when unfortunately he met with an unusual accident in which he injured his privates. He was taken to hospital on two occasions. On the first occasion he lost one of them and on the second he lost the other. If he had lost two fingers or two toes he would have received £600 or £700 compensation but the Government has wiped him, the insurance companies have wiped him and everyone else has wiped him. All he has left are two bills from two hospitals for over £100 each. His claim for compensation was rejected and now he has to meet a bill from his solicitor. He is in the unfortunate position of having no money with which to appeal against the decision which has been made. If they had money his wife could reasonably expect to fight a case on the ground of seeking restitution of conjugal rights, but there is not even enough money to enable her to approach the court.

**Mr DEPUTY SPEAKER** — Order! The honourable member's time has expired.

Mr Minogue's pleas for justice for his incomplete constituent evidently fell on deaf ears because 18 months later, on November 11, 1964, he had to return to the attack as follows:

**Mr MINOGUE (West Sydney)** — The matter about which I am now going to speak is not new. I spoke in this House on May 2 in regard to it. The whole case appeared in the "Medical Journal" and also in the "New York Times". If it has appeared in those two publications, surely there is nothing wrong about speaking here on it on behalf of this person.

The case was that of a man who was employed in one of the large city Tatt's buildings in Sydney as a cleaner. This gentleman had been working at the job for nine months in a commendable manner. In a certain day, he was engaged in the removal of a sofa from one room to another. The gentleman at the other end of the sofa allowed his end of the sofa to drop. That is where all the trouble started. This man was hit. After a few days, he was in great pain. He was taken to hospital and he was operated on. On the first occasion he was operated on, he suffered the loss of one — I went to see the Minister for Social Services (Mr Robertson), and I put this man's case to him. In a second operation, he lost another.

The Minister for Social Services, from that day, has given this man nothing. I said to the Minister: "I intend to raise this matter in the House. I would like you to help me to introduce this subject. What am I going to say? I cannot go into the House and say that he is a gelding. What would be the proper way to describe his trouble? Would the proper term be his privates or his testicles?" The Minister said: "Leave it to me and I will have a look at it." That was 18 months ago and the Minister has not looked at it yet."

For the loss of a great toe a person receives £860 and for the loss of any other toe a person receives £344. So, in all, if a person lost two toes — a big one and a little one — he would collect about £1,200. But there is no legislation in Australia under which this man can receive justice.

I tried very hard to get him a job through the Commonwealth Employment Service. We succeeded in getting him a job as a cleaner in one of the big emporiums in Sydney. He did his work very well for a while. He came along to see me one day. I said to him: "How are you getting on in your job?" He said: "Not too well. When I am getting around doing my work and I see all the nice young girls around, I get very lonely." I said to him: "Never mind about the lonely part of it. Are you satisfied with the job you have?" Well, he worked in that job for about three months and then he was put off.

If he has to walk any distance, he has to sit down on the kerb or the footpath to rest. I am no judge of how he should feel after losing such important things. But he has no chance of getting a job at the present time. He went before Judge Rainbow, who decided that he had not been earning his living by what he had lost. The next thing was that his wife was not too pleased about things. He does not mind my saying these things, because he is desperate. His wife was advised by a leading solicitor in Sydney that if she took proceedings she might be awarded damages for loss of conjugal rights. But, having no money, she could not go to court. That is this unfortunate man's position at the present time.

**FOOTNOTE:** A few years ago a resident of Palatka, Florida, U.S. suffered a somewhat similar distressing loss of portion of his anatomy for which a Florida court awarded him \$2000 compensation. The verdict was discussed in the Florida House of Representatives where it was generally agreed that the amount awarded was unduly low. In reporting the case, "World Medicine" said it appeared that the jury brought in the low verdict of \$2000 because throughout the summing up the Judge used the words "testes" and none of the jurymen were sure what he meant.



I rang the bell, didn't I?

# GORTON-ISM

The "Gorton Era" — that period when John Grey Gorton was Prime Minister of Australia — may not prove to be a momentous one in terms of Australian history, but no one will be able to say that it was a dull period. If it lacks examples of statesmanship there is no shortage of mangled English, episodes in night clubs, incidents with Embassies and assorted indiscretions induced by John Barleycorn, in other words a feast of material for writers in future decades.

"Politicians must try to communicate by the use of very simple English. I am the first to admit I don't do that."

Prime Minister John Gorton, 1970

"If I must concede that I can conceive there won't be, you must concede that you will conceive there will be."

John Gorton, 1970

"And if this collection here, these gardens, is not thoroughly matchless and I think it probably is, but if it's not, and if it's not unique of its kind, then I have no doubt whatever that under the guidance of Mr Shoobridge it very shortly will be, it it isn't already."

Mr Gorton extolling the virtues of a Canberra garden.

"The answer to part one of the question is I don't know, and the answer to the remaining parts is see my answer to part one."

Mr Gorton, replying to a question in Parliament.



"I am always prepared to recognise that there can be two points of view — mine, and one that is probably wrong."

John Gorton, 1968.

"The Opposition Leader's Senate campaign speech contained as many falsehoods as a suet pudding contains currants."

Prime Minister John Gorton, 1970.

"I am perfectly happy for those who want to look at "Swan Lake", the Edingburgh Festival, or interviews with the Right Reverend Bishop of Bongo Bongo, to have a channel on which they can watch those programmes. But I want to have a chance to watch men walking down the streets of little western towns, reaching for their guns and saying "Ah wouldn' do that if ah wuz yew, Toledo' . . . I want to have a chance to watch a programme about a private eye who gets bashed over the head with beer bottles and telegraph poles, but two minutes later is perfectly capable of taking on anything that he may be required to take on. If I want to watch that, why should I not be able to?"

John Grey Gorton in Senate October 1963.

And other tangled, tortured prose from the lips of John Grey Gorton: "What the Government is doing and desires to have happen is a continuation of what has been enabled to happen in the past . . . Perhaps wrongly, but certainly . . . What does result will result as a result of careful examination and study . . . What we want is to re-examine the situation in order to see if there is a possibility in connection with the plane of some problem arising that does not exist now . . . Is it permissible for me to claim to have been misrepresented because the Leader of the Opposition claimed I misrepresented him because I have been . . . I cannot talk forever."



"I wish those bastards down in Canberra would stop rocking the boat."

**"For Gorsake stop  
laughing, this is  
serious."**

"In strict television terms, though, he still needs to discipline his eyebrow mannerisms. Mr Gorton has very ironic eyebrows, often shooting them up significantly when he's not saying anything of consequence."

Sydney T.V. Critic  
Denis O'Brien, 1970.

"Menzies invented the Liberal Party, Harold Holt inherited it, and John Grey Gorton got it by a fluke."

Victorian secretary of the Liberal  
Party. Mr Philip Russell, 1970.

"It is rare to see a man with foot in mouth, but that man Gorton must have an enormous jaw — for that's a kangaroo hoof sticking out of it."

Philippines "Herald" columnist,  
Nestor Mata, 1968.

"Gorton is by way of being a kind of antipodean version of our own George Brown — collecting about his person similar stories of eccentric behaviour."

British magazine  
"Private Eye" 1969.

"The Australian Liberal Party cannot afford to be led by a Prime Minister who neither expresses his views clearly nor appears to accept the Party's platform."

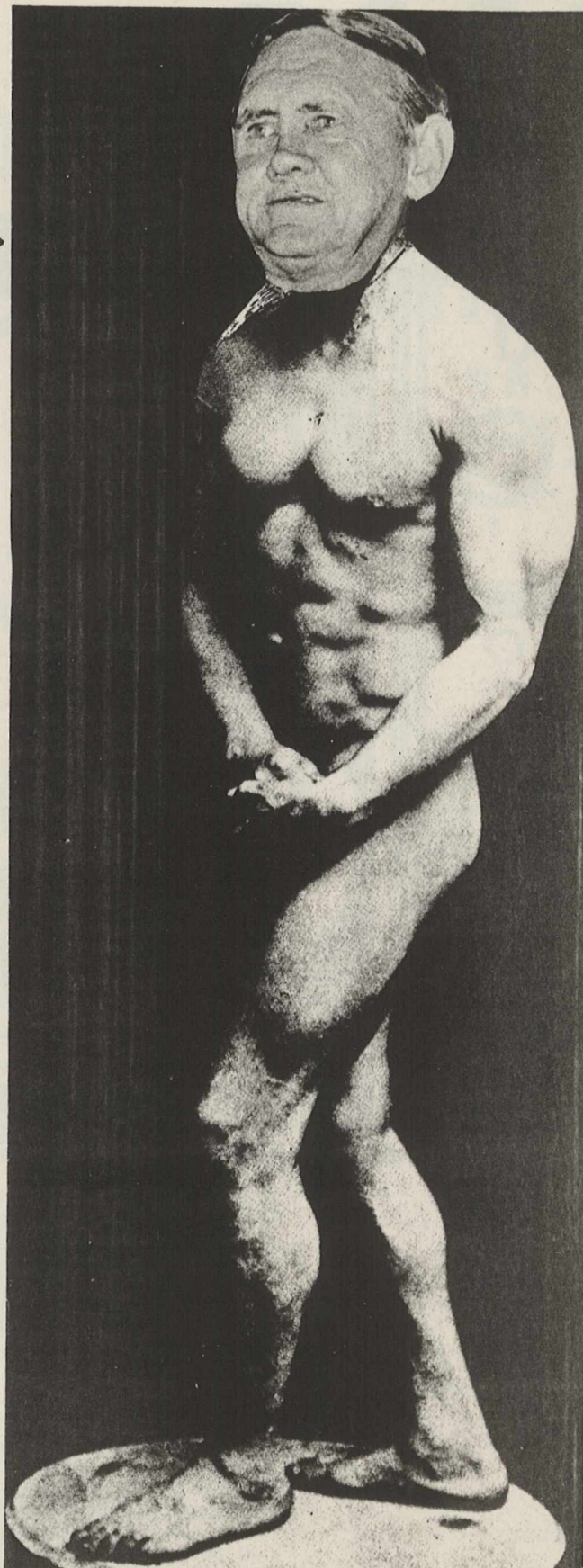
Letter circulated by North Sydney  
Liberal Party branch, 1969.

"The Liberals have a Prime Minister who represents nothing except himself, speaks for nobody in his Party except himself and, as far as one can gather, speaks to nobody except himself."

Leader of the Opposition,  
Mr Gough Whitlam, 1969.

"When criticising John Gorton I was criticising a Prime Minister whom we had cast in our own image, the genuine Australian image, and the "Good blokes" felt I was criticising them, having a go at their free-and-easy ways, with beer, women, the job, or what-have-you, and possibly that is why it seemed to hurt so much."

Mr Edward St John, MHR 1969.



With Apologies to Stan Cross.

# GOOF



The Hon H S Robertson, Minister for Social Services, in Federal Parliament, March 16, 1960: "The honourable member for Werriwa (Mr Whitlam) can only be described as an ambitious young lawyer who can tell his own story better than any other man. And it is a simple tale, as he tells it. He found the law interesting but tedious and unremunerative until he was appointed to a Royal Commission. It was at that point he toyed with the idea of seeking endorsement as a Liberal Party candidate. To quote his own words: to me, "I am vain enough to believe that the Liberal Party would have accepted me." Unhappily, the Liberal Party is full of ambitious young lawyers and the Labour Party offered him much better prospects. It was as simple as that to the honourable member for Werriwa. He is a socialist but I do not think his socialism is very important, nor will it worry him very much. He is a most astute fellow. He, of all people knows where he is going and that is more than the traditional socialist ever knew."

“ ...it doesn't say  
labour party on the  
inside.”

DR. CAIRNS

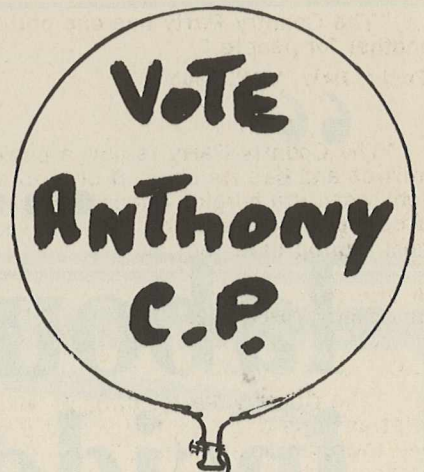
When you make a superb alternative government that butters up a loafing government, then you label it “Australian Labour Party”, there has to be a reason. There is—it's called Gough Whitlam, the crustiest opportunist in the House. Whitlam's “Australian Labour Party” is a superb substitute. It's a natural for Government benches but party members won't allow us to label it “Whitlam Party”. But please vote for “Australian Labour Party” and then you'll find out what a taste of power does to socialist principles. We have to label it “Australian Labour Party” but nobody votes for a wrapper, it's what's inside that counts.



Whitlam's “Australian Labour Party” — new glamour pack, same friendly name, new antisocialist taste. It's an all-Whitlam party and it's only possible in Australia. Gough's the word.

Spread the word.

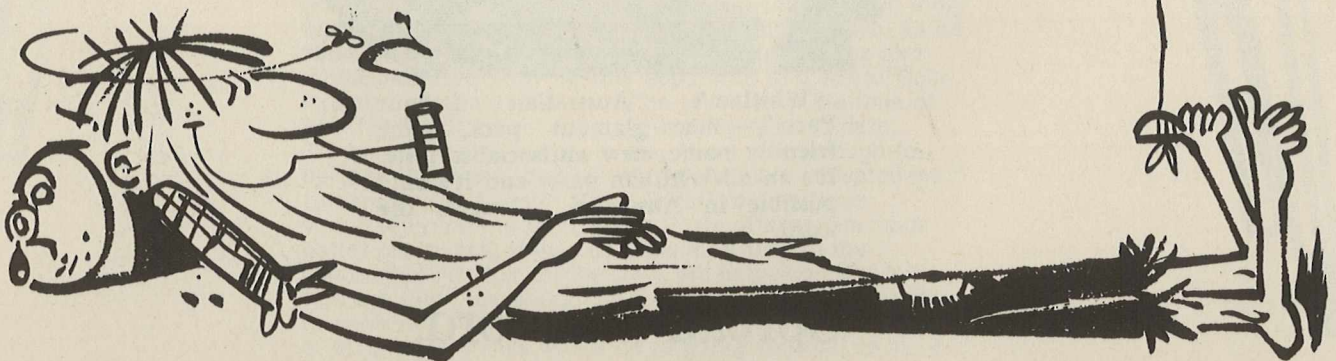
Mr TURNBULL (Country Party, Victoria): "While on this subject, I might mention that I watched a television programme the other night which was called 'The Frost Report'. I was attracted to it by a strange coincidence. As honourable members know, I represent 78% of the dried fruit pack of Australia. People in my area are troubled with frosts. When I saw the title of this television programme I thought that it was about frosts. However, I was soon disillusioned. I soon found out that the programme was by a man named Frost who makes a report. I am surprised that the Australian Broadcasting Commission would put a programme on like this. It went as far as to ridicule the Ten Commandments. Once this happens I think a programme should be put off the air."



## The Country Party

High on the list of phenomena on the Australian political scene is the Country Party, an organisation which has for a long time managed to play the role of a tail wagging the dog, simply by holding the balance of power in a succession of State and Federal Parliaments. By the ruthless use of political pressures it has extracted from the taxpayers pockets untold millions of dollars to prop up dying and inefficient rural industries on whose votes it is so dependent for survival. Like the dinosaur, it is an organism doomed to extinction, but in its death throes it can still send shudders through the national economy as it threshes about in the cow pats of the countryside.

It is perhaps significant to note that it was a Country Party Member, Senator J J Webster who, in the Senate in October, 1970, suggested that world maps should be redrawn to show Australia in the centre instead of in the lower right hand side. He asked whether the Division of National Mapping could be directed to do this in the "interests of Australia." As the Country Party has long held the fixed belief that its rural dung-hills are the centre of Australia, no one thought it particularly strange that one of the members of the Party should suggest that Australia was the centre of the world. The only surprise was that the good Senator did not advocate that Bullabakanka should be shown as the centre of the universe on all new celestial maps.



"The Country Party has one policy for sheep and another for people."

Fred M Daly, MHR, 1965

"The Country Party is now a powerful factor in politics and has its uses, if only to switch on the light when the burglar is about. Light was turned on to certain burglars in the Federal House lately, causing them to drop their loot."

Sir Earl Page, leader of the Country Party, 1922.

"The Country Party, through ownership and other relationships of an esoteric, exotic and, in the case of one town, an erotic nature, has a hold on the country press which makes the communications set-up in the USSR look like a permissive society."

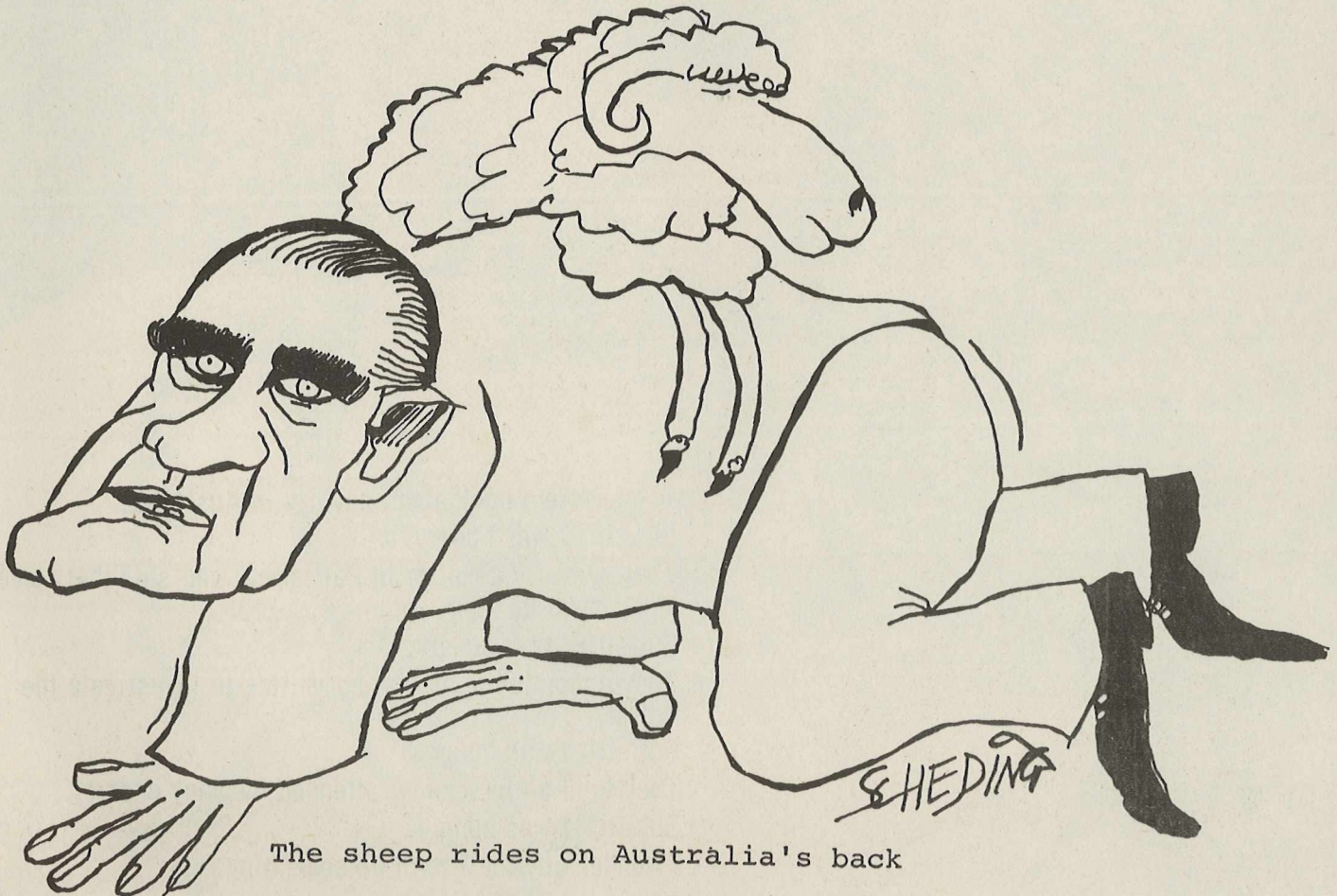
Franke Browne, 1970

"TWILIGHT OF THE SODS: Black Jack McEwan passed his last day in Parliament in an aura of nauseating sentimentality and announced he was 'leaving like Cincinnatus' for his heavily subsidised farm. No doubt, like Cincinnatus, he cherished the hope that he will be recalled to guide the country through the next crisis — which is only fair because he caused it."

Richard Walsh, 1970



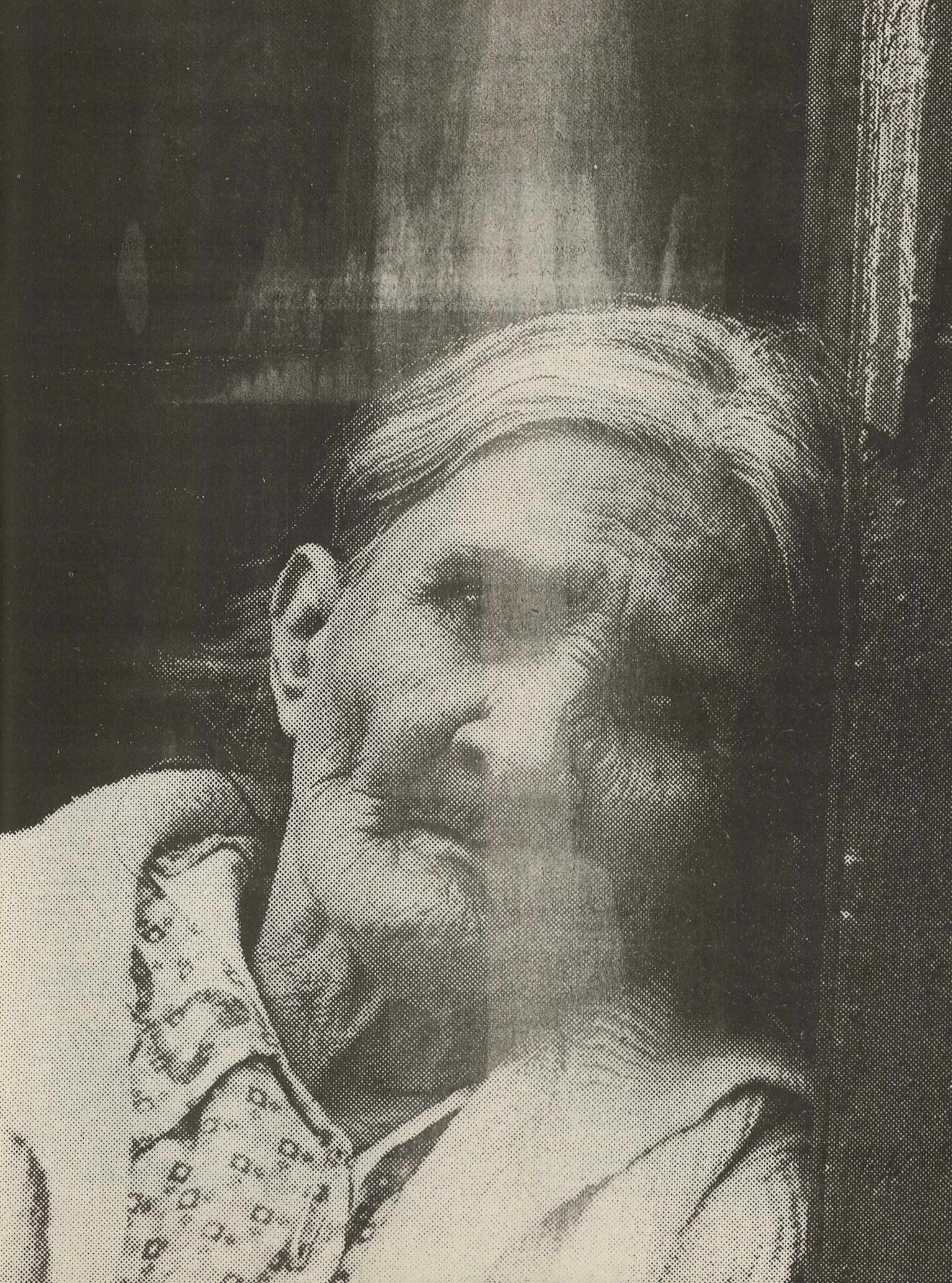
Country Party Headquarters and Rural Research Centre, Bullabakanka, NSW.



“If they haven’t any bread  
let them eat cake.”

Marie Antoinette, an early  
victim of pensioner power.

They wrote a book about poverty in Australia.  
But still I was hungry.  
They raised the matter in Parliament and said that some-  
thing must be done.  
But still I was hungry.  
They appointed a special committee to investigate the  
matter  
But still I was hungry.  
They held a big seminar attended by many experts.  
But still I was hungry.  
I wonder why they don’t do something.



# A PLAY IS BANNED

## In Victoria - Of Course

Australia has for a long time had the unhappy international reputation of being the most censor-ridden nation on earth, with our censors even outdoing those of the Republic of Eire in their unfailing (but usually fruitless) efforts to keep us pure. As a result the censorship battle appears an unending one with the issues, in these modern times, almost always revolving around acts of censorship on grounds of undue sex and violence. Acts of Political censorship are comparatively rare nowadays but it was not always so.

In the last century censorship mainly was a political (not a moral) weapon and, as today, Victoria led the way in trying to suppress thoughts that offended the Establishment. Most of the early acts of censorship in Australia were directed against fiery agitators or outspoken newspapers but in 1880, in the very prim and proper city of Melbourne, an unusual (even by Australian standards) act of censorship occurred; the suppression of a play, "The Happy Land" which poked fun at certain political figures of the day.

"The Happy Land" originally hailed from England where it also caused grave offence to the Establishment since, in its original form, it was a "send-up" of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues. Eventually the Lord Chamberlain permitted the play to proceed after some amendments had been made in the script.

When it was decided to produce the play in Melbourne in an amended and localised form, the producers ran into more difficulties than their London counterparts. On the eve of the opening of the play, the Chief Secretary (Mr Berry) announced that its production would be banned because, he said, he objected to Ministers of the Crown being held up to public ridicule. His decision might not have been entirely unconnected with the fact that an election was to be held in Victoria the following month.

The next day, Mr Cooper M.L.A. and Mr Aarons, representing the management of the Academy of Music where the play was to have been staged, called upon the Chief Secretary to ask him to lift the ban. Mr Berry told the deputation that he could not approve of anything calculated to bring popular government into contempt, and as long as he had power of forbidding any performance which reflected upon the government of the country he would exercise it. He said however, that he would have no objection to the performance of the original production which had been passed by the Lord Chamberlain in London.

With this the Academy of Music had to be satisfied. They decided to go ahead and produce a mutilated version which deleted those sections of the play referring to

characters which could be identified as members of the Victorian ministry. Thanks to the publicity which the ban had generated, the play opened to packed audiences but after two nights Mr Berry threatened to cancel the licence of the theatre if the play was not withdrawn. The play folded.

"The Australasian Sketcher" in its January 30, 1880 issue, reproduced a sketch showing the dress rehearsal of the play, and also printed that section of the text of the play which had given such offence to the Government. The section describes the return of Ethais, Phyllon and Luton to Fairyland from Victoria, and a resolve to give their sister fairies a sample of "The Happy Land" by bringing up three mortals. The Mortals (who were supposed to come up on to the stage through a trapdoor) were Mr B. (Mr Berry), Mr W. (Mr Woods) and the Major (Mr W C Smith) three prominent members of the Victorian cabinet. The text runs:

ZAY: But, sister, why this singular pre-eminence of Victoria, over the rest of the world?

SEL: Listen!  
With all their wickedness, with all their sin, they have one great and ever glorious gift that compensates for every ill. 'Tis called Popular Government — the proud result of Universal Suffrage. Ministers chosen exclusively upon the score of intellectual pre-eminence are posted to such offices as they by dint of long and arduous 'prenticeship, have shown themselves to be most fitted for. No party interests are allowed to reign, no place is begged, no pay is scrambled for, no dirty jobs are ever brought to light; no vulgar brawls disgrace the Council-Hall; all by the people raised the people love, and work harmonious for the public good.

DAR: O happy land, indeed, Victoria!  
SEL: Their volunteers are governed without doubt by some stout warrior whose dinted helm has danced triumphant through a thousand fights. Their harbours' care entrusted to a board composed of men of science whose renown, experience, and well-tried seamanship point to them as the men of all mankind to rule the navy of a new born state.

ZAY: Oh happy, happy land, Victoria!  
SEL: Their Minister of Lands, a Liberal soul, eager to give the people room to toil. Their Treasurer, I hope, a man of mind, not a mere ledgerkeeper, ruling men as he would use his cash-book. He who owns the guidance of those able architects, whose public buildings may have made the town a model of artistic excellence an Architect himself whose taste and skill give warrant that the money he expends will not be squandered on monstrosities! Their schools are doubtless placed beneath the sway of one whose store of knowledge is the boast of all his nation; while an engineer, whose name is worshipped through the universe, controls the railway lines.

DAR: Delightful man!

SEL: And to crown all, their Premier! The man who grasps the helm of this thriving state is in all human probability a man of learning, ease, and elegance well read, well bred, devoted all his life to studying the questions of the time; A minister whose exquisite good taste, whose polished wit, whose grave sagacity, form the incessant and exhaustless theme of those delighted citizens whose first snatched him from his scholarly retreat and bade him either rule or — ruin 'em!

ZAY: O for one hour of such a government to set us all to rights!

SEL: Exactly; and my object in bringing these mortals into fairyland is to ascertain from them, if possible, the principles upon which their system of government is carried on, so that we may introduce it here.

DAR: Oh, rapture!

ZAY: Oh, ecstasy!

SEL: Hush! Here they are! Let us watch them unobserved.  
(Enter Mr B — y, Mr W — ds, and the Major.)  
Trio — "We are three popular men".

Mr B.: Where in the world are we?

Mr W.: Where out of world are we? May I be —

The M.: We don't use your habitual language here. This is evidently a spot where the amenities of Parliamentary life are unknown.

Mr B.: (looking around) Very Pretty. Reminds one of Parry — Mabelle, and that sort of thing. Ah, poor Suzette.

Mr W.: Poor who?

Mr B.: Nothing. I was but thinking of a little friend of mine whom I met in Parry, when I was engaged in wringing an Enabling Act from the Home Government.

The M.: Send her to me, dear boy, and I'll get P. to put her in the Telegraph-office.  
(Enter Fairies)

Mr B.: What are you, my dears?

SEL: We are Fairies.

Mr B.: Ah! Delightful creatures! I wish I'd got that Enabling Act. But no matter.

ZAY: (to Mr W.) Who are you?

Mr W.: I am a Minister of the Crown.

DAR: (to The M.) And you?

The M.: I'm another.

SEL: How fascinating and beautiful!

DAR: How military and splendid!

ZAY: How refined and gentlemanly!

SEL: Here is a man behind whose splendid forehead lies the brain of a genius.

Mr B.: Permettez que je'embiasse. C'est bon!

DAR: Here is a man who is doubtless the hero of many a gory field. Have you killed many men with that sword Major?

The M.: Ministers never answer questions without notice, my dear. But I may say not many, not many!

ZAY: And here is a man who looks as if his courtesy to his inferiors was proverbial.

Mr W.: Oh, you go to —

Mr B.: Hush! Geelong.

DAR: What has he got in that bag?

The M.: Oh, that's the surplus of Embassy money, my dear girl. But stay, how can we serve you? Do you want any state schools?

DAR: Built?

The M.: No, promised.

Mr W.: Or any railway accidents contrived?

Mr B.: Or any Upper Houses got rid of? We are the men for you.

Mr W.: Yes, confound it. What did you bring us here for? May I be —

Mr B.: Pardon the manly bluntness of my friend, ladies, and tell us why you have brought us here?

SEL: We understand that the people of Victoria are distinguished from the rest of the world by the possession of that inestimable blessing called Popular Government, and we want you to initiate us into its mysteries.

The M.: (aside) Well, some people never know when they are well off.

ZAY: So just begin at once, and don't keep us here humbugging all day, for I'm —

Mr W.: This is too bad. I cannot, and will not, allow my peculiar forms of repartee to be taken up in this way. It amounts to a breach of privilege.

Mr B.: Bear with her John; bear with her. Remember that unlike you or I, she has never had the advantage of mixing in the refined society of members of Parliament.

The M.: Well, the first thing to be done is to form yourselves into two groups, the one called Ministerial, the other Opposition.  
(Fairies divide)

Mr B.: You are the Government; you are the Opposition. Very well. Now the Opposition go out. Out you go.

LEILA: But mayn't we stay and hear what's going on?

The M.: What! Admit the Opposition to a Ministerial conference. Oh, that would never do. When the Government comes in the Opposition goes out. That's the rule, so out you go.

LEILA: Well, I don't think much of the Government.  
(Exit with L. Party)

Mr W.: The Leader of the Opposition seldom does.

Mr B.: Now, let us hold a Cabinet Council and distribute portfolios.

Mr W.: Now, then, who'll be Chief Secretary.

ZAY: What's the salary?

Mr B.: Two thousand five hundred a year, and all you can make.

ALL: I, I, I, I!

The M.: Really, ladies, really I cannot allow this selfish and unparliamentary riot. I propose we settle the matter by competitive examination.

Mr W.: I second the motion.

Mr B.: Carried by a majority of one.

The M.: Now then. Are you a person of Parliamentary experience?

ZAY: No, quite the contrary.

THE THREE: Very good.

Mr W.: Have you any pretensions to the knowledge necessary to the government of a great country?

ZAY: None whatever.

THE THREE: Better and better.

Mr B.: If after three years of office you brought in some two or three bills which were found to be utterly inoperative, if you had bedevilled the state schools, ruined the schoolmasters, alienated the lands, and advocated measures which by all men of common sense were pronounced imbecile in imagination, preposterous in construction, and a gross interference with the liberty of Constitutional Government, what would you do?

ZAY: Well, in that case, I think I should resign.

The M.: Resign! Oh, dear, no! On no account. Resign! We never resign! Next.

DAR: I should promise never to do so again.

Mr B.: Very good! I like promises! I am very fond of promises. I am always making 'em. But tell me, would you keep your promises!

DAR: Certainly.

Mr B.: Young woman, learn in politics never to make a promise you intend to keep. I never do. Next! You, you, you.

SEL: Please sir, I know. If after four or five months of office I had brought in two or three measures that were found to be utterly inoperative, if I had bedevilled the state schools, ruined the schoolmasters —

The M.: Good, very good!

SEL: Alienated the lands, and supported bills which by all men of common sense were pronounced imbecile in imagination —

Mr W.: Hear! Hear!

SEL: Preposterous in construction.

Mr B.: Bravo!

SEL: And a gross interference with the liberty of constitutional government, I would —

THE THREE: Yes! Yes!

SEL: I would swear that I had been infamously treated, and ask for a dissolution.

The M.: Go to the top of the class.

Mr B.: One moment. What would you do if the Upper House attempted to interfere?

SEL: I should demand a plebiscite.

Mr B.: My dear young lady, it is evident to me that you are a heavenborn Chief Secretary. There! go and draw

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

you salary as fast as you can.

(Exit Selene, with Portfolio)

The M.: Now then Treasurer! Walk up! Walk up! Twice two!

FAIRY: Four.

The M.: Next!

FAIRY: Five.

The M.: Pretty well. Next!

FAIRY: Nothing.

The M.: You're getting nearer to it, but not quite right.

DAR.: Three or five, according to the state of the revenue.

Mr B.: A treasurer after my own heart (Gives portfolio).

DAR.: But please, sir, I don't know anything about accounts.

The M.: My dear, it is one of the beautiful principles of our system of government never to appoint anybody to any post to which he is at all fitted. Our Government offices are so many elementary schools for the instruction of Ministers. To take a Minister who knows his duties, and to send him to an elementary school to learn them, is an obvious waste of educational power. Nature has pointed you out as eminently qualified for Treasurer, because you don't know anything about accounts. You take office you learn all about accounts — and when you know all about accounts, the Opposition comes in, out you go; and somebody else, who doesn't know anything about accounts, comes in and takes your place. That's how we educate our Ministers.

(Exit Darine)

Mr B.: Now, then, who can get a battery of artillery into a ploughed field, and can't get 'em out again?

FAIRY: Please sir, I can.

The M.: Commandant of the Local Forces. (Exit Fairy).

Now, then — Naval Examination. What is the cost of an ironclad?

FAIRY: Fourpence halfpenny.

The M.: Next!

ZAY: Half a million?

FAIRY: What is an ironclad?

The M.: A ship my dear — a ship.

FAIRY: But what is a ship?

Mr B.: What! doesn't know what a ship is! Oh! Here's a Captain ready made. Here, turn out Mandeville, and take command of the Nelson.

(Exit Fairy)

ZAY: Here, I say, what's to become of me?

Mr W.: Have you any taste in art?

ZAY: Very little.

Mr W.: Or any knowledge of science?

ZAY: None whatever.

Mr W.: Do you read much?

ZAY: I can't read at all.

Mr W.: You seem eminently qualified for the post of Minister of Public Instruction. Yet stay. Did you ever see a steam-engine?

ZAY: Never.

Mr W.: And know positively nothing about engineering?

ZAY: Positively nothing.

Mr W.: My dearest, dearest girl, there is but one place in the world for you — Minister of Railways.

(Enter Fairies cheering)

Mr B.: Bless you, my children. Let's be merry.

Mr W.: Yes. let us be merry.

Trio — "All for him!"

The M.: Come, ladies, let us join in the gay, deluding dance. Here is a step which he invented; they dance it on all the Government lines. It is known as —

SEL.: As what?

The M.: Woods' Continuous Breakdown.

Song and breakdown.

( End of Act 1 )



THE SUPPRESSED PLAY: THE DRESS REHEARSAL.

Front page of "The Australasian Sketcher", January 31, 1880, depicting a full dress rehearsal of the banned play "The Happy Land".

"Caw, it ain't  
half lonely  
out here."



# The Black Stump

Fightin' and feudin' between neighbouring communities is not uncommon in outback Australia where passions can be aroused to fever level by incidents considered by an outsider to be quite trivial. There was a variation on the rural feuding scene in 1970 however, when two communities several hundreds of miles apart indulged in bitter verbal exchanges over a heap of charcoal – the long lost "Black Stump" of Australian folklore.

To those not involved, the issue seemed a small one to arouse community ire, but for the residents of Coolah (in the Macquarie Valley) and Merriwagga (in the Riverina) more was at stake than local pride. The mighty dollar was involved. Or, to be more explicit, the tourist dollar since the possessor of a genuine Black Stump seems assured that in course of time a trickle of city slickers, accompanied by camera clicking families, will be attracted to the spot to gaze in awe at an appropriately set-up charred tree trunk, in the process parting with numerous dollars for accommodation, meals, petrol and sundries.

Merriwagga won the first round in the battle when in November 1970 the colourful Member for the Riverina in

the Federal Parliament, Mr Al Grassby, unveiled a replica of the black stump and a signpost loudly proclaiming "Black Stump Country".

"It's the end of the great Australian quest for the Black Stump. The race is won," Mr Grassby declared, pointing out that Merriwagga had a Black Stump Creek, A Black Stump Swamp, a Black Stump Well and a Black Stump Telephone Exchange.

Coolah was upset by the suddenness of the Merriwagga coup but refused to admit defeat and went ahead with ITS plans for a claim to immortality – a Black Stump roadside resting place and historical site.

There were unconfirmed rumours that a Guerilla Force was being recruited from the mountainsides around Coolah to undertake an expedition to the Riverina to shoot up the despised Merriwagga Black Stump signpost and vandalise its replica.

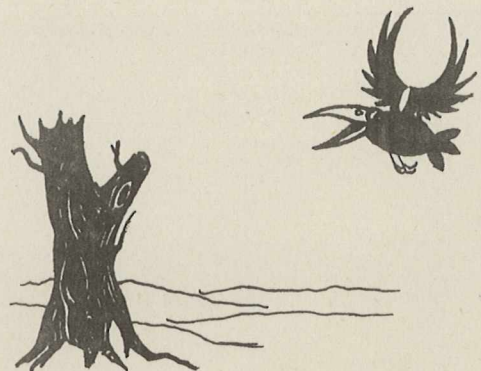
The annoyance of the Coolah folk is understandable as they have a pretty substantial claim to the Black Stump legend, a claim that appears much more authentic and certainly better documented than the rather flimsy claims of Merriwagga.

The origin of the term "Beyond the Black Stump" is said to go back to 1826 when Governor Darling proclaimed "limits of location" or boundaries "beyond which the land was neither sold nor let nor settlers allowed".

In 1829 this boundary was located on the northern side of the Manning River up to its source in the Mount Royal Range, then by that range and the Liverpool Range westerly to the source of the Coolaburrungund River, then along the approximate location of the Black Stump Run, near Coolah then in a south-westerly direction to Wellington – at that time the most westerly point settled in New South Wales. Land north and west of this location was referred to as land "beyond" and use of the word "beyond" in this context was made in the Government Gazette of January 18, 1837.

The early settlers frequently ignored the regulations and allowed their stock to graze well past the demarcation line. To avoid detection by officialdom, these pastures were referred to as "beyond the Black Stump" – a term which quickly took on and passed into folklore and bush ballads.

The Black Stump Run, near Coolah, was granted to Mr Jonathon Perkins in 1850 while the Black Stump Creek and the Black Stump Tank are located north of the town. In the 1860's the Black Stump Wine Saloon was built on the Gunnedah Road, about six miles north of Coolah, and this was a favourite stopping place for travellers until the turn of the century when it was abandoned. The remains of the old Saloon were destroyed by fire in 1908.



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So many hundreds of quotations appear in this book that it is impossible to acknowledge original sources, even where known, as many of these quotations have appeared in one form or another in numerous books, magazines and newspapers. Specific acknowledgement of longer quotations has been made with text where sources are known.

Several publications however, were particularly prolific sources of quotations and we would like to specifically mention these: "Wowzers" by Keith Dunstan (Cassell, 1968) which provided source material for the President and the Barmaid feature and the surfing and sunbaking pages, "Wild Men of Sydney" by Cyril Pearl (Cheshire Lansdowne, 1965) a very fruitful source of quotations on Australian politics, "The Australian" by Bill Wannan (Australian Book Society, 1958), and "The Australian Character" by Malcolm Gibbs (Collins).



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