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SPLENDID PLAN FOR FESTIVAL

Their Big Day

HALL LOCAL FIRM IS TIPPED

"Brilliant" was how the City Father (Mr. Gervin) described the design for a new festival hall submitted by leading architects, Hoods, Faggot, Newborn-Smith and Gervin.

The new hall is to be built on the site of the present home of a member of a well-known Adelaide family. The house is said to be one of the most interesting historical buildings in South Australia.

"This imaginative concept fits exactly my idea of the hall," Mr. Gervin told pressmen. "The most striking feature of the building is its strength. It looks as if it will stand for over fifty years, something unique in modern architecture."

Symbolism

"The design symbolises man's early searching for the arts, and represents a child's building block with the letters A.F.A. (Adelaide Festival of Arts) on the sides."

Mr. Gervin said that there would be a big programme of public works during his term as City Father. "If this firm keeps up its high standard we'll have a lot of work for them."

Asked about the site for the hall, Mr. Gervin said the committee had found great difficulty in finding a suitable spot. "We were nearly forced to develop the west parklands," he explained.

Other sites were occupied by things too important to the cultural life of the city to be moved—the E. and W.S. Department, the M.T.T. or the statue of Queen Victoria.

Old house

"You could not imagine the delight of us all when we discovered a lovely old example of the state's architectural past. This building is a reminder of the gracious beauty of our colonial past."

"It will be knocked down as soon as possible."

The owner of the house Miss Syphon, said she was pleasantly surprised when she opened the paper and discovered her home was to be the Festival Hall. "I was so excited to think that the family home was being compulsorily acquired by the government."

Fountain

Mr. Gervin also commented on the fountain presented by the Syphon family to commemorate the visit of some foreign queen last year. "Dashed embarrassing—of all bloody things to think of." He went on to say that the fine firm of Hoods, Faggot, Newborn-Smith and Gervin did not design fountains. "We—er—they—never touch them."

The fountain, in the shape of a huge white clephant spouting from a great height, was being cast in England (to ensure good quality) and would be shipped to Australia in the Royal Yacht as a charming gesture from the Royal Family.

Mr. Gervin said that the site was a problem for this. "There are so few places of sufficient historical interest which can be knocked down to provide a suitable site," in Adelaide. Negotiations were being entered into with the Presbyterian church, as the Scots church in North Terrace seemed an ideal situation for the fountain.



TEENAGERS SPEAK

What do they do on Saturday nights?

What social functions are open to them?

Who cares?

The plight of Elizabeth teenagers had even touched the heart of our human-interest editor (who knows what anguish he suffers reading the blanket fund letters?) These were the questions he wanted me to answer.

Tavern songs

None of the boys in the office knew any of the answers and so I travelled the few miles through the pleasant neon-sign lit countryside to flourishing Elizabeth and its crowded town-centre. The teenagers were there. Some talked, others sang jovial English tavern songs, others good naturedly bashed innocent bystanders.

They were all willing to talk about their problems. I asked them what they thought of the town council's opinion of them. Their answer gave a new slant on the story. Dennis told me that the billiard saloon was in the same building as the council rooms, and the councillors always knocked off early for a game or two. He went on, "We were holding a knockout competition to see who won the half dozen for the week when they arrived. Ronnie here got a bit carried away with a cue when they tried to shift us off the table. So without even removing the cue, the

mayor and his mob stamped out and wrote a nasty letter to the police."

I asked them how they got on with the police, and they told me that they were on good terms. Since they had "flogged" the engine and wheels from a patrol car "as a little reminder of what could happen to their police station if we got the urge, they haven't even belted anyone," they said.

Face slashing

But one constable had spoiled their fun a bit by stopping them from jumping on the rubber traffic-light-control strips and hitching rides into

The Governor cracks a keg to officially open this year's R.S.L. convention. On his far right the State Leader of the R.S.L., Brigadier Yardstick, expectantly awaits the first spurt of the staff of life of the R.S.L. The Governor in his speech referred to the jolly fine spirits of the R.S.L. and reminded members that like liberty, the price of a schooner is always rising.

Adelaide when the cars on the highway stopped.

Dennis was emphatic in his praise of their efforts in cleaning up the face-slashing incident. He asserted, "What do you think we are? Bloody dagoes or something?" He went on to say that if they had fixed him it would have been with something fair like a broken beer bottle.

The teenagers were reserved about the attempts made to start a dance for them. They liked the idea but had not tried it since they couldn't get in the first night without a tie on. I was forced to admit that a tie would not go with the

new Beate shirts. Alfie said he got in by having the loan of a shoelace, but he did not go for the old-fashioned music. He also thought that all the old couples spoil the evening.

Booze

Our talk ended abruptly when another youth raced up to announce the pub was on fire. "We need all the help we can get to pinch booze," he added. And they were gone.

I haven't got my answers, but I returned to Adelaide a happier cub reporter. The youth of Elizabeth were growing up to be healthy Australians after all.

IT CAN'T BE TRUE...

FARCIST OUTBREAK AMONG STUDENTS

M.P. UNCOVERS NASTI COLONY

State-wide searches for Nasti sympathisers have followed Mr. D. A. Dungstone's appeal to the Premier in the House of Assembly yesterday. Mr. Dungstone claimed the existence of groups of students devoted to Nastiism.

This claim has been strengthened by the arrival of a prominent Nasti, Stormtrooper Raving, from Sydney at the invitation of students. He is to be welcomed and acclaimed at different parts of the city during the day.

Mr. Dungstone, in the conscientious pursuit of his parliamentary duties (for which he has achieved much popular success), reported to the House of Assembly that many of the residents of an electorate adjacent to his own, had complained to him of being disturbed at night by loud shouts of "Sieg Heil" and the singing of such Nasti songs as the "Horst Wessel Song" in a nearby house occupied by a group of students.

When interviewed, the residents of the house (one of whom is a school teacher) claimed that on the evening referred to, during a heavy storm, one of their guests had stuck his head out the door and exclaimed, "Shit, Hail."

FOLK SONGS

The only explanation they could give our reporter of the German singing was that a few of their German friends, after they had "downed a couple," were inclined to sing old German folk songs.

The leader of the group said that he could not really vouch for all that happened at this particular party, as he was unconscious on the living-room floor for the greater part of the evening.

However, he said he had assured Mr. Dungstone that he would take his advice and teach his German friends to sing "Wailing Matilda" and "God Save the Queen."

Mr. Dungstone declined to give the names of the occupants of the house, but said that the house, very disreputable in appearance, was situated at 171 Subversion St., City.

SCHOOL TEACHER

Enormous concern has been expressed at the fact that one of the suspected Farcists is, as a school teacher, in a position where he is able greatly to influence Australian children.

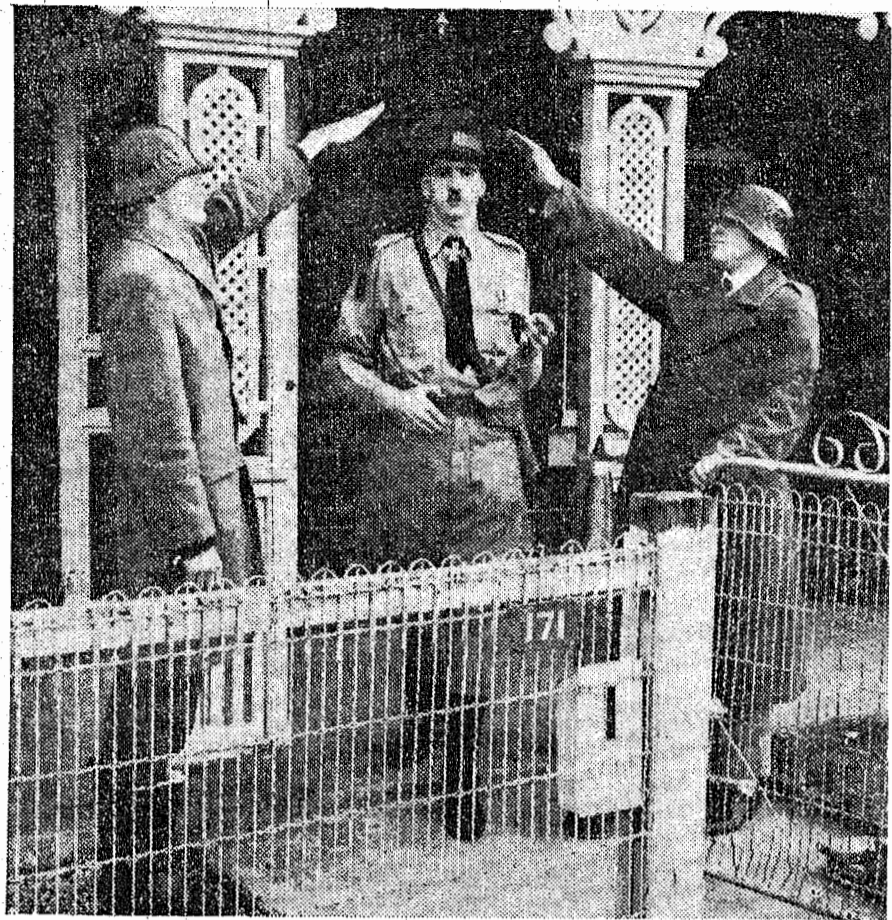
Mr. Dungstone said, "Accompanied as this is with the reports of the Nasti salute having been made in school assemblies, I feel, with all right thinking and pure Australians, that full scale investigations should be set in progress with a view to the removal of teachers with Nasti sympathies."

Mr. Dungstone denied that this would result in an era of McCarthyism. He said that certain risks had to be taken for the protection of our children, and if some innocent people lost their jobs and were socially ostracized, then it was just "stiff luck, brother."

He emphasised also the great importance of educating our children to sole devotion to the cause of electoral reform, and that ideas like Farcism could undo much of the good work that has already been done.

VIGILANCE

The leader of the R.S.L., Brigadier Yardstick, was



THIS PICTURE OF THE HOUSE in Subversion Street, City, brings to our readers the urgency of the problem raised by Mr. Dungstone's. The three men leaving the house are believed to be Nasties from Sydney, invited to Adelaide by the student body. It is believed that one of them is Stormtrooper Raving himself.

NEW EDUCATION PROJECT

Much public comment has been aroused by the recent decision of the Minister for Learning to sterilise all students attending public schools on attaining their progress certificate.

In a recent Press interview the Minister announced the reasons for his decision.

"This decision is in perfect conformity with the past policy of education in South Australia," he said.

"We have always held that the purpose of secondary education is the passing of Public examinations. I have felt for some time that there was one little thing which stood in the way of complete dedication to this end.

SEGREGATED CLASSES

"We have for a number of years been advocating segregated classes, and in our more advanced schools segregated staff rooms have been utilized.

"None but the most revolutionary upstarts would quarrel with our long standing policy of teaching the child not what he is interested in but what we think he ought to know.

"It is for this reason that we hold as our criterion the passing of Public examinations, designed especially to meet the entrance requirements of the University, and it is to this end that we educate our students.

"The fact that only two per cent of students ever reach the University is not a reflection on our policy, but rather serves to show the misdirection of their interests. We feel that these new

measures should serve to rectify the situation."

HEADMASTERS' COMMENT

Realising that these measures will arouse some comment, our paper has made a survey of city and suburban schools, both public and private, and elicited the opinions of a number of headmasters.

Mr. C. said: "I feel that nothing but good can come of this cutting measure."

The Reverend Mr. M. refused to comment, but mentioned that this decision would have to be implemented "with very great care".

Mr. B. agreed that the Minister's decision would

answer a number of awkward problems in his school. He assured our reporter that he was not being old fashioned, but was personally convinced that even in the Sputnik age we should keep up our moral standards.

SPIRITUAL STATE

He also believed that regular physical education could do almost as much in this respect as the more radical proposal of the Minister's.

The Rev. Mr. R.: "This extraordinarily bold measure seems to me most valuable. It would appear to provide the outward and visible signs of a spiritual state we have been labouring to develop in our students for years."

WHITE PERIL

PEKING, Today. New China News Agency reports that leader of the Chinese Communist Party, Mao Tse Yung, has warned China of the imminent "White Peril" from the South.

Ever since the abolition of women's bathers with tops back in '64, the Australian birthrate has soared: "This situation," said leader Mao, "is pregnant with appalling possibilities for the Chinese people.

BREAK THROUGH

"Already over populated, starving Australia is looking to the rich rice-bowl of China to feed the teeming millions of the Southern Continent. China, hope-

lessly outnumbered, has been compelled to form an alliance with the heroic Soviet peoples."

Mao Tse Tung went on: "We must make a decisive break-through in the front of the battle for population."

Our commentator reports that the seriousness of the Chinese position is shown by the Chinese leader's willingness to form an alliance with the revisionists of Moscow, who were previously held to be too decadent to negotiate with.

CHINESE GAIN

The cult of puritanism has also become popular, and topless bathers are now on sale in Chinese shops.

The Chinese are taking the Australian challenge lying down, and the "Boost the Birthrate" campaign is gaining steady momentum.

Engagement brings joy to the nation

The Royal Family, as we are all thankfully aware, are one of the finest institutions — aside, of course from the Trinity.

And, you know, we in a way have our own Royal Family—our Governor General and his lovely Christian children.

Just as we rejoiced on the birth of babies to the Royal Family, so we rejoice over the engagement of Australia's own leading Christian daughter—or almost in the same way.

But in the rush of delight and congratulations to the fair young bride-to-be, don't we forget two things: the word of Scripture and the charming bridegroom-to-be?

The poet (or was it my bus ticket?) said: "Let's

GONE THE WRONG WAY

by the Rev. U. P. Mophead, B.sc.

all be joyful at a happy time," or something like that.

To you and me—the ordinary simple Christian folk—the phrase has great significance.

Can you find its connection with the word of Scripture, and the charming bridegroom-to-be?

Neither can I, but it's there, you know, if only we could see it. Makes you think, doesn't it?

asked to comment on the assertions that had been made about Farcist sympathies in South Australian schools.

"We must always be vigilant," said Brigadier Yardstick, "to ensure that totalitarianism of all shades of the spectrum is kept out of our society, but at the same time I, with all liberal minded members of our community, view with dismay this attempt to remove school teachers who are merely suspected of Farcist sympathies.

"Were it to be shown that a teacher had told his class to draw pictures of Hitler's head, then I might deem some action desirable, but to base what could turn into a massive purge on the outpourings of what appears to have been a drunken party seems quite "un-Australian" and reminiscent of the methods that have been used by Communists.

"It is against Communism that Australia must turn in order to protect its unique way of life, not

against a movement which has now become a phenomenon of purely historical interest."

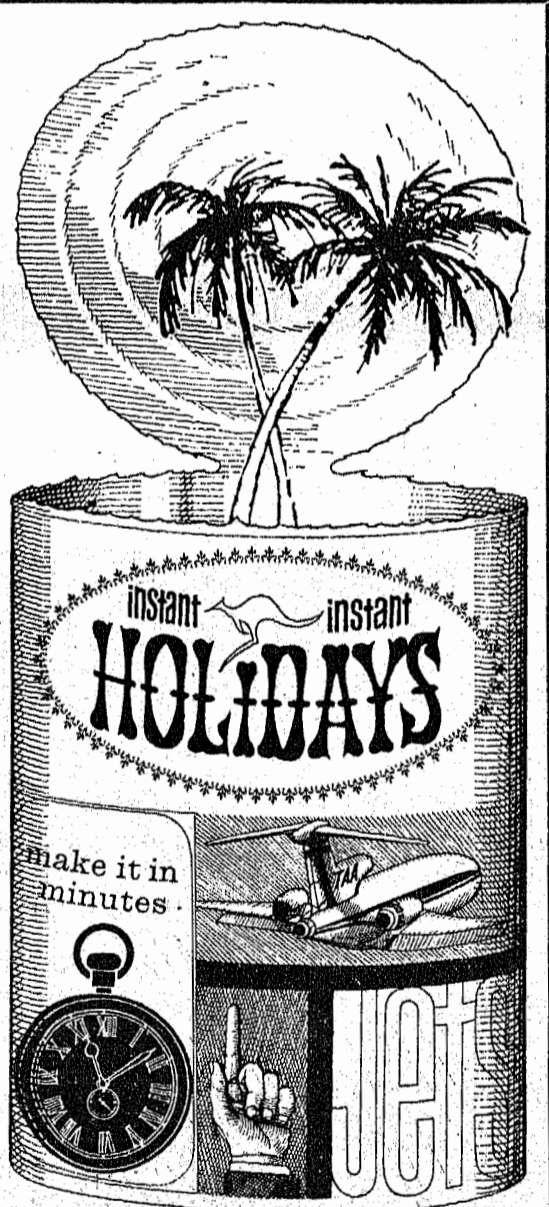
PREMIER ACTS

The Premier, Sir Honest Playfair, when asked what steps he would take against Farcism and other forms of dictatorship in South Australia, made this reply:

"In my last twenty-five years as sole ruler of South Australia I have taken every step to stamp out any form of dictatorship."

A prominent police officer, Constable Wolfgang Schweinhund, assured the "Oneday Wail" that the visit of a police car to the house at 171 Subversion St. had absolutely nothing to do with issues raised in Parliament by Mr. Dungstone.

Constable Schweinhund said he also thought that Mr. Dungstone's comments were one more example of the do-gooder intellectual criticising people before he had found out all the facts.



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HOW EARLY ADELAIDE PASSED ITS TIME

As we gaze upon the stately monument of civilized mankind that today grace the street of our fair State, it is tempting to think that the course of our communal elimination system has been smooth flowing.

Alas, all was not always well! In days gone by, unfortunately, it was not a question of pulling a lever and having the problem flushed from mind.

Indeed, no other faucet of our rich history has had such a sticky beginning or so many ups and downs in its colourful past. Though perturbed at touching on such base matter, the time has come to throw some light upon the mess. The veil of ignorance must be torn aside to reveal the straining of our worthy ancestors to relieve themselves of the weight of insanitation.

Squatting by the Torrens, the early settlers found their dilemma to be intense. These temporary havens of privacy were erected to thwart the vulgar's ability to tell those was whose among the well-born. Moreover, "Buffalo" Hindy-marsh, fearing restlessness among the natives, forbade any indiscriminate sitting around. Structures of a more permanent nature, however, remained mere utopian dreams until the quarrel over the colony's base had been settled. Rear Admiral Hindy-marsh, convinced that this solution would go down well, suggested the sea as a possible way out. He was, alas, blocked by Light, who believed it better for posterity if the passed were firmly entrenched further inland.

Light prevailed, and with the foundation of the first crude but practical relief-houses was justly praised for giving the masses an opportunity to be released from their burdens. The problem, nevertheless, was only partially solved. A glance at the thesis of that great American historian, Frederick Paxem Turder, concerning the moving frontier of sanitation, will reveal how this partial failure blocked the passage of progress. In his

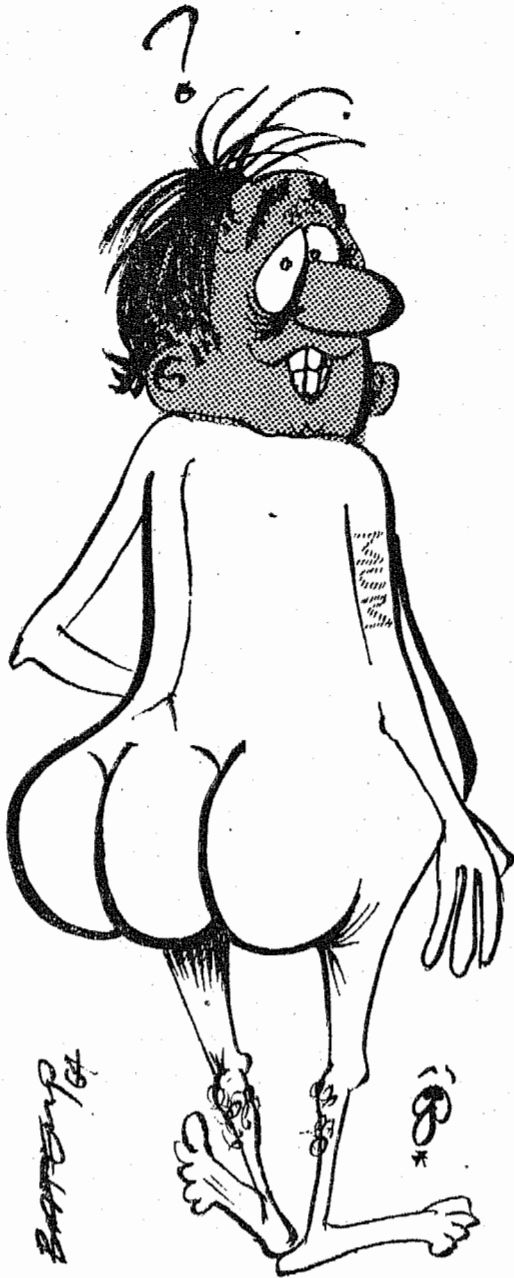
characteristically poetic fashion, Turder spoke of the advancing frontier of "tin gods in the wilderness"; he was convinced, however, that communities could not spread until the remainder of the problem was capable of being wiped away.

What new insights this reveals! Was Australia, then, settled late because the type of foliage available was unsuited to the settlers' needs? Certainly, the only available solution was sure to gum up the works. At length the problem was solved when a few rugged individuals diverted a shipload of paper, intended by the Methodists for the printing of devotional tracts, into the hands of the needy.

The passing years saw the inevitable march of progress, the frontier expanded, motions were passed in the House and the people's needs were fulfilled. The early colonial slogan of "Backs to the walls, chaps" was transformed to the more visionary "Liberty cometh to those who give of themselves freely". How sublime must have been the scene seventy years ago as, silhouetted against the crimson sunset, the night carts rumbled slowly down Trundle Street reaping the rich harvests of the effluent society.

Despite a period in which the movement was forced underground, aims were kept straight, and after many years of hard labour and strain, the crowning glory nestled beneath the trees in Victoria Square. But lest we grow complacent amid the conveniences of modern life, let us reflect a moment on the words of a great American soldier, General Douglas Muckasser, in his moment of truth: "We shall return!"

With this grim warning we shall let the matter drop.



OUR STRANGE BEHIND

by

GEORGE SNAKIE

Really its only good for one thing, and even then its too coarse for comfort. All in all I am afraid I will have to cancel my subscription.

Yours,
R. SARDEND

Sir,
I'm sick of this sex-ridden society.

Why can't the community leave it alone? Everything the Council does is representative of the classic phallic symbol — the fountain is downright perversion. The rose garden is most suggestive, the Alpine Restaurant is indicative of a woman in bed, while the whole Council system shows plainly the imagery of a woman feeding lustful males via her breasts.

I am quite disgusted with our modern society.

commendable, but in fact it leaves us men in the predated situation of making the next move.

Men! The next step will be the men's bottomless bathing costume, and with it we will lose the element of surprise. Turn back the clock, put on your full-length costumes and prevent the horror of exposure.

GEORGE SCREW,
President,
Society for the Preservation of Secret Weapons.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,
It is quite apparent that the current attempt to introduce topless bathing costumes for women is a female plot to strip man down to his pride.

It is only a relatively short time ago that men set a foolish precedent by discarding the tops of their bathing costumes. Women are also now attempting to bare their breasts. Were this move for aesthetic motives alone, it would indeed be

Sir,
I am writing to thank your paper for the excellent work it is doing with the blanket fund.

The story of a couple I know of may encourage you. The girl is only 21 and her husband is 18, and they have an eighteen-month-old baby. She is expecting another baby in October, and it is all they can do to make ends meet, but your blankets have made up for a lot.

Keep up the good work, Miss Heteren, and thank you very, very much.

WILLIAM GUNN
Victoria

The Publishers desire to express special appreciation to Ross Bateup for his contribution of the comic strips used herein.

Gorilla warfare

After a quiet weekend following the desecration of the gates of Tramways Tech last Friday night, racial violence again flared up late last night.

The battle scene at the school was a bloody scene with bodies, strangled with old school ties, lying one on top of the other.

RED AND WHITE

The new wave of violence is reported to have erupted following the explosion of a paint bomb in the master's convenience, and which splattered red and white paint over the exposed portion of several embarrassed Blues.

The leader of the Blue-bloods, ex heavyweight, the Flemington Killer, said: "It's a sticky situation, but we are hanging low for the present."

BRIEFING

Redskin leader, Jack the Ripper, was unavailable for comment. It is understood that he was briefing his men for the next raid.

It is hoped, however, that the situation will improve.

At a special meeting of the "Get them off the Pill Council" yesterday, Pope Crawl was elected mediator. "We must convert the situation at all costs," he said.

STUDENTS

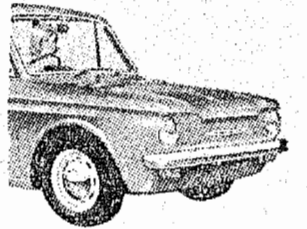
Students run amok on Prosh Day. The Government should make honest workers out of all these loafers.

Loy Knockey, Port Stanvac.—Adv.

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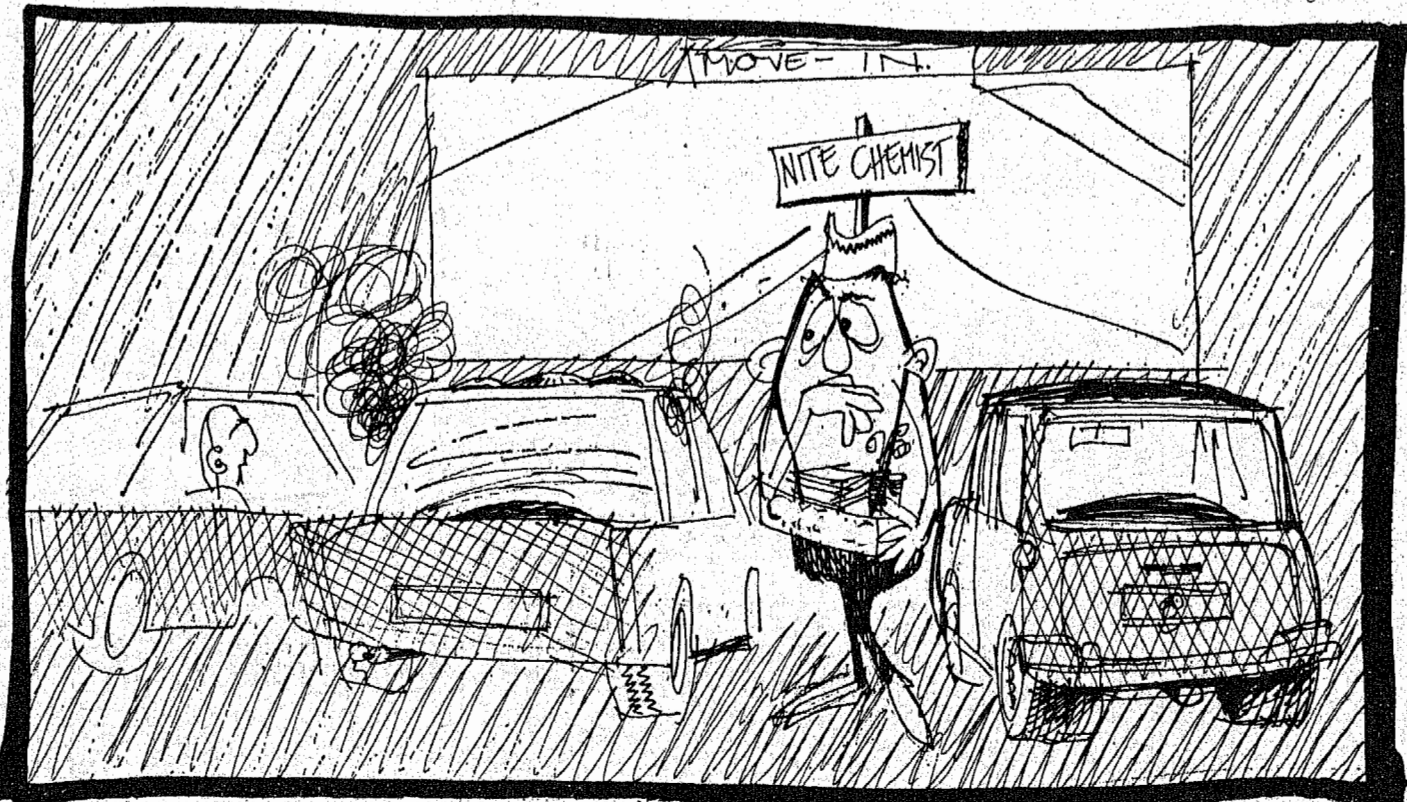
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EXHIBITION



ATTRACTIVE Mrs. D. Triedem (above) was one of the guests at the exhibition of antiques and old masters at the Bony Python Smart Gallery.

Quite the most popular centre for our social set this week was once again the Bony Python Smart Gallery. On Wednesday afternoon Col. McGusher opened the exhibition of antiques and old masters.

Mrs. Slim Bony Python welcomed guests with her husband. She was wearing a lovely skin-fitting creation, which drew gasps with every breath.

Mrs. Booby Snitchfield, wearing a dashing number of grey melange—AGAIN, was seen arriving with Mrs. J. Gauche in a delightful hat of wind-swept iridescent pink petunia petals.

Spotted amongst the antiques was Mrs. Angus Vickers, who chose ever popular black flannel. To her dress she pinned a lovely diamante brooch.

Another interested guest was Mrs. Snailsa Grosborne, who wore eye-catching peacock blue. Her hat of matching three-foot long feathers was also eye catching.

Outstanding amongst the younger contingent were Mrs. D. Triedem, whose casual elegance was once again apparent, and Miss Target Still, whose black leather coat and dainty belt drew glances from all.

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL ADELAIDE

Pacey Party

The time was right: the atmosphere might: the people were tight: the night was a riot.

The occasion—a plenty thirst party; the place—the expensive waste lands of Sir Pong Bad-Whiff of Glen Armend.

Pretty fairy lights were coupled in clusters of two, and made a pervert setting at "Serx Late", the name of their property.

Guests celebrated the coming-of-age ("you know what I mean") of Miss Stinge Bad-Whiff, who dressed odiously in heady art-silk, and greeted her guests distantly against a natural setting of dewy lawns and old oak and gum trees silhouetted in the moonlight.

GUESTS

Arriving on the gay scene together were Miss Hairy Snorker of Dungere, S.A., who chose a raw silk skin-fitting elegant gown, heavily beaded around the large neck-line; Miss Target Thrift in an unforgettable bodice of daffodil yellow; Miss Thirsty McShockem, who flew over from Bondon for the occasion, and simply threw on "just a little something" from her overseas wardrobe; and Miss Calamine Slymill in exciting claret red velvet, topped with creme de menthe beads, gin-coloured slippers, beer gloves, and finally shocking brandy perfume (on many she had the devastating result of a hang-over). This striking foursome was swiftly partnered by such renowned men about town as Mr. Long Heirs (jnr.), Mr. Justoffer Innoll, and Mr. Thrill Boor-Louse of the South Ast. Also present to offer best wishes to Stinge were a bevy of vivacious chit-chatty, gone young ladies: Misses Whoops Fairy Flynn, Stackie Rompson (36:24.36), and Many Flirtens. Now take Miss Wisha Done-it (but she's never had the chance), Miss Grease Potti, Mr. Tarry Be Sure and Mr. Still Active-hormones as a crashing 'oursome and, my dears, YOU MOST CERTAINLY MAY!

NEW DANCE

The evening took a sudden twist when smug young couples began rocking to the latest "IT" dance, the new "Affandango". Spied doing it were Miss Poo Whose and her alarming escort Mr. Peein Still (who left shortly after). Also on the floor, wending her way from couple to couple, was Miss Charlot Bony-Python, who has been abroad recently.

A late arrival on the gay scene was Mr. John Pusher, who brought Miss Barren-Pill-Grin of Bungley Park. Despite the nip in the air, Mr. Justoffer Lorry gave all a demonstration of his latest party trick—"The Ham-bone". All heads turned, and eyes feasted on the spectacle.

Supper was a sit-down affair served in the usual

buffet style. The young throng stopped their pursuits and were ushered into the beautifully furnished old colonial dining-room, where a lavish and decorative supper awaited them. Mr. Knock-No-Braz, who has been a constant companion of Stinge over the past few months, was not spied until supper time, when he was done the honour of allowing to partner Miss Bad-Whiff to the festive tables.

Nibbling and dribbling at one end of the table were Mr. and Mrs. Fainish Loss, Miss Never-But-Rather (Belle of the Ball), Miss Granite Islin (steady as a rock, but three sheets in the wind), Mr. Hory Dope and Mr. Justoffer Sind.

Featuring after supper was Miss Smellem Poorley, who has just returned from Melbourne after a not so-brief-stay.

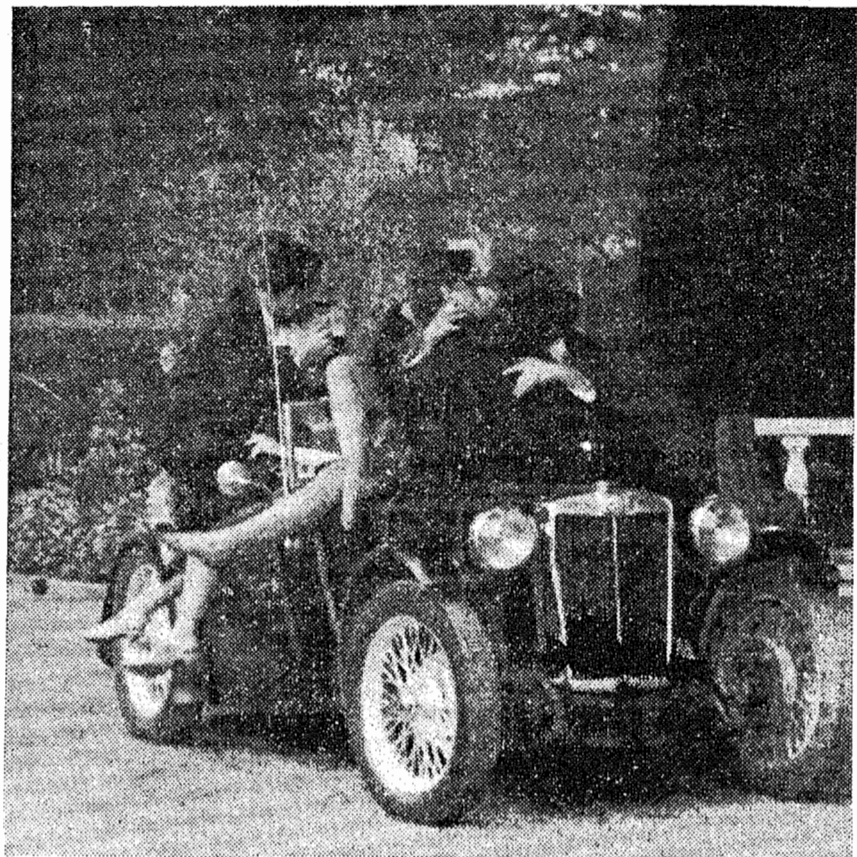
Well, the party certainly was a smashing success: Stinge had just the right young mods to make it a memorable occasion—AS IT WAS.

POLICE RAID

Perhaps the highlight of the evening was the Police Raid by snazzy dressed South Australian Forces, who chose black and white with matching head bands. They escorted many to various sections of the city, including the "A.G.", where several of the party go-ers were billeted for the night. Misses Proan Hold'em, Daffley Willfillm and Pain Smartin all shared a room together with Stinge, after which they returned to Miss Bad-Whiffs home the following morning for Alker-saltzer, Milo and bickies and little girlie "chit-chat". Daybreak saw a lot of tired, exhausted but happy people!

Those who didn't get a knock-down to last night's party included Mr. and Mrs. Pong Bad-Whiff (jnr.), Miss Lindy Playgood, Mrs. Justoffer Lorry, Miss Man the Measurer, Miss Man Manall, Mr. Bernie Wet-smack, Miss Flossy Friske, Mr. Justoffer Hennery, Mr. Hennery Fungas and Miss No Slaughter (but she oughta'). STIFF!

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COMPANY



TAKING TIME OFF FOR SPORT are some of the guests at the Plenty Thirst Party (see Pacey Party).

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at
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as from
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A GAS SHOW!

The Gas Meter Readers' Ball last night, hit a new "high" note, and turned out to be a full scale fashion parade—you name it, they wore it!

It was bright, cheeky colours for the women readers: pink and blue and primrose too, with a dash of black and white here and there. Warm wool skirts, beaded jumpers, and heavy beads were predominant.

One of the young beauties, Miss Easy Come, found herself surrounded by a cluster of young men—no wonder, as she really looked radiant in her new "hot" pink lipstick and matching nail polish.

The men, too, aware of the status of the occasion, were in high spirits, raring to go and dressed accordingly.

Miss Charlot caused quite a stir in her frontless, backless, sideless, topless, bottomless, exciting blue Thai silk evening strap. While her escort, Mr. Fred Hitchcock contrasted this with his leopard skin G string. They made a charming couple twisting on the floor.

Mr. Fenwick Thurglegoobar gave us a spectacular aerobic display, swinging from a chandelier. He was last seen disappearing off somewhere with Miss Saucy Sue Sexon.

Miss Samari Sal held a pre-ball at her palatial residence at Kwotto Head. Mr. Jock McPhail helped her to entertain. Some of her notable guests were Mr. Abdul A. Bulbulemir and Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Flippant conversation was rife during the course of the evening, and there was much verbal jousting, whereupon



APPREHENSION is apparent on the charming faces of Miss Charlot (left) and Miss Samari Sal as they prepare for the Gas Meter Readers' Ball.

Abdul and Ivan retired on a Shiek's invitation to cross swords and settle the matter. No one has seen or heard of them since (although rumour has it that they left the ball early, and that they are now planning to spend a weekend at the Shiek's estate. I trust they will no doubt enjoy the break).

Miss Gay Abandon entertained also. She entered into the spirit of the evening in her typical fashion, and true to form she dominated. By eleven o'clock the show had turned into a complete riot, and it was at this time that I made my shady exit. I can safely assure you though that a "ball was had by all".



I had 'em-till someone produced
a topless ORLANDO
Barossa Pearl

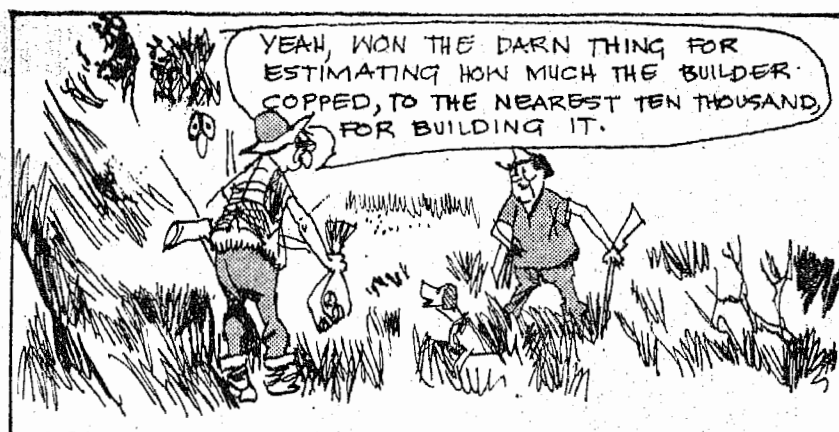
P.B.

IT CAN MAKE
YOUR CAR
GO TOO!

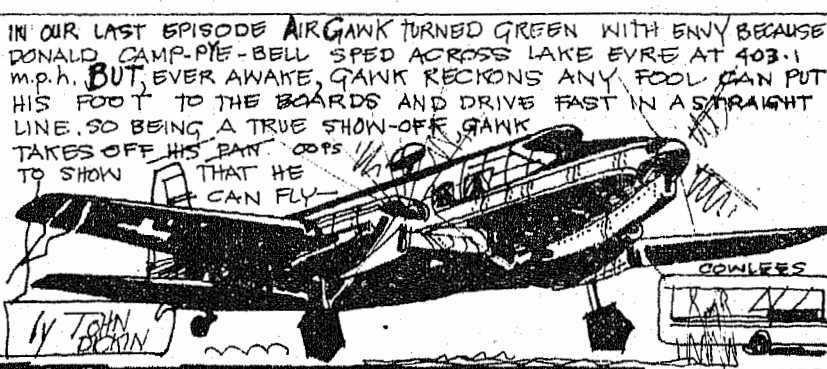
CONGRATULATIONS DONALD

WE PULLED OUT, BUT WE'LL USE YOU
JUST THE SAME.

RANGLY GUY BY TOFFEE TER



AIRY GAWK and the FLYING NURSES



MANFAKE the MAGICIAN by G. FALK & PILL DOPIS



Ripplies Believe It Not!



THIS CHARMING LITTLE FELLOW IS CALLED THE **TIT** (*chastus pectoralis fortginchus*) COMMONLY FOUND ON KANGAROO ISLAND (an island off the shores of SOUTH-TOM-AUSTRALIA). WHEN MATED WITH A HAIRY FEMALE ELEPHANT (Ringo-us Jumbo-us) PRODUCED A CASE OF **ELEPHANTITUS**. HMM.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT. IF ALL THE MALES AT THE 1964 OLYMPIC GAMES WORE **ATHLETIC SUPPORTORS** THERE WOULD BE MORE SUPPORT FOR 'BALL GAMES'. **OO** BASEBALL, FOOTBALL, FEETBALL, YARDBALL, CROSS EYED TEN PIN BRAWLING, TENNIS BALL, CRICKET BALL, HAVINA BALL, ONTHE BALL, BASKET BALL, BONYTHON BALL and **JIM IRINES FESTIVAL BALL**

CHEBBY CHUCKER WELL KNOWN POP SINGER WHO Sired TWO DOZEN ILLEGITIMATE LITTLE SONGS HAS DECIDED TO REJOIN HIS NATIVE TRIBE AT THE LAND SHARK SANCTUARY at **BARA-HILLS**. ONCE RUN AT A LOSS BY MURRY REID BUT RECENTLY TAKEN OVER BY **MODERN BUST DEVELOPMENT (PIETY LIMITED)**. **MR CHUCKER** (er mind passing the brown paper receipts) WAS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID HE COULD BUY A HOUSE AT **BARA-HILLS** FOR A SONG (spare us) AS NO BODY WANTED THEM. BUT HE'D HAVE TO **TWIST** THE WORDS FOR HE NEEDED SOLID **BACKING** AS HIS **DISCS** WERE SLIPPING!



BLONDY

by CHUCK KING and YOUNG CHIC

DUNGWOOD, COME OVER HERE AND SEE IF I'VE GOT ANY BLACK ROOTS, LICE OR BUNNIES IN MY HAIR. I'M GOING SURFING THIS MORNING, KING, AND MY HAIR JUST HAS TO BE BRIGHT YELLOW, WHAT LL THOSE CREMMIES SAY IF I CRACK A WAVE LOOKING LIKE A YELLOW PIEBALD!

NONO NO! SURE, SURE, IT'S ALL I HEAR, YOU SHOULD.

... BE HOME LIKE ANY OTHER WIFE COOKING FOR BOUGHT FISH N CHIPS FOR TEA AND YELLOW HAIR! NO TOPLESS BATHERS! YES, YES, BOY I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS YEARS AGO.

NOW, WHAT A RELIEF, NO MORE SURFIE TROUBLE WITH THAT YELLOW HEAD

LUNCH

AT THE ORIFICE... NOW I'LL SHAVE BEFORE MR DITHERING ARRIVES

GAD, SHAVING IN COMPANY TIME

PROSH-ON SUPPORT PROSH...

BARMSTED

WHY YOU YOU YOU

SENILE OUE DITHERING I'LL FIX HIM, WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS

RED STUFF

Y-BLOOD MESS

...HM GOOD OF BARMSTED TO GIVE ME THIS HAVEANNA, BIG STRONG CIGAR.

HELLAVA BANG

(EXIT MR DITHERING, STAGE LEFT)

AH, I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT YEARS AGO, NOW FOR A SNACK.

THIS, KIDDIES, IS THE FAMOUS DUNGWOOD SNACK THAT OUR HERO DUNGWOOD EATS TO MAKE HIM SLEEP. TASTY INGREDIENTS INCLUDE; THE NEW BREAD - DASTED WETTEX, SALTED CLEENEX DEHYDRATED POTATO, TOMATO, FISH SKUNGE, ASH, SPROUT ORANGE, RED, BLUE, APPLE, ONION, GARLIC BLUE, HOMO, FUB, TEA BATTER, ALMOND BLOS

... SOM, RUBBERS, RUBBER GLOVES, BRASORS, DAWNE, RAISINS, LONERINS, NUTS, BOLS, FIGS, REPRIGS AND THE POPES. ALL BEING DEHYDRATED TO SAVE SPACE - MAKE A BIGGER SANDWICH-WHAT! CUTE EH! JUST ADD WATER & BLONGE A VIBRATING SNACK. NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR A DRAWING HERE KIDDIES, SO LETS PLAY NOUGHTS & CROSSES... (BONUS OFFER)

XIXIX
XIXIX
XIXIX

AND SO THE GOURMET (GUTS TO YOU) GOES TO WORK

YAKGREACH VC

DUNGWOOD PLUS WATER, THESE DEHYDRATED FOODS ARE CERTAINLY SWELL - PASS THE BEDPAN

PASS THE KETCHUP

ANOTHER HELLAVA BANG WID A SPLASH

(EXIT DUNGWOOD WITH STAGE)

RIPE BLONDY DUNGWOOD BARMSTED & MR DITHERING

CHUCK KING & YOUNG CHIC say: HE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS YEARS AGO.

Pennis The MENIS

LISTEN YOU LITTLE ADULTERER WHATS THIS MY WIFE TELLS

ME

GEORGE, PLEASE HE MEANS WELL HE'S SO INNOCENT.

INNOCENT! HE'S AS INNOCENT AS SKAVINSKYSKAVAR!

WHAT HAVEN'T I DONE.

YOU NEED NT PLAY BUNS IN THE OVEN WITH ME, COME OUT

WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD CASTIGATION

HE KNOWS MORE THAN HAVELUS

JUVENILE HETERO-SEXUALIST

COME ON DEAR LETS RING OR KINSEY HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

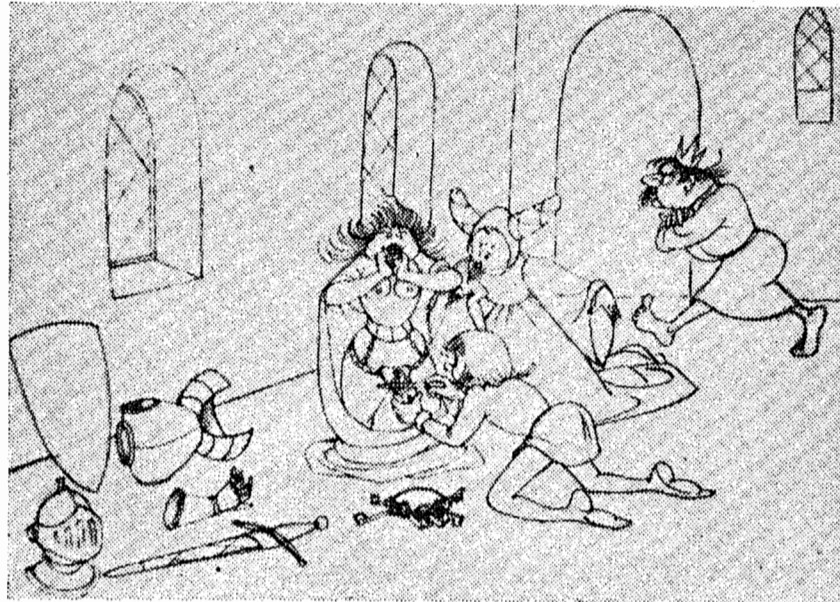
REMEMBER BUY POPE'S PILLS

THEY KEEP TELLIN ME TO GROW UP, SO I DID AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS

by Hank Ketchup

WOMBAT'S WAILS

COLOURING IN COMPETITION



JUNIORS—For your colouring-in competition this week is this drawing of medieval times.

MOONSHINER LOVES BOYFRIEND WHO LOOKS LIKE PAUL

In this week's letters to Wombat, a Moonshiner, JULIE HAZARD (12), tells of her boyfriend who looks like Paul. She has been awarded a pink certificate.

She writes:

DEAR Wombat,

This is my last letter to you because I am eloping with my boy friend Horace, who looks just like Paul. He's a real swinger is my Horace. My life promises to be much more stimulating than most of your other Moonshiners.

ANIMAL LOVER

DEAR Wombat,

Rabbits live in holes, birds in nests, hens roost in rows, but where do wombats live?

ANIMAL LOVER (9½)
Wilcania

FIRST LETTER

DEAR Wombat,

This is my first letter to you. I got a tent for my birthday, and my brother put it up, and we played mothers and fathers.

JULIE JONES (6)
Springfield

LOVES MUMMY

DEAR Wombat,

I hate my Daddy, because he spends too much time with my Mummy, whom I love, and it makes me jealous.

I like it when my Daddy goes away on business, because then I can have my Mummy all to myself.

EDDY PUSS (12)
Greece

BROTHER PULLS HAIR

DEAR Wombat,

I am writing to you again to say that I still can't stop my brother pulling my hair. What shall I do? Should I tell Mummy, or should I just pull his hair too?

MARY LAMB (10)
Bowden

HERE ARE TOP FOUR SOUNDS

Hullo, out there, all ma little wombats. You be good to each other, ya hear, 'cos this is your old buddie Big G, little H-U-N-D-E-R, calling you from nowhere. Here are the four golden gassers for this week:

1. "Greensleeves" — Mr. Whippy.
2. "He's got the whole world in his hands." — Reg. Ansett.
3. "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas." — Barry Goldwater.
4. "Open the door, Richard." — Lizz.

EMILY RIDES HER HORSE AND ENCOUNTERS ADVENTURE

This story, written for Wombat's Pages by JOYLENE CRUICKSHANK, 15 years, the Manor House, Port Pirie, is about a teenage girl and her longing for a horse she could call her own. She has been awarded a gold certificate worth 25 marks.

Emily climbed down from the horse she had longed to call her own, panting and foaming at the mouth. She stared immobile at the gaunt, tall figure of John. A look of resolution set his grim countenance. As their eyes met they were invisible.

A smile flickered across

Jim's lips and spoke more than words could say. In each one's deepest soul the ardour throbbed as one throb. Fran knew it was wrong, but she was in a trance. The air was electric. She slowly undid the buttons of her blouse. On her body the sunlight glistened, reflected from

Tom's tongue, which now hung a foot from his mouth.

Desire was starting to show on his face. It was throbbing as one throb. A pant heaved from his heavy lungs as the fire within glowed in his eyes. In the loft they clutched each other and their bodies were almost

as one body. Ahab deftly removed each barrier from Mary's lithe body, whose clean movements spoke more than words could say. A smile flickered across his lips.

And they returned home tired but happy after an exhausting, but on the whole satisfying, excursion in the country.

MY PARENTS

"My Parents", by HOLLYETTE O'REILLY, (8½ years) is the title of this charming little story sent in by a junior who will get a gold certificate worth 11.43 marks.

My Mum, Holly O'Reilly (23 years) is butiful. Each nite of the weak we are visited by one of my seven uncles. Mum calls each one "Daddy" when he is hear.

My mum tells Uncle Bert on Friday we need money for education and food and clothing, or else he won't be

a director, or even have his real wife any more. This is what mummy tells each one.

Mummy picks me up from school each day in the jag after a hard day's shopping, and we go home and prepare for which ever daddy is coming. I am lucky to have such butiful perents.

Test your skill

Try your skill with these riddles and then try them on your family and friends.

Senders have been awarded Red Certificates.

Q.: What's got one wheel and lies?

A.: A barrow-load of manure.

Q.: How did the male elephant find the female elephant in the middle of the jungle on a dark night?

A.: Delightful.

Q.: How do you make an elephant fly?

A.: Begin by taking a zip 4 feet long. . . .

Q.: Why has an elephant got four feet?

A.: You work it out!

Q.: What's green and looks like a latrine?

A.: The Teachers' College building.

Q.: What's obscene and comes in annual spurts?

A.: The Prosh Rag.

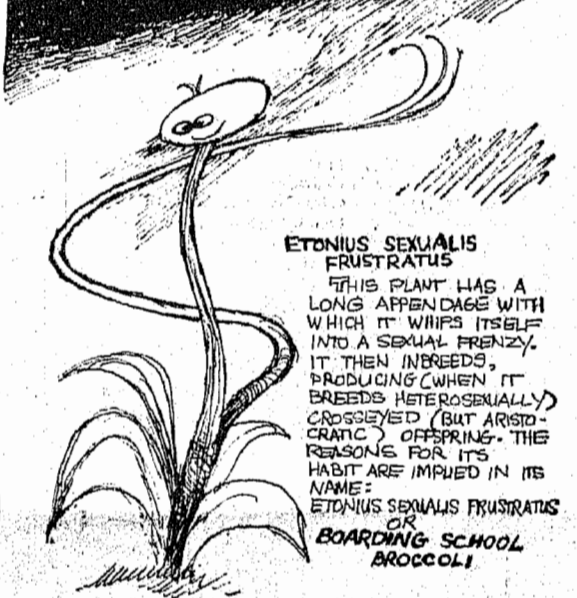
Q.: How can you tell when an elephant's been to the fridge?

A.: By his footprints in the butter.

I eat my peas with honey; I've done it all my life. It makes the peas taste funny, But 'it keeps 'em on the knife!

Walt Disney's True Life Adventures

SELF WHIPPING IDIOT PLANT



ETONIUS SEXUALIS FRUSTRATUS

THIS PLANT HAS A LONG APPENDAGE WITH WHICH IT WHIPS ITSELF INTO A SEXUAL FRENZY. IT THEN INBREEDS, PRODUCING (WHEN IT BREEDS HETEROSEXUALLY) CROSSBRED (BUT ARISTOCRATIC) OFFSPRING. THE REASONS FOR ITS HABIT ARE IMPLIED IN ITS NAME: ETONIUS SEXUALIS FRUSTRATUS OR BOARDING SCHOOL BROCCOLI



D. SWEETAPPLE wins a Gold Certificate worth 30 Marks for the Mothers' Day Draw-A-Mum Competition, for his striking and original entry.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT?

The meteorologist who could look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.

The couple who had 20 kids. Seems the wife was hard of hearing, and every night when he asked, "Do you want to go to sleep or what?" She said, "What?"

Last night I found the perfect girl, I could not ask for more; She's deaf and dumb and over-sexed, And owns a liquor store.

The talkative bull, who every time he saw a cow wanted to stop and jabber.

The bloke who landed on Mars and saw a woman 10 feet tall. His first words were: "Take me to your ladder; I'll see your leader later."

Mary had a little lamb; She ate it with mint sauce, And everywhere that Mary went The lamb went too, of course.

Swans sing before they die— 'twere no bad thing Should certain persons die before they sing.

When Charles II Beckon'd Nell Fell!

The stenographer who liked her new boss. He dresses nicely—and quick, too.

What a wonderful bird the frog are—

When he stand he sit almost; When he hop, he fly almost. He ain't got no sense hardly; He ain't got no tail hardly either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got almost.

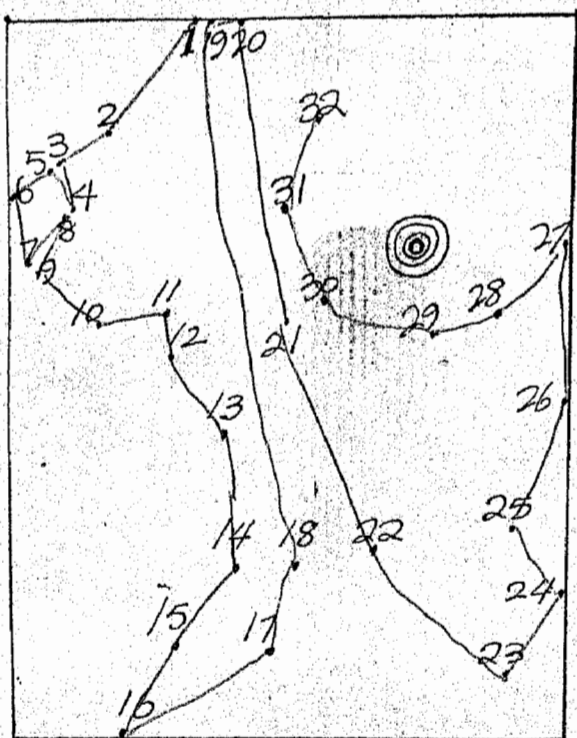
An odd little thing is a flea. You can't tell a he from a she. But he can, and she can— Whoopee!

The Japanese prostitute who went broke because no one had a yen for her.

How do you punctuate "Fun fun fun worry worry worry"? Fun. Fun. Fun. Worry worry worry.

Thought for today!

Nothing to do but work! Nothing! alas, alack! Nowhere to go but out! Nowhere to come but back!



PUZZLE FOR SENIORS

Senior members must join the dots beginning from number one and continue to number thirty-two. Then they must colour it in. The neatest correct entry will be the winner. The correspondence will be final, and no judges may be entered into.

Mr. Adelaide's

Facts about Adelaide's B's Apiary

Every week for a long time now I've been entertaining you in this column with a galaxy of news and views of Adelaide's leading citizens. You've noticed how **money** isn't the only requirement for this column; we've had a lot of people with really low incomes, some in the four figure class, but who've come from the best families, have a title, or have been honoured by the Queen. I've even mentioned an aborigine, I think. Anyway, to get in, you don't have to go to St. Peter's College — any college is good enough!

● BROUGHT PAINT POT

Speaking of colleges, they're certainly centres of sparkling activity and initiative these days.

Talking to the Headmaster of one of them yesterday I mentioned how grand the rivalry between them was.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Pillar laughed, "these boys are really keeping school spirit at a high level."

He was a bit upset, though, at the way his college had been outsmarted in the big college-painting intercoll recently.

"Didn't think the chaps would paint the things they did," he said. He assured me retaliation could be arranged.

I admired the way the police were kept out of it too, but couldn't resist a quiet chuckle. I've always rather liked P.A.C.

● A BIG PROBLEM

Did you know what amount of work goes into the Premier's TV show each week?

I called on that gentleman the other day, and we chatted about some of the problems.

"Main thing is to find events which are trivial enough not to annoy anyone," Sir Honest told me. "The other problem is when I have some really important piece of government policy to announce I have a very hard job keeping it from the Labor party and members of my Cabinet." I sympathised.

● "VIRGIN WOLF" SATISFIES HUNGER

I'm not much of a one for plays and culture or that sort of thing—nor are the leaders of our society, thank goodness.

Still I was intrigued by the play "Who's got a Virgin Wolf". It promised to be pretty good

with a bit of juice thrown in. The story apparently of a pure nymphomaniac.

Unfortunately I can't tell you much about it as I slept through, having had a heavy dinner at the Club beforehand. I can tell you about that. Still, it does you good to be seen at the theatre once in a while.

Ah! that dinner. Feeding time at the Adelaide Club is always pleasant. Not like the Naval and Military—too many coarse fellows who are in the club for some merit or other. But, to settle down with other men of similar lack of interests and taste is a splendid thing.

● BOWLS COMING

I haven't had much to say about the cricket, as you've probably noticed. The main reason is that my informant on cricket for years, Gil Dangly, stopped being respectable during the last State elections. Left a big gap in our sporting society.

However, that other stalwart, Sir Ronald Batman, when he can find time to leave the market, says he will keep us informed.

With the big Bowls Carnival coming up, though, I won't have any room for cricket for a while.

● UNCERTAIN LIFE

Pastoralist friend, the other day in town to get his Rolls looked over, told me about the uncertainty of his calling in the rough hearty tone adopted by pastoralists.

"That prime — Gunn, attempting to make us sink our money into promoting wool. —, our — profits are only just keeping us rich—if wool



RIVALRY is the essence of sportsmanship, as can be seen by the results of the College-painting Intercoll.

needs — promotion let the — Government provide the money. They needn't talk about the challenge of synthetics and how we might find it — difficult to sell our wool. If the prices fall let the — Government buy up the wool. We've supported Australia so long—how about Australia supporting us." Hear, hear!

● SHARING PROSPERITY

Money money, money—it's hard to get off the subject, particularly when you've friends as rich as mine. But I think those spoil sports who object to the huge profits of companies like G.M.H. and C.S.R. are forgetting the enormous sacrifices made to get these profits up as high as they are. Just because a lot of money leaves the country we shouldn't winge; we should be proud to share our prosperity with countries like the U.S.A. Those adventurous shareholders who risked their life-savings shouldn't be begrudged the modest returns they are getting today for all the worry they went through. And anyway the basic wage rise should keep the workers happy—even if a cost of living rise forced by the manufacturers of many products makes a farce of the increase. They should appreciate that the shareholders want some return.

● Brewer and teetotaller agree

Two old friends that I haven't seen for years arrived together accidentally the other day.

It took quite a bit of diplomacy to handle a meeting between the head of the Adelaide Beering Company (Sir Rollem Staggers) and the head of the Temperates (Mr. Buze).

It started when I offered a whiskey—always keep a full cabinet for the important people who visit me. Sir Rollem, it seems, only drinks his firm's pro-

duct, while Mr. Buze, of course, is a non-alcoholic.

Things got worse when I discovered the reason for the visits. Sir Rollem came to announce his support for the new Alcoholic Rehabilitation Centre (he's a great philanthropist), while Mr. Buze was voicing his disgust at a movement to reform tee-totalers—N.N. (Named Non-Alcoholics).

"Sheer social blackmail," Mr. Buze said. "Why should everyone drink?"

Sir Rollem, at this stage, significantly produced his well-lined wallet. "This is my reason," he explained.

With my usual good taste I intervened: "Gentlemen," I said, "calm down. Have a whiskey."

This quickly turned their attention to me. "Surely you can find something to agree on." "Yes," they said in unison: "Six o'clock closing."

Mr. Buze said that any extension of the drinking hours would be a backward step. The closing time ensured that all fathers returned to their homes to be with their families every night.

"Here, here," said Sir Rollem, "the six o'clock swill means that much more is drunk in a much shorter time — less overhead, while everybody buys bottles for their night's drinking."

The two men shook hands.

● FAREWELL

Retiring after many years as a leading city speculator is a sad business for Sir Bert —

I asked him about his future plans. "I think I'll enter Parliament," he told me. "I've got plenty of money, I'm over seventy, going senile and should be quite capable of pretending to hold a portfolio." Take note, Sir Honest—here is good material for Cabinet.

● ROUNDED OFF

I always shove in something for the proletariat.

It helps the column look as if it caters for everyone and stops it appearing pre-occupied with you-know-what.

But, frankly, I didn't speak to or hear about one worker this week. I'll take a deep breath and try next week. O.K.?

—GRIN CLUELESS

MANY YEARS AGO

From the Oneday Wail some time ago.

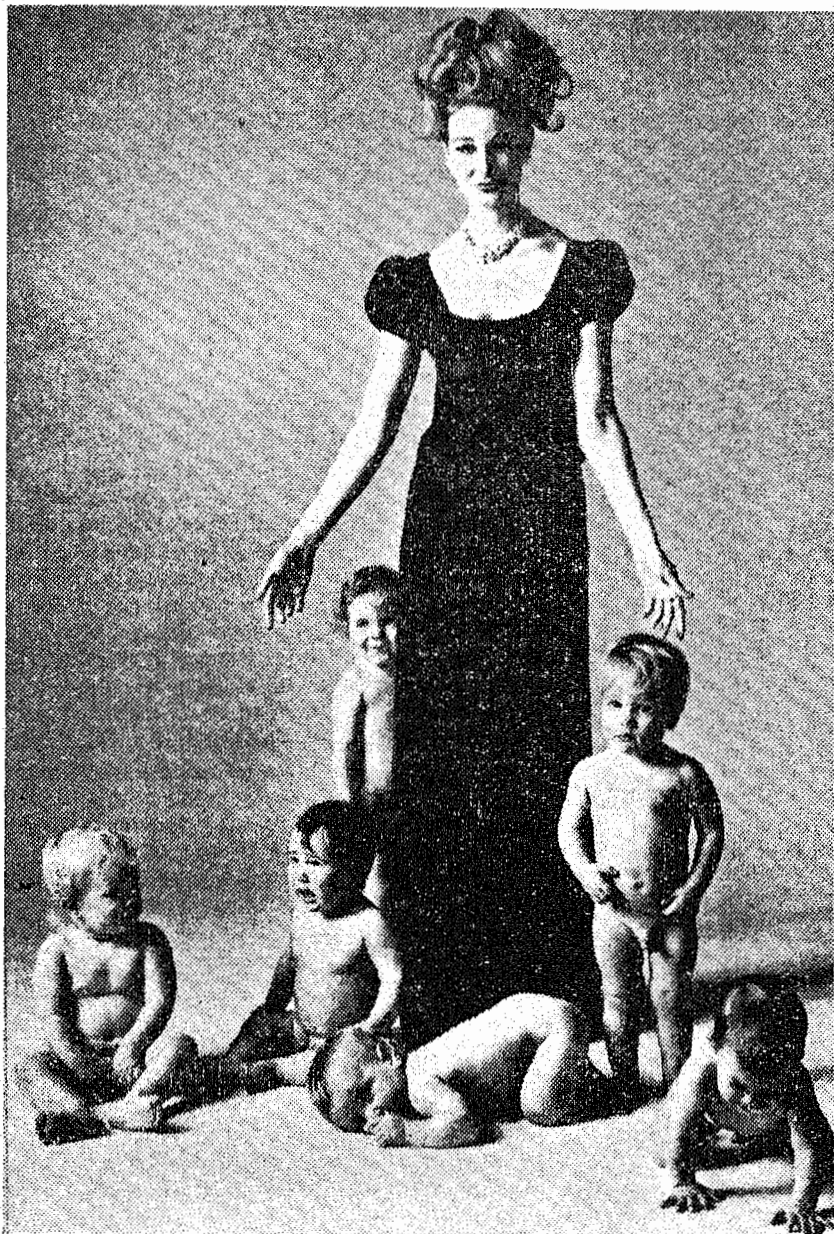
Mr. Honest Playfair is Premier.

FOOTNOTE: (He is still Premier today).

Port beat Norwood, Sturt beat West, Glenelg beat Torrens in league football yesterday.

FOOTNOTE: (These teams still play today).

● 362 CLUB · BENUMEN · FRIDAYS · 8 PM ●
 ● LOCKLEYS MEMORIAL THEATRE ● HENLEY BEACH ROAD ●



A UNIQUE FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH of Mrs. N. Oates with her sextuplets. Her black velvet frock with its low neckline, hi-lights her natural beauty along with that of her children.

They're saying that . . .

Parties are snowballing in Antarctica for Miss Eskimo Nell and Mr. P. P. Pete.

This happy couple have been one of the "steadies" for this social season—a sure thing at every party.

OPEN SEASON

Mrs. B. A. Stead informs me that she will be "at home" from 12th to 19th August. She added that on the 20th husband Bill will be returning.

Glad to hear Mrs. Bill Grime is back from Victor Harbor—have missed her frequent calls and notes.

Who saw what married woman, with what married man, in which restaurant, in what prominent city street; and at whose coming-of-age party were they a steady two-some?

If anyone knows, for God's sake TELL ME.

Making feverish plans for their overseas trip are Mr. and Mrs. 'Ava Good-time. They intend to be away six months. Their new overseas address will be: "Cuddle Inn," Kingscote, Kangaroo Island.

NOVEL PARTY

The accent was on booze, women and sex, and familiarity was the keynote at the wonderful party given by Lord and Lady Grogon last weekend and still.

WITH or WITHOUT

On Saturday wedding bells will toll for Miss Infor. Shock when she walks up the aisle to Mr. I. Will S'off "Oh did he!" Well the reception should be fun. believe the best man is just as willing to fill the gap!

Were you the one who was wearing that bit of nonsense which drew such ooh's and ugh's at yesterday's Fresh Air League's morning tea in the new air-conditioned dining hall at Muggins Emp. If so, darling, be advised. THROW IT AWAY.

I HEARD

That Mrs. Bonington Q. Hyphon Jones was simply a riot at the Punk Club Ball. She came, was obscene, and got stonkered. Mrs. Sara Duck was also rather tight but only comfortably so, said Mr. Duck.

AT LAST

Mr. and Mrs. Marriam Off are delighted and relieved to announce the engagement of their fifth and final daughter Mavis—to Cecil, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Option.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Stillborn, on the birth of their first, who will answer to the enchanting name of Gertrude. Don't know where the little darling gets her lovely red hair, neither apparently, does her father.

A BALL

I believe the Ball of Kerrimoor was a fantastic success this year, enjoyed by all who took part. A big contingent of country and interstate guests attended the function.

Outstanding personalities who were present last night were the village idiot, the vicar and his lovely wife, the village magician and the village blacksmith.

I am sorry, darlings, but space forbids me writing any more this week. Perhaps next week. Don't stop calling me, though—it's fun to let others share your private lives.

CONTRACEPTION IS KING

So said Miss Iva Hernia at a gay informal dinner held at Fawnilly Lodge for members, past and present, of the Royal Society for Unmarried Parents Inc. (R.S.V.P.I., as it is known among the bright young things).

"If it weren't for those delightful contrivances (in all gay colours—hemoglobin red and miscarriage mauve too), and too too divine little pills, where, but where would we be?" Miss Hernia continued: "We must never cease to subsidise efforts to perfect the pill (what larks) despite the fact that it will cause the end of our beloved society. No more fears for safety or repressive guilt trauma, my dears, and that nasty old word 'promiscuity' will go completely out of fashion." (Prolonged applause from revelling R.S.V.P.I. members, most of whom were really and truly R.S.U.P.).

A collection was taken up for this year's project—to supply every nun and monk throughout the length and breadth of the land with our printed "How to Join" leaflets, pointing out the joys of belonging.

Miss Hernia's final words were: "It is but a little thing, but go ye out into the four corners of the world, and in a word—contracept."

Reporter: Little Nedly Fridgeduppy

Le Camille'

The Oldest Established Coffee Lounge in Adelaide

Wishes to thank students for their patronage over the past 12 years, and advises that it is now open on Sunday afternoons, 3-6 p.m., for the purpose of giving patrons an opportunity to listen to Jazz and Folk Singers.

ARE YOU TOO

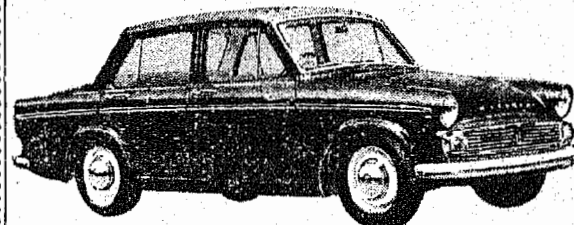
FAT

FAT

FAT?

STIFF!

The new 1964 Hillman 1600



only £999 tax paid—easiest terms

MANUELL MOTORS

179 WELLINGTON ROAD, PAYNEHAM

BACK FROM OVERSEAS



MISS LEXY LOVEM-WELLS has returned from her fly-around-the-world trip with a wardrobe of the latest international fashions. Fashion designers, as always, concerned with comfort and convenience, have recently emphasized the "Travel-light-by-Air" look. Miss Lovem-Wells said that she found this fashion very relaxing overseas, but felt a "little pressed" in conservative old Adelaide.

"They're off"

Sunshine basked the gay scene at Vic. Park on Wednesday, when the S.A.J.C. X held its annual Winter Meeting.

A field of 12 lined up to compete in the main event of the day—the Fashion Stakes.

"They're in their stalls, the red light's showing. Oh, oh, having a bit of trouble with No. 2, Mrs. Booby Snitchfield, who is trying to push through the barrier. They're ready now. Wait, wait! Trying hard, but didn't quite make the barrier in time, was No. 5, Mrs. T. Banner. Now the barrier's down, and they're off!"

Taking the lead, Mrs. C. A. Feed, a length in front of Mrs. J. Heirs, closely followed by Mrs. I. S. D. Staygood, next Lady Thrift, Mrs. J. Clover, Mrs. Snorker, Mrs. R. A. Flea, Mrs. Cheryl Cough, and a dead last, Mrs. Booby Snitchfield."

"Coming into the straight for the home run Mrs. J. Heirs, who has taken the lead followed by C. A. Feed and I. S. D. Staygood—but hang on, Mrs. R. A. Flea is moving on the inside, battling for second place. Two lengths behind is Lady Thrift, needing that extra spurt to make good. Mrs. Snorker, then J. Clover, a length behind, picking herself up, but still can't make the grade; and coming dead last, Booby Snitchfield."

What a spectacular finish. Lady Thrift has taken the lead. That grand lady of racing has proved she's still got some of the old go in her and wins by a nose.

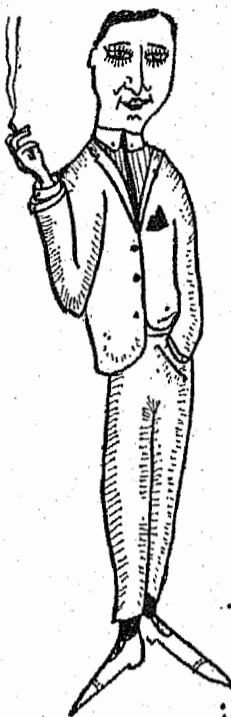
HEAP BIG POWERFUL MEDICINE!



COOPER

EXTRA STOUT

The Young Libertarian Manifesto



You know chaps you simply must join the "Y.L.'s".... (that's what we young libs call ourselves)..... I mean you're really just not anybody any longer at the Princeton unless you have Jim - he's our D.J. says that the Y.L. is going to become even more well you know with the young people in the future... I do hope it does... I so adore being with the young people.....

"We have the most thrilling parties in that too, too divine flat.... That divine man from Mitcham is too, too thrilling... he knows simply everything about politics.... and he is so funny when he tells his too, too divine stories about those nasty A.L.P. men... We have many important offices too..... As the social Secretary I play a terribly important part in the Young Libs... and it's all completely AVANT-GARDE... So do join what you?.. It's so much fun!.....

POPULARITY THE ONLY REQUIREMENT

OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE MY LEADER.

The claim is often made by the A.L.P. that the Liberal party is the party of affluence. This is typical of the smear techniques used by the sectional A.L.P.

In the L.C.L., a workman on the basic wage, or one of the ranks of unemployed, has the same voting power as the wealthiest business executive—one vote.

A farm labourer or a machinist can be elected to one of the many executive positions in his local L.C.L. branch. If he is popular he can be nominated as a branch delegate to a district committee, and can then be nominated to represent that

district on the state executive. Research is being undertaken to find just how broadly based our party is.

However, proof of the "People's Party" nature of the L.C.L. is evident in the photographs of three men who, representing widely different walks of life, wield considerable influence in the policy decisions of the L.C.L. conference.

Each of them has only one thing in common, and this is not background,

money or social status—but a common popularity amongst the other L.C.L. members in his own Branch.

This gives unquestionable proof to our claim that the L.C.L. is the most democratic political party in Australia, and always will be while we have such a representative executive.

For it is comprised of people from all walks of life, and does not look after only sectional interests. Often, for example, we look after

your interests since we more than anyone else know what is best for you. The sectional interests, the narrow source of origin of its membership and the obvious immaturity of the A.L.P. compared to the L.C.L., whose members have slowly matured in office for the last 25 years, must commend the L.C.L. to all South Australians who are more than 70 years of age, and who are not pensioners.

Myth L.C.L. Quest Entrants Append Balls

The Myth L.C.L. Ball this year promises to be even more madly exciting than the last. Instead of beautiful young ladies of the best families, this year's entrants will have appended balls.

In keeping with the best democratic traditions, one third are country entrants. The ever-charming finalists enjoy common interests, but have widely varying hobbies.

Miss Lyell McEwen lists as her hobby, a "Wee drop o' the Scotch" (dancing), and Miss Rowe enjoys a good hunt occasionally. Miss Hinks on the other hand has the largest collection of Saint's ties in Australia. Miss Pearson, a country finalist, enjoys riding her country estate. Miss Pattinson, an infant mistress, lists as her hobby, retelling fairy stories to children's parents. Miss Quirke, a blue-eyed slim blonde, has a wide variety of interest groups, which she changes readily. The final, Miss Brookman, is a keen party-goer, and an entrant last year for the Myth L.C.L. Quest. Judging will be done at the Chunderella Ballroom next year, and the winner will be crowned by the Myth winner for the last 30 years—Miss Playford.

QUEST PRIZES

First prize for the L.C.L. Myth of 1965 will be a 3-year paid leisure holiday in the Parliamentary hotel and a free TV license from Mr. Reg. Ansett.

An impressive list of other prizes is growing daily from ball-less admirers throughout S.A.

Prizes already donated include a signed photo of Albury Park; 6 full sized, signed photos of D. Jade; a TV chair like Sir Thomas', donated by Mr. John McClay; A Ranleigh-ware tray and black apron, complete with whip and mask, donated by Ranleighware. Also, a trip to the grave of Archbishop Mannick, donated anonymously, and free passes to the weakly dances at the Chunderland Ballroom. For East-European entrants is donated a bomb disguised as a satchel, by the S.A. branch of the Croation Resistance Movement.

Special prizes will be given for answers to special questions such as "What is the size of Uncle Tom's waistline?" . . . "How many industries has Playford failed to get for S.A.?" . . . "What is the penalty for uttering the words 'Electoral Justice' in the Adelaide Club?"

Madam Mingzies has invited all finalists to attend her face-lifting and finishing classes, free of charge. Madame Mingzies said her S.A. manager would make sure that all entrants would act identically.

Balls-up tickets are not yet available—but will be

soon from the Balls Secretary, L.C.L. headquarters, North Terrace (just next to the Adelaide Club). As a special feature, Sir Thomas Playford will be filmed giving his weekly TV talk and will announce to Cabinet its coming policy decisions.



POPULAR city executive T. Bordplay ("T.A.B."), is a prominent member of the L.C.L. executive—a position he earned after working up from the bottom of his father's business.



POPULAR Orchardist Tom Plowford is a striking example of the popular appeal of the L.C.L. amongst the labouring classes of society.



POPULAR R.S.L. leader, Napolitom is a well-respected family man whose position in the last war makes him an authority on all aspects of democracy.

THE YOUNG LIBERTARIANS' MP DIGEST

ON 5DIN

at 7 p.m. every Sunday

Hear your favourite cliches digested and regurgitated by your favourite MP on your favourite hate parade. The top digest catering for today's young and undigestible people.

Compered by the pompular KING MING—KING! GAS!

You cannot afford to miss this half-hour of digestive gas. A film evening will be held by the Bowden Young Liberals in the home of Mr. Editor Parish on August 7th, 1964.

L.C.L. presents:

SOPHIA LOREN and ERNEST BORGNINE as the mysterious MRS. FAIRFIX as the dreaded MERCILESS MING

Don't miss the story of this man's ruthless climb to power.

"I WAS MERCILESS MING'S LOVER"

What gave this man his lust for power?

Why did Ming leave the militia?

Why did the "Sydney Warning Error" oppose Ming?

Co-starring: YUL BRYNNER as HARRY DOLT and CHIPS RAFFITY as BLACK JACK McU-WIN

DON'T MISS . . . PLEASE . . . DON'T MISS

THE

L.C.L. BULL OF 1965 IN PARLIAMENT BALLROOM

NORTH TERRACE, ADELAIDE

See the judging of the L.C.L. Myth of 1965 and her presentation to the FEDERAL PLEASURER, the Rt. Hon. Harry Dolt and Mrs. Dolt.

TICKETS AVAILABLE TO APPROVED FAMILIES

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF JOINING

THE **L. C. L.**

or

BECOMING A YOUNG LIBERTARIAN

Post this coupon for further information to:

Gen. Sec. of L.C.L., North Terrace, Adelaide.

I am interested in the following (tick as required):

- Meeting NICE young men
- Entering a beauty contest
- Appending balls
- Rapid advancement in my job
- Gaining social prestige
- Becoming a member
- Ugh! Politics

Name.....

Address.....

S.A. IN NEED OF ARMED FORCES

There is currently a chronic need for South Australia to develop its own armed forces.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Blue X was told this yesterday afternoon by the South Australian leader of the Returned Stormtroopers' League (Brigadier Yardstick).

He was speaking at their Mid-winter Fun-Raising Do at the "Guy's House", North Terrace.

Not only is the formation of a military force the logical extension of our present and past enlightened governmental policy in South Australia. It is also made necessary by the presence of disloyal and unregimented forces who illogically are against our benevolent leader.

Despite the perfectly fair electoral system these dis-

ruptive forces claim they are being treated unjustly.

It is fortunate that we have been able to check them so far, by grouping them together so that their claims cannot affect other people's rights. However, they still threaten society.

L.C.L. ACTION

A motion, which originated from the Young Liber-

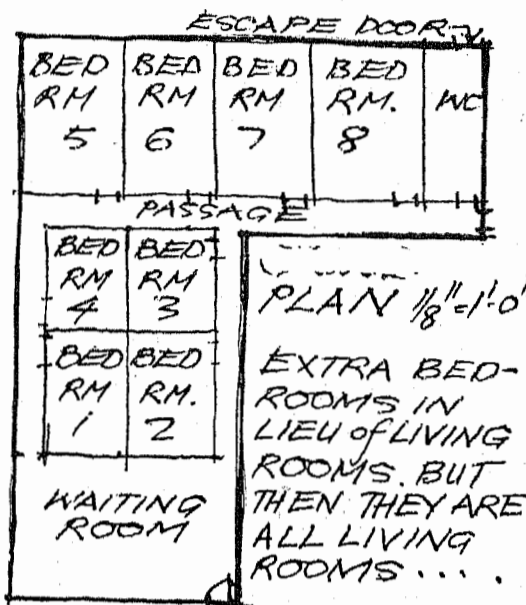
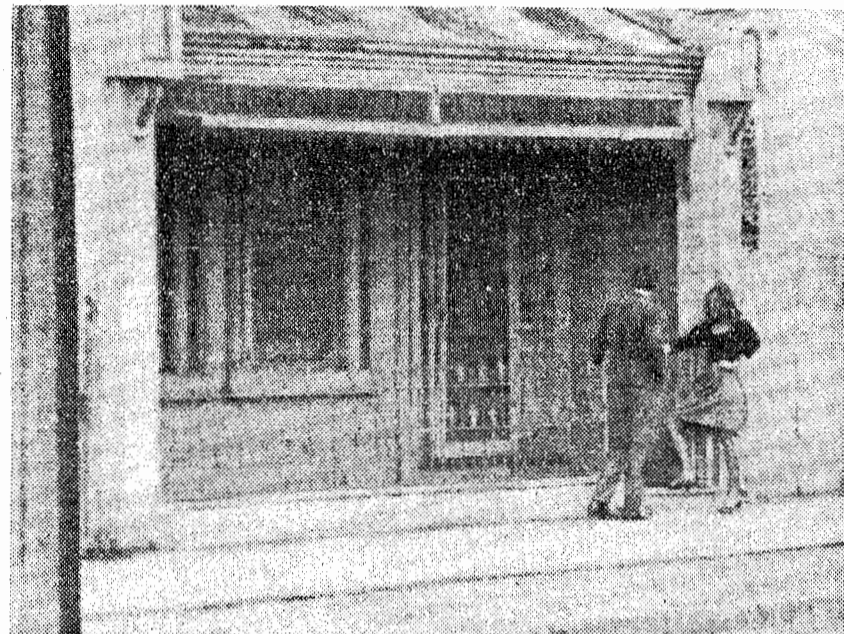
tarians, led to their merging with the C.M.F. This new army already has in hand the excellent defence maps drawn during the last war.

It is necessary that Adelaide's Society be changed if we are to preserve our democratic conditions and free speech. There will be changes, but the changes will be fundamentally RIGHT.

THIS WEEKEND IN

Your Home

THIS YEAR'S HOUSE OF HOPE



FULFILLS THE NEEDS OF MARRIED AND SINGLE MEN

This is the infamous House of Hope. It is L-shaped with the words "Abandon all hope all ye who enter here", written above the door.

Next weekend Miss OhBoy will be in personal attendance to give the public an insight to the workings of this house.

BUSINESS HOUSES SUPPORT

The House of Hope has been made possible through the kind patronage of many prominent South Australian businessmen.

house, including the multi-purpose bath plug that really has a multitude of uses in every house.

The styling of the House of Hope is unique, bearing a great phallic symbol in the form of a doorpost. Adelaide architects have really let their hair down and brought forth a masterpiece.

Every person has an opportunity to sleep within the walls of the House of Hope; just fill out an entry form and hope.

PUBLIC INVITED

A Ball will be held to open the House of Hope, after which the public is invited to inspect this enterprise.

On Sunday, the satorial Sinsburys will be in attendance to show to the public everything there. So, if you are just standing around, then visit the House of Hope. Come to the heart of Adelaide, forget your modest thoughts, and have a go at the price Guess the price of rubber goods used in the House of Hope.

The Government has assured the proprietors of the House of Hope a pound for pound subsidy on all the donations received, for it see the project as a well deserving one, that will do much to prevent miserable children in our State.

Among prominent business houses that have clubbed together to make possible this venture are: Messrs. Lyndon & Co., who supplied the heading, "Sleep well with Lyndon". The Dungflop Company have donated all the price Guess the price of rubber goods used in the House of Hope.

YOUR HOME Handyman

NOVEL TIMER FOR HARD-BOILED EGGS

It's not difficult to make this original implement to time your egg-boiling chores. Two empty beer bottles provide the basis.

Simply measure up a couple of 5-in. squares of wood (five-ply will do the job) and recess them to a depth of half an inch to take the bottle bases.

Fill one of the bottles with sand, or bull-dust, and place the bottle mouths together. Join the wooden bases with wire (the diagram shows you how).

You'll be surprised how gay your implement looks

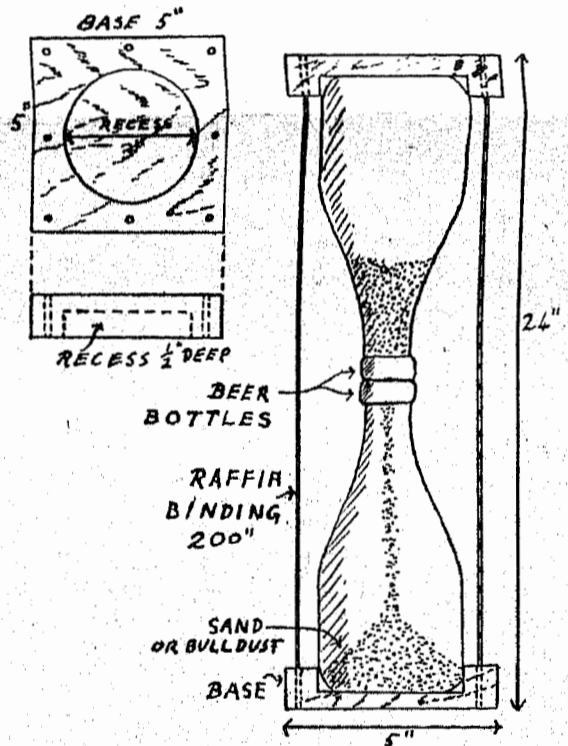
when you cover the beer brand names with bright Scotch tape and paint the whole thing with colourful patterns (an "Old Father Time" portrait is effective).

If cooking very small eggs, then you should use a couple of soft drink bottles.

For a more Bohemian look, try a couple of Chianti bottles and bind the bases with raffia. Cover the

whole implement with an old onion bag.

A popular variation of this fascinating piece of household equipment is to use brightly coloured beads instead of sand. This gives a more joyous atmosphere to this new version of a very ancient theme and results in the emanation of a pleasant tinkling sound.



MOLLY

HANG FIXTURES SECURELY

SCREW ANCHORS

WHERE SCREWS WON'T HOLD... MOLLY WILL!!

EASY TO USE... NO SPECIAL TOOLS NECESSARY

Molly hold securely in any hollow wall construction. Allows you to install fixtures where you want — Molly expands behind wall... the perfect fastener to hold ANYTHING! Puts an end to lose fixtures, broken walls and crumbling surfaces. (Fixtures can be removed for cleaning and replaced in same anchor).

MOLLY CORP., Hot Springs, Vic.

offer subject to withdrawal without notice

Sample Box 12 for Only 10/-

(POST FREE)

ASK YOUR HARDWARE SUPPLIER For MOLLY

YOUR HOME Gardening

Rose pruning advice

If you take a good look at a rose bush, you will see two different types of wood—the old growth and the new.

The old growth has grey streaks running along its length. The new wood is green in colour with smooth bark.

One of the principle aims in pruning is to replace all the old barked wood as far as possible with young fresh growth. The second aim is to remove light, weak, twiggly growth, leaving a framework of vigorous wood, which will throw strong shoots when the Spring growth begins.

The first job is to look at your rose bush to see how much old growth can be removed, particularly from the centre of the bush.

Often one or two large cuts can be made which will

remove practically the whole of it, leaving a nicely placed scaffold of water-shoot growth to carry the growth next year. Not infrequently, however, the shoots which must be used this year are arising from very low down on old wood, so portion of the old framework must be retained.

Noted gardeners, such as T. Playfair, are in favour of leaving all the old wood, which often has the result of stunting new growth, whereas other gardeners such as D. Kans favour the new modern technique, which we suggest is the one to follow when you are pruning your rose bush.

TIME TO CHECK

'DRIVERS

Any time is the right time to take stock of your screwdrivers, and you will probably find some of them chipped, bent, or some other way distorted.

Tools like this can be, and often are, a nightmare for the handyman.

A few minutes is all that is needed to put them back into useable order.

GRINDING

They should be ground back into correct shape on

an emery wheel or grindstone.

The edges should be smooth and even, and the faces near the ends parallel to each other.

If this is not done precisely the screwdriver probably will slip at the crucial moment.

It should be remembered, a faulty screwdriver not only damages the heads of screws, but is liable to jump the slot and tear a gaping strip out of the surface being worked on.



Masochist

We Specialize in
"SEE-THRU"
BRAS

MODERN GIRLS
RUNDLE STREET

LATE NEWS

RECORD BROKEN
Reported that D. Campbell has broken the world ice yachting speed record today on Lake Yaddirawirakanna, where ice conditions were said to be perfect. He broke the previous record of 140 m.p.h. by 753 m.p.h.

M.P. STOWS AWAY
Mr. D. A. Dungstones (member for Whorewood) left Outer Harbour this morning allegedly heading for East Germany. Says he fears Fascist revolt. Can't fight single-handed all the time.

NO RIOTS
Expected riots in city near suburban areas not eventuated. Thought that majority of students sleeping off effects of "Prosh" Eve party. "Prosh" Director (Mr. Dirty Durex) says students have again failed to do as they are told.

COUNCILLOR FAINTS
Ct. Pester Hipman falls into faint as group of students approach Council Chambers. It is believed she thought they had come to extract their pound of flesh.

**HAD ANY
HERNIAS
LATELY?**

**BUY A LLOYD'S
TIMBER TRUSS**

Wholly set up and printed by Adelaide Typographers, Nth. Tce., Adelaide, for the Students' Representative Council of Adelaide University.

THE BARNES DANCE



The Barnes Dance, that controversial pedestrian dance from the Eastern states, has been introduced to Adelaide.

The site, at the Rundle Street-Gawler Place intersection was chosen because the promoters (A.C.C. Inc.) felt that would be the best place to cause the most inconvenience to abusive power-crazy motorists.

A.C.C. Inc. had hoped to run the dance along proper lines, but it soon degenerated in to a shambles, or what is more commonly known as a "rocker" show.

PEOPLE COMPLAIN
Special "bouncers" in dark uniforms and crazy checked hats have been employed to ensure that people keep on the dance floor and dance only when the lights are green and signs show "waltz".

People have complained that they have been rudely removed from the floor by big "bouncers" during the "don't waltz" period. Surely if a person pays his rates he is entitled to waltz whenever he chooses.

Many young women complain that they have been solicited by males, who have

asked them if they can waltz them to any corner.

RIGHTS INFRINGED
Furthermore, the motorist, who before the introduction of the Barnes Dance used to drive down Rundle Street, knocking down or threatening to knock down pedestrians who dared to venture across his path of destruction, regards this new innovation as an infringement of his civil rights.

Relations appear to be strained between the "bouncers" and the pedestrians, but it is impossible at this stage to say whether this new dance introduced to Adelaide will curb any of the enthusiasm, previously directed through the Beatles.

COMMITTEE
The formation has been announced of a committee appointed by A.C.C. Inc. to investigate the whole question of the Barnes Dance. It is up to this committee to decide whether or not the experiment will be continued and, if it is to be, to determine the rules and regulations governing those who "take the floor".

SPECIAL "BOUNCERS" removing two young women from the barn dance floor during the "don't waltz" period. (Photograph by courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald")

SPORTING DIPLOMAT SERVES A SCHUNA

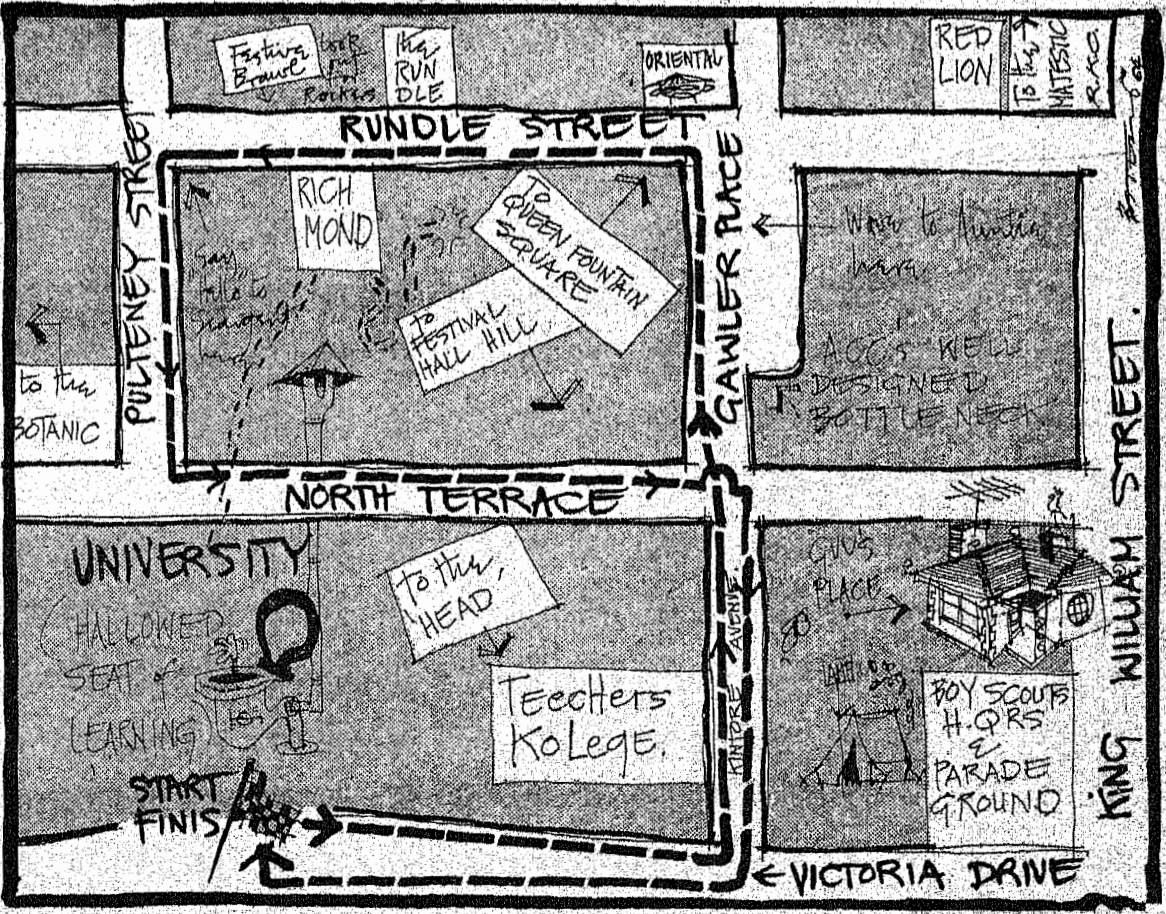
Overseas sportsmen came under heavy fire today from leading tennis man Clarry Flopman. "These blokes just don't know how they should play the game", he told reporters.

He was commenting on the recent zone semi-final for the Cup, in which he accused our opponents of pulling a fast one. "I didn't mind their lack of respect for a while," he said. "They obviously didn't know that Coy's smashes, for instance, should have been treated with respect, and not returned like they were. They seemed to deliberately disregard our boys' formidable reputations. "But when they started winning, I saw red. "No decent Australian could stand by and let this happen. So I accused them

of cheating — they looked bloody shifty anyway. It seemed to do the trick." Commenting on the incident, Mr. Flopman said the only way to avoid this sort of thing was to restrict the Cup contest to a straight out fight between the Aussies and the Yanks. "That way, no one minds losing, and the rules are played properly," Mr. Flopman went on. "I mean, fair's fair, you know. We're doing them a favour by taking our great team to foreign countries, and we ought to be treated properly. But you can never tell with these foreign blokes."

Asked if the L.T.A.A. supported his views, he pointed out that what he said involved changes in the present set-up, and would be outside that body's understanding as a result. "They might ban other countries' players from the Cup if they don't play for six months in Australia, though." Returning to the subject of foreign players, Mr. Flopman had a final word: "Struth, I don't like to say it, but I reckon some of these blokes are playing amateur tennis for the love of the game, rather than the expenses for overseas trips."

It has come to our notice that many members of the public have not, in past years, been aware of the Prosh route, or even the course to be taken. This route has been carefully worked out so as to give the fullest possible enjoyment to anyone who is just shopping around the town, or is just passing through.



The **IN-GROUP** home of motor-cycling enthusiasts

D. & K. Williams
186 Brown Street, Adelaide

Motor cycle wrecker and Dealer for new and second-hand machines

HAVE YOU LAUGHED, CRIED, COMPLAINED WHILE READING YOUR "ONE DAY WAIL".

WHICHEVER IT WAS, REMEMBER THAT

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE
THE WAR VETERANS' HOMES, and
THE ABORIGINES SCHOLARSHIPS SCHEME
ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE MONEY PAID FOR YOUR COPY