



SNOW & ME

By **BILL SUTTON**

Foreword . . .

Bill Sutton

AFTER the phenomenal success of his booklet of short stories, "Leave the Heads on 'Em," this latest booklet by Bill Sutton is assured of a warm welcome.

The booklet contains a selection of sharply satirical sketches that have appeared in the QUEENSLAND GUARDIAN over a number of years, each one driving its barb into the body of injustice, deceit and hypocrisy that has been and is oppressing the working man.

The range of subjects is immense, as wide as the range of the life of the worker itself and, indeed, whenever injustice raised its ugly head, it received a well-directed blow from the pen of the author. The publication of these sketches in booklet form will not only continue this well-merited attack but will give it added impetus.

These sketches will make you laugh, but not laugh at the ordinary man, but with him, and win you to stand side by side with him in his struggles for a better life. They are a valuable addition to the rapidly-growing working class literature of Australia.

But they are of a kind that is all too few in this country, and this makes them doubly welcome.

—JIM HENDERSON

Snow at the Meatworks

Published by W. Sutton, 11 Wren Street, Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

By the same Author—

LEAVE THE HEADS ON 'EM
and other short stories

A Bit of Bull

I'M walking up the stairs in the tank-house at the abattoir with Snow when I sees a strange sight—a couple of boys from the freezers pushing what looks like a barrow-load of worms. "Was they worms?" I ask Snow. "Not worms," says Snow. "Spinal cords of bullocks."

Snow must be mad, I thinks, the job's got him, for Snow's been here for a long time—or maybe he's kidding.

But Snow ain't mad, and for once in his life he ain't kidding.

"Spinal cords," he continues, "are used generally as a base for lipstick, face creams, and the like, but this lot has been brought down to be rendered into protein."

PROTEIN? thinks I. OH! NO! Instead of gladdening some young lady's life and making male hearts pound madly, here's one lot of spinal cords that won't come to such a glamorous end. Instead they'll soon be gobbled up by someone's black orpingtons.

"What a waste," I says to Snow. But Snow is non-committal. As I said before, Snow has been here a long time and he ain't surprised.

I Put It on Snow for the Fund

I AM talking to Snow at the Abattoir, I am trying to convince him he should give me a "spin" for the Communist Party's Fighting Fund. Snow is likewise trying to convince me he shouldn't.

Don't get Snow wrong; he supports the Party, but when it comes to hitting the kick Snow throws his dough around like a man with his arms in a straitjacket. It would be easier to get out of Chief Little Wolf's Indian deathlock than to get a spin out of Snow.

But I know how badly the Party wants money, and as it can only be got from blokes like Snow and me, I'm taking no knock-backs.

I asks Snow doesn't he want us to carry on?

He says he knows the Party is short, but look at all the reasons why he can't be slinging: he gives us four bob a week anyway, his wife goes crook at light-on pays, and he's done his dough three weeks running at the races.

I can see Snow is ready to go on talking, hoping to be saved by the dinner bell. So I says to him why don't he give me a quid a week for the next five weeks?

I keeps talking; Menzies is costing him much more than a spin. What about the money that's needed for the Oust Menzies campaign?

This touches Snow, for Snow would probably like a dose of thallium more than he likes Pig Iron.

He thaws a bit. If Dog Ears wins the flying this Saturday, he says, I get the spin.

I am patient with Snow. I explains that if the Party has to rely on flea-bitten nags for its funds, there'd be no Party—and besides, Fast Feet is going to lick Dog Ears anyway.

Snow is beat. But he has a last try; the Party is on him too often, he says.

So I tells Snow to take his pick—the Party on him now and again, or the boss system on him for always.

Snow knows the answer. He's giving me the blueback next pay-day.

October 7, 1953.

A Change for Snow

"I SEE there's a bloke who claims to be a 33rd cousin of the Tsar who says he's an authority on the Soviet Union, writing his memoirs for the Smellygraph," says Snow.

It's lunchtime at the Abattoir. Snow takes a deep swig from his billy (Snow says only softies use cups) and continues: "I see this here bloke says that under the present set-up in the Soviet Union people are like they come out of a mould, what's that word...?"

"Stereotyped," I says.

"That's it," down goes a few more mouthfuls of tea. "Stereotyped..." Snow muses, "that will be a change for me."

I looks up inquiringly.

Snow continues: "Now take me under this set-up, right here in Aussie.

"I do the same job every day, I start the same time every day, I finish the same time every day, I go to the pictures every Friday night, I do me dough regularly at the nags (when I got dough), I get for lunch cheese sandwiches three times a week, for the other two days I get egg, and I live in a housing camp where you can't tell one house from the other."

Snow finishes his last cheese sandwich, washes it down with the last of his tea.

"Yes," he says, "being stereotyped will certainly be a change."

"Loafers" of the World Unite

PLEASED to meet you all, folks—my name's Snow—I'm just one of those blokes the newspapers are always writing up that does nothing—

Well me, I'm wondering if that is so, why am I so tired of a night?

Maybe I need a tonic or something.

Or maybe it just ain't true that we toilers are a bunch of loafers.

But we MUST be, because I see where the outstanding economist, Sir Norman Higher, says we will all have to produce more, and to prove that he is prepared to do his bit, he produced enough dough to buy a shack at Surfers' Paradise.

Now me, if I got out of a job and couldn't pay my tucker bill, this would make me a villain, and I would maybe get tossed in the peter.

But Sir Norman pays his bills—this makes him a most respectable citizen—maybe the fact he's worth a million has a little to do with why Normie Boy is not in Hock.

But us loafers is well off, if we produce about double what we do now, perhaps Palsy-Walsy Norman will allow us to eat meat twice a year.

And, Palsy, I don't want to infer you handle the truth carelessly... That's libel... and loafers just don't earn enough for Privy Council cases... but, Palsy, this imaginary shovel I use is getting mighty heavy as imaginary shovels go...

And, Normie old mate, the boss I do nothing for must think automation is another name for the new Holden, for the most modern thing sighted at the dump I work at is wheelbarrows.

Come to think of it, your Lordship, you say I am a no-good, loafing scoundrel, specially when the boys and me jack up for more pay... you'd know, of course.

But, boy, either me or you should see a psychiatrist, because, man, if I don't work, I wonder how my boss made over a million sovereigns' profit last year.

You can bet an emu to a canary he never won it on the gee-gees.

Ta ta, Norm, old boy, see you at the Surfers' shack for champagne and fish eggs.

You'll have to shout, Old Man... I'm a little short of ten-pound notes this time of the year.

Snow on the Cup

Snow, Walls and the Cup

SNOW and me are talking about the Berlin wall. I tells Snow that these walls are built to keep the villains out.

Snow says not always; for instance, the wall that worries him is the one round the race track that keeps him out if he hasn't his dump in.

Snow says he knows the Berlin wall is to stop the quick-quid merchants, and they are the blokes who are screaming.

Snow is a funny bloke. He reckons if you want to get the right score on anything political, read the capitalist press, go opposite to it and you are jake.

I drums Snow that only for the wall it was almost a cert for a third world war.

Snow says this would have been the biggest tragedy since Spear Chief beat Ajax at 33/1 on.

He goes on to say that all the spy organisations in West Berlin had an open slather at border-hopping before the wall ki-boshed them.

I comment that many of these spivs and spies who have their source of income cut off can now shoot through to another country.

Snow says that, after what happened in the last war, he would have thought the American heads would have given the Nazis the same sort of reception as a cancer specialist would get at a cigarette manufacturers' convention, but now it seems they are real buddies with Hitler's pals who are back in power in West Germany.

From this I can see it is not only the Melbourne Cup that has Snow toey, but I change the subject and ask him for a tip for the big race.

Snow says he thinks a little each way on Even Stevens will help get a donation for Guardian.

I tells him I hope this is a better tip than the Central Intelligence Agency one last year when it gave the oil it was OK to invade Cuba and the Invaders run last.

Snow says it can't be worse.

I concur.

October 31, 1962.

Snow, Me and Cuba

LIFE is hardly bearable with Snow since he tipped the winner of the Melbourne Cup.

He thinks he is the greatest genius since the bloke that invented the name of "giant half quart" for pint bottles.

I tells Snow that now he is pursed up I will be able to sell him some good literature.

Snow puts it straight back on me and suggests I sling a little of my Even Stevens winnings to Guardian.

He says I have been suffering too long with that bad disease—ingrown wallet.

I quickly change the subject to Cuba. I tells Snow we very nearly had no Cup this year, only Khrushchov moved in with the Soviet proposals and stopped the Cuban blue.

Snow says the Yank heads want it all their own way—1400 bases to none. Snow says he wishes he could get these sort of odds from the bookies.

I tells Snow that President Kennedy is the front-man for the big capitalists of America.

Snow says there are now nearly as many Kennedys in Washington as there are parking meters in Queen Street.

I comment that maybe they were elected on breeding.

Snow says breeding isn't enough in humans or racehorses. And he says he hopes some of the other Kennedys show better peace form than John F.

I tells Snow that we don't want to let our guard down on supporting Cuba now, as the big bugs will still pour in the boot if they see a chance.

Snow says he is a wake-up that the Yank skulls want to down Castro, because Cuba was the first to pass the post in the Throw Out the Millionaires Stakes round that part of the world and the Yank nobs are dead scared that some of the other countries about there might follow this lead and disqualify the millionaires for life.

I tells Snow I agree with his "Hands Off Cuba" attitude.

Snow says he wishes I would agree with his "Hands Off Snow's Kick" campaign.

I can see that even the TV ads will never make Snow too dizzy to think quick.

November 14, 1962.

Snow Tips Again

I AM asking Snow to sling me a tip for the big event next month.

Snow wants to know whether I mean the Melbourne Cup or the Federal elections. (Snow thinks the three Rs are Racing, Results and Ridding the Country of Menzies.)

I tells him I'd like a tip for both.

Snow fancies himself a keen political observer since he tipped Macmillan's fall by the wayside.

I tells him Blind Frederick could have picked this, but what about the election here where we don't have obliging prostates in Tory notabilities?

Snow says there is a good show of toppling "Snap Election" Menzies.

I tells Snow that the Menzies Government will have a shorter remaining life than crook nylon stockings if it is fought on a policy like the 35-hour week and more in the kick for the worker, more dough for education, and less done cold on war expenditure.

Snow agrees and gets smartly on to the subject of the Cup.

He says his purse at the present time is about as small as the atom the Soviet scientists photographed a while back, but he is going to have a little each way on Summer Regent who is a good stayer.

I tells Snow I hope this neddy does not stay on the track too long.

Snow says that makes two of us.

October 30, 1963.

Snow's Sorrow

SNOW is getting round dazed like as if he'd been at an all night stomp session.

He is sad because his Melbourne Cup tip was about as successful as Madame Nhu's trip to the UnUnited States.

I tells Snow he'd better have a let-up from his confrontation campaign against the TAB and Bookies.

Snow says this is a moral because, ever since the Cup, every time he puts his hand in his kick there is no reply.

I suggests to Snow that while he is holidaying from the punt he could concentrate on bringing his old mate Menzies unstuck.

Snow says he has backed some crocks in his time but he'd never fall for what Menzies has done, buying a plane that is still only a lot of lines drawn on a piece of paper.

I tells Snow that Menzies last time only won in a photo finish

because the Groupers flung him their preferences.

I also drum Snow that Menzies' promise to put value back in the pound is a big Ha Ha.

Snow says the quids he ain't got at the present moment can't be worth more than eight bob.

I tells Snow a few Communists in Parliament would lift the class of the field.

Snow agrees.

I am sure Snow will eventually break his hobbles again and commit accidental economic suicide with the bookies.

But at the moment he is right on the ball.

November 13, 1963.

Snow on Winning Elections

SNOW usually has that highly contagious Melbourne Cup sickness this time of the year.

However, just to be a nark, he wants to talk politics today.

He says those who reckon the class struggle is ended should tell that to the GMH workers, the metal unions, the AWU toilers in Mt. Isa and many other Aussie citizens, as these people, judging by their strike actions, don't appear to have got the message yet.

I tells Snow the theory about the class struggle being ended is as false as his SP bookie's income-tax return.

Snow says the recent Victorian by-election gave the old one-two to the idea that strikes hurt Labor and help the Tories at election time.

When the numbers went up in that by-election, Bolte and his DLP pals were left for dead, at the very time that 8000 Victorian GMH unions were bunging on a blue for a three quid a week increase.

I tells Snow that the "no struggle" philosophy does not win friends and influence people to the labor movement, but only allows the sixty families who own Australia to get their hands deeper into the people's kicks.

Snow now reverts to type and says his tip for this year's Cup should do the opposite. It should put a few quid into the general public's pockets.

I tells him that if his drum is no better than last time it will be as welcome as royalty at a "Quebec for Quebecians" meeting.

Snow says I am a hard sell and reckons the best each way chance is Sybeau and for the TAB Elkayel.

I tells Snow, despite the wisdom of his choice, the class struggle will still be on with us after the race.

Snow says yes, and even while it's on, too.

October 28, 1964.

I Sell Snow the Good Oil

SNOW said he never thought he would live to see the day that a State Government Tory politician would support a strike.

I am thinking Snow must be on the sherbert or maybe he is a bit dazed trying to work out whether the TAB odds are better than the bookmakers. But when I find out he means Ernie Evans supports the Moonie oil strike I can see Snow is no flat.

Snow goes on to say something about Ernest Ernie having oil shares. I suppose Snow says this because Snow is generally crooked on Tory politicians. He says that every time they promise you something you can put your hand in your kick because it is going to cost you dough.

However, Snow has something in common with Ernie. He also is an oil investor. But every Saturday the oil he invests in runs like it suffers with rheumatics.

I tell Snow he can get the real griffen on the oil business by buying the pamphlet "Australia's Oil for Australia," by Ernie Campbell.

Snow tries to counter the above political commentary by saying I am nearly as bad as the politicians for each conversation with me lightens his pocket considerably.

I tells Snow he can take his choice of buying the pamphlet or investing the bob in Moonie.

Snow makes it clear that this statement of mine is not considered by him to be fantastically funny but, as he sees no chance of self-emancipation in the oil investment of a bob, he will give me the dough for the pamphlet next week as the bookies put him through the cleaners last Saturday.

He says he hopes the drum in the pamphlet is better than the stuff he gets from the urgers.

I tell him this is a moral.

September 12, 1962.

Snow, Me and the Market

SNOW says he hopes I haven't another pamphlet to sell him.

He reckons my slogan should be "Workers of the world, unite; you having nothing to lose but your change," as this is what he loses every time I talk with him.

I tells Snow the Common Market will relieve him of more

than his small change if we don't do something about it.
Snow is a wake-up to this.

He tells me he thinks, to straighten out this blue a bit, we should trade with People's China. Snow says if the Australian wheat farmers had not traded with China, the pile of unsold wheat would be higher than most Cape Canaveral rockets ever get.

Although Snow's judgment of horseflesh leaves a bit to be desired, it is clear he is no galah on other things.

I tells Snow that trade with China is one of the things that will help, but capitalism is the cause of all the trouble.

I tell Snow the big moneyed men are in more strife than the Plymouth Brethren but are trying to throw the Common Market burden on to the battlers.

Snow says he noticed how united all that mob are. Mac the Knife knocking off Cabinet Ministers right and left; Bury biting the dust; Menzies and McEwen blueing—a big, happy family.

I drum Snow that the best idea on this subject I have heard is the International Trade Conference proposed by Khrushchov.

Snow says this is a bonzer idea, provided there are stewards to watch the rorts that might come from the Kennedy stable.

I tells Snow I can't imagine anyone hot-pointing Mr. K.

Snow agrees. He has come a long way from the day his only literature was a race book.

September 26, 1962.

Snow Studies 60 Families' Form

SNOW is ropeable—I am thinking he must have backed a haybag that was beaten by a nostril, so I advise him to back horses with longer noses in the future.

However, it is not the gee gees Snow is doing his block about, but the big Mt. Isa Mines bonus share handout.

I tells Snow that at certain times of the year these bonus handouts are as plentiful as torn-up betting tickets after a favorite is beaten.

Among other things, they are to put the smother on how much dough the toilers are getting done for.

Snow says he finds it hard to work out how the silvertails work this kind of business.

I tells Snow not to let this drive him up the wall. He can become a real expert on these slanters if he has a gander at Ernie Campbell's new book, "The 60 Rich Families Who Own Aus-

Snow Gets Right Drum

tralia," due out in the next few weeks and which will only cost him the price of two tote tickets.

Snow says it is a toss up whether he knows less about race-horses or economics. He says before he became an expert on the nags, he knew something about them.

I tells Snow that the slow neddies are not the main reason why most toilers have king-size empty spaces in their pockets, but because the touch tactics of the 60 monopoly families who will be put on display in Campbell's book.

Snow says he always reckoned his SP bookie was a villain but he is only a piker compared to the manipulators in USA who run the Mt. Isa Mines doings.

I tells Snow it's no good punishing my lug. If he wants the good drum he will have to part up with half a fiddley for the book.

Snow orders one.

July 31, 1963.

Snow, Punting and Penal Powers

SNOW goes to the races to try to get pursed up to have more clothes than Jackie Kennedy. But if he keeps going as bad as he did last Saturday, he'll finish up like Jackie Howe—in a singlet.

We are discussing politics which seems to get Snow's mind off the nags. I tells him I have some escapist literature to sell him in the form of a pamphlet by Jack McPhillips called "Penal powers cost unions £1 million."

Snow says it is a toss-up which costs the toilers most: Arbitration, the gee gees, or me with my literature.

I tells Snow this booklet will save him dough in the long run.

Snow says my sales talk gets more and more like the chain stores. He says next thing I will be having specials of economy-size pamphlets, only 50 to each customer.

I brings Snow back on to the subject by drumming him that it's about time he got his head out of his race book and read the real drum on what Menzies' policies are costing the unions.

This rouses Snow, because he hates Menzies even more than beaten favorites, which he hates something terrible.

He says I have worn him down and he will take one.

I tells Snow to remember when he is on his hot line to his bookie next Saturday to save the deener for the pamphlet.

October 16, 1963.

Snow on Nationalisation

SNOW is a red hot case for the proposed punters' clinic.

When he wins at the gee gees he is as talkative as Cassius Clay, but today he is as silent as a beer manufacturer who has been asked for a donation to Alcoholics Anonymous. So I know he is going bad.

I try to cheer him up by suggesting that at least the horses he wagered on would be more mobile than our "Stick in the Mud" Centurion tanks.

Snow is not too sure of this and it only makes him sadder to think he had to foot the bill for both these cumbersome articles, so I change the subject by asking him what he got out of studying the draft Congress material.

I am half expecting him to reply "Headaches." But even though Snow is a victim for the punt, he is not so flat otherwise and says he is keen on the Party's attitude to nationalisation.

I gigs him that this is because of his support for the nationalised TAB.

Snow ignores this and says he now sees nationalisation as a trial gallop for Socialism.

I remind Snow that the capitalists only want the industries in which they can make a big cop, and that we should battle to nationalise these.

Snow agrees, and says he must take this up more strongly in his union.

I tells Snow that as his political level has risen as a result of reading the draft, I have good news for him.

Snow says if it's a winner I'm going to sling, I'd better supply the betting money also.

It is my turn to brush aside the wisecracks. I inform him that the glad tidings are that I have a pamphlet to sell him—"Labor Movement at the Crossroads."

Snow gives in without a struggle. He says that as his dough is now unfortunately reposing in the bank in his bookie's name, he will buy now and pay later.

I tells him I hope he settles before decimal currency arrives.

March 24, 1964.

Snow and Mt. Isa Silvertails

I AM telling Snow about "Buried Treasure." At first he thinks it is his bookie's black market money. But when I informs him it is another pamphlet he says our publications are becoming as plentiful as MP seconders for resolutions on Parliamentary pay rises.

I tells Snow this bottler little booklet, by Pete Thomas, shows how Mt. Isa Mines worked the oracle to make just on six million pounds cop in one year alone.

Snow says even Phar Lap didn't earn that amount in a season.

I drums Snow that one of the biggest rorts was the Tory Government's free handout of a 30 million quid railway line to MIM.

Snow asks how such a touch was made.

I tells him to read it for himself.

Snow asks about this company's pedigree.

I tells Snow Ernie Evans, the Minister for Mines, and his wife have 3500 shares in the company, and "Artful Artie" Fadden and family have over 29,000 shares.

However, I tells Snow these individuals are small-time compared to the big wheel Yank investors who own the controlling shares.

Snow says it's no wonder these silvertails do their blocks when nationalisation is mentioned.

I tells Snow if he keeps talking he won't have to buy the pamphlet, and suggest he dig deep in his kick and sling the necessary deuce before he squanders it on a race book.

Snow says there's no way in the world his loot will remain buried for long with me around.

April 8, 1964.

Snow Put Finger on Menzies

I TELLS SNOW it must have been extra embarrassing for Sir Garfield Barwick when he got left in the starting stalls as he was about to take off for an extensive official overseas tour, even though he cracked it for the pea job of Chief Justice.

I asks Snow if he is going to throw up a five-gallon keg to celebrate his old cobber's elevation to the bench.

I can see Snow is not sure if it's a promotion or a purge. He says Menzies changes his Ministers nearly as often as a mannequin changes her clothes.

I tells Snow the Menzies Government must have reached for the headache powders when the Yank heads gave the cold shoulder to Sir G's statement that the US army would defend Australian troops in Borneo. I assure Snow, of course, that this had nothing to do with Sir G's promotion.

Snow says the Yank army has its own troubles, especially in South Vietnam, where they haven't won a battle since Adam was a little boy in fig-leaf napkins.

I drums Snow that one reason the Yank heads are not mad keen to defend Malaysia is because the cop being made there is going to the British monopolists who have over 400 million quid invested in that area.

Snow says this amount makes even the TAB look small time.

I tells Snow that now Sir G is going to hand out the big time justice, I hope he has a gander at laws like the phoney phone-tapping law.

Snow says he notices it only took an 84-word statement from Menzies to knock Sir G off.

I tells Snow this is even a less amount of yabber than I have to do when I sell him a pamphlet, and I remark in passing that "Buried Treasure" has gone into a second edition.

Snow says I am like private-enterprise TV, always good for a commercial.

May 29, 1964.

Snow, Me and Indonesia

SNOW is a Bex appeal case today. He says the quid special he backed must have left its gallop on the track as it never run a drum.

I tells Snow the only thing that was really left on the track was his dough—in the bookie's bag.

I tells him I hope he saved half a dollar from the debacle to buy Malcolm Salmon's "Friends and Neighbours."

Snow says my vocabulary is indeed limited unless I have a pamphlet to sell.

I tells Snow this publication is a good answer to the capitalist propaganda that has many people in a lather of sweat worrying about paper talk of Indonesian invasion.

I drums Snow Malcolm Salmon points out the reasons why the Indonesians have no need or intention of invading and that the real purpose of the king-size blast against them is because the Faceless Men behind Malaysia are frightened of getting the boot and losing loot to the extent of approximately 600 million smackeros sterling.

Snow says I appear to be determined to make an armchair philosopher out of him by my confrontation policy of literature salesmanship.

I will not be slewed and I tells Snow that he can get his mind off the Beatles and topless bathing costumes and become cluey on South-East Asia by reading the good oil in "Friends and Neighbours."

Snow sighs and I know victory is near.

July 22, 1964.

Snow Gets the Drum

Maybe It's Me, Not Snow, That's Been the Dumb One

I ASKS SNOW what he thinks of British Guiana. I am expecting him to ask in reply what race it is in and who will be riding it, but I get a pleasant surprise when he says it seems funny to him that the papers one day say that the people of British Guiana welcome the troops with open arms, and the next day they are all out on strike.

Snow's not so dumb as I think, or maybe since he gave me the "spin" for the Party he is taking more interest in things.

Or maybe, I thinks to myself, perhaps I've been the dumb one, for I'm always telling Snow about things like Dialectical Materialism.

Snow at first thought it was a kind of disease and the way I've been explaining it to him I'm not too sure myself.

Then whenever Snow bucks to me about beer going up, or that it has cost his missus and kids a quid more to get to the Exhibition this year, I thinks what a lug punisher Snow is and quickly change the subject to Empirio-Criticism, or some such like topic.

It's about time I woke, I think; no wonder Snow wants to talk about racehorses all the dinner hour, because if he don't I bash his ear on things he don't yet understand.

Maybe if I listen to Snow a bit more about his troubles, help him get round them, maybe Snow will help me with some of mine.

I think I'll give it a burl.

Snow Thinks It's the Raw Prawn

I ASKS SNOW what he thinks of the oil find in WA.

Snow says that a blind man with a bit and brace could have found it sooner. Of course this is only Snow's opinion.

Snow's mad enough to think that there is oil around Roma; he's always trying to crack it big at a swy game so he can invest. Better than the nags, Snow says.

Snow tells me that he reads in Guardian that General Motors Holden made four million quid last year and sent most of it back to the States. Snow says he wonders if they will do the same with the oil money.

I tells Snow that it is a moral.

Pig-Iron Bob, I tells him, has made an agreement with the American skulls so that they don't tax our investments there and we don't tax theirs here.

Snow says it's news to him that we had any spondulix invested in America. I tells Snow we got only a little.

Snow says he thinks that this is the raw prawn. We do all the work, the mob behind Menzies gets all the dough.

Snow says he can hardly wait for Socialism so as we get all the oil and all the dough.

I tell Snow if he just WAITS he'll wait forever.

Snow says he hereby proclaims he has no intentions of waiting, and he will take the first step by voting Menzies out and getting all his mates to do the same.

January 20, 1954.

Snow, Me and the N.C.C.

SNOW is reluctant to discuss the gee gees today, so I take it his punting on Saturday has not emancipated him.

Snow's losing days are almost as regular as following a constipation advert is supposed to make you.

I tells Snow the only difference between him and the Kennedy Government is that the US Government does more dough on the no-hopers it backs.

I tells Snow that USA sends off 1½ million dollars a day in South Vietnam and has still lost more ground than a sprinter would do in a two-mile race.

Snow says he reckons that Ngo Dinh Diem still has one straight-out backer—Santamaria.

But if the NCC keeps backing up on these no-chances, their organisation will finish so small that if they ever have to form fours they will need to ring in reinforcements.

I agrees, but I drums Snow not to let his guard down as the Groupers are like the prickly pear—just a few left, but still dangerous.

Snow says he is awake that Santamaria is not Santa Claus.

I tells Snow that the NCC, to get its dough, doesn't have to rely on backing four-legged refugees from a knackerery. Somewhere along the line it must get a big sling.

Snow says he will give me three guesses from who the sling comes, and he'll bet I'm right every time.

I tells Snow he'd better breast up to his union meetings more regularly because the Groupers are having a sneak go to take over.

Snow says he will. And as there are no races held in the night time, there is a good chance he will show.

September 25, 1963.

Snow, Me and Compliments of the Season

SNOW hasn't the Christmas spirit today. He is talking about joining Punters Anonymous.

I tells him he might as well put his dough in Latec and Reid Murray as on the fleabags he backs.

Snow has more faith in the gee gees, weak and all as they are, than he has in people's capitalism.

Snow changes the subject. He asks me to drum him what the Party's ideas are for next year.

I tells Snow that the battle for a nuclear-free zone in the Southern Hemisphere will draw close to No. 1 alley.

Snow says this is the grouse, but what about a mosquito-free zone for Brisbane, as the other night he was chewed up by mossies nearly as big as Wesley Hall.

It is my turn now to do the head-nodding.

I adds that next year we have to tip the Tories out in Queensland.

Snow says the Tories' slogan of "You own the State" is a real slanter, for if you took your whack out of it they would slam you in the peter.

Snow then says we had better pay a bit of attention to his old pal Take-a-Trip Menzies, who says there is no unemployment, just a few people out of work.

I tells Snow it looks like being a busy year for us next year.

Snow says never mind next year, what about this year, for with politics, punting, Empire Games and Test cricket, he is almost exhausted.

I tells Snow it must have been awful hard on him the amount of times he was forced to yell out "Have a go" at the first Test. But his holidays will revive him.

I suggests to Snow that, before he goes out for a spell, he invests a few notes on Socialism straight out by slinging his usual donation in advance to cover his holiday period.

Snow says he is as broke as a pickpocket in a nudist camp.

I tells Snow to hit his cunning kick.

Even though Snow's reply is a grunt, he is a certainty to come good.

December 18, 1962.

Snow's Curious About Cardboard Coffins

SNOW and me have been reading about the stockpiling of the cardboard coffins in England in case of atomic war.

Snow says one of the racehorses he backed last week could have used one of these as it was as dead as anything alive could be.

However, we are wondering if we can now expect salesmen to the door selling cardboard coffins in all colors, and full-page ads "Expire happily in one of our tasteful cardboard containers."

By the way, Snow had an argument with a "Better dead than Red" merchant the other day.

Snow called him Brittle Brain and said that, if he wanted to be as big a galah as him, he would carry a slogan "Better gory than Tory."

But he would prefer it to read "World disarmament now."

April 23, 1963.

Snow on World Events

SNOW is in a bad way. He missed out on a bundle in a photo finish.

Snow's winning days are about as frequent as Halley's Comet.

I tells him if he thinks he's got trouble he should have a gander at the capitalist class in England.

What with the boilovers about the callers on Christine Keeler, Prince Charles getting stuck into the cherry brandy, and a few other etc's., Mac the Knife must be getting blunter every second.

I tells Snow the Tories there will long remember 1962 BC as "Before Christine."

Snow says it's not BC that gives him the headaches, but AD — "After Doomben."

I tells Snow the Yank skulls are also in strife. That's why Kennedy has been galloping around trying to patch up the blues, but found this tougher going than a storekeeper wedged between two chain stores.

Snow says why doesn't Kennedy clean up his own stable. The Negro question, the hungry people, and the fact he has nearly run out of relatives to give jobs to should be enough to keep him busy.

I tells Snow that Kennedy's tour was a star-studded one. He

met Adenauer who is on the outer, Macmillan who will fall at the next hurdle, and the Italian Government which is about as safe as a model in the Cliveden swimming pool.

Beside all this, he is as popular with de Gaulle as a peace petition would be with the board of directors of Lockheeds.

Snow says also that the fact that Kennedy had more guards on this trip than Phar Lap did the night before he won the Cup showed he was a wake-up that he wasn't too sweet with everybody.

I tells Snow we can drum people about these rorts and what to do about them by selling more Guardians.

Snow agrees. I hope he takes the hint.

July 10, 1963.

Snow Shows How to Toss Bulltossers

SNOW says anyone who bets on racehorses should buy a "do-it-yourself" doctor's kit and examine their heads.

He hasn't had a wager for a week and thinks he should be knighted for this feat of endurance.

I tells Snow a knighthood would put him with Menzies.

Snow bellows, and says he thinks there is a good show of tossing the bull-tosser out this time.

I tells Snow Menzies is reckoning the Opposition won't be able to find the dough for its promises.

I drums Snow that even eight bob in the quid on capital gains would get £280 million a year for any Government game enough to turn it on.

Snow says that is real good odds and, as he and other toilers have no capital gains laying around the house, the quicker the big boys are slugged in this regard, the better.

I tells Snow the Communist Party's policy would go much further. We reckon the people are entitled to the whole apple, not just a bite.

Snow says nationalisation would be a good start.

I agrees and tells Snow TAA and the GPO have shown good form in this respect.

Snow says I have forgotten the TAB.

I don't know how long Snow can keep off the punt. Race-day rigor mortis could set in any moment.

But if he backs Menzies out I'm sure he'll collect.

November 27, 1963.

Snow's New Year Resolution

MENZIES' re-election has driven Snow back to the punt. The way he's backing losers he'll soon be claiming assistance from the "Freedom from Hunger" campaign.

I tells Snow it's no good stumbling over his bottom lip about the election.

I suggests the way forward is to make some good working class New Year resolution which will bring Bob unstuck.

Snow asks such as.

I mention telling the Yanks to go home from the North-West Cape base.

Snow says yeah, and he hopes some of the neddies he backs are also sent home to the paddock if they don't bob up for him.

Snow says he noticed the Party vote rose a little.

I tells Snow it will rise more if he gets the death adder out of his kick and gives us a little more for such publicity as TV, which costs bundles.

Snow says at the moment he is so broke that he is only one hurdle ahead of being in White Mercantile.

I tells him I've heard all these tales before and suggests he sling his usual donation to carry the Party over the holiday period.

Snow says I have a queer way of saying Merry Christmas.

But he'll come good.

December 11, 1963.

Snow's Real Gone on Congress

SNOW has his guard up when I tells him I am going to tip him something for nothing.

Lately he's been as unlucky as a Beatle with the dandruff, so he is naturally suspicious.

I informs him the grouter handout is the free Guardian supplement of the Draft Resolution of the coming 20th Congress of the Party.

I tells Snow I'd like to get his skull out of his racebook long enough to have a gander at the document and give us the drum what he thinks about it.

Snow says he's tried to lick capitalism every other way so he might as well have a bash at it politically.

Snow is awake that when these documents are finalised they will be our guide to form.

Snow says he notices the other political parties are reluctant to give the toilers an open slather at their programs.

I tells Snow the Communist Party does the right thing in this regard because it knows the people make history and that

when the Congress meets the delegates will have the right oil from blokes like Snow.

Snow says he'll make history if he ever cracks it for another winner.

I reminds Snow he once told me that horse racing was the sport of kings and commoners.

Snow says he now knows kings can afford it better.

March 4, 1964.

Snow on Patriotism

I AM NOT SURE if it is Snow's punting losses that has him slewed, but he claims he can't understand why one week the big stores are bellowing "Buy Australia" and next week have their windows filled with British Week displays.

I tells Snow these capitalists are only concerned to the extent of making a quid. However I drums him we could do with more overseas trade, not less.

Snow says he is in favor of extending our trade with the Socialist countries.

I agrees, but comments that the problem with this at the moment is that it is unbalanced. I points out the Socialist countries consider it the raw prawn that while they buy king-size amounts of goods from us, we buy only a small amount in return.

Snow says this is nearly as one-sided as the punter putting bundles of dough into the bookies' bags and getting little, if any, back.

I tells Snow he ought to know, and I go on to state that the Soviet Union has offered to sell us petrol cheaper than we can get it ourselves.

Snow says he bets the oil companies got super patriotic and moved in to kybosh this.

I tells him that was for sure.

Snow says he notes that even though the opponents of trade with the Socialist countries are as rare as rich punters, the Groupers are unconscientious objectors in this regard.

I tells Snow I'll wager the Groupers aren't game to go down to the wheat farmers with that policy, as they would get as good a reception there with that garbage as a TAB spokesman would cop at a bookmakers' convention.

Snow remarks that a lot of Menzies' mates are having a sneak go and making big dough on the side by trading with China even though his Government does not recognise China.

I tells Snow that this is a moral to grow, and that the toilers will have to keep their guard up so that they get their whack.

April 22, 1964.

Snow Rubbishes Ustashi

SNOW won at the races and, even though the amount he copped was about as big as an atom's eye, he is happy.

However, the smile leaves his dial when we start to discuss the Ustashi.

Snow says up to recently the capitalist press has been as silent as a giraffe with laryngitis about these terrorists' activities, even though the Tribune and Guardian have been exposing this for a long time.

I tells Snow the fact that a bunch of these stand-over merchants were trained in Australia, to go back on a sneak go sabotage mission to Yugoslavia, carrying much overweight in the form of explosives, suggests the Menzies Government has been real palsy-walsy with them.

Snow says he can only surmise the Menzies Government believes in export of revolution.

I tells Snow this kind of trade won't improve our credit balance, or our image, overseas.

Snow says he is awake that this kind of trade will not be reciprocated by the Socialist countries.

I tells Snow that, even though the Menzies Government is trying to whitewash the Ustashi, the fact is they are getting on the nose with many citizens here.

Snow says that these thugs have too bad a form of murder and torture to be declared cleanskins, and the quicker they get the shove the better.

And my reply is YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.

May 27, 1964.

Snow and Peaceful Coexistence

SNOW sent off his roll again. I tells him now that he is a rumper he won't be able to afford to see the Beatles.

Snow is not really a gone cat on the Beatles, he says if you cut off their hair they'd lose most of their strength, so he changed the subject to Khrushchov's visit to Egypt.

Snow says he notices, while the Soviet Union is doing the right thing for the Egyptian people, the British heads are peacefully coexisting with the Yemeni people by dropping 1000-pound block-buster bombs on them.

I tells Snow that, because the Yank and British imperialists came the raw prawn and cut off the dough they had promised for the Aswan Dam, they now had about as many followers in Egypt as there are Judy Garland fans in Australia.

Snow says that the British skulls are extra sour because, when

they got the shove from the Suez, they tried to rubbish the Egyptian people by saying they wouldn't have a clue how to run their own canal, but now it is a bigger, brighter and better business.

I tells Snow the main reason that K gets the king-size reception is because when the Soviet Union lends to other countries it does so to help, not to make more dough.

Snow says he is glad that Khrushchov goes to various countries to have talks and see how the other half lives.

Snow says he wishes the trumps in the Washington stable would do more ditto.

Snow's motto is "While you're yapping, you're not scrapping."

Good old Snow. I think I'll appoint myself his ombudsman and look after his punting silver for him.

June 10, 1964.

Snow Sums Up Vietnam Situation

SNOW has been backing fleabags, alias racehorses, again and naturally enough loses. He says punting is nearly as expensive as "free" education.

I tells Snow he's not in half the strife punting that the Yanks are in in Vietnam.

Snow says they must believe some of their own Superman films if they think they can win there.

Snow says he notes the Menzies Government has poked its bib further into the slanter by deciding to send more Australian troops there.

I tell Snow this is crook and that the general build-up of troop movements to Vietnam could lead to an all-out blue.

Snow says that it appears to him that, as the vast majority of the Vietnamese are shooting at the foreign troops there, one of the reasons the extra foreign troops are being sent is to protect the foreign troops already there.

I tells Snow the Yank heads never learn. They done nine billion bucks cold before being kicked out of China, and look like picking the same sort of double in Vietnam.

Snow says the Communist Party's 20th Congress call to recall all Australian troops from South-East Asia is his cup of tea.

I agree and ends the conversation by telling Snow he can now punt up the quid a week extra he'll get in his pay envelope from the Federal basic wage rise.

Snow says he'd rather bet up the thirty-two bob he didn't get.

June 24, 1964.

Snow, Me and G.M.H.

SNOW and me are talking about the £19 million cop GMH made.

I tells Snow he should stop punting and get on the gravy train by investing in General Motors.

Snow says to do this, you have to have more than a little small change.

I tells Snow I'm not sure about this because General Motors of USA didn't need to put up any dough when they kicked off the Holden in Australia as the Commonwealth Bank lent them three million smackers for it.

Snow says this is because the persons with the longest kicks get the most democracy in this country.

I tells Snow that GMH could sling all its toilers another eight quid a week, knock fifty quid off each Holden and still have more than enough to prevent the shareholders dying from malnutrition.

Snow says as this is the case he will be disappointed if the Arbitration Court does not grant such an eight-quid rise retrospective, otherwise some of the workers may say something cynical about Arbitration.

I tells Snow GMH seem to be getting a good go also from the Nicklin Government here, who are closing down railway lines all over the joint but can still build a new one to the new GMH plant at Acacia Ridge.

Snow says this is about as fair as a South African trial.

Snow is a little sore as the horses he's been backing recently finished so far back in their races they are as lonely as a surf-board rider in a desert.

I suggested to him it would be patriotic to nationalise GMH and keep here the dough that is now being shovelled to USA.

Snow agrees.

I asked him if he's going to the races on Saturday.

He says only if he can get with the strength and spring a loan from the Commonwealth Bank.

July 8, 1964.

Snow on "Yankee Go Home"

SNOW is snakey and it's not rheumaticky racehorses that has his back up but the United States bombing of North Vietnam.

I tells Snow that if some of the nags he backs were as fast out of the stalls as the Australian Government was in supporting these bombings, without even an investigation, he'd be a trillionaire.

Snow says it was nearly as quick as the decision he made

recently to go to the trade union youth folk song concert instead of the Grouper-sponsored anti-strike meeting held the same night.

I suggest to Snow that this hasty untasty Menzies Government support for the American action makes it look as if it could have been sewn up beforehand.

Snow says he is surprised that, on form, Menzies should send any Australians to war at all, as in the World War I, when the Government talked about the last man and the last shilling, Menzies seems to have taken it to mean he should be the last man.

I tells Snow the American heads are doing desperate things because most of the Vietnamese have added to their vocabulary by three words, "Yankee, go home."

Snow says you wouldn't have to be Dick Tracy to work out why, as the Vietnamese people have had the imperialists on their backs for hundreds of years and are not prepared to be stood over any longer.

I tells Snow that, if he doesn't want the bombs bursting on a world scale, he'd better put a battery on himself and do more to help build the peace movement here.

Snow says this is not easy.

I tells him it is a bit of fruit compared to picking winners.

Snow concedes the point.

August 19, 1964.

Snow's Sour on Budget

SNOW says that, for a man who's been declared Daddy of the Year, Menzies certainly produced a fatherless budget.

I tells Snow one of the reasons the pensioners were wiped off with only 8½d. a day was because the Menzies Government has sent off over 3000 million quid on war expenditure since it got into office.

Snow says the pensioners can now live it up. If they save for two days, they'll be able to gorge themselves silly on a hot pie.

I tells Snow even this idea of gracious living won't work out, because rising prices have taken more than the five bob extra a week that the pensioners got.

Snow says the capitalist newspapers are always saying higher wages cause higher prices, when the real information is that the monopolies touch the centre by jacking up prices.

I tells Snow this is a mulga, as in the Soviet Union wages are rising and prices are falling.

I tells Snow it is crazy capitalism that is to blame here.

I ask Snow did he note that the day cigarette prices went

up, the price of tobacco leaf fell.

Snow is awake to the capitalist press. He once told me these newspapers are used to make public opinion and then the Gallup Polls are used to confirm they have succeeded.

I tells Snow his bookie operates the same way as the monopolists. He rigs his prices, and Snow's roll gets smaller.

Snow says this is past history, as he is not going to tumble for the tipsters any more.

I tells Snow tipsters are peanuts compared to Menzies.

Snow says he never fell for him.

September 2, 1964.

Snow Screams About the Salary Grab

SNOW says he doesn't know what was rushed through the fastest, the Ned Kelly parliamentary pay rise grab or the Melbourne Cup.

I tells Snow it is a king size scandal that the Federal parliamentarians were telling the workers that Arbitration was the grouse at the same time as they were granting themselves a score of quids a week rise.

Snow says it was on the nose the way Menzies transferred another fifty notes a week into his own kick from the Treasury's treasures.

I tells Snow you are only as strong as your opposition is weak and it appears the Liberals, the Country Party, the ALP politicians and the DLP had a united front in this big steal.

Snow says Communists are needed in Parliament to put the finger on these rorts and try to block them.

I tells Snow we have good form in this regard.

Even though Fred Paterson was one out when he was a Communist MLA, he jacked up on parliamentary pay rises, and when these were steamrolled through, he slung his whack to the Trades & Labor Council to be used to get the toilers higher wages.

Snow says he bets Fred was about as popular with the other politicians on this count as a nylon manufacturer would be at a woolgrowers' seminar.

I tells Snow the people gave it a big hand though, and that is why the powers-that-be had to cut up his electorate to defeat him.

Snow says it is indeed a free country that allows salary grabbers to gerrymander out their opponents.

I tells Snow he'd better get with it, and give our team the first three placings in the Senate elections.

Snow says it'll be apples.

November 11, 1964.

Snow on Guns Before Butter

SNOW is so sour that I ask him had he sent off a few quid on Goldwater in the United States elections.

He replies that, though he's backed some scrubbers in his day, he wasn't so lame under the hat as to tumble for Bomb-happy Barry.

I realise Snow's sadness is on account of the Menzies Government's conscription capers.

I tells Snow Menzies' military career was cut short by the first World War, when he was an early scratching.

Snow says he'd rather have his own military career cut short by world peace.

I tells Snow that, if Sir Bob is consistent, he'll have to insert a clause in the Act that allows conscripts to snatch their time if a war threatens.

Snow says this guns-before-butter legislation is like Hitler's policy which used so much dough for war that the German people finished up eating sawdust sausages.

I tells Snow that "mystery bags" have not improved much since, but I agree that this spending will put a bigger bend in the general public's kick than ever the TAB and the bookies did.

I tells Snow that it is queer when, on the one hand, Menzies says the people of Malaysia are behind their Government and the next minute he raves on that Australian conscripts will be needed to help keep that Government in power.

Snow says that, with the Voyager affair, the hand-outs to Ansetts, and the Canberra pay grab, Menzies realises he is getting on the bugle with the voters and so he pulls the conscription rabbit out of the hat to try and slew them.

I tells Snow we can record our disapproval of the Tories on election day.

Snow says: And how.

November 25, 1964.

