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"Pledged to cock snooks at bumptiousness"

On Dit

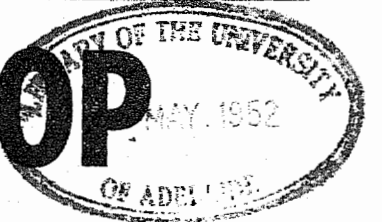
Vol. 20, No. 4

"The Adelaide University S.R.C. Paper"
May 7, 1952

One Penny

Official Army Reply to our article "NINETY-EIGHT DAYS TABU AT WOODSIDE." Don't fail to read it—Page 2.

BISHOP



NONPLUSSED BY MINUS ADDITIONS



One of the most disconcerting sights imaginable is that of a Bishop backing down. It was a sad thing, therefore, that the Bishop of Adelaide (the Rt. Rev. B. P. Robin), who had the courage to make some very pertinent remarks about the present academic set-up within this University, felt constrained afterwards to back down considerably, for reasons which we could only interpret as being the need of a man in his position "not to offend any section of the community."

At the opening of the War Memorial Building at St. Mark's, Bishop Robin describing some academic buildings "at no great distance" from St. Mark's as looking more like factories than institutions of learning, said: "From their production lines the University staff no doubt hopes that roll upon roll of little graduates will pop off into service, each duly branded with the trade-mark of the establishment. The function of a University is much wider than the production of such robots." How well this sums up the whole position here in Adelaide today! The problem of "a University or a Technological College" is not new to the scientific age in which we are living, but it is of major importance. 'Tis pity therefore that we live in a community which will not allow a man, especially if he is a Bishop, to stick to his guns.

BENTLEY IN

It was late, very late, when I entered the palatial headquarters of the Concilium Representium Studentium. For a fleeting instant the dark recesses of the huge marble colonnades seemed deserted, but then from out of the gloom came a singularly mellifluous voice. I listened, I looked, I saw the Orator Publicus sprawled supine in lecto. As one bereft of his senses, he muttered to himself, "Ah! Tandem est Bentley noster Bedellus." Piteable as was the case of this noble public dignitary, there were, it is feared, more extensive repercussions among other elements in our social strata. And the cause? One small installation ceremony.

The shouting and the turmoil attendant upon such a magnificent extravaganza as the installation of a world-renowned radio star as Yeoman Bedell, left the organisers in a state of extreme nervous prostration. They were as men broken in mind and spirit, and it was indeed gratifying to find that in this, their hour of trial, they were not neglected. The lines ran hot with enquiries as to their health and offers of assistance converged upon them from widely divergent — and totally unexpected — quarters. It should, however, be quite unnecessary to report the present position of their once jaded emotions, which were speedily and totally restored to normality with large draughts of a particularly well-known beverage of high riboflavin content. All participants in the procession have now fully recovered their indefatigable "joie de vivre."

To return, however, to that day of near pagan pageantry. (Continued on page 5)

'VARSITY OR TECH?

In a letter to the "Advertiser" headed "University Ideals" the Bishop, in attempting to salve the wounds he had inflicted upon the tender consciences of people "concerned in the life and work of the University of Adelaide," managed to make yet another pertinent remark when he wrote, "the staff of our University would be the first to agree that there are, sad to say, far too many students in it—as probably in all provincial Universities the world over—who are concerned simply to use the University as a sort of technical institute where they may acquire in a single narrow and specialised line the qualifications which they need for commanding well-paid jobs in in-

dustrial or other fields. Against such an inadequate conception of the real purpose of a University—which is education in its most deepest and liberal sense—the staff of our University wages a heroic and persevering warfare which is made more difficult for them by the severe economic pressures of our time." The rumpus all began over the Bishop's remarks about the blatant utilitarianism of those academic buildings "at no great distance" from St. Mark's College. Nobody seems to know in which direction one should measure that distance, some say that one should look to the west. Others assert that the Bishop's thoughts were turned east from St. Mark's.

Whether or not he was referring to the massive piles of concrete that have arisen on the lower level of the University since the end of the war we feel that his remarks could quite aptly be applied to them.

We are not concerned with the aesthetics of the new edifices. We are concerned, however, with the purpose for which they have been placed there.

Whether or not they look like factories, the truth of the matter is that they are factories. It is a deplorable reflection of this "inadequate conception of the real purpose of a University" about which the Bishop writes (though he writes of an inadequacy among the undergraduates while we write of an inadequacy among the authorities), that in an institution which sets itself up as a University, the Faculty of Arts, upon which any University is necessarily based, should be scattered hither and thither through the Schools of Mathematics and Mechanical and Civil Engineering.

The newly erected Mawson Laboratories is another case in point. A fabulous sum of money was spent in erecting this new building to house the Departments of Geology and Economic Geology, whose combined numbers total 170, made up as follows:

First year: Day, 100; Evening, 45.

(Continued on Page 6)

YOU KIDS, YOU!!

A member of our Staff wrote to the Minister for the Army (Hon. Jos. Francis), and sent him a copy of the last edition of "On Dit," asking him to comment on the criticism of National Service Training contained in the article entitled: "Ninety-eight Days Tabu at Woodside."

Here is a copy of the telegram which we received from Mr. Francis last Wednesday morning:—

Your letter April 21 and copy "On Dit" only just received in Canberra. From my own personal visits, all National Service Training Camps throughout Australia can unhesitatingly say that meals generally are well prepared and served and menus suitably varied, and that cur-

riculum of training has been carefully prepared by senior army officers with splendid war records in the two world wars and thoroughly acquainted with army training requirements to ensure maximum value obtained from initial 98 days National Service Training. You will

agree that these experts would be sadly and inexcusably astray if this training could reasonably be fitted into 40 days. While prepared to accord to writers of "On Dit" article sincerity in making their allegations and accusations, and accordingly am having them investigated, I cannot help but feel that some allowance must be made for their exuberance of youth, and that they will on reflection fully realise that their initial period of 98 days National Service Training has been to their own and to the nation's benefit.

JOS. FRANCIS.
Minister for the Army.

UGHH ?

Argonaut
Best & Taylor: The Living Body . . . 42/-
Keir: Constitutional History of Modern Britain, 1484-1937, 47/-

Book Shop
224 NTH. TCE. ADELAIDE



THE MAWSON LABORATORIES—"Roll upon roll of little graduates, each duly stamped with the trade mark of the establishment."

On Dit

Edited by:
NOEL LINDBLOM and BRIAN BERGIN

News: **NICHOLAS BIRCHALL**
 Correspondence: **HUGH WILLIAMSON**

EDITORIAL

How sad it is to reflect that the number of eccentrics, who find within the shelter of the hallowed walls of this University, a haven in which to pass untroubled their privately fantastic lives has within the last year or so been lamentably diminished. How sad it is to reflect that most of you could quite conscientiously say with Sir Thomas Browne: "I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympatheth with all things. I have no antipathy or rather indiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air, anything." One thinks of the long line of "Fantasticks" who have graced this University with their delicacy of humor, their unselfconscious savour vivre, their effervescent and all too human personalities, and one compares them with the undergraduate who lives out his paltry existence here today. And one comes close to tears. Where are the Magareys, the Castles, the Bowdens? Whither are they fled away? Are they gone to return never, never, never, never, never? Is it to be the sad fate of this University that never again will it look upon their like, that no younger generation will arise to build a sparkling edifice upon the foundations that they so lovingly laid? Has the faculty of a happy-hearted approach to life deserted in disgust the breast of each and every undergraduate in this University?

One cannot but abhor the state of affairs that exists among us today. With the newspapers full of the sordid, of the heart-breaking, and soul-searing facets of this life and the civilisation that encases it, is there no-one who feels himself wanting, nay, more than that, compelled to cry out:

"O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
 Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!"

Surely it is the eccentric, the fool, the madman, who is today sane in a world which has as its criterion of sanity only the crass insanity of its own perverted desires. Let us all, therefore, be eccentric, let us all be fools, madmen; let us cling to the last strands of man in us; let us retain the integrity of our personalities whatever the price may be.

Not only is it depressing to witness the passing parade of "Fantasticks" who practised individually their honorable profession, receding further and further into the Past, but even more so to realise that no longer have we within our corporate life those tiny cells, those secret and mysterious societies that acted as a leaven in the sodden doughiness of undergraduate life. No longer does Moral Disarmament celebrate the rites of its ancient craft; no longer does Alcoholics Unanimous pass away the evening hours in Bacchanalian revels; no longer is the lunch-hour calm of the Refectory disturbed by the strident strains of the Wits Witches Which's Marching Song, "Omsk."

Come, come, let us all put an antic disposition on and practise severally and communally the pastime, and it must be seriously approached pastime of eccentricity. Life is never so dead as when it is walking around on two legs and not a head with a far-away look in its eye. It is to this inversion of accepted values that the present age looks for a lead into the green and pleasant land of regained sanity.

One warning alone must be given. As paradoxical as it may seem this new, no, indeed it is now new; it is as old as man himself, this forgotten cult of eccentricity must be practised with a decent moderation. Let us at all events be elegant about it. Let the secret societies that we form meet in decent privacy, and our individual eccentricities be pleasantly harmless. As gentlemen, most of us certainly will not need this warning, for we all have a healthy respect for freedom and an inherent disgust of Licence that lurks under the title and dignity of Liberty.

The Adelaide hills are at their best in autumn; the great golden cascades of flaming orchards spill down the tired dry hillsides, but when the rain comes. . . .

ARMY HITS AT "ON DIT"

In reply to statements made by us in our last edition that but for inefficient army organisation, National Service Trainees who recently spent three months in camp at Woodside, could have completed their basic training in half the time, an official army spokesman has said that the Minister for the Army had frequently stated that he was completely satisfied with the efficiency of the National Service Training Scheme, which had already proved to be "one of the most effective contributions towards national preparedness."

"University 'intellectuals' who feel that they could have absorbed in a far shorter time the military training spread over the three month period should remember that the course was designed for the average 18-year-old. A specially compressed and pepped up version for trainees of a higher than normal academic standard was neither possible nor desirable. Although the army is always willing to adopt new and cheaper methods, the experience of two world wars has shown, not only in the Australian Army, but in the British Army also, the minimum time required for the basic training of the soldier recruit to a standard sufficiently high for his own preservation," he said.

Referring to the report that meat served to trainees had been maggot infested, the milk watered, and cockroaches and broken

glass had been found in the soup, the spokesman said that a check had revealed that if such things had occurred trainees had kept knowledge of them to themselves. On one occasion a refrigerator at the camp had broken down and all the meat it contained had been condemned before it left the refrigerator. On another occasion one trainee had complained to the orderly officer that his meat was bad. This was remedied.

Milk served as milk was never mixed with water. However, water was added to milk served in drinks such as coffee. Complaints made to orderly officers or other responsible duty personnel in camp were investigated, and remedial action taken immediately if this was practicable. "Whether the food was good or bad, the fact remains that the average weight increase was over four pounds for each trainee," the spokesman added.

"ON DIT" HITS BACK AT ARMY

It is quite obvious from this reply that the spokesman for the Minister for the Army read not the original article as it appeared in "On Dit," but merely the report of it which appeared in the "Advertiser," a report which we submit was neither a correct nor a fair summary of the matter contained in our front page article "Ninety-eight Days Tabu at Woodside." Of course, the fact that the report in the "Advertiser" was incorrect does not excuse the official army spokesman who ought naturally to have based his remarks upon a reading of the original article and not just a secondhand report of it.

Let us then analyse this official reply. Had the army taken the trouble, and done us the courtesy to read our original article it would have seen that far from referring only to undergraduate trainees it had a far more comprehensive significance. If we may be forgiven for quoting ourselves, a thing we find most distasteful, but most necessary in self-defence, we would point out that we wrote "it was agreed, too, that one did not need the advantage of a higher education to perform this feat (i.e., to complete basic training in a much shorter period) but that trainees, going into camp from industry and commerce had probably a greater ability to pick up the technicalities of army life than did the average University student."

So much then for the Army's slighting remarks about University "intellectuals." It is not a sufficient reply we submit to a seriously intended criticism, firstly to have only the vaguest notion of that to which you are replying, and secondly, to reply merely by a form of mud-slinging. And that is exactly what the army has done, for "intellectual" used in such a context is a form of mud-slinging. That this is the only form of reply which the Army can make speaks, we feel, for itself.

To make a statement such as "milk served as milk was never watered" is so palpably ridiculous and self-condemnatory that we can hardly bring ourselves to comment upon it. We merely maintain our previous allegation that the milk WAS watered, and that the process of watering in the ratio of two parts of water to one of milk was witnessed not infrequently by the trainees themselves.

"Ninety-eight Days Tabu at Woodside" was not intended to be an attack upon the principle of National Service Training. It was intended only to make public certain flaws that exist in the system when it is put into practice. It was written in the hope that the authorities would do something more concrete about these omissions than merely to descend to the cheap, and, we venture to suggest, rather foolish level of their official reply.



No. 2 Kitchen, Woodside: "Complaints were investigated and remedied if practicable."



CLEANINGS OF GLUG

THERE'S no doubt about Doug Giles being the Uni's greatest Shakespearean lover. We noticed him on three different nights at the Royal, and on each occasion he was in the back row of the gods.

AT a recent Country Party Women's Conference in Melbourne, a motion was carried calling for "the stoppage of disloyal political utterances by students."

THE Melbourne S.R.C. is to launch an appeal late in 1952 or early 1953 for £200,000 for an International House for Students. Part of this sum will be raised overseas.

MEMBERS of the Melbourne Uni. teaching staff recently gave a concert in aid of the Wilson Hall Appeal.

JUST in case the "Liberals" don't mention it in their column, a vote of no confidence in the Federal Government was carried, 19 votes to 12, at last Monday's debate.

SYDNEY: Students from University Colleges recently tried by force to suppress distribution of Sydney University's "Honi Soit," because of a letter printed by the paper attacking the "barbarous fresher system" and the "low morals and drunkenness" in University Colleges.

In one brawl, which followed an attempt by college students to seize copies of the paper, a girl student was knocked down while trying to intervene.



Adelaide's University Colleges caused a stir in 1950 over the question of having representatives on the S.R.C., but members of "On Dit" staff were unscathed.

"FACULTY jackets," colored according to the faculty of the owner, are being sold in large numbers by the University Union at McGill University, Canada.

THE Smuts Memorial Fund has decided to endow a "Smuts Professorship of the History of the British Commonwealth" at Cambridge. £150,000 was raised for the Fund.

THE Oxford Union recently carried the motion, "That Mr. Bevan is wrong," by one vote. Cambridge rejected the motion, "That the English Moral Code is Out of Date" by 256 to 120.

"THE Atom," the Rag magazine of Bristol Uni. students, of which 15,000 copies were printed, has been withdrawn from circulation, following allegations that it was "sexy and suggestive."

INVESTIGATIONS have revealed that the taking of drugs is practised among undergraduates in Cambridge. A considerable number of undergraduates take stimulants "to write the odd essay" while some others indulge in a more dangerous type of drug. Hashish, Spanish Fly and testestrones are among those used.

Interest has been aroused by a recent article published by the magazine "Cherwell" after a six-week investigation into drug-taking in general at Oxford. "Cherwell" states that "drug taking is a more serious problem in Oxford than many people like to admit."

COLONIALISMS

Ladies Only

The luggage boot is large and well designed with a flat floor, made possible by placing the tank across the car behind the rear seat squab and fitting the spare heel beneath the floor.

—Tiser.

As Ye Sow

The rector will speak on marriage at the advertised times: Wed. 2-3 p.m.; Sin. 3-4 p.m.

—Shop window, Nhill, Victoria.

Ho, No Po?

He's had his officers busy on the Manning River where, at latest information, they have unearthed on HO NO, no fewer than 12 PHO's and a POS, in addition to other mentioned above, and sundry other phenomena of a like kind.

—“Bulletin.”

Poor Screening?

New Australian Coins.

—Tiser Headline.

Universal Joint

So many things happened those first months with Noel! So many endearing, funny things that showed us that children everywhere are pretty much the same.

—Reader's Digest.

Basic

Mr. D. Taylor moved and Miss L. G. Woodcock seconded: “That the Australian Teachers' Federation do all in its power on an Australian-wide basis and through its constituent organisations to secure adequate professional salaries for teachers by campaigning for the retention of at least the ratio between the basic wage and margins above the basic wage in all salary awards or agreements and for the Federal control of prices.”

—S.A. Teachers' Journal

Science

The seven-day-old suckling, happily drinking artificial milk from an artificial sow is taking part in the early stages of a major revolution in animal husbandry.

—“Life.”

Ped's Part

The upper House has the last word in dills.

Bismarck thought: “The sword is mightier than the pen is.”

Buses are better than trams, because you don't have to put down tracks and put up wives.

Sheep don't breed good up north because of the whether.

Indonesia has a great papillation and could flood Australia.

The jury sistern sometimes goes wrong.

Youths' and Men Swear

Have you seen . . . Beastly Berty Bergin's Horrible Homburg?

Medlin's moustache?

My scarf? (lost last year).

Gibbs' “can-I-pay-for-the-damned-thing” look?

—“Life.”

Skelton Resartus

So many laws drastic,

Such bad draws elastic,

So few of mien Fantastick (see Editorial)

Saw I never.

Chitaciel de Witt

ALL THIS AND DUNCAN TOO

The S.R.C. at its last meeting received with great regret the resignation of that great sports-woman, Helen Northey, from the position of Secretary. This blithe young spirit, whose prowess has often been renowned on the field of Rugby and in the Liberal sphere, has decided that pressure of urgent work necessitates her withdrawal from active participation on the S.R.C.



VALE HELEN! Helen with victim in a tense moment during last year's men v. women Rugby match.

W.S.R. APPEAL

The final total raised for last year's World Student Relief Appeal must be very pleasing to all those who supported it. It proved that if students and staff are given adequate information about the needs which W.S.R. seeks to satisfy, they are quite willing to donate money without the inducement of picture shows, Queen competitions, rugby matches, and so on, as in past years. Last year's direct contribution was double that of the year before. The committee's decision to rely on canvassing for a straight-out donation is therefore vindicated.

A subsequent appeal for unwanted text-books for poorly equipped universities in South-East Asia has likewise been a great success, over five hundred quite valuable books having been collected. The appeal was to have closed this week, but as books are still coming in, it will be held over until the end of the second to last week of this term. If you haven't seen

the posters which have been up around the University, and have some text-books which you no longer want but which would be of use to Asian students, hand them in at the desk at the Barr Smith Library. They will be transported to needy Asian Universities free of cost by the Commonwealth Government, and distributed by responsible officials.

ELECTION RESULTS

In a record poll last week the student body, throwing aside traditional apathy, elected seven new members of the S.R.C. Voting was for one Science representative, one Physiotherapy, one Medical, and four men's General representatives. The results were as follows:

- Elected unopposed:
- Miss June Jamieson (Physio Therapy).
 - Mr. R. P. Hale (Science).
- Medicine:
- Mr. T. S. B. Robertson.
- Men's General:
- Mr. F. H. Greet.
 - Mr. J. S. T. Cox.
 - Mr. R. L. Callaghan.
 - Mr. J. H. Cole.

It was only after much consideration that Miss Northey decided to tender her resignation and it was received by the Council with very great regret. Miss Northey has always taken a very keen interest in student affairs and the students have always taken the keenest interest in Miss Northey's affairs. Helen is a well-known sports-woman. As “Chi-Chi” Northey she was one of the stars of last year's Men v. Women rugby match. After the game Miss Northey has gone on record as saying: “It was a fast and dirty game. I had a wonderful time.” It is believed that Miss Northey had a wonderful time after that celebrated match in a certain cage in the Boatshed.

Miss Northey's hobbies are stamp-collecting, knitting, collecting Brandenburg Concerti, driving a car, and being tantalising. We believe that Helen intends to retire to the hills and raise turnips and/or sit on the wharf seeing how many ships she can launch.

Miss Northey is succeeded as President by Mr. Duncan Campbell, well-known playboy from Mount Gambier and St. Mark's. Mr. Campbell's hobbies are port or hock and lemon, designing caravans, playing a zither and turning half on to the camera.

Interviewed this week, Mr. Campbell made the following statement:

“I consider it a great honor to follow Miss Northey. If the amount of work involved interferes with my golf, I shall give up smoking again. The situation in Korea is, I must admit, grave; but I do not think Kefauver has a chance. Mr. Bergin is no friend of mine, he drinks beer! I am still considering forming a Blackwood branch of the Fascist Club and I have discovered that the Payneham tramline runs through the queerest places.”

Mr. Campbell is, we feel, a worthy successor to Miss Northey, and we feel that the S.R.C. Co-respondents file will be safe in his hands.



AVE DUNCAN! Duncan with friends about to set out for a cup of coffee on a famous occasion last year.

COMMON ROOM

The George Murray Common Room is now open from 6 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. This room will enable students to eat an occasional sandwich and sip a steaming cup of coffee in the pleasant surroundings of the George Murray Library.

On these cold winter evenings, students should be encouraged to use Union facilities more often as a result of this innovation. It is hoped that the Barr Smith Library will be kept open later than 9 p.m. in the long term.

Clearly, however, this will not be possible, nor will it be possible to continue the Common Room Service, if the demands for both are not great enough.

Whether or not the Common Room continues after second term depends on the number of people who use it. SO BE IN IT! If you have suggestions which may improve the service provided, please contact the Warden or Graham Gibbs.

Remember, it's YOUR Common Room, so USE IT!

RED HEN CAFE

(Opposite Richmond Hotel . . . in Richmond Arcade)

COFFEE LOUNGE AND GRILL ROOM

Open 9.30 a.m. to 7.15 p.m. Every Day

Convenient for Students. Service and Civility Our Motto.

Just one little thing about Charlie and then we promise to leave him alone for a week or so. Who is this gaw young blonde that keeps on popping into the S.R.C. Office with a “Charlie is me darlin” look in her eye?

The Startling Adventures of Pam Pam and Ruthie ON THE RIVIERA

By Cornelia Otis Cleland with illustrations by "Nat"

It is all very well, I suppose, if you are a Rita Hayworth, living with an Aly Khan in a villa complete with a scented bathing pool and itinerant violinists, but if you are a Pam Pam, or a Ruthie, then living on the French Riviera is a very different matter. Pam Pam and Ruthie saved a considerable amount of face and considerably more sous by sending wonderful post cards of glamorous casinos and things to their friends and by living in a small and incredibly cheap hotel in the non-tourist quarter of Nice.

Of course, they starved while they were there, that goes without saying, but that at least was good for the figure if not for the temper. Ruthie was fairly cross anyway, because Pam Pam had arrived in Nice a day late; but really they were very glad to see each other again, and felt that it was a good thing that here they were together in the fourth largest city of France, even though they were inhabiting a back alley hotel rather than a sea-front villa.

Nice has the advantage of being a little cleaner than the Latin Quarter of Paris. It is very modern and an air of millionaire luxury pervades it. There are elaborate shops, and palatial hotels that overlook the palm



"... cocktails with a beachcomber."

fringed pebbled beach. The buildings are painted in pastel colors, and there are flowers everywhere. The climate, too, is pastel colored.

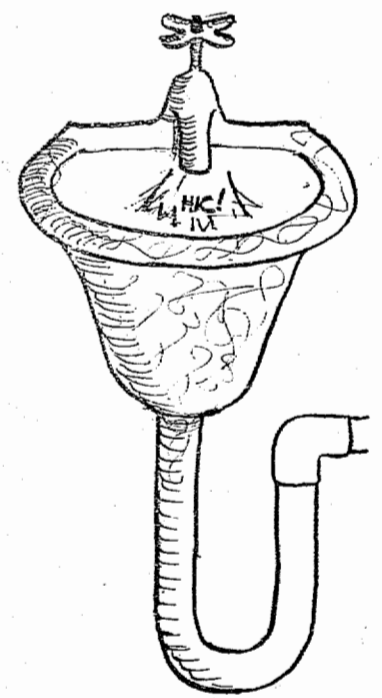
The poorer sections of the town are a marked contrast to this gaiety and luxury, but even there the shabby walls still manage to be pink and cobalt blue, green and yellow. There are stairways leading from them up into the mountain sides, where once again the luxury villa takes over, and the contrast between their elegance and the scum of the apartments that line the sunless alleyways with great bundles of washing hanging from their windows and obliterating most of the light impresses itself upon one with an added strength.

And what does one do in Nice? For the wealthy tourists there is much to do, many places to see—the Alps, the Casino at near-by Monte Carlo, or perhaps the island of Corsica; but for ordinary mortals like Pam Pam and Ruthie what was there to do? There was time to spend being Yogi sun worshippers, because there really was a lot of time, and sun worship is comparatively cheap; there was time, too, to do the complicated addition and subtraction that was necessary to decide on what night in the week to eat and whether or no they could spare enough francs for that luxury of luxuries, the bath. One day, while Ruthie was sketching Pam Pam she was puzzled because in what ever position Pam Pam sat there was always a dark and annoying shadow under her chin. Ruthie investigated and found that the dark shadow was a rim of long accumulated dirt. In Spain it had been quite wonderful, because Pam Pam had had a tiled bathroom where she could sit under the shower for hours on end scrubbing contentedly and gazing nonchalantly at a striped pot plant that stood on the window ledge, but here in France it did not seem to matter somehow that one was dirty, for the wonderful French perfume hid all that sort of thing.

Pam Pam thought, anyway, that it was a waste to use the wonderful French perfumes when there were no men about, so Ruthie suggested that they should find them some men, and perhaps a free meal into the bargain. But Ruthie changed her mind. "Oh, no," she said, "I was

forgetting that I do not like Frenchmen because they really are so short." "I really don't mind what height they are, so long as they will buy us a meal," said Pam Pam in answer. So they had a quarrel about Frenchmen and Pam Pam went off to paint in the harbor while Ruthie went off in a huff. She returned not long afterwards with an invitation to take cocktails with a beachcomber. Now this beachcomber was an ideal "man" because he was an American and had lots of dollars as well as a nationality that met with Ruthie's approval.

Pam Pam, meanwhile, had been painting in the harbor where she had met some American sailors who said to her, "Parlay-vooz Frangsay?" Now by this stage of her travels Pam Pam had acquired considerable practice in parlezing in Francaise so that she rapidly replied, "Mais, oui," and lots of other things straight out of the book of "Handy French Phrases." The sailors looked rather stunned and enquired in American whether she spoke English. Pam Pam said, "Non." The sailors then commenced to examine her closely



"... staccato hiccoughs."

cropped Parisian hair-style and melange slacks and entered into a long speculation among themselves as to whether she were a man or a woman. Pam Pam finished her painting, picked up her canvas, smiled at them, and said, "Well, it has really been very amusing indeed." For once Pam Pam met some American sailors who were at a loss for words.

Ruthie's American, whom she had described as a beachcomber turned out to be a wealthy, influential, ex-Hollywood movie director. He had a flat and drinks and his name was Mo. He had a brother, too, and Pam Pam asked if he was called Stiffy, but, no, he was called Timothy, which sounded all very religious or something. Ruthie imagined for a while that she was in love with Mo, but she discovered that she was mistaken after she had had something to eat.

That night Pam Pam said to Ruthie, "This poverty-stricken existence that we are leading here would have been awful with anybody else, but with you, Ruthie, it has been fun." Said Ruthie, "Has it?" "Well, anyway," said Pam Pam, "I feel as though I am floating down a crystal stream on a water-lily, basking my naked body in the sunlight." "Really," said the cynical Ruthie, "Well just you

come back to earth and remember that you are in the tawdry double bed of a second-class pension and that you are only naked because your one and only pair of pyjamas is washed and refuses to dry." Even though it was a second-class pension they did have a double bed each, since Ruthie had specifically stated that she would not go down to Nice unless she could have a room of her own. Unfortunately, this had not been possible, but the proprietress had apologised and had given them a double room with two double beds and between them a very chaste Oriental screen.

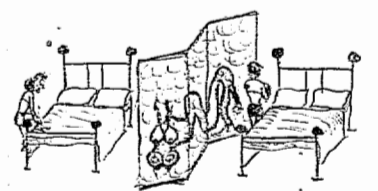
One night when they were both firmly esconced in their double beds with the chaste screen up, the tap in the hand basin began to suffer from an attack of staccato hiccoughs with the result



"... a crystal stream and a water-lily."

that the Monsieur and his Mademoiselle who occupied the next room began beating on the wall in the most threatening manner. The more they beat the more that wretched tap hiccoughed. Ruthie reflected afterwards that the incident had been rather educational, since besides some very interesting oaths she had learned that the French word for a tap is "robinet."

A Grand Opera intensity was reached again the next night, by which time they were becoming fairly hysterical with hunger. They had searched meticulously through their empty wallets for hours and were allegedly on the point of suicide or prostitution or one of those last resorts when Ruthie said, "Pam Pam, just look



"... a chaste Oriental screen."

what I've found." "What?" said Pam Pam feebly and unenthusiastically. "Darling!" said Ruthie, so that Pam Pam knew that the news must be good. "Darling, do you realise that I've found a two-rupee note that is legal tender in Ceylon?" "Really?" said Pam Pam, "Then if only we had the fare to Ceylon we could cash it." "Don't be so dim," said Ruthie, "Put on your best clothes and come with me." Pam Pam did so grudgingly.

At the very first corner they met some more American sailors. Ruthie said in her most beguiling manner, "Are you going to India?" and, without waiting for an answer she thrust her lonely little two rupee note at them demanding 150 francs in exchange. That night Ruthie and Pam Pam had hot wine and gateaux for supper.

The following day was their last together in Nice. Ruthie went back to Paris to stay with Helene Kirsova and Pam Pam set out to walk to Rome. As she said goodbye to Ruthie, Pam Pam felt rather sad.

DEMOCRACY BEWARE!

By John David

Most people in Australia are aware of the threat to democracy as we know it. Most people want something done about it. But how few are aware of the very real dangers to democracy inherent in some of the methods to-day advocated to combat that threat! It is in times like this, when war seems to hover over us, that our democratic principles must be even more faithfully guarded. Many, seeing considerable cause for alarm in the trends of thought expressed publicly by individuals in positions of responsibility, begin to wonder whether, after all, we will escape the unhappy succession of changes which have darkened the histories of such lands as Italy, Germany, and Russia.

We must learn the lesson, learn to recognise a proneness—often unconscious—to fighting a thing with its own weapons, or, as here, to using totalitarian methods to combat totalitarianism. It is impossible to cover the whole field, but a few typical examples will illustrate the potential danger of these tendencies. In parentheses, I would point out here that those who are weary of hearing of "academic freedom" the "Call," "party politics," and suchlike are merely passing judgment upon the strength of their own democratic convictions.

The Statute

Take the case of academic freedom as it has been discussed in "On Dit." Whatever the actual facts of the Cragg case may be, the principle is very important. It is beside the point to say, as the Vice-Chancellor has said in his letter to the Editor of the "Times," that "some regard it (the controversial statute) as outdated." The point is that the Statute is there, and can be open to that fundamental institution. The same letter also states, "Others feel that acceptance of the whole programme of one political party is incompatible with that openness of mind which should characterise University life." I presume this doesn't apply to the acceptance of Presbyterianism as against Roman Catholicism, or of Christianity as against Hinduism.

In any case, what would happen to that fundamental institution of democracy, the party system, if everyone believed this? I understand there is still room for differing opinions within our parties. Moreover, does "openness of mind" in this context mean "sitting on the fence," or does it indicate the undesirability of arriving at any kind of conclusion which might lead to action?

Respectability

The so-called Critical Analysis of which have some grounds for spate of indignant replies, most of which have some grounds for their criticism. At the same time, however, it is interesting to observe that while the great bulk of material in these letters consists in criticism of the Analysis, almost nothing is said in defence of the "Call" as such, or about the possible ways of carrying it into effect.

One letter, that beginning "All Thinking University Students," provides an example of a distressing shallowness which comes into many discussions of subjects of this nature. It is either an attempt by the writer to cover up his own inadequacies, or, worse, to place the subject above discussion by surrounding it with some indefinable aura of sanctity.

Lieut. Gen. H. Gordon Bennett in his A.B.C. Anzac Day talk, showed another facet of this same thing. He spoke of the "spirit of Anzac," of our "fine heritage" from Britain, and of the "high cause" that was fought for in the last war. There seems little amiss in this, but he also lauded the positive virtues of patriotism in contrast to what he called "soul-less internationalism." Patriotism has a soul, I presume. With some, it is almost a religion. Or if this is unfair why cannot internationalism have a "soul?" Can these people never learn to broaden their outlook.

The University

Professor Jeffares and Professor Smart commented upon a principle in a leader of the "Advertiser" (14/3/52), a paper with considerable influence. I would like to indicate another important principle in the same leader.

"The University is greater than the man." It may be, but a number of Universities owe much of their reputation to a succession of distinguished individuals, both among students and staff. Let us substitute the State for the University. The State is greater than the man. Where does this lead us? Or substitute the Church. But perhaps one should not bring in the Church. However that may be, it seems to me that there is some danger in this way of thinking. What is it, if it is not this concept, that lies behind the Communist ideology and the principles of Fascism?

Some may consider these matters not to be of great relative importance when considering the whole framework of democracy, but I believe it would be a folly to look upon them as mere storms in a teacup. The very fundamentals of democracy may be involved. At all events, a democracy should be strong enough through its own inherent virtues, that is to say because it is a democracy, to resist anything that threatens to destroy it.

ERRATUM.

It has been brought to our attention that the statement, "Democracy has failed as a fighting force," attributed to Sir Edmund Herring in a recent article on "The Call" published in this paper, was not, in fact, made by Sir Edmund Herring, but by Brigadier Herring, of Sydney.

We apologise to Sir Edmund for this error, and sincerely regret any injury and embarrassment it may have caused him.

BRIAN F. BERGIN, Editor.

JEFF SCOTT, Associate Editor.

"Mouldie Fygges" and Australian Jazz

Early in the 1940's the interest of the Australian public was awakened to Jazz. The founders of this great revival were Graeme Bell's Dixieland Band. There had been "Jazz" bands before, for example, George Trevare's Jazz Group whose masterpieces are still extolled on Australian record covers, but the Bells were different. They played, not the "Jazz" of the ballrooms of the early 1930's, but the real original jazz of New Orleans. They were the first Mouldie Fygges.

Now, to be "different" is great publicity, and there is a certain charm about anything "original," so, very soon, the Bells had the tunes they played were good; they were aided by the fact that the tunes they played were good; they were the tunes of New Orleans Jazz, and no distortion could alter their fundamental appeal as tunes.

At this stage, the fate of jazz in Australia for the next two years lay in the hands of Graeme Bell and his associates. What they said was good, was good. They could have improved their playing by constant practice and assimilation of the wonderful records at their disposal and led the public to appreciate New Orleans Jazz; but suddenly they woke up! There was real money in jazz. The publicity stunt about New Orleans was all right for the innocent Australian public, but would it sound as good overseas? However red in the face Roger Bell got and however many notes per second Pixie Roberts played, they could not sound like Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds, because, although they copied (yes, copied) superficial phrases, they had never studied the parts in their musical relationship to one another, and in their musical "context."

Their fertile brains discovered a quicker and easier way of collecting the waiting prizes. Overnight they renounced the "copyists" and became "original." The phrase "Australian Jazz" was coined. Their music did not sound like that of New Orleans because it was "different" (still good publicity). It was their own Australian Jazz. Even the tunes were original, although they came back to the old ones occasionally to cover up the change. They even changed their name.

About this time, in Adelaide, one of Bell's disciples, a Mr. Dallwitz, had started a band he called the "Southern Jazz Group." In Adelaide, they were new and exciting. Mr. Dallwitz, a competent musician, managed to train the band to sound, in a mechanical sort of way, more like New Orleans. Bruce Gray sounded like Omer Simeon the first time you heard him, until you realised that he had about ten phrases which he repeated in different order, and filled in when he could not think of one by playing eight beats to the bar of "chord" notes. Also the rhythm section sounded more robust.

Mr. Dallwitz's band took over the Mouldie Fygge mantle. They were the only band in the world who played real jazz. Their rendition of "Sidewalk Blues" sounded just like Morton's. "Just like Armstrong" was the highest praise that could fall from the lips of Mr. Dallwitz. Suddenly, overnight, a change came. The same august lips issued proclamations denouncing all "copyists." The S.J.G. was original; more original than the Bells. The craze for originality caught on all over Australia. Everyone who could blow an instrument joined a band and played "Jazz." It didn't matter what the music sounded like. It was original. It was Jazz. At the 1951 Australian Jazz Convention there were musicians from all over Australia. They could mix up at random and still play together (once they played several choruses of "Muskrat Ramble" in the usual key of B flat, before a lone cornet player realised that he had been playing in A flat, the traditional key). The mixture of musicians all played music that sounded the same. This showed the wonderful genius and versatility of the musicians, and their wonderful combining ability. Or, as some strong classical heretics who had not been steeped in the great tradition of Australian

Jazz suggested did it show the extreme banal triviality of the music?

However, while the world was being rocked at its foundations by the original music of the S.J.G. and the Bell band ("Sidewalk Blues" must have been a coincidence or perhaps Mr. Dallwitz was a child prodigy whose composition was stolen early in 1920 and played by Jellyroll Morton) there were small groups of unknown musicians who played, not for money or fame, but for the enjoyment of good music. These people (dismissed contemptuously as "copyists") were making a serious study of the music of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and its offshoots, and trying to recapture the wonderful music that they could decipher through the surface noise, by trying to understand it, trying to study the meaning of the parts and their relationships to one another. They helped themselves in this study by playing the actual parts together as they were on the records, and trying to compose similar parts for tunes that they did not learn from records.

Such a band was the now extinct Cross Roads Jazz Band, which has improved into the Adelaide University Jazz Band. The sensation they caused in Sydney, both with the public and the critics of all classes, will be remembered. Even more striking is the success of the Barnard Band in Melbourne now; a band of good musicians, hardened by constant practice. The public like the stuff, there is no getting way from it. The Cross Roads Jazz Band, while grudgingly accorded a little recognition in "Music Maker," were termed "parochial" and advised to assimilate other styles than that of Oliver. This is the general attitude of such people. The answer is simple to anyone who has really studied Jazz. Dodd's part with Mitchell and Armstrong are very different from those with Oliver. Similarly, for all musicians, because they had to fit their parts in with others. A striking example is the difference between the Hot Five and the New Orleans Wanderers. Morton's band of trained musicians didn't try to play like Oliver. Why should a band of amateurs, who have nowhere near yet got one style, try to play a completely different one? The result of this futile idea was demonstrated at the 1951 convention as I have mentioned above. A band's style comes from the fundamental relationships between the players. It can't be changed without changing the personnel.

Is the great heritage left to us by master musicians like Dodds, Oliver and Armstrong to be driven into the obscurity of old scratchy records by the commercial interests of the monopolists, or is 1952 the year of the real awakening of jazz in Australia? The next convention may provide the answer.

PIANO PLAYING IN THE GEORGE MURRAY

Objections had come to the President of the S.R.C. about people playing the piano in the George Murray and disturbing those who studied or read magazines in the library above. When the President enquired into the matter he met with keen opposition from those people who played the piano on the grounds that the Union Buildings were primarily to facilitate extracurricular activities. When Mr. Reid put this matter before the S.R.C. for consideration they agreed that that was the real object of the Union Buildings, and that students were perfectly entitled to bang on the piano.

Arundel Boniface writes on

THE ALDEN "KING LEAR"

Mr. John Alden is a splendid example of that rare phenomenon in the theatre—an actor-producer with a fine sense of restraint. The recent production of King Lear was a triumph of restraint. This probably is the explanation of its success. At times, indeed, the restraint was carried to an extreme, to the ultimate detriment of the production; but the picture as a whole was so impressive, because, I feel, Mr. Alden and his co-producer, Mr. James Mills, avoided the temptation to throw everything they had into the production of a play which already contains everything necessary to make it a great stage spectacle.



John Alden as KING LEAR and Alistair Roberts as THE FOOL.

"King Lear" is more than a piece of literary bravura; it is, and I say this with no apology, for I am essentially an apostle of the Obvious, a great play. Alden and Mills recognised its inherent greatness and brought to its production a commendable humility. The result was, as I have said, a fine and eminently successful production.

This sense of restraint manifested itself not only through the acting, but through the staging. The sheer simplicity of the setting combined with the costuming that was not what one might call magnificent, yet extremely effective, and what was most pleasing for a Shakespearean production, clean and fresh, made a pleasant appeal to the eye without in any way detracting from what the play has to say.

Mr. Alistair Roberts is to be commended for his fine costume designs. They were as fresh and original as any we have yet seen on the Shakespearean stage here in Adelaide, and a welcome respite from the all too familiar Theatre Shop doublet and hose. The Alden Company resembles the Old Vic Company rather than the Stratford Company, in that its strength lies in its two or three leading actors, while the standard varies to a great extent through the other members of the company. But

the present Company is blessed with actors of the standard of Alden, whose Lear, while not being what one might honestly call a great Lear was, nevertheless, intensely moving AND full of theatrical merit, and Alistair Roberts, whose portrayal of the fool I can describe only with a word which seems these days to be rather vague and the resort of the lay critics—lovely.

Mr. Alden brought to the portrayal of Lear the vigor and enthusiasm of a young man, and despite, or perhaps because of, that gave a memorable interpretation of a rash and foolish old man. In the mere mechanics of his interpretation, Mr. Alden managed to draw a rather sad, but exciting picture of the eccentric mannerisms of old age. But here, too, the hand of restraint was laid gently upon the shoulder of the actor, and he knew just how far to go.

Mr. Alistair Roberts gave us perhaps not the entire fool that Shakespeare wrote, but his performance was so outstanding that one hardly noticed that this was so. Mr. Roberts' movements brought added pathos to the role, and because from where the present writer sat he was at times inaudible, it is his physical grace that has left an indelible memory upon the writer's mind.

It says much, surely, for Mr.

Roberts' skill as an actor, that despite the lightness of his voice, he was able, purely physically, to get across to his audience a powerful study of the Fool. We look forward very much to his performance as Puck. We can think of nobody who is more suited to that role.

As I have said, the Company is built, perhaps not intentionally, but nevertheless by force of circumstances, around its two leading members. None of the three women members of the cast reached the standard of acting achieved by Alden and Roberts. Frankly, Miss Neva Carr-Glynn annoyed me. Her presence on stage threw me continually out of pre-Roman Britain into some three-roomed divan laden Noel Coward apartment reeking with temperament. Miss Huia Munro, as Regan, was what Regan surely is, but Miss Mavis Turner, as Cordelia, while portraying much of the sweetness and injured innocence of the role was, nevertheless, not all that Cordelia could have been. In the first half of the play she was scarcely audible, and although her performance improved in the latter half, and her meeting and reconciliation with her father was magnificently poignant, one felt all the time that lack of finish.

Of the performance of the other members of the Company I will say little, except to observe, but for me, Edmund was way, way off the beam. My own opinions upon this portrayal were adequately summed up for me by a lady who observed that it was beyond her comprehension to imagine two women with perfectly good husbands of their own falling for a man like that. William Rees, as Gloucester, spoilt his performance as far as I was concerned by not reaching the heights of which he is patently capable in the Blinding Scene. His performance otherwise was of great merit, but that one failure did, as I have said, spoil it all for me. Perhaps I am inhumanly blood-thirsty, but I do feel that any man who was undergoing the torture of having his eyes gouged out would react more vigorously and more vocally than did Mr. Rees.

We, as Australians, may justifiably give ourselves a pat upon the back that such a Company has grown out of ourselves. It is to be hoped that this pat on the back will inspire us to support Mr. Alden's ambitious an extremely worthwhile project to the extent it deserves.

THE BENTLEY VERSION

(continued from page 1)

At the appointed hour the motley cortege reached the Circus Maximus (in plebeian parlance termed the cloisters) to the accompaniment of "Music Hath Charms," rendered with uninhibited zeal by Marcus Scott on a genus of flageolet. No doubt you will have noticed the transient analogy of the cloisters to the Circus Maximus, but really the pomp and ceremony of this memorable occasion were such as turn any onlooker's thoughts back to the palmy days of Rome. Fortunately, in many respects, the organisers were not so unwary as to attempt the re-enactment of a Roman Gala Day in its entirety, and we are indeed happy to report that not one

Christian was slain—nor even molested.

Having successfully negotiated the "insidiae camerarum" without the Circus portals, the members of the Bentley Brotherhood (who strongly disclaim any suggestion of allegiance to the Moravian Brethren or the Ku Klux Klan) filed, with appropriate solemnity, into the hallowed precincts. Meanwhile an unknown source of harmony filled the air with variations on the "Dead March From Saul." The general atmosphere until this stage was one of deep solemnity.

While not seeking to depreciate the parts played by other dignitaries—and indeed the female element was anything but

displeasing to most onlookers of the opposite sex—it will be generally conceded that the "Star Act," the piece de resistance, of the procession was the entrance of the Glorious Quadrumvirate—Reid, Bergin, Gibbs and Ashwin. The first three of these above-mentioned gentlemen were arrayed in period costume, while Ashwin, robed in full academic finery which covered a pair of "revoltingly filthy dungarees," carried the mace. A man of lesser steel might have found the temptation to laugh almost irresistible, but not so Ashwin, who retained a "vultus immobile" to the end. He has been recommended for the M.M. (Makepeace Medal, awarded for heroism in action).

LETTERS . . . "Speed the Soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul" (Pope)

Echo I . . .

Sir,—Far from joining I. B. C. Wilson in an expression of horror, I suggest that "all thinking University students" should be thanking heaven that there is yet a paper in existence which will allow documents like "The Call" to become subjects for debate in an open forum. John Milton once wrote in his "Ameopagitica," "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary." Insofar as criticism of orthodox or complacently held views or beliefs are, to use the words of the Master of Lincoln, "well grounded and/or sincere," only good can come of such open discussion. There have been two such notable discussions recently: the immaterialist mission to the University last year, and this discussion of "The Call." In both cases I believe the prominent participants to have been sincere and not without a case. Both discussions I believe to have been of value.

In your last issue of the faults of the article, "You, Too, Can Have Morals Like Franco's" were voted by various correspondents. It was too long; it had many inconsistencies which the Master of Lincoln efficiently exposed, and it descended at times to an unfortunately low standard of journalism. But I believe it to have been of value. It failed, in my opinion to prove that "The Call" is a document imbued with a Fascist spirit. But it did make plain how insidious a philosophy Fascism can be, and how easily such respectable sentiments as can be found in "The Call," could be perverted, particularly during the course of a long protracted cold war between what is called the free world, and the Communist countries. The presence in Australia of a right-wing authoritarian movement may or may not be a "myth," but that such a movement might rise to power if the cold war continues for perhaps five, ten, or more years is by no means impossible. For this reason I think a distinction between "The Call" as a document and those who are now using it as a pretext for addressing gatherings is legitimate.

The document has been published. The originators of the document, however, still continue to address gatherings. The only way to discover whether there is any truth in Scott's article is, first of all to discover what they are saying today and not ten or more years ago, and then to examine it critically. If the article, with all its defects, has done no more than to stimulate such a critical awareness in readers of "On Dit" it was worth printing. Only by such open discussion of everything worthy of discussion can totalitarianism of the right or the left or the back or the front be prevented. May the present policy of "On Dit" never be relinquished.

JOHN TREGENZA.

Echo II . . .

Sir,—As a constant reader of your journal, I offer you my heartiest congratulations for your action in publishing the article entitled "You, Too, Can Have Morals Like Franco."

Doubtless for personal reasons the author's name remains anonymous, but your action of publishing such an article without a grovelling apology to any section of the community is to be commended, and shows that "On Dit" is carrying on the tradition of a truly democratic press, and not serving as an organ for a minority as many so-called newspapers are today.

The true essence of democracy is that one is allowed to criticise it, and doubtlessly those who condemn you for publishing

the article would like to see this liberty denied us.

Continue with the good work, "On Dit" in presenting us with unbiased opinions, which, like the one under discussion stirs lethargic minds into activity, and presents us with new food for thought.

F. M. CAIN.

Echo III . . .

A Mr. Charles Stokes, while endeavoring to reveal the "glaring political illogicalities" of Mr. Jeffrey Scott succeeds only in revealing his own "glaring" ignorance of the very A B C of party tensions within the A.L.P.

Were he the veriest novice in this knowledge he would still know that "Messrs. Chambers, Mullens, and Keon" are so far from being the "chosen leaders" of the A.L.P. as to owe their first allegiance to quite another "pressure group," of which Mr. McGuire is the Great White Father (in Australia), and author of its Bible (no—I don't refer to "There's Freedom for the Brave")—a pressure group to which, by "gentlemen's agreement" we refrain from giving "a local habitation and a name," for, how embarrassing were that name not to be Australian! It wouldn't be cricket, Mr. Stokes.

That there is something rotten in the state of Denmark few will, I think, deny. And those who strive, by somewhat more scientific methods, both within and without the A.L.P. for better mental health in industry, can only deplore the crass ineptitude of such an attempt upon it as "The Call" and the hand in it of two men so profoundly distrusted by Labor.

Since the Master of Lincoln, in his disquisition upon "The Call" sees fit to draw heavily upon the mental sciences, one might have expected him, at least, to know that it is not thus—by exhortation—that enduring bridges are built across the perilous and wasting chasms of social disunity; nor unhappy wanderers in the middle mist drawn slowly, but surely, into the good life of a unified—but still democratic—society.

BARBARA HEASLIP, B.A.

Double, You See

Dear Sirs,—It was with great dismay that I opened my copy of the last edition of "On Dit" to read that I would be in the Bentley Installation Procession as "The Holder of the Privy."

When I, as S.R.C. Treasurer, innocently applied for the position of Holder of the Privy Purse in the Yeoman Bedell ceremony, it did not occur to me, a reasonably clean-minded individual, that my application would be distorted in such a manner, nor that that distortion would appear in your illustrious paper. Immediately I heard rumors of such a distortion of my innocent words, I made a public denial of it—on the day before the "On Dit" MSS. went to the printers.

I can only conclude that Mr. Bergin must have been at the Richmond for some time before he started talking to himself and telling himself untruths on the imaginary tape-recorder which he no doubt sincerely believed to be in existence at the time; for I should hate to think that the error had been a deliberate one.

CHARLES FAUNTLEROY STOKES, P.C.

Music While You Shirk

Dear Sir,—I read with interest your article on the Adelaide University Jazz Band in the last edition but one of "On Dit," and the letter of protest in the last edition by a Miss Kidman.

Without commenting on the merits of the band, I would like

to point out several inconsistencies in the letter, which evidently arise from Miss Kidman's adherence to the other side of the controversy mentioned in your original article.

First the word "stars." Miss Kidman would judge a star by the critics and general applause. An example of a critic's analysis of the band is to be found in your original article. Incidentally, the comments of non-jazz musicians, unhampered by commercial ambitions, at the Adelaide convention would put the band in that category. The committee of the Sydney convention were of the same opinion.

Second, Miss Kidman's criticism of New Orleans jazz. It is the usual practice of those who, for commercial interests, want to ridicule real jazz to say their music was crude and lacked technique. The most convincing answer to this is to say, "Listen to it." Technique is the ability to play what you want, fluently and flawlessly. Listen to Dodds and Oliver. They made no mistakes and what they played was of infinitely greater musical value than the prattlings of Bruce Grey or the halting, childish squealing of Hounslow. Technique is not the number of notes per second multiplied by the frequency of the notes.

Third, as a member of the band, I can assure the public that we do not copy note for note. There are some choruses that, because of their brilliance, have become traditional. These are not played note for note in deference to their originators. The rest of the music is our own, in as near a copy of the New Orleans style that we can get. It says a lot for the success of the band that Miss Kidman believes it is a copy. However, if she listened below the surface she would see that not only is it different music, but a very rudimentary copy of the style. The ethics of playing in the New Orleans style are closely bound up with those of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, who play Beethoven note for note from sheet music!

Fourth, it is not true that the music has been widely played before. Experience has shown me that very few "jazzmen" have ever heard of most of our tunes.

In the light of the earlier part of Miss Kidman's letter which I have analysed above, I will leave the reader to judge how much weight to attach to her criticism of the individual musicians.

IAN E. MCCARTHY.

Hot Retort

Dear Sir,—I wish to add my voice to what will, I hope, be a rising volume of protest against the newly installed loud-speaker in the Refectory.

I feel that it is a very serious matter that one person should be enabled to invade people's private conversations to the extent which is possible with this instrument, a thing which should be allowed only if it is fulfilling a most urgent need. The meetings of the various clubs and societies, while important, cannot be classed as urgent. Moreover, after being subjected to prolonged "treatment," almost everyone develops a resistance to this form of announcement, so that, while not ceasing to be irritated by the noise, one ceases to absorb the sense of what is said.

I consider, therefore, that this new adventure of the S.R.C. is to be heartily deplored in that it will be of little use and of very great nuisance; and I think that the nuisance is all the more serious in that it will exert a disrupting influence on one of the few social centres of the University; conversation is already hard enough in the Refectory at lunch time, and conversation is a very valuable thing.

MARC CLIFT.

BISHOP NONPLUSSSED BY MINUS ADDITIONS

(continued from page 1)

Second year: B.Sc., 10; Eng.,

3. Third year: 4; Hons. Geology, 6; Economic Geology, 2.

Meanwhile, the various schools which make up the Faculty of Arts must make do without a building of their own which is a severe handicap because it restricts, to a large extent, the communications between each of the schools which is so fundamental to a healthy and properly working Faculty of Arts.

It is interesting to make a comparison between the numbers who use the Mawson Laboratories and the numbers in the various schools of the Arts Faculty. There are 126 reading Classics, 431 reading English, 111 French, 47 German, 430 reading in the History School, 237 reading Economics. The Geography Department has 102 students, and the Philosophy

Department 250.

While the Faculty of Arts in this University has to labor under such conditions there is little hope of any undergraduate becoming anything more than a little graduate duly branded with the trade mark of this establishment. But the pinch-purse policy adopted towards the Faculty of Arts by the University authorities is only one of two things which is doing much to brand the University of Adelaide as one of those provincial universities which is indeed no more than an institute of technology. Just as fundamental as the starving of the Faculty of Arts is the restriction upon personal contact with members of the staff. This cannot be entirely blamed upon the fact that the University is overloaded to an extent never before experienced in its history. We would be bold to suggest, of course, that the University authorities are so lacking in their conception of the real purpose of a University that they should try consciously to restrict personal contacts between undergraduates and the academic staff, but then at times we do feel overcome with a boldness that surprises us. We are old enough to remember the

days when the academic staff lunched with us in the Refectory, at a separate table we admit, but still where we could see them. Now, of course, the staff is seen only in the lecture or tutorial room. Of course, there are some game spirits on the staff who do occasionally venture into the Refectory and some even gamer who eat with the students. Perhaps this would be an appropriate place for the students to extend to their professors and lecturers an open invitation to feel welcome to lunch with them in the Refectory. The professors and lecturers might find that a surprising number of undergraduates deplore this lack of personal contact with those to whom they look for a lead in educating themselves.

We hope that there are more influential people such as the Bishop of Adelaide who have the courage to stand up and voice their anxieties about the present parlous state of affairs in the University. But we hope that unlike the Bishop of Adelaide the courage of their convictions will be so strong that, whether or no they have the care of the souls of people concerned in the life and work of the University of Adelaide in their immediate jurisdiction, they will not be afraid to admit publicly that it does a soul considerable good at times to be perturbed and hurt by a truth.

Osborne Power House overtime ban—
Glory without Power?

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Sneedon: INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINEERING
Goodman: MECHANICS APPLIED TO ENGINEERING
Warren: ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT SYSTEM
Carr: NATIONALISM AND AFTER
Jaeger: INTRODUCTION TO LAPLACE TRANSFORMATION
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STANDS FRANCE WHERE SHE DID?
Chairman: Sir Edward Morgan

8 p.m., Wednesday, 21st May. Dr. W. R. Adey
THE BRAIN AND OUR EMOTIONS
Chairman: Dr. F. Ray Hone

3 p.m., Sunday, 1st June. Mr. G. H. Lawton
BUTTER v. GUNS: TRUMAN'S FOURTH POINT
AND THE COLOMBO PLAN
Chairman: Mr. E. R. Dawes

BRING YOUR FRIENDS

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Libs to meet here in Vacation

Members of University Liberal Clubs from all over Australia will be meeting in Adelaide during the May vacation.

The Australian Universities' Liberal Federation Council meeting will be held in the Union Buildings from May 31 to June 5, followed by National Conference at Holiday House, Mount Lofty, from the 5th to the 8th.

The Adelaide University Liberal Union-A.U.L.F. Liaison Officer, Mr. Charles Stokes, said last week that it was hoped that as many Liberal Union members as possible would make a point of going to conference this year. Members who would like to attend Council meetings as observers were asked to contact him in the near future. Mr. Stokes said that tariff for conference would probably be 30/-. However, full details would be sent to members soon by the conference secretary, Mr. Jim Bettison.

The provisional theme of the conference would be, "Australia in the World," to be treated under the particular topics of "Australia in the British Commonwealth," "Australia's Peaceful Role Among Her Neighbors," "Australia and the Japanese Peace Treaty," "Australia's Military Interest in South-East Asia," and "Australia's Role in World Politics."

Many prominent speakers had been asked to give addresses. These included Mr. R. G. Casey,

Mr. Harold Holt, Mr. Phil McBride, Mr. Paul Hasluck, Mr. Archie Cameron, Mr. Baden Pattinson, and Dame Enid Lyons. Mr. K. C. Wilson and Senator Rex Pearson had also been asked to attend the conference, and to lead study groups.

Although A.U.L.F. Council had met in Adelaide two years ago, this was the first time that a National Conference had been held here, Mr. Stokes added. Only L.U. members were eligible to attend.

Liberals

We must congratulate Mr. Jack Ferguson on his very fine appointment; indeed, nearly as fine as that of his friend, Mr. Jimmie McGirr. It's wonderful what results are forthcoming when New South Wales "Labor" Premier and Federal State A.L.P. President get together and strive for "better conditions for the workers."

Talking of workers, Mr. J. J. Dedman, of Corio, Victoria, who was a Minister in the Chifley Government, and was thrown out of Parliament altogether in 1949, helped by the able boot of cyclist, Mr. Hubert Opperman, said not long ago that workers should not be able to own their own homes, as that would create a lot of "little capitalists."

Yes, this is the Australian Labor Party.

The debate, "That This House Has No Confidence in the Present Federal Government" was of fairly high standard, and provoked some interesting discussion afterwards from the House.

Anti-Menzies supporters were triumphant when the motion was carried 19-12. They were also silently relieved that the motion was not put earlier when the Opposition side in the debate (the pro-Menzies-ites) had a clear majority.

We congratulate Scott on his very fine contribution to the Symposium on National Unity.

Camera Club

The last meeting of the club was held on Thursday, April 24, when Mr. Cronin spoke on press photography, and Mr. A. Kleeman showed Kodachrome slides of his recent trip abroad. The evening was an interesting one, and augured well for future meetings.

The next meeting will be held in the last week of term, when Mr. George Zeising, a 35 mm. expert, will give a talk on "Composition." Mr. Zeising would appreciate some prints for criticism, and if members have prints on which they would like an expert opinion, they are invited to bring them to this meeting. Watch the notice boards for the exact date of this function.

Large numbers of students inspected the exhibition of in-

Socialist Club

Towards the end of last term the membership of the Socialist Club began to dwindle. The truth was that the club was failing to give its members the activities for which they joined it, and was ceasing to be a club for discussion and learning, becoming instead one of dogma and propaganda.

It would have been a great pity if the club had ceased to exist. There are a large number of students at the University with Leftish inclinations who need a club, if not to join, at least to put their point of view before the public. Even the Liberal Club might have suffered without an opposition by becoming smug and moribund.

All this was discussed very hotly, and there was talk by a break away group of forming some new club, but even those left in the old one were not satisfied with it, so that instead it was decided to re-form the existing Socialist Club.

At the beginning of this term a grand meeting was called so that each person who had ever been interested in the club could state what form they personally wished it to take, and suggest new activities for it.

It became evident that there was a big difference of political opinion between many of those present, but everyone agreed that this would only help to make the club more vital, and that if all left groups could be represented in the club, the ensuing arguments would make the club a lively one which would attract attention.

We found that there was quite enough common ground on which to re-start the club; a common wish to formulate our political ideas more clearly, a belief that Socialism "has got something," and a desire to learn more about it.

Several of those present at the meeting put forward some rather brilliant ideas on new activities we could indulge in, many of them ways in which we could wake up the University and make it a bit vital.

So the Socialist Club was re-born.

International prints, which was held last week in the George Murray Library. It is hoped to hold a similar exhibition in the near future.

The darkroom is available for use by contacting J. Wood in the Biochemistry Department. Subscriptions (5/-) are also payable to him and Rex Le Page in the same department.

Union Singers

At the instigation of music lovers, and others, a Student Choral Society, the Union Singers, has recently been formed. Under the direction of Mr. J. H. Winstanley, of Saint Peter's College, these students hope to let off some steam, release inhibitions and otherwise sing lustily every Friday at 1.20 p.m. in the Lady Symon Hall.

The Union Singers has a two-fold purpose—it is designed to give students an introduction to the singing of serious choral music as well as allowing them to enjoy the vulgar delights of folk-singing and University songs. In short, every student interested in singing will be very welcome at the Friday meetings. No crooners need apply.

Should the Union Singers grow into a flourishing body, it should become possible to participate in conjunction with the Bach Choir in the Inter-Varsity Choral Festivals, now confined to the Melbourne or Sydney University Choral Societies.

For those more seriously-minded, there is the University Bach Choir, which meets every Tuesday evening at 7.45 p.m. in the Elder Hall. This choir, under the direction of Mr Alan Tregaskis, is primarily designed for those who already have some small knowledge of music. It is the Bach Choir's intention this year to render the Mozart Requiem at its annual concert.

"Bread prices may go up."—News Item.

The 40 hour week loaf?

Electrician, 28, R.C., int. church, music, seeks acquaintance lonely, genuine R.C. young lady, friendship. Box 1064, G.P.O.—"Advertiser" Miscellaneous Column.

What he is looking for is a powerful love affair and a happy ohm.

University Bach Choir

REHEARSES IN ELDER HALL on TUESDAYS, at 7.45 p.m.

NEW MEMBERS required in all sections:

SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS

Bach Society

All who take an intelligent interest in music are reminded that they can indulge in it regularly with the University Bach Choir, whose membership is free, and open to all who enjoy singing, and have some slight ability to read music (ment is not entirely necessary if there is enthusiasm).

Three years ago the Adelaide Bach Choir, a body which has been active in Adelaide for 40 years, merged with the small, newly formed University Choir, and formed the present choir open to students and non-students which exists from the study and performance of fine choral music, and to give its members the opportunity for one of the oldest and richest of man's joys, participation in choral singing.

The value of opportunity to music-lovers who want to perform as well as listen, may be measured by the list of works studied so far, which includes the Mozart "Requiem," a Bach cantata, motets by Bach and Moart, and Brahms' "Song of Destiny." A concert is given annually at the Conservatorium and other performances are occasionally given, as for instance, with city church choirs in the Bach centenary celebrations two years ago, and the "Music on the River," madrigals from "Popeye," which would have been a great success if it hadn't rained.

This year Mozart's "Requiem Mass," Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," and songs by Dyson (a fine selection of works from three centuries) are being prepared for a concert in August, supported by the Conservatorium orchestra.

It is hoped to build the choir up to a hundred voices, or even two hundred, and to raise it to a standard at which it can have equal footing with the Choral Societies of the other Universities, at the annual University Choir Festival, to be held this year in Queensland. The Sydney University Choral Society, in particular, is well known as a first-rate body, one of the best of its kind in Australia.

The choir practises in the Elder Hall every Tuesday, from 7.45 p.m. to 9.15 p.m. A special invitation is extended to newcomers next Tuesday.

It is reported that cabinet-makers are now finding work harder to get. How about trying France?

Aquinas Society

Under the auspices of the Aquinas Society, Mr. Kevin Ward, Q.C., addressed a meeting in the George Murray Hall on Friday, April 18, on the recently issued "Call to the Nation." He emphasised the importance, and the necessity, of heeding the appeal by the Clergy and the Judiciary. "Australians can do much to raise the moral standards both in private and in public life," said Mr. Ward.

More than 100 members of the Society were present at St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral on Sunday, April 20, for the general Communion. Graduates and undergraduates later attended a breakfast, where the President, Mr. A. Bazeley, welcomed the Archbishop of Adelaide, Most Rev. M. Beovich, D.D., Ph.D., and the guest speaker, Rev. Fr. J. Gleeson, Director of Catholic Education.

The committee would like to remind all students of the meetings which are held in the George Murray Lounge, on Mondays and Thursdays, and they urge as many as possible to attend.

THE MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF THE SOCIETY FOR 1952 WILL BE THE ENCLOSED RETREAT, TO BE HELD AT MT. BARKER FROM MAY 23 TO 25. AS MANY AS POSSIBLE ARE URGED TO ATTEND THE RETREAT AND TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY IT OFFERS THEM.

Names must be submitted to Miss Pat Green no later than Wednesday, May 7, with a deposit of 10/-.

HALLEY TO SPEAK

On July 19 of last year, the S.R.C. passed a motion to send Peter Halley as its official observer to the I.U.S. Council meeting in Warsaw. Now he is back, and at the last meeting of the S.R.C. a motion was passed that Mr. Halley be requested to report at a Special General Meeting of his observations in Warsaw.

The date on which Mr. Halley will address students is as yet undecided, but it is undoubted that his personal experiences at this Conference in Warsaw should be of great interest to the student body. He is a person who went to Warsaw without any political bias and his impartial observation should enable students to gain an impersonal and constructive criticism of this organisation which N.U.A.U.S. has declared to be Communistically inspired.

SCIENCE BALL

Make up your parties now for this unique occasion. It will be the ball of the season. Eight Beautiful Debutantes will be presented by

Mrs. A. P. Rowe

to

Sir Mellis and Lady Napier.

The young ladies to make their debut are: Diane Howlett, Ruth Humphrey, Gilian Lowe, Gillian Montgomery, Margaret Reed, Judy Senior, Marion Sizer, Jeannette Thomas.

Place: THE REFECTORY. Date: MAY 24.

Bookings: Union Office.

Price: 12/- double (including supper).

RUGBY WHITEWASHED

Rugby

Last Saturday the Rugby season opened, and the results of the first three matches of the season, as far as scores are concerned at any rate, were against University. The A's lost to West Torrens, the St. Mark's team to West Torrens, and Aquinas to Woodville. The lessons learnt from these games, augmented by a lecture on tactics by Captain-Coach Hone, are expected to result in a reversal of Saturday's results when the next round is played.

Mick Hone was elected captain of the A team and Jim Probert vice-captain; Paholski and Savage were elected captain and vice-captain respectively of the Aquinas team. Callaghan and Murrell filled these positions for St. Mark's. The A team lost, 14-6 to West Torrens, but are not disheartened. Last year they won the premiership after losing the first four and then winning the last eleven matches. In last Saturday's match, the forwards demonstrated their future potentialities by soundly thrashing their West Torrens opposites in the early minutes of the game.

However, they tired early, and their early tight play deteriorated into an inferior looseness expected of B Grade forwards, but unpardonable in an A team.

Although until the final minutes, Brett won more of the ball from the set scrums than did the opposition, at no time did the University forwards show the tenacity and tightness in the rucks which won the premiership last year. Looseness in line-outs was responsible for the scrum half, Price, being unnecessarily knocked around, and also for the possession of the ball being lost after Hone had won it on the throw in.

Robinson, Ayoub and Turner played well, the remainder of the forwards breaking far too slowly from rucks and scrums.

West Torrens break-aways, being repeatedly offside, gave scrum-half Price a torrid time. Price played magnificently in the loose, and without doubt will improve his passing from the scrums as he gains more experience in his new partnership with Chisholm.

Chisholm, a newcomer to the five-eighth position, was very fast. He ran straight and kicked well in defence. No doubt he will pass earlier to

the centres with more experience in his new position. Chisholm looks as though he will be very dangerous to future opposition.

Those outstanding centres, Probert and Higgins, played well when they had the ball. A new addition to the backline, Lekias scored the only tries of the game. The first one he made by his own efforts; the second was made by his own efforts, and the third was made by the centres. His position in the A team only depends on his improving his defences.

On the whole, the team showed, that given match practice, it can repeat last year's performance.

The same expectations are held of future successes by the Aquinas team. Much of what has already been said of the A team applies to this team. It was beaten by much the same margin as the A's were. Woodville won, 13-3. A feature of the forward play was the efforts of Cranley in the line-outs. Kennedy and Paholski also played well in the forwards. Like the A's they must tighten up their forward game.

In the back-line, two newcomers, White and Vowles, showed great promise. Savage played a competent game as full-back, and with a little more vigor, will be an even much stronger contender for the A team position. The Aquinas team should do well.

The St. Mark's team has possibilities. Although defeated by West Torrens, 22-0, the team, comprising as it did a large number of players who were playing their first match, was by no means disgraced. Allgrove and Yin played quite well. The backs gained useful experience.

The ability of the St. Mark's team will become more obvious as the team gains experience.



FOOTBALL ROUNDUP

After two rounds of matches, some footballers are still feeling happy and some have mixed feelings. The "C" team is ranked among the former, as they have two good wins to their credit, while the A's and B's have each won one and lost one. The results at a glance were:—

A1—v. P.A.O.C. won, 13.20 to 9.2; v. Exeter lost, 8.6 to 6.11.

A2—v. Teachers' won, 10.10 to 7.13; v. King's O.C. lost, 12.9 to 6.12.

A3—v. Railways won, 7.11 to 5.3.

The "C" team, under Capt. B. Jeffries, have showed everyone that this year they are going to be somebody to reckon with in Grade A3. Against Railways, a much bigger side, they showed plenty of speed and determination, and won a scrumby game by 10 points. The following week they swamped North

Brighton by 20 goals. "Pongo" Cox top-scored with 9 goals, and all the other forwards managed to raise both flags at least once. Keep them at it, Doc!

Jim Whittle's gang in A2 fought hard to beat Teachers' College last week, but went down to King's Old Collegians in the second round. Several of last year's stalwarts have showed good form, including Jim Whittle, Trevor Baker, John Renney and Johnny Redway.

The "Big-men from the 'Varsity," as the "Advertiser" called the A's, have played two good games, defeating Prince's, then losing to last year's runner-ups, Exeter. Against P.A.O.C. we found out why they were premiers last year in A2, and their bustling tactics were reflected in our long tally of points—20 altogether. Captain Digby began well, and he was well back-

ed up by the whole team. The match against Exeter was "on" from start to finish, and the "Tigers" third quarter burst and our 11 points out of 17 shots for goal, found us 7 points behind when the siren went. Jenny Martin (roving) and the back-men all played well, and although beaten, we were not discouraged, and are waiting for the next clash.

Next Saturday the A's play Payneham on the University Oval, and all spectators will be welcomed with open arms! The other teams are both away from home, but I expect three wins, so don't make a liar out of me, Blacks!

An official of Rotary recently wrote to the Warden suggesting that Rotarians may be willing to give hospitality and entertainment to overseas students in their homes (either suburban or country) during the coming vacation. Overseas students who would like to spend part of their vacation in this way are invited to sign one of the lists for the purpose on the Refectory boards.

HOCKEY HOTSPOTS

Thoroughly rejuvenated by an influx of new talent from local sources, our old supply depot, the Swan River Colony, and our new pastures, Malaya, the Hockey Club is away to a flying start this year.

We are numerically one of the strongest clubs in the association, and if current form is any indication, look like being close handy when they dish out the premiership at the end of the year. Several of our overseas friends and, perhaps, one or two locals would stand a very good chance of selection in one of the State teams, Senior or Junior.

Hockey is a game for all ages, so if you feel that you would like to do something on Saturday afternoons there is a place for you somewhere in one of our teams. Please yourself whether it's tearing madly around with the forwards, or becoming progressively more hibernatory, till at last you find yourself leaning sedately on a stick in the goalmouth with the goalie's pads to keep you warm (nothing personal, Brian!). If you are interested just get in touch with any hockey player and he'll tee you up.

Or, better still, roll out to one of our practices on Tuesday, Wednesday, or best, Thursday night. Contrary to a belief current among some members, practices are not only for the good players, but for everyone. So come out, you shirkers!

If you don't go to practices you won't hear about our socials. Last Saturday's was a wizard "do"—you know the sort—biscuits, cheese, vice-president's "18," songs and a good time for all. We hope to have some more during the year, and the more that come—the cheaper it is.

It's all up to you, but if you want to play a man's game—and watch the women at the same time—take up hockey, and

Hockey

