

# on dit



## INDIAN DELEGATION RETURNS

by M. Porter

Eating with hands, sleeping in places varying from third class railway latrines to the most fabulous suite in the homes of the stinking rich industrial magnates were common experiences for the six Adelaide students who returned last week from India. They were among a delegation of sixty students organised by N.U.A.U.S. through the local S.R.C.'s.

Depending on their interests the students got mixed up in varying kinds of activities. One of the students travelled for almost a week with a Family Planning and Social Welfare group, moving from village to village in the most backward parts of Southern India. He later managed to hitchhike through the Himalayas along with a lot of refugees from Tibet travelling to India.

The students managed to gain interviews with controversial characters like Krishna Menon and the benevolent Jawaharbal Nehru.

India's experiment with democracy is of vital importance to the Western world, and with a bit of luck in the following editions of "On Dit" quite a bit of light will be shed on the various sides of India as seen by Australian eyes.

It is hoped that an even larger delegation will make the trip this Christmas vacation. (Latin America and Japan are on the drawing board as well as India.)

In 1962 the S.R.C. gave up to £50 assistance per person, and with this aid some of the students managed to keep total costs (including the four weeks' debauché on the ship) for the three and a half months below £150. There must be a lot of students who earned as much or more than this in the vacation this year. Let's hope that the Scheme, when it gets going soon with the fullest possible financial support from the S.R.C., will attract many applications.

The cost is low and the return is infinite.

## STUDENTS: dignity, integrity, respect

For those of us who have been students at institutions of higher learning overseas, or who have had opportunities to compare student life outside Australia with that which exists here, the attitude of the student at Adelaide University appals. It is not merely that he is apathetic towards student group activities, through the dismal attendance at some student club meetings is notorious, but that he is nearly always socially and politically immature. In many cases the student is politically a negative quantity altogether.

He has no sense of human dignity, nor any inclination to voice his opinions on matters affecting the future of our own Society or of mankind in which he should be vitally interested. Immersed (outside his academic studies) in a welter of trivia, ranging from football to needlework, the Australian student resolutely turns his back on issues of the greatest possible significance to himself, his country, and the world, so that he may enjoy himself a little longer before settling down to the real aim and interest in his life: having a job, making money, or getting married, as the case may be.

In his "Outline of History" H. G. Wells writes: "Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe." This is clearly even more relevant today than when it was written, but if our students continue to be the biggest bunch of navel gazers while the storm clouds gather all round our horizon, what hope for the future have we? Students here are treated by the outside public largely as a lot of silly kids. Our local press is mostly unfavourable and at times openly hostile to students as a whole. There seems little opportunity for the student to shoulder adult responsibilities or even to be heard on matters of importance. The reply of many business people to one who dared let drop

that he had been a student at a university, is: "Never mind, you'll soon grow out of it."

Against this background, what is the spectacle with which we are presented at the S.R.C. Fresher Camps? New students are herded together into disused army huts by the beach. Nothing stronger than coffee, even for those over 18, is permitted to be consumed on the premises, lights are out at 11.30 p.m., with no talking after that time presumably. Is this an introduction to an institution of higher learning, to a university? The student as usual is treated as a child and will continue to behave like one.

Generally speaking people will react in a situation in the manner in which they see others expect them to react. If much is expected they will give of their best, when nothing much is expected, little is forthcoming. Let us not hear others say with Congreve: "Tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university, but the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman." Sadly, it seems that the inward looking subservient mentality prevails among many undergraduates here, and that in time their own sloth and indifference will make them the soft tools of the socially and politically conscious.

Fun and games are fine and necessary, too, but let us not forget that it is at a University that the ideas of many of the individuals become hardened and their moral, political and social convictions are hammered out. Let our student leaders strive to awaken the consciences of freshers and others to their future roles as leaders, in the vanguard of society. Let them raise the student to his rightful position in the community: one of dignity, integrity and respect, not treat him like a child, to be protected from himself at the very outset of his university career.

## Students Arrested

LEYDEN (March 4).—African students leaving Bulgaria have urged student organisations throughout the world to protest against the persecution of Africans by the Bulgarian government and police as well as by Bulgarian students. Most of the more than two hundred African students in Bulgaria have either left the country or plan to do so as soon as they find funds.

The immediate cause of the massive departure of African students was the arrest of the leaders of the recently-formed All African Students' Union in Bulgaria. The background cause was a consistent pattern of discrimination and brutality against African students.

The Bulgarian government had been willing to deal with the students on a national basis but refused to grant permission for them to band together in an All-African organisation which might have been sufficiently large and strong to protect its members. After the students had elected their seven-member Executive Committee, the Bulgarian government ordered its President expelled from the University and deported from the country. On February 9, more than 100 students went to the office of the Bulgarian Prime Minister to urge him to reconsider this order, and they were given assurances that their leaders could interview him at a later date. During the early morning of February 12, however, the Bulgarian police raided the student hostel and arrested two of the officers of the A.A.S.U.

Later that morning more than two hundred students, many of them carrying their baggage with them, marched towards the Prime Minister's office to demand either the release of the arrested students and permission for the All African Students' Union to exist or that they be given their exit visas and tickets to leave Bulgaria. The march was promptly assaulted by the police, who beat up large numbers of the students and arrested more than 40 of them. All the arrested students were released

later in the day, except for the seven members of the A.A.S.U. Executive Committee, its President, Tetteh Tawiah of Ghana, its Vice-President, Mr. Amlak of Ethiopia, 2 Togolese, 1 Nigerian, 1 Guinean and 1 Somali.

The students then demanded that they be allowed to leave Bulgaria, but the government would not provide them with tickets to enable them to do so. The twenty Ghanaian students were able to leave on February 14 only with the help of their country's Ambassador to Bulgaria, Mr. Appan Sampong. The Ambassador stated that many African students from countries having no diplomatic representation in Sofia were turning to him for help. He said that his government would lodge a formal diplomatic protest with the Bulgarian foreign ministry.

Twenty Ghanaian students—all of those who had been studying in Sofia itself—arrived in Amsterdam accompanied by the Ghanaian Ambassador. The students provided details of the background of discrimination to which they had been subjected in Bulgaria. "Jeers, insults, and beatings of African students by their Bulgarian colleagues were common," according to the secretary of the Ghana Students Union in Bulgaria, Mr. Robert Kotey. "Despite our repeated protests, the Bulgarian authorities have neither publicised nor undertaken action against the hooliganism to which we were subjected."

Responding to the concern voiced by students in every continent of the world over the fate of African students in Bulgaria, the Co-ordinating Secretariat of National Unions of Students (C.O.S.E.C.) and the International University Exchange Fund (I.U.E.F.) have assisted nine Kenyan students in Bulgaria. They will attempt to find scholarships for them so that they may continue their studies as soon as possible.

The students arrived in Amsterdam from Sofia via Vienna on Sunday and were



Gay Freshers at the Paddle-Boat Derby

greeted at the airport by officials of the National Union of Students in the Netherlands (N.S.R.) and the Co-ordinating Secretariat. C.O.S.E.C. is the administrative agency of the International Student Conference in which national unions of students of 80 countries participate, while I.U.E.F. is the conference agency charged with scholarship activities. The President of the N.S.R., Mr. Peter Wacky-Eyesten, and C.O.S.E.C. Finance Secretary, Gwyn Morgan, welcomed the African students to Holland.

"It should be understood," Morgan said, "that C.O.S.E.C., in helping to obtain passages for African students in Bulgaria and in assisting their re-settlement in the country of their choice, has responded to the wishes of the students in every continent of the world which have expressed concern that, where students are oppressed by racial injustice, C.O.S.E.C., in accordance with the principles of the International Student Conference, should take clear measures to effect the speedy amelioration of their condition." All the Kenyan students, as well as a large number of students from Ghana, Nigeria, Togo, Ethiopia and other African countries, decided to leave Bulgaria because of the absence of police protection in the face of acts of violence against African students, the refusal to permit the formation of the All African Students' Union in Bulgaria, the subsequent raid on the student hostel in which African students resided, the police attack on a march of African students protesting against these events, and the arrest and deportation of the leaders of the All African Students' Union. A spokesman

for the Kenyans, Mr. Hongo Nyandeje, said that the majority of well over 200 African students still left in Bulgaria wish to leave, "but in some cases the Bulgarian government is deliberately delaying the issuance of exit visas," he said. Several of the students described their own experiences of being beaten by the Bulgarian police during the student march.

The students are temporarily staying in a Dutch student cultural centre, in Enkhuizen, in the northern part of the Netherlands, while the I.U.E.F. Director, Thord Palmund of Sweden, seeks academic placement and scholarship assistance for them. National Unions of Students from the Netherlands, Germany, England, Wales and Northern Ireland, France, Denmark, Norway, Austria, United States, Sweden and Italy have all offered assistance in placement or scholarships to academically qualified students.

—C.O.S.E.C. Press Release.

### STOP PRESS

MOTION DEFENDING ACADEMIC FREEDOM PASSED BY GENERAL STUDENT MEETING. S.R.C. ENDORSEMENT VINDICATED IN PRINCIPLE.

The Adelaide University Masquers Dramatic Society is currently presenting John Paisley's production of "Look Back in Anger." The season will extend to this Saturday night.

A.U.D.S. is putting on "Two Men of Soho" and also "Poison, passion and petrification" for all Shavian admirers and to try and drown their sorrow at the departure of their president, Mr. Malcolm Elliot for the emerald isles.

These two enjoyable plays have talented producers and will be staged in the Lady Symon Hall.

## times

We are told that you will get what you want at the Engineers' Jubilee Ball and Cocktail Party on Saturday, 11th May.

Mr. P. H. Quirke, M.P., recently appointed Minister of Lands for South Australia, will address a student meeting in the Union Hall at 1.10 p.m. on Tuesday, 2nd April.

Mr. Quirke will speak on "Money" and will answer questions.

University athletics championships, Sat., March 30th, commencing 1.30. Trophies for each event. Entries close March 28th at Union Office. Good performances may earn selection for Australian Universities Championships being held here in May.

## tides

On Dit is edited by David Grieve and Lyn Marshall.

On Dit is published by the Students' Representative Council of the University of Adelaide.

On Dit is printed by The Griffin Press.

The staff of "On Dit" includes Jaqui Dibden, Michelle Scantlebury, Gordon Bilney, Don McNicol, Andrew Hunwick, Rorie Hume.

The Editors will welcome letters, articles and other contributions from all members of the University.

Copy for the next edition which will appear on Thursday, 11th April, closes Wednesday, 3rd April.

This space has not been used by clubs and societies wishing to advertise in times and tides.

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adelaide university  
magazine

applications are now called for the position of **editor**

applications close 9th April, 1963, at S.R.C. Office

adelaide university  
magazine

## elections

## to the S.R.C.

the following positions are vacant:

**2 Men's General**

**1 Women's General**

**1 Medicine Rep. (Junior)**

**1 Science Rep. (Senior)**

nominations close at the S.R.C. Office Friday, 5th April, 1963  
polling days 9th, 10th, 11th April, 10 a.m. to 4.45 p.m.

The  
Liberal  
View

On Thursday, 14th March, the Liberal Union held their Freshers' Welcome. It was gratifying to see an increased attendance (45) over previous years. An interesting example of price elasticity came to light when it was realised that the members' subscription had been raised by 150 per cent from 2/- to 5/- a head. Perhaps if the A.L.P. club should charge half-a-guinea for membership they would attract more followers!

Mr. Millhouse, M.P., addressed the freshers, and spoke on Liberalism and the need for student interest in politics. He voiced the opinion of many younger members of the L.C.L. of the need to criticise the accepted principles, and to introduce new ideas to cope with changing situations.

The Liberal Union is an ideal forum for airing these views and to stimulate political discussion. The club could do more good by taking up causes not approved of by the existing State and Federal governments, and to examine them critically from the Liberal viewpoint, rather than meekly attempting to justify the status quo.

Mr. Millhouse then emphasised some basic aspects of Liberal thinking.

The first is the fundamental right of the freedom of an individual. Every individual should be able to choose his own way of life, subject to laws, without government interference or domination.

The second is the incentive or profit concept of business. Liberals believe that men work better if guided by the incentive of material benefit in proportion to skills and work. The Socialist "incentive" of compulsion and direction of labour is repugnant to Liberals, and conducive to laziness, inefficiency and resentment against the employer, the government.

Liberals believe that a system of workers sharing in the profits of a firm, in return for loyal efficient work for the firm, is best. This could be through bonuses, or employee shares. Management and labour are not opposite natural enemies, but members of a partnership working for the good of both.

To help attain this, we believe that government planning should take the form of advertising general economic objectives and standards, and encourage or compel, through legislation, private enterprise to co-operate to those ends.

Another basic Liberal belief is that of private property. Private property allows an individual to develop personality and responsibility to the utmost. It is a duty to use it well, while not infringing on the rights of others.

Private property is in the interest of the community as it introduces the incentive for work, and promotes new innovations and techniques.

Also, a very important point is that it allows the separation of economic power away from the monopoly of government. It acts as a bulwark of liberty in maintaining the continuance of democracy, and avoiding the making of unchallengeable decisions by government bureaucrats.

Liberals do not defend all private property, and recognise that public ownership of some utilities is beneficial. The choice between private enterprise and government monopoly should be made on its merits, not automatically as a matter of principle. Also the state has a right to limit private enterprise through democratic processes, if it is in the public interest.

Finally, a great quality of Liberal thinking is to make progressive adjustments to policy as situations and attitudes develop.

The ability to criticise and improve traditional attitudes, and to introduce new innovations in Liberal principles, is a great advantage the Liberals have over other more dogmatic political parties.

The listener, after rapidly consuming morning tea and signing on as a member, left the Freshers' Welcome with the impression that there is room for student political action not to destroy existing support for governments, but to change current attitudes for more enlightened liberal ones.

A. J. DEAN,  
President, A.U.L.U.

*At a future general meeting of the Liberal Union, the club will formulate policies concerning electoral reform, the "White Australia" policy, and defence, especially national service training.*

*The resolutions expected to be adopted at this meeting are not of the same views held by governments in Australia today.*

## THAT FREEDOM

As a topic of conversation, most students by now are fairly sick of Eastick. The R.S.L. has rather blown itself out where the university is concerned. Which is a pity. Particularly where the university is concerned it is a pity. Because the university will have to start getting concerned pretty soon.

In an interview on "Meet the Press", a long, long time ago (Sunday, 10/3/63) Mr. Eastick, after praising his own preliminary play, named his next shot—the university. Now Mr. Eastick was rather funny; the combined ingenuity of Adams and Temple bouncing off his complete assurance was rather funny; the contrast between this dignified assurance and the singularly undignified rabble he caused at the university last year was unquestionably funny. Mr. Eastick, however, has so far done very little harm — has only made intellectuals mad, which is good for them, bothered a few teachers, relieving tedium, and provided copy for the press and material for cartoons. And so, that Sunday, when Mr. Eastick forecast his attack on the university, and we remembered the university's attack on Mr. Eastick, it was rather funny.

At the same time, S.R.C. circles began constitutional squabbling over the infamous N.U.A.U.S. resolution on the R.S.L., the infamy soon faded, and those with no respect for constitutions were quickly confused and bored. As a topic of conversation, the R.S.L. is out.

But to return to TV. Mr. Eastick, if entertaining, was at the same time rather frightening. His stolid sincerity, in the face of Noel Adams' quiet but devastating attack, must for most viewers have won the day. It is this unquestionable sincerity, paradoxically, which, coupled

with the appalling stolidity, carries the threat of the R.S.L. campaign. Whether right or wrong, Eastick, in all honesty, believes in his crusade. For intellectuals now to be scornful is both useless to their purpose and degrading to their status. Their only honest and effective weapon is serious sincerity on their own part. Intellectual argument, as Adams discovered, can't possibly budge the Brigadier, and mockery against him will only look cheap.

The R.S.L. campaign on the university, whenever it is due to start, could give us, besides entertainment, considerable ugliness. Since the Bromer case the security of any university position in face of political sneers is by no means sure. And dismissals, if the most extreme threat, are by no means the most dangerous. The effects of a sneer campaign, on individuals and on the university as a whole, could be nothing but serious.

The R.S.L. would find easily plenty of evidence against Adelaide University, swarms of socialists, several Marxists, and, one surely hopes, a body of people not afraid to consider the advantages of Communism. If the Brigadier would like to start here, there are three U.S. posters, and one from the All-China Students' Federation in On Dit Office (along with "Hey, Freshie" and the "Mona Lisa").

It is the function of a university to provide and offer freedom of thought and opinion, and its duty to protect this freedom. It is the duty of every student not to laugh off or forget this potential danger, now that the singularly unimportant student meeting is over.

We hold these truths to be self-evident.

## BUT . . .

The S.R.C., in the opinion of a disorderly student meeting last Thursday, should not have passed an endorsement of the N.U.A.U.S. resolution. That the meeting was disorderly is irrelevant: that it was appallingly organised, however disgusting, is also irrelevant. In the opinion of the meeting, the S.R.C. was in the wrong.

But in the following weeks the movers of the motion will argue that the meeting was confused. It was. But had it been given an intelligently worded motion restricted simply to an approval of the S.R.C. action this would still have been lost. No matter how much of a

mess the meeting was, its verdict was decisive.

But this verdict did not mean the meeting disagreed with the original N.U.A.U.S. resolution. It did not mean the meeting did not disapprove of the R.S.L. any more than the motion, if passed would have meant such disapproval.

I implore the student body to get these facts straight, and not to confuse a petty constitutional squabble, however important in university internal politics, with a real and present external danger. And above all, not, in the heat of the constitutional explosion, the explosives that caused it.

## PLEASE

It is now concrete fact that the Barr Smith is having bagracks, but it is pretty wet concrete, and, one must mention pretty unbeautiful bagracks. A noted member of staff the other day confessed to me in a hushed whisper, "I nearly made an embarrassing mistake with that square stone building". Which brings one to a third grouch—the needs of the Women's Union in the city are nothing to those of the student working all morning in the Barr.

But the concrete is most pressing. . . . Is it merely the glorious mistiming of committee consultations that prepared ploughed turf, a stretch of sand dunes and a beautiful tin shed, fenced off with

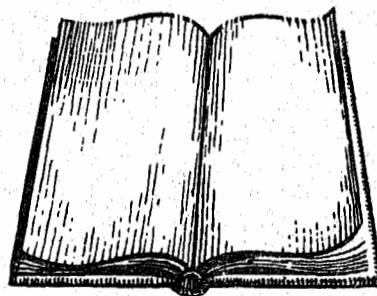
cords and complicated by fresh concrete mixer and pneumatic drills to greet the student outside the library? Or does the Barr want less readers, by a filtering obstacle track, or does the staff want to prevent them from getting to the refectories, or does the refectory want to prevent them from leaving, or didn't the raised fees deter enough freshers? Or is this simply the same ineptness that pulls Biology apart at the beginning of Orientation Week on the anniversary of another attempt to build it last year, or imports painters to the Mawson the day term starts? At any rate, the sign outside the library is but a voice crying in the wilderness — Silence please, out of consideration. . . .

## IF YOUR MIND

feels like an open book,  
put something  
worth while in it.  
You'll get the  
very thing in

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# STILL A DEMOCRACY

Accused of covering only the A.L.P. club in the Orientation issue, and curious anyway to find out how the Liberal Union worked and why it apparently didn't "On Dit" arrived (late) for the relevant Freshers' Welcome. The following is a report, we hope objective, of what your correspondent found out about liberalism, Mr. Millhouse, democracy and the Union, in that order.

The speaker, sometime leader of this same Union, now M.P., outlined five propositions basic to liberalism and Liberalism: viz. that the purpose for which man was put on earth by God was to develop to the greatest extent possible, which aim necessitated freedom for the individual; that as children of God and Brothers one of the other the individuals concerned were important; that, however, man could only attain his highest good within the community, which must restrict freedom; that man was best stipulated by incentives; that because of Original Sin, he was selfish. Your objective reporter understood all this, having done Politics I, but what we failed to understand was Mr. Millhouse's conclusion, "If you believe these things, then the Liberal Union is the political organisation for you." However.

It seemed logical then to find out about Mr. Millhouse, in connection with his politics. Mr. Millhouse believes, "The Liberal Party in the State lacks intellectual discussion of its policies" (see below). He believes there is a slackening of interest in politics because his party has been in government so long (see below). However, "Ours is still a democracy, despite what you may be told from time to time" (vide above). Other relevant quotations follow: "Could Australia defend itself today if we had to? I'm jolly doubtful about it." "I am a pure opportunist." "I prefer not to comment on section 92." Re the R.S.L., "I support the campaign broadly." Quizzed by your correspondent, "Fairly broadly". "On Dit", "But . . ." Mr. Millhouse, "The only way to fight Communists is to expose them." (Unlike Mr. Eastick, Mr. Millhouse has read the Communist manifesto; like your correspondent he did

Politics I.) Concerning his party, "We don't have a monopoly of truth".

Then to democracy, but we have discussed Liberalism, and that will do. Incidentally, Mr. Millhouse believes Democratic Centralism to be a contradiction in terms, and the objects of the A.L.P. (warning to the A.L.P. club) to be "deliberately vague", and "meaningless", also deliberately. Incidentally, too, when quizzed by your correspondent, he didn't seem to think the aesthetic qualities of Stalin's visage good reason to offer him (Stalin) as a model to school-age art students. It occurred to your correspondent that Mr. Millhouse, a singularly beautiful young man, would be preferable to Mr. Menzies, even robed in the Order of the Thistle, in the event sought by the Brigadier, that Australian subjects exclusively should be offered ("I don't think anyone needs to go to that length for art when there is so much beauty in Australia"). But back to democracy. Mr. Millhouse was surprised at the contention that both newspapers in South Australia supported his party. But back to the Liberal Union.

Mr. Millhouse claimed that "It's fashionable to believe most university students tend to be left. . . . The overwhelming majority of graduates all over the world support parties to the right of centre." Your correspondent asked later if this was fact or opinion. It was opinion. We suggested that this would be an interesting topic for research. Mr. Millhouse agreed. He believed "University clubs have their ups and downs", and actually quoted from your last "On Dit" ("the moribund Labor club"). Having thus defended moribund clubs in general, he went on to prove that the Liberal Union wasn't—moribund, I mean. "It should be composed of a group who broadly profess a liberal outlook, but who are not afraid to speak views in variance with the Liberal government, if we happen to be in power." Returning later to moribundity, we asked Mr. Millhouse, rather tactlessly, why student leaders always seemed to be Labor. We didn't get far; he said they didn't. We suggested it was revolt from Conservatism; he said it



could be, and confided that once, as an undergrad, he had been turned to Communism. We promised not to tell the R.S.L.

Your correspondent makes three closing notes.

We didn't find out why, but the Liberal Union is working or was. There were forty-five students present at this meeting, about twenty-odd freshers, i.e. only the first two rows of the Lady Symon Hall were completely vacant. We agreed with Mr. Millhouse that one side of an issue was not enough, and rejoice now in the knowledge that the moribundity of A.L.P. and Liberal in the university is on an equal par, that "Ours is still a democracy despite what you may be told from time to time".

We enjoyed Mr. Millhouse, his eloquence and his tolerance, and we thank him for both, and the Liberal Union for its Fanta.

We were given no opportunity to offer the Liberal Union copy space, in return for the Fanta. Mr. Millhouse in closing expressed "Hope, sir, that in the coming year the Liberal Union won't be afraid first to examine its thoughts and then to publish them". They beat us to it, we expressed delight, and we publish the thoughts, hope as objective as our own report, herewith.

# EDUCATION:

## Student action

Late last year the Melbourne University S.R.C. President, Mr. John Patterson, launched a programme proposing action on the issue of Education in Australia. At the August Council Meeting of the National Union of Australian University Students, Constituents from all Australian Universities supported the programme and granted Melbourne £700 towards the cost of publications they will issue in conjunction with the prospect.

The Melbourne scheme is as simple as it is monumental. Noting that Australia's population is growing rapidly, the discrepancy between the proportion of our Gross National Product expended on education (2.9 per cent.) and the United States (4.5 per cent.) is alarming, particularly when one considers the far from perfect state of education in the United States. The fundamental problem of Australian Education is its dearth of planning for the future and intelligent expenditure.

Inadequate teaching, lack of incentive and in some cases the inability of parents to support their children, has led to many students leaving schools unqualified to find satisfying jobs. This means many people are in jobs not demanding upon their intellectual or technical capabilities. They are then unhappy, frustrated and ill-equipped to face the challenges an affluent nation poses.

J. K. Galbraith has recognised the position of education in a nation. "Education," he has said, "no less than national defence or foreign assistance is in the public domain. It is subject to the impediments of resource allocation between private and public use. So, our hope for survival, security and contentment returns us to the problem of guiding resources to the most urgent ends."

The responsibility of the student is to make his society aware of this necessity to divert wasteful productive energy into what will eventually be of benefit to the society as a whole. Already there is considerable discontent with the present set-up at many levels. The parent who is unhappy with classes of 70; Sir Marcus Oliphant calling for greater diffusion of education on the technical level.

Melbourne has enlisted the aid of experts in the various fields of education to prepare a pamphlet stating the case for increased education activity. With the publication of this pamphlet it hopes to arouse public interest and eventually action by political parties.

The plan intends more than this, however. Acutely aware of the desirability of students being progressive, thinking citizens, it is proposed to enlist between 400 and 600 students who are prepared to put the case for education to the community. Direct student participation on a large scale is the decisive part of the scheme. They are to start at the grass-roots, with the fundamental groups in society, emphasizing the benefits their support can bring. Parents and Friends' Associations, church groups, Rotary, R.S.L., Party local branches, Workers' Educational Association are to be contacted and moved. Eventually it is hoped that the play will be taken up on the national scale by other Universities.

It seems to be a magnificent opportunity for the students of Australia to unite and act in what could play a positive part in shaping a better Australia in the future.

also President of the South Australian Race-horse Owners' Association. The long and short of it is that Mr. Stott wants a T.A.B.

The Premier's predicament then, is that he needs Mr. Stott's casting vote on all important matters if he is to stay in office. On at least one occasion (when the Opposition moved that South Australian Senators be instructed to reject the Federal Budget unless provision was made for the standardisation of the Port Pirie-Broken Hill railway line) a brief note from the Speaker caused the Premier and his Government to speak and vote against its conscience. One hardly considers that Stott's promise never to use his casting vote to defeat the Premier on a vital issue is worth very much.

Thus it may well be, for the Premier, when the voices of the elected representatives of the people are eventually heard again after an eight-month recess, a choice between a T.A.B. and the Opposition benches.

# T.A.B. . . . a political question

So far the Premier in all his wisdom has not yielded to the persistent requests of the members of various deputations pleading the case for a legalized off-course totalizator to be run on similar lines to the Totalizator Agency Board operating on horse racing and trotting throughout Victoria.

The argument put forward to Sir Thomas by the main deputation whose number includes the Chairman of the major racing and trotting clubs and the secretary of the South Australian Jockey Club, asserts that for two years the Victorian T.A.B. has operated throughout Victoria and that during this time the turnover in bets has exceeded 31 million. Of this sum the Victorian State Government has received 1.25 million, which would have gone straight into the pockets of illegal S.P. bookmakers, had the T.A.B. not been in existence.

Of the remaining turnover after dividends and costs of running the T.A.B. have been taken out, the racing and trotting clubs have received a sum which by the end of this season in June will have been in excess of £900,000. The money has gone into higher stake money for all racing and trotting events and into the better maintenance of racecourses and trotting tracks. The attraction of more prizemoney and better conditions has caused an exodus of owners, trainers, riders and officials to Melbourne in an endeavour to capture the big money. As a result, horse-racing in particular has shown a marked tendency to decline in popularity, because substantially lower stake money has brought about an overall down-grading in the quality of the sport in South Australia.

It was further pointed out to the Premier that it is impossible legally for country people (upon whom his regime is dependent) to have a bet should they desire to do so. One presumes that the Premier despaired before the persistent onslaught when he told the racing and trotting men that by Act of Parliament, the Betting Control Board has been established, and that in any country town betting shops may be established, if request to do so by inhabitants

of the town is approved by the B.C.B.

Of course, the Premier's main objection to the institution of a T.A.B. derives from his non-conformist fundamentalist principles which lead him to despise drinking, gambling and associated vices. Sir Thomas believes that the incidence of betting—a social evil—would be greatly lengthened, as the availability of legal facilities would increase the temptation for the poor, uneducated worker (with whose democratic rights the Premier is little concerned) to squander away his hard-earned wages.

One wonders whether it might not be better if the Premier allowed the workers to decide for themselves what they want, instead of telling them what is best for them. Of course, he has refused to hold a referendum on legalized off-course betting.

The racing and trotting men have been quick to point out to the Premier that in condoning country betting shops he is permitting a system with none of the advantages of the T.A.B. and all of its disadvantages. The credit of the T.A.B. system of off-course betting rests in the nature of its branches dotted throughout Melbourne, its suburbs and major country towns. Without, they are inconspicuous, within they are orderly, they are not smoke-filled dens crowded with beery hangers-on and touts. They are rather like a bank with their barred pay-out windows. The quiet of the branches is assured by the regulations that no race may be broadcast within the confines of the T.A.B. shop, nor can any dividends be collected until after the last race. Sir Thomas was told that since those who use the T.A.B. will gamble on horses anyway, they may as well be given orderly legal facilities for doing so.

The Premier's determined resistance is not surprising, but what is surprising is the silence from the Opposition benches and backroom. One would imagine that it would be to the A.L.P.'s advantage electorally to advocate publically and indeed promise a Totalizator Agency Board. This seems a natural assumption from the fact that whilst the Methodist Church is a pow-

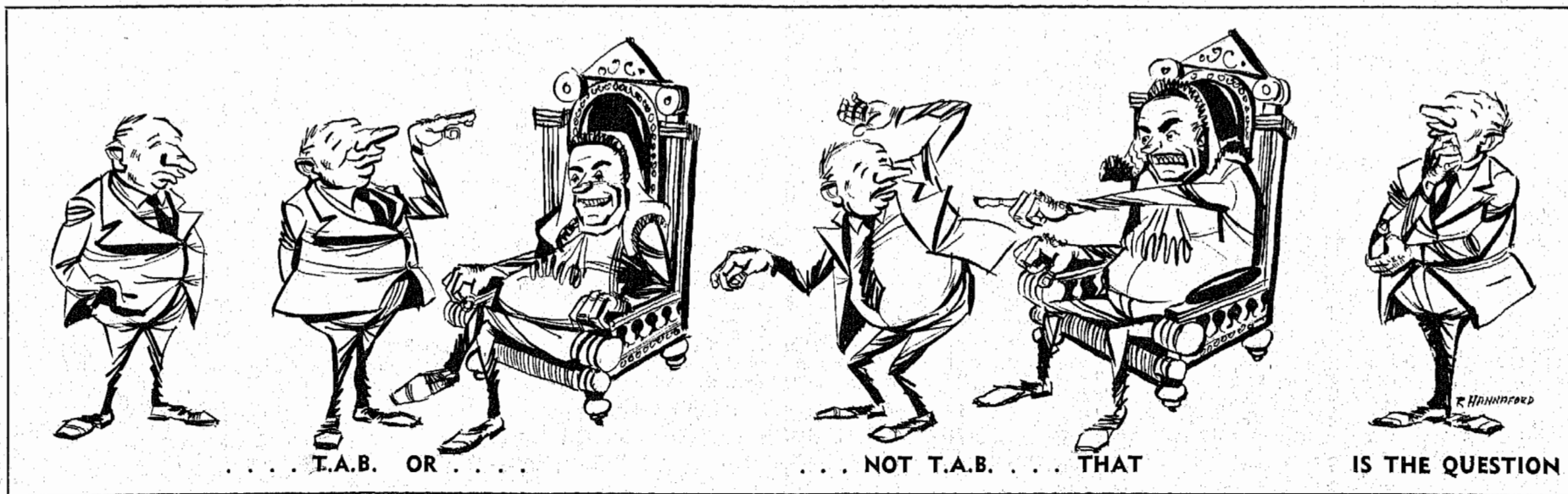
erful pressure group in L.C.L. circles, the A.L.P. is the party of liberal ideas especially on liquor and gambling.

It is to stand the status quo on its head, therefore, to say there is more chance of a legalized off-course totalizator being introduced by the present Government than by the Opposition, if in power. This assumption is based on the peculiar composition of the South Australian Parliamentary Labor Party, and the existence of a pressure upon the Premier greater perhaps than any other.

The silence of the Opposition leader on the matter of an off-course totalizator can be attributed to the existence within his Caucus of members from country electorates whose non-conformist religious beliefs make the existence of legal facilities for gambling anathema to them. The leader himself is reputed to be in favour of a system similar to the Victorian T.A.B. even though his brother, a course bookmaker, would suffer, like others in that trade, because of the reduced attendances at racing and trotting fixtures such a system, if introduced, would inevitably bring about. Nevertheless, for the sake of maintaining unity within his Caucus he prefers not to have the subject of off-course betting discussed. Only last year considerable friction within the Parliamentary Party was caused when the A.L.P.'s Parliamentary executive sought to introduce legislation which would liberalize liquor laws for aborigines. Rather than risk further upsetting, Messrs. Riches, Bywaters and Hughes, the leader wisely thinks it better to maintain silence on an issue so contentious in a State with large non-conformist minorities.

It would seem then that the best the State's bettors could expect from a Labor Government would be an extensive revision of laws relating to betting tax.

On the Government side, all the resources of the extra-Parliamentary deputations have been of little avail. However, within Parliament there is a gentleman who besides being Speaker of the House of Assembly, Secretary of the Wheat and Woolgrowers' Association, a resident of Plympton and, when he can find time, Independent member for the country electorate of Ridley, is





**'The Facts'?**

19th March, 1963.

The Editors,  
"On Dit."

The following paragraph appeared in an article, "Reds, teachers, R.S.L. and students," in the 12th March issue.

"The subsequent correspondence to 'The Advertiser' on the publication of this motion accused the N.U.A.U.S. of not representing the views of the students. In particular a letter signed by three leaders of students' organisations made this claim. It was found that two of the signatories were not university students and that the bodies included students other than university students."

The above statements imply that the views presented in our letter were not those of university students.

The facts are that two of the signatories are students at this University while the third was a student at the time of her election to office.

Secondly, we wish to explain that 90 per cent. of the members of these societies are university students. The rest are students at the Teachers College and Institute of Technology.

It is hoped that this will remove any doubt that we were not representing opinions of university students.

We also wish to stress that our disagreement was only with the N.U.A.U.S. resolution and was not directed against that body or the S.R.C. as such.

A. SIKSNA,

President—Adelaide Latvian Students Club.

A. V. STEPANAS,

President—Adelaide Lithuanian Students Society.

E. LOOKE,

President—Adelaide Estonian Students Club.

The names of A. Siksna and E. Looke did not appear in the Union Register of students enrolled at the University of Adelaide in 1962. In addition, neither of these names appear in the Register for 1961. The Register for 1963 was not available when the article referred to was written, and is still not available, but enquiries at the Records Office reveal that A. Siksna enrolled this year. It appears that neither of these persons have been students at this University for at least two years and that therefore the election referred to must have taken place previous to 1961.

None of the three organisations referred to is affiliated with the S.R.C.

—EDITOR.

**'Spectacle'**

Thursday, 21st March.

Dear Sirs,—Today we saw the rather astonishing spectacle of the defeat in a general student meeting of a carefully restrained resolution condemning, or rather, disapproving the R.S.L.'s present campaign against communists. This decision is made even more remarkable when it is remembered that some of the main targets of the R.S.L. have been the products (teachers) and roots (primary and secondary schooling) of the university.

This calls for some explanation, particularly from those who while agreeing with the resolution opposed the motion. The reason for this lay in the interpretation of the motion accorded by its own loose wording and more importantly, the Chairman's dogmatic and insistent definition. The motion, by calling for ratification of the S.R.C.'s acceptance of the N.U.A.U.S. resolution, became a question not only of approval or disapproval of the anti-R.S.L. resolution, but opened up the subject of whether the student body approved of the executive liberty taken by the S.R.C. both through a motion and in the public press, in approving the resolution without seeking student ratification.

In fact, the coupling of these two major issues in such a way could be said to amount to either plain dishonesty or crass foolishness on the part of the executive, and would be in line with the whole tenor of their negotiations.

The two issues in some minds have different answers—the interpretation placed upon the motion lumped two totally different ideas together, each worthy of separate discussion. Faced with this quandary one has to either weigh approval of the resolution against its approval of the S.R.C.'s action, or vice versa, or abstain from voting. Hence the amazing result. I hope the resolution of the N.U.A.U.S. can be debated again with no strings attached—the action of the S.R.C. very clearly needs a public airing.

J. C. BANNON.

**Balls-up**

Dear Sir and/or Madam,—After nearly four months' vacation it is glorious to be able to come back to the University to find that our archaic, and autocratic, University Council has seen fit to start extensive alterations around the main entrance of "The

Barr" just one month before lectures begin, so that they can continue their policy of minimum convenience for the maximum number of students.

Not only does a student need to be a professional athlete and gymnast, but also he has to be competent at orientating as he blazes his trail to the entrance of "The Barr" under ropes, over ditches and around sundry heaps of rubble, workmen and freshers (all of which look alike to the untrained eye, although freshers can be distinguished by their library tour tickets which they still hopefully hold as they search for Miss A.).

For the more intrepid, who try to ride their bikes to the steps of "The Barr", the same asinine and atrabilious Council has provided a horizontal bike rack which is illuminated at night so that no-one has a hope of stealing your bike and getting away with it.

Would it not be possible for the library committee to relent just this once and allow the students to use the eastern entrance?

I remain Sir and/or Madam,

as I began,

SEMPER IN EXCRETIA.

Dear Sir,—Bouquets to the bovine authorities who had the foresight to start the alterations in front of the library just before lectures began. It's marvellous to be able to find a refuge from the overcrowded rowdy refectory in the sparsely populated rowdy library.—Yours, etc.,

ALFRED E. NEUMAN.

**Cameron Christians and Castro**

The Editors,

"On Dit."

The recent motion of the N.U.A.U.S. concerning the R.S.L. campaign has, to my mind, important ramifications insofar as the N.U.A.U.S. itself is concerned. As the N.U.A.U.S. is the official voice of Australian students, its motions and resolutions must represent the views held by the majority of students, or else they are almost worthless.

In my opinion it is extremely doubtful if the majority of students, at least in Adelaide, fully support the motion against the R.S.L. Many adhere to the view that since Communists operate by subversive methods, the best way to fight them is to bring them into the open, although not perhaps going so far as the R.S.L. in this respect. In any case, if Communists believe in their doctrine, they should not object to being named publicly.

There are arguments against the latter viewpoint, certainly, but all theoretical debate aside, why did not the N.U.A.U.S. first obtain the opinion of the students concerning this issue? Surely there is something wrong with such a union when it can pass various strongly-worded motions, only vaguely knowing whether they are the will of the Students. The essential function of the N.U.A.U.S. is being lost when this sort of shambles happens. The self-perpetuating elite is fast becoming dissociated from and, I hear, less interested in the general body of students and student opinion.

The second part of my letter concerns the rebuttal of Mr. C. R. Cameron to Brigadier Eastick. His letter contains several statements which have sullied the force of his argument. Firstly, Mr. Cameron claims that he is unaware that any Communist teacher has used his position to inject Communist philosophy into his teaching. Recently it was claimed that one teacher had made his pupils paint portraits of Stalin and Khrushchev in an art lesson. As an introduction to indoctrination there could be few better means than this. Then Mr. Cameron discusses Cuba and Castro. With much emotion Mr. Cameron:

(1) Implies Castro is a Christian. No such egotist who proclaims the atheists of the Kremlin his greatest friends and who espouses the most atheistic doctrine in the world could ever be honoured with such a name.

(2) Says Castro was forced into the communist camp after the economic boycott of the U.S. Factual accounts of the Cuban revolution indicate that Castro was in the Communist camp only a few months, at the very most, after Batista had been deposed.

(3) Calls the American companies greedy after they wanted some repayment for all their assets that had been robbed from them by a ranting rabble-rouser. Fair go, Mr. Cameron.

Finally, the statement is made that Christians were forced underground by the Roman Emperors, and by implication that because of going underground their religion grew more than it would have if they had not done so. This is contrary to basic Christian belief and idealism.

A topic as potentially explosive as an anti-Communist campaign is bound to be an emotional one. We must be careful that the basic facts of the situation are seen in their true light.

Yours faithfully,

G. H. SEARLE.

**SURREALISM MADE SIMPLE**

Young people who lack experience find it difficult to appreciate the mature expression of the hypersensitive artist. One of the amenities we offer you in your first week here is a guided tour of hallowed precincts of the Refectory art gallery. The following read from North to South (approximately).

**THE DYING STOCKMAN** by John Molvig, lent by Kym Bonython: The allegory of the stockman is rooted deep in the Biblical story of Joseph. Joseph was put in a hole; that is why you can only see part of his coat. The new technique for depicting the night is manifested by the use of dirty brushes. The sand dune above the figure indicates that he is dying in the desert. It also represents clouds drawing his soul upwards, and may be interpreted as his head.

**WOMEN:** A white—pure white—flat with a bar sinister. This door is still locked.

**KING TIDE, SWANSEA**, by Thomas Gleghorn, lent by Kym Bonython. The king is unmistakable, posing as a fish in the top left hand corner, surrounded by flotsam, jetsam and Bettison. The subtle blue is reminiscent of the motion of the ocean—of all water.

**THE PRODIGAL**, by David Boyd, lent by Kym Bonython: Monumental.

**TWO LIZARDS**, by Clifton Pugh, lent by Kym Bonython: This is a departure

from Pugh's habitual style, as these are lizards, not goannas. Young Adelaide would fail to appreciate the complexity of the N.S.W. scenery. Have a Pew.

? by ?, lent by Kym Bonython: This picture has been defaced with black boot polish, but you know it is a landscape because on the horizon there is a hill. Problem: Find the landscape.

**BUSHFIRE**, by Gil Jamieson, lent by Kym Bonython: This is not a very good picture. It is too easy to understand.

**NIGHT LANDSCAPE**, by Eric Smith, lent by Kym Bonython, Esq.: The artist obviously knows only the primary colours—very primary. Have a spew.

?, by Jacqui Flicks, lent . . . : Lurid constipation gives way to gentle diarrhoea. Freshers will gain inspiration from its subtlety throughout the year. The dramatic composition is accentuated by the tasteful frame (by courtesy of Max Harris).

**SEASCAPE**, by Charles Bannon, lent . . . : The pretty colours and sweet little fishies will bring back vivid memories of our kindergarten days.

Trala la la tiangle

My life's in such a tangle.

**STREET SCENE**, by Donald Friend, lent . . . : This got here by accident, but luckily the light by the window is bad.

"Quoth the Raven, Nevermore."

**SHIFTING FACE OF CANADA**

A young boy with muddy shoes and tangled hair, eyes sparkling, rushes into the kitchen. "There's a robin in the apple tree, mom, honest there is!" Down the street a group of girls cease their animated chatter, and pause enthralled by a pale yellow crocus peeking furtively from the snow-blotched flower bed to see if winter has really gone. The trees along the boulevard naked skeletons since November, sprout tiny green leaves: hardy fruit trees, successful against winter's frigid seige, foam into clouds of pink and white; the bare rolling hills are given a thin water-colour wash of faintest green. This is spring in Canada, the season of rebirth, and growth and colour. It arrives on the warm Japanese current, travels east, leaving vivid signs of its presence as it passes. Five hundred pounds of fur-clad muscle, the grizzly bear, lumbers ponderously to the front door of his cave, rubs four months' sleep from his heavy-lidded eyes, and inhales the invigorating scent of pine. He glances listlessly as geese honk their way north in V formation, then strolls carelessly down his familiar pathway to the cascading mountain stream, to test his skill against the wily brook trout. And as the sun climbs higher and the days get longer, the white burden of snow subtly becomes the substance of swollen silt-strewn rivers hurtling down precipitous gorges to find freedom in the sea. In British Columbia power saws throb in the forests, the fisherman on the rugged coast mends his nets, and Vancouver shrugs off her grey cloak of fog to reveal her bright spring wardrobe. The prairie farmer in Alberta and Saskatchewan and Manitoba tills the black soil, plants his wheat or oats or barley, looks west to the majestic sculptured Rockies and silently prays for rain. The oil rigs seem to increase their tempo under the disinterested but knowing gaze of fat Herefords, newly released from their winter enclosure. In Ontario, Niagara Falls bulges with pride, the red-coated Mountie struts with imperious formality outside the parliament buildings at Ottawa, and the bustling activity of the Toronto Stock Exchange reflects resurging growth in the economy. Gay neon lights wink suggestively from expensive nightclubs and cabarets in Montreal, the second largest French-speaking city in the world. Burly moustached loggers in checkered coats sing Alouette as they jab and poke and dynamite jammed pulpwood logs while in the lowlands cattle gaze complacently and children collect maple sap for boiling into thick golden syrup. The ancient grey stone face of Quebec City glances down with stoic detachment as the ice explodes in the St. Lawrence and freighters once more ply their way 1,500 miles into Canada's belly. Lobster pots are set in the Maritimes, potatoes are planted, softwood logs are crushed into pulp, and hardy fishermen caulk their boats for the cod season. And all across the vast land the people sing the joys of renewed life, are themselves rejuvenated by the meadowlark's plaintive song, the multi-coloured tulips and golden daffodils, the ecstatic shouts of restless children anticipating summer vacation. Dad oils the lawnmower, removes protective storm windows, plants a garden and surreptitiously swings his golf clubs in the confines of the back yard. For three weeks Mother rushes about with vacuum cleaner, window spray, polishing cloth and paint brush; stores winter clothing in scented cedar chests; and with surprising imagination reminds Dad of all those little home improvements they had discussed before the blazing fireplace last winter.

Summer is hot in Canada, hot and shy and dusty. Heat waves shimmer above the golden grain fields, broad bitumen highways go limp and sticky, irrigation sprinklers chug through their monotonous orbit supplying life to the parched landscape. Jagged lightning pierces the night sky, and below

a spindly fir tree bursts into agonized flame, and again the titanic struggle to halt the ravenous predator, swallowing acres of trees at a gulp and scorching carcasses, gutted homesteads and withered black skeletons on the ravaged hillsides. But in the fertile valleys apples bulge ruddy-checked, complacent Jerseys graze in verdant meadows, and irrigation water gurgles between the rows of vegetables that gleam like jewels on the earth's black body. The temperature climbs into the high nineties and lingers to look down on dusty brown grassland, white crusty alkali ponds, inhibiting forests and turquoise lakes dotted with week-end fishermen and noisy teenagers. Summer is the season of escape; Sunday the day of mass exodus. Escapade from the suffocating dry heat of the cities, from the throbbing air-conditioned offices, from the noise and exhausting chores, when the heat sucks our energy and hoses our tempers' fire. Escape to the cool stillness of the forest where husky pines grow thick as the hairs on a dog's back; escape to the meandering alpine stream and creep stealthily across the spongy forest floor, fishing rod in hand; escape to the lakeshore cabin and relax, after a swim and a ski, with a tall cool gin, a group of funds and a click of cards.

Then one morning in September your nostrils quiver with a rich, tingling chill, white clouds scud across the sky, and the day is hushed and mauve and misty. The north wind rustles carelessly through the yellow poplar leaves and watches as they swirl daintily groundward. The dusty, sweat-stained farmer pauses under the lingering sun; looks at his black soil, and pregnant harvest, and raises his head heavenward in silent gratitude. Broad-hipped fishing boats chug through the oil-green water to rest once more at tar-stained wharves. Loggers cut with renewed energy before the winter freeze-up, miners leave their hard hats in the northland and move to the comfortable, centrally heated city flat, and construction workers flock to the Unemployment Insurance Office for their weekly allowance. The forests proudly display their garrish beauty after the caressing touch of frost. Golden poplars and birches, blood-red maples, and leathery oaks mingle on the slopes with the conservative, never-changing charcoal green of fir and pine and spruce. The hunter takes up his post on the reedy lakeshore awaiting the first dawn flight of ducks. Children return to school in varying degrees of anticipation and anxiety, sweaters are taken out of moth balls, and Dad pours anti-freeze into his radiator, applies storm windows and resignedly contemplates his rising fuel bills. Autumn is the season of blazing colour and blue smoke, hushed stillness and invigorating chill, a brief ostentatious flair of colour and mellow ripeness before death.

In November the trees stand stark and naked, devoid of summer garments. The ground turns hard and frost etches tiny intricate patterns in the window corners. The north wind visits daily and turns the heat down a notch or two each time. Busy people rush around expelling frosty breaths, bundled up in heavy coats and scarves and long underwear, buying skis or ice skates, snow shovels or boots, winter tyres or block heaters. And when the grey clouds hang expressively low and the first snow steals on to the highest hilltops, even Canadians shout and point excitedly. For this is the beginning of winter, when autumn's graveyard is clothed in virginal, luminous white; sounds are hushed and quickly absorbed and nights are long and still and crisp and crystalline. And as December marches past the streets fill with slush and coloured lights, Christmas music, and thronging shoppers. Santa Claus, complete with flowing beard and pillow-lined stomach, chuckles to keep warm on the street corner, and unfamiliar

(Continued on page 7)

# ASIAN INVASION

by ALASTAIR FISCHER

Experiment in International Living  
Have you ever seen a small girl run down the street, pounce delightedly on some fresh cowdung, and busily scrape it up in her hands to take home? She will assiduously collect every scrap, and when she reaches home she will carefully shape it into lumps resembling fat pancakes, which she will then arrange neatly in rows upon the mud or brick wall of her house.

If you have not witnessed this, then you have not been to India, for this is not a particularly uncommon and certainly not an unusual sight to see in any part of India.

The scheme which took us to India gave us ample opportunity to observe a great deal of this sort of living in the span of eleven weeks. It provided us with homes in three parts of India—homes of fairly ordinary Indian people who were able to accept us into their family circles with great readiness. Once accepted, it was our aim to try to assimilate and become as much a part of those families as we could in the time available. To some extent we succeeded—in many cases our differently coloured skin and our inability to speak the language were the only barriers in the way of making our assimilation complete. The greatest compliment towards this end was paid to one of our group, when after only two weeks in India he wore typically Indian clothes to an informal gathering.

"Here comes Ray," I said to the Indian beside me.

"Oh, an Indian friend of yours?" was his honest comment.

It was easy for me to live in the same fashion as the family in Hyderabad, for they were Christians living in a very Western style. But it was a far cry from this in Chandigarh, my next homestay. The family were Brahman Hindus, who awoke early (5.30) in the morning, said their prayers (called "Puja") and then went about their essential early morning chores before taking breakfast at about 8.

To enter the kitchen for breakfast, I have first to take off my shoes, then sit crosslegged on a mat, or hessian sugarbag, on the cement floor. The wife squats at a charcoal burner at the end of the small room, cooking the meal, which consists mainly of "Chappati" a home-made bread rolled and cooked like a pancake. Making chappatis is a constant job for the wife, who has about six to cater for, one chappati at a time. This is eaten with various cooked and spiced vegetables, for the family, like most Hindu families is strictly vegetarian. (They will have milk and its products—they cook with ghee, a sort of butterfat—but they will never have eggs, even in cakes.)

In composition and method of food preparation, breakfast is the same as the other two meals. The food is placed on a large round brass tray in front of me, chappatis in the middle, and around the side of the tray are smaller brass dishes containing the vegetables. Using only my right hand, I break up my chappati and dip it in the vegetable soup, in this way having a large number of chappatis for the meal, eating all the more solid vegetable wrapped in

chappati, and drinking the remaining liquid. No utensils are used at all, nor is the left hand. The wife does not speak English, nor do the children unless I spell the words out, so when the husband now goes off to work it is extremely hard to converse with her. But it is possible, because by now I know a word or two of Hindu, and with much waving of hands and making animal noises, I am able to say that I am going to see the Teachers' College, and she understands.

In Bombay I stayed with a joint family, that is to say, in general a father and mother with all their grown sons and their families all live under the one roof. In this particular case three elder brothers headed the family, which consisted of them, their wives, twenty children, four of whom were married and who had between them five children of their own.

Here the experience was that of being a member of so large and harmonious a group of people of different ages, interests, and



even outlook, who have to make concessions towards the feeling of the group in order to maintain the harmony established. It becomes extremely hard under these circumstances for a younger member of the family to be a rebel and still maintain a place in the house. Change is therefore slow and any which takes place could be a generation or so making itself felt.

In this house the lavatory was like most of those in India, a "squat-box" where there is no pedestal; instead, one squats down, feet on slightly raised portions and a hole yawning down between. I might remark that this system is an extremely hygienic one: so too is the system of changing into other shoes on going for a visit. Toilet paper is unknown. I was told, "We prefer water—it is the only clean way." In a country where disease is so prevalent, many of these precautions are fairly necessary. Yet for all this display of cleanliness of

which they are so proud (probably they have improved vastly in the last few years) the Indians nevertheless still have a double standard, for they will spit anywhere at any time for any reason or no reason at all.

This they did in Indian trains, where we spent a great deal of time travelling. An accompanying article should explain this facet of life in India. It was on the trains, travelling 3rd class, that we were able to meet some very interesting and likeable people. They were all extremely interested in us and in Australia, about which they knew little. Generally, most foreigners never travel 3rd class with the common people in India, and so on our journeys we were often hallowed guests.

Several people on every train would generally invite me home to stay with them, and on a couple of occasions I accepted their offers, and was pleased I did, for I received lavish hospitality in every case. My Chandigarh host had told me, "We Indians treat a guest as though he were a god." I found it to be true. I suppose I was refreshed not to find once any bitterness against British and British-type people, a bitterness which I thought before I went I might easily find.

sport

## SOCCER

It looks as though the A.U. Soccer Club is in for a great season this year. We have the players, among them a few really bright prospects, and for once, we also have a really competent coach. The man behind us this year will be Alex Arangelovic, whom many will know for his exploits with Red Star in Belgrave and with Beograd here in South Australia. Alex is also State Coach, so it doesn't take much to realise what a man of his calibre does have to offer. And we must admit, we are very lucky to have him. Our main training sessions, where he will have complete control, are held for the time being at any rate, on Wednesday evenings on the Graduates' Oval (behind the Zoo). Things start to get under way soon after 4.30.

It is essential that all intending players turn out for this session, for it is mainly on performances here that teams for the forthcoming season will be picked. So, if you haven't come out of hibernation yet, you'd better hurry, for it seems that there won't be much room in the Club this year for the apathetic. A training session has also been organised for Thursday evenings, same time, same place, where Club Captain Des Geary will take charge of proceedings. You can learn quite a bit from Des, too.

Thus, if all three of our teams are to run premiers this year (wouldn't it be nice?) and there's really nothing stopping them now, blokes will have to get fit before the season begins on April 6. This doesn't just mean kicking a ball around. Anybody can do that—just watch the Aussie Rules boys with thin egg—it means hard, solid conditioning. A fellow has to be fit before he can tackle, or dribble or shoot straight, no matter how good his ball control is. So, members of the A.U.S.F.C., if you're not already so, get with it!

Things are pretty active at the moment, so keep up to date with what's going on within the Club, by tearing just one of your beady eyes from that passing pair of legs and gluing it to the Club's notice board at the western end of the Cloisters (outside Sports Office). See you down by the Zoo!

DAVE VALE.

## TIDDLYWINKS

On Wednesday lunchtime of Orientation Week there occurred the traditional Freshers' Welcome debate between staff and students, before a crowded and violently partisan crowd, Mr. Reid of the Politics department opened the case for the staff. This argument was, in his own words, a model for all writers of Politics essays. He proceeded to take the subject apart and put it back together again, with the aid of Roget's Thesaurus. It transpired that the two component parts of the word "tiddlywinks"—doubtless the operative word in this debate—are "tiddly" and "winks". These according to Roget, may be rendered respectively as "boozed", "sozzled", "saturated", etc., and "ogles". Putting the subject back together, it can then be seen that its true meaning is "That the sozzled ogling of young maidens should replace all kinds of sport in this University". Mr. Reid maintained that there is by no means enough sozzled ogling of young maidens on the campus, and for this an over-emphasis on sport is responsible.

Mr. Disney pointed out that Mr. Reid had shown that admirable attribute of all staff members—viz.: Wandering aimlessly and endlessly around the point without ever getting anywhere near it. He then recounted a very moving incident in which his great grandfather, a sprightly old boy of 94, had passed away during the tension of a tiddlywinks game, when one wink had teetered on the edge of the cup. Our eyes dimmed with tears. Finally Mr. Disney revealed to us that the promotion of tiddlywinks was a foul communist plot, of which the aim was to sublimate the good, healthy capitalistic desire to press down the poor into a neurotic desire to press down a tiddlywink.


In reply Dr. Mayne of the Education Department very cleverly refuted all these points. He was very keen to emphasise that the great thing about tiddlywinks was that all can participate. He drew a university campus littered with green baize tables with absorbed couples having a quick game on the way to lectures. He nearly had us. But John Bannon delivered a decisive blow in his final speech. He made it clear that the Play Tiddlywinks Campaign was sponsored by the British Conservative Government in a last desperate bid to hold together a disintegrating Commonwealth by introducing through the length and breadth of that great institution a fine old English game. Being an Asian nation, this we could not allow.

The usual University practice of allowing the affirmative side a right of reply was lapsed, as Mr. Reid had to go to what he said was a faculty meeting. We had grave doubts but let him go. The motion was put to the house which, being composed of healthy, upstanding Australians, rejected it out of hand.



Canadian, Doug Smith, who is in Adelaide on a Rotary Foundation Fellowship

humility seems to descend on the busy people with each descending flake of soft white lace. Christmas means a Sunday excursion to find a bushy fir tree, a confused last-minute shopping spree, sending cards and stuffing turkeys and baking puddings and dressing the tree with winking lights and tinsel and silky angel hair. And praying for peace and brotherhood at the Christmas-eve service in a small white church with jagged icicles hanging from the eaves. And Christmas brings to Canadians a feeling of unity and uniqueness, a solemn awareness of strength and progress and solidarity. On this day the people realize their indebtedness to God and nature for the beauty, the fertility, the diversity of this vast country whose name is reminiscent of an Indian war cry—clear and virile, ringing in the pine forests, across the vast expanse of plains, through the rugged Shield to the quaint and colourful Maritimes—Canada.



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# then and now

Every student at this University has the right to express his or her views. OPINION is the section of this paper devoted to that right, but if students will not come into the light with their views, then "On Dit" is hardly to be blamed. OPINION is devoted to freedom of thought and as such is a valuable part of this paper. Any student has the right to express an opinion on any subject. All that has to be done is to write a letter to the Editor and place it in the "On Dit" box. It is not to be believed that students in this University are so engaged that they never have time to think, complain, suggest, or criticise, and these things are just the function of OPINION. Express your views in this section of the paper. There are boxes placed at strategic positions in the Varsity where correspondence can be left for the Editor.

## ban le bum

There was something delightfully reassuring about the outcome of the Bidault TV interview affair. What we weren't allowed to see on the Telly, we read that Sunday morning in bed. Who would have thought that our own dear "Sunday Mail," that never hurt a fly, would come out fighting for the democratic Australian way-of-life? But we do hope that the government doesn't leave it there. There are lots of

entrusted to him. May the day soon come when the TV stations live in terror of the telegram boy's knock.

## we're freshers . . . so what?

To superior senior students the advantages of this lowly (?) existence are lost. At Freshers' Camp cares and responsibilities are supposedly things of the past, whereas in actual fact we began learning a new set of values, where the greatest sin is to be an "apathetic student". Our views on these camps are liable to be biased as we had such a mighty time and our opinions may therefore sound like S.R.C.-inspired propaganda.

Away went our ties to accepted school standards of discipline and authority at O'Sullivan's Beach, to be replaced by a period of bewilderment. Many of the things we had accepted over the last years of school had gone by the board. In their place came a series of new relationships with the authority of the university, i.e. S.R.C., senior students and lecturers, with whom our acceptance was one of the most reassuring aspects of the camp.

This change of ideas came not only through the free and easy atmosphere in which the camp was run, but also through

inexperienced fresher enthusiasm. New friendships were found among the other freshers, which, combined with our acceptance by our academic superiors, gave us a little more confidence to face the days ahead. Without this broadening of outlook we would still be restricted to our select school cliques: a further aid to Orientation was getting to know the workings of the S.R.C. at first hand.

From our games of badminton, raucous singing at the dinner table, debates on sewers and free love and ventures in this field with its consequent self-discipline, we found a new and enlivening perspective. This was crystallized through our discussions to the conviction that "being a fresher is fun".

—A.S.H. and A.J.S.

## text books

This is the time of the year when the professional rumourmongers of the University in accord have a specially juicy rumour to mong. Every year in Orientation Week, the lecturers give out lists of the books that the student must have in order to imbibe the learning of his masters. Some of these books are necessary ("Oh, woe betide thee, miserable miscreant, if thou dost not have this book"). Others are not quite so vital ("At least it will look nice on the book-shelves"). Then come the rumours. This book is sold out, that one is out of print, the other has not been heard of in twenty-five years. The Fresher, hearing these rumours, cries "How long must this state of affairs go on?" The second year student wags his head solemnly then speaks at length on the short-sightedness of the bookshops, on the way that lecturers ignore the syllabus, and mutters dark and unintelligible things about the Front Office. (Here is a tip, dear Fresher, when in doubt blame the Front Office.)

Let us examine some of these rumours. For the more startling, my informers have mysteriously vanished, thus the tales of a Physiology I book not turning up until after the exam and of a 1962 English II book not only being unobtainable at the bookshops but also not in either of the libraries, can not be verified. Certainly, true are stories of last year's Physics I heat and thermodynamics text-book not being available, except for a few isolated copies, until June, that part of the course finishing in July. Also true is the tale of this year's Maths II book on linear equations.

It does happen then, that a book which a lecturer has recommended is not available, after the first one or two copies are sold, in Adelaide, and a long wait must be endured before the bulk of the students can read those books. The question is, why? Starting at the source of the books I found the bookshops order their stocks from the syllabus up to six months before the demand is expected. If any book which is not in the syllabus is likely to be used, the lecturer concerned contacts the bookshops and they, in turn place orders. When the bookshops receive no word of an impending change in the syllabus, of course they can do nothing about it except to order the book from the publisher and inform the buyers when they arrive. I am told that it takes about two weeks to get a certain book if the publishers keep stocks in Melbourne, but up to three months if the book must be ordered from England or America. A two week wait is not a great hardship unless you are expected to have read part of it or to take examples from it, but three months can, as with the Physics I book referred to earlier, be a major part of the course. (A voice in the background mentions "Forty per cent. failure rate." The writer, with an effort of will ignores it.)

What can be done to avoid this difficulty? The first idea would be to publish a book-list early in September, with the lists of the various subjects prepared by the lecturers who will take that subject in the following year. Very good, but what to do about lecturers who will be coming to the University in the following January? Force them to work with the books set out for that

# opinion

subject by the previous lecturer? The effects of this, I feel, would be worse than doing without books, for lecturers are notoriously hard to "force" in the first place, and in the second who could be expected to give of his best with a book which he has never heard of, or, as occasionally happens, is entirely revolted by. No quick and easy solution from the point of view of the books seems to be forthcoming.

What can the bookless students do, then? The first thing to do, when you have found out you cannot get the book you want, is to put it on order. Most bookshops will take your name and address and send you a post-card when it arrives. Then borrow the book from the library. It will be in the reserve, so that you will have a good chance of getting it for a night or week-end. Lastly, you must take far more copious notes than you might otherwise and if anything is not clear, ask the lecturer.

## rats!

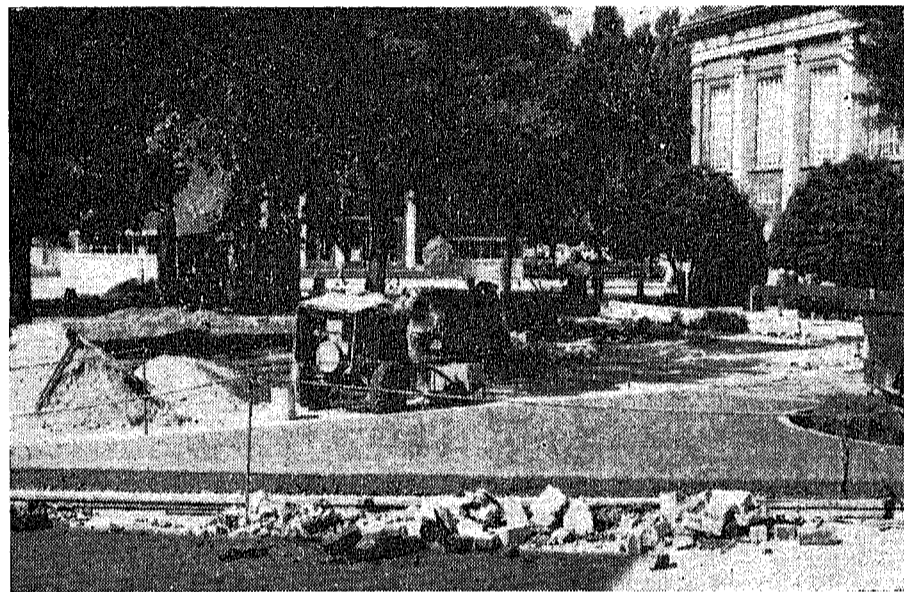
I could scratch out these glinting black eyes of yours—but they only project a loose, empty excrement-filled skin. What right have you to eternally twitch, twitch, twitch at me that long ridiculous nose? That rounded belly just asks to be spiked. If only your repulsively long nails would do the job for me instead of merely scratch, scratch, scratching those rubbery ears. What a repellent thing your hairless pink tail is; and who could admire the yellowing fur on your back? Oh! Norwegian Hooded Rat, you disgust me.

But stay, such strong hatred frightens me. I am, after all, a rational tolerant Australian to whom everything must be explicable to be tolerated. Why do I hate the rat so?

Most intelligent, well informed people hate him. Biologist, sociologist, biochemist, physiologist, psychologist rip him apart, cut off his head and spill his gore, drive him to insanity with certain shock, force him to swim, run, jump, fight, capulate and make friends to the click of their stop watches. No Jewish slaughter was ever so widely condoned. They justify my hatred. Consummate skill is involved in this activity. Long years and many learned dissertations are devoted to arduous training in these blood sports. Any difficult skill is surely worth acquiring. At any rate, the Laws of Nature dictate the Principle of the Survival of the Fittest. The rat deserves to be obliterated, smashed to smithereens.

He has obtained, through manipulating us his favourite and most nourishing food, luxurious and safe living conditions, and yet has certain salvation for his soul as an enslaved being subject to continuous enforced penance, while we struggle to clutch at the apron strings of a most uncertain saviour. Why, he has become a sort of deified being. Professors have written learned tomes about him and the obscure articles throwing his qualities back and forth are the means to a heaven of prestige and palaces for many an otherwise hase and lowly scoundrel.

He has made half the university population completely dependent on him. He bestows degrees (if he pleases), a living and the good will of teachers. And how does he do all this? By his accursed sly cunning. He runs only for the best reward, and perversely does the wrong thing so that we, Lords of the Earth, are made to look ridiculous in our painful efforts to work out just why he does as he does while he laughs up his fur. Ooh—filthy beast! The last straw has come. He has recently tricked one of the most admired psychologists in his field into publishing an erudite article advocating that we play with the rat to persuade him to work for us, and incidentally let him defecate all over us! Am I going to be besmirched by this devil, this son of torment? Oh! Norwegian Hooded Rat, I hate you.



... out of consideration for readers in the library

things we would like to see banned, and no questions asked. If the "Sunday Mail" wants more banned TV scripts to pop between the furniture adverts, we'll gladly bring pressure to bear on Canberra.

"Dr. Ben Casey," for instance. How can we go on prejudicing our relations with the medical profession by having that on our screens? (Sorry, the "News" has that one already.)

But what about "Adelaide Tonight"? What sort of picture does that give of this fair city of ours? (A problem there, though. Does "Adelaide Tonight" ever have a script?)

Never mind. What about Bob and Dolly Dyer? What do the big international petroleum companies, investing in our economic future, think of the way their products are represented there?

And the Weather Forecast. Doesn't that prejudice our relations with the plastic raincoat and sun tan oil manufacturers?

And those old movies. Hoyts must be furious.

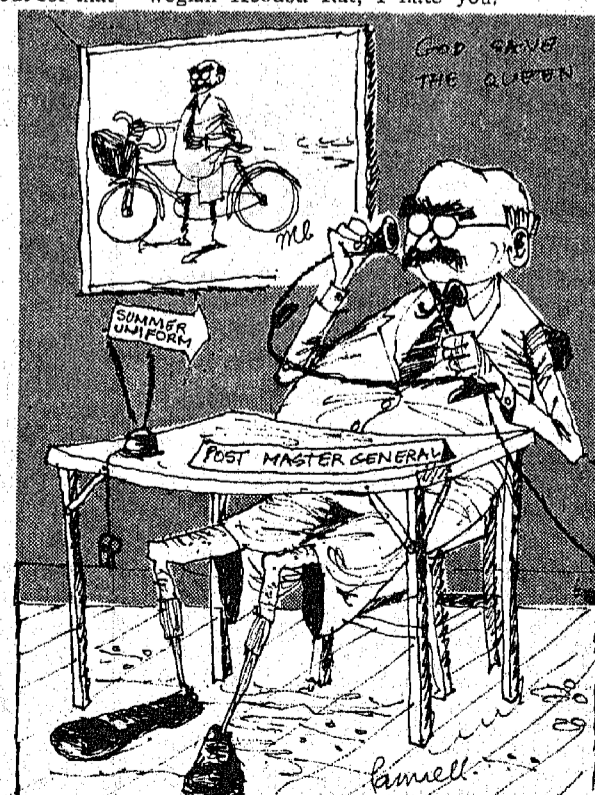
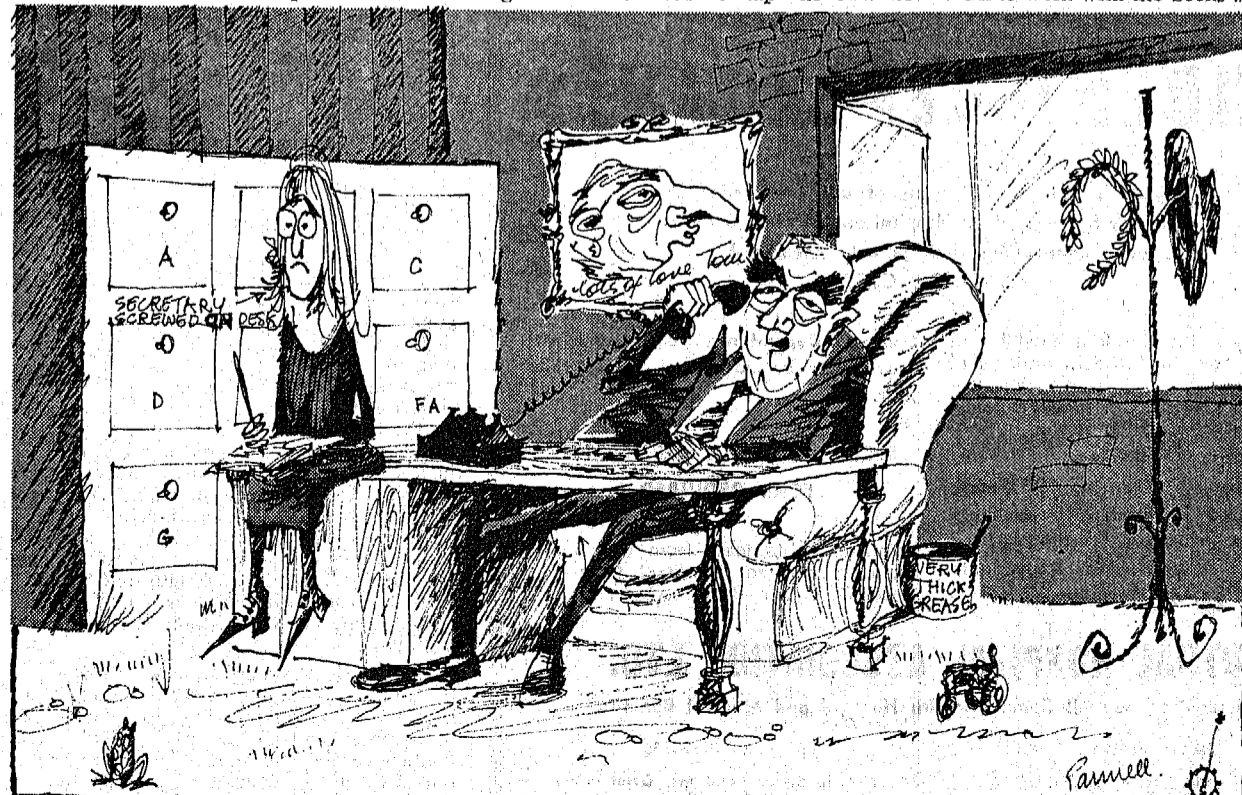
And the National Anthem. Surely our American cousins must be touched to the quick, the way we keep them plugging that old monarchist thing?

We hope that our Postmaster-General won't hesitate to use all the powers we have

discussion where we found to our surprise that our opinions were respected. From the official discussions we gained disturbing and stimulating ideas on such topics as the Jewish question, propaganda, and the need to be true to one's own moral standard in life. This last principle we had the opportunity to apply in the early hours of the morning(s). Strangely enough, the informal talks over tepid coffee and pilfered biscuits at four o'clock proved of just as much value. When else can you discuss frankly the intimate facts of free love and the Australian Labour Party?

It was at these times that we learnt of "Student Action" from "The Father of His People", and heard with interest of his varied choices for the Mother of His People. We were lucky to hear Big Daddy's views on how he did it and on "Student Action" in Melbourne as the latter was unfortunately missed by most students in his S.R.C. Welcome Whisper. A similar preview was gained from the Warden at the Camp service on the subject of meekness being not humility but a "gentleness of spirit", as Mr. Fisher less adequately explained at the Commencement Service.

On the less profound side of camp we were given an introduction to one side of University life through the visits of soliciting societies anxious to tap the flow of



We couldn't possibly screen that . . . we've a lot to thank France for . . . after all, she did keep Britain out of the Common Market.