

On Dit

Vol. 21, No. 3.

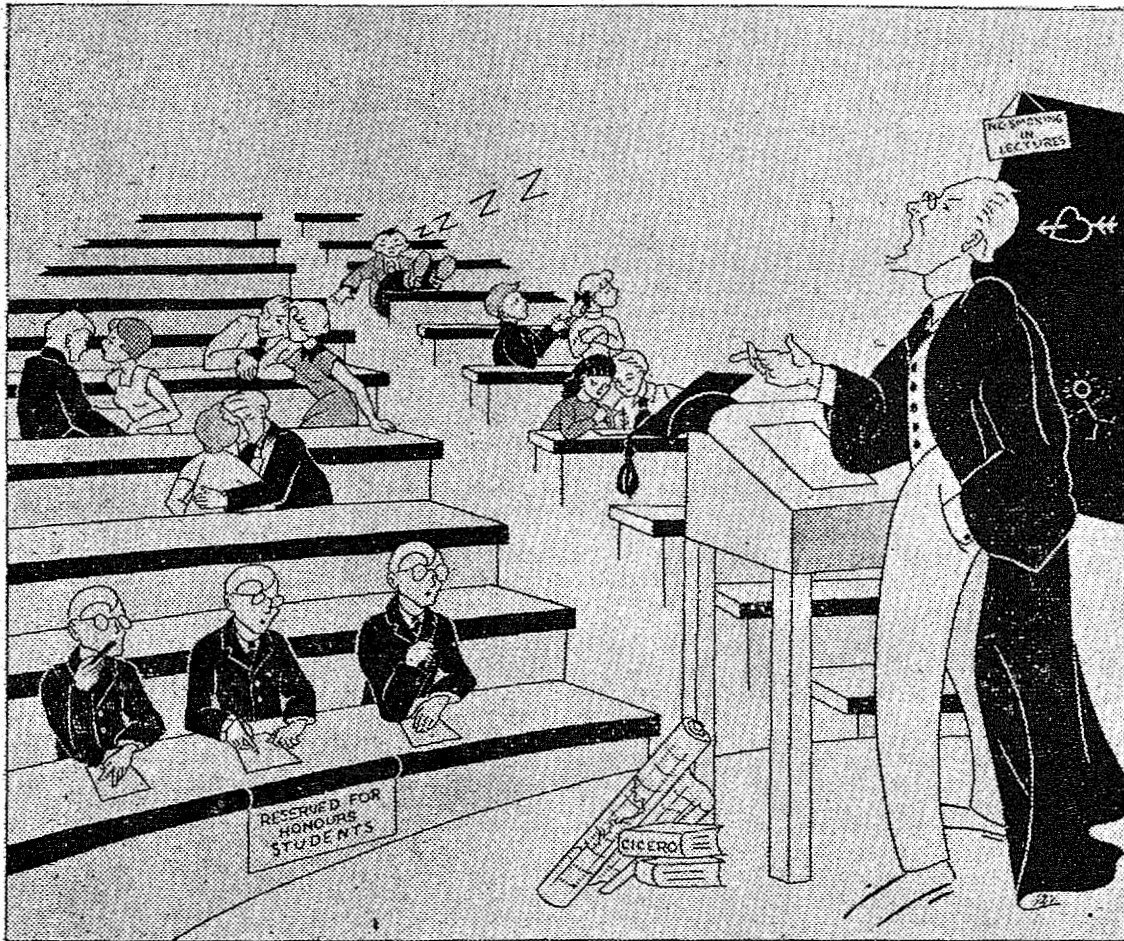
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1953.

Threepence.

LECTURES OR LOVE?

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STORY WITHOUT WORDS



Most Prefer Love, But Some Work

At last "On Dit," ever on the alert to test student reaction, is able to supply the details of a Gallup poll on one of the most controversial subjects discussed in this University for some time.

Last issue we hinted that we would be able to tell you the results of our extensive research on the subject, "Do Lectures Interfere With Love Affairs?" Elsewhere on this page you will find two experts' opinions on the subject. Here we are only concerned with giving you a few statistics. The result was surprising. In answer to the question, 53 per cent of students said "Yes," 44 per cent said "No," and 3 per cent sat on the fence.

Some of the comments, however, were typical. Although one misguided fellow told our reporters that he had "come here to work," others were not so keen. "Big Jim" Bettison told us to refer to chapter xxxii in the statutes, which, we find, refers to Infectious Diseases! All beautiful Lorna Seedsman could do was let out an explosive "Never!!!" while Lola Barritt gave us a hushed "Sssh!!!"

Nick Birchall, well known playboy and Vice-President of the S.R.C., said: "I'm certain that it is all dependent on the question of supply and demand, but I tend to think that it is affected by the proposition that 'man does not live in bed alone.'"

Other comments were: George Waterhouse: "No. I should think that lectures afford admirable opportunity for romance—except in those faculties where one is told where to sit." (See our cartoonist on this subject).

Stokes: "Most definitely. It seems to me that lectures have the annoying characteristic of interfering with everything."

Gordon Reid: "Yes. Women are a necessary evil. The younger the girl, the greater the evil. The older the woman, the greater the necessity."

Ann Levi: "No. They enable you to look deep into your tutor's eyes."

When approached by our "On Dit" reporter, an anonymous red-head blushed, winked, and replied in a soft voice: "I do not allow distractions like lectures to interfere with my main purpose in entering the University."

Finally, we approached one erudite Med. student, who told us: "pursuit of objectives remote to the emotions provides an asceticism against which physiological stimuli are heightened to include the psyche." And with that we leave you.

1953 COMMEMORATION

ON-THE-SPOT photo of this year's Commemoration ceremony shows 1952 Rhodes Scholar, John Lawrence, preceded by the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. A. P. Rowe) and followed by the Chancellor (Sir Mellis Napier), carrying the mace into the Bonython Hall.

(Photo by John Kaufman)



This week "On Dit" finds itself lacking in sensational news. Of course, this has happened before. But this year, unlike our Moral Guardian from Ansen Street, we no longer have the desire to make a sensation out of nothing. Hence we have decided to let what we somewhat dubiously class as a more reputable journal than ours make our headlines for us. Not that we intend to print wholesale the interesting article on lectures and love affairs which appeared in that certain daily paper. But we must admit that it has given us the germ, however small, of an idea, however smaller.

Last issue we promised our readers, among other things, some information on this subject. And for once we have kept a promise to the letter. Some of our readers have been asked their opinions by members of our staff, who, with the exception of the poor innocent who collected a black eye when he asked a fresherette if she wanted to be orientated, were all in earnest.

In the Gallup poll results published on this page, you will find details of the information we have painstakingly gathered. Meanwhile, let us provide you with two expert opinions—one from a lecturer and one from a well-known lover.

LECTURER SPEAKS

This question can best be tackled by reference to select case histories which are fairly typical.

The first case for consideration is that of the female fresher who has a "steady" outside the University. As a consequence of this outside interest, at first she politely ignores the opposite sex, both in and out of the lecture room. During the first term she diligently works at home, in the second term she finds the Barr Smith more inviting, and in the third term she does her best work in the Refectory. She graduates eventually, but long before this her old boy friend has fallen by the wayside and has been succeeded by a member of the rugby team.

Next there is the case of the Refectory love affair. They meet at the Commencement Ball and it's love at first sight. But alas, he is an engineer and the only spare time he has during the day is 2-4 p.m. on Wednesday. She (a Phys. Ed.) has Dancing III all that afternoon. Do lectures interfere with love affairs? Have you ever tried to make love in the Refectory at 1.30 p.m. on a Monday? After a year or so they solve this problem—you will see them on the banks of the Torrens at lunch-time any fine day. On wet days they can be detected by their obvious frustration.

Then there is what we might call the intra-faculty case. They meet in lectures and by the end of the first year are holding hands (both in and out of lectures). They are a little more blatant in their love affairs in second year (both in and out

of lectures). They graduate in third year (both in and out of lectures).

Do lectures interfere with love affairs? Of course they do, but do they stop the young lovers? Lectures are not only a means of acquiring knowledge to pass exams. The female of the species often uses them as a stepping-stone to the altar.

LOVER REPLIES

"What was that? Oh, I remember; he was going to talk about European Feudalism. Mmm . . . , Susie is looking keen—there's quiet a gleam in her eye. I wonder if it's what he is saying that she finds so enthralling, or if it's his latent manly qualities. I wouldn't mind getting to know her, though I suppose Nelly would object. I wonder if Nell was in time to buy that frock. Women seem nuts about clothes—still, it does give them an outlet in this hard, oppressive world.

I wish the chap out the front would hurry up and say what he has to say; Nell should be in the Barr by now. I wish to hell I could concentrate—it's luck I found that obscure book from which he takes most of his material."

This poor unfortunate is but one of a certain type who forsakes the physical comfort of occasional timorous hand-holding and the spiritual uplift of whispered sweet-nothings in the Barr Smith, for the cold monotonous formality of the lecture-room. Of course, if his loved one happens to do that subject with him, then the adjectives "cold" and "monotonous" do not apply, and the lecture is not an obstruction, but a mutual inspiration to be discussed afterwards in a learned discourse, each trying to impress the other. Generally speaking, however, this type of creature finds lectures an abominable waste of good love-making time. His inspiration for burning the midnight oil comes not from within the task itself, but from without.

The importance of the Nells of the University cannot be over-emphasised. Hunger, thirst and sex are the three most urgent of the biological drives. Man has to eat and drink, but is denoted a glutton if excessive interest is taken in either eating or drinking. Man has an urge to find comfort in the other sex, but is denoted a fool if excessive interest in his Nell dominates his life at the University. To only the few pathetic lovers are lectures a time-wasting interference. To the mature, stable character they are eagerly digested in full, not in a series of small snacks, and love-making is put in its normal place in the hierarchy of adult behaviour.

A facetious question is often best answered by a solemn reply.

Under the Table

WHEN Lindsay Colquhoun (Dental Representative), asked Vice-President, Nick Birchall, what his views were on the S.R.C.'s position in the social world, some hard words were spoken.

"I am of the opinion that too many people stand for the S.R.C. solely to gain social status and only a very few for the benefit of the rest of the students. If members' names are to appear in the local paper at all, they should appear on the first and second pages and certainly not in the social notes," Birchall said.

Several members turned red and feverishly consulted the agenda for the meeting.

.. ..

PETER Halley, Med. Representative, followed up with a question to the President: Keith Buckley: "Is it true that members of the S.R.C. can be suspended from the Council if they consistently stay away from meetings?"

It was explained that if a Councillor missed three consecutive meetings without an accepted apology, he or she could be suspended. Some members stopped consulting the agenda, looked up, and turned green.

NEW FACES IN THE FACULTIES



NEW Zealander, Dr. D. P. O'Connell, is the new Reader in Law. After completion of his education at the University of Auckland, he went to England on a travelling scholarship in 1949, and received a Ph.D. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1951. He has published a book, "The Law of State Succession" (C.U.P.).



MR. Geoffrey Dutton, lanky, well-groomed and approachable new English lecturer, is a South Australian educated at Adelaide and Oxford Universities. He's just back from England by car through Yugoslavia, Persia (where he was thankful for an Australian passport), Afghanistan and Ceylon.

He is writing an article for the London Geographic Magazine on that trip—during which he saw King Abdulla, of Jordan, murdered at Jerusalem.

He has published a book of poems (1944) and a novel, "The Mortal and the Marble" (1950).



DR. A. R. Alderman is Sir Douglas Mawson's successor as Professor of Geology. Dr. Alderman received most of his University education here, where he gained his Master and Doctor of Science degrees. He was also at Clare College, Cambridge, for three years.

After lecturing in the Geology School here before the war, Dr. Alderman took up a position in the Division of Industrial Chemistry of C.S.I.R.O. at Fisherman's Bend, Victoria, where he spent 11 years.

He is the author of many publications in various scientific journals.

E.U. Guest Speaker



His name is Dr. Howard Guinness and he's paying a flying visit to the Adelaide University next Monday, April 20, to give a lunch-hour address in the George Murray. You'll see more of him in September when he intends conducting a six-day mission—aimed primarily for students in Holy Trinity Hall, North Terrace.

Dr. Guinness is a widely travelled and well experienced worker in student circles. Two years ago he conducted a mission to Sydney University and this year will lead one in Melbourne. However, most of his work has been done in British and European Universities, as he has only been in Australia (as Rector of St. Barnabas Church, Sydney) since 1949. He graduated in 1928 after studying in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, U.K., when he intended being a medical missionary. At the invitation of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship he became their staff worker and went on world-wide tours (including Canada, U.S.A., India, South Africa, Europe and Australia), spreading knowledge of the I.V.F.

Recently he led the annual I.V.F. Conference in Brisbane. You must come and hear what he has to say—remember, Monday, April 20, at 1.15 p.m. "Can a Thinking Man Be a Christian?" E.U. Study Circles continue each Tuesday at 1.15 p.m. in the George Murray Library. Led by Rev. Graham Delbridge, these have provided much to think about and chew over. Keep in mind, too, a House Party, to be held at Victor Harbour from May 23-28.

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

Wednesday
APRIL 22
5 p.m.

SCIENCE BALL
SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
Deb. Ball, May 23, at 8 p.m.
Debs. to be presented to Sir Mellis Napier.

THE BIGGEST THIS YEAR!

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IN THE REFRATORY, SATURDAY, APRIL 18

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TECHNICAL (includes Aeronautical, Electrical Instrument)	ENGINEERING SCIENCE
RADIO (Signals, Radar)	ENGINEERING SCIENCE

NATIONAL SERVICE TRAINEES:

National Service Trainees and those to be called up for National Service Training are eligible to join the Squadron.

APPLICATIONS:

For further particulars, or to make application, write or call upon the Commanding Officer, Adelaide, University Squadron, 156 Barton Terrace, North Adelaide (M 9282), or the Recruiting Officer, Combined Recruiting Centre, 99 Currie Street, Adelaide (LA 4281).

CLOSING DATE FOR APPLICATIONS IS THE 30th APRIL, 1953

ORPHEUS DEPARTS, NERLICH ARRIVES

Before anything it must be said that Graham Nerlich's production of "Point of Departure" was a first-class piece of work, excellent entertainment, and of such high standard that no allowances need be made for defects on the grounds that "after all, they're only students!"

BROAD GAUGE OF LOVE

It is an extremely odd play, for while it is at times very funny indeed, in a bitterly bawdy fashion, its general emotional tone is one of despairing tenderness. The love between Orpheus and Eurydice, arising from the remote chance of a meeting between them in a provincial railway station, is something noble and beautiful, but it cannot hope to survive in this world. It is assailed by common ugliness, and by guilt and shame. Pure love cannot endure impure life, the play says, and Orpheus and Eurydice discover this in their distress.

SOLID BARRITT, FINE KETLEY

Miss Lola Barritt gave a passionate performance as Eurydice, the young woman finding overpowering happiness in her love for Orpheus, but at the same time finding horror and guilt in the memory of her previous sordid lovers. Miss Barritt sustained this difficult part with assurance and conviction, and deserves high praise. Mr. Christopher Ketley, as Orpheus, was also very fine, but although his performance balanced Miss Barritt's excellently, it lacked a little in consistency. His manner changed sometimes from that of the sad and innocent young man completely in love for the first time in his life, to that of the rather more experienced man who had done this sort of thing before but really meant it this time. Such lapses were, however, uncommon, and he also is to be congratulated. Mr. Erland Brock, as Orpheus' father, symbolising the pathetic meanness of life, warmed to his work as the play progressed, and from a rather stuffy start, finished brilliantly; the old man was by turns a garrulous failure, a shallow libertine, and always a prodigious bore.

The people surrounding the lovers, life-in-general, were nearly all dreadful, ranging from the sinister waiter in the hotel to the impressario Molac, who was downright evil. The actors and actresses in these parts rose nobly to their horrid

occasions, especially John Tregenza, whose restraint and intensity was most impressive and moving. He also showed considerable accomplishment in his tiny part as the policeman, Mr. Philip Fargher, as M. Molac, assumed, for some inscrutable reason, a savage accent, which brought his interpretation from the grotesque (as it quite rightly was) almost to the brink of burlesque.

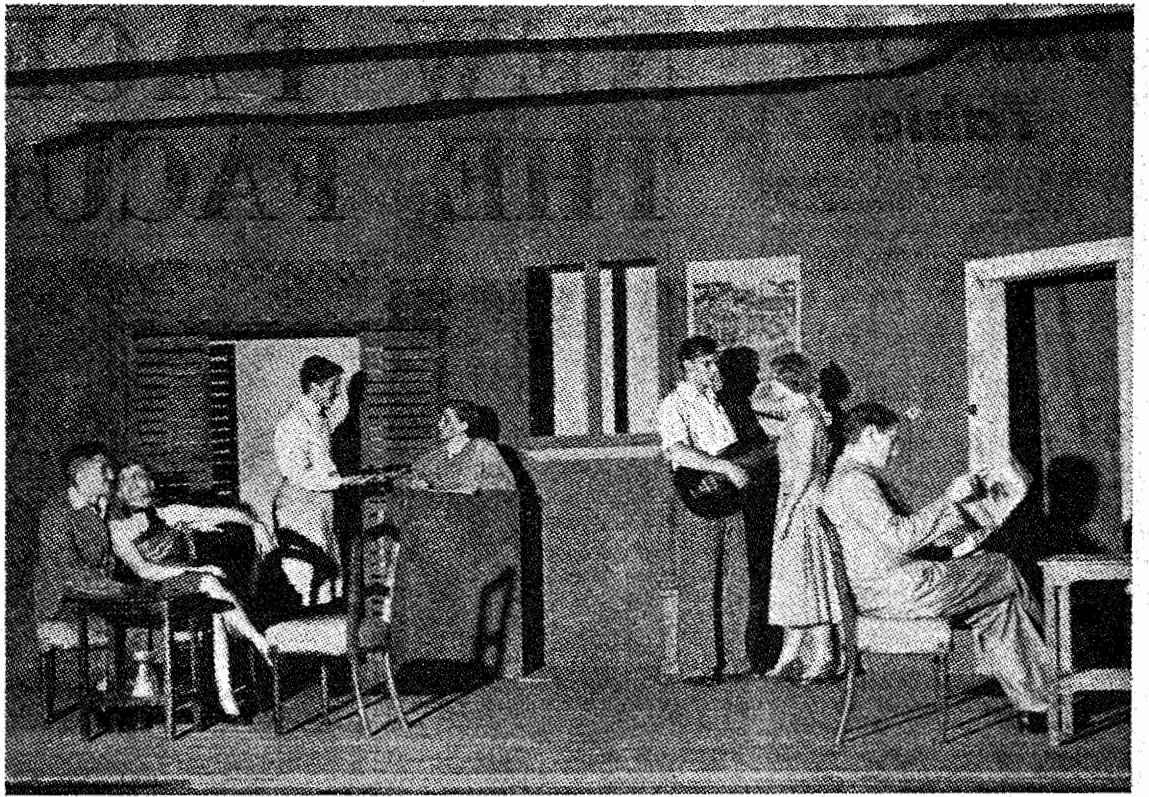
THE EVIL WAS THERE

But the impression of evil was there, and that was the main thing. Miss Prudence Ham and Mr. Hugh Williamson were adequately nasty as Eurydice's mother and her lover, but Miss Ham was in danger of finding her lines as amusing as the audience found them. Mr. Keith Buckley, whose memory appeared to be giving him trouble, nevertheless did well as M. Henri, apparently the Angel of Death, cool and impersonal at first but developing a sort of puzzled affection for Orpheus. It was through this character that Anouilh expounded most of the "message" of the play, and Mr. Buckley spoke his lines with understanding. And while dealing with him, commendatory mention must be made of his sets, which were simple, subdued and ingenious.

PNEUMATIC BOSOMS, BAD MEMORY

No self-respecting dramatic critic can resist making a few nasty cracks, and so attention must be paid to the strange choice of English music for a French play; I have no doubt that Elgar would have been astonished. The cashier's tremendous and obviously pneumatic bosoms must also be deplored... monstrous. One cannot excuse Mr. Graham Chinner's shocking memory, either. He dithered about, gravely forgetting his lines, at a very tense point in the action, and his manner of making a bed was just ridiculous; one feels that the producer might have done something about that.

On the whole, however, it was a most entertaining evening, and a very intelligent production of a strange and difficult play.
MICHAEL TAYLOR.



GRAHAM NERLICH'S first production, Jean Anouilh's "Point of Departure," at The Hut last week. From left to right are Hugh Williamson (Vincent), Prue Ham (Eurydice's mother), Warren Rogers (Waiter), Jill Shepherd (Cashier), Chris. Ketley (Orpheus), Lola Barritt (Eurydice), and Keith Buckley (M. Henri).

SHORT STORY:

"Mere Lees Are Left"

—Macbeth.

The war dealt not unkindly with the cathedral town of Bamberg, and one day a few years ago I spent several hours of rare content wandering through cathedral Bischofliche Residenz, patrician houses of the Renaissance and streets which were old when Blessed Kunigunda's relics came to the great church over the river.

I wanted to return to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival when it was at its height, by way of the valley of the Red Main and thus see the church of Veirzahnheiligen, the Fourteen Holy Ones, which rears up from the wooded valley and thrusts its facade so confidently into the golden air; baroque perfection, rich complex and a little overpowering. From Lichtenfels the path goes fairly steeply, but cooled by the shade of deep green pine I pressed forward eagerly enough.

In front I saw a figure, head bent forward, arms swinging loosely, and as is custom in these parts, I called cheerfully across as I overtook him.

"Gehn s' auch hinauf?" I asked rather obviously.

"Ja," he answered, diffidently, huskily I thought, without turning his head. His left arm, I noted vaguely, swung very loosely. I said that we might well continue the climb together. He turned his head slowly. I still hope that my expression revealed nothing. At some distant date a bullet had destroyed without killing, and a vacant eye, into which his still active brain strove to instil expression and reason, stared blankly at me. We climbed on. I talked, my voice sounded rather brittle, of the Wagner Festival, of Bamberg's glories, of the vast deathless spirit living up here on the hill.

He talked, slowly at times, slurred and almost inaudibly and yet with vehement defiant interest of places and towns he had seen in days before the war, and his face I thought involuntarily, would have lit up with animation and intelligence. I gathered that for some seven or eight years he had been in a secluded mountain hospital for incurable wounded. His voice to some extent, his face rather less, had been returned to him. He and his like were not for obvious reasons very much at large. I felt, a little tritely, I suppose, that it might dampen anyone's notions of blocs, treaty forces and the like—and I tried promptly to dismiss the unworthy thought.

He had been allowed to come to this lonely area on a few days' holiday before the next operation. He had used this time to visit the church up here, the most original in this part of the country he thought. He hoped before returning to get across to the Benedictine monastery of Schloss Banz on the other side of the valley—no-one should miss that, he

thought. We spent a long time in the church. The fantastic accomplishment of the interior, and subtle light flooding from any and every direction and centre on the shrine to the fourteen little innocents who had appeared an age since to one of the peasants of the village nearby. We crossed ourselves and left; for a few minutes we said nothing.

We were about to pass a wayside inn. I suggested a drink. There was a noticeable pause and he blew into his handkerchief rather loudly. Yes, he thought, yes, if I really wanted to; if I didn't really mind... and his voice tailed off lamely. The beer was not very good, but he sat, the one side of his head resting on his hand, and seemed to enjoy it. I found myself scrutinising the advertisement on the tankard, a complicated one, but I think I could still draw it.

At length we moved off. He was silent and the sun was going down. Did I know Monastery Ettal in Upper Bavaria? As he talked I realised, rather late, that I was involuntarily the first person who had spoken to him as other than a thing for a longer time than he could now remember. Modern history had passed him over and he knew little of it. At the station in Lichtenfels I left him. I believe he was smiling as he looked up my train for me.

Some eighteen months later I was in Upper Bavaria and a free afternoon took me to a noted little church of pilgrimage, the Heiligenblutkirche, Church of the Precious Blood. It lies a long way from the road and as I trudged along the stray snow whipped into my face while the November wind sobbed across the white wastes. Ahead of me I noticed idly a group of heavily muffled people, men I thought, struggling through the snow. Their dark clothes stood out starkly. Suddenly, with sick inevitability, I realised that they were indeed in mourning.

The bare, twisted deformed branches of the trees in the churchyard creaked and croaked all through the short service: *Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla... quid som miser tunc dicturus...* As I bent to give a hand to the coffin, I looked for the name but knew already what it would be, as we carried him out—into the snow under the leaden sky and into his little grave late on a day which will be forever winter.

BRIAN COGLAN.

NOW DON'T RUSH US!

Does your soul need being done good by? Nothing's so good for you as self-expression—they say!

Express yourself—really let off steam!—in the magazine pages of "On Dit." But, we can only do the right thing by you if you do the right thing by us. That is, you intending contributors of articles, stories, cartoons, verses, wisecracks and club reports, please observe the following requirements:

- Write clearly on one side of the paper only, and, if the copy is typed when submitted, double space it!
- Obviously, correct grammar is necessary. No one will take seriously what you say unless they can read what you write.
- Make the most important point FIRST and keep to the point. Also, copy is cut by editors from the bottom, so don't work up to a beautiful climax—or your masterpiece may appear in print without one.
- The identity of the writer of each contribution must be known to the Editor.
- For the Editor's rights, as far as cutting, selection and rearrangement go, and for rules of ethics, interested persons might like to refer to the "Editor's Code," released in the last edition of "On Dit."

Letter to the Editor

The Editor,
"On Dit."

Dear Sir,—I write to you from an earnest conviction that only through the whole body politic will the person to whom I refer ever be moved to do something about it. This person is Mr. Duncan Campbell, a prominent member of this University. It is my strong desire to force this person into changing his name. After all, Sir, I am sure you will be quite prepared to admit that anyone whose surname is Camp Bell, and whose second name is Dung Can should be compelled in the interests of all to alter it. Think for example, what awful advantages would accrue to speakers on religious matters—even now I hear in fancy some orator declaiming, "Why, this University is so corrupt that you have an open cesspool right in the middle of it!"

I beg you, Sir, to bring the whole influence of your weighty paper to bear upon this problem, and not suffer one of our Uni's most prominent citizens to drag our name through the mire.

Yours in urgency,
PUBLICLY-MINDED.

Give Me A Winter Love

Winter closes in on me
Blanketing, chilling, numbing.
Hell is icy coldness.
I squirm from the touch of ice.
But summer is next best thing to love,
In the heady, soporific warmth
Of a golden dreamtime,
I can do without love.
I loathe the winter.
It comes.
Give me your warmth if you pity me,
Winter and you at least until
The inevitable summer without you.
Without you.

—MAXIM.

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Does Chaplin Deserve B.B.C. TV FOR US!

The Limelight?

—by Prof. A. N. Jeffares



Critics are hailing Charlie Chaplin's latest effort, "Limelight," as a masterpiece which, so one daily newspaper report told us before the film arrived in Adelaide, "encompasses every aspect of theatrical expression." But have you seen it?

If you haven't, and you go along expecting to see some of the "genius" these critics have promised you, you'll probably be disappointed.

In America, "Limelight" would be battling to hold its own with some of Hollywood's better films. Compared with the better British films, it is just mediocre.

Not that the film is not worth seeing. There are parts which are excellent. But the whole displays a naivete, which, coming from a man of Chaplin's film experience, is alarming. Perhaps it is because most of that experience has been gained in silent films, and is not applicable to modern production. If this is the case, then Chaplin's self-appointed role as leading man, director, producer, composer and choreographer all in one seems to indicate an arrogance not generally expected from a man of 63.

The silent sequences of the film are easily the best—particularly the opening scene, which is most effective. After this, however, the quality deteriorates. We are blessed with a hackneyed though simple philosophy (call it that) which has been a heritage of melodramas since the beginning of talkies. If you go back to see the second half after interval, it will probably be only from an idle curiosity to know how the simplest of plots finally winds up—or, perhaps I should say, exhausts itself.

One of the brighter spots is the final silent act (this, sad to say, comes to a tragic end), which ranks with the best of Chaplin's silent comedies. This is fol-

lowed by a pleasingly executed, though slightly amateurish ballet sequence.

It is easy, of course, to pick faults with any film. One feels, however, that in this case it might have been better if the various fields of production had been delegated to experts, instead of being heaped on one man's shoulders. Perhaps we can write down this curious process as an ageing man's last fling, and thereby justify it. They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

CARMEN GOULASH.



To a poet no longer with us, we give—

ONE LAST FLING

Farewell, O noble soul, in Sloth be-mired,
Yield up thy place to Earnestness inspired.
Stern Duty has usurped pale Pleasure's place,
And cursed Frivolity has hid her face.
Beware Temptation in thy Coffee-cup,
Devote thyself to midnight sittings-up,
Forswear the Cloister's soul-ensnaring call—
Such flirting would thy Innocence enthrall!

O, noble soul, lay now thy Laurels down;
Work's pimply Eremite has filched thy Gown,
Untiring Energy now stands supreme,
And cold Reality dispels the Dream.

Bow down, O, Antichrist, to present Powers—
The pregnant Doctrine of the Twenty Hours.

W.W.W.

FOR SALE

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W.E.A. BOOKROOM

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Coghill: THE CANTERBURY TALES (Transl.)	7/6

Many opinions on television reach the Royal Commission and the papers; but there appears to be very little factual evidence. What emerges from a study of the literature on the subject is that television does affect social life.

As yet, the precise nature of the changes it brings about has not been clearly shown, since social change takes time to develop. As this medium does affect the life of a country, it is obvious that its introduction should be undertaken carefully. On the one hand we should not allow commercial interests whose purpose is to sell more of their goods to the public, either to make unbridled use of television or to stifle its development; on the other, we should not, for obvious reasons, permit governmental control, by any party in power, of this powerful means of communication.

What means of establishing the new medium avoids these extremes and promises us the best type of programme? By best, I mean one which would appeal to all sections of the people by combining adequately light entertainment, drama, religious, educational, musical and artistic, and, most important, outside events; a balanced programme which would be at once characteristically Australian and international in its outlook.

The best means of getting this, and certainly the safest (though I admit it calls for statesmanlike vision on the part of the politicians) seems to me to be the establishment of a government-sponsored corporation, or commission, which would operate television for at least five years (and preferably ten). This commission should be composed of members of widely varying interests, who should retire after a fixed period of service. These people should include both American and British television experts, or make use of their advice. They should be disinterested men and women; not uninterested advertising tycoons or over-interested publicist-politicians. Their disinterest would extend to educating the television audience to be critical of the medium; for this ultimately would lead to a stage where public opinion would replace any censorship. In England at present the B.B.C. is criticised as stuffy, and not sufficiently outspoken on major issues. This criticism shows that the B.B.C. audience is growing up, and that the policy adopted in Britain of educating the radio and television audiences is bearing fruit. The means of education lie in the publication of "The Radio Times," a model of what a programme can be (it sells about 8 million copies a week, so that one in six of the population BUYS it) and "The Listener," which reprints material broadcast, and in an elaborate system of listener research, as well as publication of subsidiary material, pamphlets, etc., to accompany programmes.

In Australia the great danger to be avoided is the use of cheap, second-rate material to fill in television time. Such a commission as that I have outlined would insist on certain standards and would presumably

at first limit telecasting hours. (Would the South Australian public prefer to see Oakbank by armchair or would it miss the excitement of going to an event—and the undeniable thrill of "dicing with death" on the return journey?) in view of the cost involved and the sheer impossibility of providing good programmes for more than, say 30 hours a week. Unless we really want to spend the capital (that should be used on the development of our natural resources on food production, on schools and hospitals, and Universities) from overseas, we must restrict programmes or lower standards appreciably.

This commission I envisage would be separate from the A.B.C. Thus the A.B.C. would not be starved of funds behind a blanket budget, and the country-dwellers would not be placed at a disadvantage, vis a vis, the city-dwellers. The curious political cry of "monopoly" which will be raised against such an organisation seems unrealistic. In fact, the whole problem of television is unrealistic when

viewed against likely costs. A minimum of six to ten million pounds a year will be the probable cost of setting up television in Sydney and Melbourne. It is unlikely that even the other capitals could have it at this cost. The cry of "monopoly" might well be directed to the potential users of the medium, or rather, more effectively to the cost of television to the country as a whole. Commercial revenues would not, as seems to be imagined, nearly cover the cost of television; nor would the fees (if at all reasonable), from viewing licences. This discussion of "control" may be entirely academic; to this particular non-economist the clamor for its introduction seems to rest upon the curiosity and a mistaken idea of "progress." Television is, per se, brilliant; the use made of it generally far from that. Unless we use it brilliantly I don't think it is worth the vast sums it undoubtedly will cost us.

N.U.A.U.S.:

Money! Money! Money!

Last week I mentioned that the N.U. sometimes suffers from gastric troubles. One of its major upsets, of perennial nature, is to bring down a budget that will achieve for £100 what should take £300.

Like most students, the N.U. has the knack of being able to attain much with the aid of little.

All the activities that were listed in the first edition of "On Dit" need a good deal of careful planning and organisation if they are to be successful, and so this week I shall place before you the financial successes and failures of these various activities.

1952 CONGRESS (W.A.):	
Expenditure.	Income.
£914/9/1	£846/5/1
a loss of £68/4/- met by the N.U. Activities Reserve Fund.	
1952 INTER-VARSITY DEBATES (N.S.W.):	
Expenditure.	Income
£164/3/0	£225/0/0
a profit of £60/17/0 paid into the N.U. Activities Reserve Fund.	
1952 AMERICAN DEBATES TOUR:	
Expenditure.	Income
£332/7/11	£327/12/5.
a loss of £4/15/6 paid by the N.U. Activities Reserve Fund.	
1952 DRAMA FESTIVAL (Vic.):	
Expenditure.	Income
£854/3/3	£1,176/10/6.
a gain of £322/7/3 paid into the N.U. Activities Reserve Fund.	
For those of you who can't do Maths., the answer is NOT a lemon, but rather a gain of £310/4/9 to the N.U.	
"Well," you ask, "why does the N.U. still find it a difficulty to make ends meet?"	
The N.U. has to spend money on administration and other smaller but nevertheless important activities.	
General Secretary's Wages (Approx.)	£600
Stationery and Printing	200
Postage, Telephone, Telegrams	110
General Expenses (Bank, etc.)	50
Accountancy and Auditing	95
Travelling Allowances	295
Local Sec/Treas., Conference	40
International Co-ordinating Secretariat	90
To Council Reserve Account	450
" International Account	75
" Faculty Bureaux	20
" Publicity ("Australaise")	195
Approx.	£2,220
Moving of Gen. Secretary's Office	£65
Income for the period came from the pre capita fees of each University (3/- in Adelaide last year was approx. £2,080).	

From this I hope you see that N.U. had a deficiency of approx. £205, which had to be met from the accumulated funds, and as a result, there was not much to spare.

It was estimated in January that there would be a loss of anything up to £600 on the 1953 Congress, because so few students attended. So you can see, like most penniless students, this student organisation has its financial headaches too.

On Monday, April 20, in the George Murray Library, at 7.30 p.m., there will be a special meeting of the S.R.C. to discuss N.U.A.U.S., so if you are interested in your Union (in which you are a shareholder) we will be pleased to see you there (and, for that matter, at ALL S.R.C. meetings—the S.R.C. is the parliament elected by you).

As, this year, the President of the N.U. is the President of our S.R.C., we have a real interest in the N.U. at home.

LINDSAY T. COLQUHOUN,
Local Sec/Treasurer, N.U.A.U.S.

Fallacies of Marxism

The third and last of a course of addresses on the "Basic Fallacies of Communism" will be given in the Lady Symon Hall at 1.20 p.m. this Friday (April 17) by Mr. David Penny, B.Ec. His subject will be "The Economist and the Marxian Communist."

The first two addresses given were on the "Christian and the Marxian Communist," by the Rev. Graham Delbridge last Friday, and the "Historian and the Marxist Communist," by Mr. Bob Reid, B.A., last Tuesday.

SHATTERED SHINS ASSURE SUCCESS

This year the Adelaide University Hockey Club has quite a record to uphold. As joint winners of the 1952 Inter-Varsity at Perth, the A team were also runners-up in the Association A Grade finals. The B and D teams were both unfortunate in the challenge finals of their grades, and the E's made the semi-finals.

The A.U.H.S. has also to keep its position as the largest club in the Association. This year we need six teams. We still need another two or three blokes—men with speed, stamina, a quick eye and cast-iron shins. However, we will be glad to welcome any student to the game.

At the A.G.M. on Wednesday, April 1, Professor J. J. C. Smart was elected Patron, and K. T. Hamilton, Esq., President of the club. A goodly number of prominent old players occupy the expensive position of Vice Presidents. The Secretary is Dane Gullard (Med. IV), with Ian Gullard as his assistant. M. F. ("Ginge") Meaney is treasurer with N. K. ("Junior") Meaney sharing the headaches. The Social Committee will be elected at our first social gathering.

New members are welcomed to the club. Some promising overseas students were noticed at practice, Prithnippall Singh, Thanwant Singh, Santokh Singh and Wan Kamaruddin being particularly prominent. There are two sturdy refugees from Teachers' College, Burfield and Tilley—while Mitchell and Staggs return to the game after a year's seclusion.

Rosey Clark, Tracey, May and Meaney, Jr., have been training in the State Colts' training list and are showing great form.

However, two of our two players in the Senior training list, Karim is still suffering from a month's debauchery in Brisbane, and that grand old man of University hockey, "Ginge" Meaney, is beginning to show his age.

Grudge Match

A match, South-Eastern Asia against the Rest was played on Saturday the 11th, with the usual results. The S.E.A. team scraped home by the odd goal, superior stickwork telling against superior weight. (You should see my shins). Everyone en-

joyed the informal meeting and liquid refreshments in the Pav. afterwards, and were privileged to hear some of the traditional club songs and Inter-Varsity choruses.

Next Saturday (18th), on the University Oval, a picnic game will be played against Graduates, who are providing the keg. Actually, two games will be played, the first at 2 o'clock from Varsity players, and the second at 3 o'clock against the visitors. If you are not in any of these teams (see the board), turn up at 1.30 and we'll fit you in.

Lacrosse Plans Intervarsity

If you haven't yet decided on a winter sport, start thinking about Lacrosse. It's a grand game, and you'll enjoy it.

There will be plenty of opportunities for new players. Several of the old hands have left the club and plans for fielding both an A and a B grade team are well in hand. All members should be assured of a game every Saturday.

The annual general meeting

was held last Wednesday, and a keen group of players and prospective players turned up. Any others interested should contact Brian Good, Max Malcolm, Jim Hyde, or Ian Wilson. There will be good opportunities for selection in the Inter-Varsity team, which will play interstate this year.

Aths. Report

HOP, STEP, AND JUMP

Speaking of Hop. That is just the way your Athletics Club has been struggling along lately. This season we finished last in the "A grade" interclub contest, compared with our second position, as finalists, in '51-'52.

What step can be taken? Firstly, this pastime requires the support of members and steady teamwork, just as much as any other sport.

Secondly, aths. contains a wider variety of events than any other Varsity sport.

These include—
Running: 100 and 220 yard sprints, 440, 880 and Mile, middle distance, and distance events. Also 120, 220 and 440 yards hurdles.

Jumping—High and Long Jumps, H.S. and J.

Field games—Shot Putt, Pole Vault, and Hammer, Discus and Javelin Throws.

Walking events are also contested over 1, 2 and 3 miles.

The only requirement to do well is determination. You need not be a star but a member who will gain valuable points and places in the various grades.

If at all interested, the people to see are Dick Forgan (Law), Sandy Skinner (Medicine), or

ring Mark Cooney at UA7902 See if you can develop your hidden talents at the Novices' and Freshers' meeting, to be held on the Varsity Oval on Wednesday, April 29.

Other dates to watch are May 6 (Sports Day), and the Inter-Varsity on June 3 and 5.

For further information watch the notice-board in the Refectory.

Hey There!

What's happened to the Baseball Club? Does it exist? Too shy, then? Well, what about Women's Hockey and Basketball? No? Some of you people had better buck up if you want your fair share of this page!

Things are looking down. Nothing from the Rugby Club and very little from Australian Rules. Maybe they're just giving me a rest. And then to top it off, Meaney strikes up about 500 words for the Hockey Club.

You definitely wouldn't read about it.

EDITOR.

AUST. RULES UNDER WAY

Although Easter attractions took many stars away for the week-end, about 40 members rolled out on Saturday morning for the first trial game on the Graduates. Scores were of secondary interest, and no one is too sure who won. "Gus" Elix, McLeod, Tunbridge, although shut out by McCoy for a quarter—amazing what money does—showed good early form.

Among the newcomers, Warner, Crowe, Malc. Lyons were the best of a very good bunch. In general, the match was most satisfactory, although it is obvious that more attention must be paid to good kicking.

Umpire Broadbent showed he knew something about the game. And there is still plenty of time for freshers to join the most successful club in the Varsity.

Deadline For Sports Articles

Monday
APRIL 27
9.30 a.m.

Soccer News

On Wednesday evening, April 1, the University Soccer Club held its annual general meeting. The meeting was well attended, with Peter Martin in the chair. Although we had lost several members from last year due to their returning to Perth and to graduations, a number of new faces—and promises of more—indicate that Adelaide has an excellent chance of winning the Inter-Varsity, which will be held here during the May vacation. The election of a President has been postponed till all the club members have returned from their vacations. Ken Thomas was elected as Secretary; Salvasingham as Treasurer; and the Committee consists of Don Gollinger, Nardaraja and Bob Burford.

Various functions are being planned as money-raisers for the Inter-Varsity, of which more information will be given in the next issue of "On Dit." We wish to remind again any fresher who is in the least interested in soccer, to contact any of the above-named people, who will be pleased to welcome him into the club.

BADMINTON

At the meeting of the Badminton Club, held last Wednesday, there was a very encouraging roll-call.

All those present were keen about entering a team in the A Grade Association, but were disappointed when it was decided that it was not possible to do this due to our financial status. Nevertheless it was finally agreed upon to enter one team in B Grade.

Practices will be held on Wednesdays (12 noon to 2 p.m.), and Thursdays (6 p.m.), at the Teachers' College Gymnasium. All Badminton enthusiasts are cordially invited to attend these practices.

For further particulars, please contact Miss Pillay, St. Ann's College, or Mr. Kwang Lun. He'll be pleased to receive any further suggestions over a cup of coffee in the Refectory.

Squash Racquets

Would any one interested in the formation of a University Squash Club please contact Mr. Apps, of the Physical Education Department, or A. McLeod, by leaving a note in the "M" pigeon hole.

RACING ROUNDUP

by Radish

So it took the curator at Oakbank just two weeks to clean the course after Monday, did it?

I can quite understand why when I think of all the tickets that I was forced to discard. GULF STREAM was the only nobby to give my pocket a silver lining. However, like all punters I will never learn that you cannot beat those boys with the bags. The trial winner, DASHING HUSSAR, is a nice type of animal and will, I predict, go on to better things. AUCKLAND ran a really good race, so do not forget him when FIRST EARL is not a starter.

LORD TOI gave a good performance in the CUP and should do well in moderate company over a distance in the future. I hope the cleaner-uppers managed to find all the little bits of those last three tickets. DECTANNE got knocked around like Vic Towel in the HILLS RAILWAY and was the best of good things beaten. I was now broke, so I went around to the cool drink stall and asked a dozen dear old souls for their bottles and collected the zacs and blew the lot on IDEAL AIM. Going home I thought that CELODALE is a horse that might prove to be a real money spinner—he came home very smartly in the sprint.

In MELBOURNE a couple of triers caught my eye and are worthy of a two bob wager. They are CREVASSE and ROUSSELORE. I wish you all the luck in the world, and if any of my selections come home, buy me a cuppa in the Refec. on Monday.

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