

ON DIT

PRODUCED BY THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Commencing
FRIDAY
APRIL 28.

Regent

TYRONE POWER
Goes into Romantic Action in STIRRING
TECHNICOLOR!!

"CRASH DIVE" (G)
With Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews,
James Gleason.

Plus—HAL ROACH'S
**"THE McGUERINS FROM
BROOKLYN"** (G)
With William Bendix & Grace Bradley.
On Stage: **ARTHUR MCKAY**
Melbourne Concert Pianist.

Freedom of the Press

MELBOURNE

Although Mr. Harold Holt, M.H.R., received a good hearing when he spoke on "Freedom of Expression Under a Labor Government," any hope of enlisting student sympathy for the Sydney newspapers, or of passing a motion condemning the Labor Government, vanished when Mr. Missen, as chairman, proceeded to act in direct antithesis to Mr. Holt's avowals of freedom of expression.

The chairman refused to consider an amendment, ignored numerous questions and a motion of no confidence in himself, and finally put the motion unbeknown to most of the audience, and declared it "carried."

President Reeves was urged to the chair by calls from the audience, and a motion subsequently passed indicated exactly how far from the feelings of those present was the anti-Labor Government motion which Mr. Missen declared had been "carried."

After Mr. Holt had finished (see report elsewhere on this page), the general shambles commenced with a motion by Mr. Wieden that:

"This meeting of students of the University of Melbourne is shocked by the unparalleled action of the Minister for Information in attacking the freedom of the press, a fundamental principle of democracy, and supports the recent meeting of students of the Sydney University."

Mr. Packer seconded this motion "as a free-thinker," and Mr. Missen

freedom of speech not harmful to the war effort, this meeting wholly approves it, recommends the removal of Mr. Calwell from the portfolio of Minister of Information, and wishes only that the newspapers would be as zealous in the defence of other people's freedom of speech as they are in the defence of their own.

"But if it be that this campaign is merely being used for propaganda purposes, to defeat the Powers Bill, this meeting strongly disapproves of such political tactics."

Prolonged applause greeted the crack at the newspapers, and when the noise subsided, the chairman claimed that he would not accept the amendment, as it was a counter-motion. This ruling provoked a great uproar, and, amid fiery and bitter interjections, Mr. Gott arose and moved the chairman out of order for his dictatorial handling of the amendment.

A clamor of support for this motion came from all parts of the floor; others urged the chairman to accept the amendment.

The motion of no confidence in the chair was for a few minutes ignored by Mr. Missen, but he then declared it also out of order, claiming that as it was a Conservative Club meeting, he was ex officio chairman.

Mr. Mortimer pointed out that, as a free-thought representative had seconded the original motion, then anybody should have full rights in the meeting. Mr. Missen admitted this fact, yet still refused to recognise the censure motion.

the meeting. Unparalleled turmoil threatened, and Mr. Missen was loudly and unanimously counted out.

The row continued. "You hypocrite, Holt! How can you speak of freedom of speech and stand on the same platform as Missen?" "What price the Tories now!" . . . and so on.

Mr. Holt, who had been well received during his address, now became openly hostile, and preparatory to walking off the platform, harangued the audience for several minutes.

He said he was "shocked" to think that there was not in the University of Melbourne a stronger feeling of revolt against the censorship action of the Government.

"If you expect that the liberties which you people value are going to be preserved without your seriously thinking about them, or acting seriously about them, then one of the last citadels of freedom will have disappeared," he said.

"In other countries people look to their universities for a lead. Are they going to get it from this university?"

Thereupon Messrs. Holt and Missen walked out, leaving the meeting to recover its sanity. A small exodus to lectures (some score or so) took place. It was moved from the front that the President of the S.R.C. take the chair, and consider some motion more representative of student opinion than that which Mr. Missen had claimed "carried."

Urged on by all present, Mr. Reeves did so, and calmly explained that it was now neither a general meeting

Miss Valda Wraith claimed that the majority of those present were Labor Club members. Mr. Mappin replied that this, if true, indicated that only Labor Club members were interested in freedom of expression.

Mr. Reeves asked for non-Labor Club members to show their hands. It proved that considerably over half the audience were non-members.

The president then declared the meeting closed.

SYDNEY

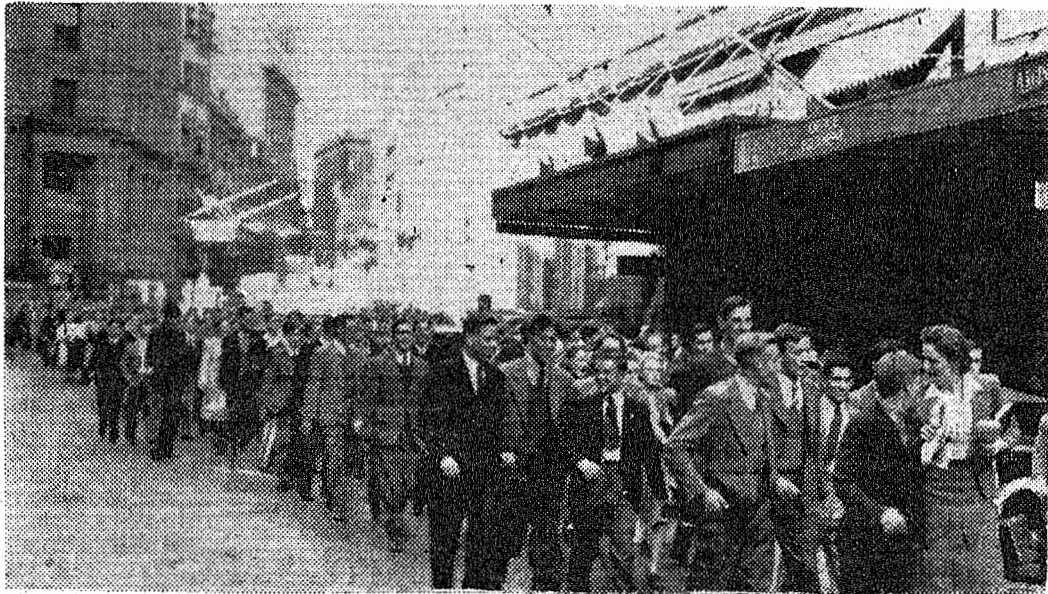
The S.R.C. called a student meeting in the Union Hall at 1 p.m. to take place at 1.15 p.m. Attendance, 500 students and "Daily Telegraph" reporters. Addresses by Profs. Stout, Bland, and Mr. H. D. Black (Econ.). Also Moya McDade and M. Sayle (editor "Honi Soit"). Sayle asked for support in any action he might take with "Honi Soit." The resolution discussed was that, "The student body would support publisher and editor in any action he sees fit to take in next issue." In discussion, three members of the Labor Club and one other made feeble speeches against the motion, which was carried. The meeting was very mobile and the opposition found it hard to get a hearing.

The meeting was then officially closed but one speaker arose and rallied them to a march downtown. Posters for the procession were then obtained from the "Daily Telegraph" and the march was filmed. (One news-reel company was tipped off about the "spontaneous" march at 10 a.m.). Six students were arrested, but three wriggled free. The others were bailed out by a prominent business man.

Tonight's "Honi Soit" will be printed at the "Daily Telegraph" press. The Labor Club is distributing a handbill containing the following:—

"To avoid confusion among the student body, we wish to point out that Labor Club policy was not stated by anyone at this meeting. Our constitution binds us to support the right of free expression. Here are our opinions on the unmentionable subject: We oppose arbit, either by Government officials or millionaire owners of the press, but it can't be claimed that the mob of students at the meeting were capable of sane thinking. They would otherwise have accompanied the disapproval of Calwell's original action with a condemnation of the gangster methods of the monopoly press. The papers have continually misrepresented news and fostered antagonism between different sections of the com-

Continued on Page 3.



(Block by courtesy of "The Advertiser.")

SYDNEY STUDENTS MARCH

declared the meeting open for discussion of the motion. One was later tempted to doubt the sincerity of this.

Mr. Reeves then pointed out that the meeting, as it stood, was merely one of students interested in the function organised by the Conservative Club, and could not be regarded as a general student meeting, which can only be convened by the S.R.C. The fact that Mr. Missen declared all present were eligible to vote and discuss the motion did not alter this fact, he said.

With the ground thus cleared, discussion commenced. Mr. McBriar then rose, in an atmosphere still quiet, and moved an amendment that:

"If it be that the present campaign against Mr. Calwell is in defence of

Mr. Dan Taylor made a prolonged attempt to be heard, demanding that the chairman put the no-confidence motion to the vote. He was still demanding a division, while the rest of the assembly was interjecting and applauding vigorously, when the chairman quickly asked for a vote on the original motion. Many did not realise the vote was being taken.

Shouts were still coming for Missen to leave the chair, the vote was taken on the voices, but even so, it seemed to be against Mr. Weiden's motion.

Apparently nervous, the chairman made to leave with Mr. Holt. Cries of "Where's your freedom of speech now?" "Fascist tactics!" brought to a climax the demonstration of general distaste and anger at the conduct of

nor one of the Conservative Club, but merely a gathering formed spontaneously of those present. He was not chairing in any official capacity, but as an individual student.

Mr. Milner now put the other side of the question for the first time, and the meeting was perfectly orderly from then on.

Mr. McBriar then moved his amendment as a motion, and it was carried, with only five dissentients in an audience of at least 250.

Discussion of as to how the dailies would present this meeting followed. Mention was made of daily press misrepresentation of other University meetings. Mr. Reeves pointed out that "we can't control the down-town press."

Commencing
Friday
APRIL 28.

REX

4 Shows Daily

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT"
(G)
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A SELECTION OF INTERESTING
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"GAY PARISIENNE"
"PATRIOTIC POUCHES"

OPINION

"Debaters Slated"

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—A protest! Debating is not mud-slinging. We can all quite easily discover for ourselves the peculiar excellences of countenance and character of Mr. Harris and Co. without having them retailed to us ad nauseam for 40 minutes. It may possibly be a high form of intellectual wit for Mr. Barnes to pretend to be driven through the window, and for one side to interject during a speech by the opposition, which interjections were remarkable only for their banality, but to us non-intellectual barbarians it was just cheap.

Moreover, we suggest that debating might be more successful if there was a better allocation of material between members of each side. To hear the same ideas, if one can so call them, repeated by each member of a team, was tedious beyond words. The topic, however trite, deserved better than that.

In conclusion, we propose that the times for each speech should be more strictly observed, so that enough time remains for general debate from the audience, and also that there should be an adjudicator, to give constructive criticism.—Yours, etc.,

JUNIUS.

* * *

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—At the debate last Friday the audience was presented with the alternatives of being "intellectually honest," and confessing their decadence, or of realising the breadth of their culture. Whatever their ideas on the above, they could have had no doubt that, if they had been given a fair sample of Adelaide University debating, it would have been better if this society had never been revived.

Mr. O'Brien, as leader of the "Pro" side, set the tone by attacking the characters of the opposition, with more regard for effect than truth, and apparently with no other purpose than to preen himself at their expense. Mr. Harris was more impressive, and his argument might have been good if related to the point. There was no attempt, beyond a facetious one on the part of Mr. Kerr, to explain what was meant by the decadence of the University; upon reflection, this did not seem strange, for the members of both teams were less interested in debating than in unburdening themselves of wisecracks, and trying to raise a snigger, and by deriding the opposition, to bolster up their self-esteem.

If the object of this farce was to parody all debating, and kill off any interest in what can be an intelligent and spicy pastime, I am sure they succeeded nobly.—I am, yours faithfully,

WEARY WILLY.

* * *

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—It is only too painfully obvious that the members of the Debating Club share the general decadence with which they have been charging the University at large. I had the misfortune to be present at the debate (sic) last Friday, and I know I am not alone in stating that in going along I expected to hear a debate of at least junior school standard. What I did not expect was the disgusting display of childish personalities that took place. This sort of thing is all very well for the kindergarten, and may even be funny when indulged in by Abbot and Costello, but for six presumably sane University students to stand before an audience and make personal remarks about one another for forty minutes is not my idea of debating, although, mark you, I may be decadent.

Even an imbecile would scarcely expect that in discussing the decadence or otherwise of an institution such as the University, the speakers would confine their attentions almost wholly to someone's poetry (and I use this

term advisedly). It may be good publicity for the said someone, but unless they have something better to offer for the future, it would not be in the least surprising if, on the next occasion, the Debating Club secured an even more "miserable response" than at their first meeting.—Yours sincerely,

—J.R.P.

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Throgbottle Throttles Down

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—Having cooled down from my rather silly first outburst, I feel that a little summing up is necessary. I agree with quite a lot "Throgbottler" and "Shaggy Dog" had to say. Feeling rather hot under the collar when I wrote that first letter, I certainly laid myself open to the attack I received. I exaggerated quite a bit.

As I said, however, a civilised man should be able to appreciate all shades of humor, and I still hold to the opinion that time and time again a lot of us upset the balance towards the dirty side, and keep it there. Possibly this is because dirty jokes are more neatly put; probably for other reasons, I think.

However, the point which I was trying to bring out in my first letter (unsuccessfully, apparently), is one which is spoken of a lot lately. We, as University students, have great opportunities—opportunities of finding things out, and of study. Accepting these opportunities, we should realise the reciprocal responsibilities, namely, of training ourselves to be more than mere trained specialists, training positively to be citizens. I believe that we don't realise these responsibilities enough—apathy holds sway to a great extent. This is what I was trying to bring out—that University students should be interested in other things besides their own particular job, excess dirty jokes, pictures, and dances.

[N.B.—"Shaggy Dog": I like pictures, dances, neat jokes (especially shaggy dog ones), and I don't really blush.]—Yours, etc.,

"THROGBOTTLE."

* * *

More "On Dits" Wanted

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—We should like vigorously to protest against the existing state of affairs regarding the circulation of this publication.

On Wednesday last, copies of "On Dit" were not distributed until some time after 12.10 p.m., at which time we, together with many of our fellows, were listening to words of wisdom from one of our learned lecturers. On returning to the Refectory very shortly after 1 p.m., we were unable to obtain a copy of the paper, all available copies having already been taken. This, to us, does not seem quite fair.

We understand from an official source that the finance committee would object to the printing of more copies, but, ignorant as undoubtedly we are of such matters, we would venture to suggest, Sir, that it has nothing to do with the approval or disapproval of the aforementioned committee. As stated on page 1, col. 2, vol. 12, No. 5 of "On Dit," every student, by paying his annual Union fee, is paying indirectly for his weekly copy of the Union paper.

Consequently, Sir, it is our considered opinion that it is only right and proper that the number of copies of "On Dit" published each week should be increased until a sufficient number be available for each financial member of the Union to obtain a copy.—We are, Sir, yours, etc.,

"NOUS DISONS."

Private Letters

My Dear Daniel—I have been awaiting an opportunity to discuss with you the values of our life (called by some "existence") at the University. The repeated asseverations of Mr. Harris tend to create an impression that the University temper, influenced increasingly by the pursuit of scientific rather than aesthetic wisdom, is "on the decline." While I still cling to the humanities as of prime importance in our education, I should be reluctant to insist that, in practice, their comparative disregard has been detrimental. Rather, this emphasis on science seems to go hand in hand with an emphasis on commonsense. Our University is now peopled by a race of young men and women who, to the despair of former societies, unions, and associations, know that their duty is to work rather than recreate themselves. Unpalatable, but true. My dear Daniel, but let our motto be "Work or Get Worked," and I shall never admit to the cry "Decadence Within our Doors."—I am, yours very sincerely,

ALPHONSE.

Groucho—Listen guy. I can't refrain myself any more. This mug Harris is simply getting too fresh. He's all the time kicking up a big stink about somethin' orother, just to get wat Alfonse calls, publicity. The poor dope, he ain't got the sense to no that us guys at the Varsity have woke up to his kind. He don't no he's just kidding hisself.

Anyways, he's right in line for a quick bash on the loaf at the rear of the eathouse one of these days if he only new it.

Yair, I mightent be a grajuate, I mite only be in the kindergarten, but having this homo Harris in the same class and everything just stinks in my nostrils. And here's wot Alfonse reckons—though I dunno wot he means arf the time. You have a go at deciding it:—

"Let me know, as soon as you can, the identity of this Harris. Who was he, and what did he do? Was he responsible for some great engineering feat? Did he add to our Common Wealth some work of mercy, kindness, love, hope, charity; and the greatest of these being love? Tell me whom and what did he love, whom and what benefit? For whom and what sacrifice his own cleverness and urge for self satisfaction? Or was his achievement words in the wind? Justify him to me, Daniel. Give me his claim to existence."

Hell, I dunno? It seems Alfonse don't site Harris. Its 5 to 6, gotta scambel, so long, mug.

DIRTY DANIEL.

My Dear Alfonse—I want to give you a man to man talk about the hide-bound apathy of all these University students, so that you will not be surprised to find yourself amongst a mob of freaks. They are a super-ultra-pro-wowser organisation of foul degraded secos.

For instance, Alfonse, when I was at the University I met an undergraduate called Throgbottle, and if you ever come across him, or, more likely, any of his descendants, I want you to keep well away from them. His repertoire of dirty jokes was the worst and most warped I have ever listened to.

There are numerous examples of those apathetic creatures who consider this seat of learning merely as a place to accumulate a satisfactory amount of filthy lucre. Some were even associated with those bumptious children and pipsqueaks in Sydney who got into clashes with the police.

Now that is a dreadful thing, my son, and is a typical example of what can happen to students who have not been forewarned of the evils that lurk behind these so called gates of learning. I have been prompted to this by a letter from Dirty Daniel. I hope you will accept this advice in the spirit of a true aesthete.

GROUCHO.

P.S.—Please tell me by return mail whether I am damp or not.

Sydney Students

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir—Max Harris' criticism of the Sydney students seems rather hasty and some aspects of his criticism surprise me.

We are blandly told that these students have been juvenile and hot-headed in opposing Canberra. His statement that freedom of speech is relevant has been defined more explicitly by Mr. Curtin to mean that censorship of the press should only be applied on grounds of national security.

Mr. Calwell's vague official explanation did not say what type of material had been censored. The newspapers however, assert that it was purely political matter and this seems well founded in view of the proceedings of the High Court published in "The Advertiser" on Tuesday, April 18.

The newspapers also assert that the matter had been deleted and a blank space left in its place. This action could have nothing to do with the censors, but because of it the newspapers were seized.

The whole matter seems a direct and indefinite attack on the freedom of the press.

The students at Sydney took prompt and direct action in leading public opinion into realising the importance of this unwarranted interference. Their action shows clear and far-seeing political interest and they cannot be dismissed as a mob of young larrikins roused to fever pitch by a "rabble-rouser" on a soap box.—Yours, etc.,

K. C. D.

* * *

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir—Your correspondent, one Max Harris, apparently finds something reprehensible in the action of Sydney University students over the recent censorship disturbance, although he doesn't hesitate to air by implication his own views on a matter "sub judice" in the High Court.

Since he finds expressions of opinion so ill-judged, Mr. Harris apparently would equally deplore the motions passed at meetings in Melbourne University, one of which—again by implication—suggested that the "capitalist" press was out for anti-referendum ammunition.

But Mr. Harris has himself tilted at the "monopoly capitalist press." One is, therefore, forced to the conclusion that Mr. Harris' ideas on the "social relativity of freedom"—a delightful but unintelligible phrase—are subject to an unfortunate political bias that rather prejudices their chances of being accepted as sincere.

Your correspondent's views on the need to recognise one's own limitations are commendable; such a need is not confined to students, nor does it exclude Mr. Harris. But it is equally necessary that student lambs should not masquerade as mutton, with the wool drawn over their eyes, if the last vestiges of honesty in thought are to be retained.

Incidentally, your readers might be interested to know that in 1940 when I was last a student at the University, there was a student also named Max Harris, who was from memory strongly opposed to censorship in all its forms. I've been away for four years, so I don't suppose it would be the same man, especially in view of the foregoing, though the identity of name does seem extraordinary.—Yours, etc.,

S. J. JACOBS.

MEDICAL STUDENTS

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Press Penalised?

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—If we are to believe the squeals of the daily rags, especially the morning variety, then the Australian press is the friend and protector of all that is pure, virtuous, and democratic. But what a contrast the papers' present "crusade" for freedom of speech is to their attitude to the matter in the past. Messrs. Menzies and Cameron, etc., at the beginning of the war, showed themselves to be enemies of democracy by banning Sydney Labor station 2KY, and also the Communist party. Was there so much as a squeal from the "Daily Telegraph" or "Sydney Morning Herald," and all their friends in the other States? No. The press was happily contented. Good old Bob was in, and all was well with their world, so to hell with the rights of the people. When the U.A.P. was ousted, and Labor put in its place, these important restrictions on freedom of expression were removed, and at once the press was furious. "What right did Curtin have to democratise Australia?"

The present uproar shows only too plainly that to the press, freedom of speech means freedom to personally slander a Minister of the Commonwealth. Mr. Calwell has disclaimed any prior knowledge of the articles which were censored, and refrains from criticising the responsible censor till the findings of the Court are revealed. The press, however, by trying to prematurely influence the minds of the people, has attempted to take the law into its own hands, and thus shown themselves to be anything but the friends of democratic rights. Full well do they know that the final judgment rests with the people, and that whatever the findings of the Court on the matter, some of their "mud will stick."

So the so-called "crusade" is uncovered as nothing but one part of a huge political stunt. "See what the Labor Government does when it has a little power," they say. "Think what horrible things they might do if you gave them any more." It is part of the huge plot to undermine the referendum proposals of the Commonwealth. Their method at present is to lay all stress on the clauses dealing with freedom of speech and expression, but the observer should not be misled, as these powerful monopoly groups have in the past shown themselves to be callously indifferent to the right of expression of the common man. It is the other clauses in the Referendum Bill which worry Messrs. Henderson, Murdoch, and their bosom pals Menzies and Cameron, namely, the transfer to the Federal Government of the power to control monopolies, and employment and unemployment.

Of course, the vested interests behind the newspapers are protectors of freedom, but not freedom of speech. The freedom they are scared to death they will lose is their freedom to indulge in vile "cut-throat" competition, to squash out the small, honest business man by the foulest methods, their freedom to work as few as possible for as long as possible, for as little as possible, their freedom to rule men's lives by the fear of dismissal, and to use cheap, sweated female labor.

So again the press of Australia is fighting a major issue on a trivial point, and they will find that the same people as were insulted by the appeal made to their love of "pink icing," "Father Christmas," and "trouser cuffs" during the Federal elections will be further insulted by their present tactics.

J.J.C.

Ra! For Our Rights

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—One would think, with all this talk of a free press, that all had equal rights of expression.

To my mind it seems quite clear that to have a Labor censor for our anti-Labor press is heading for trouble. What we want is Sir Keith Murdoch to censor our papers, as well

as write them. As the papers make more and more violent attacks on the censor, and ask him to pass them, it is quite clear that one day the censor will put his foot down, and say "No." That this should have happened just before the Government was trying to pass some legislation which threatens the good old pre-war status quo—that is also quite easy to understand. I think it was in Thursday's "Advertiser" that some gent pointed out carefully that the trouble with the censor would seriously embarrass the Government on the eve of the coming Bill. Fortunately, on Wednesday some trades union gent had got in first, and accused our press of starting a censorship racket.

I think we are sorely in need of a heavily muzzled press—a press forced to tell all the news, without bias. Unfortunately, of course, that is quite impossible in practice. Any Government-controlled press would tend to become biased, and private enterprise supplying news only buys news that it can sell—like Russia returning to capitalism. (My God!)

So the moral to all free press-ites is to remember that our press IS free—free to tell what lies it likes, and free to forget to tell us anything that is bad for us to know—e.g., that a Com. was elected to an Australian Parliament for the first time in history last week.

Notwithstanding the attacks made by the press on coal miners for not obeying regulations, they themselves not only disobey them, but also resist the police (which no called-up miner did), and publish prominent photographs of C.P.O.s using pistols. What moral standards!—Yours, etc.,

D.M.M.

Frustrated Foo

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—The effect of University life on girls is something to be deplored. I say this without reservation. University girls make terrible companions and chronic best girl friends. In a very short time they lose their finesse, their charm, their naivete, their personalities, and change into a mob of sour, frigid, mechanical-minded automatons. Their minds become so fogged with Physics, Neurology, Latin, or Maths., that they continually act in a state of unphysiological unbalance. They slowly but surely become totally unlovable, and useless as companions. As I see it, the general rule is that the better a bloke and a girl get on together in the Chem. Lab., the worse hash they make of a social life together. To illustrate. Suppose a physiologiste (note the e) is missed: what happens? Instead of her functioning normally in response to the kiss by either cuddling closer, etc., or slapping the kisser's face, her brain works out (insensibly, perhaps) the physiology of said kiss, and is so engrossed in doing so that it forgets to register the thrill which should accompany the kiss. Hence the kisser thinks "Frigid!" and doesn't do it again. Or, if dancing, she is all the time working out the dynamics of each dance step. The situation is untenable.

Now, I don't want them as fast as a Spitfire or as fresh as the dew on a spring morning. But a man of above moron intelligence wants to be (and has a right to be) coppers, real good coppers, with girls of the same intellectual standards; but he doesn't want to cart these girls around as show pieces. Such intellect cannot be found thudding typewriters or standing behind counters, but these are the girls who know what love is, and let their untrammelled physiological reflexes work their natural course; these are the girls a man enjoys going out with, as they provide him with a relief from his scientific, etc., train of thought.

And whose fault is it that University girls are terrible? Their own? I say, yes. They wantonly destroy their fervour by developing one-track automatic minds, ruining the more delicate and more important parts of their central nervous systems by swamping these primary reflexes.

Don't they ever want to hook a man?

I repeat, and I speak from practical experience, women at this University are abnormal, decadent, and unphysiological; they have forgotten how to be sociable. They are unlovable; they are corny.—I am, yours, etc.,

ANDY ANDROSTERONE.

Sozzled Scientists

Some sixty eager Science students crowded into an agonisingly slow train which trundled them down to Thomas Hardy & Sons' Tintara (three times daily) Winery. On the way down, anticipation of a little scientific sampling rose to great heights. At the destination they all had a little walk to whet their thirsts. The track was VERY dusty.

The odour—oh, so good—of grapes, wine, and the good earth, was enough to blur the vision.

At the distilling house precious fluid ran in quantity—alas, under lock and key. Thence they hungrily trotted to the fermenting vats, near which a table stood in state. Now, on this table were some sixty glasses, and a covered pile suggesting bottles. The eager scientists enthused over the search for alcoholic truth.

But they were whisked past this table, and shown the dungeons, where thousands of gallons of pleasure lay in bond. Thence they were taken back to the fermenting vats, past that table again (which table had by now assumed giant proportions in their befuzzled minds). The smell, the sight was there, but oh, for the taste of it! They were led along galleries racked with casks labelled "Old Tawny Port—Good Old Tawny Port—and Very Good Old Tawny Port." By now the scientists were of the opinion that in time of dire need any old port will do. At long last they were released to the attack. Parched tonsils were well rinsed over, amid appreciative sounds, as the connoisseurs got down to business.

As a result, several needed medical rather than scientific assistance, but kays. Thence they hungrily trotted moestro was in good form, and carried and proper hat the number of copies

Consequently, sir, it is our content. This is what I was trying to between them they made the return train. Six of the worthy unsteadies made off after three wenches, thinking (through double vision) that they were six in number also!

And did everybody enjoy themselves?

Well, ask the passengers who heard the songs and speeches. Ask the guard who took up the tickets, and ask the guard who received the presentation of half an apple!

Those sixty scientists all vow by the three gargles daily, and offer thanks to the manufacturers for a good and instructive day.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE RITZ BROTHERS (at the Mayfair)

It was decided to visit this theatre mainly from curiosity as to why such prime entertainers as the Ritz Brothers should be relegated to a supporting film. In fact, there is some justification for their being treated so shabbily in that the film ("Behind the Eight Ball") in which they appear, has a rather senseless plot and a very third rate cast. Those who rightly give the Ritz Brothers a high ranking among comedians will be sad to see them in such a setting; but the brothers rise nobly above the surroundings and are very funny indeed.

The Sherlock Holmes films have always been rather a failure, mainly because producers are over-anxious to stress the specific Sherlock characteristics—the deerstalker cap, the pipe, the fiddle and the hypodermic—and the modern generation has come to regard this compound as a source of burlesque rather than mystery. Holmes films consequently start a good way behind scratch in the field of serious detective plots. In the film "Sherlock Holmes in Washington" we are, moreover, treated to the astonishing spectacle of Holmes and Watson (both looking very young, considering) being flown across the Atlantic in a bomber to frustrate a Nazi plot in Washington! That capable actor, Basil Rathbone, does his best under the circumstances. All this however, does not dispel the air of unreality. If the Sherlock aura had been missing and if Rathbone had been allowed to represent an ordinary secret service agent, wearing a less old-fashioned suiting and with his hair parted more becomingly, this would have been quite a fair spy drama; as it is, the honors of the evening go to the Ritz Brothers.—M. L. M.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

(Continued from Page 1)

munity thereby making people unco-operative. As a consequence, production falls and more men are slaughtered in this war. Far more is involved in this matter than the right of the local Hearsts to deceive the Australian people and 'have' a few hundred students. (Did you know that the newsreel people were notified at 10 a.m. on Monday to be ready for the 'spontaneous' march?) It is part of a campaign inspired by big business to defeat the referendum and dust the Government. Where in the world have students been benefited by a reactionary Government? We hope that this statement will do some good, and we will keep you posted as to further developments.

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These will be available within the next few weeks at University Bookshops or all Australian booksellers.

Athletics

THE 36th annual sports meeting of the Adelaide University Athletics Club was held yesterday on the 'Varsity Oval. The entries this year were slightly better than last year, and the meeting was very successful. It was pleasing to note in the last week the increase in club members doing some training.

The inter-club competition will be held on the P.A.C. grounds on May 6. Unfortunately the University Athletic Club is only allowed to enter one team. We hoped that we might have been able to enter two teams of a high standard, and thus present to the public a keen and well worth while attraction.

Here are a few interesting things about the club champions:—

Graham Cheesman: "My, what a big body you have, Grandpa!" "All the better to putt the shot with, my mouse!" He was worth seeing yesterday. He has been a consistent runner throughout the season, and we congratulate him on his wins.

Morrell Draper: Last year's 220 and 880 champ., 22 9/10 sec. and 1 min. 58 4/5 sec. resp. Owing to a broken clavicle, he did not run. But did you see him transfer his energy in making the events move to time?

Murray Elliott: Record holder of 440 yards—50 1/2 secs. Our chief dietitian. According to him, sherry and apples are the things for stamina and speed. (You bet!—Ed.) Don't mention the Victoria Park racecourse to him (2 laps chasing a W.A.A.A.F. who beat him by half a lap).

John Harbison: Our champion junior (too young to drink or smoke), holds 3 junior State titles, the pole vault being a record. Did well in this event, and also the high jump.

Keith Stevens: A newcomer to our club. Runs well when his energy capacity allows him. Club photographer.

Ken McKechnie: Behold a foreigner in our midst. Runs for that old proud club called Adelaide Harriers. He is just a runner. Chiefly in the long-distance stuff.

John Prescott: Trains by the aid of books; obtains a new style from the text-book, nearly perfects it, and then suddenly changes. Hear him loudly expound his latest theory. Very high standard in high jumping.

Roy Lewis: Last year he was our second best 1/4-miler, running close to M. Draper. Holds the junior State record with 2 mins. 5 1/2 secs. Has done better, and we hope to see him do better still.

John Stevens: Holds the high jump record with 5 ft. 8 1/2 in. The club sweeper; why must he use that great illegitimate Australian word when jumping? It is always uttered, whether he clear the bar (cross bar) or not. Would do better if he left alone smoking and drinking (milk), and many other things (not two legs).

John Bunday: Last but not least of all. Why can't you—the great lover (of sport?)—make at least one appearance at training. Is it utterly possible for last year's energetic secretary to fall into decadence? It appears to be so.

We would like to thank Dr. Mitchell, who procured and showed for us some very interesting films on athletics during the lunch hour on Monday. These films were extremely good, and it is certain many interesting points have been learnt from them by many of the club members and others.

(Unfortunately, with "On Dit" a day late owing to the holiday, a full report of the meeting is not possible. This will appear next Wednesday.—Don't miss your "On Dit." Place an order with your local Black Market now.—Ed.)

CRICKET DINNER

The annual dinner of the University Cricket Club was held on Wednesday, April 19, at the Hotel Adelaide. Present were the President (Dr. R. Kenihan), Delegate to S.A.C.A. (Mr. A. B. Barker), Coach (Mr. L. Wellington), Scorer (Warrant Officer Goldsworthy), and about twenty members were present.

After filling themselves with food and —, everyone felt like talking, and so, to keep some sort of order, speeches were made.

Chester Bennett, 'Varsity captain, said that although the results of the matches had been disappointing, everyone had done something good during the season. He had heard from players in other District teams that the University Eleven was considered a "team of sports." Chester thanked Mr. Wellington for coaching us so ably during the year.

Dr. Kenihan said he enjoyed watching our matches, and considered our losses to be due to unaccountable batting slumps when we were in a winning position.

Don Beard then stood up and started throwing bouquets (quite merited) around. He began by congratulating Chester on winning both batting and bowling honors for the season. Ben Goode was the next to receive congratulations for several fine batting performances, including a century against West Torrens. Other "A" players commented on were Kevin Rook and Maurice Page. Don thanked "Goldie" for scoring during the season, and for his good advice, although he abused us before going on to the field, when we came off, and (from a reliable source), while we were on the field! However, it helped us to "keep our socks suspended."

"Goldie" then said that, although we had not won many matches, we had played in the true spirit of the game, and it had been a pleasure to be associated with us.

These remarks, of course, made everyone feel inwardly satisfied, until

Bob Kenihan jumped up (it's a wonder he didn't stand on his chair) and said he was fed up with 'Varsity cricket. "The spirit of the game," and all that —Rah! Rah!—was all very well, but he wanted to see us finish up near the top of the premiership list instead of "down below." With these disturbing words the party broke up, and cricketers are now waiting for next season to come, so that they can score centuries and get hat tricks, and, above all, make Bob eat his words!

The best averages for last season were: Batting—Bennett, 624 runs at 56.72; Goode, 397 at 28.35; Rook, 182 at 26.00. Bowling—Bennett, 29 wickets for 16.38; Page, 25 for 20.24; Beard, 18 for 21.17.

LACROSSE

Practice commenced last Tuesday, the colossal number of nine people being present. The second practice, on Thursday, was even worse, only four attending. Considering the large number of names handed in as prospective players, this is a very poor show, and we hope to see an improvement in the near future.

Matches start on May 13, and we hope to have a practice match on May 6, so that there is not much time left to get into form. Therefore, good freshers and former stalwarts, turn on next week, and let us see whether you are any good or not.

Varsity Golf Day

There will be a meeting in George Murray Hall on Thursday, April 27, at 1.30 p.m., for all 'Varsity golfers who would be interested in playing in a 'Varsity Golf Day, on a day to be fixed, during the first term holidays. If this day is a success, there will probably be more held later on in the year.

Come to the meeting for further particulars.

Baseball

On Saturday afternoon practice matches were played between our "A" and "B" teams and two Sturt teams. Errors are expected at this early stage of the season, but the form shown was very pleasing.

In the first match everyone batted well, about ten safe hits being recorded. Jack Fahey figured prominently on the pitching mound, and was backed up by a good field. Don Beard took over the pitching in the last three innings. The ground as yet is a bit hard for base sliding—for further information, apply to Jack Fahey or Karl Ball, who may show you the results.

The "B" team were also too good for Sturt. Geoff Manning's out-curves "sucked in" many batters, and should do quite a bit of "scalping" this season. Vic Paul, an enthusiastic newcomer to baseball, batted quite well, and when he improves his fielding, will be a useful player.

Choosing the "A" team for Saturday was a difficult problem, but the selectors finally narrowed the field down to ten players, one of whom will play for the "B" team.

The "A" team will play against Glenelg on the University Oval, at 1.15 p.m., and will be chosen from Fahey, Ball, Slade, Beard, Kenny, Wyllie, Page, Wicks, Brokensha, and Sharpe.

The "B" team has drawn West Torrens, on the Adelaide ground, at 1.30 p.m. The team will be finally chosen from Miller, Kohler, Maddison, Vidale, Carthew, Manning, Hyde, Rowe, McLeay, and Paul.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

The hockey season opened on Saturday, when both "A" and "B" teams played practice matches, against Aroha and Teachers' College respectively. The "B" team won by a goal, but the "A" only succeeded in drawing. Most of us were out of breath after the first few minutes, but once our second wind came, we all enjoyed the game, though probably there were a few stiff muscles afterwards.

Before the "A" match, Nan Robertson was elected captain, and, under her expert guidance, we have high hopes for the season. Practices will be held on Wednesdays, this Wednesday excepted, and any new players will be welcome. Players are asked to look on the notice board during the week for teams and matches.

Roving Reporter Reports

Noticed at Intercollegiate Athletics. John Jackson's method of gaining entry—highly commendable. Obviously a CAPitalist and a THERant.

Miss Burnham received an enthusiastic cheer from the Princes' stand. There was, however, NUN for Mr. Waddy, her escort.

Also noted Mr. R. B. Pitcher playing gooseberries with Mr. Bennett and Miss Begg.

We would like to know who was the Blonde Bomb with D. B. Cheek the Shiek. No prizes offered. Correct answer published next week.

That's all for now, folks. See you next Wednesday.

—S.C.W.

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