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SOUVENIR EDITION

VARSITY'S VICTORY MARCH

THE MULTITUDE CELEBRATES

WITHOUT any forewarning to newsreel photographers, hundreds of University students with flags, placards, guys, cadavers, drums, cymbals, gowns and mortar-boards, motor-bikes and horse and trap gathered spontaneously to stage Varsity's First Victory March.

No one knew anything about it until 11 o'clock. After that rumors began to spread through laboratories and libraries, and crowds started to gather in the Refectory to make sure of an early lunch before the fun started. Strange objects, contrived to represent things suitable to the occasion appeared from nowhere. Dusty placards bearing signs such as "Lactogen Builds Bonny Babies" were unearthed from the rubbish in the Union office and nailed to broom sticks so their backs could be put to better use.

Sam Presses the Button.

At one o'clock, Sam Jacobs, wearing a somewhat tattered gown started to address the throng through a loud-speaker hastily rigged up by an engineer. This refused to work (Good old Percel!), so Sam, after sounding the alarm with a stray organ-pipe from the Physics Dept., had to rely on his own stentorian larynx. Cheering was most enthusiastic when he announced that Prof. Mark Mitchell had promised to lend his celebrated horse and gig to lead the procession.

Off We Go.

At 1.15 the mob lined up, rigged out in any suitable attire that was available, and marched off through the University gates and up North Terrace.

The rickety motor-bikes from the Medical School headed the procession as an escort. Just behind them came a huge placard—"On To Tokio"—borne by Dene ("Lactogen Builds Bonny Babies") Hicks. Then came Prof. Mark Mitchell's trotter-drawn chariot, well decked with flags—horse and all—carrying our only senior staff representative, Dr. C. T. Madigan, in academic dress.

So that the public of Adelaide would realise that this was Another Union Activity (unofficial, no doubt, but still Union) of the noble seat of learning of their fair city, the student mass was led by a group of the intelligentsia in gowns. A little behind them was a placard bearing the University badge (—yes, we do have one). Leading the academic group was Stirling Robertson, solemnly pushing a wheel-barrow in which stood an ancient rubbish tin containing a bundle with a sickle stuck in it purporting to be Hitler's remains.

emly pushing a wheel-barrow in which stood an ancient rubbish tin containing a bundle with a sickle stuck in it purporting to be Hitler's remains.

And Still They Come.

Further along the line came the Engineers in Wally Alm's somewhat dilapidated automobile which conked out periodically. Certain fair maidens in khaki and blue mechanic's overalls, who were perched perilously on the running-board as they pounded Air Force drums, added grace to the procession.

As only a few academic gowns could be begged, borrowed or stolen from graduates and members of the staff, most people wore lab. coats or surgical gowns, in varying stages of decomposition.

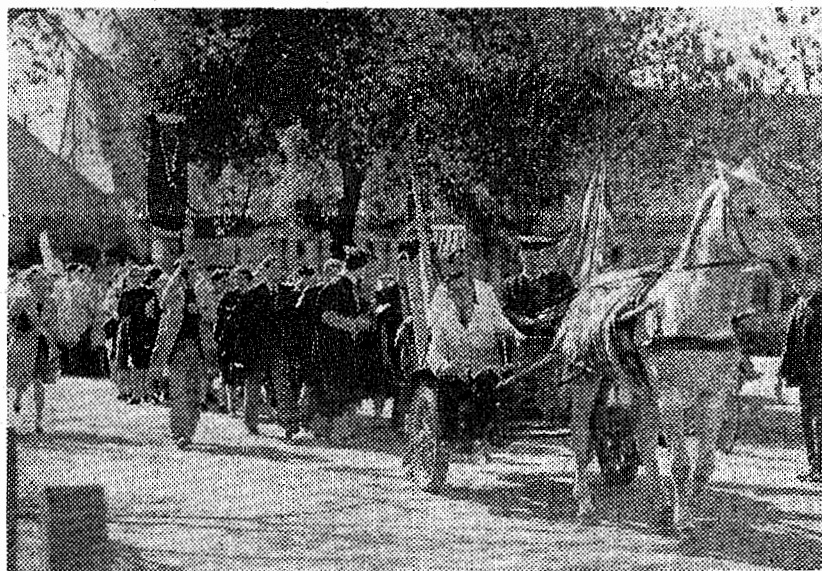
Further along the line came the meds., wheeling wagons on which lay two cloth-covered "bods," looking remarkably fresh and lively considering the treatment they normally undergo! Placards informed us that these represented "Musso" and "Musso's mistress." Behind them followed more and more students, carrying paper Union Jacks and Australian flags, blowing bugles, toy trumpets and more organ pipes, and singing "We're Going to Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line," "Waltzing Matilda" and "Tipperary." Large Australian and Russian flags waved over their heads.

On they went—along Charles Street, up Rundle Street, along King William Street, around Queen Victoria's statue, back along King William Street and North Terrace to the University gates.

Cheers for Everyone.

The procession ended at the bend in the main drive, where workmen have been digging up the pipes. The power unit for their drills was standing nearby, so Sam clambered on it, despite noisy objections from the motor. When the multitude had gathered round, Sam called for three cheers each for Churchill, Montgomery, Eisenhower, "Joe," Truman, and anyone else they'd forgotten. Someone yelled, "Three cheers for the cops!" These were given with enthusiasm, for there had been sympathetic smiles from Adelaide's police as they held up the traffic to let us through (—they, too, were young once).

DR. MADIGAN LEADS OFF.



THE ENGINEERS DISPLAY THEIR WARES IN RUNDLE STREET.

That was the end. The crowd broke up, and large numbers proceeded to queue up in the Refectory to soothe their parched throats.

EDITORIAL

ON TO TOKIO

WE'VE had our fun. Celebration was fully justified. After five years of bloody battles, bringing with them mass starvation and countless cruelties, the guns of Europe have been silenced. An uneasy truce has settled over a whole continent—a truce which must grow into peace. The first great victory has been won.

But the way the people of Adelaide received the news shows they know full well that the war is not yet over. Another enemy in the East must still be crushed—an enemy perhaps even more cruel, more treacherous than the first; an enemy who thinks so differently from ourselves that his actions can only be understood with great difficulty, an enemy filled with such fanatical nationalism that the possibility of his re-education often seems almost hopeless.

In this great task Australia needs her University-trained men perhaps more than in the first. Scientists, pathologists, surgeons, engineers, educationists all have their work in the battle areas. Those who remain at home have to work still harder to make up for those who are away.

And when this great task is finished, and even before it is finished, the greatest task of all looms ahead—building the Peace. This is a task that never ends, unless our mistakes hurl us yet again into the horrors of war. In this are needed highly skilled men and women, thinkers and planners, with their ideals clearly in their minds.

Most of us have suffered little. We are well-fed and healthy. The job is unfinished, and our part in it is clear—ON TO TOKIO.

SYDNEY THWARTED

Sydney University also tried to stage a Victory March. Unfortunately, the police disapproved, and as soon as the procession reached the University gates the leaders were warned that they would be held responsible if the crowd entered the city streets.

This was a bit of a blow, but nothing drastic was done. The crowd gave in, broke up, and returned to the Victory Bonfires they had started before. Nobody bothered to go to lectures. Well, why should they?



HITLER'S ACADEMIC ESCORT. —Block by courtesy of "The News."

FRANK COX WARMS UP.



"MUSSO'S MISTRESS" MEETS HER FATE.



- Friday, May 11:
E.U. Tea Meeting, Dr. L. MacColl, 5 p.m.; Arts Association, Lady Symon, 8 p.m., discussion between Donagh MacDonagh and Brian Elliott on Romantic Art.
- Saturday, May 12:
Science Association, 9 a.m. Bank of N.S.W., excursion to Waite Institute.
A.U.E.S.
INTERIM DANCE
8 p.m.
- Tuesday, May 15:
E.U. George Murray Hall, 1.25 p.m., Dr. MacColl, "Chinese Students on Trek"; P. & I.R.C. Discussion Group, Lady Symon, 1.20 p.m., "A League of Nations."
Glee Club—South Hall Conserv.
- Wednesday, May 16:
Science Association, Physics Lecture Theatre, 8 p.m., meeting, Dr. Madigan—films.
- Thursday, May 17:
Union night—P. & I.R.C. Debate, "That preference should be extended to all returned servicemen and women," George Murray Hall, 8 p.m. (Please note change of date from May 11).
- Friday, May 18:
A.U.L.C., 2nd Informal Dance, George Murray, 8 p.m.

Send this copy to your friends, if you have any, in the Services—it is printed by E. J. McAlister & Co., 24 Blyth Street, Adelaide.