

In the family

by Don McNicol

Psychologists are continually harping on how necessary the family is to the child, for though he may go unnoticed in the big world outside he is very important to Mum and Dad, his brother and sisters. But how unpleasantly disturbing it is when the little ones fall out with one another. Perhaps parents are to be blamed for not filling the tots' minds with pure and gentle thoughts.

But whom shall we blame? Who is responsible for the dissension among the Bidstrups, and who will bring peace to that shattered household again? On DIT would be well advised to replace the usually arid pages of the correspondence column with some more useful service like "Family Forum" where our disturbed children can obtain wise advice. In the absence of such a therapeutic aid let us examine the Bidstrups with the aim of diagnosing their psychic ills and discovering an effective method of treatment.

Another pertinent question is who does belong to this ill-adjusted family group? There are, I believe, several criteria for identifying a Bidstrup or a close relative. All in all there must be two hundred or so members of this kin group. They come from a variety of faculties although there may be more Arts than Economics students and more Engineers than Meds. Very rarely will they be found sitting in the Mayo Refectory (they always call it the New Refectory), but congregate in the Wills ("Old Refectory" in their language). On sunny days they gravitate into the cloisters, but usually at the S.R.C. Office end. Some of them actually go into the S.R.C. Office and read the paper or talk to someone over the counter. The odds are that one will find Bidstrups at Union Dinners (most of them have attended at least one or two in their time), and also at any other meeting, and have *never* been seen playing cards or writing on a lavatory wall.

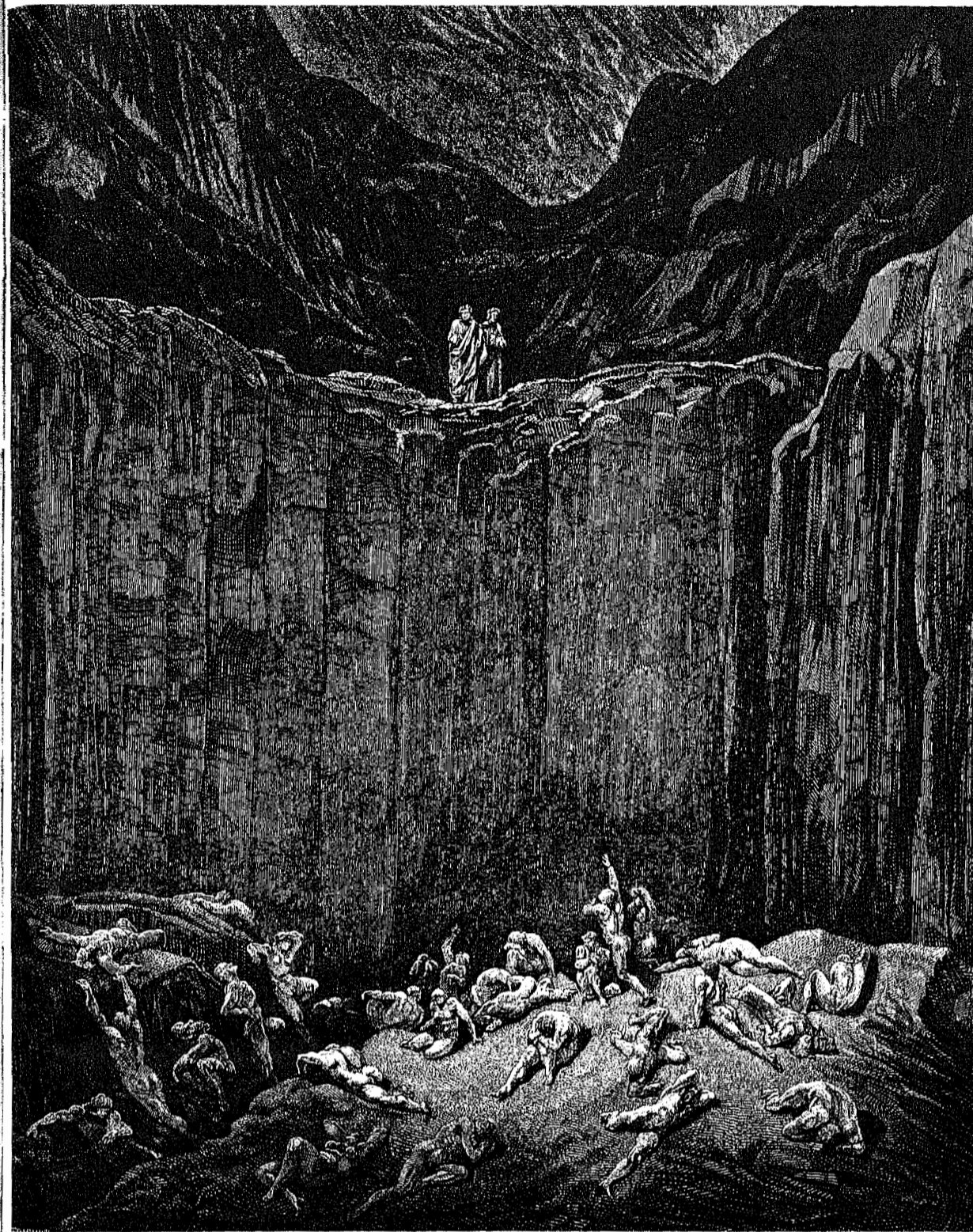
In the language of the political scientists the Bidstrups are the elite of the University, and it is not therefore surprising that they have emulated the example of the Kennedy family and assumed political power by gaining control of the S.R.C.

Having defined the animal let us turn our attention to the unexpertly lively correspondence between the family in the last issue of On DIT. It is not so disturbing to see sibling rivalries between Messrs. Campbell and Bilney, as this is quite a natural phenomenon in family life. It is disturbing to see the seriousness with which Angela and her many relations have taken a trivial event. Anyone who occupies themselves with insignificant censure motions of the S.R.C. for more than five minutes is necessarily paravoid. And this year's study body under the leadership of the Bidstrups has excelled itself in discovering the absolute minimum of important issues with which to concern itself. If the little ones must fight, let them find something interesting to squabble about. Too much abuse has been levelled at the "average apathetic student" who shows sufficient intelligence to devote his attention to academic pursuits rather than play Happy Families with the Bidstrup elite. One mark of the Bidstrup is that he or she always foists the blame for the soporific state of student life to "Student Apathy," and resents any criticism of the family name.

In all fairness to the S.R.C. which is composed of a number of intelligent people, it is an efficient administrative body, but provides more satisfying feelings of status and belongingness to its members than it does inspired leadership to the student at large. Nor is it just to single this body out for special criticism. It is just a typical portion of the whole Bidstrup family and its preoccupation with regulations and standing orders is the logical outcome of the conservative, God-fearing, law-abiding that the Bidstrups of our University mirror some Bidstrup tradition. In fact one cannot help feeling thing rather typical of the community at large.

It is almost the time of the year when the annual myth travels around that brighter days are ahead when a new S.R.C. assumes office at the end of term. But unless some remarkable mutations have taken place we can only expect them to display the usual Bidstrup characteristics. There will be the initial jockeying of groups to obtain power-positions on the executive and various standing committees. Some entertaining Union Meetings will be provided to amuse the lethargic student body and rain manna in the form of chicken sandwiches and fruit salad upon the heads of the Bidstrups who will attend the luncheon beforehand. Negotiations will be carried on with the Administration about such matters as library facilities and employment officers. Lucky Bidstrups

(Continued on page 8)



S.R.C. MEETING: last night saw the death of the 16th S.R.C., which event is here represented graphically. The two figures standing aloof remain unidentified to this moment.

Australia's Predicament in Asia

by Richard Broinowski

Most people form a mental image of a popular writer whose works they read, but the image and the man do not usually prove similar. Before meeting him prior to his address to a Lady Symon Hall full of students last Friday afternoon, I had imagined Geoffrey Fairbairn to be a lean and hungry-looking gent with a stubble jaw and a bullet-dented war correspondent's helmet, a typewriter perpetually under one arm inside a trench coat made shabby by travel. He is and has none of these things, but instead is portly, florid, diplomatically apologetic, and a jolly good mate. He even inquired whether anyone would mind if he smoked a pipe at the S.R.C. luncheon-binge which was thrown in his honour before his address.

He did not lose his diplomacy on the rostrum, although nobody became snaky enough to test his temperamental equilibrium, possibly because nobody knew enough about his analysis of South East Asia to be able to disagree with what he said.

Subject of Fairbairn's address was: "Australia's predicament in Asia," about which he framed many questions without giving many answers. He revealed himself as a man who knows enough about his subject to avoid the trap of dogmatism, but then his scope was wide and his area extensive. Even

though Fairbairn is a lecturer in Indian affairs at the National University, and therefore has the dignity of the academic as well as the currency of the journalist, he was wise to let his audience draw their own conclusions.

The first question thrown up by Fairbairn was whether Australia has any chance of surviving as we are, or whether we are destined for a cemetery for liberal humanism. This in turn depends upon the outcome of the struggle between the forces at work in Asia, a contest which we can do little about. (Anyone who left at this point of Fairbairn's address probably felt fairly fatalistic.)

This contest is not so much between groups of nations either inside or outside military coalitions, nor is it even between fundamentally opposed ideologies, but constitutes instead a struggle on an economic level in which the two contestants are the People's Republic of China and India. Both are colossi to which all other individual South East Asian nations are drawn. At the moment China, in spite of her seasonal agricultural set-backs, is winning the contest. She has the totalitarianism to give direction to her abundant man-power and the guts to develop her resources ruthlessly. India on the other hand has to deal with similar problems without the guidance of the same authoritarian leadership.

The population explosion of nine million more people each year in India is a bigger headache than in China, where a worker is not regarded as an independent identity, but a figure on a man-power

(Continued on page 8)

Adelaide University Film Society—
 "We're No Angels."
 Wednesday, August 1.
 Thursday, August 2.
 At 12 noon in Union Hall.
Arts Dinner—
 Gresham Hotel.
 Wednesday, August 1.
 Tickets £1/1/0 at S.R.C. Office.
Contemporary Art Society—
 A party with Door Admission and Free Beer will be held in the W.E.A. Clubrooms, 80 South Terrace.

TIDES

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE RHODES SCHOLARSHIP
 Entries for the Rhodes Scholarship for 1963 will close on September 1 next with the Honorary Secretary of the South Australian Rhodes Scholarship Committee at the University.
 The annual value of the Scholarship is £750 Sterling, but in certain circumstances this amount may be supplemented.
 Application forms are available now. Intending candidates should secure them from the Registrar's Secretary. They should also make an appointment to see the Registrar personally.

BILLBOARD

The Adelaide University Theatre Guild in conjunction with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust presents: "A Man for All Seasons" by Robert Bolt, in the Union Hall from 8th to 11th August.
 This play, based on the life of Sir Thomas Moore, will star Robert Speight.
 A.U.D.S. will present two plays: "The Bald Prima Donna" by Eugene Ionesco, and "In Camera" by Jean Paul Sartre, in the Union Hall on 3rd and 4th August. These two plays will be presented at the Drama Festival in Perth.
 NOTE.—Students may obtain a concession rate of 4/- if booking at the Union Office.

ON DIT

"On Dit" is edited by Richard Broinowski, Terry McRae and John R. Slee.
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 "On Dit" is printed at The Griffin Press.
 The Editors will welcome letters, articles, and other contributions from all members of the University.
 Copy for the next edition which will appear on Friday, 31st August, closes on Friday, 24th August.

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THE BALD PRIMADONNA
 by Eugene Ionesco
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BLACKBOARD JUNGLE IN N.G.

by **Graham Patterson**

Much has been said about the need for the people of New Guinea to be given their independence, or at the least their right of self determination. Much has also been said against the Australian administration for not progressing fast enough in their programme of assistance to the New Guinea peoples. I am not in a position to comment on either of these questions, but I would like, however, to give a short account of my work and conditions of work in New Guinea, in the hope that it may give the reader some idea of the effort that is being made, and the stage reached in one corner of New Guinea. I believe that the example I am about to relate is fairly typical for, at the least, a large portion of the highlands.

Six months ago my wife and I were posted, as Education Officers, to a picturesque valley in the towering mountains of the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea. This tiny valley is known to the natives as Gembogl, and to the Europeans as Gembogl Patrol Post. Gembogl is one day's walk from Mount Wilhelm; almost at the headwaters of the Chimbu River, and seven thousand feet above sea level. After travelling for four tortuous hours in a landrover from Kundiawa, a sub-district headquarters, Gembogl is a sudden haven of green grass, orderly gardens, and tidy houses. The Chimbu River tumbles its way the length of the valley, which is on two levels. On one level grassy park-like expanse, the school and hospital have been built; on the upper level, dominated by a 250 ft. high tree, is the neat row of policemen's houses, the office and court house. This is Gembogl, the centre of administration for 20,000 natives. Unspoilt by European materialism, serene in its primitiveness. No broken bottles, no rusty tins, no gaping roads nor ugly poles or red brick walls are to be seen. The eye can wander untrammelled. No whistles, no doors slamming no screech of tyres or roar of engines, the only sounds are the roaring river, the ringing call of a man sending out the talk and the school children calling for a tennis ball.

The people are ever-present. They walk the tracks in ones and twos; they sit in groups of three to thirty; they carry wood and they carry vegetables. We are never alone. When we go for a walk, a host of children follow us as they did the "Pied Piper of Hamelin". Women clad only in strings of woven bark, draped back and front, give delighted shrieks of "Ei-ee" as we walk past, and old men, with pearl shell around their necks and sticks through their noses, extend a hand in the newly-learned European greeting. A discreet cough at the back door probably means that one of the locals wishes to sell a load of firewood for a handful of salt, or it could mean that a brilliantly bedecked warrior, covered in paint, shells and bird of paradise plumes, is presenting his child to be taken into the highly-prized Government school.

Such are the conditions under which we work as Education Officers on an out-station

in the New Guinea highlands. What is our task? Speaking very broadly, it is to open a school, in which some of the many eligible pupils will learn to read and write in English.

These people, the Chimbus, are very keen to progress; they want the patrol officer, the agriculture officer, the education officer and the medical assistant to come to their area. But how can they realise that after six or seven years of schooling the brightest of their present schoolboys will only be second-rate clerks at best? Many will say "what's the use" and go back to their villages, and in a month forget that which took the teacher years to hammer in.

But a start must be made somewhere if these people are going to accept the burden of independence that so many are so keen to foist on them. And so a start was made on 29th of January this year, '62. Word was sent out across the towering ridges that the teacher had come and that all the five- and six-year-old children were to be brought in if the parents wished them to go to school. The response was fantastic; 500-odd potential pupils were brought in. We could

Graham Patterson, erstwhile Geology student at Adelaide University, is now an Education Officer in New Guinea.

only take 80, so some rather ruthless weeding was called for. Eighty of the brightest were soon picked and herded into the two-room native-materials school.

Our present basic aim of teaching English is slowly being realised. But you may ask: "Why teach English?" The linguistic experts could give you a most lengthy and comprehensive answer, but it is sufficient to say here that if New Guinea is to go forward it must have a Territory-language, and since not one of the 2,000-odd New Guinean or Papuan languages is suitable, English is the only alternative. The teaching of English is therefore a good "jumping-off" place, but it would be a narrow-minded person who harboured the idea that the teaching of English was the sole aim of the first year's work in the new school.

By insidious repetition we have made our charges realise that we will not tolerate dirty hands and running noses. They know we will send them to the "haus-sik" if they have scratches, however small. So the seeds of new health habits have been sown.

Also the school is an agent for uniting the various tribal groups. True, raiding and village slaughter have been put down by efficient patrolling, but this does not mean that the old animosities and rivalries have been buried forever. An insult or a trespass can still lead to a split skull, or a case of poisoning. Yet children on their way to school cross the old boundaries with unconscious impunity, and who can deny a father's right to follow his son's footsteps, especially if the father is going to see what his son is doing in this new institution? Hence, traditional enemies may stand side

by side, peering in the window at their schoolboy sons.

It is true that in the past men have come together to help the Patrol Officer build a road or a court house, but they have not intermingled, and when the work was finished they went their own ways. However, the boy who comes to school and sits on the same bench, chases the same tennis ball and sings the same songs as his class-mate from another village, does intermingle. Even if the boy only stays at school for one or two years, and forgets all that he learnt in the way of schooling, he won't forget the boys he played with. Hence, it can be seen, that even in the school's most humble beginnings, the unity of this most diverse territory is being enhanced.

However, it would be short-sighted to think that our work is always implementing a change for the good. Most of these present 80 pupils will fall by the wayside. Others will become big-headed with their smattering of education and leave the village, only to have their ego deflated in the "wide crool world". And when a seemingly educated Chimbu finds his education is no use to him, what is he good for? He has not cultivated his plot of land; he has not learnt to shoot the Bird of Paradise with bow and four-pronged arrow, and he can't court a girl from his village with "you have big brown eyes".

It's all very well to be able to sing "Li'l Liza Jane," and be able to use "please" and "thank you" correctly, but I feel sure that for the most part, the young man of the Upper Chimbu, who has a good Bird of Paradise headdress and knows the simple words of the sing-sing chants, will have a much more satisfactory social life.

So what can be concluded about our educational efforts in this new school? Firstly, that the teaching of English is our basic aim; that the mere fact of having a school has some immediate practical benefits; that we must remember where our pupils will have to spend the rest of their lives; and lastly, that our most useful contribution to these present pupils might well be the introduction of the habit of washing their hands.

So I harken back to my opening paragraph about hastening these people towards self-determination. These people are beginning to realize that the world is a bigger place than the Chimbu Valley, but it will be some time before they have an adequate concept of New Guinea as an island, of Indonesia, of Australia, or of the world.

Footnote. The Roman Catholic and Lutheran Missions are also present in the Upper Chimbu. Indeed, the Roman Catholics have been here for 30 years. They have both had a great effect on the people in the field of religion and education. In particular, the Lutheran Mission has made an amazing educational effort in the last seven years. Working with a skeleton staff of two European women, they have established a most efficient school, although limited to the lower grades. The majority of the population attend one of these Mission churches every Sunday.

FOR A BETTER LIBRARY SYSTEM

by **Bruce Muirden**

No Liberal and Country League politician in recent years has shown quite the same bubbling sense of humour as the Member for Onkaparinga, Mr. H. H. Shannon.

Mr. Shannon is Chairman of the Government's Public Works Committee. He hit the funnyman jackpot recently with some remarks passed at a meeting of this committee.

Before the committee were plans of two alternative proposals for stage one of a new Public Library.

Conditions at the existing library, said Mr. Shannon, were a disgrace.

Anybody who went there and saw what was happening to valuable documents would agree with this, he added.

"Our inspection satisfied us something is urgently needed," he trumpeted.

Now those who have had anything to do with the Public Library know very well that there's not much about the place left to joke about.

That is, apart from an L.C.L. politician who has been a member of a Government responsible for the institution for 24 years, who suddenly discovers how desperate a situation exists.

It is hard to fathom the real motive for Mr. Shannon's strange collision with reality.

Is he really so dense that the plaintive reports of a despairing Libraries Board year by year escaped his notice?

Did he perhaps miss the scathing comments made in the unofficial Arts Enquiry Committee report early this year?

Can he have misheard the telling quotation from this report that was quoted to the Premier at Woodside during question time at the opening L.C.L. policy meeting before the last State election?

Or is it likely that his recent enforced inspection of Public Library facilities was the first time he'd been near the place?

In all the discouraging history of the past four, five or more years of attempts to get the State Government to accept its responsibilities to rehabilitate the Library building,

its stocks of books and staff salary policy, three clear facts have emerged:—

(1) The Premier, Sir Thomas Playford, has never shown the slightest interest in the welfare of the Library. He made no reference to it in his policy speech.

It is understood that several years ago he refused to accept a proposal for a new building costing nearly £2 million, offering instead one quarter of this amount.

(2) Every effort has been made by the Government to dodge responsibility by popping plans in and out of the Public Works Committee and issuing a bewildering series of conflicting statements (too tedious to document here) about exactly what is going to happen.

(3) South Australia, on almost every count, lags far behind other States in every department of library provision. As Prof. Duncan recently remarked with great restraint: "Last and least is our unhappy distinction in this field."

Little wonder that the Minister for Education, then Mr. Baden Pattinson, grew hot and bothered when taxed with this neglect at a number of election meetings earlier this year. The pace grew so hot for him that he was forced to read from presumably confidential Cabinet minutes in an attempt to pin the blame on the Principal Librarian, Mr. Brideson.

Is it necessary to recount the long list of deficiencies in our State library system? Most students will from long experience have already found them out. Some who have been interstate will have been able to draw very wounding comparisons.

In short, the Library is old, overcrowded, short of books and short of staff.

Outside Adelaide, free public libraries, few in number so far, are thinly scattered and so short of books that there exists a serious danger of users drifting away because the shelves have been "read out."

The 1961 Libraries Board report stated that there was an average of only 1.7 books per registered borrower from libraries subsidised under the S.A. Libraries (Subsidies) Act. The report commented that this was "far too low for adequate service, even under the system operating in South Australia."

Can the barefaced Mr. Shannon find any convenient bolthole by the use of which the L.C.L. can escape blame?

Surely the only possible excuse—and I've no doubt they'll flog this for all they're worth when it comes to a showdown—is the old one they employ when it suits them, that South Australia is a poor State, comparatively ill-endowed with natural wealth.

We may grant this but if it is the reason would it not have been more honest for the L.C.L. to say straight out that South Australia could not afford a better library system rather than retreating behind a barrage of promises, moving only when pushed around election time.

As things stand now, using official figures only, a new library building in North Terrace—that is, the first stage of a new building—can hardly come into being any sooner than 1964. That estimate depends on Government haste, and with the Premier's notorious disinterest in matters unconnected with agriculture, there is surely some reasonable doubt that the Cabinet will move with speed.

When stage one of the building has been erected, there still remains the matter of providing finance enough to guarantee a continuing supply of a respectable number of books and to pay staff well enough to stop them leaving for better paid posts.

It is a gloomy prospect, but if friends of the Public Library—and that should include all students at the University, Teachers' College and Institute of Technology—keep prodding the Government at every opportunity, we might just get that first stage by 1964, but I'd hate to bet on it.

All this talk of what the Playford Government might or might not do in the future assumes, of course, that they can weather the current political storm. Personally, I feel that it will take nothing less than a large force of determined police to tear them off the Treasury benches. If Labour manages to achieve this miraculous deliverance, it is pledged by a 1962 convention resolution to call an early meeting with the Libraries Board to see what needs to be done.

MELEE: S.R.C. GENERAL ELECTIONS

by David Horne,
Returning Officer

The results of the S.R.C. Faculty Elections for 1962:—

- Ag. Science—Findlay, J. K.
- Architecture—Grieve, D.C. (Elected uncontested.)
- Arts—Haslam, J. (Senior Rep.)
Gibson, R. (Junior Rep.)
- Dentistry—Chau, E. K. K. (Elected uncontested.)
- Economics—Porter, M. G. (Senior Rep.)
Elected uncontested.)
- Engineering—Brown, G. L. (Senior Rep.)
- Law—Rowell, H. G.
- Medicine—Meyer, C. H. A. (Senior Rep.)
Elected uncontested.)
- Music—MacKay, Heather. (Elected uncontested.)
- Physical Education—Sykes, R. J. (Returned unopposed.)
- Physiotherapy—Lawrence, Sysan, M. C. (Elected uncontested.)
- Science—McWaters, I. D. (Senior Rep.)
Burgess, A. (Junior Rep.)
- Social Studies—Yeo, T. T. (Elected uncontested.)
- Technology—Correll, R. A. (Junior Rep.)
Elected uncontested.)
Hughes, D. E. (Junior Rep.)
Elected uncontested.)

The results of a by-election to determine the Junior Representative for the Economics Faculty are still to be published.

Also there were no nominations from the Pharmacy Faculty, so at the present this faculty has no representative on the S.R.C.

The results of the Men's General Election, 1962, are as follows, with candidates placed in the order of the number of votes they received:—

- (1) Slee, J. R.
- (2) Walsh, M.
- (3) Combe, H.D.M.
- (4) Broinowski, R. P.
- (5) Willoughby, J. O.
- (6) Hume, N. J.
- (7) Strickland, A. J.
- (8) Detmold, M. J.

There was no election in the Women's General and elected uncontested were:—

- Jacqueline Dibden.
- Margaret Penny.
- Jenny Marshall.
- Lyn Marshall.

Perhaps this year there was less automatism in the elections than usual. Some people were almost keen to get on the S.R.C. and were prepared to campaign to the extraordinary length of printing how to vote cards for the unenlightened electorate.

Of the Faculty Elections, the Arts Faculty candidates had to fight the hardest; particularly was this the case for the Junior Rep's position. This seat was won by a very small majority indeed.

In the General Elections, the effort that the women made was pathetic; that a General Election should go uncontested seems ludicrous, but this is what happened. The only mercy is that the four women who got in so easily should prove alert and efficient worthwhile S.R.C. members; not to mention

For Medieval Mist

by Michael Detmold

It was pleasing to note that Mr. Cooper in his charming little column "Abreast of the Times" has turned his pen to the urgent problem of State Aid for Church Schools.

To one who has no concrete conviction either way in this matter, it seemed a pity that Mr. Cooper ignored, or at least failed to understand, the main argument of those opposing State aid: which is that the State provides perfectly good schools for every child who wishes to attend them; why then should it also pay for extraordinary schools and a few old school ties to boot? The argument that Church schools relieve the pressure on State schools is not properly directed to this point.

Mr. Cooper suggests that it is inconsistent for the State to give aid to Aquinas College but not to Sacred Heart College. It is here that he shows he misunderstands the above argument (or, at least, that he ignores it). For since there is no State-run equivalent to Aquinas College the argument can have no application to it, i.e., it cannot be said that the State provides perfectly good University colleges for all, therefore, etc. . . . When viewed in this light there is no inconsistency in aiding one and not the other, because in the one case the argument against it is not applicable and in the other it is.

But Mr. Cooper's suggestion that there is inconsistency is revealing in another respect. It tends to show the bias of his approach to the problem.

the boost to morale it is to have attractive females scattered among the serious-minded or dull men around the table at S.R.C. meetings. They at least keep a sparkle of life going even in the dreariest of meetings.

However, the men proved their worth in the hotly-contested Men's General Elections. Nineteen of them nominated, which was almost a twenty-fifth of the total number who voted; such is the sort of odious comparison that it is so easy to make.

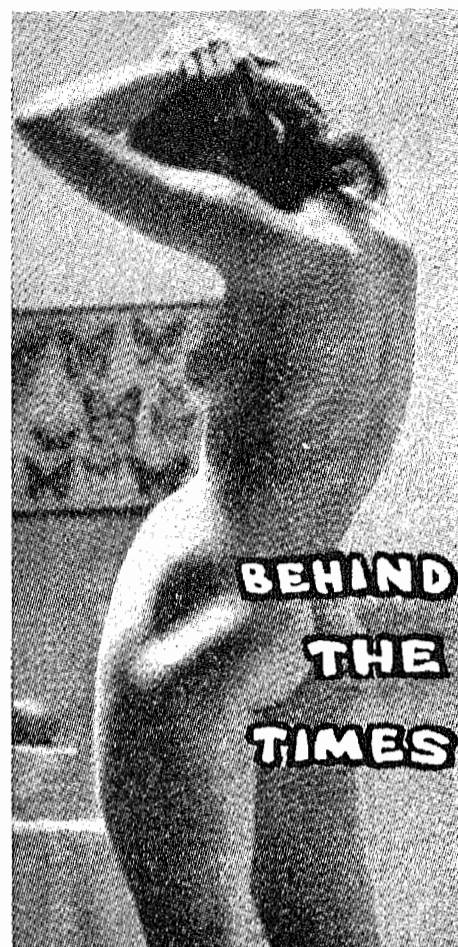
Taking the General Elections as a whole, there were five people returned who have not been on the S.R.C. before, and seven who were old-timers. This melee should produce a successful S.R.C. during the next twelve months.

He seems too preoccupied with the idea that it is people with anti-Catholic tendencies who oppose State aid. This is certainly so in the latter part of his article and his comparison of Aquinas College and Sacred Heart College similarly brands the former part. The only possible inconsistency here is one which arises when it is assumed that an anti-Church argument is being made. Then certainly it would be inconsistent to aid one church institution and not the other. In no other reasonable way can there be inconsistency; thus it seems fair to conclude that in the former part of his article as well as the latter Mr. Cooper is primarily directing himself at this approach.

His bias then is one of anti-anti Catholicism.

The suggestion is made that a realist might argue "that aid would improve the standard of education of the average Catholic and so make them (sic) more likely to emerge from their medieval mist." Equally might the cynic argue that the propaganda power of the Church would be increased and so make Catholics less likely to emerge from this mist. Each, however, would be equally far from the mark. In the writer's experience the anti-Catholic argument does not exist to any great extent in the minds of those honestly opposing State aid; and if it does then it is better ignored.

At any rate it should not be allowed to cloud the issue and obscure the real strength of the anti-State aid position.



From "On Dit," Friday, August 10, 1934.

SHOULD MEN KNIT? A KNOTTY PROBLEM

Is there anything intrinsically effeminate about men who knit? This question has puzzled us for a long time. Knitting women, of course (with the exception of the French Republicans), are pleasant, tranquil creatures—conversational, but unexcitable. We all know, too, that most Scotchmen can make their own socks—plus the Dutchmen and Swiss. But is the Anglo-Saxon temperament such that the knitting of a muffler would render it emaculate, and leave it mild and twittering, like a spinster among her canaries?

So our representative went to the Big Brains of the University in search of help.

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON

"Knit?" ejaculated Sir Douglas. "No, I've never tried, though I wouldn't let a little thing like that beat me. Effeminate? Oh no, quite useful." This was a gratifying start, so our rep. next sought out

DR. MADIGAN

"Should he-men knit?" "Decidedly not!" "But it is so useful," we begged. "Surely the Scots have a knitting badge." "Netting—yes. Knitting—no. There are too many indoor games for them already, in spite of what Baden-Powell has urged. Besides, I believe in a fair division of labour." "Ah—women to knit and men to wear?" "No knitting should be done by machines."

PROFESSOR KERR GRANT

blushed with humiliation at the question. "To my grief," he confessed, "I cannot knit. It is a valuable pastime, and I envy those who can. As a means of passing the hours it is infinitely superior to jazz, bridge, watching animals run, or milking cows. It promotes harmony of soul and aids meditation." His misery choked him, and he fumbled for a bandana. We tiptoed out and closed the door quietly.

Mr. Gavin Walkley, President of the Men's Union was approached. "Knit? Dam-nit, you nit-wit!" he exploded and passed on.

So we are still left wondering. Perhaps we had better begin all over again from another aspect and seek opinions on the question—

Should Women Plumb?

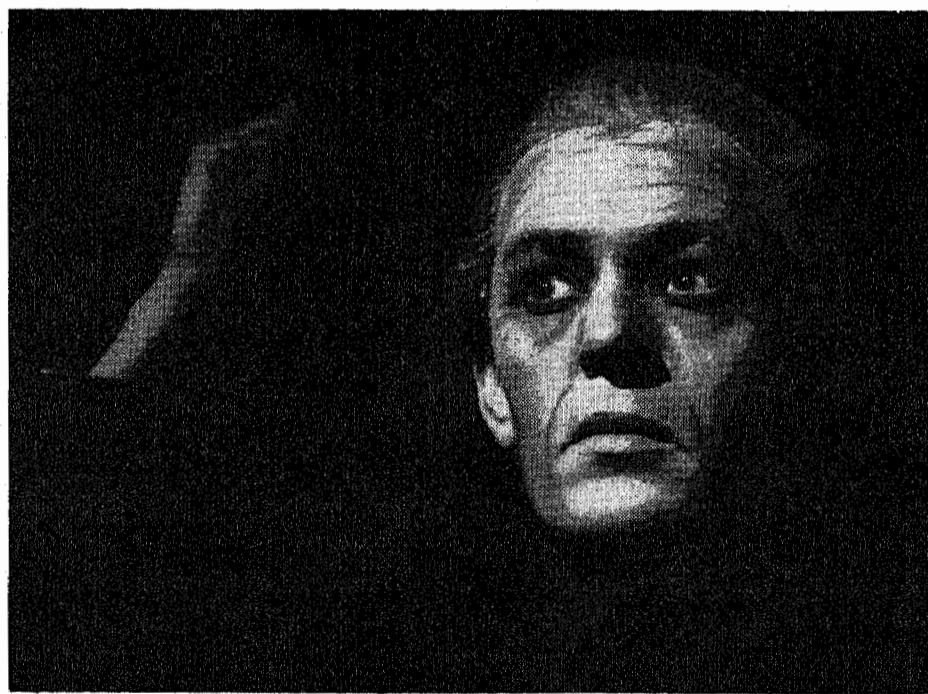
MOBY DICK rehearsed—a review

The lugubrious Flanders and Swann ditty lamenting the fate of Moby Dick, an unfortunate whale destined to swim icy waters, devoid of hot water and inflicted with the flu, stirs a certain pity in the most callous listener; the fate of Melville's Moby Dick, the awesome agent of "grim, phantom futures," at the hands of Orson Welles is even more pitiable. At no time in the adaptation presented last week by the University Theatre Guild was one ever fully aware of the terrifying relationship, so fundamental to the book, between the splintered, unswervable old Ahab, bent on vengeance and the mighty Leviathan, elusive and unnatural, leading him on to his final inevitable destruction. The fault, unfortunately, was not entirely attributable to Welles. The occasional, but telling, passages in the verse which display the frightening underlying meaning of the story were too often dismissed as if they held no importance whatsoever. Ahab's supreme blasphemy that he would strike the sun if it insulted him, passed unnoticed; and the foreboding scene between Stubble and Fraser where it is revealed that although Ahab has a knee, he has never been known to kneel, was played, it seems, for laughs!

Although one may validly lament the failure to accentuate Melville's message, it is possible that the producer Anthony Roberts decided to rely on the adventurous, exciting narrative for his entire theatrical effect. If this was his intention, Mr. Roberts gained results within his self-imposed limits, for the excitement of the story certainly survives, enhanced by Orson Welles' training in showmanship. The novel concept employed whereby the audience witnesses, as it were, a preliminary reading or rehearsal of the play by a repertory company, thus rendering all attempts at realism unnecessary; and the consequent invitation to use interesting and relaxed settings with exciting lighting, make it easy to capture an audience's imagination and lead it from dockside to deck, through the terror of a storm and excitement of the final chase.

Max Height, in Captain Ahab, found a more demanding role than that to which he has recently been accustomed. Although hampered by a physical barrier which it could not have been easy to overcome, his performance had definite merit, notably in his sympathetic sequences with Pip the Cabin Boy. Unfortunately the contrasting side of Ahab is not one that can be portrayed by mere vocal strength; there needs to be more of the brooding determination which is to be found in the sense of the lines rather than the volume with which they are spoken.

Heather Stein as Pip was entirely delightful although in the "prologue" one doubts



MAX HEIGHT: in a more than usually demanding role.

whether she would make a Cordelia; but then, this could well be deliberate.

Tom Georgeson, too, must share credit for an excellent performance as Starbuck. His pleasant voice and mature appreciation of his role were enhanced by his swash-buckling manhood, which made him an entirely likely character to be mate of a whaler.

This description cannot be applied to the other two mates. Peter Miles, as Ishmael, was challenged with the talk of being at one time the poetic commentator on the action, and thus a partly disinterested narrator, and also an essential part of the ship's crew, drawn on and infected by the dangers confronting him. This latter facet eluded him, and his pleasant voice and often intelligent delivery did not entirely compensate for his unassertive stage presence.

Perhaps the greatest merit of the whole production was the intelligent use of Barry Warren's unobtrusive set, which in turn, was enhanced by Dr. Ward's quite excellent lighting which achieved isolation of characters and interesting effects rarely accomplished on the Union Hall stage.

Compliments are due to the Theatre Guild for including this uniformly interesting and sometimes exciting production in their programme.

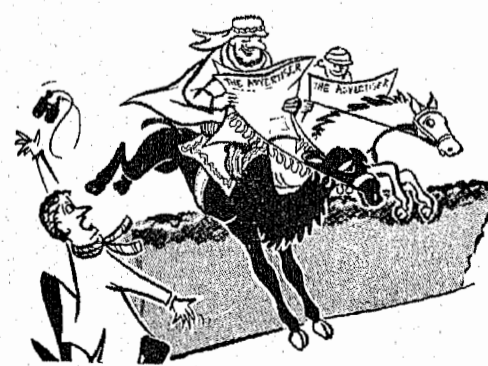
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MORAE'S CORNER

One of the most interesting events of the last few weeks has been the campaign by the R.S.L. (seemingly planned and co-ordinated by its President, A. J. Lee) against the communists.

The most hostile of his critics would say that this is a clutch at a straw by the officers of an organisation which by its own terms of reference is doomed to gradual extinction.

The returned soldiers' problem is one shared by all States at all times; Rome and Washington have shared it. The distinguishing characteristic of the group is the determination to conserve their own privileges. And the group has many advantages not shared by the rest of the community. These include preference in certain jobs (whether by force of law or force of the group), the right to obtain considerable financial assistance at easy rates from the War Service homes scheme, and so on. In a revealing moment in the famous Stuart Case, the then Crown Solicitor even admitted that in South Australia there was a gentlemen's agreement between the Government and the League that the R.S.L. could flout the licensing laws.

It would seem that the R.S.L. is using this campaign as a pretext to demonstrate that it is still a force in the community, and to give the public a better image of it (as a Crusader for things Australian) than the organisers of beer swills and Friday socials.

The U.S. Returned Soldiers' Association (or Legion) used the same technique a few years ago and backed McCarthy to the hilt in the Witchhunt era. A common aim or (as it was there) hysteria, produces more in solidarity.

Mr. Lee, unlike his American associates (World War I veterans will have to watch the use of the word Comrade) has not received the united support of the rank and file. On the contrary, they object in the first place to direct interference by the League in politics. This could and probably would turn member against member and the Clubs into battlegrounds.

The most disturbing feature of the whole episode is the way in which the League's campaign is getting full recognition from the Federal and State Governments. Lee was granted an audience with Uncle Tom recently at which it appears that he handed in a list of suspects in the Education Department who were to be dealt with.

The idea of the campaign is mainly to single out persons of Communist sympathies in Government positions and especially in the schools.

Now the justification is that Communism is devoted to the overthrow of the Commonwealth by violent means if necessary, and to the replacement of a democracy by a vicious dictatorship; that all Communists are subversives who must be destroyed.

But the whole campaign is a deliberate flouting of the rule of law. To begin with a man in Australia breaks no law in becoming a member of the Communist Party. The Commonwealth of Australia has no constitutional authority to outlaw the Party. Ten years ago it attempted to do so (when the Korean war was at its height) under Section 51(vi) of the Constitution—the defence power.

In a historic reversal of judgments the High Court of Australia declared the legislation invalid.

We therefore have an organization outside the round framework of justice and law, acting as investigator, prosecutor and judge at once, and penalising persons (with the assistance of the Government) for what they have a perfect right to be and do. This is a straight-out adoption of Communist methods—the end (security) justifies the means (intimidation, blackmail, etc.).

Now it is undoubted there are Communists in high and useful places and that to our way of thinking they do considerable harm.

But the proper method is the lawful method to overcome the problem. If it is to be an offence to be a member of the Party then the offender must be dealt with by due process of law and have opportunity to disprove any evidence against him.

As it is, unless the Government puts its foot down to stop these Gueppa-like activities, the rule of law will be overturned and proof beyond all reasonable doubt will become trial by whisper, smear and pressure. And, of course, there are other dangers. Here is clearly presented a method to dispose of one's rivals for honours. The R.S.L. state that all the evidence will be carefully sifted before a step is made. But what qualifications have they to decide the complex issues involved?

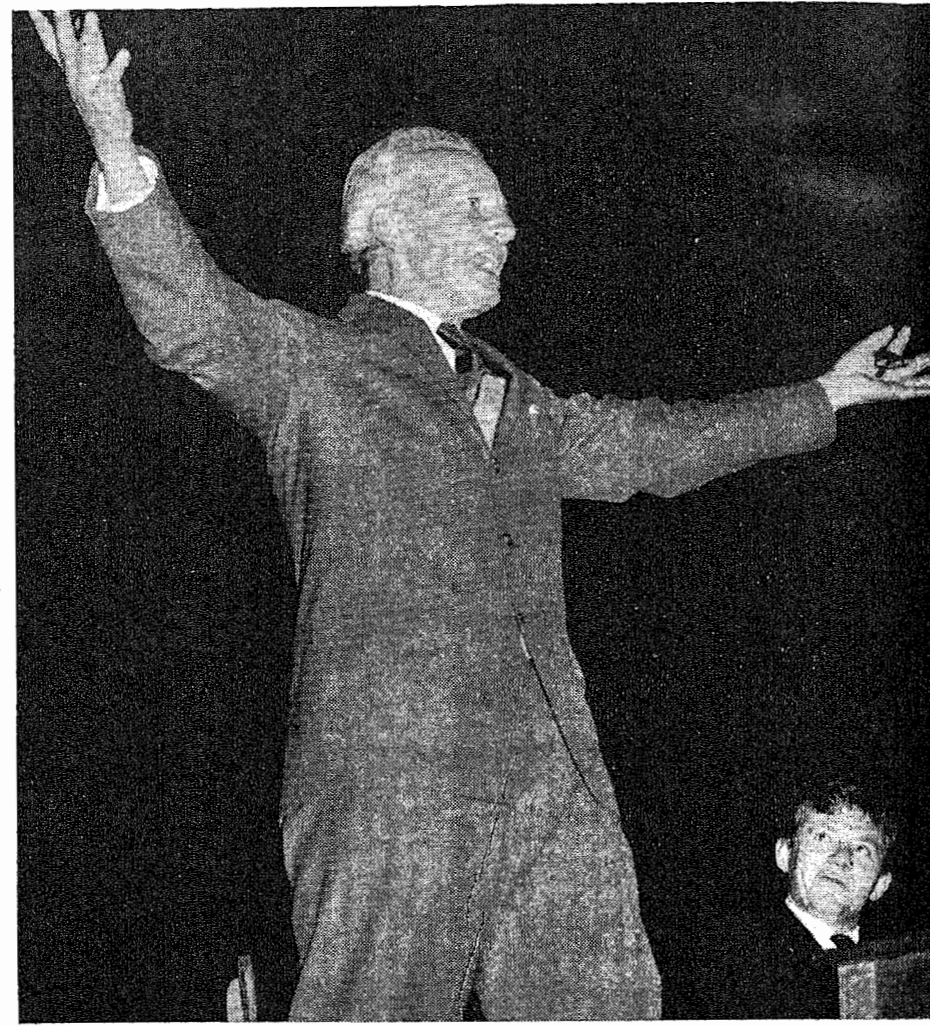
How is one to define a Communist? Is it to be a member of the Party only? Or a sympathiser as well? Or all persons of slightly left-wing tendencies?

One must ask whether the R.S.L. considers the Security Police to be fools. The Police know of the existence of such persons, e.g. members of the Greek Communist Party in Adelaide are teachers in the Education Department. But their attitude is rightly that this is no offence. In case of danger these spots are easily covered. Furthermore, the League considerably exaggerates the numbers involved. How can they accurately assess the numbers involved even if they had access to Party records?

I can only suggest that the League devote its old age to the acquiring of wisdom. If they want a solution to the Communist problem they should strive to eradicate the sources of Communism—local injustice, lack of education, etc.

THE VITALITY OF CERUTTY

by Neal Hume



PERCY CERUTTY: vibrant, filled with humour and passion.

TIGERS IN ASIAN JUNGLES

by Richard Broinowski



SIR WILLIAM KENT HUGHES: sombre.

On Friday, July 20, a large group of more enthusiastic lunch-munchers heard a talk given in the Union Hall by the Honourable Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes, erstwhile Deputy Premier of Victoria, Commonwealth Minister for the Interior and Chairman of the Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee since 1956. Subject was "Paper Tigers in Asian Jungles," which would indicate to the initiated an oration by Sir Wilfred upon the weaknesses of SEATO. However, the worthy and learned gentleman confounded any such expectations. SEATO wasn't mentioned in his talk, and only reluctantly was it mentioned in answer to a question afterwards.

But then, as Sir Wilfred explained to his audience, he would use a palette knife rather than a camel-hair brush to paint the picture as he saw it. He did not see SEATO.

Whatever his painting instrument, his treatment of the South East Asian canvas was sombre indeed, being painted with dark oils on a dull background. It was an all-too-familiar composition.

Central theme of Sir Wilfred's analysis was that the Communist Chinese are belligerent, and that because of the extremely fluid texture of South East Asian politics, their belligerence has and will be rewarded with territorial acquisition. The small nation-wise complex in that area can be likened to a set of dominoes standing close together. Knock one over and all come tumbling down. Should the coalition government of Laos become a communist

puppet of Prince Souvanavong, South Vietnam, Thailand, Cambodia and Burma will all be affected. For each State is interdependent upon the others. All sensitive to the political change of one of them. Unlike many speakers heard at the University over the current academic year, Sir Wilfred was equipped with specific examples to support his generalisations of Chinese conquest towards the south.

Inter alia was the current Chinese pressure in Afghanistan and Nepal, and the (Continued on page 7)

Cerutti breezed across the stage, a bundle of sunburned plain with a slightly nervous grin. A mob of 700 packed into the Hall and waiting, swelled into applause which gave friendly welcome but at the same time had the slight undercurrent of derision which needed only small excuse to turn the whole affair into a bloody mess of near-baiting.

Introduced, Cerutti announced the surprise topic of the meeting, "Evolving Man". The undercurrent grew. The man seemed willing, and sure, to be torn apart. But there was no slaughter. Clinging only slightly to the form of what had promised to be the most painful string of homespun Culture, Cerutti gathered momentum after an awkward beginning and scooped the multitude into the palm of his hand with what must have been the most delightful collection of Ceruttiisms that Australia has seen.

Vibrant, all over the stage at once, filled with humour and passion, he skipped from topic to topic with an ease that would have dismayed Santamaría.

We heard Cerutti on women, alcohol and nicotine. We heard Cerutti as a metaphysic, a sociologist, a marriage counsellor. We heard him on women. We heard him on diet, fitness and love. We heard him expound on the force of the psyche. And we could well believe him. His own personality dominated the whole place.

The undercurrent of derision vanished, and the president sighed in relief. The mob hung on Cerutti's every word, and roared with applause every time the Master condemned something or cracked a funny. And he seemed to be doing these things most of the time.

He damned the domination of women and patriarchal Royalty as undignified. The mob loved it. He loved women, and even the women loved it.

He exploded into an exhortation to abandon security and grab life by the throat (Go for it in a big way. Avoid the drab. Security makes you soft, intellectually and physically. You die!) calling in evidence the vitality of all his sixty-eight years. (At the pre-meeting luncheon: "Most of the men that were born with me in 1895 are dead." Then, swiftly to a charmer standing by "And, I still make love, dearie.")

The torrent rushed on. The mob was enveloped in it. Cerutti's personality filled the whole hall, and no one dreamt of attack. Two o'clock came and the lecture proper stopped, and questions began. The few blocks of wood that remained unhyphenated left, and the party went on.

Now was the time that the unpleasantness was really free to start. But by this time there was room for none. Even a question about Cerutti's views on marital fidelity was put with humour rather than spite.

Cerutti skipped with equal fervour from demonstrations of running style to expositions on women runners (you never saw a cow win the Melbourne Cup) to the evils of milk drinking ("Whenever I see a middle-aged man in his great big car eating ice cream, I know I can pick his wife, anytime") the possible records for running and Elliot and the stupidity of amateurism.

The questions ran on, put not to tax the Master, but to hear him talk.

The President stopped the flow at 2.35, commending the audience for its co-operation. And he was justified. It was a relief and a pleasure to see people open minded enough to accept Cerutti wholesale and enjoy him.

Cerutti thanked the audience for their politeness. And said that he had enjoyed speaking. This was the crowning glory. The mob worshipped. Cerutti departed to Olympus. The mob staggered out, to a new diet, belief in the psyche and a security-free life.



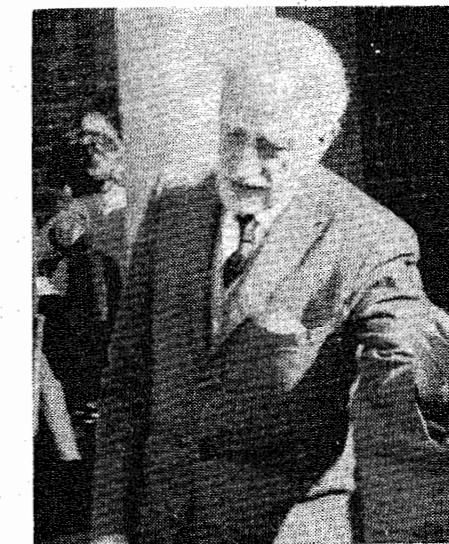
MILK: for some an addiction.



MARITAL FIDELITY: qualified.



WOMEN: they're wonderful, all wonderful.



SECURITY: too much and you die.

FRIDAY: DON'T BE A HIDDEN PERSUADER

Come August 3rd and the disease of "Shy-lockitis" must ravage this University—this auspicious occasion is Prosh Day and for charitable purposes we may call it Presh Day—for this is the day when high presher salesmanship is needed to extract from the public the price of their laughter.

This disease has symptoms recognisable as plain and simple avarice, a wonderful virtue at best of times. So, when on that day you venture forth into this fair city and its suburbs bear in mind these three points:

- (1) All men have their price.
 - (2) Money is where you find it.
 - (3) Resistance can become vacillating (Undifference, which is almost equal to Currency.
- (1) There are no ethics in money. So—approach your victim with—not a negative charm but a positive malevolence, displaying your wares: Demand first of all a sale then fix your price; make like an Indian and haggle for the highest, the sky really being the limit. Once upon a time Prosh Rags went for 35/- apiece and there's still gold all over the place. The Rags become more valuable as the supply runs out. Rolled up Rags make an excellent Vance Packard type phallic symbol, so sell them as such, convince the customers that though he doesn't know it he is getting more than he thinks. The "immunity badges" can be priced as a receipt, this exposes customers to public view, but respect these badges, concentrate all your wiles into the non-immune, especially the Allergic!
- (2) There are people, people and people. The one will buy the Rag simply because his mind's like that—so guess ahead and don't play on his charitable instincts. The next may ask "What for the money?"

Elucidate WUS, SACHED ABSCHOL and the War Veteran's Home, those R.S.L. badges don't count for nothing! The other people are just plain scared, hit 'em (mentally) and by pressure reduce them to the barrel-around-the-middle stage.

(3) Resistance is easy to cope with, if all else fails summon others with ringing cries of "scunge," "piker"—this is tact taken to its logical conclusion, and works rather well.

Collection boxes will be available before Prosh day so get in early and rifle the pockets of fellow commuters. They will also be available, as will the Rag, on Friday morning from 8.30 a.m. Apart from the pedestrians who must pay the price, and then some, of their enjoyment; get into offices, banks, the government offices, department stores, shop assistants and customer; about 10 a.m. (morning tea time) is excellent. You could even try the Police headquarters! Then there are the suburbs, the gates into Holden's, Rubber Mills and the like where about 9 in the morning there are immense crowds of bored human beings. Before Prosh day newspaper, TV and radio will soften up this public, so wait till Friday before getting at them. All collection boxes must be returned by 6.30 p.m. to enable calculation for the "Lightburn Cup," for the highest faculty collection per head (i.e., physio, and engineers have equal chance) and the WUS cash prize for the highest individual's collection.

Finally dress or undress erratically, exotically or erotically just so that the impression lasts long enough for the victim to be exercised of his devil MONEY.

(From the Collection Director's office.)

A FINAL MESSAGE

The following are the final arrangements for Prosh Day—Friday next: Thursday night should be spent preparing floats. No official stunts have been organised for the night, and the S.R.C. urges students to keep reasonably sensible. Don't be led to do something foolish. Absolutely NO RESPONSIBILITY will be held by the S.R.C. for actions of students on this night.

- Friday.
- Early SCIAES Breakfast with Uni. Jazz Band. East Parklands lakes.
- ALL DAY Please collect as much as possible for our deserving charities.
- 8.15 a.m. About 100 motor scooters required at Public Library. Don't be late.
- 9.15 a.m. Hundreds of students gather in Hindmarsh Square for main stunt in Dakefield Street.
- 10.00 a.m. Trucks for float construction arrive.
- 11.00 a.m. Official welcome of Pram-push team at Town Hall.
- 11.15 a.m. Return to Uni.—construct floats. Others continuing collecting.
- 12.30 p.m. All floats completed for police inspection.
- 1.05 p.m. Prosh leaves Uni. gates, via Victoria Drive, Kintore Avenue, North Terrace, King William Street to G.P.O. and return via King William Road.
- 2.15 p.m. Compulsory "spring inspection" for ALL members of Drinking Horn teams—L.S.H.
- 2.30 p.m. Drinking Horn.
- 8.00 p.m. till 1.00 a.m. Monster Prosh Hop for all students. All are asked to wear Prosh costume, etc. 9-piece Traditional Jazz Group.

So there it is. The Prosh Committee has done a tremendous amount of work to ensure your enjoyment, and assistance for charity. Please express our thanks by actively participating in all segments of Prosh.

I cannot emphasise too much the need for everyone to collect keenly. Collection boxes and Prosh Rags will be available 4.30-6.00 p.m. on Thursday, and as from 8.00 a.m. Prosh morning. Papers should bring anything in excess of 4/- Bludge as much as you can. A £10 prize will be awarded (subject to confirmation) for the person who collects most money. All collection boxes must be returned to the Wills Rectory by 3 p.m. Friday.

Finally, thanks to all those who have done so much to ensure Prosh's success. They have done so much that I have had to do absolutely—well, not very much. I am most grateful.

JONO HASLAM, Procession Director.

PERSONAL PORTRAIT

Mr. Henry Basten has been Vice-Chancellor since 1958. At the end of 1950, he resigned from the post as Chairman and General Manager of the Singapore and Penang Harbour Boards and also from the Court and Council of the University of Malaya.

He was then invited by the Commonwealth Government to investigate and report on the turn-round of ships in Australian ports. He left England on this mission in August, 1951, and completed the task in 1952, when his report was published. He returned to England, but several months later decided to settle in Australia. He became Assistant to the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. A. P. Rowe) in 1953 and continued in that office till he was appointed Vice-Chancellor, on Mr. Rowe's retirement, in 1958.

Mr. Basten has had a good deal of experience of international committees. He was a member of a committee on inland transport established by U.N.O. (Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East) in 1949 and an advisor to a conference called by I.L.O. on vocational training in 1948. More recently, he was nonwealth conference on co-operation in education and was chairman of its committee on technical education.

He is always anxious to understand the student viewpoint and is by far the most approachable Vice-Chancellor in Australia. The present mutually profitable,



amicable relationship between the S.R.C. and the University Council is largely a result of his patient and inspiring co-operation. In committee his unerring eye for the best solution has unobtrusively and with consummate tact illuminated many a colleague's course. In Union Council he frequently and very gently dissolved many dilemmas and no doubt this ability has been not unnecessary elsewhere.

He is personally a most deeply charming man whom to know is to admire, and we note with satisfaction that he is a member of the Adelaide Club.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Your readers ought to be aware that "Angela E. M. Bidstrup" is not one, but to my knowledge, at least two persons. The two articles in the edition but one (July 9th) were by Mr. Gordon Bilney, the President of the Students' Representative Council. The letter with the caption "Surprise" of your last edition (July 20th) was written by Mr. Detmold while the poem and last letter ("Denial") signed by this ubiquitous bitch was written by Mr. Gordon Bilney.

Though you have treated this matter as a humorous one, it is not. Mr. Bilney's "Watch Out for Children" (July 9th) was an attack upon four critics of his administration—Mr. Campbell, Mr. Badenoch, Mr. Amadio and Mr. McNicol. It was not a dignified reproof but a petty, peeved, and slightly nasty gripe.

The President of the S.R.C. should never answer criticism in such an unedifying and partisan manner; if he does, he loses the dignity which is essential to his office.

And in this particular case, Mr. Bilney's loss of dignity is made greater because it is not clear, even from his own account, that the criticisms of the four gentlemen mentioned were unjustified. Indeed the only thing which is clear from his account is that the matter was so trivial that one wonders why he even considered writing what he did. Was it because the meeting which censured the S.R.C. obviously felt that the officer who was at fault was the President?

As a general principle, the President of the S.R.C. should let his actions and the actions of the S.R.C. be defended, if not by their own inevitable and in rightness, at least by someone lower in the hierarchy.

There may be occasions when the President of the S.R.C. should do so; but this was not one of them. There are justifiable ways of doing so; Mr. Bilney's was not one of them.

Perhaps Mr. Bilney will object that he wrote under a nom-de-plume. This is not an answer. The nom-de-plume he chose was such that his identity would be obvious to most concerned with the S.R.C. All that his use of a nom-de-plume did was to prevent the uninformed from knowing that

the article was written by one who would seem to be least capable of being impartial about the matter. On the face of it, this smacks somewhat of dishonesty and cowardice.

I do not believe that Mr. Bilney really meant to be dishonest or cowardly. I think that his use of a nom-de-plume showed some dim recognition that the students of the S.R.C. ought not to see the President of the S.R.C. involved in such a sordid squabble. I think that his use of a nom-de-plume which allowed many to recognize his identity showed that he also dimly perceived that to be involved anonymously was also improper.

Mr. Bilney is to be congratulated on his feat; it is not often that someone faced with what appears to be the choice between two evils manages to choose both.

But perhaps the attribution of moral considerations to Mr. Bilney is altogether too sophisticated an explanation for his behaviour. Perhaps he is like Mr. Slec, who allows all this to go in "On Dit," a cheerfully irresponsible journalist, happy to have created a senseless sensation.

Yours, etc.
D. W. COOPER.

Febrile

Mr. Bilney Replies:
Sirs,

The respective analyses of l'affaire Bidstrup of Messrs. Campbell, Cooper and Detmold are at the very least instructive. I do wish, for their sakes, that I could feel shame at having written a commentary on the first Procession meeting under the pseudonym of Angela E. M. Bidstrup. I do wish that I could believe that the article in question was, as Mr. Campbell put it, "an outstanding example of blatant inaccuracy," or in fact anything other than fair comment. I do wish that I could think that you, Sirs, were therefore obliged to apologise to all and sundry for printing it. In fact, I do not believe these things: I suggest, Sirs, that the dreadful iniquities of which I am accused

have, outside the febrilely didactic minds of Messrs. Campbell and Cooper, an existence no more substantial than that of Angela herself.

Mr. Cooper labours to the point that what occasioned the article was too "trivial" for the attention of the President of the S.R.C. It is at moments such as these that I despair of Mr. Cooper. I suspect, although I am not certain, that the President of an S.R.C. upon which a motion of censure had been passed by a general meeting of students would be regarded as dictatorial and insensitive to opinion were he to treat the matter as "trivial." I chose therefore to discourse on the reasons as I knew them for the passing of the censure motion, and on its more notable supporters: I reflected, in the great tradition of Presidents of the S.R.C., on student apathy; and I came to the conclusion that the natural disappointment of the meeting at its own inadequacy had been perverted by manipulation into a motion of censure inapplicable to the S.R.C. All of which, Sirs, was if not clear to Mr. Cooper at least there for him to read: all of which moreover I believe now as I believed then: and none of which do I regret either having written or having written acidly.

Mr. Cooper squeaks of loss of dignity, but he should more properly belch of a more general loss of discernment.

At one point, however, Mr. Cooper cuts me to the quick: he suggests that I chose a nom-de-plume which would be obvious "to most concerned with the S.R.C." Would you believe, Sirs, that I imagined myself so safely hidden behind Angela's voluminous skirts that not even Mr. Cooper could flush me from my covert? I did: yet both he and the enterprising Mr. Detmold have succeeded where so many others have failed. May I suggest, Sirs, with what of my lost dignity I can muster, that they carry their talent for exposé one step further by marching in the University Procession on Friday; the one carrying a hand-bell, and the other a placard proclaiming the death of Queen Anne?

Yours,
GORDON N. BILNEY.

Sick

Dear Sir,

I went to the Uni. Jazz concert. It was sick. Most of the chairs were empty and some pimply-faced fellow extorted five bob from me at the door in spite of my little red bit of cardboard.

The air was thin. A red pot in front of a horn still didn't make the Uni. group go. But really, I don't think friend Lewis will ever go. Let's have John Melville back. Then we "had" that other group. A bit more polish, plenty of spit from the little man in the middle but just not enough life from the feet man on the banjo. Why not Norm Koch? But it was all still dead, in the Trad grave. The prols tapped their feet, shook their heads and loved it.

Sir, were those three little boys necessary. They did their bit. But not at a JAZZ concert.

Alan Hewitt trio plus one. At last something approaching the mark. The plus one was at his best on flute, but he only did it once. I wish that drummer would show less muscle and more feeling. The prols talked as the gas went over their heads.

"Please buy our cokes." Sick. That long-haired gent just back from Paris gave us a sound from the past. But he was drowned by the local noise. If only he would stay around and lift things.

Uni. jazz club—extract the digit and give us some jazz, don't try and get the prols gold, it's rude.

I went home to some cold tubes.

Yours,
SUMAC.

Groundwork

Sirs,

I would like to say how much I enjoy Mr. D. W. Cooper's article in your paper. There is nothing more edifying, I think, in the whole experience of life than to see the workings of a keen, analytical mind expressed in lucid and forceful prose, and there is a good deal of this in evidence in the writings of D.W.C. If there is anywhere in the University a group of people thinking of forming a Cooper fan club, then I extend to them my heartiest approbation.

However, in the last issue of "On Dit" there was an article by D.W.C. that I feel must have been disconcerting to all admirers of the Cooper literary technique. I am referring to his review of the "Hotel Paradiso." What is disconcerting here is the note of approval. Yea, and more than approval—delight. Du lieber Gott! What has happened to our critic of the steel mind and the iceberg vision? What has so twisted his outlook?

Let me make a little suggestion. I would say that he is doing a line with a member of the cast. What else could such booming superlatives as "delightfully miscast" and "her usual shy charm and slender grace" mean? Let's face it. It was a glowing review. Mr. Cooper is no fool. He is not the kind of man to waste his superlatives without an ulterior motive. Don't you see, Mr. Editors, that D.W.C. is just using your columns to put in a bit of groundwork? Look at the superbly ambiguous statement about "the delightful fruits of co-operation between the two colleges." Mr. Cooper has descended to the sexual.

If Mr. Cooper is in love, then let him come out into the open and say so like a man. I am sure his fans will be gratified.

Yours,
R. A. NAULTY.

Yes, Mr. Cooper is in love, but not with you, Mr. Naulty—Editors.

Rigged?

Sirs,

So, the S.R.C. has once again blundered blindly through its Annual Men's General Elections. Let us take a quick review and observe what a magnificent mess they made of it this year.

(1) My first indication that anything was amiss came on the Tuesday that Nominations closed (17th July), when I observed that anyone who felt so inclined could have walked out of the S.R.C. office with a folder of Nominations under his arm. I must admit I was sorely tempted to do it myself.

Why were these Nominations not kept in a locked ballot box or drawer?

(2) On Tuesday 17th, at 4.55 p.m. (Nominations closed at 5.00 p.m.), I put in four nominations. I admit that this is cutting it fine, but hardly illegal. No member of the S.R.C. was present and I merely placed them in the folder with the rest of the nominations. On Wednesday, I find myself accused by the S.R.C. of entering four late nominations. Their grounds? They claimed fifteen nominations were counted at 4.45 p.m., nineteen were found later that night. No-one saw me put them in between 4.45 and 5.00 p.m., therefore they must have been late. Q.E.D.

Well, I managed to convince the sceptics that their case was not going to stand up in court, so they let it pass. Let's face it, even if I had put the Nominations in late, they didn't have a leg to stand on.

Why was no S.R.C. member on hand to accept the nominations?

Why were the nominations not counted and locked away at 5.00 p.m.?

(3) It is transgression of S.R.C. Regulations to canvass on Union premises without the written permission of the Returning Officer. The Returning Officer did not issue written permission to anyone this year.

Why is this allowed by the S.R.C.?

Why are some members of the S.R.C. ignorant of this rule?

Why do other members who are not ignorant, do this themselves?

Why was it that, when I voted, I found two would-be S.R.C. members gazing expectantly over my shoulder? Secret ballot, ha, ha!

(4) When, after a half an hour's hard talking, I had induced a few friends to go along and vote, I discovered that there were no voting forms left. "Should be some along in a few minutes," we were told. We waited. I blew my top at one of the S.R.C. members present. He puffed out his chest and ordered me from the office. I went up to the top office, found a stack of voting forms sitting on the table and brought them down. No-one had made any attempt to find out if any more forms were available. And was it my imagination, or was the S.R.C. member on duty then a little reluctant to sign the forms? This leads me to my fifth note of praise:

(5) Repeatedly, I watched while some sucker, having voted for the two people he knew, was "instructed" how to vote by S.R.C. members who chanced to be there.

To get to the point, it has been rumoured that the S.R.C. elections are rigged to some degree or another. I am not one to believe a mere rumour that such an honourable collection of citizens could stoop to such a thing, but one must believe one's eyes, mustn't one?

(6) It is just possible, that if some effort had been made to inform the student body who the above Mr. So-and-so was, giving at the same time a list of virtues and achievements (put in a favourable light of course), his aims and ambitions (if any) and vital statistics, I could have been tempted to vote for him.

This has been done in the past; why not this year? The S.R.C. repeatedly claims that they get only a 10 per cent. vote. Surely it will help if the rabble know for whom they are voting.

Now that we have discussed these six points, I put it to the S.R.C.: Have you got the nerve to sit back on your bums and say "She's Jake, Mate! or are you going to run a re-election? Perhaps the results would be the same. I doubt it.

Yours,
P. G. CHAPMAN.

"Thinking Baseball"

Sirs,

Mr. Scarman's article was typical of his efforts on the baseball diamond.

After reading it one is able to conclude why one so capable with the bat found it impossible to secure for himself more than a handful of games in night baseball over the past few years. Obviously the selectors of the particular night baseball club had more experience and less personal contacts than those of the Uni. club.

Surely Mr. Scarman exhibited his lack of stability and foresight in his opinions (supposedly faultless) on "baseball logic." His outburst not only showed a lack of thought but also a lack of knowledge in respect to baseball in general.

Fortunately (unfortunately in Mr. Scarman's case) the ability of a baseballer is not entirely measured, calculated and defined in terms of averages and the strength of one's throwing arm. The term "thinking baseball" is one that Mr. Scarman could profitably add to his already suspect baseball vocabulary.

Nothing but ill-feeling, a generally lowering of club morale and a loss of a great deal of respect can be gained from his undesirable point of view.

Yours,
W.S.

The pitfalls which await those who write of homosexuality are several; they may indulge a morbid interest in the prurient; the eloquence with which they defend, condone, or attack its practice may subjugate reason; their detractors may accuse them of one or both of these errors; they may be suspected by the uncharitable of being homosexuals themselves.

Yet this should not deter us from a reasoned and accurate account of all its aspects. Until recently the subject was mentioned only in smoking-room stories or in the learned medical journals. In England today, the more enlightened newspapers and weekly journals have begun to question the justice of the legal sanctions against the practice of homosexuality. They have been influenced by the opinions of two of the most respectable bodies, the Wolfenden Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution, and the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, one of whose members wrote:— " . . . until the law and public opinion change, it will be impossible to create conditions of confidence and security in which homosexuals can freely co-operate with psychologists, pastors, and sociologists in providing data for a thorough and objective study of inversion."

Clearly the climate of responsible public opinion has begun to shift, if not towards condoning, at least away from the unthinking condemnation of former years. It is not often that secular and religious groups within our community find themselves in such close agreement in matters involving sexual morality. That they should do so now suggests that there is something gravely wrong in the present situation; the most superficial examination of the subject cannot fail to convince even those who are revolted by the homosexual that a strong rational case for change exists.

The disadvantages which the homosexual suffers are legal and social. One can take steps to change the law; public opinion may or may not follow; all that one can do to cause it to change is to promulgate greater and more accurate knowledge to replace the prevailing superstitions.

Let us therefore concern ourselves with the law, its effect upon the homosexual and on the society in which he lives.

The homosexual condition must be distinguished from the homosexual act, complete from incomplete inversion, homosexual love from homosexual lust, before such a discussion can become ambiguous. Likewise, one must recognise that there are various kinds of homosexuals; that there are various kinds of homosexual acts; that there is no obviously recognisable homosexual type; that there is only rarely a recognisable physiological disturbance such as glandular disorder associated with the condition; that psychologists find the homosexual difficult, often impossible, to cure; that the female is seldom, the male almost invariably, prosecuted if discovered; that some are a social menace, while others are not.

The law takes cognisance of none of these considerations, save the distinction



between the act and the condition. It treats all those who commit an act as criminals to be cast into prison, where the only sexual opportunity is homosexual, and that often freely to be had. Can any more inane act of unthinking persecution be found? Is there anything less likely to rid society of the homosexual, more likely to ensure that the homosexual is degraded socially as well as morally?

As long as the homosexual can be prosecuted, he can be blackmailed; blackmailed more readily than any other criminal, who may conceal his identity while the homosexual is often known to the most casual pimp or prostitute. What should one do with a law that breeds not only the vice it purports to stamp out but others as well?

As long as the homosexual can be prosecuted, he must be wary of seeking cure for his condition. As long as the homosexual is prosecuted, public opinion scorns him and he is forced to lead the kind of Jekyll and Hyde existence that strains the personality of the strongest.

But what of the paederast, of the homosexual who seduces, who assaults? Does not the homosexual often harm others?

Thus the rational basis of the law which ought to replace the present undiscriminating basis begins to emerge. Only when the homosexual assaults or when his partner is under the legal age of consent should his actions be made illegal.

One may as a Christian feel that his actions are sinful, but sin is not to be equated with crime, social with divine punishment. Or, one may adopt the secular view that as long as one's actions do not harm others, they are not immoral, or that to act morally is to act so that the satisfaction of desires is maximised, as Bertrand Russell would hold.

Christian or secular, it would be perverse indeed not to recognise the injustice and stupidity of the present law against the practice of homosexuality.

D.W.C.

FOOTBALL REGROUPS

by Carl Meyer

A few weeks ago it looked as if the Varsity football machine was slowly but surely on the wane. It must be added, hastily, that they were winning their matches easily (except for that regrettable affair at Hyde Park), but a ragged and scarily element was creeping into their play, nonetheless. It was especially gratifying therefore, to see them play with renewed polish in the second half against Exeter.

There is no doubt about the fact that the football season is a very long one for Varsity players, and it is only natural that there should be a slackening off after the peak which is reached in the May inter- varsity carnival. What is important is that the club should regroup its strength as it runs into the last furlong before the finals and, fortunately, the "Blacks" have the right players lifting their game to concert pitch at the right time - now.

Skipper Clarkson is back to his top and pacing it with the best of them, while that wily old bird, "Keg" Ferguson, is making sparks fly in the back-pocket again ("on the prowl for any unchaperoned rovers"—see your "On Dit"). The irrepressible "Buzz" Byers is beginning to bounce

a few in the middle of the ground, and Lloyd Morris has staged a great comeback. Those who remember his strong play on one of the better known Amateur league hatchet-men in the 1960 preliminary final are hoping for more of his fire.

Some other new faces have come into the senior XVIII in team shuffles in recent weeks. John Sangster has been shifted back to goals to allow the hard-hitting Graham Seppelt to restore the family name to centre half-back. Peter Morton, he of the "lean and hungry look", is back at full forward, thinking "too much" for the

RUGBY

With the second round of matches nearing its end, the usual University sporting slump in mid-season has hit the Rugby Club. "Retirements", exams and injuries have lowered the strength of almost all sides.

Against the fast, experienced Edinburgh combination, the A's were only held from defeat by great fighting games from Alex Disney and Tony Finncane and one or two others. They held the score 6-6, and we were lucky at that. After a very even fight against the top team, Woodville, they went down 3-8, but all three tries scored during the game came from sudden inspired flashes of good play. There was far too much fighting allowed by the ref. as has happened earlier in the season, against Collegians, for example.

Still, the A's are in the top four, and with the return of Mick Mollitt, "S.A.'s most uncanny footballer", and Dr. Anthony Radford, fresh from the interstate carnival in Sydney, things should look up. It is interesting that Tony is the State's five-eighth, and yet Alex Disney has been consistently in our best players for the last month, playing there. Perhaps the A's could play two?

Of the lower teams, only the B's and Aquinas look to have much chance of hitting the top in their grades at this stage. Both have had some good wins recently, and Peter Allen seems not to be letting captaincy of the B's affect his play, now that Col. Freeman has been commandeered for the A's.

The C's would be going reasonably well if they could field a full team every week, instead of one in about five. Still, St. Mark's and Lincoln have been able to use C's players to good advantage when the C's have been forced to forfeit. Even so, neither of these two college teams has been going well, though the Intercollege Rugby final was fought out between them. Recently, Lincoln, by spirited play and unorthodox tactics, defeated the highly-favoured Aquinas 6 to 0 in the first round. They could not keep this up, however, and went down to the holders of the Cup, St. Mark's, 5 to 16. This was despite the fact that their two top players, B and Pryor, both "Rules" players, pulled off the best bit of play of the match to score after only four minutes. Hard tackling, most of it too high, and spirited loose play were the main characteristics of the game. It is rather a pity that the odd ring-ins, like sprinter George Ananda and King's Cup oarsman Rob Cheesman, do not play the game regularly.

Altogether, it is a pity that there is not more keenness at this time of year. Practice attendances have fallen off greatly, and injuries have, of course, increased for this and other reasons. This could still be a great season for University Rugby and though we still think the A's will go top again, it will be a pity if they are the only Uni. side to do so. So let's have more people training and playing, and a few more victories each week.

good of the opposing backs and, like Casius, "dangerous". The Varsity forward division is better balanced with his return, and their movements much more disciplined.

Peter Clark provides an accomplished and elegant note on half-forward flank, though it is to be hoped that Peter Rogers can soon bring his vigour back to the A's in some capacity or other. Just as the "world is waiting for the sunrise", so we can hardly wait for John Corbett to explode on the other half-forward flank with the speed and dramatically judged marking which made his play such a joy a short while ago.

Morris and Byers have been mentioned already, and Pryor completes a centre-line which has great possibilities. Full credit must be given to talent scout Ferguson for the way in which he skilfully weaned Pryor away from the mobile wrestling of the rugby field, Gus Krievs, who is better known as a Glenelg cricketer, has made a bid on the wing, and is showing considerable promise.

In fact, Alan Greer has all the material to groom this team into a hard-hitting combination to rival the spirited band that took out the 1960 honours. One of the greatest single things which must be impressed on the present flock, however, is that they can't expect Dud Hill to win the finals on his own—even if he is worth any other nine men! As usual, at this time of year, this column must appeal to all players to throw themselves into the pre-final preparation with zest and a determination to put those "pennants on the wall" ("On Dit" prediction).

With all teams in the top four it is surely not asking too much to call for at least three to bring home the bacon.

Indiscreet Initiative

The rowing club can always be relied on for a few paragraphs—the urge to expose something of the drama of human life becomes almost irresistible as you pass the green sward of the river bank, and perhaps that explains why "On Dit" reporters loiter so about the boatshed. . . . A heaving group was found straining at their weights during the week but, unfortunately, this did not constitute anything in the way of a scoop story for the sports page—dreams of "secret winter training" were quelled as soon as they had arisen.

A "statesman" for the Boat Club explained that the little band was getting in training for "Bonanza '62", which will be floated at the Mayo Refectory on the night of Wednesday, August 1. The Penny Rockets have been contracted to set the pace with some exhibition rowing during the evening, while guest artists like Vonny Jay will be also in the boat as stimulating coxes.

With its usual generosity and keenness to foster river-bank sport, the Boat Club invites all those looking for a "pre-Prosh: hop" to come along and get in the swim.

A salutary thought is that some of your number may be in the jug for displaying, shall we say, indiscreet initiative on Thursday p.m. (before Prosh), and may miss the traditional Friday activities, including dance. . . . It might not be a bad idea, therefore, to have a night out before putting on the plain suit with the vertical arrows.

Paper Tigers

(Continued from page 4)

Chinese project to build a road from Lhasa in Chinese Tibet into Katmandu which will facilitate communist influence there. Similarly, there is the road-building project from Unan, a southern Chinese province, into Burma and into Laos, from whence arms and equipment can more readily be transported into the guerilla territories of South Vietnam along the Ho Chi Minh trail.

The only unsupportable speculation made by Sir Wilfred was his assessment of Communist influence in Indonesia, where he claimed Soekarno to be more in sympathy with Aidit than with Nasution, and where he also opined Soekarno's territorial claims in Dutch New Guinea to be only the genesis of wider and less relevant claims to our own territories.

However, apart from this rather wild aberration, Sir Wilfred's assessment of the political situation in Asia seemed to be well on the ball, and one that gave ample support to his plea for stepping-up Australia's armed forces. Being an old soldier (Sir Wilfred was a Major with the 8th Division and then a Lieutenant-Colonel in Malaya before spending 3½ years as a P.O.W. in Changi Prison, Singapore), he was possibly justified in asserting that National Service should be re-introduced, although it is a little disturbing that a man in his position should lack the prescience to see that this would be useless to our defence.

However be this, Sir Wilfred seemed to be a man capable of the courage to fight for his convictions even if it would mean losing voters. He appeared to be very conscious of the fact that Australia, which spends 15 per cent. of her budget, or 3 per cent. of her national income, on defence, has the fourth lowest military expenditure in the world, when we live in a situation which justified one of the highest. But then, as Sir Wilfred has been M.H.R. for Chisholm, Victoria, since 1949 without much opposition, his fight will probably not affect his political position to any estimable extent.

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In the Family

(Continued from page 1)

will travel interstate with fares paid to attend conferences which are of little interest to anyone but the Bidstrups themselves.

It is not that these occupations are in any way wrong in themselves, or even unnecessary. There is just something of a very ordinary unimaginative, concern-of-the-family atmosphere about them. It is difficult to say what more a group of university students should concern themselves with because there are few people who can remember for enough to the days when Bidstrups interested themselves in other matters.

The essence of the problems seems to be inbreeding. It is commonly known that excessive inbreeding can sometimes produce deleterious effects such as physical and mental deficiencies. The Bidstrup stock is slowly degenerating and will continue to do so unless it begins to marry outside itself. The number of Bidstrups is increasing rapidly if we can take the number of contributions to On Dit as being a fair indication of their strength. Dear reader, should your name be Angela, Constance, Gertrude or Emily Bidstrup prevent the ultimate destruction of your kind by insidiously avoiding anyone called Arthur, Cuthbert, Ernest or Oliver Bidstrup.

Sins of Omission

Miss Dorothy Provine of Warner Bros. would appear to be a diverting proof of the axiom that history, even though it may not repeat itself, certainly has a darned good try. The same, I feel, can be said both for Mr. Menzies and the period during which he has been Prime Minister. Whom or what do they echo? Provine's Pinky Pinkham flashes from the idiot box as a latter day Gilda Gray. The "Fifty-Sixties" is acclaimed as the "Roaring Twenties" come again. Menzies sits astride our federal structure in a manner strongly reminiscent of S. M. Bruce. This may sound naive but those who recall the latter's abrupt political demise could hardly dismiss it as trivial. And perhaps it does not sound quite so naive when the above comparison of their respective eras is taken into account.

History is notoriously unco-operative in that it refused to accommodate its periods to the calendar's decades. This makes the chronological elements in this sort of discussion a bit sticky but with this proviso let us barge on. This century has so far witnessed two world wars lying somewhat lopsidedly across its second and fifth decades. Each was a predominantly European conflict between Germany and England-France. Each, in its time, alleviated adverse economic conditions and each was followed by a period of extraordinary prosperity—the "Twenties" and "Fifties." Let us concentrate on these booms. Australia's Prime Minister during the former was S. M. Bruce and during the latter R. G. Menzies, both old-school-tie leaders of Australia's main conservative party and both devoted to the cause of Monarch and Empire. But enough of their beliefs. Let us discuss their sins. They are sins of omission rather than of commission.

Commonsense would suggest that boom periods provide the opportunities for expansion. The "twenties" and "fifties" then surely should have been eras of great public works, of opening up the north, of investment in Australia's future. They were not and Australia is as vulnerable to external economic pressure now as it was in 1929. Remembering what the "thirties" were like then, what of the "sixties"? Lord Bruce was not responsible for the depression. After all, it penetrated even to Tibet. He did, however, make things considerably worse for Australia by an immigration programme carried on at a greater rate than the nation's stagnant economy could stand and his refusal to apply import restrictions at a time when local industry was crying out for assistance. He was unfortunate in that a world economic crisis followed so closely upon the heels of these clangers.

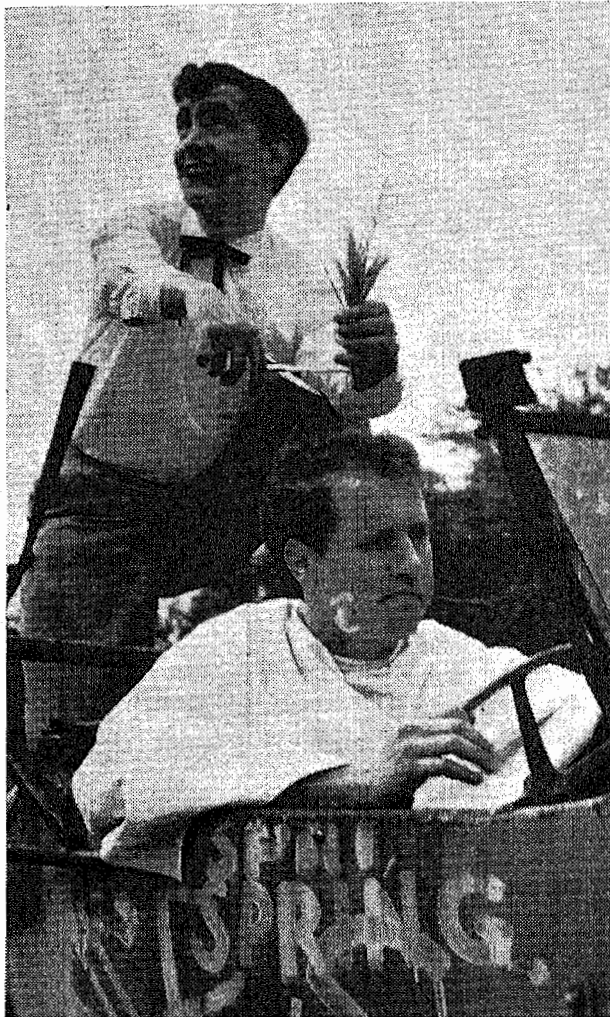
Mr. Menzies is more fortunate. He has already dropped similar clangers to the tune of a present unemployment figure in the region of 100,000, but he may have some breathing space before the drying up of our export markets caused by Britain's entry into the Common Market comes to pass. What will he do with it? Will he recognise it as such? Can Australia in the short period available break out of its present recession and then make up for a decade of marking time? World markets are not drying up. We are merely trying to sell the wrong things. The industrial expansion needed, however, would take longer than we have available even if the government had the stomach for it. So we have one final "Biblical" similarity between Mr. Menzies and his spiritual predecessor—his sins will be visited upon us unto the third and fourth generations who will probably go running to Labor to get them out of the mess, whether or not they believe that history repeats itself.

OPINION

Mr. Moss Speaks

The recent talk given by Mr. Moss, the Secretary of the South Australian Communist Party produced some interesting questions and answers.

During the course of discussion after his talk Mr. Moss was asked if he was prepared to go on the record as saying that Stalin was a democrat. He replied, "I certainly will not." When then asked if he was prepared to say that for the major period of Soviet history to date Russia was ruled by a man who was not a democrat



REVUE IN '62: on the bumpy road to joy.

Mr. Moss said, "Certainly." On being asked how many people did Khrushchev say that Stalin killed for political ends he replied, "I don't know but I should say many thousands, many thousands," and then added, "and I don't count that."

Another question addressed to him was "Are you prepared to go on the record in saying that an accredited representative of Western capitalism should be allowed to propagate his views concerning capitalism without restriction in Soviet Russia?" His reply was, "Certainly not." And to the question 'A propos the Russo-German Pact, are you prepared to express public sympathy for the subsequent action of the Australian Communist party in opposing the Australian war effort early in World War II, even though such action endangered the lives of Australian troops in the Middle

East?" His only comment was "I won't answer that."

These comments represent only a small part of the proceedings of the meeting, but they are recorded as shedding some light on current Australian interest in Communist attitudes to democracy, the right to life and freedom of speech. The refusal to answer the last question above did nothing to dispel the long-standing charge that to be a Communist is to be a national traitor, potential if not action.

Predicament

(Continued from page 1)

graph. India also lacks the machinery to reform her archaic land tenure system of land-owners and peasant tenantry, which in China was thrown out with the Kuomintang. And one of the two principal factors which cause rebellion, communist or otherwise, is a land-dispossessed mass of people, an historic fact which must cause the Central Congress a considerable number of ulcers, and which makes India's continued Democracy problematical.

Yet another weight in the balance against India is her federal set-up. Can a democratic system which allows a considerable number of powers, both defined and undefined, to regional governments avoid political individualism which would be likely to destroy the national unity necessary for any State-wide development on a rational basis? India already is hampered in her development programmes by a tendency to distribute finance to States not in proportion to their comparative needs. And this tendency is not likely to diminish while there remains the opportunity for better organised State governments to be able to influence financial distribution without regard to their present rate of development.

As far as Australia's contribution under the Colombo Aid Plan is concerned in the relief of India's problems, Fairbairn preferred to confine his illustration of its worth to one bull, a bull which lay down and died after being deposited in a corral with about a dozen cows waiting its affections. As Barbara Ward has said before him, what India really needs is a scale of aid on the level of the Marshall Aid Plan which put Europe on her feet after the last war. One or two bulls is not really enough. But then Australia will not be prepared to give even what she could afford to give in proportion to her size unless and until we realise that India's survival quite definitely determines our own in South East Asia.

Of course, Fairbairn made the valid qualification that our survival depends upon the balance of power being maintained between India and China, only when we can no longer depend upon American support. But although America is a great nation, she is a nervous one, sensitive to political pressures and propaganda. She may well consider our welfare at the moment, and I for one think she does. But whether she will in the incalculable future is any man's guess. Apart from making the qualification therefore, Fairbairn did nothing to elaborate on it. He preferred to treat Australia from her worst defensive point of view, i.e., alone.

Fairbairn reckons that Australia should think about buying a few nuclear-carrying submarines to defend us in a deterrent capacity rather than rely on moth-eaten defence treaties, which I have been assured, are not as valuable as the paper they are written on.

Again, the old Custard Pie Routine.

