

ON DIT

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT UNION.

Vol. IV.

Thursday, 18th April, 1935.

No. 2.

THE UNION QUESTION

Will We Dance?

A considerable number of questions and rumours concerning the Adelaide University Union are floating around the lecture rooms and the Refectory, and other places where the members of this large body gather.

As most of these rumours are unfounded, and as many of the questions are prompted by remarks that were made at the Annual General Meeting, a discussion on the Union's policy could well be held through the medium of this paper.

Although the objects of the Union are clearly set out in several places, it appears that a number of the members do not realise what they are.

The Constitution of the Union sets forth that the objects of the Union shall be:—

(a) To provide a common meeting-ground and a social centre for students and members of the University.

(b) To promote the intellectual culture of its members.

(c) To represent its members on matters affecting their interest, and to afford a recognised means of communication between its members and the University authorities.

(d) Generally to secure the co-operation of University men and women in furthering the interests of the University.

Let us consider how well the Union achieves these objects.

Object (c).

You have selected your Committee to attend to this side of Union activities, and they can carry out their job, or you would never have chosen them.

Object (b).

Many of the University Societies, as part of the Union, hold their meetings in the Union buildings, and most of them have intellectual discussions. We know of only one Society which appears to be of a social nature, the A.U.L.D.D.S., which meets in the Union buildings, and even this body has read to it an intellectual paper at least once a year.

Object (a) or (d) is overlooked by many of the members of the Union. If the former is not overlooked, the latter is, and vice versa, and it is this fact which has given rise to most of the talk that is going on, both inside and outside the University.

Everybody realises that the University is not solely a degree shop, and any tendency to make it such should be strongly resisted, but a number of people seem to think that the Union exists solely to provide social benefits for its members. (The word social is used in this discussion in its everyday form.) Consequently, there are numerous outcries. The members of the Union who have this idea should study object (d).

There must be some reason for the existence of such ideas, and if so, how can they best be removed from the minds of those who hold them? That is the question which every member of the Union should consider.

Various suggestions have been made by members of the Union. The Committee is to inquire into the whole business.

The main questions which are at present being discussed among the members of the Union deal with dances in the Refectory, and one-subject students.

DANCES.

Each year a number of Faculty and Sports Association dances are held in the Refectory.

The Faculty dances are surely a good thing, as they bring together the men and women of the Faculty concerned on a footing entirely different from that of the lecture rooms and laboratories.

The Sports Association dances are held to entertain the members of visiting Universities, and are the only form of hospitality in which most of the members of the Union can join. In addition to these, there is the Varsity Ball. This is a tradition, so no comment is necessary.

The only other dances held in the Refectory are those run by the Dance Club. As a number of the members of the Union who attend the University primarily for the sake of learning are fond of dancing, should they dance at the University or elsewhere?

Anybody who is fond of dancing and attends the University for reasons other than that mentioned above, is not furthering the interests of the University, and should not be allowed to join the Dance Club, as this body is part of the Union.

This brings us to the one-subject students.

ONE-SUBJECT STUDENTS.

This heading embraces not only those students who attend lectures in one subject only, but all those who do not hope to graduate. These can be divided into two classes, those who attend the University for the sake of learning and those who do not.

There are many members of the Union who are unable to do an undergraduate course, because they have to earn their livings, and so attend lectures in one or two subjects. These are to be welcomed.

The second class is responsible for all the fuss, and for many of the curtailments of liberty which we have known in past years.

They are the ones who appear to like to see long reports of University functions published in the daily papers, with their names tucked away in 6-point at the bottom of the column, or blazoned in the fashion notes which occupy the greatest portion of the write-ups. The rest of the Union does not care for this cheap publicity, and rightly so.

The Union Committee is to hold a meeting while this paper is at the printers, and it is hoped that we will be able to publish a stop press report of that meeting, which may result in a general clean-up of the whole business.

Mudspots (and other notes).

Some of the women read the Australian Women's Weekly, and they all seem to be talking about Miss F.'s hatpins. Some of the men are wondering whether she wears them in case of emergency, in which case they suggest she should wear a stiletto in the top of each stocking.

Why doesn't the University form a Polo Club? It would give the ladies a chance to show off their new costumes in front of the eligible University men.

"Richmond Beer is 100 per cent. pure." Pure what?

If the University authorities would like a little scrap paper they could obtain sufficient for all their needs by removing some of the letters that have remained uncollected for three months or more in the Front Office.

It is very pleasant to see that after many years the Council has appointed someone to fill the Jury Chair of English Literature. Did the letter in "On Dit" have anything to do with this?

Unless you are ashamed to sign your contributions, please do so. Use a pen name as well, if you do not want your name published.

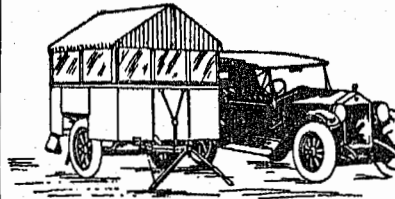
If your contribution does not appear as soon as you send it in, it is possible that there was not sufficient space for it.

It does not cost you anything to read the notices on the boards in the Union building. You can always tell the S.C.M. stuff, it is rather overdone.

Have you heard the Carnegie gramophone? If not, why not?

We have received a "Petition against censorship" sheet. Anybody interested?

EASTER!



WHY NOT HIRE A
TRAILER CARAVAN
AND CAMP IN LUXURY?

Trailer Caravans Ltd
103 Hill Street, Mitcham.

TO-DAY KAGAWA

Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa will address the University to-day at 1.15 in the Rennie Lecture Theatre.

Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa is the most outstanding Japanese figure of to-day. In him we see a man who, though a product of the old idealism, steeped in the traditions of his country, has yet risen above the conservatism of Japanese thought and religion. He is not merely an idealist and a dreamer: he is a socialist and an economist. His is a practical philosophy, not a mere ritual; a philosophy which made him say to an assembly of Christians, Buddhists, Confucianists and Shintists: "Why do you build cathedrals? Why don't you touch problems right at hand, red-hot? Show thy faith by thy works!"

He has attempted to relieve the terrific distress occasioned by the economic chaos brought on by the events of 1927, chiefly the Chinese boycott on the cotton trade, and to introduce a little order into the troubled lives of those caught up in the web of industrialism. By his influence the standard of living in factories has been raised—a most important thing, for with the raising of living standards in Japan the menace of the Yellow Peril is greatly diminished. The backbone of the country, the rural population (44 per cent. of the whole) he has relieved by his system of co-operative societies. The slums were by his influence on the Government's Imperial Economic Commission after the disaster of 1923, reclaimed and renovated. His Japanese passion for detail enables him to see these plans down to their minutest point, so that he can attend to the abolition of disgusting industrial slums, and at the same time see that an obscure little village keeps its well clean. He is always on the qui vive, fighting disease among the slum-dwellers, seeing that they keep their wells and drains clean, putting forward schemes for developing horticulture and nut-tree cultivation on the mountain slopes, and many other practical expressions of his faith. And because of his faith he may find himself in conflict with the Emperor and the loyalties which are the religion of the Japanese.

From his whole-hearted belief in the truth of Christ's way of life Kagawa has gained a peace and a joy and a vision that have enabled him to translate his faith into action, and relate it to the lives of men and women in a way that is rare and wonderful. He has no easy task, for he has the traditions of Japan, her pride in the unbroken dynasty, her pride in her country, her fierce patriotism, all producing a certain unreasonableness of temper, to combat. He has Japan's tenant-system, her industrialism, her over-population, and her natural calamities to fight against, and throughout his life, given freely to the poor and the suffering in the filthiest slums of Kobe and other Japanese towns, he has done for them what no other man in the world has done single-handed.

ON DIT

Thursday, 18th April, 1935.

THE STAB.

The flood of drivel talked and written about war continues unabated. It issues with a roar from presses all over the world. And we do our part, as you will see from the correspondence column. One correspondent even asserts that in the next war a large number of officers will be stabbed in the back. The suggestion surprises us. Does Beverley Nichols, in his girlish way, advocate this?

Curiously enough, as a result of our last issue, we were ourselves accused of stabbing someone in the back. It was all over the article on the Carnegie report on libraries. It was considered by some that a personal attack had been made on the librarian of the Barr Smith, and that therefore the article should have been signed, as otherwise it 'resembled a stab in the back.' We cannot agree that this was a personal attack. The only mention made of the librarian was in a quotation from the Munn report, which quotation we summarised without comment, and if the librarian has been 'stabbed in the back' it was none of our doing; we merely reported the stabbing.

Then it was said that unless an opinion was expressed in an Editorial as the Editor's opinion or above a signed article or letter as the writer's opinion, it must be assumed that the opinion was that of the Union itself, since "On Dit" is its official organ.

We submit that this is not so. Supposing the Union to have a defined unanimous opinion on a given subject we have no means of knowing what it is. But if we print an article and subsequently publish in reply to, or in support of it, a representative selection of others we receive on the same subject, as we will gladly do, we can only hope that the resultant series of opinions will fairly represent the opinions of the members of the Union.

Be this as it may, we are milder in this issue. We would like to be sensational, but it is difficult to make a sensation out of the happenings down here. The place is so quiet. People come and people go, and nothing ever happens, as some other person said in some other connection.

CENSOR NONSENSE

This Freedom

The great Australian farce goes on. Every election the same old standing joke is repeated, that this is a free country. The electors, as always, swallow the bait and there is a burst of uproarious applause. But it's about time all this rubbish was exposed. Just take a look at Canberra and see what an enlightened people we are. Wonderful! Watch the national white elephant in repose. Marvel at the spectacle of massed intelligence at work in Whitewash Chambers. But don't dash away with the idea that its inmates really govern this country. Far from it; the real power is in the hands of a few conceited ministers and a staff of semi-civilised underlings. Occasionally something slips, and the country gets a glimpse of the Ministerial Racket.

Take the recent Kisch fiasco. It was no great thing that Menzies, K.C., should make an ass of himself, perhaps only natural. The point was that a numbskull minister could at his own sweet will exclude anyone he or the Government happened to dislike.

Now what matters more to us is the iniquitous book censorship. Its history is interesting. Way back in 1901 a Government lightheartedly passed section 52 of the Customs Act. Among prohibited imports mentioned in it were oleomargarine, counterfeit coins, certain literature, and peanuts. From this small beginning sprang the present anti-cultural tyranny. Whoever happened to be Minister for Customs was given absolute power to decide just what this country was allowed to read. He did, and with the aid of a few wretched clerks and the hypocritical dodge of a Board of Censors, still does. The present Government has made what it no doubt fancies is an enormous concession. It actually appointed a few eminent literary and other men to do the dirty work! But this is palpable eyewash. The fact is that the people who really supervise the intellectual starvation policy, who really determine just what is fit for our juvenile minds, are the clerks in the Customs Department. The thing's preposterous! Imagine a group of half-baked civil servants dictating to the country's professors, leading thinkers, public men, and experts the works considered unfit for their immature minds. Hitler himself could do no more.

But the most gigantic swindle of all is worked on political books. Having appointed a board which has at least considerable cultural pretensions, the Government proceeds to leave the treatment of political and social works in the hands of a clique of unemployed militarists. Political books are banned by the Secret Service. How romantic! Formerly we were told what books were banned. Now no lists are published, and inquiries directed to ex-Lieut.-Col. Tom White, who is in charge of the information-squashing steam roller, are calmly countered by the usual hypocrisy that "It is not in the public interest to disclose the list" (that from Hansard). We want to know why. The obvious inference is that the Australian Cultural O.G.P.U. does not want the public to know what an enormous number of radical books are secretly torpedoed.

Further, no one has yet been able to fathom the depths of the Official Intelligence, or divine on just what occult system books are banned. Publications of Communist leanings are, of course, banned on sight or before, and this when the British Government is satisfied that the United States of Soviet Republics no longer supports revolutionary propaganda. It may, of course, be a fatal shock to the public to find out that conditions in Russia, say, are not the hell our disinterested press would have us believe. But we doubt it. Many books and magazines which have for years circulated in Eng-

land have been thrown on the junk list. Among them is the Labour Monthly, edited by a man admitted by the rankest conservatives to be among the most brilliant thinkers of the age, and who in 1925 accurately described and forecast the late crisis. Anything as good as this must, perforce, be dangerous to the infant University mind. Other banned books are not even pale pink, but are banned on their titles, or just for luck. Alan Hutt's "Working Class in England," for example, is merely a collection of statistics from housing commissions and the like! Huxley's "Brave New World" and cheap editions of the Decameron went out with the margarine and peanuts, but you can buy the expensive edition of the Decameron anywhere. Why the distinction? Fascism being the civil servant's paradise, that is where he can be neither civil nor a servant as much as he likes, anything anti-fascist goes out with the rest. Palme Dutt's analysis of fascism, a work acclaimed by the reviews in England, offended the sensitive ministerial optic, and out it went. Books like these are vitally necessary; it's a marvel that League of Nations technical works and reports are not banned.

The banning of books on political grounds is a Fascist act, and this is no figure of speech. Fascism is frankly anti-cultural. John Strachy quotes the Nazi street orator as saying, "When I hear the word Kultur, I reach for my gun." This idea has been expanded into a serious philosophy by Oswald Spengler, the semi-official philosopher of Hitlerism. Anyone can prove this for himself by reading his latest, "The Hour of Decision." The only difference between the Censors and Hitler is that Hitler is at once intelligent and efficient. The genii who spoon-feed our tender consciences in their anxiety to starve the intellect of the country on progressive lines have allowed quite a few frankly pornographic horrors to slip through. Any fool can see that the Government is scared stiff lest its rottenness should become any more obvious. Incidentally, young Desmond Lyons will be the first to realise this when Paterfamilias returns from his holiday jaunt to Europe!

It's up to Adelaide to show its stuff, and support the protest being made from the Melbourne Varsity. We should long ago have made it clear to Canberra that at least one section of the public does not intend to be hoaxed, bullied, and domineered over by a body of ignorant, incapable, conceited and thoroughly unintelligent clerks in the Customs Office or anywhere else. Melbourne has started the Book Censorship Abolition League. Its President is McMahon Ball, Senior Lecturer in Political Philosophy, but its members include barristers, medical men, students, authors, and journalists, this last class in defiance of the employers' policy. Started this year, it has already made its views felt in no uncertain way. It is characteristic of Adelaide that so far no one here has followed suit. Meanwhile a petition has been prepared, and signatures are wanted, funds too. A modest half-crown secures membership. The immediate object is free circulation of all books passed in Britain.

So far the Government has not attempted to stop all thinking; only that on the lines most vital to progress. How far are we from the Japanese attitude, which makes "dangerous thoughts" a crime? The whole colossal swindle is an insidious move towards reducing the people to helplessness and ignorance, and the country to a vermin-ridden mass of officials and political upstarts.

South Africa has recently passed an Act making all criticism of the Government an offence. And this is a free Dominion! To a man we ought to

MORE EPSTEIN

ECCE HOMO.

The key to discussion on Epstein's latest is that he is a Jew. In this there is more than meets the eye. Anyone will admit that centuries of relentless persecution by the Christians have impressed a peculiar psychology upon the Jew, and Lindsay suggests that Ecce Homo shows that influence. One is, of course, forced to be either dogmatic or agnostic on the subject as long as Epstein himself is silent on the meaning of his work; that is, presumably there is a meaning, or that he himself knows of any meaning. It is well recognised that many great works of art express meanings undreamt of by the artist, and too lofty for plain words. They are to this extent unconscious.

The layman is curious to know why Ecce Homo, as other works by the same hand, lack the accepted artistic canons.

Firstly, J. B. S. Haldane asserts that art has its dialectics as Marx understood the term, and that there come times of backslide; provoking a revulsion to simpler forms. The tendency until a few decades ago was toward the ornate. Take a glance at the ghastly ceiling in the Library and you will understand what ornate can mean. Then comes a period of reaction; call it impressionism, cubism, utilitarianism or what you will. There is a beauty in simplicity which forces its claims at intervals. Probably the "drunks" don't appreciate it; but the Police Court has a singularly majestic facade. Yet it is simple. Greek art remained simple and restrained; the Romans added majesty, but not complexity. So it is suggested that Epstein is leading a reaction in sculpture; just as Cesar Franck, Debussy, Ravel and the modern Russian school have done in music.

This last, and the following suggestions, demand as a fundamental the recognition of Epstein as a truly great artist. This may or may not be true.

It is said that Epstein is passionately protesting in silent stone against the treatment of his race by the Christians. The solidity and sternness; the inhuman flintiness of the eyes are construed as the sculptor's reaction to the true founders of the Christian fallacy; to the bloodthirsty followers of the Gentle Nazarene. It is not argued that Epstein expresses this consciously; what is suggested is that we see the imprint of his subconscious mind upon the framework of the conscious. This may sound like Freud, but the theory of the subconscious is not yet discredited. Or, it may be that the sculptor, consciously or not, has made a burlesque of Christ for the thrill of shocking the godly English public. There again, the race consciousness intrudes. Incidentally, since the English public tacitly accepted the mediaeval weakling Christ, complete with halo, they ought logically be prepared to accept Epstein's version.

The last hypothesis is frivolous, being prompted by a sight of the price! It is that Epstein is a second-rate quack, falling back on sensation to bolster his reputation, but with a shrewd eye to the box office. Those who think so derive some support from an exhibition once held of Epstein's water-colours, which looked like the drawings we did in our preparatory school days. But they were, in fact, no more reactionary than his sculpture, which has provoked the same furious roars of protest.

It is unlikely that we shall be told the truth about the matter; artists are notoriously averse to exposing their soul to the madding crowd.

NESCIO.

support the Victorians and give the public here a lead, incidentally showing that Adelaide is alive to the position. The petition should not leave this University until well over a thousand names have been added.

Meanwhile, the Great Australian Farce goes on . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

This Nudism.

Sir,
I observe with dismay that that fruitful fountain of frothy fatuity, the Lit., Deb., and Dram. Society, is considering the plan of foisting on our long-suffering seat of learning that latest horror of a misguided age, a Nudist Club. By all means let us have the thing at once and get it over. If it commences forthwith, the coming winter, and the ridicule that will attend the barmy stunt, will soon bring it to the consummation that was the lot of the Yo-yo Club, a happy oblivion.

But, Sir, let me plead that this new move take not place upon the Refectory lawn. Think not that I fear the outraging of decency. But the garmented forms that clutter up the lawn are hideousness enow, without our anguished eyes being tormented with the sight of their unconcealed ungainliness.

But, Sir, where is our vaunted modernness? Methinks I have read of orgies such as are from time to time urged upon us as the way of the modern, and the sign of his modernity; and in reading, I learned that these things were old when Rome itself was young. Our up-to-date and bright young things, did the poor fools but realise it, are about as extinct as the dodo, and not half as funny to look at.

I suppose we must look for fatuity from undeveloped babes, but why must they brandish it so furiously under our noses?

Nudists? Scarecrows. Bah!

Yours as ever,

BASIL JACKSON.

Sir,

Much as the members of the embryonic Politics Club would like to say all that might be said in support of Nudism, they feel that they would be prejudicing their chances of political advancement in doing so. They would like to say, however, that as man is by nature a social being, Nudism might foster the expression of a healthy instinct. On the other hand, as man is by no means a political being, and has a strong aversion to the naked truth, our members believe that Nudism might arouse dangerous passions. As in most matters, there is much that might be said on both sides. It will be the policy of the Politics Club to hear both sides of every question, and we would be willing, Sir, with your co-operation, to discuss at our first meeting "The Social Effects of Nudism."

Yours,

W. PARTRIDGE.

Fan Mail.

Sir,

Your correspondent "Fan" aroused my hitherto dormant intellect to demonstrative intensity, and perplexed me mightily until the other evening, the solution to his great problem came to me in a flash, and like Aristotle, as he at last found the soap in the bath, I shouted "Eureka" and wrote this letter.

Sir, I submit to you and your correspondent, that the name of the elusive elucidator of the Dragon Mystery must be, logically **MUST** be, Sir, Warren William Powell. There now, it is my turn.

In an obscure alley of this dark city, there is a shop purporting to sell coffee and other extras, where frivolous women law students are wont to repair after spending a pleasant social evening in the law library. Now, Sir, the name on the door of this house is written in Babylonian cuneiform; the wall paintings are Japanese; the carpet essentially Eastern; the music diabolically American; the cur-

tain consists of Chinese pigtailed, while the all-pervading odour, and the candle-grease which holds the scones together, are definitely—well, Mediterranean.

Now, Sir, what is the nationality of the G— coffee shop? And while on the subject, will all interested in the formation of a puzzle corner in this paper please drop a note in Box W.P.B.?

I am, Sir, etc.,
W.

Bloody War.

Sir,

Sure! Let's have another war. It's a scream. Have you, "C'mon," ever seen a man with his face mashed up by a shell, and his teeth growing out of a bristly beard at all angles? No? It's great fun. And have you ever seen a fellow coughing his lungs up in bloody froth, through chlorine, and this since 1918. No? It's an absolute wow. And have you heard the one about the soldier whose entrails got caught up on the barbed wire? Great joke, too, to think of your family writhing in agony, being eaten alive from the effects of the latest gorgeous gas?

More officers will be mysteriously wounded in the back than in the front in the next war.

By all means, let's have another jolly little war!

G'WAN.

[We protest at the suggestion that we have a family.—Ed.]

Sir,

I refer to "C'mon's" letter, published in your issue of 5th April. Had the writer given as much thought to the subject-matter of his letter as the author of "Cry Havoc" apparently has to his book he would never have written such a composition of madness.

Obviously he has never been in touch with any of the actual results of war—the innumerable pensions for owners of wrecked homes; the poor wretched inmates and periodical visitants of Keswick Hospital; and those at Bedford Park; not to mention innumerable others.

Same men and women cannot but be moved with deepest feelings of pity when they see the picture of that short-sighted creature's ecstasy as he watches the "glorious institutions" which go to make up the fighting forces. A certain corrective for such dreams would be an hour's spectacle of the actual horrors which accompany the clashing of two opposing institutions. Let him have a close view of that battleship, with her crew of 500 fine men, as she is wrecked by a single deadly mine, which plunges all that life forever beneath the waves. Let him see, too, the lone crippled plane, the sole relic of a fine formation, come limping home from across the lines. Does he ever think of the pilot, whose average life during the Great War was about three weeks? Let him see, in place of a march past of troops, the steady stream of mutilated bodies of men who were once the pride of a nation. And will he then say, "Let's have another war"?

There is something fine about a well-trained army, a disciplined navy in full array, and a group of R.A.F. planes in formation, but what sane man would gaze in ecstasy on the bloody remnants on a battlefield?

A. E. S.

[How many lives did a pilot have in the Great War?—Ed.]

That Complexion Complex.

Sir,

Solon is reputed to have said, "Moderation in all things." And the sight of some social butterflies fluttering in and about the Refectory reminds us again of the saying. A cerise gash in a dead white face above a sky blue dress, under a hat of good-

ness know's what colour, are not the most effective ensemble that the ladies might employ. It is the use of lipstick that is the most troublesome thing of all. Now lipstick, properly used, on the fitting occasion, by the right person—Oh, boy! But in its present general mode of application—Streuth!

The habit of "making up," together with the concomitant complaint, is from time immemorial. In the art of daubing, Queen Nefertiti of Egypt set the standard for all time, and achieved great notoriety. In Roman times, Juvenal was nauseated by the sight of women who plastered their faces till they looked like open sores. Thackeray is continually gibing at the thick paints and pigments of the 18th century. So that we are, perhaps, but the last and least of a long line.

Now this is not the savage attack of a perverted misogynist upon the general use of cosmetics. Facial expression is admittedly a sine qua non of social intercourse. We remember, too, no doubt, from our school Shakespeare, that "the apparel oft proclaims the man"; and one might say the same thing of the face. And to advocate an entire neglect of facial appearance is manifestly ridiculous. This is merely the voice of one crying in the wilderness for a better sense of taste and proportion. Bright red lips do not normally consort with bright blue dresses or black, black eyebrows. Some unfortunates may have to make the best of a bad face, but with others it is only a matter of gilding the lily or perfuming the rose—usually both—and this, I submit, is as unnecessary as it is undesired.

I am, Sir, etc.,

J. L. A.

Engineers Please Note.

Sir,

There was an attempt some years ago by the University authorities to persuade our reverend City Fathers that a suspension bridge connecting the University with the nether bank of the River Torrens and the University Oval would be of inestimable benefit to the students of this institution. Plans were drawn and a quotation made. Thereupon the said City Fathers drew up some plans of their own and doubled the cost. And the whole affair was discreetly forgotten.

Would it not be possible to revive those plans and to launch a campaign in favour of having such a bridge erected—with our own plans, costs, and engineers. I cannot doubt but that the engineering school would back up such a proposal with its own practical help.

Time is of immediate value, and the time saved by such a short cut in one year would in the sum be worth many years. Then think how much extra time we might devote to our sport! And, again, unfortunates who cannot practice (because of lectures at such unearthly hours as 6 o'clock) might have more chance to go out and be back again sometime during the first half of the lecture. Moreover, how exhilarating an effect a swing-bridge has! It would be a tonic to weary souls, an inspiration to the staid and commonplace! And let it not be called the "University Suspension Bridge." How about the "Monkey-Walk"?

Yours, etc.,

PONS ASINORUM.

Entirely Unsolicited.

Sir,

When I picked up a copy of your paper on Friday, 5th April, 1935, I shuddered to think what I might find in its pages. Happily, my fears proved unfounded. Most of the articles in the number in question dealt with topics in which most Varsity students display at least a passing interest.

Last year a number of articles dealing with subjects which were perhaps deserving of our attention, but which, at the same time, were rather heavy for a magazine such as this, filled the pages. Every man is entitled to his own opinion, but if that opinion deals with matters of public interest, let the opinion be submitted for public consideration in the public press. The pages of our organ should be used to inform us of what is going on at the University. They are all too few for this purpose, so that we necessarily dwell in ignorance of what is going on within our gates in favour of news and views (often copied from the daily papers) concerning the world outside. Our new Committee appears to have purged the paper to some extent of the outpourings of political maniacs who wish to vent their views on the unsuspecting populace.

Two articles in the last issue of "On Dit," however, offend in this particular. One dealt with the German situation. Our daily press has been filled with this subject for years, and though we should perhaps know and appreciate this problem as citizens, it does not form part of our life as Varsity students. The other article dealt with Epstein's latest effort and though very interesting, I feel sure that the space could have been devoted to Varsity activities.

On the whole, however, the last number of "On Dit" was a distinct improvement on previous issues and kindles a ray of hope for the future. You, Sir, and your Committee are to be congratulated on the way in which our organ has been purged.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

"MARK WENTWORTH."

Sir,

The first issue of "On Dit" for this year caused me, if not surprise, at any rate a measure of delight. The exact reason for this somewhat unusual state of affairs is a little hard to define, but I hope I shall be able to say the same of future issues.

Thank heaven someone has the nerve to say what they think (rightly or wrongly) is wrong with the Annual General Meeting. The passing, or should we say the passing over, of the balance-sheet on 22nd March seemed a little hot, even for such a cheery social meeting as this. Without in any way attempting to belittle the very worthy services rendered to the Union by Mr. Bampton and Prof. Wilkinson, I consider this a most unfortunate incident, which should never have occurred.

This meeting of the Union is most aptly termed the "Freshers' Social," for very few others attend it. Those older students who do turn up, seem to amuse themselves well enough and let the Freshers fend for themselves. Of course, this matters little in the case of the butterflies, for long before the General Meeting they swarm all over the Refectory, quickly learn where the men's cane chairs are kept, and generally make themselves at home.

The promised inquiry into this insectivorous menace seems to me so long overdue that now it's too late to do anything. However, I sincerely trust that in this I am wrong. And even as I write this I hear that the Dance Club has had to cut down the number of dances it intended to have. If this is so, it is indeed the last straw. Personally, I have never been to a dance (barring the Cabaret) in my life, but this does not alter the fact that for an affiliated Club of the Union to have to curtail its activities like this is very bad for the Union. And what is worse is that the necessity for this is to so large a degree attributable (indirectly, of course) to the above-mentioned butterflies. The oft-referred to apathy of the average student will surely not be proof against such an outrage to his privileges as a member of the Union, whether his subscriptions be paid cheerfully or not.

Yours, etc.,

"UNOME."

Sports Notes

IF YOU WANT TO SEE
SOMETHING WORTHWHILE
—NOTE THAT THE
**INTERVARSITY
TENNIS**
STARTS TO-MORROW
on the Memorial Drive Courts.

PENNANT TENNIS CLUB.

The Pennant Season has finished and Varsity have had a most successful year. Three out of five Pennant teams reached the final four, and of these the D Team won their way through to the challenge round, and were unfortunate to lose by the odd set.

The Intervarsity match between Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, and Tasmania, will begin next Friday, 19th April, and the draw for first round will be:—Sydney v. Melbourne; Adelaide v. Tasmania.

The Adelaide team consists of (1) J. M. Dicker and W. K. Taylor; (2) H. M. Searle and A. J. Wight; (3) R. F. Brown and J. H. Homburg. The match will be played on the Memorial Drive Courts, and no charge for admittance will be made. Spectators will be assured of some brilliant tennis with players of the standard of Les Poidevin (Sydney) in action. (Need I remark that Poidevin has taken a set from Perry?) And Sydney has two more players of his standard. So turn up on Easter Friday, Saturday, and Monday.

A.U.R.C.

Last Saturday the fifth stage of the Union Team's matches was fired at 700 yards. Both teams improved their positions slightly; the No. 1 team is tenth in B Grade, and the No. 2 team eighth in D Grade. It was intended that a third team should shoot, but unfortunately arrangements could not be made in time. However, it is hoped that the Club will have three teams competing when the sixth stage is fired next month.

W. H. Woithe, who was stop-scorer last time, again shot well to score 74 out of a possible 80. Others who scored well were A. F. Pilgrim (72), and H. N. Walter (71), the former being a trifle unlucky not to score a possible on his second round.

In the D Grade aggregates Woithe is second and A. E. Welbourn is fifth. Arrangements are well in hand for the Intervarsity matches which are to be fired here next May.

LACROSSE CLUB.

Although the Club has been unfortunate in losing the services of some of its ablest and most valuable men, there remains the nucleus of a very powerful Club for the coming season.

Many members are already training hard, and Freshers are invited to attend the practices held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of each week. Practice matches have been arranged to enable senior members to train the juniors in match play. Association matches begin on 27th April, so members, be prepared, all your crosses and fill in your registration forms.

SWIMMING.

At the Annual Carnival of the University Swimming Club, held at the Crystal Pool on 2nd April, women students were given a chance to show their swimming ability.

Lorraine Woods won the 100 yards championship with great ease, and May Irvine proved too good for the other Freshers in the 33 1-3 yards Freshers' championship.

Results (Women):

100 yards championship—Lorraine Woods.

33 1-3 yards Freshers' championship—Mary Irvine.

33 1-3 yards back or breast-stroke championship—Pat Burnard.

33 1-3 yards handicap—Lorraine Woods.

Inter-Faculty relay—Arts (A. Mc-Taggart, W. Bonnin, N. Magarey, P. Burnard).

Results (Men):

State breast-stroke championship—N. H. Wallman (record).

Varsity championship—W. Goode.

Neat dive—W. Ligertwood.

Inter-Faculty relay—Law (retaining Cox-McMichael Shield for third time in succession).

The Annual General Meeting of the Women's Swimming Club was held on Friday, 5th April, in the Lady Symon Hall. The annual report was read and confirmed. The officers elected for 1935 were:—President, Mrs. Matters; Captain, Pat Burnard; Vice-Captain, Lorraine Woods; Secretary, Barbara Winterbottom. Mrs. Matters then presented the trophies, and the meeting closed.

BASKET-BALL.

There have been no matches as yet, but as these will begin on 27th April, the Committee wishes to impress on the general female public the necessity for coming regularly to practices—every Wednesday at 4 p.m.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

Players are urged to come regularly and punctually to practices, as the teams must be picked for the opening of the season on 4th May.

Secretaries Please Note.

Every report received from Societies and Sports Clubs has been published. Secretaries are reminded that this paper is filed for record, and it is, therefore, essential that they should send in a report of all activities.

MEDICAL STUDENTS!

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SOCIETY NOTES

I.R.C.

The first meeting of the International Relations Club was held on Friday, 5th April, in the Lady Symon Hall. Mr. Noel Goss presided. General business occupied the first part of the meeting, but owing to the disappearance of the Constitution, nothing definite was decided. The election of officers for 1935 was deferred to a later meeting.

After the preliminary discussion, Mr. T. Rutherford Purnell, Chief Librarian of the Public Library, gave an interesting talk on Libraries and International Co-operation.

In spite of the disappearance of the formal Club Constitution, members appeared to enjoy the supper.

S.C.M.

The S.C.M. held its second meeting on 12th April, in the Lady Symon Hall. The Rev. George Anderson, of Korea, spoke on Kagawa. He gave a brief resume of the Japanese character, Japan, and her customs, and then against this background placed Kagawa as a man who, though steeped in the traditions and conventions of thought and loyalty of his country, has yet managed to break through these barriers and become a Christian.

AN ERA of FRANKNESS

Another Viewpoint

"Germany Flagrantly Flouts Versailles Treaty." "The Arms Race Begins," shout our press on 16th March, when Germany openly announces to the world that she can no longer, with reasonable safety, restrict her forces to the strength (or, rather, weakness) imposed upon her at Versailles. These restrictions, she points out, were conditioned by the assumption (signed and agreed upon by the Allied statesmen as part of the same treaty) that the victorious nations would disarm down to her level. For some years Germany maintained only the "legal" numbers in her forces, partly, it is true, because she had little choice but to keep her side of the "Carthaginian Peace." It was, in fact, the Allies who so "flagrantly flouted" the agreement. With the partial exception of Britain they supported large and larger armies, navies, and air forces. If there is at present an armaments race in progress (which in itself is debatable) it is France and her friends of the Little Entente, Russia, and Poland who started it.

But is there not a brighter side to the present situation in Europe? For two or three years there have been wild rumours in circulation of vast military and aerial preparations in Germany. Warmongers have spread scares across the world in the Communist, Socialist, and Liberal presses. Now the truth is out, and Germany's demand for a conscript army of 500,000 surely does not sound so very terrifying beside the accomplished fact of Russia's 960,000, against Italy's peace-time army of 650,000 (Italy is a nation with a much smaller population than Germany, too), and against the recently doubled period of French training of men to man those well-nigh impenetrable north-eastern defences which point so menacingly at Germany. Nor does her proposed air force menace particularly the air force which Sir John Simon boasts can be raised by the signatories of the proposed Air Pact.

In spite of the pessimistic prophesying to the contrary, the frank British "White Paper," the equally frank German demand, and the ensuing exchange of notes have not prevented further frank exchanges of ideas in Berlin and Moscow. A real agreement could never have been built on deceit and hypocrisy, on secret pacts and secret armaments. To-day the cards are on the table: why should we not look to the future as a new era of frankness in international affairs?

Epstein and "On Dit."

At the Adelaide University Refectory, in April, 1935 . . .

"On Dit" . . .
"It took the Editors eight (at least) pains to complete."
"It represents the students of the University." Oh, yeah!
"It recalls the cruder editions of Truth in its rough simplicity."
"It has just enough detail to represent the tortured intellects and the warped minds—of those responsible for its production."

All these conclusions are arrived at upon scrutiny of the article appearing in the last issue of "On Dit," concerning Epstein's much-discussed statue, Ecce Homo.

One wonders that any sane body of people could sanction the publication (even in "On Dit") of such rubbish.

The argument concerning the judgment of a poem "by reading the story in a few lines" does not apply. This monstrosity of Epstein's is not a poem. It is a brutal, coarse-looking satyr carved out of rock, and as such may be judged from a photograph—possibly a bad one. It no more represents the founder of Christianity than "On Dit" represents the Adelaide University Union. "Be reasonable, ye that write articles to the University press," and be ye more reasonable ye that publish them. Can anybody who has any Christianity in his make-up even defend the approval (of one who evidently has not) of such a travesty?

The Christian community cannot look upon the founder of their "religion" as a bovine brute as depicted by Epstein and his six-ton effort is not appreciated by any with whom the writer has conversed with on the subject.

Anyway—is Epstein a Christian? And is it not possible that his wonderful sculpture may be an abominable sling-off at the founder of Christianity? One would say that Mr. Epstein is not even qualified to imagine the subject of his crude but "daring originality."

"LE BEAU JUIF."

To Contributors.

In General.

Contributions for our next issue are invited from everybody and anybody. Write what you like and put in box XYZ, Front Office, or the "On Dit" box in the entrance of the Refectory on or before Monday, 29th April. All contributions must be signed, not necessarily for publication.

IN PARTICULAR:

Diabetes: We do as you ask us, and judge not, hence your olfactory letter reposes in our W.P.B.

Engineer: Do you do everything by the "Theory of Least Work"?

C. Boomsma: We, like yourself, have been unable to see the Barr Smith Library Clock. We suggest that you present one or two time-pieces to the Council, stipulating that they be placed in the Library.

Basil Jackson: Always glad to hear from you.

W.: Thanks. No space yet.

Fresher: Thanks for your effort.

M.B.M.: Try something feminine.

Not a Wowser: Our woman Sub-Editor saw it.

George: Next time, maybe.

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better

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