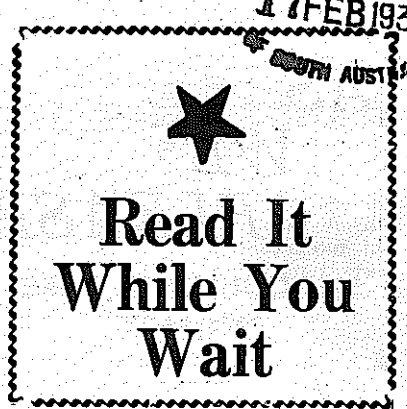




ON DIT

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
STUDENT UNION.



Vol. 6

ON DIT, TUESDAY, 23rd NOVEMBER, 1937

No. 22

A CRYING SHAME

CAN'T WE HAVE THE MUSIC SET AND PICTURES?

The completion of the whole Union block turns our minds to furnishing. And our minds naturally toy with the possibilities offered by the Carnegie Music and Art (colored print section) sets. These were given for the use and appreciation of students. But how many students penetrate to the bowels of the Elder Conservatorium or to the heights of the Barr Smith, where the splendid set of colored prints rest forlornly against the walls, dwelling in unnoticed beauty side by side? This is in painful contrast to the art collections of the Melbourne and Sydney Unions. In Sydney the great Refectory is alive with prints and with original Australian work (the almost Reckitt's blue of a host of Streetons is vividly in our mind). Recently Dr. A. S. Ewing gave the Melbourne Union fifty lovely Australian works with which to supplement the Carnegie set. Now we would make the following practical suggestions.

Music Set.

The music set was not given for the use of Conservatorium staff or students in particular. Rather it was intended to give the mass of students of all Faculties another avenue of pleasant relaxation and a chance to play, at will, the sets of records which make up the collection. With that end in view a student committee was formed to give regular recitals, but few students went all the way from the Refectory to the Elder to hear them. Apart from the inconvenience of distance, we suggest that, though the students had a committee, the atmosphere was too much one of 'control' and 'regulation.' Now why not have the set in the Lady Symon Hall? It could be locked and the key kept in the secretary's office—to be yielded only to those qualified to use the machine (this list to be infinitely expansive, subject to the approval of the committee in each individual case). In each case the key would be 'signed for' and responsibility would thus be fixed. Such a location of the gramophone would facilitate attendance at concerts and we might even rival in attendances at these the numbers which listen to the Carnegie set in Melbourne (see 'Farrago' passion.)

Art Collection.

We have already mentioned the Melbourne and Sydney Unions. Now it is time that our Refectory, with its sports cup brackets, does not lend itself to pictures (besides they would not go with that Red Indian totem pole colored-beamed ceiling effect). But the same is not true of the Lady Symon Hall and the George Murray Debating Hall. Here we could hang the Nash, Cezanne, Derain, and Monet landscapes, the Van Gogh bridge, and more that cannot be recalled off-hand. And people would see them. But that is not all. The George Murray Hall seems a most suitable place for the Art Committee to run a weekly or fortnightly exhibition of say, 'Italian Primitives,' or Greek sculptors, 17th century Dutch work, from the cases of prints which everyone shuns so consistently in the Barr Smith at the moment. Such an 'exhibition' could be combined with an appropriate talk by someone versed in the subject chosen for that week.

PAST CABARET SUCCESSES

Together with exam. results and the end of the year, Cabaret time approaches once again. Whence came this custom of an Annual Cabaret? The idea of holding an open air dance on the Refectory lawn originated in 1931 when the dance club committee, led by the enthusiastic presidents, Dr. and Mrs. Rex Matters, arranged a Cabaret dance as the final night of a successful season of the dance club.

Everybody enjoyed the dance so much that an early start was made in the following year to organise another Cabaret. The committee planned to transfer the lawn into a gipsy camp and, as a part of the decorative scheme, they hired a trolley from an unemployed carrier to convert into a covered waggon. When the carrier returned on the 'morning-after,' he found his trolley piled sky-high with pine logs and other debris from the decorations. Having already decided that this was the cheapest 10/- he had ever earned, he was amazed to be offered a further 2/- to take away enough firewood to solve his domestic fuel problem for several years to come. Perilously perched on top of the load he drove off, thoroughly convinced that 'Varsity students were among the best.

The next Cabaret, in 1933 set a box-office record. All the tables were booked a week beforehand! Probably it was this enthusiasm that encouraged the committee to announce that, at great expense, they had engaged 'The Slav-Croat-Slovene Impersonators Mr. X. Dorwe and Mr. Don Juncen, supported by the Scandnavo-Breton comedians Waque D'Or and Can Duncq.

Again in 1934 tickets were in demand, over 700 being sold. On this occasion a Viennese setting (doubtless inspired by a very popular film of that year) was arranged. The orchestra, dressed in short pants, bright shirts and feathered hats, played 'Good Night Vienna' almost incessantly. The supper was provided by a large committee of ladies, and the student waiters and waitresses, like the orchestra, tried to appear as though they were working in a pre-war Austrian bier-garten.

In the following year it was decided that it was asking too much for a women's committee to feed such a vast throng and arrangements were made with caterers to provide the supper. With the passing of student waiters and waitresses so has passed the fancy-dress which used to be a feature of the Annual Cabaret. The decorations in 1935 were most elaborate. An Egyptian scene was planned and the lawn converted into a veritable oasis complete with swaying palms. Weird hieroglyphics covered the cloister pillars and a frieze of Egyptian scenery adorned the green canvas screen enclosing the lawn. A zealous engineer even risked life and limb to provide a star and crescent moon on one of the refectory chimneys.

Thus, we believe, the Carnegie gifts could best be brought to the students. Attendances at Art talks in the Lady Symon this year suggest that the scheme would be appreciated. And why not?

In the refectory itself brilliantly colored rugs and posters disguised the walls, whilst the fireplace made a glorious Tutankamen tomb. One enthusiast had insisted on building a model pyramid. He set about his task one evening and worked far into the night. Having admired his finished masterpiece he retired for a well-earned sleep. Waking with a start next morning the horrible truth dawned on him—he had made the pyramid larger than of the door of his room.

Union Takes Over.

With the decline and fall of the dance club the Union decided to continue with the Annual Cabaret and so in 1936 another carnival evening was arranged. This was the first occasion on which rain had threatened and a marquee top was erected over the floor on the lawn. Incidentally anyone who doubts the integrity of the weather bureau may not believe that an enquiry early in the afternoon brought the information that "there may be a shower at about 7 p.m., but the night will be clear," and this is exactly what happened.

PLANS FOR 1937 CABARET.

This year the Cabaret is again being organised by the Union which has appointed a committee to make all arrangements. The cloisters and the George Murray Building have been completed and will form an ideal setting. New lighting effects will be possible. The largest dance floor in Adelaide has been hired for the lawn and, together with the Refectory floor, there will be ample dancing space. With the co-operation of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, who will broadcast during part of the evening, Harry Boake-Smith's orchestra has been engaged to keep the dancing going from 9 p.m. until 2 a.m. The Footlights Club will provide several items between dances, it is even rumored that a bull is being specially brought from the zoo to combat a brave Adelaide would-be Toreador.

The general decorations will comprise a Mexican scene for which one member of the committee is reported to be preparing census of cactus in South Australia. If the night is warm it will be a glorious opportunity for the men to chase the moths out of their white mess jackets.

The 1937 Cabaret will live up to the traditions of the last six years and as our Union buildings are so ideal for arranging an open-air dance it is to be hoped that the Annual Cabaret will continue each year as an after-examination celebration and will ultimately become an essential feature of Student life at this University.

ALL-AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE

Only people who go to conferences know what fun conferences are. But there is at present only one conference held in Australia open to ALL STUDENTS. That is the Annual Conference of the Australian Student Christian Movement to be held in Adelaide this year. Attendance at this conference is completely independent of past or intended participation in S.C.M. activities. The entire and only purpose of this and all other Student Christian Conferences is to make friends, to widen sympathies and to find out about things. Naturally those who believe in and worship God do so at the conference, which is, indeed, approached with a Christian emphasis—because the heart of the matter is Christianity: whether it is real or no. As it is, few people even know what it really is. What we learned (or didn't learn) at Sunday School is not much help to us as University, that is, almost by definition, sceptical students.

Continued on Page 2.

REFECTORY CLOSED

As from Monday the Refectory Cafeteria will be closed for alterations, Mrs. Goodall will serve lunches in the Lady Symon. Please give the staff every consideration under these difficulties.

COMMEN. IS DEC. 15

Who are these a-coming, with a slow and measured tread,
Most impressive figures, dressed in green and blue and red.
They couldn't move much slower if their boots were made of lead,
As they come marching on.
Firstly come the prodigies of learning, if you please,
They're on their best behaviour, for they're going to get degrees;
They're very proud and haughty; and we hope they've paid their fees;
We'll be thankful when they've gone.
Next come our professors, by whose teaching we're misled;
They lecture from the dawning till the sun is long in bed;
We've listened to their lectures till we're very nearly dead,
But they still keep droning on.
Lastly come the Senate, a disreputable crew,
Who pass a resolution when they've nothing else to do;
They make the regulations that are cursed by me and you
And it's time we moved them on.

"PELICAN."

All students are welcome and those who wish to attend may obtain tickets at the front office. Don't be late or you might not be able to get in.

AS WE PLEASE

HE COULDN'T TAKE PHOENIX

Every Uni has its prophet,
But none has so fine a one as ours:
So brilliant,
Original,
Witty
And sparkling a prophet as ours.

He wants a column for our paper
Full of the things one should say:
Like:
Women should not take showers;
It gives them broad shoulders
And narrow minds,
Instead of narrow shoulders
And narrow minds.
Besides it makes them less cute.
Men should have hair on their chest
Or be hearty,
Or sporty,
Or disapprove of art.

He is quite right.
I once went to a symphony concert;
It was not so hot;
They played something by Chopin.
When I ate my monkey-nuts
People glared.
One could not whistle it afterwards
Or snap into it,
Or swing it.
Perhaps women could understand it,
I couldn't;
I disapprove of Art.
Besides music is soft.
Do musicians play football,
Or become heroes of schoolboys
And students,
Or swear as well as real men?
No—I disapprove of Art.

He says ballet is pansy.
That's O.K. by me.
I have noticed the men
Have a funny look in the eye.
For men to be graceful is disgraceful.
And the women—
They never even tap,
They just float about
Without speaking.
One has to imagine what they are
doing.
I'm glad to say
I have no imagination.
I disapprove of Art.

But of all Opera is the worst.
It is sometimes in French,
And sometimes in Italian,
Written by Caruso or Voltaire.
They were both Dagoes
Like Mussolini
I know one song from "Carmen"
Called "Soldiers' Chorus"
Which proves that opera encourages
war.
I would go to opera
If they had Bing Crosby
Or Fred Astaire
Or some snappy chorus girls.
They haven't, so
I disapprove of Art.

L'envoi

Instead of a grassy sod,
This poem will truly mark
"A finished and finite clod
Untroubled by a spark."

—"TATTLE."

ARS CRUCIFIXIOVIS

"The seat of Adelaide has been crucified by treachery."—Mr. Bardolph, A.L.P.

Time was when to be indiscreet
Meant to hang by the hands and the feet,

But not even Pontius,
Of pity unconscious,
E'er crucified anyone's seat!

"On Dit"

Editors: HELEN WIGHTON, FINLAY CRISP.
Editorial Staff: Misses IRWIN, WARD, and RICHARDSON; D. C. MENZIES.
Business Manager: E. F. JOHNSTON.

Tuesday, 23rd November, 1937

APOLOGIA

Please excuse us for appearing once more, but we wanted you to know all about the Cabaret and we wanted those of you who are capable of it to have something to read in those moments of great emotional stress which will sweep over you this week.

At the same time we would like to take the opportunity of assisting at our own funeral and at the appearance of the new Editors for 1938—Miss Alison Anderson and Mr. Elliot Johnston. May they not grow prematurely old nor lose the youthful beauty which is theirs in waiting for a regular stream of contributions in the "On Dit" box. Miss Alison Anderson has been through the mill in the Arts Faculty and has been a contributor to our paper this year. Mr. Johnston we all know for his triumphs at debating, his dramatic successes in tartaned trousers. "On Dit" knows him best as the business manager who got us something like £50 of advertisements this year and so provided the life-blood of all our numbers. Our blessings go with them—may they raise the paper to new heights and lead Varsity Guyed to new depths.

And if, dear reader, while you are lying in your bath, or joyously blessing your examiner for letting you through, or merely existing in a very dored state of mind, during the next few months—if then, the Muse happens to move you, just think of "On Dit's" first issue of next year and pick up your pen and write au revoir and a good Christmas!

- **Congratulations** to those who passed.
- **Commiseration** with those who failed.
- **Celebration** at the CABARET on DEC. 3rd.

All-Australian Conference.

Continued from Page 1.

The subject of the January Conference is "The Christian Way of Living." Is there a Christian way? and if there is, does it work or doesn't it? And what relation has it to contemporary problems of property, citizenship, sex, marriage, war? And what is the Christian's technique for attaining his ends?

Roughly the plan of campaign at conference is as follows:—In the mornings study circles and tutorials, in the afternoons sports and excursions, in

the evenings addresses. Of those giving addresses, everyone knows Bishop Burgmann, the N.S.W. Radical, who is to speak twice (on sex and property), and L. C. Parkin, of North Adelaide, who is writing the study book.

Anyone wanting to find out more about this conference (there will be about 200 men and women coming from the other States) should see one of the committee. They are Jean Ward, A. Anderson, C. Anderson, M. Sullivan and John Stokes, L. Parkin, D. Lloyd, G. Aitchison, E. F. Johnston, J. Yeatman, M. Finnis.

100 PER CENT. PURE (Chocolate)



"EXTRA CREAM" Milk Chocolate

We can't close without telling you of the fatherly way our "Pop" Goodall is coaxing on the Refectory grass. Hand-watering is the least thing he is doing for it. And the way he kept people off the grass at the swimming dance was just magnificently courageous.

Highbrow III

There are many people living on the bottom rung who earn their living by hard work. Their pleasure is often to pick the winner of the next race or cup. There is not much pleasure in their dirty work, especially if it is loading coal. Their outlet is often to have a drink or to pick a winner. If we do not give them some outlet from their work, we will make Communists of them.—Politician's After-Dinner Speech.

"Advertiser."

Since the "Advertiser" has told the world what the women were wearing at the swimming dance last Wednesday night, we thought it might interest our readers if we mentioned the weird assortment of clothes in which the men

arrayed themselves. According to plans, the dance was a flannel affair, but the weather did not agree with the committee and quite a number followed the example of Adelaide's best dressed man, Dr. Rex Matters, who was immaculate in tails. Among the blazered brigade we noticed particularly Frank Harris' heavily embroidered top pocket; Bill Ligertwood's hectic tartan tie screeching from a background of navy blue Scotch blazer; and, among others, J. Rupert Magarey and Nugent Horton Wallman in their white-blue blazers. President Bridgland, of course, wore hair to match his clothes.

Highbrow IV

This splendid novel, winner of the S. H. Prior Memorial Prize, 1936, covers a century of Australian life, beginning with its roots in the old country and ending at the present time with its wings in the world sky. The story grows from the core outwards and upwards from one who feels the magic of Australia. The characters are rooted in the soil, the forest, as the early pioneers actually were. ("All that Swagger.")

'Varsity Guyed

Stand-up Strike.

The other morning one of our eminent law students went into the cafeteria for his morning tea. An uncanny silence filled the air.

"Service!" he cried, thumping the counter, "Service!"

But still the staff just stood and looked at him.

"What's this? A strike?" he asked. Silence.

And then it dawned on him that the time was 11 o'clock and the date, November 11th.

Lights on the Law School.

There is a Yank lecturer Krie—
Who sports the brave badge LL.B.
He rang my death knell
With his paper—just hell!
We all of us voted it B—

A Locum has lectured in Wrongs during Prof. Campbell's absence this year.

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

(Job.)

RING TIME

When Billies Come to the Boil.

The following engagements are announced:

Billy Hersel to Peggy Leane.
Billy Salter to Gladys Hisgrove.
Congratulations!

Where have you been all the day,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been all the day,
My Billy Boy?

I've been courtin' Peggy Leane;
And it's becomin' engaged we've been
My lovely Peg, she tickles my leg
And calls me "Bashful Billy Boy."

Where have you been all the day,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been all the day,
My Billy Boy?

I've been fixin' up the altar
For my new and beautiful Salter,
And I'm mad to marry my Glad
And be her lusty Billy Boy.

End of Year

has been notable for two things: engagements and professional parties. First the Darling Building led off with Miss Betty Cleland's announcement that Mr. Moxon Simpson would be depriving the 'Varsity of her services. It must have been a common interest in hockey. Then Mr. Hersel further threatened to impoverish the staff by taking Miss Peggy Leane from us. One up for the Main Block. And now the Anatomy School replies to its neighbors with the news that Dr. Bill Salter has wooed and won Miss Gladys Hisgrove.

And then those parties. First Mr. and Mrs. La Nauze put his Economics III people in the best frame of mind for exams, with a little sherry (or fruitcup—it's a matter of taste—or principle). Then Prof. and Mrs. Portus gave Swot Vac a suitable send-off in the same week. Normy Paynter as a snake in the grass was just too, too divine—and what about the young lady who said Sappho was a male? Good shows and a great idea.

Highbrow I.

Mrs. Blank gave an informal afternoon party yesterday. The rooms were gay with exquisite spring flowers, all from the hostess' garden, and the party was a delightful circumstance. They do say that one of the third year Med.s has Tasmania.

Highbrow II.

"Music appeared to be a rejuvenator, it had the cleansing and tonic properties of a warm bath. It calmed while it invigorated, it quickened and clarified the stream of thought, and opened the breathing pores of the soul to a larger life." (Speech at a Women's Branch of the Agricultural Bureau Congress.)

CHINESE STUDENTS

It doesn't require "On Dit" to tell people that the students of China have been suffering very terribly during the past weeks. That is obvious. But what everyone wants to know is how to help them.

A relief fund has been started and students throughout the world are contributing to it, so we in Adelaide can do our part in helping fellow students in China.

The fund was launched in reply to an appeal from Dr. T. Z. Koo, who visited Adelaide last March. Thus Chinese student life, in the person of Dr. Koo has already made a great gift to us: those who heard and met Dr. Koo will not forget his amazing sympathy for us Australians. Nor will they forget his account of the tragic difficulties of Chinese students. The least we can do is to make a very big response to his appeal.

Nor should we forget fellow students in Japan. There are many students there who are suffering for their opinions. Among them is Hirota Kagawa, who visited us in 1935. He is now in prison.

Anyone wanting to contribute toward the Chinese Student Relief Fund can leave contributions with Mr. Henderson (front office), or Mrs. Goodall (Refectory), or with Jean Ward, Denys Lloyd, G. Aitchison, John Yeatman or John Stokes.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM NOW

"NEW DAY" MARCHES ON

A suggested agenda for the N.U.A.U.S. Conference in Sydney in the second half of January is now to hand. There will, of course, be the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports and some sort of reports on how each Varsity has implemented the resolutions and decisions of last February's conference. After that two days or so will be occupied with discussions and resolutions on student administrative matters (and how the student bureaucrats love it!) This time women's affairs get a mention in the agenda—somehow these were overlooked last February.

More immediately interesting are plans for student travel concessions and services similar to those promoted by the British and South African National Unions. The secretary has already initiated enquiries into the possibility of bulk book buying from England to save students the English price plus 50 per cent. which they pay at present. In addition there are proposals for a system of National Student Insurance in conjunction with the National Insurance Scheme.

Conscience Money? WAS IT?

Mystery Contribution

Some person or persons unknown have donated

£2/18/6

to the furnishing fund.

WHAT IS BEHIND THIS?

Those Lectures Again.

The last two days will bring us face to face with our old friends the Lecture System and the New Day! The Adelaide delegation will be on the job. Indeed, our President, will be able, so we hear, to report almost complete success in his efforts to get two extended lunch hours a week for Adelaide students. We notice Rhodes Scholarship selection listed again this year—apparently some of the other Varsities are not satisfied yet. Adelaide will be represented by the Presidents of the Union and the Women's Union and the Editor of "On Dit."

Loofy Literature or Potty Plots

"BEAU PEEP"

(By P. C. Wrennett)

CHAPTER I.

The sun blazed down on miles and miles of sand-dunes. The sky shone like a tippler's proboscis. The air was as dry as the after-morning mouth of a dissipated text-book. It was rather warm.

Major de Beaujellie mopped his brow as he led the regiment back after a fierce sally against a tribe of Arabs. A mere fifty of them, they had surprised six thousand fierce Tauregs at their morning salaam. It was no false salaam for the Arabs, however, for now far back in the desert, in the hollow of a dune, the six thousand warriors lay piled neatly in symmetrical heaps. The Frenchman is always methodical.

Suddenly a scream zipped like a zebra through the heat.

A sergeant appeared. "Major," he saluted, "Carfard. They have got it." He pointed back. Six legionaries were holding hands, dancing round and round and singing loudly: "La nous allons autour de la haie de miulberrie."

The Major scowled: "Shoot them," he teethed.

A shot. The six dancers fell dead, crying: "Vive la France." The troop moved on. Thus it is in the Legion. Relentless. "C'est la guerre."

Eventually, perhaps sooner, the Major halted. They had arrived at the crest of a small hill. Suddenly he started: "Nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un biftek," he throated. "Look!"

Sergeant Lechien looked. There was nothing to be seen.

"What is it, mon pomme?" he husked. "There is nothing there."

"Imbecile, pig, fool, dog," spat the Major kindly. "Precisely."

"But—" stammered the Sergeant.

"The fort!" gulped Beaujellie.

"Where is it? There is the oases, there is the flagpole, there is the pool, but the fort—?"

The regiment gazed in horror as the awful import of his words dawned on them. A few hours before, they had left Fort Bonpain, the French Legion outpost, to assail a tribe of infidels. Now they had returned to the spot whence they had set out. The desert was unchanged, with one exception—

Fort Bonpain had completely vanished!

CHAPTER TWO.

(Several hours before)

Hugh Peep, known in the Legion as "Beau Peep" on account of the shape

"AAOTPOTAUBWCTMH."

No—this is not a warning from the Black Hand gang, nor a cipher love-letter; it is merely an attempt on the part of the Boxing Club to make history.

Next year, for the first time in the history of inter-Varsity sport, the annual inter-Varsity Boxing Championships are to be held in Adelaide. The success of this tournament will depend primarily upon an influx of new, active members, to help augment the present (possible) nucleus of the team.

Novices Take Note—

Despite the views of the uninitiated to the contrary, novices who commence training in May or June next, will be quite worthy (under the eagle and experienced eye of the club instructor, Mr. A. Price), of taking their place in an inter-Varsity team at the end of second term when the contests are expected to be held.

The onus is on novices themselves—and on other shy members of the community who know at least a little of the art—to come forward and give themselves the chance of being taught.

Don't stand aloof, or criticise from afar, but do your bit and do it now.

of his legs, gazed gloomily at the regiment of de Beaujellie disappearing into a mirage of the "Queen Mary." He sighed. He had joined the regiment to forget, but (and this was his tragedy), he had forgotten what he had joined to forget. This galled him, this got in his hair. What was the use of joining the Legion to forget, if you couldn't remember what you wanted to forget so that you could forget to remember what you remembered to forget? He, the sole remaining soldier in the fort, leaned on his rifle and sighed.

De Beaujellie had taken his troop, but Peep, being the only Englishman, had been left to guard the fort should any wandering bands attack it. He scanned the horizon and brushed away a tear as he thought of fish and chips on Thames Embankment.

Suddenly he glimpsed a small band of people stumbling towards the fort. He raised his rifle, but a well-known voice broke the silence. It was his brother, "Wee" Peep!!

"Wee!" Beau shouted.

"Hugh," said "Wee."

A moment later, Beau admitted to the fort, his aunt, his uncle, his grandparents (four), his five brothers and his sister Euthenasia. "Why have you come so far," cried Hugh, manly tears soaking the stubble on his cheeks.

"We have found you were innocent," quavered his grandparents. "The vicar poisoned himself last week, but confessed as he died to having rifled the Poor Box himself last year."

"Then I am a free man," said Beau. "And you have braved desert dangers to tell me."

"It was nothing," insisted his aunt.

"We had to save you from a fate worse than death."

But e'er "Beau" could reply, his grandfather (paternal) fell dead on the ground with an Arab bullet in his neck.

"Beau" sprang to the wall. Thousands of Arabs surged around outside.

"We are surrounded," he shouted. "Man the walls."

CHAPTER THREE.

(Two Hours later.)

Beau Peep wiped the sweat from his brow. The sand outside was feet deep in Arab corpses. The fort inside was filled with the lifeless bodies of the Peeps. "Beau" alone survived.

"By G—d," he said, "they will not be here to be eaten by carrion. They shall have an English burial."

He sprang over the wall with a spade and in a short space of time had removed a sand-dune right in the path of the terribly zibborn which blew every evening from 7 to 8.25. Scarcely had he finished than the tempest began. Through the gallant lad's path it swept carrying tons of sand, and in a moment the entire fort was covered feet deep in the particles.

"I have at least done the decent thing," he croaked, and staggered off in the direction of the blazing sun, his head bent low, but his spirit, like that of all true Englishmen, unbroken.

CHAPTER ONE.

The sun blazed down on miles and miles of sand-dunes, etc.

(Simple, isn't it!)

The End.

"CRACCUM."

The Canberra Publishing Company Limited
offers a liberal commission basis to students who are willing to canvass for subscriptions to
"The Australian National Review"
during the coming long vacation. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar's Office.
F. W. EARDLEY,
Registrar.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE NOTES

The average level of College intelligence has risen appreciably since the Master personally admitted our latest member. At the same time there can be little doubt that his (the new member's) present condition is an all too obvious reminder of the chronic absence of soap from some of the College bathrooms. We missed him on Final Dinner night.

And talking of the Final Dinner reminds us of Messrs. Tucker and Finnis, who exchanged pleasantries, including a rejected contribution of our Poet Nauseate to "On Dit" in the course of the evening. Mr. Espie's consistent cupboard love for theological students did not go unmarked. Mr. Game received a call to the hospital before the end of the evening. Eight of the members of the College (who could) made the annual pilgrimage to Mt. Lofty to make a trial of strength against the Council's team. The College won—which hardly does credit to the dinner of the previous evening. The inhabitants of the district missed Mr. Espie's presence from the team this year—Sir Henry played the better for it, too! But the more testing event to which the College submitted the Council was the cricket match. Our star bowlers were limited to three overs and a time limit was imposed on our bats. The result—well that doesn't matter, but we enjoyed seeing (a) the Master sprinting on the boundary, (b) Mr. Hodgett's work in slips, (c) Prof. Portus's cap, (d) the umpiring of Messrs. Campbell and Game when their examiners were batting, (e) Mr. Espie stopping everything (including a catch) with a muzzle velocity of three miles an hour or less, (f) Mr. King's opinions about Mr. Espie's score.

HANGOVER

Ode on intimations from recollections of—?

We are not alone—
We who plod this other day
With heavy feet,
For whom, alas, the pulsing world
Has missed a beat,
He who lived last night
But with the morning feel
Each slightest noise through aching
brows,
To whom a meal
Is but a thought repulsive,
And the telephone
An instrument of torture,
We who moan
At hearty voices, smiles,
And jokes and other things
That once were funny,
We who for a night were kings
Dancing with fairies,
But who dream now of a hell
Of broken glasses, liquid deaths
That mix not well
Who long for just a plot of earth
—Beneath a stone—
We are not alone.

"CANTA."

CATHEDRAL SCENE

(To George)

The staging was excellent:
Huge columns and Gothic arches
Half lost in the gloom.
Only beside the altar
Gleamed the soft light
Of candles;
And above the carven white
Of the pulpit
A single ray
Shone on the fine head
And flowing surplice
Of the preacher
But before him
A gather of plain women
And a few small boys
Sat in unheeding stolidity.
While he poured forth
A flood of platitudes,
Strengthening the charge
He was trying to refute—
That his religion was simply
An anaemic anxiety.
About the health of one's soul.
"CANTA."

A Professor Is Not Without Honor SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

"Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite, and said:
Should a wise man make answer with vain knowledge,
And fill his belly with the east wind?
Should he reason with unprofitable talk,
Or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?"

But better in Australia to fill the belly with the east wind, which is keen, than with the north wind, which is hot. Eliphaz in this case held a portfolio and the fact is—that the proud men whom our Australian public have "drest in a little brief authority, most ignorant of what they're most assured" can't take it—criticism. What is the history of the Munn-Price report, the Grenfell Price report, the Banking Commission's report as it concerns interested parties? And who bit when Prof. Portus gave three lectures on Australian education to the London University? Everyone from the Minister of Education down to the leader writer of the "News," the burden of whose song was echoed in the mortal words of the Poet Nauseate—
"Our Varsity humbly beseeches,
The pundit who history teaches,
To kindly refrain
From referring again
To Australia's birth stain in his speeches."

Yes, the Scribes and Pharisees began to think, saying, "Who is this who speaketh blasphemies?" But students of social science must fear popular approval: evil is with them when all men speak well of them. They are bound, if they wish to leave the world in general and their own country in particular better than it would have been if they had not been born, to dwell in limitations, and defects, and errors.

The Bait.

In that spirit the Professor gave them the good with the bad—on the former read him on our broadcasting system, for instance. Our own immaculate conception is not unmentioned—"South Australia is the only State that has no convict phase in its history. My present compatriots, the good Adelaide, still find the contemplation of their stainless origin a source of genteel satisfaction." ("News" leader writer please note!) The hard things which Prof. Portus has to say about centralisation and insularity are set in the historical and economic background which constitutes his first lecture. If you want to see what made our "leading educationists" writhe, do not consult the snippets which the Associated Press vouchsafed us: read the first forty pages of these lectures, which the Oxford Press have now published. The whole would make a suitable present from the Director of Education to his battalions—or from them to him. Or perhaps pages 32 and 33 might be presented in the form of an illuminated address. Read him, too, upon the secondary schools, all ye who wear an Old School Tie.

The Varsities.

On page 42 we read: "I must now turn to the Universities." This is what we seek. "We lecture too much . . . Our students tend to become lecture-hearers . . . Too often a distinguished student is appointed (as lecturer), quite irrespective of his ability to lecture . . . (There is the suggestion that all 'prospectives' be tried out in the W.E.A. first: the people there can register 'negative preferences'—by not turning up.) . . . Too many compulsory lectures . . . (we read) practice of frequent questioning in lectures . . . others will sit in cow-like patience waiting for the lecturer to return to his note book . . . (the Editors, for obvious reasons, hasten after all this, to say with Chaucer: 'Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat myne') . . . a disconnected and disjointed mass of information—consider this from the point of view of the citizens we are

supposed to be educating . . . they become professionalised rather than educated . . . need we give up the ideal of integration as completely as we have done? . . . Integration seems to me the crying need. . . It is more important for my students—the great majority of whom are pass men—to have some idea of the social process in general, and to have their minds moved and stirred, than to have them get up the matrimonial vagaries of the Hapsburgs. . . . That all-but-forgotten function of a University which Whitehead beautifully calls 'the imaginative consideration of learning.'

And so to the third lecture—a little unexpected but very significant: on four of the indirect agencies of education. Best and fullest of these sections is that on the press—we seem to have read some of it before: from a London University pen, too, we think. Prof. Portus is apt to discount the educational value of the contemporary cinema—for ourselves we would not be so certain, though we grant it gives

peace? Is there not another way? Let us listen to the words of Kagawa.

"Japan has her shortcomings. Her present militarism is in that category. The world abhors this and is endeavoring to isolate her. This attempt, however, will simply drive Japan to take advantage of the chance and become more perverse. Now above all things, the Christians of the West should show in concrete fashion the real inwardness of redemptive love. Oh, how desperately difficult it is to love sinners; to differentiate between sin and the sinner; to hate the sin and show the sinner the redeeming love of the Cross! The Cross of Christ, however, makes imperative not only reproof but love. Christ opened a way of salvation even for Japan. Yes! Though the whole wide world forsakes her, Christ, the revealer of eternal love, will never cease to woo Japan until He wins."

Surely this is the only permanent way to world peace—co-operation on the basis of self sacrificing love. Hate can never kill hate, nor war end war; the only way is the way of love. "Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease:

alone; for it infects most circles of society in this city of Culture? (Fraser would be mortally shocked, if he revisited us to-day). But it was not always so. Undergraduates have expressed themselves in the past in speech, as well as tennis, cricket, hockey, baseball, football, and whatever other balls they played with then. Why can't we still do so?

Is it lack of suitable matter? Surely not. There is always gossip for the low-brow, "On Dit" for the middle-brow, and "Highbrow" for the high-brow. Is it lack of intelligence? Perhaps the front office can include a course of "Topical Observations" in the Matriculation requirements. Is it overwork? By all means let us have the shorter day both for members of the University and those geologists, medicos, and other scientific contemporaries of ours who so value daylight. Are we just a collection of very ambitious souls, each earnestly concerned with his own individual work. God forbid!

But, Mr. Editor, it is too much to hope for felicity of phrase in this mad age of speed, lipstick and cocktails. The days of grace, of good talk are past. We are already grown into slaves of



(Photo by courtesy of the "News.")
They didn't turn up like this to the Swimming Dance—perhaps the Mexican atmosphere of the Cabaret will bring them out.

instruction rather than develops critical powers. The Prof. is gentler with those who find the cinema an outlet, an "escape," than is the estimable Mr. Arthur Wragg. He likes a system of private as well as public wireless stations and reckons wireless in general a stimulus to more serious education which must come from the group and the library.

Read these lectures in conjunction with four recently published speeches of Dr. Priestley's. You will regret it as little as the University of London must regret their choice of the Joseph Payne Lecturer for 1936-37.

Correspondence

Sir,—Can we hope for the success of collective security aimed at preserving the status quo by force? Let us bear in mind the nature of the status quo with its "haves" and "havenots," its capitalistic structure with its essential basis of each for himself and its vastly unequal distribution of resources between individuals and between nations. We hear a lot these days of the necessity of punishing Japan, but is it conceivable that a boycott of Japan will serve the cause of

Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace."

JADED SOUL

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—The sterile conversation of my contemporaries, Mr. Editor, is causing me intense consternation. It is appalling. I sit down to lunch in the Refectory with some future medicos, only to learn that so and so has cleaned up 34d. at the poker school that morning. Lunch results in an attack of dyspepsia. Again I sit with a table of fellow-"Freshers," and learn that "Fritz" looks uncommonly well in Anderson's sketch, completed during the previous lecture. Then there are the engineers, and that Law crowd. What do they talk of? Nothing!!! And what about that feminine conglomeration that sit at a table in the corner? From various faculties, their conversation must be revealing; it is as earnest as it is long. But mere men are not admitted to their exclusive circle.

Why is it that the standard of conversation is often so low, so empty, so pathetic to any intelligent person? And this is not a fault of undergraduates

own our creations,—Samuel Butler's greatest fear. We can admire the past, we may even imitate it; but we do not rise above and become ourselves. Perhaps it is destined that we, in Australia, grow into a race of "sunburnt nitwits." We are heading towards Armageddon; but we shall go in all our sunburnt, cloddish superiority. Posterity, even though we leave it a mountain of books to read, will remember our age as frivolous in literature, and as barren in conversation all because of the spiritual sterility that pervades us.

"O grave, keep shut lest we be shamed."

DON QUIXOTE.

(We suggest two months complete rest from all work, old chap.—The Eds.)

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