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Fred MacMurray, Frances Farmer,  
Charrie Ruggles in

**"EXCLUSIVE"**

Bob Burns and Martha Raye in

**"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"**

Also Popeye the Sailor in  
**"PANELESS WINDOW WASHER"**

Vol. 7

TUESDAY, 26th APRIL, 1938

No. 6

## MEDS. SUPPORT PRINCIPLE OF NEW DAY

*Those people who maintain that Medical students take no interest in the Union or its activities should have been present at the meeting of the Med. Association on Thursday last, when the New Day came before the meeting for discussion. By a motion, easily carried, the meeting expressed its approval of the principle of the New Day, provided only that its introduction would not result in lectures after 3 p.m. on Wednesday afternoon.*

The Secretary, Mr. Dibden, introduced the subject by pointing out that a letter, approved by the Med. Students' Committee, had been sent by President Bridgland to the Faculty, asking for their support for the New Day. That letter will come before the next meeting of the Faculty. The chief difficulty, he pointed out, is that at present the senior years have a lecture from 2 to 3 o'clock on Wednesdays; there is, however, no lecture between 12 and 1 on that day, and it might be possible to have the lecture altered to that time.

Mr. Gold thought that this offered the best solution (though he was more concerned with obtaining a free afternoon than with "playing at being politicians"). Mr. Game, however, opposed the idea on the ground that sixth year men have clinical work until lunch time, and would be unable to attend the lecture. Mr. Magarey supported him, and emphatically opposed the idea that the lecture should be put back until 3 o'clock or later. On the latter point, he was universally supported, but not all the sixth year men were opposed to the 12 o'clock lecture. Mr. Shortridge suggested that the amount of clinical work done after that time was not overpowering.

Mr. Holmes pointed out that the discussion was rather off the point, since the Union were prepared to negotiate with the Faculty for a lecture change acceptable to all parties: a declaration by the Meds. that they favored the principle of the New Day

was required. This special hour has been definitely established: other Faculties have accepted it, and the question, he said, is whether or not the Meds. wish to participate in it. Mr. Shortridge pointed out that every day the Meds. are growing further apart from the Union, and that something should be done to arrest this tendency. He urged all present to support the New Day.

After a little further discussion, a motion was put and carried to the effect that the Meds. support the New Day, provided only that no lectures be held on or after 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon as a result of it. Backed by the vote, the Union can now proceed to negotiate with the Faculty for its support in arranging some alteration which is convenient to all parties.

A little later Mr. Game moved that since there was some dissatisfaction on certain matters connected with the Union—e.g., election of committee—the Med. students invite all Faculties to their next meeting, and that an open forum debate be held on the subject, "That the Union is not run for the benefit of all its members." This motion was easily defeated. But the feeling of the House was not against such a debate, but simply that a meeting of the Med. Students' Society was not the place for it to be held. It seems certain that if such a debate could be arranged many Meds. would come along and express their views.

### TWO BRILLIANT PAPERS

The present reporter went to obtain the above information: he stayed to hear two of the finest papers he has yet listened to in the University.

Mr. de Vedas spoke on "The Jew in Medicine." He pointed out that though the Greeks are usually regarded as the fathers of medicine, that view requires some qualification, since the ancient Jews made two great contributions to public hygiene. In the dark Middle Ages, the Jews kept the science of medicine alive by bringing to the Arabs the knowledge of the Greeks and reconveying the Arabian learning to Latin Christendom. In the wave of intolerance that followed, the Jews were cast out of the European Universities, but the French Revolution, with its more democratic and humanitarian ideals, resulted in their being readmitted. The Jews, because of their peculiar position in society, and since they have had no native land, have never become attached to any one national

school of medicine, but have been investigators, proceeding with essentially open minds. The results of their research have been of permanent importance. The speaker quoted Sir Walter Langdon Brain (of Cambridge): "Science knows no frontiers. Great is truth and it will prevail. These two sayings were platitudes to the 19th century, but need forcible reiteration to-day, when a country expels its leading scientists and adopts a Chauvinistic science in an age which has discovered the slogan, 'Propaganda is more powerful than truth!' Under the pressure of that dead hand not only scientific but all truth must die." And the paper concluded: "In medicine, knowledge and discovery are given to the world, not in the name of Jew, Englishman, Frenchman, American, or German, but in the name of science and mankind."

The second paper, on "Research," we reserve for a future issue.

## Diary of an Articled Clerk

(With Apologies to "The Advertiser")

Monday.—A black day. This morning I was told to make out a receipt for £25, in the matter of R. V. Binks. I did so, and handed it to the client, who immediately gave a most disconcerting guffaw. "The initials are L. C.," he explained. "But," I began, "Mr. —" Then: "Doesn't R. V. stand for 'rex versus'?" he inquired in a gallingly superior manner. And he a layman.

Tuesday.—Miss Honey Bunch visited us for the first time to-day, and I was directed to take her statement. She is vaguely fair, and has a rather dumpy figure, but her mouth is extremely provocative, and of this the minx is highly conscious. Indeed, she eyed me with such a disconcerting lack of modesty that, mindful of my allure and fearful of a scene in the office, I very prudently sent for Miss Dry, our only really safe shorthand typiste, who proves most useful to me—on such occasions. Pursing her lips and frowning forbiddingly at Miss H. B., she poised her pencil on the expectant spinster, which was just Miss H. B.'s little trouble. The facts having been detailed to me (Miss Dry looking, I thought, a little envious at times), my opinion was sought as to the chance of success in a suit against Mr. C. Snatcher. My advice was to proceed against Mr. Fandler, and on this Miss Bunch will act. She looked so young and innocent—but you never can tell with women.

Wednesday.—I don't seem to remember much except meeting Jack on my way to Court early in the morning. I know he suggested we should adjourn to the Supreme Court Tavern for a few minutes. Perhaps that explains the vagueness of my memory.

Thursday.—I had a bit of a hang-over from yesterday this morning, so resolved to laze if possible. However, fate, or my principal, thought otherwise, and just as I was about to slip out to morning tea (? Ed.), Mrs. O'Neill was ushered in by Miss Dry. Mrs. O'Neill has matrimonial trouble, being wedded to a man who seems bent on giving his wife every possible ground for divorce. However, the time factor is causing delay. He deserts her for a year or so, and then returns just as she is at last about to realise her dream of divorce and subsequent marriage with the stolid and reliable Tracy. He has been confined both in gaol and at Parkside, but never for a sufficiently lengthy period. And his somewhat dubious morals apparently will not sanction his committing the one act which, ipso facto, as it were, constitutes a ground for divorce. However, Mrs. O'Neill informs me that she herself has now forsworn the path of virtue, and, moreover, has given a written confession thereof to her husband, who, as a token of his affection, has agreed to take proceedings. I referred her to my principal, for the matter smelt strongly of collusion.

Friday.—Saw very little of the office to-day, as I had three lectures. I managed to doze fairly soundly through all three, and, feeling much refreshed, spent the main part of the afternoon in making preparations for the beer-up which the boys will hold after to-morrow's admissions.

## SYDNEY SHOWS THE WAY

**WE MUST HAVE A UNION SHOP**

The suggestion that our Union should have a shop within its walls has many attractions. The suggestion that it might be combined with hair-dressing facilities is distinctly attractive. The added convenience should appeal even to the conservative and certainly to the lethargic. The potential saving of time must prove a boon to the chronically industrious. Anyway, why not a shop in the old reading room or the old secretary's office? Have you ever had to hike up to Rundle Street—or worse, King William Street—in the rain? So have we—and we did not like it.

But listen to what they have in Sydney! The Union there have both a barber and a shop. The tonsorial artist is accommodated in term time by the Union, and spends other people's time "down town" in one of those chromium-plated, white-tiled departmental barberies. Very simple, but let us tell you about the Union shop.

Messrs. David Jones are the proprietors. The Union makes a large airy room available for their show-cases, for a small office—and, oh! yes, for an attendant. He is there to measure you for that gent's natty or for Sydney's equivalent of your Oakbank coat and skirt. Of course, if you want anything really intricate or intimate you probably have to go to David Jones' city store. But even then you are privileged.

### Union Rake-Off.

For it is the financial aspect of the arrangement which is its principal recommendation. Union members (including life members) receive 6 per cent. discount and the Union 4 per cent. on all sales. And you can be precocious without being promiscuous—for the terms of the arrangement provide for that discount to be available to "Union members and their families." The result? Well, during the last financial year the Sydney Union made just over £1,500 out of its 4 per cent. discount. This represents a turnover of about £37,000. Everybody is happy—and the Union has just renovated the Union shop for David Jones, as it well might in return for such a return.

The size of that turnover is evidence sufficient to convince Doubting Thomases that if it is at all possible we must have a Union shop. "On Dit" asks for your opinion, and it asks the President to open negotiations with those whom it may concern.

### COMING EVENTS

Tuesday, April 26: Law Students: Address by G. S. Reed, K.C.

Theatre Guild: Reading "Everyman."

Wednesday, April 27: Science Association.

Friday, April 29: P. & I.R.C.: Civil Liberties.

Thursday, May 5: S.C.M. Dance at Embassy.

## ARDATH SPECIALS

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**WEDNESDAY, MAY 11**

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**HIKERS, PIKERS AND PIPERS.**

The St. Mark's alpine hike was indeed a colorful mummery. All types of headgear, from a bowler to a sailor hat, were worn, and mention must be made of Mr. Simpson's specially constructed leather alpine ensemble. Hillbilly Harris padded along in his moccasins followed by the one and only Jumbuk Jenkins. The course was set up the Brownhill Creek until a hill was reached sufficiently perpendicular to be worthy of assault by the Alpine Club, at which stage the grand Alpine—Mrs. Hammill's brat—gave a yodel-o-de-A and he and his fourteen guides swarmed up like flies up a window.

All was going well, and the luncheon objective was "just over the next hill," when two gamekeepers, plus guns, plus dog, confronted the party about trespassing, and after a brisk exchange of unclassified words with Defiant Dan Dawkins, they required all to make tracks for the bitumen—fifteen of which were made amid grumbings and with veiled signals indicating that the gamekeepers knew what to do with their Xmas puddings.

This led the party, now an-hungered, up to that well known hostelry, the Eagle on the Hill, where lemon squash (no kidding) was welcomed by all, and by several lighter members in particular. There was still over an hour to lunch, and after reaching Measday's store the party waited in ambush for Mr. Piper, who was convener of the lunch. The next assault planned while waiting this interminable time was on Mr. Piper, who was fifteen minutes late, but all was forgiven when he arrived with a tinkling in his rumble and a bag of lunch for each man.

The Matron had turned on pasties like paving stones (but very good to eat) and other delicacies, and lunch was officially poured out at 2.15. After an hour or so nothing was to be seen but pasty crusts, apple cores, crown tops, and prone figures with bulging bellies. True, Mr. Harris had swarmed up a tree and amused the company with his monkey antics; but he soon subsided. But this could not go on for ever, and the Grand Alpine, bowler hat on head, yodelled an order for preparation to begin the homeward trip through Waterfall Gully. At this stage the party divided itself into three groups—the hikers, the pikers and the Pipers, two of whom were seen by several driving away in his twin Oldsmobiles. The hikers hiked home and the pikers stayed and did homage to Bacchus until they were driven to St. Mark's in time to hear the freshers give their annual talks. Supper followed, and the fifteen alpiners climbed into bed.

**Con-Di-Gestion**

The new tables and chairs promised for the Refectory ought to help solve the problem of how to eat a pie among seven others, at a table for four, without getting tomato sauce spots or knocking over someone's drink. On cold days, when no couples can frivol among the council beautifications by the river, the congestion practically drives us to eating off the piano. By the way, even though "pounding" that old stager has not been banned, a slur seems to have been cast on it, and the occasional bright performers have been keeping their distance. If it is to fall into disuse then, couldn't it be converted into a bar cupboard, when, and if, we get beer in the Union (and who could refuse it after the recent heartfelt appeal)?

**SPORTING**

Editor: D. C. Menzies.

**INTER-VARSITY TENNIS.**

This was played during Easter at Sydney between teams from Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. Sydney was far too strong for both of the other teams, Melbourne winning only six and Adelaide five rubbers against them. The two latter teams had a great struggle for second place, and the result was in doubt until the very last. Much to our disappointment, however, we were beaten by 11 rubbers to 10.

Our team comprised R. F. McAskill, J. Homburg, H. Masters, D. Cowell, R. Brown, and P. Cleland in that order. McAskill and Homburg were our two most successful players, and were chosen to play as first double and first and second singles respectively in the combined team which played against New South Wales. In this match our men played well, but with players such as Crawford and Gilchrist opposed to them, were defeated comfortably.

Apart from the tennis, the trip was a wonderful success. We were hospitably entertained and enjoyed good weather throughout.

Results:—  
Sydney, 16 rubbers 36 sets 261 games; Adelaide, 5 rubbers 12 sets 181 games.  
Melbourne, 11 rubbers 26 sets 253 games; Adelaide, 9 rubbers 22 sets 228 games.

very even. Neither side could manage to force the odd goal and the game ended disappointingly for us after we had overtaken Port's early advantage—a draw.

Scores: Varsity 1 drew with Port 1. Goal-scorer Geisler.  
Best players: Evans, Waters, Harris.

After the disappointments of having to forfeit our first match because our ground was not available, losing our second probably because our inside left was injured at a critical stage, and finally our shortage of players over Easter, we look forward to a successful season, during which we should cause not a few surprises.

**TENNIS.**

**WOMEN LOSE IN FINAL.**

After our women's A pennant tennis team had been successful in the semi-final and again in the final, they were defeated by Reade Park, the minor premiers, on Wednesday week, when Reade Park took advantage of their right to challenge. We lost rather badly, five rubbers to one, especially in view of the fact that we had beaten the same team the previous Saturday. Nan Magarey won her single. Barbara Mills was unfortunate not to win hers, losing in the third set.

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Melbourne v. Adelaide.

Singles: J. Cleary v. R. McAskill, 4-6, 4-6; J. Cleary v. J. Homburg, 6-8, 2-6; P. Sleeman v. J. Homburg, 4-6, 6-0, 2-6; P. Sleeman v. R. McAskill, 3-6, 6-1, 6-2; T. Ridgway v. H. Masters, 6-2, 6-3; T. Ridgway v. D. Cowell, 6-3, 8-6; D. Wheeler v. D. Cowell, 4-6, 6-0, 6-3; D. Wheeler v. H. Masters, 3-6, 6-0, 6-2; P. Deane v. R. Brown, 3-6, 12-10, 5-7; P. Deane v. P. Cleland, 7-5, 9-11, 6-8; T. Kelsall v. P. Cleland, 6-2, 7-5; T. Kelsall v. R. Brown, 4-6, 6-4, 2-6.

Doubles: J. Cleary-P. Sleeman v. R. McAskill-J. Homburg, 0-6, 3-6; J. Cleary-P. Sleeman v. H. Masters-R. Brown, 6-3, 6-2; J. Cleary-P. Sleeman v. P. Cleland-D. Cowell, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1; T. Ridgway-P. Deane v. R. McAskill-J. Homburg, 3-6, 9-11; T. Ridgway-P. Deane v. H. Masters-R. Brown, 6-3, 6-2; T. Ridgway-P. Deane v. P. Cleland-D. Cowell, 6-1, 6-2; D. Wheeler-T. Kelsall v. R. McAskill-J. Homburg, 4-6, 2-3 (unfinished); D. Wheeler-T. Kelsall v. H. Masters-R. Brown, 3-6, 4-6; D. Wheeler-T. Kelsall v. P. Cleland-D. Cowell, 7-5, 6-1.

Melbourne, 11 rubbers 26 sets 253 games; Adelaide, 9 rubbers 22 sets 228 games.

**SOCCER.**

Saturday, 16th, found the club able to muster only nine men out of some 25 players. As a result the "B's" had to forfeit, and the "A's" took the field two short, including three members of the "B" team. However, Port Adelaide also had only nine men. Right from the start the game was

**WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN "ON DIT"**

This is the first of a series of articles in which the question of suggested improvements in our University paper is being discussed by representatives of various faculties. These notes represent the opinion of two Law students in collaboration.

Our first suggestion is that the amount of space allowed to sporting activities is disproportionately great and could well be decreased to make room for serious matter. The place for sporting notices is the Union notice board. We do not, of course, suggest that the results of matches should be omitted.

We also consider that the method adopted of reporting meetings by the humorous or unusual dicta of members, though in the best traditions of "The News," does not present an accurate statement of what took place. When there is, in addition, much misreporting of the exact words of the saying, the method loses whatever value it may have as a striking (though inaccurate) resume.

A feature which is altogether lacking from our paper which can be used to a very large extent for the purpose of commentary and criticism is the cartoon. The part played by these humorous drawings in moulding public opinion is recognised even in history text-books, and, if the cost is not prohibitive, surely we have sufficient artistic talent in the University to execute such work.

Also, if it could be arranged for one lecturer from each faculty in turn to write one serious article for publication each week, the paper would be more fittingly that of a learned institution. The interest in the article would certainly not be limited to the members of that faculty, and it would be an excellent method of keeping in touch with the views of those pursuing researches in faculties other than one's own.

We proffer these suggestions simply to arouse discussion and not to criticise a paper which is produced under great difficulties and with far too little assistance from the majority of its readers.

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## PROVOCATIONS

## "RADIO CALL"

The time is badly over-ripe for an organised campaign to be launched against the monstrous blast of flap-doodle and frippery which is surging from the A.B.C. (Australian Broadcasting Commission). I suggest that the campaign should be led by the undergraduates of the Adelaide University, the cradle of South Australia's culture. The controllers of the A.B.C. have in their hands an instrument of enormously valuable potentialities, but, at the present moment, they are simply belching on empty bellies.

More particular forms of irritation are, firstly, tinkling bells and their allies, "signature melodies." These "melodies" are overtures before a talk or item of some sort, and, although sometimes not in themselves bad, are nearly always quite fatuously inappropriate. They would, of course, be less silly if they were performing any sort of useful function. It is an extremely bad habit, which must slowly destroy the sense of humor, and in more advanced cases produce complete insanity. As a matter of fact, it must be a moving sight to see a smug and immaculate announcer solemnly tapping a little bell—bing, bong, bong!

I would not condemn the highbrow, lowbrow, or even middlebrow tendencies of the A.B.C. simply because I am entirely unable to decide which way its tendencies do run. I rather fancy that, in its attempt to please everybody at the same time, the A.B.C. lost its brow altogether. I do object, however, to the artificially synthesised concerts which have become popular lately. First you hear the scratching of the needle, and frantic clapping breaks out. Then a voice gives an introductory blurb; more scratching of the needle and the "classic" begins, and so on. This happens, of all times, on Sunday evenings. . . . "Lighten our darkness, O Lord."

Another constant irritant is the fading music trick. This is supposed, of course, to give great emotional pungency to whatever is happening on top of it. For instance, Bach is hauled in to body out, and etherealise, the "Sermons for those who may not like them." These sermons are really sheer platitudinous buncombe, pushed over by a grotesque huffe-snuffe, and the fading music.

Finally, there is the habit of leavening goodish programmes with running descriptions of the trots. This is all the more odd in view of the fact that the goodish programmes are sometimes celebrity concerts, which the A.B.C. itself fathers.

As I have suggested, a great number of the flaws in the A.B.C. derive from its attempt to please all the people all the time. It tries to boost up what is essentially third-rate—"Vox jazz! vox Dei."

The best it can hope to do is to please some of the people most of the time, and there are ways of doing this. Mussolini, for instance, finding that his Arab broadcasts weren't cutting much ice, dipped into the "Arabian Nights." Since then the broadcasts have been decidedly more popular: he ends each of them with a pornographic story.

"Bing, bong, bong! This is 5AN and 5CK, National Programme No. 1. Er . . . have you heard the one about Mae West and the Russian —?"

DESPITE  
HORST WESSEL

In Mozart

The notes are t-

remendously pure,

Secure from

The pom-pom

Of the marching Fuhrer

## "On Dit"

Editors: GWENNETH WOODGER, ELLIOTT JOHNSTON.  
Editorial Staff: D. KERR, MIMI RICHARDSON, M. QUINN YOUNG.  
Business Manager: R. L. COTTON.  
Production: ELIZABETH HACKETT.

Tuesday, 26th April, 1938

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Twenty-three years ago Australia became famous overnight, as it were, as a result of the courageous daring of her men in the assault on the almost impregnable Gallipoli. Many have referred to the Anzac landing as the birth of the Australian nation. The cost of that birth was gigantic—its pains were the accumulated agonies of thousands of soldiers, and soldiers' wives and children. Men might well, in that year, have echoed Bright's words, "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you can almost hear the beating of his wings."

It is idle to repeat that we of this generation are heavily indebted to all those who fought and died, or were wounded, and to their wives and children. All, if they are honest, must admit the debt, but unhappily many are mistaken as to the manner in which it should be liquidated; there are those who feel that our obligations to the men of Anzac are fulfilled when we have built a memorial in every town and provided pensions, often rather meagre, for the disabled. And, of course, they lay stress on the singing of "O Valiant Hearts" at yearly intervals.

THIS IS NO PAYMENT. Were we to ask our creditors in what coin they wished to be recouped, they would tell us that they fought in a mistaken attempt to end war and would urge us to make ready for the day in which co-operation will succeed strife.

And what of the night? We HAVE progressed since 1915, but there have been many barriers. Of these none is more dangerous than the unfortunate attitude on the part of some people (young and not so young) of dwelling on what we may call the splendid pagentry of war. You may think this is negligible—it is more dangerous than even those alluringly high dividends paid by armament firms.

It lies dormant in every one of us and is only too readily evoked by the emotionalism prevalent on a day such as Anzac Day.

This emotionalism is a natural reaction and is not in itself wrong, but we must not allow it to blind us to the fact that war is ghastly and devilish. We quote one who served with the British forces for five years, "I carried the interesting facts into my first battle and there they came to life, they roared and thundered, they dripped with blood. They stood up before me like obscene spectres, beckoning with bloody hands."

The call of the men of Anzac is that those who remain should win the peace. What they would have striven to do had they lived we must spend our whole force in achieving in their place. We have to express in a new world-order of freedom and service their desires, the wishes that "were killed in the minds of the dead."

GOOD PICTURES DESERVE BETTER  
HANGING

An exhibition mainly of 17th century Dutch and Flemish paintings in the Art Gallery comes to an end on Thursday, 28th April. It does not pretend to be an exhaustive or even representative exhibition. But it is a useful and enjoyable private collection that has been made over to trustees for exhibition throughout the Empire. Mr. William Harvey, of Leeds, had imagination and generosity.

The Gallery of South Australia, without any endowments or buying funds to speak of, necessarily relies on such loan exhibitions for variety and interest. It should, however (in parenthesis) be attempting to do much more with good prints, as the Melbourne Gallery does: there you have a different lot of prints exhibited each month, mounted, but not framed (to keep down the cost). That can do much to arouse and sustain wider interest in the Gallery, and incidentally develop a little more informed criticism in the community.

But to return to this particular exhibition: a great deal depends on the hanging and placing of pictures, especially when you are exhibiting oils behind glass. With almost all the pictures in this room you had to attempt sundry antics to avoid the reflections—even kneeling was not always sufficient. All three of the Teniers, the younger pictures, for example, were either in a corner or impossible to see for the reflection; No. 11, "Officer in Armour," by

Coques, was too high when that public gallery railing kept you at such a safe distance; the van der Neers, moonlight pictures, were again almost impossible of approach. I stress this criticism, for the hanging does make or mar such an exhibition.

There are several excellent things in this collection. Everyone seems to be charmed with the "Child Holding an Apple" of Caesar van Everdingen. But next but one on the left, No. 25, Cornelius Johnson's "Portrait of a Man," draws you to him; and what seems rather a Puritan gentleman and a little strict becomes when you look closely a tender old chap, simple, and if strict, tolerant at the same time. The Wynants landscape piece stands out as probably the best thing in the exhibition; and at your third visit you begin to grasp its controlled detail.

It is well to remember when looking at these pictures that they are over two centuries before any impressionist movements, and that, in most cases, instead of getting a distant view of the whole and finding the picture taking shape only when you move away, you must grasp the incredibly tiny detail in order to appreciate the whole. There are some examples of that meticulous detail run riot—amazing technique, but with thinness of conception, so that the whole just impresses one as almost wasted effort, a tour de force. The David de Heem and the Eglon van der Neer seem to be of this category.

After these the unassuming but

## LEGALISED ABORTION

## A Plea from a Med.

That abortion must be regarded as criminal is one of those grand old traditions on which the foundations of the British Empire rest. Nevertheless, sooner or later, the time comes when even foundations must be examined, and the subject of abortion especially is due for review in the light of modern experience and of modern social conditions.

Until recently abortion belonged to the class of unmentionable topics, and even now newspaper reporters are given instructions that their sainted papers will not print the word, though it will use circumlocutions. Readers must be considered.

What we need, first of all, is a more frank and honest consideration of the subject.

The salient features of the present state of affairs are:

1. Abortion is illegal, and is regarded as a very serious offence.

2. Abortion is widely practised.

3. Such is our attitude to illegitimate children that if pregnant girls do not abort they are disgraced for the rest of their lives, and their future is ruined. No single girl can afford to have a child. It is better for her to risk septicaemia even.

4. Plenty of people are willing to do the job. Some of them advertise in the daily papers.

5. It is an offence for a medical practitioner to assist in an abortion, unless the health of the woman requires it.

6. The mental health of the woman should certainly be taken into account in considering the advisability of abortion. If it is ethical to perform an abortion because the life of the mother is endangered through disease, it is certainly ethical to do it when the woman is in such a mental state that she is ready to attempt interference herself at the risk of her life. Fatal septicaemias following induced abortion are by no means rare in Adelaide.

It is absolutely inevitable that certain cases will attempt to abort, and in the case of a single girl, whose whole future depends on it, it is certainly desirable that an abortion should be performed, and that by a competent surgeon. Marriage is not always a possible solution. Bigamy is illegal.

But I do not propose to enter into the question of preliminary morals. We must consider the event as we find it. The case is simply this: There are women who get pregnant, and find it so essential that they should not have a child that they will go to almost any lengths to avoid having one. Generally, they attempt interference themselves, or get some quack abortionist to do it. The risk of fatal complications is very grave. If the same operation were performed by a trained surgeon the risk would be very slight.

The case against legalisation is purely moral, and prudish. It considers, not the condition that the woman is in, but how she got into it. The aetiology of any tumour is interesting, and this, I suppose, is no exception, but it is a curious freak that it should be made the criterion of whether we shall treat the disease as we find it or not.

convincing genre pieces of Adriaen van Ostade—"Peasant Filling His Pipe" or "Woman Drinking"—or the "Youth Lighting a Pipe" of Godfried Schalcken will please you by their very simplicity of statement. Only the greatest artist can attain that concentrated simplicity.

This should be sufficient of talk about the exhibition. It closes on Thursday. If anyone takes you round on a guide tour, don't believe him passively if he says that everything is "beautiful," or "perfect," or "rich in color," for not many of them set out to be that. Satisfaction comes in the grasp of a picture on its own terms and for its own sake, not just to satisfy your cravings for richness of color or surface attractiveness of feature. You won't forget the Canaletto in a hurry.

## NO BOYCOTT

## MOTION DEFEATED.

The most serious debate of the year was held last Wednesday week, when the Union considered the advisability of a boycott of Japanese goods. On the vote, the motion in favor of a boycott by either Australia or the world was defeated.

President Bridgland was in the chair when the meeting opened with Union question time. Mr. Zelling was told that the use of the George Murray Building for night meetings was being restricted pending the drafting of regulations. To Mr. Crisp the President explained that student delegates had attended the meeting of the Library Committee the day before, and that the question of a system of borrowing for the Barr Smith had been fairly considered. He was not free to disclose the decision of the committee. Mr. Piper pointed out that "On Dit," in its report of the previous New Day debate had assigned to Mr. Matison two jokes which had been made by others. We apologise to the rightful owners, and extend our sympathies to Mr. Matison.

## PRO BOYCOTT.

Mr. T. Garland, who had kindly consented to speak, opened the debate in support of the motion. He agreed that at this late hour, with war imminent, we should concern ourselves more with politics than with ethics. China is fighting against Japanese imperialism, and the democracies should be prepared to help her in the struggle. We can do this most successfully, apart from direct military interference, by an economic boycott. The attack on China is part of a carefully planned scheme; a victory for Japan will be a prelude to further imperialist ventures. And since Australia is one of those centres in line for conquest, we are, if we do not apply the boycott, merely acquiescing in our own ultimate destruction. If we can sustain democracy and fight Fascism by a boycott the price is small.

## AGAINST A BOYCOTT.

Mr. Partridge opposed the motion. He argued that when Japan was expanding industrially most countries imposed tariffs and boycotts against her. The Japanese had put their faith in the industrialists; the latter, not being successful, they tried the militarists. In effect, the present position is the result of a boycott; it cannot be cured by a boycott. The moral indignation occasioned by Japan's activities has already caused several unofficial boycotts; the only result has been to unite the Japanese more firmly behind their leaders.

Mr. Amos opposed the motion for somewhat different reasons. Japan is making war because of over-population, a desire to stop the eastward drive of Russia, and because her ruling families desire war. No boycott will change that policy, which can only be altered by the underground work of such a body as the Communist party working within the country. China, however, is now holding her ground, and with Russia's help should gain the victory.

Mr. Finnis thought that the logical conclusion of economic sanctions are military sanctions; neither could improve the present position. But there is a difference between a boycott and a ban on exporting things to be used directly in the war—e.g., scrap iron from Australia.

Miss Paine raised a new point when she stated that to help China is merely to prolong the war, while to do nothing is to acquiesce in aggression. By a boycott we oppose military imperialism in the only practicable way. Mr. Bunday thought a boycott undesirable because ineffective. Other speakers were Mr. Hunter, Miss Ashton (both fully prepared and interesting speeches), Mr. Renfrey, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Willoughby. Mr. Garland rounded off the debate by summing up the arguments. From these speeches there were two main points. Firstly, that the reasons for a boycott might be misrepresented to the Japanese people so as to increase their military zeal—e.g., by introducing the color question; secondly, Japan could retaliate by severing economic relations, with very serious effects to Australia's stability.

## Correspondence

## UNCLE TOBY'S COLORED SHIRT

To the Editor.

Might we suggest that the long quotation in the letter of your anonymous Uncle Toby suffers from the loosely expressed and loosely conceived views following it. Though he would probably disclaim any such affiliations, his sentiments are of the stuff from which Fascism has been and can be made—they suggest the Beaverbrook, Rothermere - Garvin press, for instance.

Holding that present politicians lack qualifications, Uncle Toby recommends an organisation of professional men to select worthy candidates. Cutting right across the spontaneous political outgrowth of existing social and economic forces, he seeks to create something artificial and something which would inevitably be conservative ("closely akin to the Institute of Chartered Accountants, to the British Medical Association, and to the Law Society"). That is bad enough, but loose wording leads your correspondent on.

## Incipient Fascism.

Can you not see Goebbels, in a tirade against democracy, talking about "the unreliability of the criterion of membership of a party," or Julius Streicher (Jew-baiter) mouthing "a clean bill of physical, intellectual, and moral health"? Or Goering talking of Nazism putting "its stamp of nobility upon the brows of its members"? Il Duce started Fascism as a middle and professional class movement to end parties. Uncle Toby wants "some professional organisation, above parties." This could well come from any Fascist on the way to power.

To quote the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, who apparently enjoys spiritual affinities with Uncle Toby (if the latter means what he says), His Grace was defending some hooligans who had hindered a radical meeting in Montreal (October, 1937). Having denounced all supporters of "equivocal novelties and libertarian systems," he continued: "Freedom of speech, I am for it; but let it be among decent people [i.e., those on his side], not among imbeciles and brigands [i.e., the other side]. . . . Would you let sufferers from contagious diseases poison the air you breathe? . . . I praise the youth which aligns itself to protect social order. [Cf. New Guard] . . . I encourage all public men who in this regard do their duty. If it is argued that this is contrary to the law—I reply that before law there is the law of nature."

This is all on the same ideological plane (and has the same dynamite latent in it) as Uncle Toby's "whole force of their organised public opinion, in withering disapproval upon any delinquent member of society." (A quotation.) Thus Hitler talked to the Berlin "Herrenclub" and the West German industrialists. This is the pre-1922 Mussolini: it is Mosley, Huey Long, Father Coughlin.

It is the facade—a "liberal philosophy of good intentions" (Crossman)—which is used by panicky conservative and reactionary parties in a depression. [Please note world stock exchanges since last September and fall in Australian export prices since July.] In crises this blossoms into organisations like Eric Campbell's "New Guard." This, in fact, is the stuff which Campbell talked in Sydney in 1930-31. We would refer Uncle Toby to any book on the rise of Fascism or Nazism, to read the evidence before the La Follette Senate Commission on Civil Liberties, to read a review by R. H. S. Crossman in the "New Statesman" of January 2, and the last chapter of "The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism," by Brady (Professor of Economics, University of California). We advise Uncle Toby to leave matches alone if he knows little or nothing of the dangers from fire. Or does he fail to realise even that these are matches?

(Signed) G. L. AMOS.

H. PAINE. E. N. MERCER.  
W. G. PARTRIDGE.  
HELEN WIGHTON.  
L. F. CRISP. D. G. BADGER.

## FERTILE EGG HATCHES CHICK

The Editor, "On Dit"—

I, for one, applaud "Fertile Egg's" interest in the Conservatorium and agree that the institution is asleep. The question is, Who is responsible for this inactivity? It certainly is not "the venerable tribe constituting the staff" that is to blame, but the antiquated system under which they are compelled to work. This antiquity is undoubtedly accounted for by the exclusion of a music representative from the University Council. However, in spite of this, it is high time that the University modernised its ideas with regard to the development of the cultural arts. It is high time it realised the necessity of enhancing the interest of such subjects as music and dramatic art by including in its curriculum subjects which display the beauties of line, color, and movement, "CONSERV. CHICKEN."

## CONSERVATORIUM HITS BACK

To the Editor.

Sir—"Fertile Egg's" criticism of the Conservatorium is certainly not constructive and is full of contradictions. He begins: "Thanks to a few bright spirits the Conserv. begins to wake up," and yet a few sentences further on appear the words: "The place has been in a state of coma for at least the last seven years, and still is." "Fertile Egg" appears to be in doubt about the real state of the Conservatorium. However, if he is quite sure that "during the last seven years the place has been in a state of coma," why didn't "Fertile Egg" do something about it when he was a student there, instead of pouring cold water on the efforts of the present students to make the Conservatorium a vital factor in Varsity life?

"Fertile Egg's" definition of "good music," i.e., "music which has detailed study beforehand," is extremely loose, and would seem to exclude all music performed by the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, whose rushed rehearsals a few days before a concert surely give no time for really "detailed study."

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that it would be better to remain a sterile egg than to develop into a clucking hen, which is what "Fertile Egg" appears to have done.

DOREEN JACOBS.

## WAYS AND MEANS

Sir,—

I sigh for a modern Horace to sing again the glories of the Golden Mean! The modern world—detestable phrase!—has lost all sense of balance, and thinks only in extremes—thinks and talks! (Very little investigation is needed to find out which of the two is the more popular occupation.) And that is the burden of this lament—"talk," or, in other words, the deplorable lack of anything which can be dignified by the name of conversation. Those who enjoy the digestive quiet (it is possible to think of a more appropriate term) after lunch on the Refectory lawns seem to consider it the height of conversational cleverness to be witty at another person's expense. It is doubtless an admirable quality to possess insight into character, but in many circumstances it is a great deal more admirable to be able to keep one's insight to oneself. Selfishness, you say? Think again, you supreme egotist!

We have no desire to issue a call for "high seriousness," but could not some mean be struck between the heights and depths? Gravity goes hand in hand with heaviness; lightness seems to have chosen catty wit as its insuperable companion. Could not some gallant hero come forth and part the two, and let true humor emerge from its murky hiding-place? "DEAN SWIFT."

## The Adelaide University Music Students' Association

The first meeting was held on Saturday, April 9. The proceedings opened with an impromptu rendering by all present of an old English round, "Sumer is a-cumen in," which was literally a "howling" success. While people were recovering their breaths and their voices, Mr. Phillip Wood, in the presidential chair, made a most moving farewell speech to Miss Dorothea Angus, who is shortly departing for Perth to take up a position at Perth College. Miss Angus and Mr. Lewis Jones then gave a fine rendering of the first movement of Brahms' A major Sonata for Violin and Piano.

Mr. John Horner was the speaker for the evening. His subject was "The Dangers of Adelaide," and in his usual inimitable way he proceeded to illuminate the paradoxical statement that the chief danger of Adelaide was its safety.

After a discussion which ranged from child prodigies to swing music, the meeting adjourned to the North Hall for supper. And so to bed.

## ST. MARK'S COLLEGE

Life at college pursues its even way, unbroken as yet by any shattering alarms and excursions. The most favored course at present is undoubtedly that of Honors Pictures—an extremely arduous and troublesome branch of learning which demands full-time attention from its followers.

The College Alpine Club held another of its justly famous hikes on Sunday, April 10, a fierce assault being made on our unfortunate hills, which, being unable to withstand the onslaught, gave way before the determined body of Alpiners. Wonderful feats of heroism were performed, notably that of Herb. Piper, who drove up after lunch (his) with various parcels and bottles, and was greeted with terrific applause.

On the same night the annual meeting of the Wranglers' Club was held, various freshers presenting papers on assorted subjects. Our memories of this night are already somewhat dim, but our three seasoned travellers—Messrs. Espie, Finnis, and Jenkins—entertained us with extraordinary accounts of their adventures. Mr. Espie described the long, long train journey to a certain mining centre with great animation, but assured us that a good time was had by all. Mr. Jenkins embarked on a mile-for-mile description of his famous ride to Canberra, but was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Finnis—and supper. Before supper the last of our travellers told us of his thrilling experiences in the Glamorous East, after which we disposed of the supper and dispersed.

## CARNEGIE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

To draw the attention of all members of the Union to the existence of the gramophone it has been decided to hold a series of weekly lunch-hour recitals lasting about half an hour, in which an attempt to give a rough outline of the development of music up to the present day will be made. The first of these recitals will be given on Tuesday, April 26, at 1.25 p.m., and for further information consult the notice board. If possible, the programmes will be printed in "On Dit" each week, so there is no excuse for forgetting to come if you are interested. These recitals, it is hoped, will serve as an introduction to membership of the society; and so they are open to all Union members, whether members of the society or not.