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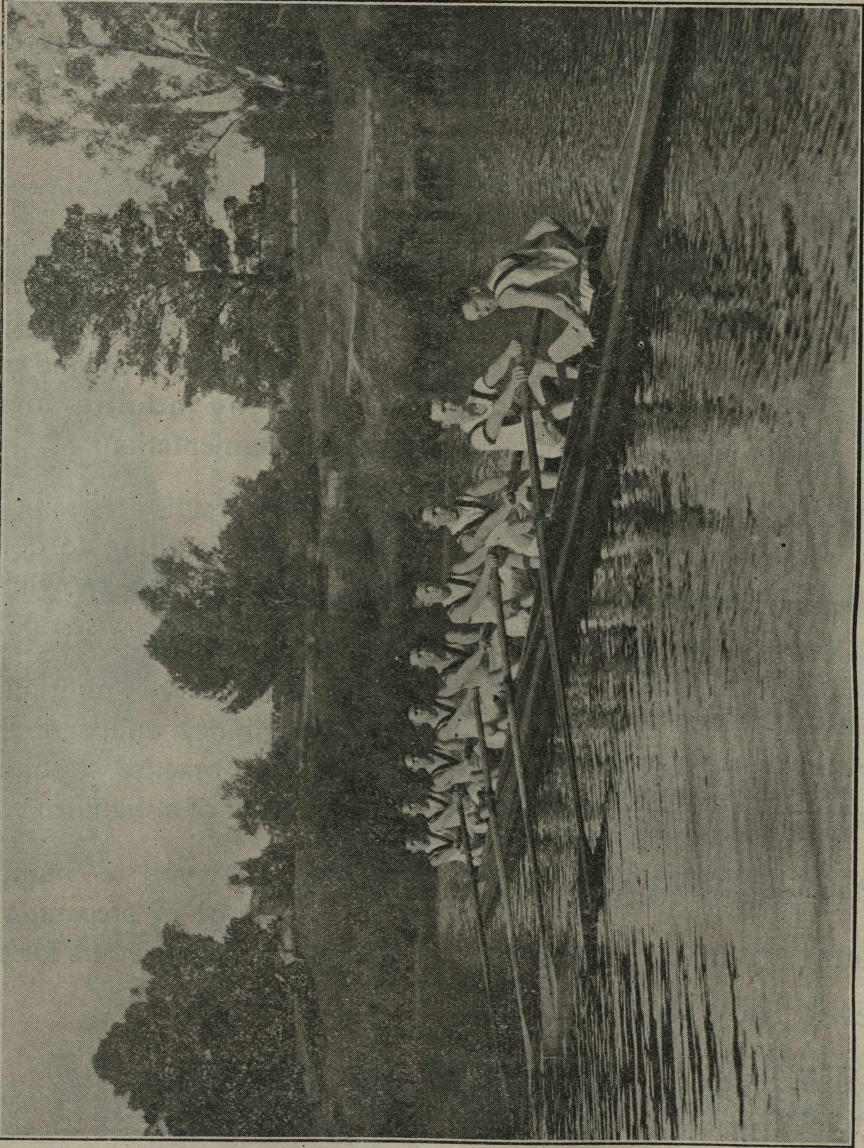
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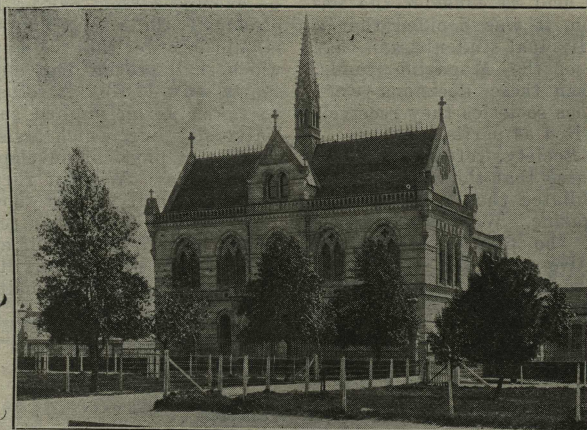
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Editorial.

Belling the Cat, and Other Matters.

Writing as we do in the aftermath of the Royal visit, it is perhaps not unnatural that we should reflect dismally on the transience of mortal affairs. Many of the events which are chronicled in these pages will doubtless have become mere chronological landmarks before this issue of the magazine emerges from the mystery enshrouding the printer's office, but in this very fact lies our reason for recording them. It has ever been our aim to endow the fleeting thoughts of student life with the permanence of the written word.

We make our bow to the Prince, but amid the cheering and the laughter and the songs we find something lacking. We feel the honour of his presence, we have turned out in full force to welcome him, but we are merely one of many crowds, and have no voice as a corporate body. We feel more than ever the need of a union. At those enthusiastic meetings held before the great day, much turned on the question of leadership. The task was at once onerous and dangerous; onerous because in a limited time a coherent whole must be formed from a hitherto unorganized mass; dangerous because leaders are often singled out to receive active expressions of disapproval.

Most of this difficulty and danger would have been avoided if we had been united, and while we commend the action of those gentlemen who took the whole burden on their shoulders we regret that the necessity for such action should have arisen.

The results scarcely justified our expectations. The Council were undoubtedly the gainers by the organization of the students, who, by assembling in

orderly groups, solved what would otherwise have been a somewhat distressing problem, and guaranteed that the safety and solemnity of the ceremonial proceedings should be in no wise marred by unruly behaviour.

If we had had a union we would undoubtedly have received better treatment. Our duly-elected representatives would have approached the Registrar, not, as the song has it, "each day in June," but on one day only, and would have stated our case. The Council could not have disdained the united voice of the students.

We see signs of returning spirit, and confidently expect that the formation of an active union is not far distant.

A few weeks ago, before the arrival of His Royal Highness, the whole University was thrilled by an event which, although not unparalleled, has been of so rare an occurrence as to be more noteworthy than any ordinary victory. The Eight returned from Melbourne, bringing the Cup with them, and were received with great enthusiasm. We take pleasure in conveying to them once more the congratulations of the University.

Rowing received a great impetus as a result of this triumph, and the large number of entries for the Inter-Faculty races foreshadows a Rowing Week as a matter of importance in future years.

We come now to the consideration of the Magazine itself. With every other University magazine in Australasia resplendent with picture covers, filled with pages and pages of clear type and good illustrations, our Editorial Committee is faced with the

necessity for stern retrenchment. We are chiefly hampered by the lack of any permanent support. At a representative meeting held to consider the immediate financial situation, it was decided that a call should be made on individual students, and that an entertainment, in aid of the Magazine funds, should be arranged. When these decisions were communicated to the various societies they received what can only be characterized as partial support.

The Medical Students' Society, refusing to support either venture, intimated that the Sports Association (with which is affiliated the Union) should be responsible for the Magazine. We would heartily endorse this statement if the Sports Association were financially representative of all the students of this University. There seems, however, to have been some difficulty in the matter of subscriptions.

The Secret of Poetry.

By M. R. Walker.

The fact that an eminent writer and Professor of English Literature at one of the two greater Universities of England lets it be known that when he speaks of poetry he means "what has been written by Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and some others" is sufficient to retard the amateur from attempting definition, even before, by plumbing or good reading, he sounds the depth of his own ignorance.

What is attempted in this paper is to solve from poetry some of its more soul-satisfying elements, to elucidate, if possible, a glimmering of the secret of its deepest appeal.

Those ways in which verse becomes poetry, or, if metrical literature be given that name, poetry becomes something more, are not matters so to be solved altogether in the words out of which poetry is made, and on which it must depend. There is, in and beyond the meaning and the music, still something far more deeply interfused. A sense of something noble and beautiful, tragic, or touched with the tears of things, superimposes upon the words and upon their meaning, because of words, but not of them, in entirety.

A similar something is added elsewhere in the heart's relations. It dwells like an aura upon things and upon places, hills and shores and streams, dear for their own or others' sake; most notably and shingly of all, perhaps, it endows a lover, man or woman, till the day comes they "take a kiss for what a kiss is worth, and let the dream go by."

Evan Harrington knew nature robbed of this extra import by the loss of love: "By symbols and sensations he knew that Rose was lost to him. There was no moon; the water seemed aimless, passing on carelessly to oblivion. Now and then the trees stirred and talked, or a noise was heard from the pastures. He had slain the life that lived in them, and the great glory they were to bring forth, and the end to which all things moved."

Tennyson's lover, lighting from his horse to find his lady gone from home, knows the same thing:

"He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall."

It is subject ever to capricious circumstance; hard to attain, impossible indeed to be won, the same paradox ruling it as of him who would find his own

One hears too often the excuse that a certain student has no time to join in sports and should therefore be exempted from paying his subscription. This is obviously the wrong view-point. The subscription is paid in order that we may have a live association, which shall provide that anyone desiring to join in sports may do so. A refusal to subscribe can only be taken as an implied suggestion that a part of University life, which assists greatly in mental as well as in physical development, is unnecessary or even useless. Without further stressing this fact, we commend it to your thoughtful consideration.

The Sports Association represents our nearest approach to a Union, and if all students will unite in its name the next step will be a mere interchange of names, and our University will commence a new era of corporate life.

soul and must lose it; and so hard to hold that it may be said only definitely to exist in memory, marked, as George du Maurier would say, "with a white stone."

Poetry alone has adequately attempted the definition of this extra something, and that mainly by negation: the "light that never was, on sea or land"; the gleam that is "not of the sunlight, not of the moonlight."

The source of the added quality in poetry is to be sought in the action of the poet's mind upon his material, the manner of his re-creation in words of that which forms the subject of his art. And setting aside autobiography of the poets, where it exists, judgment from the humble processes of unachievement may throw some light on the problem. Who—save those, of course, who suffer from a flow of words to the pen (from whom heaven defend us)—has attempted to embody in words some impression of a delicate thing or precious bit of experience without coming to realize (coincidentally with conviction of personal failure most often) that the prime necessity, the seeming source of diction, in fact, is the state of mind, the imaginative projection into, nay more, identification with, the thing itself, from which alone can proceed a re-creation of it by means of art, an "imitation" in the Aristotelian sense. Failure may teach this much of poetic method.

Shelley in invocation of the west wind has put the idea itself into poetry: "O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!" he says. "Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is." . . . "Be thou, Spirit fierce, My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!" Other poems give the re-creation in a serener setting, the thing done and absolute. The ease of a consummate power over the subject is a shining characteristic of the best art, yet who but its creator knows whether that came God-given, or whether apprehension of the subject was won only after what strivings with it in prayer?

Be that as it may, the poet at the height of his power achieves an ideal apprehension of the thing itself, by means of his art re-creating it in words; and upon which words, as from another world, there rests the light from its ideal existence as he has

glimpsed it: in truth, the light that never was on sea or land; the consecration, and the poet's dream.

Romeo's protestation by the moon "that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops" holds glamour of more than the moonlit garden; something of "what young love is" sheds other radiance on all the scene. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, on the caution of whose knowledge the above method of definition is founded, in his study of the poetry of Thomas Hardy, speaks of the solution of a poem into a magical chemical combination "out of which words become poetry and a new thing, 'half angel and half bird.'" There is a solution of poetry out of which it becomes body, mechanism, or what you will, of words; and in the rest of it, soul to body, in measure of its magic, an ideal metamorphosis of the thing itself, its subject. That broken shaft of sunbeam—the song "with admirable rich words in it," wherewith they assailed the sleeping Imogen:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is;
My Lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!"—

does it not hold in "magical chemical combination" indeed the very dawn? What but metaphor can denote the song—a lark fluttering into the sun; or what but such metaphor as the song denote the soul of morning?

Above all, poetry is not description: does not tell about things; and is not theory, but practice. One secret of its strength is the power to be in part—in poor and halting part, as words must still be words—the thing itself in the metaphor of words.

A compensation for the inadequacy of the metaphor, for the limitations of words or any other of the media of art, is their material permanence. It is a recompense, though but secondary, for the transiency of things: joy, "whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu"; the spirit that "bloweth and is still"; light that fades; bliss too keen to last—all tragedy to man who would forego his mortal nature. Keats sang the "Happy, happy boughs, that cannot shed their leaves" upon the Grecian Urn; and lovers, in the glory of their love, have envied to the worker in stone his "marble passion that endures, in loveliness untouched by tears":

"Could it but hold my soul and yours
In white perfection through the years!"

For such as this, art makes what recompenses a secondary thing can offer to the primary; in which, though "art for art's sake" be the slogan for artists, it should be remembered they have their *raison d'être*. Forgetfulness of that has bred the long-haired poets and others of the high-browed, more damaging to their cause, I believe, than any Philistine with his club.

By words poetry is pulled to the earth, and the dictionary. Yet by reason of words can achieve great beauty. It is a salutary lesson for us who insist on the higher functions of words, and that they have for their last and greatest possession a

meaning, to remember the almost solemn note the Jabberwock achieves:

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

It is quite true of this, as Alice so politely remarked, that it "seems very pretty." There is a species of verse, embracing a very great part of what is written, too, which seems very much more than pretty; entirely admirable in its fulfilment; yet which leaves the mind and soul, or what Professor Saintsbury calls "the poetic nerve," unconvinced of its truth or worth, failing of true effect it is almost impossible to say why. This, for example, has come to be the almost general verdict upon Swinburne's work, in spite of the slow dying of that acclaim which greeted him in 1866 to which so many of that day have enthusiastically testified.

Still, let us delight in the "rose-mesh" when so nearly a poet has woven it—lines like

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with sun and the rain;
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain."

T. E. Brown has a little poem in a modest style, which lacks the swing and dash and splash and colour of the sea that Swinburne's writing splendidly suggests:

"To-night I saw three maidens on the beach,
Dark-robed descending to the sea,
So slow, so silent of all speech,
And visible to me
Only by that strange drift-light, dim, forlorn,
Of the sun's wreck and clashing surges born.
Each after other went,
And they were gathered to his breast."

It seems to me that this comes near to the thing itself. A heart that mingled with the sea's wild fret wrought out of words the

"Strange drift-light, dim, forlorn,
Of the sun's wreck and clashing surges born."

When poetry essays not the ideal life of material things, but the pure ideality of the soul, a spiritual apprehension of what it seeks is its sole strength; such a state of being the only leverage to move the world, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world. And again the "thing itself" is the matter; the deductions which follow didactically are secondary entirely.

Wordsworth's teaching was plain and explicit; his condemnation—"The world is too much with us, late and soon, Getting and spending we lay waste our powers"; and the remedy—"Come out into the light of things: Let nature be your teacher." This is the essence of his teaching, finely expressed; but listen when he gives the thing itself, the presence that disturbs him

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

Then, *then*, do we exclaim, "O joy! that in our embers is something that doth live!" We may not believe in the prenatal memories of the Ode, but the words from Tintern Abbey, being the thing itself, kindle the sense of relationship.

To this theory of the secret of poetry, namely, that its reality comes only from an ideal apprehension of its subject (as the God of the mystics vainly sought as an object becomes vital as an experience) Wordsworth is of supreme importance, since it was he, as a theorist, believing poetry to be "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," who made protest against the poetic theorizing that had passed for poetry in the age of Pope; and the dominance of words *per se*, neat, clever, graceful words, as only the school of the Augustans could teach them to be—"Wit grown polite, and numbers taught to flow." Wordsworth, supreme artist though he could be, felt distrust of his instrument, lest in care for the words the vision, so elusive of apprehension, be dispelled. This fear in part underlay his theory of poetic diction. As Mr. Raleigh says: "Wordsworth was a pure spiritualist in poetry, and disliked poetic ritual, not for itself, but for its power to overlay and endanger the delicate processes of the soul." One feels that here is the right and spiritual appreciation of poetry; that it is, ideally, that perfect expressibility of things which the soul at times may apprehend, and which words, though it is their aspiration to master, sometimes utterly destroy. This is any poet's tragedy. Yet of words, as of men, there is a "reach" that exceeds the "grasp" any mortal poet has yet been able to give them. And the failure of such powerful servitors of art, by one of art's paradoxes, opens out new vistas in the heaven of poetry, this heaven, in other words, the ideal expressibility of things.

There had been no allowance in the poetic theorizing of Pope and his school of poetry's sense of its own inadequacy, wherein with words that reach beyond their grasp, it is most poetry. Across the fathomless abyss of thought the light web of epigram was thrown. The thing to say was said, with an ease, finish, and precision rightly the envy of a ruder, vaguer art. Yet there are lines in their sorrowful negation that hold more poetry than many a tale that is told. Lines like Yeats's, from the Countess Cathleen:

"Impetuous heart be still, be still,
Your sorrowful love may never be told;
Cover it up with a lonely tune."

And the words that stepped into place so neatly and inevitably in the stopped couplets of the Augustans are not the words that falter for that they touch so near the very threshold of truth. The seeking after truth, if haply it might be found, came back into English verse with the new birth of imaginative feeling.

A paradox of the "Romantic Revival" was the recapture of reality; not of the realism, Heaven forbid, which smirches nature and life in so many pages of the early twentieth century, but of the reality of nature and of feeling, and—last best aspiration of poetry—of that paradoxical unreality which man, moving about in worlds unrealized, may sometimes know for reallest thing of all, piercing to it by his sense of beauty or some other factor of his need of the continuing city, if this be the air that blows about its streets, and lifts the hair sometimes from the brow of man, still working for his bread in the sweat of his face.

It is one hypothesis.

The Romantic writers, in their treatment of a subject, shared "the impulse of its strength," achieving by it a supernatural apprehension of the thing itself; and whether it be in ideal presentment of some little lovely thing into whose life they entered by sympathy, as Saint Francis shared the joy of living even with little Sister Cicada, or whether on the full tide of their imaginative strength they stormed the everlasting doors themselves, interpreting the world as some gigantic metaphor behind whose many-sided aspects hides the truth we seek in divers ways, the achievement of many of them, different as aspiration is different from conviction, as wistfulness from splendid certainty, was yet the same as Milton had proposed to himself when he essayed to justify the ways of God to man. Milton blazed a train to the uttermost end of the heavens by the pure concentrative flame of his Puritan spirit; the Romantic caught the light that glimmers along the void like summer lightning on dark nights, and which, like it, doth cease to be, ere one can say it lightens. Milton carried anthropomorphism to its sober and majestic limit; the weakness urged against the Romantics is that oftentimes they forget our frame, and remember not that we are also dust, dwelling too exclusively with the vague. For example, Professor Herford points out that Shelley's saviour of humanity hung aloof among the precipices of Caucasus. But this particular and transcendent power of poetry lies not in the long-sustained argument of poems like the Prometheus Unbound, from which the wings drop off; but in such short lyric as Shelley's when he makes the wild west wind the trumpet of his prophecy and hope: "O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind!" A prophecy like this may be, as Professor Elton, in his "Word on Mysticism," points out concerning the witnesses in Mr. James's book, "simply a theory or hope . . . carried up into a rare state of sensation, which is then naively taken to prove it." Perhaps so; it is well, at any rate, to preserve the critical mind. Yet who would exchange the sure, if momentary, vision of the seer for the entirely reasonable, withal somewhat complaining, conclusion at which Tennyson lets it go: "And yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill." The naive provings of mysticism are worth a dozen of this. Hope springs eternal, and well for humanity that it does so. But from the seers and visionaries who see further than ordinary men do, we look not for a mere statement of the hope that is common to us all, but for the crown of hope, the conviction that succeeds aspiration. When the Abbé Vogler in Browning's dramatic monologue had reared his palace of music and in the height of his glory in it made the tremendous assertion: "There shall never be one lost good" he transcended in one flash of exaltation a thousand reasoned hopes.

And this is, perhaps, the secret of poetry at its deepest: whether it be Wordsworth, declaring the presence that haunts the sides of the green hills, or Tennyson, forgetting the reasoned theology of a leisured life to abjure youth in noble lines from near the Bar:

"O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,

Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam."

Whether it lead Browning to propound the Potter's Wheel, or Francis Thompson to proclaim at last "That voice is round me like a bursting sea"—to provide medium for what little the eternally questing spirit may retrieve from the unknown.

At its highest poetry is transcendent.

Browning; in the communing of Abt Vogler, even while, on strong words mounting and marching, his

passion scaled the sky, attributed such power to music alone:

"And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."

It is possible also to poetry. And stars on the heavenly track, framed by who can tell what great symphony, the farthest discoveries of the spirit, invisible to mortal eyes, are mirrored in the well of poesy; may be seen there, and grasped, for the moment allowed, ere the troubling of the waters tremble them from sight.

Paper Currency.

During the last few years we have seen an enormous increase in the issues of paper money; so great, in fact, has been the output from the currency printing presses of the world that the face value of the paper currency issued during the four years of war exceeds the total value of gold and silver produced in the whole world since the discovery of the American continent by Columbus. The evil is aggravated, too, by the fact that barely one-fifteenth of the paper notes put into circulation by the various Governments has any sort of metallic backing at all, and yet we have the perpetrators of this debasement of currency pointing to the prosperity of the countries in which the paper circulates. But this prosperity is only apparent, not real, and the monetary history of all countries abounds with examples illustrating the rapidity with which people fall into the delusion that high prices, due to over-issues of paper money, are evidence of prosperity. The real evil in paper money is the issue of inconvertible notes, the effect of which, or, indeed, of any excess issue of paper currency, is to drive gold out of circulation. But the currency does not depreciate, or, in other words, prices of commodities do not begin to rise until the paper exceeds the quantity of metallic currency which has been superseded. That is the position we are in to-day; gold, and, lately, silver, has been displaced by large quantities of paper money, and so fast has this addition to the world's currency been made that it has taken but a few years to exceed the amount of all the gold and silver known to have been produced since America was discovered. Then, to take only the principal countries, we find that against an increase of £7,639,960,000 in the face value of notes in circulation, there has been an increase of only £498,000,000 in gold, held as cover for the notes. The natural result is that prices have been forced up in the various countries to undreamed-of levels, or, in other words, the currency has depreciated, and the value printed on the notes is only a chimera.

In the circumstances, we need hardly be reminded of one of the most elementary economic truths—that money declines in value as it advances in quantity (just in the same way as money may be said to advance in value as it declines in quantity).

The position is this: If currency be contracted, or a country has a limited supply in circulation, the value of the money is high, that is, the amount of

commodities and goods which it will purchase will be large. On the other hand, if the currency be expanded, the value of the money will be relatively low, since the quantity of goods or services it will purchase will be relatively small.

It is this increasing volume of currency which is the principal source of the trouble with which we are faced to-day from the world-wide rise in prices. Before the war a limited amount of gold was doing money's work, and its exchange value was high and fairly stable; but during the war, and after, the precious metals have been withdrawn and larger and larger quantities of notes issued. Consequently, down goes the purchasing power of the pound sterling, the franc, the mark, the lira, and many other monetary units.

It is useless for people to state that society as a whole is stimulated by this apparent acquisition of wealth to the accomplishment of great things; the trend of recent events shows only too clearly that the world to-day is given over to idleness and self-indulgence. The sudden influx of money, instead of having increased and made available, through labor and skill, the undeveloped resources of the world, seems to have caused the energies of labour of the various countries to relax and stand still. Everywhere we hear the cry of more money for less work. Depreciated paper money purchases less labour. So we go round in this vicious circle, and it is to this pass that a debased currency has brought us. Not until the paper currency of to-day is contracted and placed on a sound metallic basis will there be any material betterment in the position. By the continued redemption of the present excess supplies of paper money will prices of commodities be lowered, and as soon as these begin to fall, so soon will the worker perceive that his wages will purchase more of the necessities of life; he will sell his labour for less, he will moderate his demands; there will be a greater incentive to increase production, and the whole world will benefit and be a happier place than it is to-day. On the other hand, if we continue on this rake's progress; if we go on watering our currency by the issue of more and more paper notes, the day will surely come when the whole fabric will explode, leaving an enlightened and ruined people to mourn over the imbecility of the administration of their currency.

Relativity.

In the article on this subject which appeared in the last issue, reference was made to the Michelson-Morley experiment. The object of this experiment was to determine whether the earth had a motion relatively to the ether of space, or whether the ether was to some extent carried round by the earth. The ether of space is merely a convenient term used to denote that which (it is supposed) serves as a binding link between matter and matter, between molecule and molecule, and between earth and other celestial bodies. This ether, it is presumed, serves to transmit electromagnetic waves, such as light, heat, wireless waves, etc. If, therefore, the ether moves in the same direction as the light, then the velocity of the light should be increased in the same way as a man, walking in a moving railway carriage in the direction of motion of the carriage, thereby increases his total velocity. In the Michelson experiment the test was made to see whether light sent to and fro over a fixed distance in the direction of the earth's planetary motion through space took any longer on its double journey than it did when sent to and fro over the same distance across the motion. We have the analogy in the case of two swimmers of equal strength setting out from the bank of a stream together, one going straight up stream a certain fixed distance and back, and the other one going straight across stream the same distance and back. It is a well-known fact, verifiable mathematically and by experiment, that it takes a swimmer longer to travel a certain distance up and down stream than to swim across the stream and back an equal distance. The Michelson-Morley experiment showed that light took the same time to travel over a certain fixed distance, no matter what the direction of its motion. This result seems to suggest that the ether has no motion relatively to the earth; that is, the ether is dragged round by the earth. But experiments made to detect an ether drag likewise gave negative results.

How then are we to explain these phenomena? To account for these negative results, Fitzgerald and, later, independently, Lorentz suggested the theory that bodies automatically contract when moving through the ether, and since our measuring scales contract in the same ratio we are unable to detect this alteration in length; this effect would lead us always to get the same result for the velocity of light.

Many highly imaginative theories as to the nature of the ether of space have been put forward from time to time. Some have suggested that it is a highly attenuated substance. Sir Oliver Lodge calculates that the ether must have a density something like fifty thousand million times that of platinum. "The densest matter known," he says, "is trivial and gossamer-like compared with the unmodified ether in the same space." We leave Sir Oliver to his calculations.

Einstein, in the special theory of relativity, surmounts the difficulties of detecting motion relatively to the ether by doing away with the ether (as a substance), and assumes that light-signals project themselves *as such* through space. Einstein arrives at these conclusions by critically examining our notions of space and time, or of distance and simultaneity, and is thus able to explain the null result of the Michelson-Morley experiment.

In order that what has gone before may be quite

clear, we will take a further illustration. It is a familiar fact that light travels with a constant velocity, which we will call "c." Consider now a railway train moving with a very great velocity, "v," and that this railway train carried an apparatus by means of which it projected a beam of light in the direction of its motion. We would then say that the velocity of the beam of light was equal to its own velocity when at rest, added on to the velocity of the train—*i.e.*, velocity of the beam = c plus v . But we know that the velocity of light is constant and equal to c . How shall we explain the apparent disagreement?

Let us first state very precisely what we mean by simultaneity of time. In making use of the idea of simultaneity in physics, we must be able to prove by actual experiment or observation that two events are simultaneous according to some definition of simultaneity. A conception has meaning for the physicist only if the possibility of verifying that it agrees with experience is given. In other words, we must have a definition of simultaneity which gives us an immediate means of proving by experiment whether or not two lightning strokes at different places occur simultaneously for an observer situated somewhere between them. Whenever measurements are undertaken in physics two points are made to coincide, whether they be marks on a scale and on an object, or whether they be cross-wires in a telescope which have been made to coincide with the image of a distant object, and angular measurements made. Coincidence is the only exact mode of observation, and lies at the bottom of all physical measurements. The same importance attaches to simultaneity, which is coincidence in time.

Suppose now we have a railway track of length $A B$, on which the middle point between A and B is marked M . An observer at M would say that a lightning flash at A occurred simultaneously with a lightning flash at B , if the two flashes reached his eye at the same instant (psychologically). A definition of simultaneity of two events such as this would satisfy the requirements of physics. Next suppose that a very long train moves with a high velocity along the track in the direction $A-B$, and that the two lightning strokes pass through the points A_1 and B_1 of the train, corresponding to points A and B on the track. We now come to the question: Are the two lightning strokes which are simultaneous with respect to the railway track also simultaneous with respect to the moving train? Would an observer at the point M_1 , midway between A, B , on the train, say that these two lightning flashes occurred simultaneously?

It is quite clear that as M_1 is moving towards B_1 and away from A_1 , the observer at M_1 (mid-point of $A_1 B_1$) will receive the ray emitted from B_1 sooner than that emitted from A_1 , and he would say that the lightning stroke at B or B_1 occurred earlier than the one at A or A_1 . Hence our condition of simultaneity is not satisfied, and we are forced to the conclusion that events which are simultaneous for one system of reference (the railway track in this case) are not simultaneous for another system of reference (the train), which is in motion with regard

to the first system of reference. This establishes the relativity of simultaneity.

The relativity of simultaneity states that every system of reference has its own time: a time datum only has meaning when the system of reference is specified, or we may say that simultaneity is dependent on the state of motion of the system of reference.

Similar reasoning applies in the case of the distance between two points on a rigid body. The length of a rod is defined as the distance, measured by, say, a metre rule, between the two points which are occupied *simultaneously* by the two ends. Since simultaneity, as we have just seen, is relative, the distance between two points, since it depends on a simultaneous reading of two events, is also relative, and length only has a meaning if the body of reference is likewise specified: any change of motion entails a corresponding change of length: we cannot detect the change because our measures alter in the same ratio.

Length is thus a relative conception, and only reveals a relation between the observer and an object.

The "actual" length of a body in the sense we usually understand it does not exist: there is no meaning in the term. The length of a body measured parallel to its direction of motion will always yield a greater result when judged from a system attached to it than from any other system. These few remarks may suffice to indicate the relativity of distance.

We might along similar lines proceed to demonstrate the relativity of mass, but enough has been said to enable the reader to appreciate the far-reaching significance of the theory of relativity. No attempt has been made to describe to any great extent the consequences of the principle, and the mathematical analysis has been omitted as far as possible with the hope of rendering the account useful to the general reader. Those who desire to follow out the train of thought more in detail and avoid the cumbersome mathematics cannot do better than consult Einstein's popular treatise on the subject, a copy of which is in our library.

W.H.S.

Bridgewater Concert Party.

- A** is for All of us, that trip who went
And those few happy hours together spent.
- B** is for Bridgewater, our home for a while,
When we stayed at "The Balconies," *al fresco*
style.
- C** is for Collett, Gwen, a singer, whose voice
Made every heart in that hall rejoice.
Also for Cressy, to whose lot it befel
To cut bread for them all and meat as well.
- D** for the Debt of thanks we all owe
To her who looked after and mothered us so.
Also for Doffy, our heroine fair:
She may yet marry a millionaire;
E'en may be dressed in pearls that are black
(That's if their market is then very slack).
- E** for Enthusiasm, evinced by the party,
Which made our outing so joyous and hearty.
- F** is for Faith, quiet and demure,
A sweet little maid, we all are sure.
Also for Fox, of whom there were twain,
Brought to the footlights again and again.
As man and his wife, Rob and Jack could tell
Their opinions of girls and men quite well.
Beware when the Indian hunts his prey:
You may feel sore the following day.
- G** is for Goode, and just wasn't she, too!
She lives to her name; what more could she do?
- H** is for Harris; Effie smiles so brightly,
In restaurant scenes especially sprightly.
- I** for the Interests, many and fair
Each of us managed to find up there.
Though Faculties separate each from the other,
'Twas good there to meet and know one another.
- J** is for Jean, the writer of plays,
Very shrewd, too, in many other ways.
Also for Jimmie, the villain so bold:
Not so as usual—or so we are told.
- K** is for "Kes," known better as Jack;
At some unearthly hour he left to go back.
- L** is for Lorna, who to many at table
Told jokes that to see they were quite unable.
- M** for Magarey, always ready and willing
To lend a hand—thus her bit fulfilling.
- N** is for Norman, our very good friend,
Looked after us well from beginning to end.
Also for Notices, both large and small,
That in profusion adorned every wall.
"There's a broom in the corner, also a dustpan,"
Should give a reminder, if anything can.
- O** for our Object (as Norman told them),
The raising of funds for the A.S.C.M.
- P** is for Peggie, one of the Rayners,
To have her company we were the gainers.
Also for Percy, her worthy brother,
A jolly good fellow—we could say no other.
Also for Paddy, a baritone strong;
He'll be quite a good actor before very long.
- Q** for the Quality of the concerts we rendered,
Shown by the applause when the items were ended.
- R** is for Reed, better known as Eileen,
For her singing she oft on the platform was seen.
Also for Roach, on the pump Jack worked well:
When the shower gives out it's rather a sell.
We owe more to him than we can tell.
Yet again is for Robertson, Douglas his name,
Some of whose jokes were very tame.
- S** is for Schneider, by his first name Walter,
His uniform did his appearance quite alter.
- T** for the Trio of songsters gay,
Heralding joyfully dawn of day.
The thoughts of many on passing their door,
"Humph! The morning after the night before."
- U** is for Ure, called Gwen by a friend,
Who to our music did so ably attend.
- V** for the Variety of beauty we found,
No matter where we might gaze around.
Did we all find or did we miss
The hidden meaning expressed in all this?
- W** is for Waite, whom the privileged call Marthe,
Took endless wash-ups in all good part.
- Y** is for Yesterday: How quickly past,
Tho' memories of it for years may last.
- Z** is for Zero, the number you'll find.
Ask whom you will—no one will mind—
Who in reply can honestly say
They did not wholly enjoy their stay.

Arts Association.

In comparing our present body, flourishing as it is, with the meagre state in which it barely existed last year, we must bear in mind many influences. The effects of war were not cleared off; in particular, strike inconveniences hampered our attempts to drag forth the reluctant member to a meeting. Added to that we have graced for ever our meetings with the presence of those who are naturally at home in the realm of arts. In short, the women are there. The men come along in good numbers, because they are genuinely interested in the Society, which reacts on the interest the meeting has for them. We may confidently state that our body would be quite flourishing without the refining influence being there; but she makes an addition, especially (with emphasis) in talent.

The year opened with the usual business meeting, and it was well attended. The retiring President (Mr. L. A. Mander, B.A.) briefly welcomed new and returned Arts men. Officers were elected. The address which followed deserves special mark. Mr. Kelsey was thoroughly acquainted with his subject—that of the League of Nations—and the attention paid was absolute. The Arts Association, standing as it does for liberality of education, must crown History mistress of her fair lands, and History must hail the League as at once the most important as well as the most problematic of her questions. Two points are worthy of mention. First, that if an ideal is as indisputable as this is, any reasoning human must overlook what he may think to be wrong in detail in promoting the ideal itself. Secondly, Australia as a nation belongs to the League, whether we like it or not. Appreciation was shown by the unanimous vote in favour of Professor Henderson's subsequent motion, "That Mr. Kelsey be asked to deliver his lecture again before the Association, and that we invite all members of the Arts Faculty, including ladies, to be present." Before that time came the attention of Arts men was centred on another subject. Perhaps we had better treat it in full.

For years now, ever since the women as a body had any voice, there have been clamours for entry into the Association. No sooner did the question come up than the committee then in power promptly squashed it. That saved a lot of bother. Never before this year did they carry their wishes to any further extent. This time, however, the approach came in force. Before giving the men an opportunity of saying No to their entry as individuals, there came a letter from the secretary of another Arts Association, fully officered and with a Doctor as their President, asking about the *desirability* of a union. Here we, as an individual, place on record our statement that we are mainly responsible for ensuing events. Not that by any means the hurry was intentional (for we were late as it was with the programme, and must needs be quick), but we regret the opportunity given for just a little censure. The second address of Mr. Kelsey was the first general meeting after the committee had received and considered the correspondence with favour (6—2). Failing sufficient attendance there, the urgency of the matter necessitated us holding a meeting on the following day to get a general vote. Although the words of the constitution were so typic-

ally legal as to allow us a loophole whereby we might evade its spirit, yet we acted *strictly in accordance with our constitution*. The deplorable lack of time may have kept all word from some ears, but we are confident that their number is small. The huge majority by which the motion was carried speaks in no equivocal voice the mind of those who, however long their acquaintance with our body, were to make up the Association for the year. Later criticism, more especially the indirect censure from high places, grieves us, but we rest on the belief that all was above board.

And the outcome of it all.

Splendid! Without dissent, splendid. We judge from the interest displayed in two meetings—the latter of which suffered postponement twice. The former subject, "The Position of the Classics in our Educational System," was of direct interest to most Arts men, as it is in a less degree to the whole University. The discussion was brisk (a fact which faces some great arguments against our new form). It was hardly fair to ask too much from our lecturers, but they forwarded their usual remarks in summary.

The second subject was one of literature—that of "The Dramatic Unities." Dealt with by five speakers, a fairly comprehensive view was presented. Time passed rather too quickly to allow much time after the formal treatment. Perhaps the audience agreed with all remarks made.

It is our pleasure, as well as our duty, to make known the historic motion carried after supper. The mover and seconder were Messrs. Mander and Opie. "That the meeting be made less formal by the intermingling of the men and women, irrespective of acquaintance." Drawn at a venture, the shot told. We are indebted to Professor Naylor for his example in obedience to the motion. We earnestly hope that hereby a precedent is formed for the greater communion of the two sexes on grounds of equality. In every other field of activity they form separate bodies—even in the Christian Union. We note with favour the bravery of four members of the English Class in the face of public opinion. After all, we are all students under exactly the same conditions. The Arts Faculty more especially is concerned with the question, overflowed as it is with members of the weaker sex. We express our thanks to the two brave men who began the good work. Let us not rest till all meetings are one, rather than two halves, and we do not feel a great gulf fixed between us, whereby we who wish cannot pass hence.

Finally, let us emphasize the need of a combination of the forces in the University. There is little to unite us beyond signal victories like that on the river. The Christian Union may some day be a medium of common intercourse, but that cannot be for long yet. There are no ready means by which matters which concern us as a body may be quickly handed round. We are thinking more especially of those where money is wanted—and again of this our Magazine—supported by the members more or less as individuals. We have a Union, but it is not an active body promoting the *esprit de corps* which, it must be admitted, is sadly lacking. There is rather too much lack of sympathy between certain section of our students. A common place of meeting of students as a whole must tend to take a little of the edge from this sword. At any rate,

the line between the "stray dogs" of our University and those who are *bonâ-fide* students would be sharply drawn. Compulsory membership of a union which has for the first of its activities the welfare of the Magazine must be a hall mark of the Adelaide University student. The corporation of the individual societies would not be impaired, except perhaps in the matter of a badge. Surely we should have only one. The Arts Association at least would support such a scheme.

R.K.S.A.

Science Association.

During this term three meetings of the Science Association have been held. Each meeting has been well attended, and great interest has been displayed in the subjects under review.

On Friday, May 14, Professor Brailsford Robertson delivered a lecture of unusual interest, entitled "Biochemistry: In the Interests of the Industries and the State." The Professor said that the industrial aspect of biochemistry had been somewhat overlooked in the past; biochemistry had as yet little chance to develop except with regard to medical science. "Scientists," he said, "are now realizing that if the world is to be run on truly economic lines, biochemistry will have a great contribution to make."

Those present displayed a keen interest throughout the lecture, which to most was a revelation of what science had before it.

For the next meeting we were fortunate in securing Mr. C. D. Gibb, who lectured on "Aviation." Seldom have we heard a finer or a more interesting lecture delivered by an undergraduate. Mr. Gibb is an lieutenant of the A.F.C., and was able to speak with authority on this modern subject.

At our last meeting Professor Kerr Grant lectured on "The Trend of Discovery in Physical Science at the Present Day."

To the Professor was tendered a hearty welcome after his recent trip abroad.

Professor Grant then proceeded with his lecture, tracing first the development of science right from its embryonic state, and finally enlarging on the research at hand at the present day. The lecture was of absorbing interest, and the Association are deeply indebted to the Professor for his services. The meeting was a record one in point of numbers, 75 members being present.

At a later date we hope to hold a special meeting, when special attractions will be staged, absolutely for the first time in Adelaide. Members will be notified, and their co-operation is requested to assure a successful meeting.

M.W.P.

Engineering Society.

The second term opened with a chapter of accidents. The first paper was to have been delivered by Mr. G. Williams on "Electric Signalling in the South Australian Railways." Unfortunately, unforeseen circumstances necessitated its postponement, and it will instead be given at the end of this or early in the third term.

As another lecture was not possible at the short notice available, about four weeks passed without a meeting, and members began to wonder whether the Society had ceased to exist.

The next mishap was a motor cycle accident, in

which Mr. C. Tilemann, who was to read the next paper, booked for July 1, was involved. As he had the misfortune to lose temporarily the sight of one eye and miss about three weeks of lectures, he asked that his engagement might be cancelled. It is to be hoped he will soon regain his normal sight, and at a later date be able to enlighten the mechanical section of the Society, as the paper was to be on a subject relative to that branch of engineering.

However, this time the meeting did not lapse, and the Committee were able to hold up their heads through the compassion of Mr. H. W. Gartrell, M.A., B.Sc., who came to the rescue, and, with only eight days' notice, spoke on the subject, "Gold." Evidently he did not need a longer preparation, as his discourse was most interesting and humorous. The methods of prospecting for gold, "salting" a claim, and floating companies were clearly dealt with, as was the infinitely puzzling currency problem. Several excellent lantern slides of Cornish mines were exhibited, and the need for a thorough knowledge of commercial and contract law, bookkeeping, etc., to be included in the Engineering course, was advocated.

At the conclusion of the lecture, when discussion was invited, none was forthcoming, and Mr. Gartrell observed that things were different in his student days.

One of the principal objects of the Society is to promote a discussion on lectures. Such criticism is eminently desirable, and tends to make clearer to the student technical and obscure passages, often introduces fresh thought, and is good training in speaking. As omission is due to nervousness, not ignorance, it is hoped members will in future overcome their diffidence and increase the usefulness of the meetings by a free and healthy discussion.

The next meeting was held on Wednesday, July 21, in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, when Mr. E. Richmond took for his subject "Modern Road Construction." He first traced the history of road building throughout various stages, from the Egyptian era to the 20th century. The present water-bound roads were evolved from a combination of the structures of Telford and Macadam. On the advent of the automobile these water-bound roads were found to be inadequate, hence asphalt or tar was used as the binder.

Mr. Richmond outlined the construction of asphalt roads by the penetration and immersion methods, and said that the increased initial cost of these highways was balanced by reduced maintenance and the increased haulage capacity of vehicles using them. Sheet asphalt roads for cities were also dealt with.

The paper was illustrated by a very fine cinematograph film, showing the construction of asphalt roads by the various methods, and included the collection of the asphalt from the lakes at Trinidad and Bermuda, and its refinement.

Owing to the resignation of Mr. R. C. Robin from the office of sub-editor to *The A.U. Magazine*, Mr. E. F. Cresswell was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

The Society is steadily growing, the number of members now being 75. It is hoped that all Engineering students will make it their business to join the Society representing their faculty, and by their support make it an educational, social, and financial success.

S.H.M.G.

Commerce Association.

The formation of a Commerce Association, long mooted at the 'Varsity, has at length eventuated, and all past and present students in the diploma of Commerce and Economics at the University are warmly invited to swell the roll of membership. There is always a lot of pioneering work in connection with getting an association such as this into running order, and the heat and the burden of the day seem always to fall on the shoulders of a few public-spirited personalities, who appear to take a certain delight in smoothing out difficulties and overcoming what to others of less stern stuff would be considered insurmountable obstacles.

Our live-wire Secretary, Mr. T. R. Brown, has spared no efforts to make things "go," and Mr. F. Smith, the astute Treasurer of the Society, knows of no happier moments of his life than when writing out receipts to students who are doing their bit to lubricate the wheels of this new machine. Although students are quite unanimous on the point that the brain from which the idea of a Commerce Association emanated is one of no ordinary texture, and that the organization deserves the staunchest support, some seem to be rather ultra-practical in their adherence to what economists term "The Abstinence Theory." My heart goes out in pity to those who stay outside the social circle of University life, for they're surely missing the best side of their academic career.

The objects of the Association, as stated in the constitution, are eloquent of the advantages to be gained by denying oneself of the nominal sum of 1s. 8d. per term.

They are:

"To promote the study of commerce, and to foster social intercourse amongst past and present students for the diploma in Commerce, diploma in Economics, and Political Science, by:

- (1) The arrangement of debates, lectures, etc.
- (2) Arranging visits to important industrial and commercial establishments.
- (3) Attending social meetings.
- (4) Encouraging members to take a greater interest in the general, social, and athletic life of the University.

The first meeting was held on April 12, and took the form of an address by our President, Mr. H. Heaton, M.A., M.Com., on "Truth with Regard to our Cases."

Every student knows that when this popular lecturer takes the boards that he's due to hear something "brand new," and his name on the bill is a sure sign for an almost undignified rush for admission.

The audience, I need hardly mention, were not disappointed on this occasion, and the lecture proved the infallibility of the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

On June 14 a parliamentary evening was held, at which the new Tariff Bill was discussed.

Parliamentary procedure was carried out to the letter. Everything was *comme il faut*, from the introduction of the Governor to the subtle evasions of the Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister. Mr. C. McHugh filled the role of Speaker. His impartiality and dignified reprovals when members are inclined to get a little over-heated are qualities that aptly fit him for the position.

Mr. R. J. M. Clucas, B.A., Prime Minister, Minister for Customs, Minister for External Affairs, etc. ("He bore his blushing honours thick upon him"), introduced the Bill, and was supported by Messrs. Davidson, Mullins, Smith, and Wauchope.

The opposition was headed by Mr. A. E. Briggs, assisted by Messrs. Barr, Bressler, McCarron, and Vowles.

Other members had their say after these speakers had concluded, and criticized the Bill from various viewpoints.

The economic results of the revised schedule were discussed by members who had more than a nodding acquaintance with the subject, and obviously knew what they were talking about. In this respect, perhaps, parliamentary procedure was to a certain extent departed from.

At 10.15 p.m., after an interesting and intelligent discussion, a vote was taken and the Government were defeated without a division, the Country Party voting with the Opposition to a man.

The house then adjourned for supper, while a few of the younger members indulged in the Terpsichorean contortions of the irresistible Jazz.

To say that the evening was a huge success would be stressing the obvious—those who attended on that occasion are anxiously awaiting our Secretary's next announcement.

N.A.V.

Medical Students' Society.

The regular monthly meetings have been held throughout the term.

Professor Wood Jones gave a most interesting discourse on "Anatomy and the Medical Student," in the course of which he traced the progress which had been made in the teaching of anatomy from the days of the public anatomies of our forefathers to these days of individual dissections. He also gave a very lurid account of the doings of Burke and Hare in their attempts to supply the demand existing in Edinburgh for cadavers. The knowledge of the disabilities under which our predecessors of a hundred years since laboured should serve as a great balm to any who bewail their present lot. The Professor's remarks afforded the utmost pleasure and instruction, and were very much appreciated by all present.

He was followed by Mr. K. S. Hetzel, who gave a very original and instructive paper on "Diphtheria."

The next meeting was addressed by Professor T. Brailsford Robertson, who took as his subject "Some Recent Developments in Medical Research in America." He gave a very concise account of the growth of the spirit of research in America.

This address was very much enjoyed, and Professor Robertson was most heartily thanked for his kindness in delivering it.

Then Mr. D. G. Harris read a paper on "Cranial Tumours," illustrating his remarks by the reports of two cases. Although the title may seem very dry, yet the subject was treated in such an original manner that it was a most agreeable surprise, and proved to be most humorous. He prefaced his remarks by saying that Professor Robertson had just given an account of research in America; he would proceed to show him how it was done in Adelaide. This paper evinced very careful preparation, as well as most original thinking, and the author is to be congratulated upon its excellence.

The annual dinner was held at the Theatre Royal Café on Saturday, June 19, at 7.30 p.m. Over one hundred and ten sat down to the excellent repast provided by Host Rowe, who followed the old Continental custom of having a long interval between the courses, so as to leave his guests plenty of time for liquid refreshment. Miss Gertie Campbell's orchestra played sweet music during the dinner. The toast list was as follows:

"The King," Dr. F. S. Hone.

"Our Professors, Honoraries, and Lecturers," Mr. K. S. Hetzel, followed by a song by Mr. A. L. Tostevin, and responded to by Dr. Swift.

"The Adelaide Medical Students' Society," proposed by Dr. A. A. Lendon, followed by a song by Mr. Fox, and responded to by Dr. Hone.

"Graduates and Past Members" was proposed by Professor Wood Jones, after which Dr. R. H. Pulleine sang, and it was responded to by Dr. B. Smeaton.

"Kindred Societies" was proposed by Mr. A. H. E. Watson and replied to by Mr. F. E. Piper (of the Law Society), and Mr. A. L. Tostevin sang between the proposal and the response.

In addition to the above list, various of the guests were called upon for speeches, and amongst those who acceded to the persistent clamours were the worthy Dean, Sir Joseph Verco, Dr. de Crespigny, Dr. Malcolm Scott, and Professor Cleland. Altogether the evening was an unqualified success, and the enthusiastic reception accorded the Governor as he left the theatre was a fitting *grande finale* to a most pleasant gathering.

A.L.W.

Women's Debating Club.

Two meetings have been held this term. The first took the form of three short debates, and the second a debate on Bolshevism.

On May 7 we dealt with the following questions:

"Is Civilization a Blessing or a Curse?" Miss Darnley Naylor dwelt on the blessings afforded by civilization, while Miss Threadgill regarded it as a curse.

"Should Sport be Compulsory at the University?"

The system of compulsory sport was defended by Miss Adams and attacked by Miss Davidson.

"Should we have a Penny-halfpenny Coin?" Two first-year students in Economics fought out this question. Miss Harris took the affirmative, while a very strong and well-thought-out argument was put up for the negative by Miss Brawn.

On June 11 the most interesting debate of the year took place: "Should True Bolshevism be Adopted by a Democratic Country?" Miss Davey, Miss Grosvenor, and Miss Preedy supported true Bolshevism, and were opposed by Miss Wall, Miss Batchelor, and Miss Graves. The affirmative side believed that Bolshevism would bring about the true democracy of the world; but the negative side maintained that Bolshevism, as the hysterical outburst of untrained people, could never bring good in its train.

The third meeting for this term will be held on July 15, and is to take the form of a discussion on Wordsworth's position in English literature.

Women Graduates' Club.

A meeting of the Club was held at the Cottage on Friday, June 25, when Dr. Phyllis Cilento spoke of the work she had done in psycho-analysis during her visit

to England. Her treatment of the subject was from the medical point of view. Dr. Cilento defined psycho-analysis as the method of exploring the sub-conscious, the ascertaining of the direction of the psychic energy, and by acquiring a knowledge of the conflicts in the sub-conscious, attempts might be made to dissolve them.

Frend's theory and Yung's were sketched, and the development of psycho-analysis in America and in England under Jones. Dr. Cilento gave a general outline of an analysis showing particularly the part played by dreams, and concluded by showing the subject to be of great value, not only to medicine, but to education.

At our next meeting Professor Mitchell has promised to speak to us on the subject of Psycho-analysis. Notice of the date will be sent to all members.

C.M.D.

Women's Union.

The Union has lately purchased a piano on time-payment, after having regretfully given up the old Broadwood as deposit. It was found that the saying, "New lamps for old," was not a recognized fact in 1920, and feeling the burden of debt on its shoulders, the Union decided to hold a concert in aid of the Piano Fund. This entertainment took place in the North Hall of the Conservatorium on June 18. It was well attended, and a clear profit of £20 19s. 6d. was made. This sum was greatly increased by a most generous cheque of £5 from Miss Murray. The programme was arranged by the Faculties as follows:

Arts (1)—(Leader) Miss Margaret Edgerley: Library Life (and Death).

Arts (2)—(Leader) Miss Emma Caldicott: "Chin-Chow."

Law—(Leader) Miss Dorothy Somerville: Court Scene ("Alice in Wonderland").

Medicine—(Leader) Miss Dorothy Adams: Japanese Scene.

Science—(Leader) Miss Jean Murray: "Jim" (Belloc's "Cautionary Tales").

Outside Interests of the Union.

Dr. Gault and Miss Mabel Hardy represent the Union on the National Council of Women, and will keep the members in touch with the movement.

During Girls' Week, buttons and window badges were sold among the members and £2 17s. was sent to the Y.W.C.A. as the result. The committee regretted that the Union could not take the responsibility of organizing a team of its own.

Forty-four members of the Union have been rehearsing for the mass meeting of women for the Prince. Our banner has been designed from the cover of the Magazine. Gowns and trenchers are being borrowed for the occasion. On Monday, July 12, we have a position in Victoria Square from which to view the Royal progress.

Dr. Gault has signed for the Union the address to be presented to the Prince on July 15.

M.D.N.

Lawn Tennis Club.

Owing to the wet weather which has prevailed this term, very little tennis has been played at the 'Varsity. The grass courts on the Oval have had to be closed for play, but the asphalt courts are available, and some people have made good use of them.

I should like to speak through these columns and petition all players who use the asphalt courts to treat the wire-netting backstops with care. The courts and maintenance thereof are in the hands of the University Council, and although they have been approached several times with a view to repairing the backstops, they have not done so, and offer as their excuse the ill-use given to them by the students and others.

The tournament is progressing slowly, being hampered by the wet weather, and I wish to urge all competitors to play their ties as soon as possible; that is, not when they please, but to make a point of doing so at their first spare hour.

A. NORMAN DAWKINS,
Hon. Sec. and Treas.

Women's Tennis Club.

Very keen interest was taken in the tennis this year, and the practices were enthusiastically attended, as our team was hoping to put up a good fight against Melbourne in the inter-'Varsity matches, which were to be held in Adelaide in June.

The visiting teams arrived on Sunday, May 30, amid much excitement, and hopes were high for the following week, but Monday brought a heavy rain-storm, which was the beginning of a week of phenomenally heavy rains, so that the match between Sydney and Melbourne was postponed until Wednesday, when, as the lawn courts were under water, the match was played between the showers on the East Torrens Club asphalt courts. Melbourne scored every set, though several good fights were made; but the advantage was with the Melbourne team, who are accustomed to asphalt. On the Thursday and Friday Adelaide and Melbourne fought for the cup, but Melbourne again proved themselves the stronger team, Adelaide only scoring one rubber in the doubles and one set in the singles.

A tennis tournament has just begun, and it promises to be of interest. The singles are to be championship, and not handicaps, as last year.

No women's pennant matches are being played in Adelaide this year, and the Wednesday will be missed. No blue has been awarded for 1920.

LORNA BOLLEN,
Hon. Secretary.

H.R.H.

It was the middle of the second term, the rowing triumph was almost forgotten, and we would doubtless have lapsed into our usual mid-winter state (not hibernation, please), had it not been for the visit of the Heir to the Throne.

In the Union Room, as elsewhere, talk centred on this important event; special interest was accorded to our own particular part in the week's programme, the visit of the Prince to the University.

By means of notices, and as a result of personal interviews, we eventually discovered how small a part the students were intended to play. When it became generally known that only returned soldier students were to be admitted to the special congregation, dissatisfaction sought some means for expression other than mere discussion. The award of two seats to each student society was viewed as a sop to Cerberus: Cerberus shook himself and prepared for action.

At so late a date as Tuesday, July 13, the Sports Association, the only representative of the student body, had shown no signs of moving in the matter, but certain men—our natural leaders, shall we say—had called a meeting for the next day.

The meeting was well attended. No time was lost in selecting a chairman, and a statement of the position was made as a basis for any further decisions.

There were not lacking those who were willing to suggest and to carry out any riotous measure; some had private grievances, as the student who was to be compelled to stand outside and cheer while the family domestic swept regally into the hall; but the more orderly were in the majority, as the subsequent proceedings clearly established.

It was resolved that the students must be allotted some place in the general order of things, and that the action taken should be as follows: His Royal Highness, before being made a graduate of Adelaide University, should be made an undergraduate. The students would meet the Royal party at the gates and

conduct them to the tennis courts, where the Prince would be formally presented with a sports band and badge, and asked to pay his subscription by cheque, in order that it might be framed and hung in the Union Room. Students were to form a hollow square, with a guard of returned soldier students in the inside ranks. All proceedings were to be *orderly and formal*. A committee of four was elected to assist the chairman in making all due arrangements, and the meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem and cheers for the Prince.

On the following morning our representatives interviewed His Excellency the Governor, who, although he has been for so short a time in this State, has already been recognized as a friend of the students. However, it was unfortunately his duty to inform us that there must be no formal presentation; but he remarked that the Prince had stated that his main interest in visiting the University was to meet the returned soldiers and the students.

There was nothing for it but to call another meeting. It was decided that the band and badge should be presented *informally* when occasion offered, and that all students should form up in their faculties, carrying banners. The whole proceedings were a triumph of swift organization, but the gentleman who contrived to construct and produce our banners with considerably less than twenty-four hours' notice is worthy of special praise.

Friday dawned brilliantly. As soon as the gates were opened the students streamed to the Union Room, and from thence to the tennis courts, where they were formed in fours behind their respective banners. Forty returned soldiers were picked for a guard, and the rest sent into the hall, thus fulfilling our contract. The women students joined our formation, and were divided into two groups for the sake of symmetry. The only dissentient voice we heard



was as follows: "I'm looking for the Prince. He pinched my partner last night!"

The students marched round to the front lawn, and after some marshalling formed up on either side of the newly-gravelled path. There was singing, shouting of the war-cry, and remarks about the Council. A blackboard, lettered in coloured chalk, put on record the loan of the piano. It must here be admitted that not many students know the 'Varsity Anthem; it should be sung at all social gatherings of student bodies. Memories are apt enough to hold the latest music-hall ditty; surely they can grasp something more permanent.

The arrival of the Governor was greeted with loud cheers and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow," and His Excellency waited at the entrance to thank the students. At last, amid a burst of acclamation, the Prince arrived, splendidly arrayed in his academic robes, followed by the Council. The guard sprang to attention, the officers saluted, and the Prince passed into the Elder Hall to undergo "ten minutes of tedious Latin speeches."

The Gothic simplicity and restraint of the hall made a perfect background for the blaze of academical colour assembled. Those who were not in the procession took their seats early, and were able to watch the extraordinary pageant of silk and colour enter. There was something very medieval in the atmosphere, the array of colours, the varied hoods, the Doctors' scarlet robes, the people hurrying through the dimness of the spacious building, the booming of the organ covering and filling all else.

Soon all the seats were filled, we could hear the cheers outside, then the last of the procession entered, even more gorgeous than the rest, and at the end of it the slight figure of the Prince, in Naval uniform covered with the scarlet robe of his Oxford degree.

He ascended the dais, and the National Anthem was sung. Professor Naylor, in his familiar voice, read a sonorous welcome in Latin, the effect of which was rather spoilt by the audience rustling their programmes in order to find the translation.

The Dean of the Faculty of Law then arose in his turn and presented His Royal Highness to the Chancellor, and amidst tremendous cheering the degree was conferred on the Prince.

He then spoke—a very short speech—but I do not think anyone who heard him could fail to marvel at the extraordinary carrying power and charm of his fresh young voice. And he said exactly the things we all wanted him to say.

The Chancellor dissolved the convocation and the Prince left to shake hands with the returned men.

In the meantime the students had preserved silence and decorum. Someone had invented a parody aimed at Mr. Hodge, and this was recited and learnt. The guard dispersed and took up their station between the Science School and the Conservatorium, where they were soon joined by the returned soldiers from "inside." The Prince took up his stand at the post, and shook hands with each soldier as he filed past.

The students had by this time formed round, and the officer of the guard seized the opportunity.

"Your Royal Highness—May I, on behalf of the students, informally present this band and badge of the Sports Association, which you may keep as a memento of your visit." The Prince replied: "Thank you very much for this beautiful badge; but what I value even more is the wonderful welcome which you have given me."

The motor cars departed amid cheering, and the students sought more worlds to conquer. They sang to Mr. Hodge, who appeared at his window, laughing and folding a red robe, giving an effect almost

Mephistophelian. Mr. Hodge was singled out for the expression of the students' disapproval, but it must be remembered that much of the odium which he has incurred has been due to his official position as the connecting link between the Council and the students. He, however, bears no malice, as may be inferred from his remark that the students are to be congratulated on their behaviour.

The students repaired to the Union Room, whence a procession in single file marched forth, carrying banners. The route followed was through Pulteney, Rundle, and King William Streets, and through various establishments, the proprietors of which are thanked for their tolerance. The visitation of a

hundred students shouting war-cries must be startling to the ordinary civilian. Adelaide must now recognize the existence of its University (if we agree that the students are the University). The offices of *The Register* and *The Advertiser* were visited. The latter paper sent us a reporter, who was besieged with "copy." The snake moved off to the Town Hall, but respected the rope and "No Admittance" card on the stairs, and, after marching through the Post Office, disbanded.

Thus ended what will be remembered as the first re-awakening of the student spirit at Adelaide after the "dead" years during the Great War. May that spirit flourish!

R.

Women's Mass Meeting.

Women's Mass Meeting! Were we in it? Rather! Forty-four of us, representing the University Women's Union, formed part of the vast attendance at the Exhibition on July 15, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was presented with an address by the women war-workers of the State. Hours before the Prince was to arrive the galleries of the Exhibition were crowded with women, while outside a huge crowd collected.

We, the U.W.U., "robed" (how we *love* the word!) in the Cottage, amid great excitement. Finding how well academic dress became us, we began to entertain thoughts of appearing at lectures in it in future. When all were ready, we made our way along North Terrace to the Exhibition. At the entrance a sturdy policeman barred the way, but gowns and trenchers proved an open sesame, and he fell back, scarcely glancing at our tickets.

Thence to the eastern annex, where we took up our appointed position. Half of the women taking part in the demonstration were assembled here, and half in the western annex. All wore white, except those organizations who had a special uniform. Very soon a whistle was blown, and a final rehearsal took place. Major Cook-Russell declared this satisfactory, to our relief, as our performance at the first rehearsal "couldn't have been much worse!" We then returned to the annexes for half-an-hour, during which we had an opportunity to look at the illumined address, signed by the leaders of the forty-four organizations, which was to be presented to the Prince.

Shortly before twelve o'clock we fell into line. At twelve the Royal party arrived. When the Prince entered the hall the Burra Ladies' Band struck up "God Save the King," during which the Prince and his party stood at attention before they proceeded down the hall between the Guard of Honour formed by representatives of each society. The Prince, Lady Weigall, Lady Hackett, and Admiral Halsey took up their position on the dais amid much applause. The

procession of women then began to march, in fours, down the centre of the hall towards the Prince, and then drew up, in mass formation, behind the Guard of Honour.

We, in the eastern annex, eagerly waited while the women of the left-half filed out. At last they had passed, and it was our turn—we, the U.W.U.! To the accompaniment of the band we marched into the hall. While going down the aisle our front rank, with praiseworthy strategy, took care that there should be a space between us and the preceding party, so that we might "be seen coming." But our black gowns stood out well from the white dresses of the others, and as we followed our banners down the hall we felt as important as we hope we looked. As we drew near the front, however, all thoughts were for the Prince, who, as our leaders approached, saluted. Marching past, we formed up behind the guard.

When the whole procession had passed, all, at a signal, turned to the front, and Lady Hackett read an address of welcome to the Prince, and asked him to accept it as an "expression of the whole-hearted allegiance of the women of South Australia." After a storm of applause the Prince addressed the gathering. He first formally expressed appreciation of women's work during the war, and then, to our delight, stepping forward, offered his personal thanks for the welcome, and expressed his sympathy for all those whose loved ones had fallen or been disabled during the war. The effect of his last words—an appeal to be thought of as a comrade—on his audience was shown by the deafening cheers and clapping which followed.

The proceedings came to an end with the singing, by this assembly of four thousand women, of a verse of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and as we left the building we felt more clearly than ever before that this Prince was "our" Prince—Prince not only of the British Isles, but of the whole British Empire, including Sunny South Australia.

The Editor Regrets . . .

Articles, etc., by the following are held over:—C.B., "Mosquito," W.S., M.B. The regrets are due to the fact that we have not more to hold over. All

students are urgently requested to "write it down and send it in."

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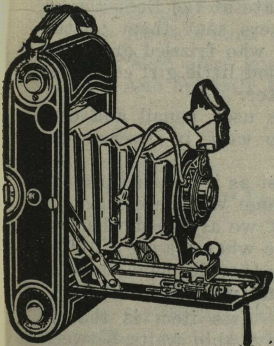
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The Piano Concert.

"Who hears music feels his solitude
Peopled at once."

So be it. Not so long ago, perchance, you happened to be resting in the drawing-room at the cottage, trying to compose your mind before going to your logic lecture. Quite possibly a friend came in, tossed you a light greeting, and sat down at the cottage piano. Scarcely had she struck a note when from out of the solitude voices came—and protesting figures blocked the light in the doorway.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter,"

you cried, and fled.

It was not your friend's fault, for the keys did not give "their sounds to a wish of her soul" and "out of three sounds she framed, not a fourth sound, but—a jār." There was, you see, a little rift within the lute—otherwise our piano.

So the U.W.U. Committee was heartily congratulated when they decided to purchase a new, up-to-date, latest Australian model.

The only trouble was the instalments, which had a habit of falling due, so we resorted to our usual remedy—a concert "For women only." Only those who have had the honour of arranging such a concert can fully appreciate the position of organizer—an arduous, thankless, interminable task. We congratulate Miss Darnley Naylor on the splendid way she managed everything.

The ground plan, the working hypothesis of the concert, so to speak, was that each faculty should contribute part of the programme. These items were kept, more or less, strict secrets, and this greatly added to the interest.

Rehearsals followed the usual custom.

"How many rehearsals have you had for your item?"

"Oh, only a half and a bit. And you?"

"Only one, but nobody turned up who mattered."

And the borrowing—"Where could I get a military mo?" "I simply must have a large suit of clothes." "Lavender socks are essential to your part; don't any of your friends wear them?" "Do you think Mr. Goudie would lend us—?" And so on.

The night of the concert arrived.

After the Varsity anthem (by the way, we wonder how many people know it all the way through?) and "Boomalacka," the arts students opened with a realistic slice of "Library Life," complete, with librarian, assistant, and the smiling satellite.

Whoever had suffered within those cold walls could not fail to sympathize with the victims of the library. After a thrilling prologue the drama commenced. There was the blotty youth who failed to see the sense in the rule that "Ink must not be used in the library, except at tables provided for the purpose, of which there are none." He used ink, but by his blots he was known, and ended his days in prison, only saved from the hangman's rope by the timely interference of his father, who, after providing him with a phial of the necessary poison, marched off the stage with a nonchalant "Good-bye." His mother wept over him copiously. So realistic was this lady that several girls in the dress-

ing-room were extraordinarily polite to her. One explained, "I thought she was one of the girls' mothers come to help us dress."

"I will have no couples coupling in the library," ordered Clooky. And the faithful Bert proceeded to carry out orders.

So one romance was nipped in the bud, and, according to recognized tradition, the Unfortunate Female had to suffer while the Amorous Youth consoled himself with the Giddy Flirt. We sympathized with Maggie Mutton, who was not allowed to use ink and whose Professor would not take notes in pencil. *Que voulez-vous?*

Maggie was tossed about like a shuttle-cock.

"But, Clooky—I mean Mr. Clucas—the Professor says I must do my notes in ink."

"While you are in the library, Miss Mutton, you must conform to the rules of the library."

* * * *

"But, Professor. They say I must not use ink in the library. What shall I do my notes in?"

"Ink."

"But they say I must use pencil—which shall I use? And, Professor, what do sheep drink?"

"Ink, ink, INK."

Maggie Mutton succumbed to a bottle of ink.

We heard a whisper across a library table the other day.

"Could you tell me if Maggie Mutton is in her coffin?" So it must be true. The cruel library tyrants met a well-deserved fate at the Boomalacka Café—where two arch-poisoners sent them to the abode of a realistic "Meph," who frizzled and fried them—and where even the good little girl could not give them a cup of cold water.

The Good Girl who always used pencil and considered the library a place to *work* in deserves the most honorable mention.

How we all hated her! Just as if she had prophesied. "If I act well—everyone will hate me."

Never mind, Priscilla. "If we are good when we are young, how nice it will be when we are old!"

The Rival of Jowett who "could have done it better himself" completed the list of celebrities.

Our only criticism of the Arts item is that it was rather long, and the inevitable waits between scenes caused it to lose much of the continuity and point it would have had, had scenes followed immediately.

The Med. girls gave a scene and song from old Japan. Very sweet were the little Jap. girls, and very dashing the Varsity youths who courted them, but oh, so callous and cold-hearted! They came and loved and rode away.

It was unfortunate that the north hall stage was so low that when the Japs. sat Eastern fashion on the floor they were almost hidden from the back part of the audience, and so much of the pretty scenic effect was lost.

Eastern topics were popular, as some more Arts students, also dressed Jap-wise, entertained us with the doings on one "Chu Chin Chow."

The Law students gave the Court scene from "Alice in Wonderland." The King, impressive in State robes, deferred classically to the Queen, "the

most unreasonable of her sex!" whose one idea of justice was "Off with his head!"

Allice was splendid, and also the White Rabbit, especially when he dramatically recited "The knave of hearts, he stole those tarts," and glared at the knave, who inappropriately giggled, and so, of course, did the White Rabbit.

The knave, kept in charge of two cadets, awaited his trial while the Cook and the Mad Hatter were disposed of. The Mad Hatter's Hat was a triumph, and Law girls must be wealthy to be able to demolish egg-shell china in the lavish way in which they did then. One must not forget the Animal Jury. It gladdens our heart to see that others also have kept the childhood's companions. Judged critically, we think the Law production was really the best item; but then they were dealing with such familiar topics as "summing up the evidence" on a blackboard—and what lawyer was ever afraid to talk?

The Science girls gave "one of the Cautionary Tales of Belloc, Jim, who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion."

A chorus of dolls, in orthodox vivid short frocks, white stockings and black strap shoes, with stiffly-wired pigtailed, arched eyebrows, painted cheeks, after a vigorous winding-up, sang about a boy "whose name was Jim."

Then, while one doll recited portions of the story, the others acted as scene-shifters, and the principal characters came on and acted what happened.

Mummie and Daddy fed Jim on iced cakes, which he appeared to relish.

Then Nurse, charming in an apron twice her size, took him to the Zoo, and there it was "the dreadful Fate befell him."

When Nurse's back was turned he ran away, and

"With open jaws a Lion sprang
And hungrily began to eat the Boy."

So realistic was this dreadful animal that one of the audience afterwards remarked that she really did not see where the child could have got to; and a little girl said she did not like that part at all—it made her quite ill to see the horrid lion eat up the little boy.

The Honest Keeper, "who though so fat" almost ran "to save Jim," discovered his head in the middle of the stage, and presented it to Nurse, who took it home to his parents, "who were more concerned than I can say."

The make-up of all characters was splendid. We regretted that the Honest Keeper, in "borrowed plumes," did not have a bigger part (in time, not space, you understand). We hardly saw him for long enough time to fully appreciate his splendid silhouette and uniform.

To Jim our hearts went out: he was such a dear little fellow, even if he had grown out of his suit.

If the Arts item was too long, perhaps the Science was too short. Budding Scientists and Meds would do well to take lessons from a certain lady who so thrillingly entertains them during Chem. lectures. Their voices may be sweet, but they hardly carried to the end of the North Hall. That lady would show them how to throw their voices from somewhere in the Conserv. into the Prince of Wales Theatre—no mean acrobatic feat for a voice.

Between the faculty items, sweet students sang to us, singly and in choruses, and we feel sure that we are voicing the opinion of all students present when we say that we thoroughly enjoyed it all.

The concert was a great success, and all who have had the pleasure of using our new piano will heartily thank all performers who helped to give us such a jolly evening—and to pay off our first instalment.

"In their Absence from South Australia . . ."

Dr. Helen Mayo finds that the path is made very pleasant for the Australian in London. Amongst the interesting people she has met is Mrs. Meynell, perhaps the most distinguished contemporary woman prose writer, and mother of Viola Meynell, the novelist. Dr. Mayo has worked under Cameron, author of "The Nervous Child."

* * * *

Miss Valesca Reimann, M.A., has just completed the five years which is considered the maximum consecutive period safe for a European in Ceylon, and has gone to join her parents in England. In her vacation from Trinity College she was able to see a good deal of Ceylon, and something of India. Five weeks at the end of her stay she spent big game shooting with a party of friends. In the jungle are elephant, pig, deer, bear, and leopard; also, wherever there is a pool of water, crocodile and mosquitoes. They had some excitement with a rogue elephant. A rogue is one that has been turned out of the herd, and it is very fierce. "As it was moonlight, we had decided to do some night shooting by various waterholes,

and for that purpose ambushes had been arranged the day before. These ambushes are called 'serambes,' and are built on trees at a height of from six to eight feet from the ground. They are exceedingly uncomfortable, and you have to sit very still, so that the animals won't see or hear the branches moving. (Remember the mosquitoes.) Then when they come down to drink at the waterhole you shoot, having smeared the front sight of your rifle with white lime so as to be able to aim in the night. Well, V. had left us to go to his serambe with a watcher, and the rest of us with another watcher were making for our serambes. Suddenly the watcher called our attention to the sound of cracking branches and the crunching of leaves quite near to us. It was the rogue elephant feeding in the jungle. It heard us and came out and charged us. The watcher told us to make for the ambushes while he frightened off the animal with weird cries. We fell into a swamp, but fortunately the watcher was successful. Every time we heard the trees rustle that night we were very nervous, for the serambes were quite within his majesty's reach."

Adelaide University Magazine

The Inter-'Varsity Boat Race, 1920.

By K. L. Ward.

It was in 1910 that Adelaide enjoyed its last success in these contests, and, consequently, it was with a rather remote hope that the selection committee set about their task of choosing eight oarsmen to represent us in this year's contest. The material to choose from was limited, and time was short, so no time was wasted in making the final selection, which resulted in the following men being chosen: H. I. Coombs (stroke), F. Morphett (7), R. L. Naylor (6), A. Hennessey (5), L. C. Maiden (4), J. Lord (3), A. Webb (2), F. Linnett (bow), A. Weston (cox). Hard training under the supervision of Messrs. C. L. Abbott and A. Nicholls was commenced on the Port River, and the crew were moulded into fair form in about a month.

It was considered doubtful at the time whether the crew were wise in spending a week in Murray Bridge before proceeding to Melbourne, but, looking back, there can be no doubt about the wisdom of this move. In the first place, the men found themselves in the midst of people who were justly flushed with the great success of their local crew in the inter-State rowing. At any time Murray Bridge is enthusiastic about rowing; rowers are welcomed with open arms (from all accounts this statement can be taken literally; at any rate, so far as some of the crew were concerned). The crew caught the spirit of the people, and settled down to earnest training. They had absolute confidence in their coach, Mr. Sladden, who followed the crew in his motor boat twice a day.

The long, slow stroke, with the hard finish, was adopted, and the great advantages of this style in a long race soon became apparent to the crew. At the end of the week there was a wonderful improvement in the style and health of the crew. Unfortunately, the stroke (H. I. Coombs) was not well enough to go out on two or three occasions, but here again the enthusiasm and generosity of the rowers was displayed. Mr. Pfeiffer, a member of the inter-State crew, filled the seat, and the crew had the advantage of rowing behind one of the most competent rowers in Australia.

During the last two days at the Bridge, Mr. Higgs, the inter-State coach, went out with the crew. To these gentlemen and to the people of Murray Bridge in general the crew extend their heartiest thanks for the kindly interest taken in them.

Mr. C. Kellet and Mr. Mormill consented to assist the crew during their week's training in Melbourne, and again an expression of thanks must be made to these gentlemen for their assistance.

Two hard rows were the order of the day up till the Thursday preceding the race, and with every row the confidence increased. Their final practice row on Thursday night was excellent, and vision of presentation oars decorating their studies rose up before the men.

Saturday was almost a perfect day for rowing. A fairly strong headwind was blowing, but it was not

strong enough to disturb the surface of the water. Unfortunately for Adelaide, they caught the wash of a passing destroyer and shipped a fair amount of water, which they were unable to bail out before the start. The most disturbing feature about this little incident was that it caused the cox. to wonder why he went through the ordeal of two turkish baths to get his weight down three or four pounds.

Mr. Crosswaite got the crews away splendidly, and Brisbane and Sydney shot slightly ahead. The former crew were rowing a particularly fast stroke. Adelaide, rowing 32 to the minute, with Brisbane slightly in the lead, drew away from Melbourne and Sydney. With the slight advantage of a bend, the two former crews, which were occupying the southern positions, increased their lead. At the end of the first half-mile the Sydney and Melbourne crews closed in towards the southern bank, and for a moment there seemed a likelihood of a foul, but Adelaide's cox. called for a dozen and in eight strokes cleared Melbourne and Sydney.

Adelaide now settled down to a slow stroke. The swing was splendid, and they gradually drew away from all the other crews. They were rowing 28 to the minute and getting a splendid clearance, whereas the other crews were rowing a much quicker stroke but their clearance was very small.

At the two-mile mark, Melbourne began to spurt. They made an admirable effort, but decreased Adelaide's lead but little. Our cox. was steering a splendid course, and, treating the efforts of the other crews with indifference, did not call for another dozen.

They finished with a clear two lengths' lead from Melbourne. Brisbane followed closely, with Sydney last.

The most pleasing sight one could ever wish to see were the faces of the men when they realized that they had secured a victory—they were not beautiful, but certainly very happy. They were the lightest crew of the four, and probably the youngest. Lord and Morphett are only nineteen, and the majority of the other men are under twenty-one. The official time was 15 minutes 42 seconds, and taking into consideration that they were rowing against tide and wind this compares more than favourably with former records.

In the evening the three visiting crews were the guests of the Melbourne University Rowing Club at a dinner at the Oriental Hotel. The long, slow, and *very sure* stroke was maintained here, but a detailed account of this function must not be put on record.

Mr. H. I. Coombs was presented with the magnificent challenge cup, presented by the Old Blues of Cambridge and Oxford.

The behaviour of the crew was excellent. The predominating spirit was to gain a victory, and anything inconsistent with hard training was condemned. The sacrifices which were made by the men cannot be magnified, and the congratulations of the whole University should go out to them for the great honour they secured.

Contributors are requested to write clearly on one side of the paper only, and to mark on their contribution the approximate number of words which it con-

tains. The Editor will return any unsuitable MS., if accompanied by an addressed envelope or wrapper, and stamps if to an address other than the University.

Choice.

The power of effective choice depends upon the power of foreseeing the effect of two opposite courses. Consider a chess-player. He who, with a long experience, has the concentrated attention necessary for judging the effect of the move and forecasting his opponent's reply to it, can weigh the advantages of several possible moves. With this foresight, which depends upon knowledge, there is also required quickness in actually doing what is judged to be wise. In chess a player may take his own time for the move. But in tennis the speed and accuracy of movement are as essential as judgment. And practice in taking action at the right moment and putting in the required twist and strength help to overcome sluggishness or indecision.

These games are typical of life and the kind of choices needed. As far as feeling is concerned, a high degree of it is a gain, if it does not overpower judgment and action. Feeling carried to too high a point is blinding. It is even paralysing. This may help to explain why Englishmen, with their great admiration of the practical attitude, never display emotion at a critical moment. Anxious as they are to show competence, they judge that a companion or an opponent will read emotion as incompetence to give a cool opinion, or to do the right thing. And the admirable coolness of our officers under fire and under the most bewildering stress gave their men confidence. Frenchmen, in the same circumstances, would, on the contrary, be anxious not to show themselves indifferent. The appreciation of the situation would include for them *some* mark by which it would be seen that they understood its emotional significance. And such a mark would not be interpreted by the fellow-officers or their men as in any way spoiling the effectiveness of their power in judging and giving orders. On the other hand, it would give their men an insight into their grasp of the moment, which would rouse a corresponding power and strengthen both confidence and affection.

But is choice real? When we see alternatives are we free to choose any other but the one we *do* choose?

In a case like this it is foolish to be caught by words. Several things here need to be discriminated and held clear before we can understand the question. It is true, for instance, that nature is a system of interrelations in which causes and effects can be exactly determined within given circumstances. And the same cause has always the same effect. The sense of exactness, of order, of predetermination, of hard-and-fastness which the study of science gives to the student is difficult to exaggerate. In studying the laws of mass and motion, the behaviour of bodies, the chemistry of substances, the morphology of plants, the life of the body, precision is found in every case where care is taken to control conditions so that they can be quantitatively understood. This is called by the French *enchaînement*. Everything forms, as it

were, one "chain." Nothing can be touched in one part without affecting the other parts. Where any part in it is to some degree isolated, so that it can be studied as if it were a whole, then, to that degree, causes and effects can be exactly measured and determined.

There was a time when it was said, "Yes, this is true of material things and of mechanisms, but not of the mind. The mind is not determined." We do not say this now. Rather, on the other hand, do we say, "Material things, even mechanisms, are mentally interpreted." No, "the chain" of cause and effect is found in the mind as it is everywhere else. The more we know of the mind the more powerfully do we realize the completeness of the order that governs all its phenomena. If the findings of psycho-analysis do no more than emphasize this they would be fruitful. For the psycho-analyst claims a method of analysis that lays bare mental causes completely forgotten, dating back to babyhood, but operative.

Coming back then to our man, pondering a course or making an instantaneous decision, as we must so often do, how can we say that he is free to choose one of several? And if he is not free, then has the word "choice" any meaning? Certainly it has, for although the mind is part of the system of Nature, at any rate, as far as it is represented by the brain, yet it is not for that reason mechanically determined. It is not even determined by its own past, except in the sense that the history of a person makes his knowledge (or his power of foresight) and his power of doing effectively what he chooses to do. For, among the things that he has it in his power to review is his own action in the past, and his own character at the present, and if neither is satisfactory he can set about changing them, just as he would set about changing anything else with which he was really dissatisfied.

His actions and whole life in the past will determine his choice, in the sense that any person knowing *all* the conditions and being conscious of them *all*, could foresee what the choice will be. But it is not determined in the sense that putting in a piece of meat into a sausage machine a sausage is bound to be turned out at the other end. A choice is not of a given shape. The determination of relations in life is no excuse for slackness. We should all of us be glad to take refuge in any excuse. But this particular one is no use to us. The real difficulty is to brace the mind to look ahead and forecast the real effect of any given decision, instead of letting ourselves go upon impulse, which is blind. Or, we lack the courage to act upon an impulse which our judgment approves. But a good grasp of the unchangeable and inexorable order of which we are a part is a challenge rather than a discouragement to our weak wills. The fabric is firm and certain. If we place even a trembling foot upon a right foothold we shall find it hold fast.

Contributions for the next number of *The A.U.M.* must reach the Editor before October 11, 1920. All MSS. must be sent, in first instance, to the sub-editor of the faculty of which the writer is a member.

The annual subscription to *The A.U.M.* is 3s.

(posted, 3s. 6d.). Subscriptions should be sent to the Business Manager, at the University.

Publications received: *The Black Swan* (W.A.); *Melbourne University Magazine*; *The Women's Record*.

A Belated Review.

Lost Endeavour, by John Masefield. 1910. (Nelson's New Novel Library.)

Most people read John Masefield's poetry; many ignore his novels. But then it is fashionable to discuss and dissect poetry; we learn to do it at school. We are taught that the poet is a serious man; the novelist, we conclude, is not. We read his yarn uncritically, for the sake of the story. And it is quite possible to read Robert Louis Stevenson, John Masefield, and Joseph Conrad like that; but it is a shocking waste of much else.

I am not going to compare Masefield with Joseph Conrad, but "Lost Endeavour" does suggest comparison with "Treasure Island." And how R.L.S. would have enjoyed it! It is just such a combination of breathless action with revelation of character (accomplished by malicious flashes of illumination on unexpected corners), as he of all craftsmen could appreciate. A story of kidnapping and slavery and piracy in the West Indies, embodying a treasure hunt, some hair-raising fighting and wonderful seamanship, with a hardy open-air quality that even the experienced and imaginative invalid never achieved . . . wouldn't Stevenson and Masefield have foregathered? How he would have applauded the kidnapping scene, the shanghaiing of the shanghai-ier by the imperturbable "man in the green sleeping-suit" (an archaism, this, not Americanese), the raid on the naval base; Dick's magnificent lie so despicably wasted; the—but it is useless to specify. The whole of Charles Harding's story is admirable. Charles Harding, mischievous, sturdy, conventional schoolboy, just preparing to grow into conventional man, to enter a profession—law, he thinks, or the church—and forced to turn pirate! Captain Marryat would have made him abundantly equal to the situation, enjoying it with gusto, with occasional pious reflections as an offset; but no heroics for Masefield. Charles, like any real boy of his age, is in the grip of circumstances—of Dr. Carter, of the slaver, of his master, of Little Theo, of Dick. And Charles rings true throughout. He has his reflections, but they belong to his character. He is faintly priggish—at least, he is hostile to piracy and shocked at his company, as would have been any boy who loved his father and had at the back of his mind a vague outline of the sort of man he wanted to be; in his few spare moments he wished he could see an English lady, and that the boys at school weren't outstripping him; he behaved as an uprooted lad would behave, cringing before a blow, brave enough in an emergency, resourceful in a blundering way, sometimes taking spasmodic leadership as that office was eked out by a bit of knowledge or a suitable quality of now one, now another, of that loosely banded crew. He

is surly, and sturdy, and puzzled. The story loses a little in centrality by not turning on the exploits but only on the presence of Charles, but it gains in verisimilitude.

Bits of the sailors' dialogue are salty and true and unexpected, solid evidence of a valid record, shaming the unbeliever like a quotation from an official document. It is fun to find the pirates real people, with their hearts in their mouths at each forced deed of daring (as Dick says, "When you're in a desperate mess, be desperate. That's wot Julius Caesar done, and look what a big gun he was."), sickened at some of their own brutalities, callous at others.

Stevenson would have done better with Little Theo, I think. His "story" is engrossing for the wonders only; the character falls away. A hero who was "Spanish by birth, French by education, and English by choice," was "a magnificent combination," as Masefield himself points out. Even the seventeenth century schoolboys to whom he was foreign master admired him and knew he would make his mark in the world. Masefield, one feels sure, meant to make him a fine fellow throughout, defiantly proving a Spanish hero as good as an English one; but Little Theo, after receiving the leader's position as of right, disconcertingly ignores it during the attack of the Indians, fumbles it to the admiring ruffian Dick, takes a mania for rule and, lost in dreams of it, abdicates his functions of leadership altogether, sinking under a weakened intellect. It is a low-born, typically English sailor-man Dick, with his reverence for "a bit of style" (in others), who becomes the hero, and he seems to assume that position through his very qualities, and despite, as it were, the cosmopolitan intentions of his creator. It is Dick who snatches a practicable success from the rapt dreams of Little Theo. "If the gold is gone, wot about all this 'ere iron at £20 the ton?" The lapse into the practical is abrupt and unexpected, and characteristic. It comes just when the puzzled reader, with only ten lines to go, is hopeless of finding a solution to the plot.

Masefield tells it all impersonally; never once does the twinkle come into his eye to distract the attention from the story to himself. This is an advance on Stevenson, who is inclined to slap his thigh over a good point in the reader's very presence. One has to agree with George Moore, even while one glowers at him for his acumen, that Louis is rather like "a smart young man in the Burlington Arcade." He is too conscious of the flash of his ring and the twirl of his cane. Now it is impossible to miss Masefield's good things, yet the reader is never jarred by seeing their author's own conceit of them.

S.E.J.

Review.

The Woman's Record. "The society woman, the University graduate and student, the hard-worked school teacher, the housewife, the farmer's wife—all these types and others work together for good." We quote from the editorial of the first issue of this magazine, wherein the "platform" of the paper is clearly stated. *The Red Cross Record* was commenced

in 1916 "to co-ordinate the work of the Red Cross Societies"; and *The Woman's Record* is the same paper with a new name. The main reason for its existence is to keep the various women's organizations—and they are many—in touch with one another. There are reports of societies, but these do not by any means fill the paper, and space is found for remarks

on current topics, politics, economics, music, and other subjects interesting to the modern woman. Of course, there is a "Woman's Page," a trifle unintelligible to the mere reviewer. There is a Literary Corner, which will probably develop into an important feature. This month it contains a fine sonnet by Ruth Hawker, who

has achieved the apparently impossible task of saying something new about so well-worn a subject as the visit of the Prince of Wales. The magazine should prove to be a strong force in South Australia, and should "fulfil a need which women have long felt."

R.

On Writing Letters.

There are some misguided people who would rather receive letters than write them, and who prefer conversation to either. Before it is too late, I would point out to them what a joy they are missing.

And first, I don't deny the romance of the postman's knock; or, rather, in these degenerate days, of the postman's whistle; to find dropped over your garden fence a message from the Great Unknown World outside, a personal, private message for you alone from Some One who, in the midst of the busy excitement out there, still feels the need of communication with you; to turn the envelope over and over, speculating upon the contents. Can it be from the editor of that new periodical who has heard of your literary talent, and wishes to secure your support? But no, the writing is not untidy enough for an editor. (In your anxiety you forget that secretaries usually address letters.) Perhaps your wealthy Aunt Jane had at last had the discrimination to decide that you are most deserving of all her nephews of becoming her heir. But Aunt Jane's characters would, you feel sure, be angular and aggressive—like herself. There is something dainty and appealing about this superscription. It is written, in fact, just as you have always imagined She would write whom you have "loved long since," but whose favour you have "lost awhile." Has she relented? Dare you hope so much? An invitation to dine, perhaps? With trembling fingers you break the seal.

All this, I admit, has its charm. But suppose you find inside a card from the tailor who has bought the shop at the corner of your street?

Ah! the letter-writer is free from such disappointments. *His letters* are dictated by nothing but his own heart's desire. He does not even have to send them. Indeed, the really important letters are the ones that are never sent. No one who has not tried it could understand the comfort that is to be gained by writing to people one's inmost thoughts about them: the things one has always longed but never

dared to say. Think what an extreme pleasure it would be to write and tell your Professor exactly what you think of his ability to set and mark examination papers, a pleasure which would at once vanish if there were any possibility of the letter reaching *his* eyes. What a relief to your pent-up emotions to extol, in a burst of poetic fervour, the fascinations of your latest Charmer! Yet how you would hate to see her (or his) beautiful lips curling in scorn at your false rhymes and faulty scansion!

And then how much is writing superior to conversation! Is there anything more trying than to think of a crushing retort when an argument is over? When you write your thoughts you can put down your witty pieces of repartee first, and invent a suitable occasion for them afterwards. How often do you wish your foolish remarks could be unsaid! What an advantage has the letter-writer who can always scratch out the parts he repents of. A friendly fountain-pen is an aid to thought, but I, for one, am always panic-stricken when called to pour a continuous stream of conversation into that rowdy, merciless machine, the telephone.

The brilliant conversationalist leaves no record behind him (unless, like Dr. Johnson, he has provided himself with a faithful Boswell), but the writer has the hope that his letters may be published after he dies. He thus has all the satisfaction of looking forward to fame without the discomfort of realizing it. He is spared the embarrassment of having his footsteps dogged by the "madding crowd," while he has the pleasure of picturing the admiring crowds that will some day flock to his grave. Then at last his contrite friends will realize how they have underrated him all his life, and will appreciate the silent heroism with which he has borne their cruel thrusts.

And if they don't? It won't matter. *He* will not be there to be disappointed.

A.F.H.

To Venus.

O sea-born One, in bronze they fashioned thee,
When only marble, white and virginal,
Can hope to catch thy beauty, or to call
These pagans back to thy divinity.
They did not limn thee rising from the sea,
But set thee on a solid pedestal,
Where thou must mutely meet the gaze of all
Who enter here—a motley company!

Yet, goddess—may a mortal dare to speak?
What matter these who pass, when all is done?
See, with pale brow and faintly-flushing cheek,
Smitten with sudden dart by thy sweet son,
Hither I come thy mighty help to seek.
Wilt thou not smile on me, O sea-born One?

R.

Random Remarks.

Memory tips are deservedly popular nowadays. One of them which is worthy of consideration is to express a fact to be remembered in several different ways, using different words and different arrangements of sentences—the number of ways attempted being obviously a function of the time available to the memorizer!

The principle of this tip is going to be the proffered excuse for the following remarks on several modern questions of education. None of the points raised introduced an entirely novel point of view, and everyone has probably read or heard the arguments before, but all being important, in the opinion of the writer, he hopes that the statement of them in new words and new arrangements of sentences may help to impress them in the reader's mind.

It has been recently stated in this magazine that the experience of one student was that, not until he had attended lectures in Psychology well on in his course, did he really learn how to learn. Well, most students never do Psychology, so any knowledge of methods of effective study must come to them by instinct, experience, or accident.

Why should this be left to chance?

It is certain that a smattering of the subjects of Economics and Psychology benefit one very appreciably, and the axiom of "A little knowledge is dangerous" applies much less to these two subjects than to most. And it is certain that strongly-outlined principles impressed on a child's memory whilst his mind is still in a "plastic state" are lastingly held, and colour all his future acts, thoughts, and habits.

The logical scheme would therefore appear to be to introduce a new subject in every child's curriculum at about the age of nine or ten years, or at any rate before the lowest school-leaving age in the State schools; this new subject being a combination of Economics and Psychology written up in an interesting and striking way, in an "Arthur Mee" style perhaps, and expressing the more fundamental principles of Economics and the more effective principles of Psychology.

Economics should be included because one's conception of the process of civilization influences one's political outlook, the latter being often distorted owing to prejudices and wrong facts assimilated during the "plastic mind" stage.

Surely this would tend strongly to produce a broader-minded community, and one less prone to indulgence in political and industrial discord, owing to a better consideration of the consequences.

There may be new subjects with rival claims for introduction into the universal curriculum, but the discussion as to their relative merits the writer leaves to others. The above subject certainly should have a strong claim. One year's inclusion in each child's period of schooling should suffice.

Another big factor in mind-broadening is, of course, travel.

Normally, this is exactly what one does not do during a University course, but the idea of introducing more travel conjointly with study is growing rapidly.

To quote from an article in a recent number of *The Adelaide Medical Student's Review*:—" One meets new men, which itself is an education, sees new methods"

At least one big American University has adopted the idea in the form of branch research laboratories scattered around different centres of industry, the students alternating six months of lectures at the base with six months' practical working at the laboratories, rarely going to the same branch twice, of course.

Everyone will admit that we are too much inclined to stick in the same old rut and move with the same old clique to a degree which is often unhealthy—in the sense that much "impression" is unhealthy without "proportionate expression," which is the big reason for staleness in study.

Such drastic procedures as above are of course possible only in the nebulous future, as far as our own University is concerned. One must look forward to the day when Commonwealth finance is in a more flourishing state, or to when something unexpected and pleasing occurs to the University funds!

In that happy day we may hope to see our overcrowded professors provided with the time and means for individual research, either following their own bent once again, or solving problems for the Science and Industry Institute, to the immeasurable benefit of Australia, racially and industrially.

W.

Peculiarities of Some Engineering Text-Books.

Text-books are read in many different ways by the students of a University. Some become so absorbed that they lose sight of the actual written words in their eagerness to find the meaning, which the author has embodied in them. But in casually turning the pages of some engineering text-books, and noting mainly the headings of paragraphs and chapters, printed in bold type, one cannot help but correlate them with other matters. Of course, these headings are taken apart from their context, which destroys

their correct significance; but this is exactly what happens when one looks through a book without seeking any particular knowledge from it.

In doing so we find some strange statements, which have caused the writing of this article.

For example, we find one heading thus, "Possible Discrepancies between Theory and Practice." We find this extending nearly to the verge of probability, even sometimes to become an accomplished fact! It is good to know that on one subject the discrepancies

mentioned are only "possible." Another heading runs thus: "Experimental Determination of the Bursting Speed of Flywheels." We suggest that, as this is liable to be somewhat dangerous, we will be content to take for granted the results given by the author.

Ex-A.I.F. men must have their attention caught by a paragraph on "Change of Units." Probably some would even feel competent to write a paragraph or two on the subject themselves! At least, they should know something about it.

Such a heading as "Fluctuation of Delivery" surely suggests the obvious remedy—change your carrier; in which case this seemingly irrelevant matter could be omitted. It is, however, gratifying to accost this: "Gordon's Strut Formula Rationalized." What would we not give to have a few other engineering formulæ rationalized. Yet we must not hope for too much, or our hopes may prove vain. For instance, we open another book and we find the first chapter headed "Flow of a Perfect Fluid," and we think at once we have at last met an ideal subject. But we turn over, and we find this, "Simple Machines—Turbines." Now it is impossible to learn a new fact, if we have not some previous knowledge of a similar nature, on to which we may graft the new knowledge. Hence we at once correlate the above with Physics I and its simple machines, viz., the wedge, the screw, and the lever. We think we have before us something we can under-

stand in the light of that previous knowledge. Much to our surprise, we find that turbines are not such machines as the heading implies; at least, not in their theory.

Current topics may even be brought to our notice, as in this case, "Critical Velocity. Loss of Head." This naturally causes us to call to mind the discussion *re* the motor traffic speed limit, and possibly may give a clue to the reason as to the necessity of such speed limits!

Again, "Alternative Solution to Separation." Knowing this article has been in print some time, it is a wonder that our judges are continually deploring the increasing disregard of matrimonial ties in the present day.

We may also find an inspiration for our work. "Energy: Capacity for doing work is termed Energy." Each one likes to be termed "energetic," and hence we try to evoke a huge capacity for doing work, which serves us very profitably when we encounter those obstacles known as examinations.

One more, in conclusion, "General Remarks on Stiffness." This is very vague. We have all heard some remarks from those whom fortune seemed to desert that might come within its scope.

However, a consideration of these with due regard to their context so alters their significance that we find them all aptly chosen by their respective authors.

C.F.E.

No Fuel.

By Lucas Kay.

Statisticians tell us that the world's coal supply is limited, and civilized mortals being largely dependent on coal for their health, wealth, and happiness, what shall we do when we reach the limit? Burn something else, you say. The oil will probably all be gone long before all the coal, and wood does not grow fast enough to supply the world with domestic cooking fuel, so let us look around for other sources of energy.

Schemes have from time to time been put forward for digging a hole in the earth to obtain some of the heat therein, but such a hole would take *some* digging, being from twelve to thirty miles deep. I once read an imaginative account of the actual digging of such a pit. At one point the cooling apparatus at the bottom temporarily refused to function, with the result that a couple of hundred men just fizzled up. Such details, however, could probably be overcome.

Another great untapped source of power is the rise and fall of tides. This presents enormous possibilities, and perhaps enormous difficulties, but is a perfectly feasible scheme. There is at the present time an experimental tide-power plant in California.

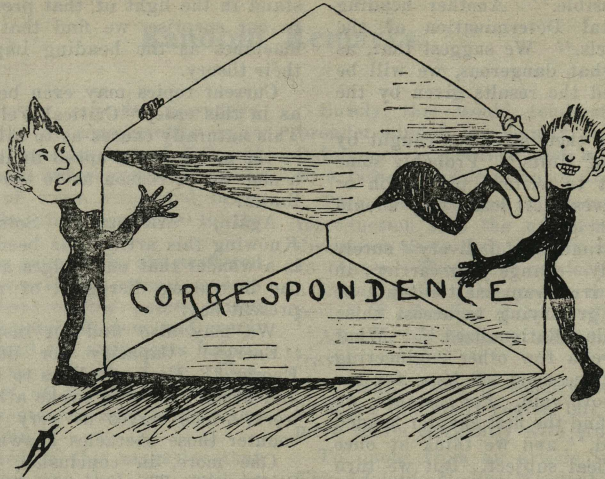
Passing now from future possibilities to present realities, we have quite a number of ways of getting energy without burning anything. There is in use

on the banks of the Nile a type of steam boiler which utilizes solar heat direct, but for some reason its application has not extended. In Italy great enterprise has been shown in utilizing volcanic heat. Steam issues from holes bored in the ground, and through the intermediary of aluminium tube boilers is used to drive turbines.

Everyone is familiar, of course, with the historic windmill, but there are difficulties in the way of very general large-scale utilization of wind, owing to its feminine characteristic, inconstancy. A windmill on a calm day is like a man stricken with paralysis.

Finally, we come to that great force, water-power. Hydro schemes are making great headway, and there are hundreds of thousands of water horse-power in harness to-day. Unfortunately there are many elevated supplies of water which are not suitable for power exploitation, as they have the bad habit of either drying up in the summer or freezing up in the winter, the former applying particularly to Australian conditions.

And after writing all this, gentle reader, I read in a scientific publication that there is in China a coal deposit large enough to supply the world for several thousand years. So why worry?



PLEA FOR THE GOWN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—In the course of my studies I chanced to open that interesting book, "The Calendar of the University of Adelaide for 1920." On page 102, I was astonished to find this paragraph:

"Chapter XVIII.—Of Academic Dress.

"1. At all lectures, examinations, and public ceremonials of the University, Graduates and Undergraduates must appear in academic dress."

This is apparently a rule of the University; notice that little word "must." Now, though I have been at the University for some considerable time, never, at any lecture, examination, or public ceremonial of the University, have I worn academic dress, nor, indeed, have any, or very few, of my contemporaries.

Candidates for the A.M.U.A. diploma have been seen wearing gowns at finals. Cases have been reported of students wearing them for bets. Some professors and lecturers still wear them, and, I believe, they are worn by "Bulldogs" at the public examinations, as if the quaking little candidates were not already sufficiently awe inspired! But in the majority of cases the poor, neglected, picturesque gown is only aired on such auspicious occasions as the 'Varsity ball, when the escort of a "deb" (who need not be a University girl) must wear a gown; or at a Commemoration, when it is borrowed at the last minute by a budding graduate. The University women are wearing them to the mass meeting for the Prince of Wales, possibly to try and give him the impression that they are in the habit of appearing as sweet girl undergraduates.

Nevertheless, the gown has disappeared from our midst, and with it have gone the glamour and romance that have clung to its tattered glory through the ages.

We have been accused of making the University a "glorified high school." Some of that accusation is undoubtedly true. Perhaps if we returned to the tradition of a past generation and wore that time-honoured uniform, we might remember in some measure who we are and for what purpose we are at the University.

"You will never change the mind of the student by making him don an obsolete garb," one hears.

Perhaps not. Yet, like the cloak of the prophet of old, perhaps the gown, hallowed by custom, might confer some dignity upon the modern Elisha. There is a spirit which clings to inanimate objects, calling forth memories and old associations. Why not the gown?

Are we becoming too materialistic, too prosaic, and "modern" to care for the old traditions?

Or is it because the student of 1920, with his crowded time-table, just cannot be bothered?

The expense of a gown would not be so great as is imagined. Think of the clothes it would save! Old suits would not show their shabbiness beneath a gown. "Milady" would not soil her pretty frock on hard dusty wooden benches, nor have to worry if the dress she made last vacation looked out-of-date against her best friend's Paris model.

The gown would at once create a democracy of dress which would not be wholly unwelcome.

Objections to it from the artistic point of view are quite invalid, as was shown by the candid youth who in answer to the statement of a girl student that she would not mind wearing a gown as it would suit her, replied, "Oh, yes; they do suit almost anyone, don't they?"

But it is quite true that the 'Varsity belles would look no less beautiful, nor the stalwart undergraduates less stalwart for the added dignity of the gown.

And what of those who used to wear the gown? It may have been a bother; but they wore it and tore it, grumbled at it very often perhaps, yet they loved each honourable time-worn rent. Yes, they loved the gown!

Why don't we wear the gown?

In discussing this question, one is amazed at the number of people who would be willing to do so—if the others did! But nobody begins, and nothing happens.

If this be a rule of the University—and we have all sworn to obey the rules of the University—why is it not enforced? Or else struck out of the Calendar where it is at present, a mere waste of paper (a thing which should be avoided in these days of paper shortage).

A modern poet has written of another 'Varsity:

"Still on the spire the pigeons flutter,
Still by the gateway flits the gown."

The pigeons still flutter round the spires in Adelaide; but where is the gown?

I remain, dear Sir, yours, etc.,

MORTAR-BOARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—There seems to be a growing realization of the lamentable lack of social life in this University. In your last Editorial this was stressed at some length. The same subject was dealt with in an interesting letter by Miss Jackson in last September's issue of this magazine. In view of the interest and importance of this matter, I thought it might be appropriate to bring before the notice of those of your readers who have not heard of it a motion brought before the Melbourne University Council by Sir James Barrett, that the ceremonies of graduation should not be limited to mere conferring of degrees, but should be extended over a few days, to include social and other events. The Council agreed to the motion, and appointed a committee to confer with student representatives to carry out the scheme.

An idea suggested (to quote Mr. Addison in *The Australian Intercollegian* for July, 1920) was "a day

given to sports, followed by a ball or dinner in the evening, the next afternoon to be given to the conferring of degrees, followed by a big reception and address on some subject of national or university interest in the evening."

Could not something of the type be held in Adelaide? One feels that the University as a whole, and the students individually, would gain immensely by it. A ball might be unreasonable in December, and an address is always given at Commemoration. At present the women give a dinner in honour of their graduates. In the past there have been student processions and concerts.

Perhaps, as Miss Jackson suggested, the men and women might give a combined dinner to the graduates, or have some other such big University function. One feels that much could be done in this direction which would help to increase that corporate spirit which seems to be so lacking in the University, which would strengthen the bonds of interest between graduates and the University, and would "create a tradition about our university life" more comparable to that felt in the Old World and America.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, etc.,

UNDERGRAD.

The Black and White Dance.

By "Alethe."

The Black and White? Yes, June 4th, at the Queen's Hall. We met at ten to eight and went along. The entrance was already congested, and it was wellnigh impossible to get access to the so-called "dressing-rooms." Extricated at last from wraps and coats, we went in "two by two," and were announced by Messrs. Grieg Evans and E. T. Rowe (the joint secretaries) to the chaperones (Professor and Mrs. Wood-Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rymill).

Once programmes were filled, the Jazz band gave the clanging signal to commence. Then we were whirled away into fairyland, whose sky was of graceful black and white ribbons, streaming from the centre of the pannelled walls with their scarlet-shaded lights. The drawing-room had its scarlet carpet, palms, and screen in black and gold.

This much we noted as we glided among the fair

youth and charming beauty that made the scene enchanted, till sudden darkness came, shot through with golden shafts of sunlight. Later came the magic of silver moonlight, and again, through the half-dark, a splash of radiant light just here and there.

Between the dances came the dainty supper, laid on tables graced with pale-blue irises. After supper the evening sped more quickly. Scarlet balloons floated gracefully after each couple, so accentuating the movements of the dancers. Confetti also added to the excitement, while with coloured streamers the couples became merrily entwined.

In the extra dances towards the close the folk made various wonderful figures of eight about the centre of the hall, until with a final "jazz" to the tune of the 'Varsity anthem the party broke up.

A Reply.

Simple Simon, D.Litt., Esq.,

To the Gentleman who addressed "Fresherette"
in May.

Oh Kindly Youth:

My daughter saw you walking in the hall,
And though to think she's not afraid at all,
She fears you might be shocked should she reply,
Oh elder-fashioned youth.
On which account my pen take I
On her behalf.

(A very gratifying rhyme;
I'd make some more, had I the time.)

My daughter cannot Victorarbori-
Se alone,

While you pursue your studies on
Your own,
Oh simple youth!

Nor can she say she thinks it wise
To lie and watch the summer skies.
Of course she hears the hot winds call,
But these things fade complexions all,
Oh silly youth!

(These lines I'm not too proud about.
Unhappily my daughter's out.)

Why should she leave the fun and friends and books

To save your feelings as regards her looks?
She cannot see herself.

And springing thought, despite thy ruth,
Keeps ever young, oh selfish youth!

She bids me say it's more than worth it all.

In no circumstances would Dr. S. Simon be willing to miff the chances of his young friends for the laurel

wreath through the agency of the above lines. Only in the event of there being no competitors is he willing to accept what he acknowledges would be a considerable gratification to himself and a pretty tribute to his poem.

[Laurel Wreath awarded unblushingly. Had we blushes, they would be for the deplorably depressing students of this University.—EDITOR.]

A Reply