

# ON DIT

Official Organ of the Adelaide University  
Students' Union

"Doth sometimes counsel take  
And sometimes tea"

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## EDITORIAL.

"On Dit" begins with this number the third term of its life. There is little doubt but that its life-blood will circulate a little thinly this term, as our various contributors begin to feel the pressure of approaching examinations.

So far these fine fellows have done nobly; it is really surprising how little of the correspondence has been manufactured by the Editors. When they have written the Editorial, collected the Sports Notes, and dashed off a note or two about this and that, there is nothing else to be done but to get the thing through the Press and bear with the ironical comments of disgruntled readers.

There is one matter that troubles us; we touch lightly upon it in our correspondence note, I would emphasize it here.

This paper was started to give a medium for the expression of student opinion; perhaps the hardy venturers would have held their hand had they suspected the quality and still more the quantity of much of that opinion. The popular psychologists tell us that we ought to express our personality; bring to the surface the golden jewel hidden in our depths, etc., etc. In the light of some of our experience we begin to suspect behind their remarks a subtle intention to wreck the ordered framework of society.

Society is, after all, built on confidence; we dare not say that our correspondence column gives the intelligent onlooker much confidence in the quality of student opinion.

But hope on, patient ones; there is still this term to go and the Editorials, we flatter ourselves, are ever worth reading.

If you don't like them, read the Sports Notes!

## In Memoriam.

### Richard Verco McMichael.

It is the unhappy office of "On Dit" to publish this week some brief memorial of Richard Verco McMichael, who died at Nurse Rowe's Hospital on Monday, 29th August, from complications arising out of acute appendicitis.

Dick McMichael was one of the best known and best liked of undergraduates.

After a notable career at St. Peter's College, he came up to St. Mark's in 1930 as a student in architecture, and with characteristic good spirits at once entered into the full tide of University life. In University sport he was not long in making his mark; he won the University Swimming Championship in 1930, in 1931 he was awarded a notably well earned Blue for tennis and played in the "A" football team, and in 1932 he played in the inter-University and Combined Universities' football matches. Outside the University he played in inter-State tennis both in the

Senior and Junior State teams, and twice played for the South Australian Amateur Football League in inter-State games. He was a member of the General Committee, the Grounds Committee, the Blues Committee, and the Exhibition and Carnival Committee of the Sports Association, of the Union and Men's Union Committees, and of the Committees of his Faculty Society and College Club.

With all his interest in the less serious side of things, he was yet a student of conspicuous ability, and at his last examinations passed in all subjects, with credits in two.

The record of his achievements, however, tells only by implication of his friendliness, his good nature, and his splendid manly qualities. To meet him was to be at once his friend, and to know him well was to be in every way confirmed in one's affection. The University does not number among its members, past and present, many men so worthy of esteem, nor many who would be so deeply mourned as he is.

"On Dit" speaks for the whole student body in offering the deepest sympathy to his parents, his sister, and his brother.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

In order to impress upon our correspondents the need for

- brevity,
- common sense,
- a tolerable standard of grammar

in their effusions, we print, without corrections, some contributions received in the past fortnight.

Ed.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—“Still Seeking” wants a commentary on T. S. Eliot. Doubtless there will be one in a couple of hundred years' time, just as now we have Bradley to tell us what Shakespeare meant. It simplifies matters. A tutor once asked me if I had read Bradley. I said: “No, but I've read Shakespeare.” There's a pretty scene in “Peter Whiffle” (Carl van Vechten) where an earnest person asks an artist what his picture means. The artist said, “The picture is there. Look at it.”

The trouble about modern art is that it is so easy to imitate. It is perfectly easy to be meaningless—some of your correspondents, Mr. Editor, are shining examples of that. But what is not so easy is precisely that glory of modern poetry—the breaking into music suddenly out of discord, like the rhythm gliding into the tumult in Gershwin rhapsody. I see it as an attempt to portray life fully—right down to the back teeth (false or otherwise); a revolt against that artificial selection of earlier art which chose just what supported its special theme, and in consequence lacks reality and breadth. There is less shared experience in “Hamlet” than there is in “Cavalcade,” which beats to the pulse of the world of all of us.

This modern poetry is in the language and terms of our day. It's a fact to realize about all literature that it is written for its own time. A few years ago I loved the poetry of Brooke and Flecker: I read them to-day, and they seem a little faded, a little 1910. I am sad because it is brave stuff.

I hear the platitude, “Shakespeare is for all time,” and wish people would be honest. Shakespeare has survived as an example of the best of his time—that's what classics are. But I say his message for us is less than Marcel Proust's. I have read much of the earlier literature, but I find I get a fuller appreciation as I acquire more knowledge of the times in which it was written, and when one sifts out the universal, it's not a great deal. If people can't appreciate the best work of their own time, then I mistrust them when they say they love Shakespeare.

Mr. Editor, don't let anyone accuse me of saying, “Shakespeare is bunk.” There are two sorts of fool: One who says “scrap the old stuff,” and the other who says, “This Eliot is either an idiot or an inebriate.” I repeat, the classics expressed enduring truths in their own way: but why try to stifle attempts to say them in our way?

Let us be like the ancient Athenians, seeking new things. As you say, Mr. Editor, unsuspected worlds of beauty have been discovered. The greatest is the tapping of the resources of the individual

consciousness. Think of those lovely passages in Proust on trains of recollection, garnering up impressions, contrasts, emotions, making the prosaic daily life an odyssey and a perpetual joy in memory. And Dorothy Richardson, telling a story entirely from the subjective point of view; she mentions no external incidents, but only the subject's reactions to them, showing a glamorous new world that is really the ordinary, everyday world of all of us, seen from a new angle. In poetry, too, there is the divine incoherence of Gerard Manley Hopkins, those gleams of wild beauty that would lose their lustre in captivity. Surely this needs no commentary?

This passion for literal, word for word, meaning as applied to poetry, it's like a bug hunter and a butterfly—stick a pin through it and let the colours fade. I wouldn't blame artists if they were deliberately pulling the leg of the obtuse public. I have my suspicions of Gertrude Stein, but serious artists like Eliot, Pound, Edith Sitwell, Joyce, and Vachel Lindsay are above suspicion. Of course, native capacity to understand varies, just as sense of humour.

I know a nice poetry book that everyone can understand. It is called “Hymns A. and M.” Then there is Willy Wordsworth (you remember his part in the French Revolution?):

“Oft working by her husband's side  
Ruth does what Simon cannot do:  
For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
Is stouter of the two.  
And though you with your utmost skill  
From labour could not wean them,  
'Tis little, very little, all  
That they can do between them.”

—Simon Lee.

Yours, GERALDINE O'BROOKMORE.

The Editor, “On Dit.”

Dear Sir,—It is not my intention to enter into a controversy on religion, as an argument on this subject can be carried on interminably without arriving at any definite conclusion. Nevertheless, such views as were expressed by Atheist in your last issue should not be permitted to pass entirely unchallenged, so I should be glad if you can find room in your correspondence for this letter.

That some of the greatest men in history have been atheists is perfectly true. Archimedes, whose development of the method of exhaustion invented by Eudoxus, by means of which he was able accurately to ascertain the surface and volume of a sphere, and the areas of segments of a parabola (the solutions of which amount to actual operations in the Integral Calculus) chose for an emblem on his tomb a cylinder circumscribing a sphere, with the ratio which the volume of the former bears to that of the latter—a fact which aptly illustrates his spiritual outlook.

But the ancient philosophers were capable of being divided into two camps. Aristotle, the greatest mind of antiquity, perhaps of all the ages that have been (of whose work in biology Darwin wrote, “From quotations I had seen I had a high notion of Aristotle's methods, but I had not the remotest notion what a wonderful man he was. Linnæus and Cuvier have been my two gods, though in very different ways, but they were mere schoolboys to old Aristotle”)—the trend of all Aristotle's thought was teleological; he saw the

universe moving to an end in itself: in his own words, “It moves like a thing beloved.”

He never ignores mundane matters, yet is no materialist, seeing as he does man's highest happiness in the activity of the loftiest part of his nature, that is, reason, which in Aristotle's sense, is almost equivalent to our “spirit.” And he says of a life based on this ideal, “Such a life is higher than human, for a man will live it in virtue of something divine in him, and not of his humanity. If reason compared with our human nature is divine, then the life of reason is divine in comparison with human life. We should not listen to those who tell us that human beings should think like men and mortals like mortals, but we should achieve such immortality as we may, and strain every nerve to live by the highest things in us. They may be small in substance, but in price and power they are beyond all else.”

I do not think that Atheist is fair in charging the World War and the present depression to a weakness in Christianity. What Plato said twenty-two centuries ago is as true now as it was then. He ascribed the unsatisfactory nature of commerce and industry as being due to the root fallacy of treating them as money-making affairs, not as a means of benefiting the whole community.

Stoicism attracted the Roman temperament. It appealed to the will, which was a man's very own, unconquerable by the pangs of tyranny or the pains of disease. The final result of this stoicism was indulgence in practices vicious beyond belief, and the extinction of their empire.

In conclusion, let me quote from St. Paul: “We must look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.” Yours faithfully,

ANITA LOOS.

[With sincere apologies to our readers! —Eds.]

### THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE.

(With apologies to Mr. C. J. Dennis.)

Please, mister Editor, 'ear me a bit.  
When 'anging round North Terris, feel-  
ing bored,  
I spies a copy uv this 'ere “On Dit,”  
An' picks it up, an' learns there ain't  
no Gawd.  
Now that is news to me, I tells yer straight.  
I reckon there's a Gawd at anyrate.

I 'ad a cobbler with me, but 'e sez,  
“I'm thinkin' this bloke, Atheist, is  
right.

'E gives us proof for all that 'e declares  
By quotin' learned names—'e ain't no  
skite.”

“Just mad,” I sez; 'e sez, “'E quotes a  
string—”  
I interjects, “Big names ain't every-  
thing.”

“Six years ago,” I sez, “we all enjoyed  
A ding-dong life, but didn't know it then.  
We've found that out since we've bin un-  
employed,

An' now we want prosperity again.  
But, if we think that idiots can prove  
There ain't no Gawd, the clouds will not  
remove.”

I tells me mate, “Me wife an' family  
'Ud be in rags, an' dying uv the cold,  
If it was not for Christian charity.

An' so would yours,” I sez. “This bloke  
don't 'old.

The learned names 'e quotes look very fine,  
I can't pronounce 'em—but they're bunk  
for mine.”

“Besides,” I asks me cobbler, “tell me wot  
'Ud 'appen in this country if we all  
Shoved Gawd aside, when 'e is all we got?  
Australia'd give the tussle up an' fall.  
She'd chuck up striving to keep keepin' on,  
Because she thought 'er greatest 'ope 'ad  
gone.”

“I sees yer point uv view,” me mate re-  
marks,

When 'e 'ad chewed me arguments  
awhile,

“This codbler, now I've sized 'im, fairly  
narks

Me stomach with 'is 'igh an' mighty  
style.

If I could get a squiz at Atheist,  
I'd plug 'im in the atlas with me fist.”

“Now, now!” I sez, “cool down, an' 'old  
your reins.

That ain't the thing to do in any case.  
It's obvious this bloke 'as got some brains.

I'm sure 'e means no 'arm—'e ain't so  
base.

The trouble is 'E'S THINKING FOR 'IM-  
SELF,

AN' LEAVES MANKIND'S AFFAIRS  
UPON THE SHELF.”

It's my opinion, mister Editor,  
As 'ow, if mister Atheist's ideas

Was swallowed in this country, there'd  
be war—

Dam' civil war an' slaughtering for  
years.

Lots uv blokes like me nd lift the sword,  
If it was not for our belief in Gawd.

Now tell this mister Atheist from me  
That 'e's entitled to 'is own beliefs,  
But not to write a book on 'em an' be

The cause uv a countryful uv griefs.  
The danger is that many 'umble folk

'Ud be beguiled be this 'ere Atheist bloke.

Because, yer see, in time the thing ud  
spread,

An' if they 'ad no Gawd to trust, poor  
men

'Ud fight the bloomin' devil's cause instead,  
An' bloody 'ell 'ud be the order then.

Now take my tip, an' print this big an'  
broad:

BE WARY, LEAVE THE 'UMBLE MAN  
'IS GAWD.

Yours, A DINKY DYE AUSSIE.

### SCANDAL.

The Editor, “On Dit.”

Dear Sir,—I foresee that many delicate susceptibilities may be aroused at the very thought (horrible!) of a University student being so careless as to lose a copy of the celebrated “On Dit” (pronounced without the “t”) on North Terrace, or anywhere else, where it would appear to the vulgar eye as—well, litter, as it were. But I must protest that it is quite conceivable that a student, a professor, or even the Editor, might do it. At any rate, on Friday, August 12, 1932, I rescued a soiled copy of “On Dit” from the lawn by Venus's statue, whither it was blowing with the wind. Yours, AUSSIE.

To the Editor, "On Dit."

Sir,—The detractors of Halisteresis on the subject of our dancing standard appear to base their argument on the fact that they dance (?) for their own enjoyment, and not for the entertainment of others. Allow me, Sir, to point out to them that if they were taking some friends for a motor ride, they would owe it to other users of the road and to their companions to be capable of handling a car at least reasonably well before starting, enjoyment notwithstanding.

Apart from this there is the more enjoyment to be got from dancing well than badly; I presume Terpsichore and Co. play games: are we to suppose that they potter about any old how at them, and "blow what I look like," or do they, as I suspect, put at least a little energy and thought into it, again enjoyment notwithstanding?

Shop girls and others do dance far better than we do, as I learnt to my surprise on visiting a shilling dance hall for the specific purpose of finding out. This is commonly attributed to the fact that they spend longer at the game; but surely, in view of our presumably greater aptitude for learning, and the splendid opportunity offered by the Dance Club in the appointment of an official dancing mistress, we could reach the same standard as the shop girls in less time. No, as in other branches of University activity, apathy rather than lack of time must be the reason for Terpsichore's inability to dance. And people who parade the Refectory floor with no attention to the music, their neighbours, or anything besides the colour of their partner's eyes (as quite commonly occurs), are simply using the excuse of dancing for the pursuit of a promiscuous and faintly revolting petting party.

I must, however, disagree with Halisteresis' condemnation of the women, who have to conform to the actions and face of their partner; this is borne out in Rhythm's spirited defence of her fellow students where she points out the absurdity of supposing that "a woman who has been learning music for years cannot keep time better than a negro" (the comparison is not particularly good, since it is exactly nigger time that we are generally expected to keep). Hence, if the woman can keep time and doesn't, is it obviously not her's, but her partner's fault.

Yours faithfully, PEA SEA.

"THY SPEECH BEWRAYETH THEE."

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—In my last letter to your columns I referred to King Solomon in error for the Psalmist.

The Twentieth Century is not unique or original in being exciting and stirring. New movements in Arts, Politics, Religion, and Thought started with Pithecanthropos. Even Sir Isaac Newton said that he himself was but as a child by the ocean of knowledge, splashing up a few drops with his toy bucket. The best way to find out what humanity needs and seeks is to mix with humanity and get its views and wishes first hand. Then have your Labour Clubs and all the rest of it, and grapple as needs

be. The sensible mass of the world is what does the work, the very few outstanding intellects have the ideas and give them to the masses, and the intelligent minority provides the comic relief. I do not deery culture, but I've no use for the highbrowism that calls A. A. Milne literature and Sitwellage poetry. Can N. B. Saint discuss "The Dog"?

Atheism went out with the naughty nineties. Your correspondent is hopelessly out of date. The one common characteristic that appears in every race and age from the earliest caveman of Europe to the most brilliant scientists of to-day is the belief in some sort of god. Twenty centuries of conventional Christianity has given us what? Hospitals, medical science, benevolent institutions of countless sorts. A far greater degree of personal safety than two thousand years ago. Has "Atheist" been to China, or India, to see the conditions where Christianity has not touched? Who is the first man to be appealed to for help in time of distress? the parson. A man lives a notoriously evil life, never goes near a church. But he'd be horrified if a parson refused to bury him.

Neither do leaders of thought, ancient or modern, support atheism. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Mark Rutherford, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, all are religious men. In affairs of State, the great men are not atheists, What of Clemenceau, Hoover, Baldwin, Lloyd George, Gladstone, the Chamberlains? I do not know Atheist's authorities, they sound rather like Ko-Ko's "mystical Germans." During the American Civil War Ingersoll was captured by the South. When they found who he was they tried to exchange him, first for an officer, then for a private, finally for a mule. But the North wouldn't have him back even at that price.

What of the world's greatest music, the Messiah, Faust, Tannhauser? Science has grown out of atheism now, as have the masters of business, men like Ford and Lord Leverhulme. Professor R. K. Duncan, in "The New Knowledge," accepts without comment the existence of God. Lodge, Crookes, Newton, all allow a place to religion. Sir William Bragg, answering the question whether science and religion are opposed, says, "They are; in the sense that the thumb and fingers of my hand are opposed to one another. It is an opposition by means of which anything can be grasped."

Russia will follow France. France tried atheism. After a while she had to invent a new Religion of Reason, with Demoiselle Candoille the Goddess of Reason. And soon the church was back again. So will it be with Russia.

"Atheist," like all his clan, is so, not because he has thought, but because he is too lazy, or too careless, or too anxious for his own way, to take the trouble to think. Thought, true, honest, careful thought is death to atheism. Perhaps if your correspondent will give religion a trial he will find something in it after all. Atheism? Rubbish! Yours faithfully,

BASIL JACKSON.

To the Editor, "On Dit."

Sir,—I am sorry that my remarks on the execrable dancing at our "Dance" Club have evoked so little comment. I am sorrier still that the comment has been entirely adverse.

"Terpsichore's" attitude is, I suppose, intelligible, if not intelligent. He dances purely for his own amusement, he says, and considers that he is justified in obtaining that amusement by any antics which may occur to him to perform. He apparently objects to bad pianists performing in public, if I read the inference in his last sentence correctly. Why not to bad dancers?

"Terpsichore" no doubt plays bridge or tennis. What would he say if his partner ignored all the written and unwritten rules just for amusement? Why did he learn these games? Presumably to enable him to enjoy himself the better. I assure him that the same would occur if he learned dancing, instead of assuming that for dancing one requires no brains at all.

The Club have taken a step in the right direction by procuring an instructor, but it will have to educate its members up to the knowledge that they really need instruction.

With the effusion of "Rhythm"—who I feel sure is a woman—I feel diffident to deal. She attacks me on so many fronts at once.

If it is true, as she says, that only four or five musical students attend the "Dance" Club, I must apologize. Perhaps it would be tactless to suggest that all students of music do not attend the Conservatorium. "Rhythm" further says that these four or five students do keep time. I cannot believe this. If it were true, their dancing would have been so outstanding that I could not have overlooked them.

When she refers to the graceful carriage of the shoppirl I fear she is indulging in sarcasm. I regret to say that it is a case of a true word spoken in jest, for the average "Varsity girl compared to the humble shoppirl adopts either a broomstick rigidity or a gelatinous abandon, both of which postures are offensive to the eye.

If "Rhythm" knew anything at all of the correct interpretation of modern dancing she would know that I would not like her to sway her hips in hula hula fashion. The most elementary book will tell her when, where, and what to sway.

However, it is to the *nom de plume* "Rhythm" that I take most exception. One could overlook the breaking of a few ballroom conventions, the drooped shouldered, sagged-armed deportment, and the bent-kneed, wide-based gait of our "Varsity dancers, if only they displayed some sense of rhythm. The band plays a waltz—but the dancers apparently neither know nor care. Not only are they entirely ignorant of the four correct methods of emphasizing the first beat of a waltz bar, but they lack the desire and the ingenuity to emphasize it at all! They merely move one foot after the other, and if by some rare chance a step should coincide with the beat of the music—why, they are too busily engaged in pleasant conversation to be pleased about it! Yours, etc.,

HALISTERESIS.

## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

### Average or Ideal?

This was the subject of the second S.C.M. Conference, held at Mt. Lofty at the end of the second term. Some seemed to know what it meant, others didn't, when the conference started. Such a title was necessarily cryptic, but sounded the keynote of the whole conference. A survey of world movements at the present time reveals the predominance of collectivism; individualism is discredited in many quarters, and not undeservedly. But what of the individual? Is not true individuality in danger of being ignored, or of being "swamped in a morass of mass movements"?

Conference was planned with the idea of emphasizing the value of the individual. Hence the significance of the first two addresses. Rev. G. Hale spoke on "The Value of the Individual," and Rev. De Pledge Sykes on "The Art of Living Together." The vital need of the hour, he said, was quality of fellowship. The search is for a real bond, a bond which conventional religion is impotent to supply. Quality of fellowship will be the offspring of a religion living in the danger zone.

Mr. Massey's address, "Must we compromise?" was followed by a lively discussion on the place of compromise in the Christian life. The discussion suffered because there was no clear understanding of the meaning of compromise.

Prof. Wilton gave the closing address on "The Way of Life." Members of Conference came away with one phrase, we hope, lingering in their minds. "The average is the enemy of the ideal," and there is a second like unto it, "The average has been known to crucify the ideal."

Conference has its lighter moments when the heat of discussion ceases, or is cooled, as, for example, by a fall of snow. Conference has a high reputation for its lighter moments as well as for its freedom of thought. We are very much indebted to Dr. Constance Davey, who acted as hostess, and to Mr. Frank Mitchell, as chairman, and to all who helped to make the conference such a "stout troop."

### St. Mark's College Plays.

Bill Harris had no need to be so apologetic in his opening remarks. "Wurzel Flummery" was a comedy, and "Passion, Poison, and Petrification" was a grand and terrible tragedy.

The first play was remarkable for Keith Macdonald's acting of Robert Crawshaw, and really excellent make-up. The girls (both so young they hardly looked mother and daughter), wore sweet, but walked strangely. Murray Howell was hardly as passionate with Bill Baudinet as we had hoped, but he did his manly best. And Denis Clifton reminded us at once of the speeches of one of our past Literary and Debating Society members. Too, too dryly, earnestly sarcastic.

"Passion, Poison, and Petrification," a strange, turbulent tragedy by Bernard Shaw, followed Dean Hay's charming rendering of the "Raindrop Prelude." Through this pulsating drama, like a wurltzer accompaniment at the talkies, the

## SPORTS NOTES.

Editor Dear,—Did you know that seven nice girls went to Melbourne to play basketball? Well, they did. But they are not nice now. One of them called me a "Goo," and when I asked them what a "Goo" was, they all laughed. Why did they do that? They said the hockey boys taught them. I don't think the hockey boys are nice, do you?

When they were in Melbourne they went for a picnic, and they had a dance, and the boys burnt all the programmes, and they ate too much, and that's rude. Some of the girls liked going to watch the boys play hockey, and now they're writing lots of letters; I wonder what for? I think they must have played basketball in their spare time, because sometimes our newspapers had big head-lines about them, but the girls have not told me anything about this. And now I must stop, but please would you mind telling me what a "Goo" is? Yours lovingly, MARY JANE.

### Inter-'Varsity Contests in Melbourne.

The women's basketball team and men's hockey team went to Melbourne this year for their respective carnivals. In between the serious business of matches there were various entertainments for the visiting teams; a dance for basketball and hockey players at the Melba Hall at the 'Varsity, a picnic at Mornington, a tour of the University Colleges, a picture party, and sundry suppers and luncheons for the basketball players, while the hockey teams were entertained at the Regent Theatre and at a dinner. The Adelaide teams, aided by Bunny's motor horn greatly increased the noise while matches were being played, and certainly the more the noise the better our teams played. Adelaide were unfortunate in the basketball match against Melbourne, and were badly defeated (mainly because of lack of cohesion among the team and the fact that the captain had a bad cold), but the team showed itself in a far better light when it defeated Sydney 24—21. Best players during the Carnival were Eileen Sudholz, Joan Harris, Betty Mayo, and Dorothy Claridge. In hockey, Adelaide certainly surprised the other Universities. After being defeated by Melbourne 5—3, the team, playing the best hockey it has ever played, defeated Sydney 5—1, and then Queensland 3—1, ending up in second place for the Cup. Best players were: Doug. Allen (the outstanding player of the Carnival), Jim Allen, O'Connor, and Harrison. Those successful in being chosen for the combined hockey team were: Doug. Allen, Jim Allen, and Harrison, O'Connor being chosen as an emergency, while Joan Harris was picked for the combined basketball team.