

# ON DIT

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT UNION.

Vol. V.

Wednesday, 12th August, 1936.

No. 20

## AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

Characters—

Cissie, Siebert, two studious students.  
Buster, Betty, two stew-vac. students.  
Scene: In a motor car moving in a westerly direction from the University.  
Time: The scene opens at about 1.15 last Saturday morning.

(The car belongs to Buster's father, but Siebert is driving. Cissie is sitting next to Siebert. She is holding the door and watching the road rather anxiously. In the back are Buster and Betty and blackness. There is rather a strained silence.)

**Betty:** You know, Bert, I still can't understand why you came to-night.

**Siebert** (looking straight ahead with a concentrated expression): Why shouldn't I come?

**Betty:** Well, you know, old thing, this is the first dance you've been to this year—you told me so yourself.

**Siebert:** That doesn't make any difference—it was the Union Ball, and it was up to all the students to come.

**Buster:** Bravo! Here we have the slave to duty! Then why didn't you come to the Varsity Ball?

(Siebert looks around to argue. The car just misses a telegraph pole. Cissie grabs his arm. In the confusion the conversation drops.)

**Cissie** (whispering): Never mind, Bert. They don't understand.

**Siebert:** Thanks, Ciss—You did enjoy it to-night, didn't you?

**Cissie:** It was marvellous.

**Betty** (interrupting): I was sorry you wouldn't come to the Farewell Sherry party first—it was an extra good show. I was glad to see Jack Pritchard again. He was blooming as usual, even though he said that he'd lost a stone and a half on the trip out.

**Siebert:** Did he really? Were the speeches good?

**Betty:** I nearly had hysterics when Sir William told us about the clocks.

**Cissie:** Do tell me.

**Betty:** Well, he started off by saying that it seemed as if he was always doomed to speak with musical accompaniment. Whether he was referring to the clattering of knives and forks and plates in the other part of the dining-room, or the soft music wafting from the romantic balcony above, I don't know. But he said that years ago he had to make a speech in the old library, and the students hid dozens of alarm clocks—(Buster: Don't exaggerate)—all round the room behind the books, and set them to go off at five minute intervals during his address.

**Buster:** Professor Stewart's reply was rather amusing. After an eloquent and airy introduction, and a warning to Mr. Cowan and Mr. Padman to beware of the Home for Rhodes Boys at Oxford, he talked at length about finishing and turning. He also asked for volunteer helpers in case he should need them later in the evening, as he had to address an august body on "Finishing and Turning," which he somehow connected with "Sweetness and Beauty."

**Siebert:** It sounds good. What did the other speakers say?

**Buster:** The president of the Arts Association proposed a toast to "Our Envoys"—that was Cowan and Padman, of course—but was forced to leave much unsaid, as the great Ox threatened to leave if his turn did not come soon, as he was going to Prof. P.'s to dinner before the dance.

**Betty:** The "Envoy's" speech was a scream. I was sorry he wouldn't repeat any of the "not fit for publication

## The Other Hope for the World

### AN IMPREGNABLE BRITISH EMPIRE

On August 9 a meeting of eighteen University students passed the following resolution unanimously:—

"Having discussed the question of "Peace Through the League," as proclaimed in 'On Dit' of August 4, 1936, we regret that we cannot find any practical means of application of its ideals.

"We maintain our trust in and support of a strong British Empire, which stands for progress towards freedom, democracy, order, and peace.

"We further believe that this strong British Empire is the best means of effecting the aims of the League."

The following comprised the meeting:—

A. F. PUDDY  
J. L. STOKES  
E. W. HODGETTS  
K. W. V. SMITH  
J. B. MILLS  
H. T. HUGHES  
T. H. McFARLANE  
E. D. J. STEWART  
W. F. TOMLINSON

J. G. McGLASHAN  
H. R. KIMBER  
K. J. ROBERTSON  
V. A. FERGUSSON STEWART  
A. G. CAMPBELL  
W. W. TWISS  
R. R. BULLOCK  
S. W. SMITH  
R. M. HAINS

jokes," at which he hinted though. When he stood up on the chair he reminded me of Mark Antony addressing his friends, Romans and countrymen. He said, among other things, that he would do his best to look after Mr. Padman on the boat, but he would not be responsible afterwards, as he himself was going to New College, while his ward was going to Balliol.

**Cissie:** I say, wasn't it funny about the W.C.T.U. protesting about the Arts Association having a sherry party?

**Betty:** It was the most ridiculous thing I've heard for a long time, especially as the Vice-Chancellor and two Profs. were there to watch over the poor little "country boys" who might have been led astray at such a gathering.

(For a while the conversation lapses. Siebert is driving carefully, although the night is fine and clear.)

**Cissie** (to Siebert): I hope that car we saw stuck up outside the gate started. The engine must have been cold. Whose was it? It was a two-seater, black and had a white band—(She gasps as Siebert just misses a man on a bicycle.)

**Siebert:** D—! Didn't see the fool. (There is silence for a few minutes—blissful in the back seat, rather strained in the front.)

**Cissie** (to Betty): Did you enjoy the ball?

**Betty** (after a reasonable time has elapsed): I haven't enjoyed a Varsity dance better. I suppose it was because I knew most of the people—they were nearly all students. I suppose there were about 200, or more there. It seemed funny having to shake hands with Frew Bonnin and his sister—but they did the receiving jolly well. I loved his sister's blue frock ("Granny" said it was bottle green.—Ed.).

**Buster:** By Jove, yes.

**Betty:** Didn't those military fellows look marvellous in their red coats—you know, the ones who came in late?

**Cissie** (coldly): Do you think so?

**Siebert:** Damned cheek, I call it.

**Buster:** Don't be an ass, Bert. I think I might go and join the military myself, so that I can have a uniform like that. It certainly attracts the girls.

**Cissie:** Not me.

**Betty:** Yes.

(Silence.)

**Buster:** It was just as well that electric light globe didn't fall on anyone's head.

**Siebert:** What happened? I couldn't see.

**Betty:** We were dancing just near the spot. Suddenly there was a crash and a globe fell out of the light bracket and landed on the floor with a terrific explosion.

**Cissie:** Good heavens!

**Buster:** Congratulations, Bet, on the decorations. The blossom looked marvellous. The supper, too—and all done by the Refectory.

**Cissie:** Was it really?

**Siebert:** It was a pity there was not a special supper dance, because I accidentally cut a dance by staying in the Lady Symon too long for supper. I didn't hear the music start.

**Betty** (in an injured voice): But we had a loud speaker put in specially, and, anyhow, there was an unexpected extra at supper time. Someone brought a gramophone. So you've got no excuse.

**Cissie:** Well, I must admit that I did the same thing as Bert. (Pause.) But I'm so glad I went to the dance. All Together: So am I.

(A minute later the car draws up at Cissie's front gate. Leaving Buster and Betty in the car, Siebert escorts Cissie to the front door.)

**Cissie** (ten minutes later): Good-night, Bert. Thank you ever so much—I loved every minute of it. Now, hurry home and get some sleep, because you've got that early lecture in the morning.

**Siebert:** Still, I'll have the week-end to make up for lost sleep, and it was well worth it.

**Cissie:** Every time.

## COMING EVENTS

Wednesday, 12th: Science Association Excursion to Holden's. Cars leaving Refectory at 2.

Practice Debate for Inter-Varsity Debaters in the Lady Symon at 7.45. Open to ALL members of Union.

Thursday, 13th: Special General Meeting of members of the Union in the Lady Symon at 11.20 p.m.

Friday, 14th: Commerce Ball.

Saturday: Last day of term.

### During Vacation.

Thursday, 27th: Inter-Varsity Ball. Friday, 28th, and Saturday, 29th: Conversazione.

Monday, 31st: Term begins.

## UNION COMMITTEE MEETING

A letter has been written to the debating team of American students, inviting them here if a suitable date can be arranged. They hope to pass through all the capital cities and debate therein between August 10th and 26th—they will sure have to hustle some! The committee agreed to leave all arrangements in the hands of the President.

### FINANCE COMMITTEE REPORT.

The Committee adopted the recommendations of the House Committee that Professor Kerr Grant be asked as to the possibility of having a loud speaker in the refectory. It could be used at lunch time for making announcements and at dances.

The secretary asked that if anyone could supply the missing numbers of "Punch" would they please do so as soon as possible. The list is posted in the vestibule.

It was unanimously agreed that the window which is set opposite the showers in the Lady Symon building should be refrosted. (Shame!)

A letter of resignation from Messrs. Puddy and Pilgrim, the only members left of the Dance Club Committee, was accepted, and the few assets of the club were taken over by the Union.

### SUPPERS.

The following recommendations of the House Committee were adopted:— (a) That suppers for entertainments and meetings should always be served by the refectory staff if possible. (b) That suppers should be served in the refectory as a rule. (c) That supper should only be served in the Lady Symon Hall when the whole of the refectory was required for other purposes, and only on getting permission from the President of the Union.

The suggestion that a drinking fountain be erected on the Union premises was considered, and the matter was referred to the architect.

It was also agreed that the drafting of regulations by the regulations sub-committee could be left until after the final exams.

A special general meeting of the Union is being held tomorrow at 1.20 p.m. to amend clause 20 of the Constitution, incorporating provision for the annual election of the disciplinary and regulations sub-committees.

### PROCESSION AND CONVERSAZIONE.

The Union Committee passed a motion "that the Union should take no official steps in connection with the procession, although it approves of the idea."

The Union Committee calls for volunteers to act as guides, special constables, and guards for the priceless treasures of the University at the Conversazione. These are most important jobs, and the Committee would be very grateful if those members who are as yet not engaged in the Conversazione would help in this way. Would you please give your name in at the front office.

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# ON DIT

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Miss EDITH IRWIN.

Wednesday, 12th August, 1936

## A POLICY SPEECH

IT is interesting, in the light of (or not in the light of, perhaps) the recent debate, "that the press should publish news, and not views," to consider the present policy of "On Dit." We certainly believe in publishing both news and views. To say that, by only printing news, the reader is given a true picture of events, undistorted by views, is amply disproved by our own newspapers.

There has been much criticism recently of the amount of space which "On Dit" is devoting to political questions. We should like to make several observations: (a) That we have at no time attached ourselves to any one political party. (b) That just such a policy was outlined by the present Editors in their first editorial (issue dated 14/5/36), entitled "Public Opinion." No one complained then. (c) We cannot publish University news when there is no news to publish. Reports of University activities depend usually on the secretaries concerned. (d) We can but repeat the old complaint—that "On Dit" would be a much more successful journal if the critics offered practical help in the shape of articles, reports, etc. (e) Finally, we are in no way trying to push our opinions down your throats. If we can only get you to think clearly, or even think at all, about what we consider to be vitally important questions, our object will be achieved.

### AN APOLOGY.

"On Dit" greatly regrets that the name of J. A. Game was mistakenly printed as a signee of the "Peace Through the League" article in last week's issue. We offer our apologies to Mr. Game.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received letters this week from D.J.B., J. R. Magarey, D. B. Taylor, L. W. Parkin, R. Magarey, John Stokes, P.M.Y., and Capt. A. S. Blackburn, V.C. E. A. Olssen's letter and "A Fairy Story" went to the printers before these letters were received. "A Simple Story" was also already set in print. We regret very much that we are unable to print even extracts from these letters; but there should be plenty of room for correspondence in the first issue next term.

### OUR WORD WARRIORS

The debating team to represent our Varsity in Sydney at the Inter-Varsity debates during the vacation is Herb Piper, Miss Edith Irwin, and Russel Ward, with J. E. Kelly (emergency).

The first debate is against Sydney, the subject being "That Trial by Jury Should be Abolished," which our team has to propose. We wish them luck, but think they will be more than lucky to survive this debate, which would take some surviving even by the hottest team the A.U.D.C. could turn out, seeing that the jury system varies in N.S.W. and S.A., that a technical knowledge of the law is needed for such a debate, which technical knowledge none of our team possess, and that trial by jury obviously should not be abolished. Anyway, should they not survive, there will be plenty to amuse them in Sydney, and on the way there and back, since the men members are going by car and giving themselves plenty of time for the journey.

## GERMANY v. JEW

REV. RUBEN ZACKS AT I.R.C. MEETING.

Opening his talk to the I.R.C. last Monday evening with a story about a famous Jewish preacher who did not know when to stop, and who on one occasion was handed the keys by the warden and asked to lock up when he had finished, the Rev. Ruben Zacks spoke at length on the Jewish situation in Germany. In fact, we left him still talking to interested members while the warden, in the shape of our renowned caretaker, hovered at the door jingling his bunch of keys and making noises like a mopoke. Mr. Zacks informed the club that he has been appointed at the head of the Hebrew section of studies at the University.

"The Jew is Our Misfortune."

"Of no other people can you find that when any one citizen does anything wrong it can be put down to the discredit of the whole race," said Mr. Zacks, referring to the injustice of the German proverb quoted above. He then sketched the history of Jewry from the Roman occupation of Palestine in 70 A.D.; through the Dark Ages, when this wandering race was regarded as the personal property of the King and in consequence forced off the land into finance; to the attack on the Jews by Otto von Bismarck in 1878, when he attempted to gain his end of consolidating Germany by the subjection of the Jews. Finally, the hopeless revenge of the Treaty of Versailles made Germany a savage country, and Mr. Zacks admitted that "had conditions been different in 1919, I think it probable that the sorry spectacle that we see in Germany today would not have occurred."

Hitler, like Bismarck, reached his supreme power by attacking the Jews. Although only 1 per cent. of the population of Germany was Jewish in 1933, German propagandists spread the belief that the Jew controlled their country. In 1933 came the Nuremberg Decree, which made the non-Aryan a pariah in the state, and took away his means of existence and even his right to live. Despite the fact that there had been a Jewish settlement in Cologne as early as 310 A.D., all Jews are now labelled aliens. Nor did the decree attack only those of pure Jewish descent (if such a thing is possible); but if one of a man's four grandparents had happened to be of Jewish stock, then he was declared a non-Aryan.

The first attack was directed against the professional Jews, and the professions most affected were those of medicine and law, to which the Jew had given selflessly for centuries. Before a man can practice he must now produce a certificate to prove that he is an Aryan. From the professions the attack spread to the trades. By another decree, Jewish firms cannot employ non-Aryan employees, and no pure Aryan is allowed to work for a non-Aryan firm. Consequently the Jew's livelihood has been taken from him.

Another law is that no Jew may marry an Aryan, subject to penal servitude, and any such marriages contracted in or out of Germany are not recognised in that country. Couples of whom one is a non-Aryan are encouraged to go to court, where their marriage may be annulled.

The one hope of the German Jew lies in leaving the country. Some anticipated the Nuremberg Decree and fled, but the thousands who remained in Germany were in a terrible position. Although they could leave their money in a German bank, they could not take more than about one hundred marks out of the country, which was subject to a 25-per cent. flight tax. Usually the most a Jew could escape with was approximately £200.

This violent prosecution, which, according to Mr. Zacks, has not been exaggerated in our newspapers, together with the Jewish terror of the secret police, has been brought about through Hitler, but more so through Goebbels and Goering, and even more

## "TIPPLE FIRST AND CRIPPLE SECOND"

"PRESENT PENSIONS FOR FUTURE FIGHTERS."

On the night of Monday, August 3, the Peace Group of Melbourne University marched through the streets of Melbourne in a Peace March. Forecasting the eventful day, "Farrago" said: "The United Peace Group Committee has decided to form a League for Veterans of Future Wars. The veterans have got a hunch that they might be neglected after the next big showdown, and, at all events, being human, and therefore very imprudent, they think that a pension in the hand is worth two in Parliament. Not a penny more on gas or guns until we've got our pensions!" they say; and they are going to march through the streets of Melbourne in the Peace March just to prove they mean what they say.

"That is all that is certain. The rest is humor not rumor. On Monday, August 3, from 1-1.30 p.m., they are going to make a Big Ballyhoo, just as if they were on future furlough from future trenches. Some of the future Veterans state that they won't be all there; that they are future disembodied spirits, and they insist upon riding in a hearse—because it's unlikely that there could be a rehearsal, since such vehicles would be luxuries at the future fronts. Some rumor that a real live get-the-goods-and-how son of Uncle Sam—an American Veteran of Future Wars—has been especially imported to spill the beans as to how five hundred thousand American students, often with the encouragement of the administrative boards of their schools and Universities—pestered for their pensions last April. Others believe that the Future Chief Mourners for Future Disembodied Veterans, who are important personages, will march in state behind the hearse to the Solemn Strains of a Future 'Dead March.'

"But Monday, August 3, from 1-1.30 p.m., will tell its own tale.

"A Recruiting Officer of the Veterans of Future Wars will be on the spot to enrol all applicants for the march on the evening of Monday, August 3, and all applicants will be accepted, whether they state themselves to be future embodied spirits, disembodied spirits, or dispirited bodies!"

### NEWS ITEMS.

"The nation-wide strike of the U.S.A. students on April 22 appears to have been boycotted in the British press this year. That half a million students demonstrated against war in this manner, with, in many cases, the support of their teachers, is something of which students all the world over are proud."—"The Arrows," Sheffield University.

so through the Nazi editor of a vicious anti-Semitic newspaper. But there are many in Germany who have no such ill-feeling towards the Jew.

After recommending a book by the name of "The Yellow Spot," which unexpectedly has an introduction by the Bishop of Durham, and which tells the real facts of the Jewish persecution in Germany, the Rev. Zacks concluded: "Somehow or other history will take its sure revenge, as it has done in Spain for the last four hundred years, on a country that has treated its Jews so despicably."

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## A HALFPENNY MATTER

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

So the Federal Cabinet has been meeting in Brisbane to decide how best to get rid of its surplus—a surplus which still embarrasses our Ministers after their latest benefaction to the national defence forces. Contrast with Government opulence the sad plight of the Australian branches of the League of Nations Union. No one in the Cabinet has proposed making a grant to that body. It seems that only to purposes which the Government has pledged itself to abjure—the building up of national force—can it pour out millions. For the chief local supporter of the institution which our nation is equally solemnly pledged to support the Government can apparently find nothing.

Here, in South Australia, the Union's subscriptions, donations, and collections in the year 1935-6 reached a grand total of £178 6/9. The complete sheet balanced at £232 4/8. In its work for world peace and international law, to which we are so firmly pledged, the Union is just able to afford £53 annually in salaries—or, rather, salary, for it has only one paid employee. In this cause, a cause beside which that of the abolition of poverty can alone rank in importance, the Union found itself able to add twenty new books to the Union library.

It is not that we have no commitments to a policy of collective security—we are bound to the League by our subscription to its covenant; we are sworn to forgo the use of national force and armaments by the Treaty of Paris (Kellogg Pact) of 1928; wherein we "condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy, in (our) relations with one another." In 1928 the then Foreign Secretary of Great Britain (Sir Austen Chamberlain) wrote to the United States Government:—"The preservation of peace has been the chief concern of His Majesty's Government and the prime object of all their endeavors. It

### HALF A GUINEA GOING BEGGING!

Don't forget to write your contribution for the Centenary Number of "On Dit," which will be sold at the Conversazione. Entries close on Saturday week.

is the reason why they have given ungrudging support to the League of Nations. . . . For the Government of this country, respect for the obligations arising out of the Covenant of the League of Nations is fundamental." Compare with this the unchallenged statement of Mr. Alexander in the House of Commons (20/7/36):—"Every time the clock ticks Britain is giving a halfpenny to the League of Nations; but is spending £6 6/ on armaments."

Australian Cabinet Ministers seem no more backward in their realisation of the League's importance. "It is difficult to see how this great tragedy (a world war) can be avoided if the policy of each of the Great Powers of Europe is to be one of exclusive national aggrandisement, backed by armaments and by the detestable doctrine that 'my country' (whichever it may be) has rights in the world, but no obligations to the world, or, at least, no obligations that cannot be swept away by one impatient gesture. That is why the future of the League of Nations, with its insistence upon the notion that the peace of the world is a matter of international obligation, is today the preoccupation of the best minds of the old world."—(R. C. Menzies, "Advertiser").

But what about the Federal Government doing something towards this cause by granting the League of Nations Union, say, £20,000? This would represent one-fourth-hundredth of the latest "supplementary" grant to Australian national defence, but it would mean four hundred times more to the Union than £8,000,000 does to the Australian defence forces.

## BISHOP STUBBES, MILTON, AND MR. WRIGHT

"The Lord hath blessed that Lande (England) with the knowledge of His truth above all other landes in the world."—Phillip Stubbes.

"God is decreeing to begin some new and great period. . . . What does He, then, but reveal Himself to His servants, and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen."—Milton.

"Now, every student is keenly aware that the nations of the world have, during the past century, constantly looked to England as an arbiter in their disputes. . . . have grown to respect . . . her adherence to ideals higher than their own."—Mr. Wright.

Sr.—This somewhat belated reply to Mr. Wright's even more belated contribution to the Jubilee Celebrations appears, in view of Mr. Allen's remarks of last issue, much like slaying the slain. It may, however, serve the purpose of exorcising any evil spirits that still may chance to lurk around the imperialist corpse.

Mr. Wright's masterly portrayal of England, "as daintily she parries thrust and counter-thrust, smoothes out a difficulty here, and prevents a war there," only to experience the villainous ingratitude of the foreigner, and find herself compelled "to stand by and watch the fierce struggle between two excited and unreasonable nations," moved me deeply. Somehow it called to mind—and a psycho-analyst is hardly needed to determine the cause—that remark of Oscar Wilde's: "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing."

In 1914 England was "dragged" into the war—presumably on the side of the least unreasonable and excitable of the disputants. Then angels began pulling at Mons, and the Kaiser day by day grew more like Mephistopheles. Having been thus "dragged" into the war, England proceeded to fight "in defence of her ideals, be it noted." Perhaps Mr. Wright could supply a few instances of nations that have fought against their own ideals. This would be no easy task. Nationalist ideals, in fact, appear with felicitous consistency to coincide with certain material interests. Upon the invasion of Belgium, Professor G. T. Trevelyan advocated a policy of non-interference on England's part, because he believed Germany insufficiently strong to effect any permanent alteration in the Continental balance of power. The French and German militarists would, it was thought, cancel each other out, in which event whole reams of paper might be torn without anyone's idealism waxing war-like. Professor Trevelyan after admitted that the event had proved him wrong. Germany's very able struggle against odds made it evident that France alone would not have offered a very successful resistance, and would certainly have failed to keep Germany out of the Netherlands. The traditional British policy of defending the neutrality of the Netherlands at all costs is one for which no apology is needed. England, like other nations, has invariably adopted a foreign policy essentially realistic, and no good purpose can be served by obscuring the fact in an effort to prove that, in 1914 for example, we were motivated by idealism. This does not deny the truth that most of those in the ranks fought conscientiously for what they believed to be right and just; but this applies to the enemy, as well as to ourselves. Foreign policy, as Machiavelli remarked long ago, has always been dictated by parochial self-interest, and explained in terms of self-sacrifice. It is partly in the hope of stopping this that many of us support the League of Nations, as against Economic Imperialism.

Mr. Wright next suggests that with the peace (?) of 1914, England, feeling that neither persuasion nor example could save the foreigner from his own stupidity, strove to establish the League of Nations. True enough. But more than this was done. Lloyd George had originally expressed the

## WE WANT A WAR!

SAYS A CONTRIBUTOR TO  
"FARRAGO."

"Sure, we do. But let's not be exclusive about it. Let our politicians, our comfortable business men, our eloquent recruiters, and our militant women join us in the blood bath (that is, if the idea does not strike you as indelicate).

"If there's one subject which seems to appeal more than any other to the juvenile intelligences of our military morons, it is the sacred shibboleth of Compulsory Military Training. There's something fascinating about the 'compulsory' and the 'military' which makes an instant appeal to their love of the slow, rhythmic roll of the stirring drums, and all the glittering panoply of bloody war.

"We are fortunate that thousands of miles of ocean separate us from the sordid squabbles and ancient intrigues of a distracted Europe, yet we find influential Australians advocating Compulsory Military Service, apparently to fill the poet's description, 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

amiable intention to celebrate the peace by "hanging the Kaiser," but on second thoughts, changed his mind, perhaps thinking that, after all, such vindictiveness would appear a little vulgar. To compensate the masses for failure to fulfil this promise, the Allies decided to "make Germany pay for the war." Hence it came about that the League of Nations and the Treaty of Versailles "grew in beauty side by side." The Treaty largely explains the League's subsequent shortcomings. Without going so far as to admit that these shortcomings have amounted to failure (in many cases the League has succeeded), it may be conceded to Mr. Wright that in the sphere of political arbitration serious setbacks have been experienced. This, however, does not warrant counsel of despair. Nationalism has been the manifest cause of much League humiliation, evident in a general unwillingness to admit the right of third party intervention to decide the merits of a dispute. Rather than strengthen the League by white-anting this Nationalism by means of strengthening public opinion in support of the League, Mr. Wright would add fuel to the flames. England, he suggests, should "render the Empire a unit so strong, so impregnable, and so independent of the rest of the world, as to put herself automatically in the position of dictator." This, he believes, could be done "gracefully and neatly." As against Mr. Wright, we submit that gracefulness has not been a noticeable trait of John Bull's. When it is suggested that such a quality was displayed in the acquisition of Empire, we suspect leg-pulling.

There remains to be noted Mr. Wright's assumption that the Empire is, as a matter of "economic fact," self-sufficient. Perhaps the Empire need ask nothing of the rest of the world in the way of primary and secondary produce, though this would need a deal of statistical proof. Admitting the plan's feasibility, it could be carried out, however, only at the cost of a substantial reduction in the standard of living—an effect that would extend far beyond the Empire itself. This would bring in its train international political repercussions of a serious nature, and would also maximise the possibilities of internecine strife—possibly to Stalin's delight and Mr. Wright's despair. It would also prevent foreign debtors from repaying loans and investments, and more than the remote prospect of world dictatorship would be needed to dispose of these so blithely.

Finally, it is submitted that a writer who starts with the declaration that he desires peace "ardently," and concludes by saying that war is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," shows a confusion of thought which not even a mystical belief in the Mission of Empire is able to reconcile.

—E. A. Olssen.

## A Simple Story

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES

By Professor A. B. Taylor, Tasmania University.

### Chapter I.

The thirty-third meeting of the Disarmament Conference at Tintagel Castle was drawing to a close. King Arthur—in the Chair—adjusted his awry pince-nez, coughed interrogatively to hint to chatty members that he was about to speak, and shuffled the sheaf of papers which lay upon his table.

"Gentlemen," he began, and in his voice there was a world of weariness, for multitudinous conferences were fast bringing his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. "I shall now read the motion as amended." He then read out in the mumbled, droning tones so characteristic of an experienced chairman. "As from April 1st dragons' claws must not exceed three-quarters of an inch in length, giants' clubs must not exceed three pounds in weight. That for spears, swords, and lances no restrictions are required, since these are purely defensive armour. Those in favor please say aye."

He looked up apprehensively as a few members stifled their cavernous yawns and muttered aye.

"Contrary, say no." Of course there would be a chorus of noes; he could feel it in his bones. In all their thirty-three meetings not a single motion limiting armaments had been passed. But O God, how they talked and talked! But to his great surprise the silence remained unbroken. Feeling his sleeve plucked at by the secretary-general, Sir Kay, he peered round at him: "Eh! What's that?"

"There are no delegates from the giants and dragons at the meeting," he whispered in his ear.

"Oh—er—I see, quite," King Arthur vaguely murmured. "Well, gentlemen," he added in a louder tone, "this unanimity is most cheering. A very satisfactory meeting, most satisfactory. We have, I feel confident, laid a firm basis for a lasting peace. Er—er—that is, I should say, when the governments concerned have enacted the necessary legislation." His hesitancy seemed to suggest that perhaps the giant and dragon governments might be a little unreasonable in their attitude to these admirable proposals. Always harping on security and equality of treatment, that was their trouble. As if anyone wanted to fight with giants or dragons!

"Well, gentlemen, that concludes our business for this meeting. I declare the meeting—"

He stopped suddenly as the silence outside was rudely shattered by a raucous flourish of trumpets, blatant enough to make the most reluctant welkin ring. The double entrance doors were flung wide open and a gorgeous uniform strutted in, surmounted by a mottled face and ripe, red nose—Tintagel's Seneschal. He brandished his olive branch impressively and announced in a deep bass, sergeant-major voice, "Distressed Damsel Una craves an audience."

King Arthur sighed; distressed damsels were such a plague these days. There had, of course, been a time—But his Odysseys with distressed damsels were now mere ghost-like memories, and his arteries were much too hard to be excited by a pretty face. Of course, this Una would spill out a pailful of adulterated female soul and make his younger knights turn all goofy.

"Show her in," he answered wearily. Una stepped timidly through the doors, looking—But readers interested in pictures of beauty in distress are referred to Spenser's "Faery Queen," Book I; Una looked just like that. She curtseyed as maidens did in the good old days, and voiced her deep regret at trespassing upon their valuable time. But a giant had laid siege to her parents' ancestral home and she had come to seek King Arthur's help. Would he send a knight—? Her eyes, which shone

like dew-tipped violets, glanced quickly round the assembled delegates, rested for a moment on Sir George, whose arteries were not too hard to send his blood surging to his face.

King Arthur frowned slightly; was Una so ignorant of changed conditions? Had she not heard that the Round Table was a peace association, its function not fighting, but conciliation? Some of these provincial newspapers were too bad altogether. He soothingly assured her that the matter would be given full consideration, but regretted that, under the new regime of covenants and collective security, he could not send a knight to combat with the giant. If the giant were found to be the aggressor the usual steps would be taken. "But he must not be condemned unheard," he added, beaming at her through his moon-like glasses. "And now, if you will leave us, we shall discuss the measures to be taken."

Una listened demurely, but could not conceal her disappointment. So many of her girl-friends had boasted of the knights who had come with them to fight a dragon or a giant. What would they say when she returned alone? She glanced again at George; he did look handsome in his plumes and shining armour. If she could only get him alone for half an hour—for Una was one of those love-me-to-night sort of maidens who, given half an opportunity, would have no difficulty in becoming wives. She made another graceful curtsy and retired. At the door she turned again and pleaded the urgency of the case; the castle walls were very old, and the giant had colossal clubs. She glanced again at George, whose eyes were now protruding like lobsters'.

"There, there, my dear," said Arthur soothingly. "Rome wasn't built in a day, you know. And, as for the giant's clubs, we have just unanimously agreed that they must not exceed three pounds in weight. And what can such clubs avail against stone walls? Now, now, don't be alarmed, no giant would dare to flout the unanimous decision of the world."

Una smiled demurely, and followed the peacock raiment of the seneschal through the doors. Girl-like, she put no faith in protocols and covenants, but the protruding eyes of George were a very comforting sight.

The Round Table immediately began to buzz; when a real problem faced them they did not let the grass grow under their feet. In less than one hour it was unanimously agreed that the giant and Una's father should be instructed to prepare an immediate report, stating the cause of hostility. Since nothing further could be done until these reports were received, King Arthur moved that they adjourn for a month. George bounded to his feet and stormily protested. Always a young firebrand, he combined a distrust of pacifism with a penchant for pretty faces; he was as yet too young to know that women are all alike at bottom, and differ only in the frills and flourishes. At the moment he would have imprisoned the very perfume of the flowers for Una. He then offered to settle the job by going back with her.

But he was over-ruled. The giant must not be pre-judged. Everything must be done on strictly Round-Table lines. After a motion had been passed, forbidding isolated action, the meeting was adjourned. But Arthur did not feel happy. As he sipped his beer at the castle butterfly-hatch he sighed deeply. If only Eve hadn't plucked that damned apple! There were no wars in the Garden of Eden; no conferences, no covenants, no protocols!

(Continued on next page.)

## A SIMPLE STORY

(Continued.)

## Chapter 2.

A month later, the delegates re-assembled, and amid much silence, the Secretary-General read a detailed statement from Una's rather—a clear, concise report of 100 top-scap pages. It seemed clear that the giants' attack had been entirely unprovoked. The giants' reply was even briefer, but very disappointing. "Too busy to make a statement now. Will do so when hostilities cease."

King Arthur frowned and shook his head. "That makes it very difficult," he said. "If he would only send a delegate to our meetings!" He proposed that the meeting be again adjourned and a strong note sent to the giant insisting on a full report. This motion was strongly opposed by George, who was now suffering from a bad cold in the head—the English climate is not suited to serenading. "The outer walls have already been battered down," he added in a hoarse-croaking whisper. "There is no time for delay." After a lengthy and somewhat heated debate, the giant was declared the aggressor, and George at once insisted on immediate application of Article 19 of the Covenant, fingering his sword-hilt with tremulous, itching fingers. His nervy state was very natural in the circumstances; for twenty-eight long days the vision of Una's Boticellian face and tantalising eyes had haunted him like a witch's curse; and, besides a cold is very weakening.

At the Chairman's request, Sir Kay read out in solemn, measured tones the fateful Article 19. Their duty was now clear; sanctions must be applied. Shaw, as a witty writer once said, offered the world salvation by socialism, Wells offered salvation by science, and Kipling salvation by Sahibs. But Article 19 went one better than them all: it offered salvation by sanctions.

Some of the delegates shuffled uneasily in their seats. After all, they very reasonably reflected, when they signed that blasted article they had never dreamt that it would ever be evoked. But George was no fence-sitter. In all his three years of service no distressed damsel had ever been allotted to him, and he wasn't the man to let an opportunity slip. The whole Article must be applied, he heatedly insisted, lock, stock, and barrel. For his part, he asserted, he was more than willing to do the job alone, and ready to leave toute suite.

But King Arthur begged him to be more calm. "The more haste, the less speed, you know," he added brightly, having great faith in proverbs. Their duty was conciliation; force must be their last resort. Thus over-ruled, George sat down sulkily and began to gnaw his nails in the manner of snubbed young firebrands.

King Arthur also sagely pointed out that in two weeks at the most the monsoonal rains would begin—and everyone knows how mud affects a giant's seven-league boots. To apply military sanctions might ruin their chance of a satisfactory compromise. Much better to begin with economic sanctions. "After all," he added brightly, with his usual skillful choice of apt quotations, "all great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise." They could begin by stopping all exportation of wood and iron, since wood was needed for the giant's clubs, and iron for the spikes. "Eh! What's that?" he muttered nervously, as Sir Kay whispered in his ear. "Most of my revenue comes from the Cornish iron mines! Dear, dear! Er—er—gentlemen," he continued, raising his voice again, "Sir Kay informs me that iron sanctions would be ineffective, as the giant has all the iron he needs. But timber—er—er—did you speak, Sir Gawayne?"

"Yes, sir," answered Gawayne very firmly. "I cannot agree to timber sanctions. I am as strongly opposed as any man to acts of wanton aggression, but my chief export trade is timber. To stop this export would bring my realm to bankruptcy."

"Dear, dear!" King Arthur murmured. "That is awkward."

"Of course," Sir Gawayne continued, "I have no objection to sending a mes-

sage to the giant, requesting that he shall not use my timber to make clubs."

After a thorough discussion, this was accepted as a satisfactory compromise, and the serious business of selecting appropriate sanctions then began—sanctions which would convince the giant that world opinion was against him, yet which would not too seriously dislocate international trade. It was finally agreed to prohibit all exportations of the following articles—clocks, watches, spats, silk stockings, and top hats.

"What about manicure sets and lipstick?" George exploded, as sardonically as his phlegm-filled throat would permit. "There's only one way to deal with scoundrels like this giant: chop off their blasted heads!"

"Now, now, George," said Arthur soothingly, for he knew the devastating influence of maidens on young men, "be reasonable. The giant must not be judged too harshly. There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," he added brightly—a maxim later plagiarised by Bacon in his play called "Hamlet," and probably coined by Solomon at one of his later wedding breakfasts. But George, a man of action, put little faith in thinking. He muttered an incoherent and probably blasphemous answer, then resumed his fingernail chewing.

The meeting was then adjourned for a month, after a number of sub-committees had been elected to supervise these sanctions, and to investigate all aspects of the conflict—at the usual rate, of course—five guineas per head per day, and all expenses found. As everyone knows, God fulfils Himself in many ways, but chiefly through sub-committees.

Una was grievously disappointed, and said so, quite candidly, to King Arthur. The giant had almost demolished the inner walls, and in less than a month—

"There, there, my dear," he answered soothingly, "you must look on the bright side. Every cloud has a silver lining." He reminded her again of the limitation in the weight of giants' clubs, and the firm note sent by Gawayne about the use of his wood for making armaments. But Una, like Rachel weeping for her alleged children, would not be comforted. She had a deep-rooted prejudice against all giants.

## Chapter 3.

At the third meeting of the Round Table Sir Kay read out the interim reports of the committee of 13, the committee of 18, the committee of 34, and the committee of 55. It seemed obvious that sanctions were having a cumulative effect, but that further sanctions would be inadvisable. The giant, however, was obviously weakening. He had offered to cease hostilities if given a mandate over the castle and its territories. It must, however, be admitted that the rains had had little effect; equipped with waders and goloshes, the giant was attacking more vigorously than ever.

"Damn and blast sanctions!" George exploded, leaping from his seat like a cuckoo from a cuckoo clock. "Here's the giant smashed everything but the donjon, and you drivel away about sanctions, sanctions, sanctions!"

"Order, order!" cried King Arthur, rapping the table with his fountain pen-Excalibur. "I cannot allow such un-Round Table language. Er—er—did you speak your Reverence?" he added, peering over his glasses at the Abbot of Glastonbury.

"I was merely telling George," his reverence boomed ecclesiastically through his nose, "that if Jesus were present with us He would support economic, but never military sanctions."

"Quite so, quite so, your Reverence. A very good point. Please record it in the minutes, Sir Kay. Yes, Sir Galahad?" he added. For Galahad had risen from his corner, the deep furrows on his brow betraying a grave conviction that the human race was no better than it should be.

"Sanctions are no use, anyhow," he muttered moodily. "War is caused by human sinfulness, and you cannot abolish sin by sanctions. War will never cease until men abandon their material aims, and seek the Holy Grail. If you will read the Book of Daniel

## THE CONVERSAZIONE

The conversazione, to be held on the last Friday and Saturday of the vacation, is the University's Centenary effort. The complete list of activities has not yet been finalised, but the latest new bulletin from Mr. Bampton reports that six highly scientific lectures and demonstrations will be given—to wit, Professor Kerr Grant on "Electrons;" Professor Chapman on "Suspension Bridges;" Dr. Pennycuik on "Motion of the Molecule;" Dr. Cook on "The Nitrate Industry;" Dr. C. T. Madigan on "Glaciation;" and Mr. E. F. Lipsham on "Drugs, their Natural Sources and their Preparation."

The Biochemistry Department, the Board for Anthropological Research, and other departments will show films on the 'Varsity cinematograph.

The whole University will be thrown open to the gaze of the public, especially the Scientific Museum, where, in the laboratories of the Zoology Building, first year students will do their best to muddle the inquiring minds of the lay people in their attempts to explain the why and the wherefore of the scientific specimens. The Waite Agricultural Institute will also be open for inspection.

But the conversazione is not to be all of this high scientific standard. The full dramatic art of the University is being extended to the utmost. The Arts Association will present the fascinating one-act play, "Lucretia Borgia's Little Party," under the direction of Mr. D. Dawson. The French Club, helped by Miss Crampton, will give two French plays, and the Elder Conservatorium Dramatic Class will also add to the public's edification and entertainment.

Gramophone recitals will be given in the Conservatorium Building, with commentaries by Dr. Davies and Mr. John Horner.

As aforesaid, the list is incomplete, but it is hoped that by the end of the week a book of the words, with directions, places, and times will be published.

Every student can help by showing interest, enthusiasm, and most definitely in the very practical way of acting as guides to public who tread for the first time our halls of learning, and our lanes and byways of knowledge.

you will find a prophecy—" His voice faded into muffled bleatings. What was the good of talking about the Bible and its prophecies to these atheists? Better that this ignoble civilisation should perish, and make room for a purer, more exalted one.

Arthur gently reminded him that, though they had all agreed in general with his views, there was an immediate practical task. They must take human nature as they found it, and apply practical measures, "like—er—sanctions and covenants and protocols," he added vaguely.

Again the raucous sound of trumpets pierced their ear drums. A message had been received that the donjon had been carried by assault, and Una's parents killed and eaten by the giant, which only serves to show that the survival of the fittest is not necessarily the survival of the best. The giant had also sent a diplomatic note: "Does the Round Table still require a statement of the causes of the war? It seems hardly worth while now."

Then followed a lively debate. Some favored a lifting of all sanctions, since Una's parents were past all human help. Others insisted that they should be intensified; the world must be made to realise that aggression does not pay. Sir Lancelot, delegate of Little Britain, said that his Government had discussed the question at great length, foreseeing the possibility of the giant's victory. It was firmly of the opinion that no settlement be permitted which did not harmonise

## "THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER . . ."

## INTER-VARSITY FIXTURES.

The August vacation is always a sporting one, and this year there are ten inter-University carnivals. Three will take place here, three in Sydney, and two each in Melbourne and Brisbane. About 350 students will take part, and Adelaide will have over 50 visitors. Our University will be represented at all the fixtures except the Rugby and Boxing in Brisbane.

We have a debating team going to Sydney, which will meet strong opposition. The first subject is "That Trial by Jury should be Abolished." Adelaide takes the pro side, and if we defeat Sydney in this, we then argue in favor of national re-armament for defence.

Our baseball team should live up to the South Australian reputation as being the superior State at baseball, and return victorious.

The women's hockey team will also play in Sydney in the first week of the vacation.

The men's hockey play in Melbourne, but Captain Frank Penner and his boys won't be lonely, because the basketball girls will be making the trip to play in Melbourne at the same time.

Our football team are beginning to wake up, which is just as well, because the Melbourne team soon arrives for the big match here on August 25. Melbourne University have two A teams in the Amateur League to select from, though neither look like being in their final four; but with their crack goalsneak, Mason Cox, and stalwarts like Galbraith and Miles Ryan in great form, we will be fighting hard.

The golf will be played here in the second week, and we have hopes that it will result in a win for Adelaide's "galaxy of stars," though the handicaps of the visiting six from Melbourne range from 2 to 7.

The lacrosse match will be played on August 26. Adelaide's form has been erratic this year, and they will probably have to go all out to win.

A further batch of visitors will be the Trinity College football team, who are coming to stay at St. Mark's, and hope to avenge their last year's defeat in the big match at St. Peter's College on Wednesday, August 26.

The carnival in Adelaide will wind up with the Inter-Varsity Ball on the Thursday night, and this is certain to be a "show of shows."

with Round Table principles. He therefore proposed that a mandate over the territories in dispute be given to the giant. Again George protested hotly; but the delegates were now used to that.

Another flourish of trumpets, and again the seneschal waved his olive branch to signify important news. A report had just come in that the giant had captured Una, and was fattening her up for Sunday's roast. George leapt from his seat as if it had been a nest of bulldog ants. In six bounds he was through the door, leaving the seneschal badly winded on the floor. Military sanctions had begun!

A week later a pantechonion pulled up outside Tintagel's drawbridge, bearing the giant's head, and a brief message from Sir George. He and Una had just formed an unlimited liability company of two, with power to add to their number. Arthur thoughtfully stroked his moustache, which now drooped like a weeping willow. Una must have dictated the note, he mused. Poor George never had a sense of humor. He then frowned heavily. George had acted in a very un-Round Table-like way. Yet, after all, it did solve the problem. He rose to his feet and addressed the assembled delegates. "Let us now adjourn to the chapel and give thanks to God that peace is at last restored by our united efforts." 'Twas ever thus in Round Table circles.

—A.B.T.

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## THE UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

*We have received this article from Mr. John May, the Editor of "Togatus," the Tasmanian University newspaper, in exchange for one about our own University, written by Helen Wighton. Thank you, very much, "Togatus."*

The University of Tasmania was established in 1890, but only as an examining body. It was not till three years later that any lectures were delivered. The most outstanding thing about it is its small size. We have only three hundred and ninety students enrolled, of whom almost one-third are exempted from lectures, and consequently take no part in student life. Of the rest, only about seventy are full time, so that very few of us have much time for University activities. The staff consists of nine professors and twenty-two lecturers, who rarely have classes of over twenty students, and many even lecture to one or two.

Small as we are, numbers have grown considerably during the last half-century, seeing that in 1893 the students numbered twenty-eight and the lecturers three.

An interesting point is that we do not use the abbreviation Varsity, as I remember hearing it used in Adelaide, but say University, or Shop in our more colloquial moments.

The main building is much older than the University. It was completed in 1850 for the Hobart Town High School, and handed over to the University forty years later. It has quite a fine stone facade with a pseudo-Gothic air, though we cannot say much for the lecture rooms inside. Various buildings were later added for science, including the new biology block completed last year.

The affairs of the University are controlled by the Council, consisting of nineteen members; the Senate, consisting of all graduates of more than three years' standing, and a bewildering number of boards and committees.

There are only five faculties: Arts, Science, Engineering, Law, and Commerce, although it is possible to do first year Medicine or Dentistry before going to a mainland University. Last year, for the first time, there were lectures in music, and this year a Dip. Ed. course has been opened.

We have three terms as you do, and the last week before the exams is swot-vac, in which most of us try to do at least a term's work. When Prince Henry was here swot-vac was extended to a fortnight. Our feelings toward the Royal Family were very cordial!

A fortnight after the exams results are known, and we have the pleasing custom of collections, a personal interview with the examiner, and in some cases a post-mortem on our papers. Degrees are conferred at commemoration at the end of the first term, from which ceremony under-graduates as a body are excluded, owing to certain memorable incidents with fireworks and a sheep's head.

### The Students.

And that brings me to the students themselves. Both men and women belong to the Students' Union, which was founded in 1899, and includes not only sports clubs, but the dramatic and debating societies as well. All students, unless they get exemption, pay \$2 common room fees, which go into the union funds. The money is allotted to the various clubs by the Students' Representative Council.

Women play a larger part in union affairs than in the bigger universities, taking, for instance, a regular share in debating on equal terms with the men, while a woman is always appointed to the tennis, athletics, dramatic, debating, and social committees.

Since, we are so isolated, inter-arsity events are specially valuable, and we send teams as often as possible to compete with mainland universities.

## SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The last Student Paper evening for the year was held on Wednesday, August 5, when two papers were presented. The first, by Mr. F. H. Hooper, was entitled "Soil Organic Matter," and was a rather incoherent, though thorough, treatment of the subject. He dealt with the importance of the so-called humus, which has a physical rather than nutritional value, and with methods of preserving the humus content.

The second paper, by Mr. D. Anders, was on the interesting subject of "Alchemy." He outlined the ideas—philosophical and mystical—of the old alchemists, quoting many amusing descriptions of their processes. Their incentive seems to have been the pursuit of the elixir of life, but their methods depended on the efficacy of horse dung and bats' blood.

Altogether, an interesting evening and a good supper.

(Of course, we don't expect to win anything.)

One of the chief events of the year is the play produced by the Dramatic Society. This year we put on "The Wind and the Rain," which was, exceptionally, a financial success, and raised £55 for charity in Hobart and Launceston.

The wilder spirits of the under-graduates find expression in the procession and mock commem. at the end of first term. Mock commem., which was banned two years ago by the Professorial Board, has been resumed, and both last year and this year drew crowded houses.

There are several societies not affiliated with the union. Of these, the Student Christian Movement gets the wider support, and, of course, the most opposition. The International Relations Club meets regularly, and a music club has been formed to deal with the Carnegie gift of records and a gramophone.

Christ College, for men, is the only residential college affiliated with the University. It was formed in 1926 by the amalgamation of the Theological College with the original Christ College, a school closed since 1891. It is close to the University, and accommodates about twenty students besides a sprinkling of theologians.

The great grievance of the under-graduates is that they have no adequate common rooms, and no hall at all. We, therefore, have to hold all social functions and meetings in the library or a lecture room. We were this year on the point of getting a union building—the money was granted, and the plans drawn—when the local residents objected to its encroaching a few feet on to a path outside the University grounds.

What I have said will be enough to show you how different our conditions are. The disadvantages of smallness and isolation are obvious enough, though we have some compensations in the ease of borrowing library books, the high scholastic standard, and the personal help of professors and lecturers. And, of course, a small University is better than no University at all.

Those of us who have visited Adelaide on inter-arsity trips remember your hospitality with pleasure and your University with admiration. We take this opportunity of sending you warm greetings from the Committee of Togatus, and the Tasmanian students. Joan Courtney-Pratt, Tasmania.

BROWSE AMONG THE  
UNLIMITED RANGE  
OF BOOKS  
At  
PREECE'S

## A FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time there were a dozen or so young men. Some of them were Christians, and remembered the Sermon on the Mount; and some were not, or not quite, but they had read Norman Angel and the hysterical Beverly, and they were intelligent, and some just loved the easy life. Others among them were subversive, and loved to say just those bright and naughty things University students are expected to say. So, joined thus variously in a common cause, they composed an impressive manifesto (it was, after all, a way of filling in a column or two, and gaining a place in the sun, which even the best cannot resist), saying that war was a bad thing (which no one doubted), and that they would not go on any account—even for God, king, and country (which only the very cynical doubted).

When, some years later, the Polish Ambassador, a jealous man, slapped the face of the German delegate to the League, whom he thought was the man he had seen kissing his secretary (a charming young Swiss, whose loves had previously caused a Balkan misunderstanding), and the French, whose newspapers saw in this a subtle German move to precipitate the dreaded European conflagration, immediately threw half a million men across the border into Germany for defence purposes, the English declared war, because they did not know they had until the last moment, and war gradually became universal. The bands played, and a great man (afterwards knighted) got up and said: Forget all the nonsense you have read. Your country, your heritage is at stake. . . . Think of your wives, mothers, girls you love, the little babies in the cradles. Would you have them slaughtered by the Huns? . . . Then the band played "Rule, Britannia" (the English Fleet had just been sunk at anchor by submarines and aeroplanes), and six of our heroes, who had been sent to the best schools, and carefully conditioned, felt all the glorious spirit of England (their country) rise in them. So they got up, and followed the band and the five thousand other heroes. They became airmen, and poisoned ever so many little German babies and German sweethearts, when they bombed Berlin.

Three others, who had just finished their medical course, felt they could do no better than place their services at the disposal of mankind. They went to the front, and got such excellent training in anatomy (at first hand) that on their return they became the most prominent surgeons in the country. They used to ask fifty guineas for removing an ingrowing toenail—and get it!

Two of them, who were training for the ministry, read in the newspaper that the Germans worshipped cannon, and boiled down unbaptised babes for fat. Guidance. They were suddenly convinced, and had no doubt what to do. Incensed by such barbarism, they enlisted at once, and were able to kill two Germans and one Frenchman (the latter by mistake) before a bomb killed one and blew off the other's legs. A third, who was actually ordained, became a padre, to bring God's comfort to the men engaged in killing their fellow men. On one occasion, when they were hard pressed, he seized a Maxim gun and killed 57 men, saving the day. He was decorated, and nicknamed "The Fighting Padre."

Three more, who were the intellectuals, read Spengler and Schopenhauer, and felt that nothing mattered, and all was inevitable. They were convinced when their novels were turned

## S.C.M.

"Christ and the Modern World."

Address by Rev. C. F. Hall.

At the mid-day meeting on Friday, August 7, Rev. C. F. Hall gave an address on "Christ and the Modern World." He chose as his text a verse from the Epistle to the Hebrews: "And all shall know God from the least to the greatest."

We can see God at work in the modern world, in which progress has advanced by rapid strides. Now the world is drawn so closely together that people should be realising more fully the brotherhood of man, but this is not so. There is an anomaly at the present day; people do not wish to know God; nations are setting up barriers and are showing an inhospitable front. If people continue in deliberately refusing to know God, calamity will overtake the world and the present civilisation will end. But if the opportunity is taken of knowing Him, all Christian people should believe that there will come a time "when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea."

down, and their poems not read. They joined up in despair. One survived, and wrote a best seller, which had much to do with the formation of an anti-war bias among the post-war youth. Another intellectual was rejected as unfit for service. He died happily as a schoolmaster.

Two lawyers entered Parliament, and when the country was on its last legs, organised the War Dictatorship to replace the decadent democracy which was slaughtering the youth of the world. They introduced conscription, shot conscientious objectors, and after decimating the male population, won the war.

The other three never went, because two of them were dead, and the other one broke his leg catching a tram.

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# Sporting Notes

## FOOTBALL.

### A's Win Easily from Old Reds.

The game started off at a great pace, twelve goals eight being scored in the first quarter. In the second quarter, however, the play see-sawed up and down the field a lot, and very little was added by either side. At half-time we had a comfortable lead, the score being: 'Varsity, 10.8; Prince's, 7.5.

In the third quarter we played really well, and added seven goals two to our opponents' two goals.

The last quarter was disappointing in that we ran all over Prince's, but failed to take advantage of this through shocking kicking for goal. Out of eleven scoring shots we kicked only two goals. Particulars:—

'Varsity, 19.19; Old Reds, 10.9.

**Goalkickers.**—'Varsity: Homburg, 6; Sangster and Page, 4; Betts and McBride, 2; and W. P. Goode.

**Best Players.**—'Varsity: Brown, Dawkins, Homburg, and Kleinschmidt.

Next Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the team will play a practice match against the inter-State Amateur side at the 'Varsity Oval. This should be a hard try-out for us, and will prepare us for the inter-'Varsity match which will be played on August 25 next.

Next Saturday we will play Semaphore Central at the 'Varsity Oval. This team soundly trounced us in the first round down at Semaphore, but, with a run of four consecutive wins to our credit, we expect to beat them next Saturday. The game should be very closely fought and exciting.

### 'Varsity C v. C.B.C. Old Scholars.

University, 15.17; C.B.C.O.C., 6.11.

**Goalkickers:** Tomlinson, 6; Parker, 3; Anon, 3; King, 2; Cherry, 1.

**Best Players:** King, Tomlinson, Appelt, Woolcock.

## RUGBY.

North Adelaide showed what an improved team they are by beating the A's on Saturday. It was a close match, and may have resulted in a draw if there hadn't been a misunderstanding by the referee over Cleland's kick for conversion. As it was, the other side charged him and spoilt his kick, at a critical moment of the match. However, we have the consolation of knowing that if our right to contest the final had depended on this match the result would have been quite different.

The B's were also beaten by a full team of better trained players. The B's perpetually beggar their chance by not turning up in full strength, which is a pity, and not a very estimable gesture towards the magnificent game that rugby is.

Results:—

North Adelaide A defeated A's—11 points to 9.

Scorers: Fairweather, Reilly, Hamilton—a try each.

Best Players: Fairweather, Law-Smith, Magarey.

North Adelaide B defeated B's—31 points to 8.

Scorers: Napier, Walkington—a try each. Walkington converted one.

We congratulate the following, who have been chosen to play in the State side against the N.S.W. Fire Brigades team:—Fairweather, Raftery, Haydn, Edmunds, Reilly, Law-Smith, Magarey (reserve).

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## RIFLE CLUB.

### Brilliant Shoot by Brooke.

The range last Saturday was 300 yards, and shooting conditions were ideal. The light was good after the first half-hour, and the wind did not alter all day. It was the fifth stage of the club championship, and there was also the handicap competition for a spoon presented by C. H. Mutton.

Brooke had the best shoot of the day. Although his rifle was fitted with a strange barrel, he dropped only one point in his first round and secured a possible in his second round. This score of 79 out of 80, which is reminiscent of his total of 69 out of 70 two months ago, also at 300 yards distance, was equal top of the range. Starling has a useful lead in the championship, and, as there is only one more stage to be fired, looks like the winner. The handicap event and the Cooper Cup are still very open, although it is unfortunate that Mattingly, who is at present in the lead in the former event, will be unable to shoot the last stage owing to the vacation.

Next Saturday's shoot will be the first M.D.R.U. at 300 yards.

Leading scores:—  
**Championship:** Starling, 357; Welbourn, 352; S. W. Smith, 351; Mutton, 346.

**Handicap:** Mattingly, 378; Starling, 377; Welbourn, 376; S. W. Smith, 375; K. W. Smith, 374; Allen, 372.

**Cooper Cup:** Mutton, 400; Brooke, 189; Starling, 189.

## WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

The semi-final of the A grade women's hockey was played on Saturday between Graduates (minor premiers) and the 'Varsity. The game was extremely fast and hard, but it was twenty minutes before the score was opened by J. Sparks (Graduates). The 'Varsity side played an excellent, combined game, and had several brilliant tries for goal, but was prevented from scoring.

Graduates won by 5 goals to nil. The 'Varsity B team lost the B grade semi-final, being defeated by Shelton by 2 goals to nil.

Best Players: F. Irwin, B. Mills, H. Brooks.

## BASKETBALL.

The A team have had a successful year, and finished fourth in the A grade. This put us in the semi-finals, which we played against Waratah on Saturday.

It was a fast match, but the superior goal throwing of Waratah was a deciding factor in their win. The final scores were 36—27. Best Players: P. Whitford, J. Tassie.

The B team, unfortunately, have not won many matches, but they have showed great improvement towards the end of the season.



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## EMOTION AND A MISSION

"Though Europe," says Macmurray, "has developed itself intellectually with a steady growth upward, has progressed in its grasp of principle, in scholarship and understanding, in the organisation and control of life and of the world, it has remained all but completely barbarous on the emotional side. Our civilisation has remained emotionally vulgar and primitive. We do not recognise this, of course, because it is simply the reflection of our own inner sensibility." Later he says, "Personality is essentially friendship or the communion of persons. . . . What makes society real is that the relations between the persons concerned are essentially religious, that is to say, grounded in mutual communion, and the equality which it implies. The religious task is the creation of a human society, universal in extent, based on the communion of persons."

Macmurray's whole exhortation is towards the freeing and integration of the emotions as expressed in friendship. It is, indeed, a gospel for the modern world. For example, there is very little freedom in this University. All of us are the products of the school system, drilled in the art of passing examinations, and imbued with the ideal of getting a job. We are trained to manipulate the vocabularies of our various subjects and to reproduce lectures; but there is little guidance in the mastery of the very essential art of living, the art of being ourselves. Many find a true solution to problems which lie at the root of their consciousness, and the emotional unreality is masked by a superficial intellectualism, which only intensifies the disintegration beneath. Occasionally symptoms break through to the surface; thus one notes the poverty of spontaneous creative art in our magazine, and the tendency to drown inhibitions in beer. Even in the religious organisation there is the same lack of freedom and consequent tendency towards rationalisation.

In the second and third weeks of third term the University is to have a Mission. The word in a very bad one; it immediately conjures up pictures of a rancid emotionalism from which the least critical quail. The character of the Mission, however, will be determined by the personality of the missionary. C. F. Andrews brings a religious experience which includes a full appreciation of the Oriental religions, as well as a vital experience of Christianity. He is a close friend of Gandhi and Tagore, and is connected with Tagore's Oriental school at Santuriketem, in Bengal. He has twice visited South Africa in the interests of the Indian settlers there, and represented Indian interests in the negotiations that led, in 1927, to an agreement between South Africa and India. Three times, also, he has visited Fiji, most recently in May of this year. The result of his second visit (1917) was the abolition of Indian indentured labor. (At that time he paid his first visit to Australia, and did much to arouse public opinion here against the indenture system.) His religion, as expressed in his writing, reveals a spontaneity and remarkable depth. His work among students elsewhere has been successful; and it is to be hoped that even here he will transform the religion of many from being a valueless side-issue into a spontaneous joy in freedom and life.

[Rev. Charles Freer Andrews, who arrived in Sydney from New Zealand on July 10, is making a tour of the Universities of New Zealand and Australia under the auspices of the World's Student Christian Federation, and will give a series of addresses to students in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth. He will be in Adelaide from September 8-17.]

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# College Notes

## ST. MARK'S.

The Trinity College team will arrive on Monday, August 24, and stay for five days. Plans for entertaining our visitors are still being worked out. These will include a trip to the hills, two football matches (one watched and one played), the brewery trip (only one, unfortunately!), and the inter-'Varsity dance; also the two teams are to be the guests of Mrs. Price at a dance on the night of the College match.

Many discussions on "Peace and War" continue in College: three schools of thought (or no thought) exist, the Militarists, the Peace-planners, and those who say "Nerts!" to both.

We were delighted to have one of our most eminent old scholars, Jack Pritchard, to dine twice last week.

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

Strange moans and groans were heard on Saturday night and early into Sunday morning. They appeared to have their origin in the vicinity of Dan Dawkins' and Turnbull's room. Wallman's recent attempt at disguise was probably a result of the technicolor picture that he claims to have seen.

## OUR PROFESSORS

### 2.—Professor Fitzherbert.

We were fortunate to obtain an interview from the Professor of Classics, seeing that "Who's Who in Australia" failed to obtain his credentials, and the professor positively refuses to appear on its pages. An article about a professor in "On Dit" is not desirable, and, anyway, it is highly unpleasant talking about one's self; those are Professor Fitzherbert's sentiments.

However, we did unearth some facts, amongst which were that he obtained the Woolley Travelling Scholarship at the Sydney University, which took him to Cambridge University, where, in 1920, he won a Classical Tripos in Ancient Philosophy. In 1922 he became lecturer in Greek at Edinburgh University, and in 1928 was appointed to the Hughes Chair of Classics in Adelaide. During the war he did observation work in the Air Force.

We found it impossible to probe deeper than this without considerable embarrassment, and there were no tit-bits of conversation or racy stories to be snapped up. The Professor plays a little tennis, but his work is unquestionably his play, so the question of hobbies and recreation drew a blank. He considers that the best mental training for a young person is that to be had from the study of mathematics, Latin and Greek, and that the latter two of these will probably play an increasingly larger part in secondary school and higher education in the future, thus regaining the prestige they lost after the war.

Apart from these things, there is no inside information which we can give you concerning the Professor. This, of course, does not mean that it is not there; but simply implies that there are some who will talk and some who won't, and reticence only deepens the mystery.

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