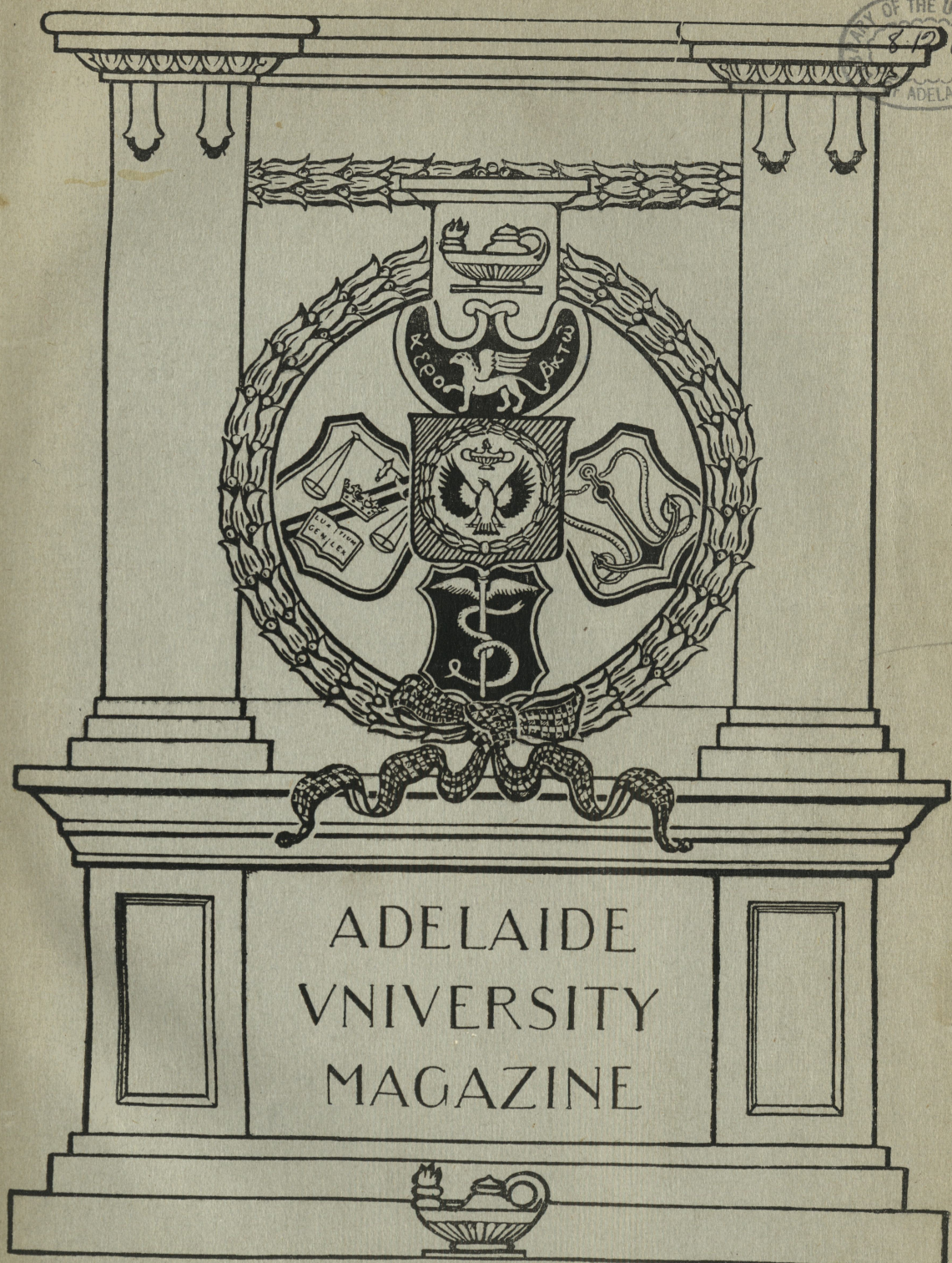


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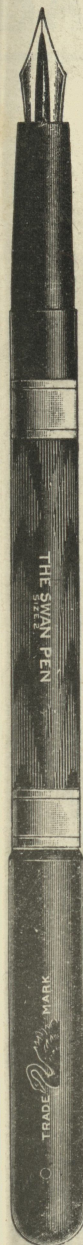
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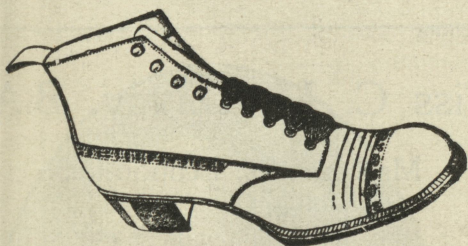
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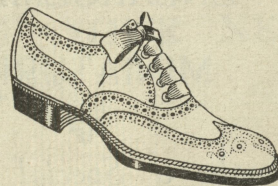
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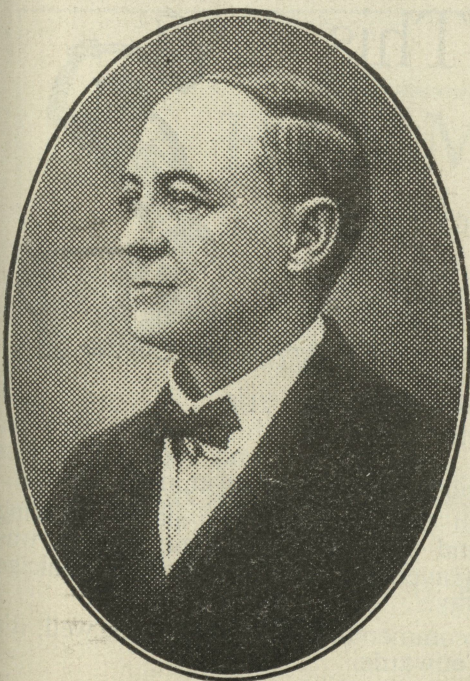
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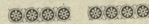
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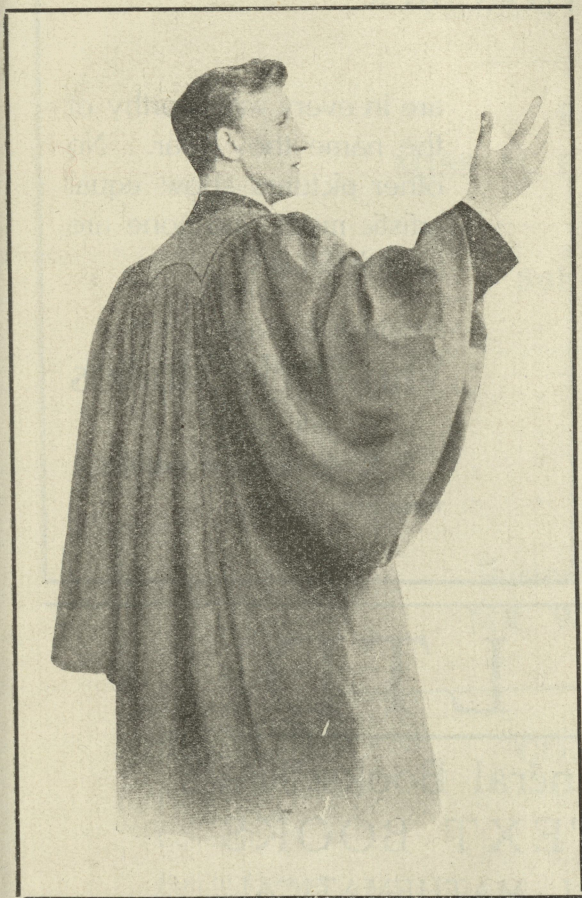
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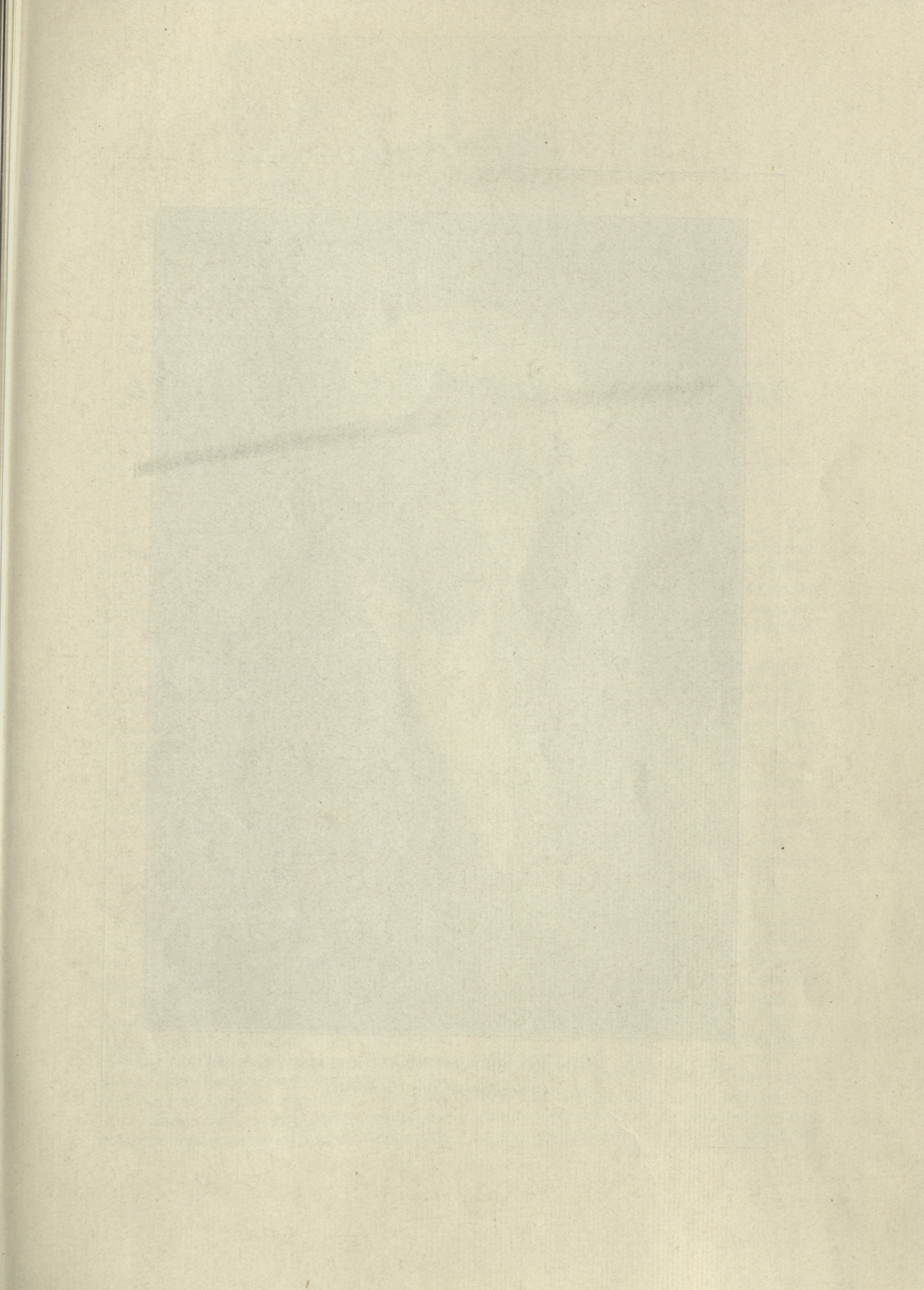
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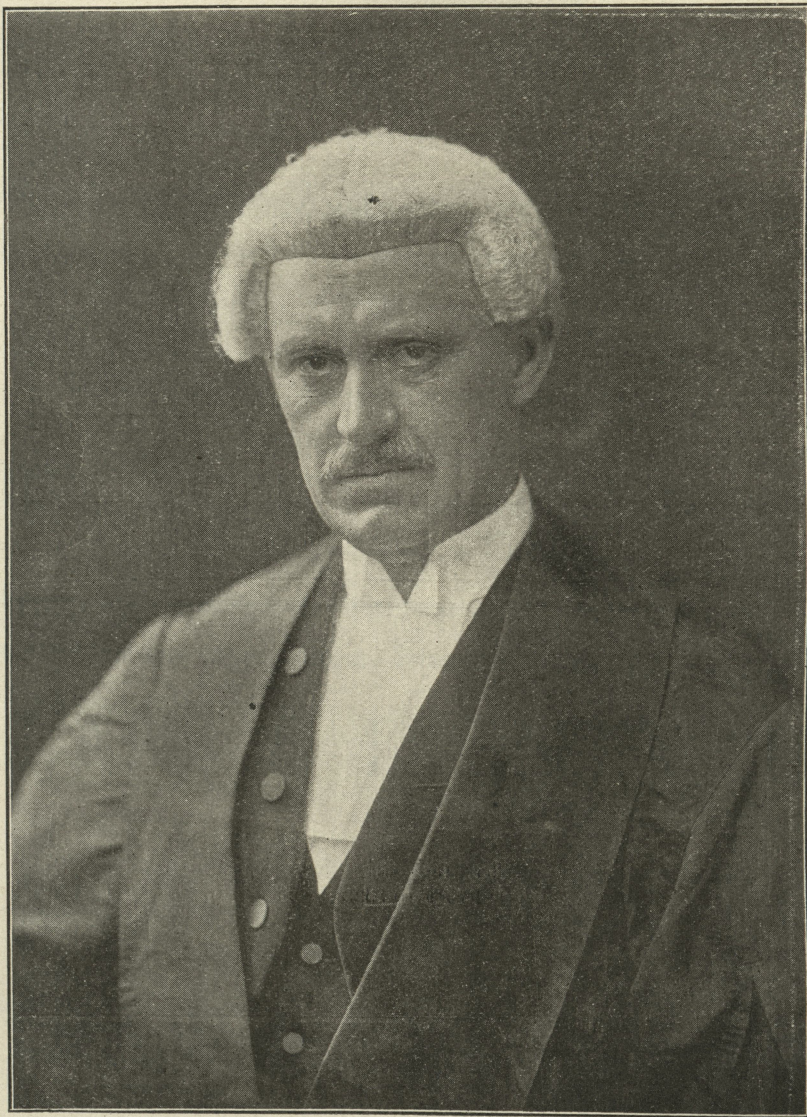
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Adelaide University Magazine

VOL. I, No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1918

PRICE 1s.

Editorial.

It has long been felt among the University students that a University Magazine is sorely needed as a means of self-expression and as a bond of union among the students. That desire has at last been realized, and with mingled feelings of hope and fear we thrust this child of our imaginations stumblingly forward on the stage of the world, feeling perhaps with Touchstone that it is "a poor thing, but mine own."

The special characteristics of our life at the Adelaide University make some such means of expression as this almost necessary. We have no representative body for the students as a whole, though there are in the University many societies to foster the interests of individual schools or groups of enthusiasts. It is hoped then that this magazine may become the representative organ of the University, expressing the corporate desires of the students, and interpreting for them the spirit of University life.

Another more serious disadvantage comes from the lack of residential colleges, and consequent upon that the lessening of social intercourse. We "sleep home" like the average Australian general, and so lose that peculiar University atmosphere that is only produced by the constant intercourse of minds filled with

the same interests and enthusiasms. We feel how great is our loss, and we strive by many shifts and expedients to make up for it. Every fresh effort to unite the interests of the students is another strand in that closer bond of union which we hope one day to achieve.

But our magazine has another purpose: to bring the University students into closer relationship with our national life. In these days there is grave danger that some who fear the buffetings of the world may be inclined to bury their heads in the sands of learning, and leave others to face life's dangers as they may; if there are any such in our University they must be dragged forcibly face to face with the problems of our national life. St. Simeon Stylites probably acquired much internal satisfaction, if not some external discomfort, but the pose of the recluse is out of fashion to-day, and he must step down from his pillar and mingle with the crowd of the market place if he would be a leader of men.

One of the chief necessities for a young nation is the ability to make itself articulate, and this power must be developed in the individuals who compose the nation, and particularly in its leaders; therefore it is national service of the highest kind to help the youth of

the nation to define its ideas and to provide a means for their expression.

Are these the days to begin such a venture as this? The best of all days! For now more than ever is there need for ideals, for beauty, for skill and training; that is, for the influence of a University spirit, and for all that fosters that spirit. Many of our fellow students who sat beside us in the lecture rooms or

shared with us the pleasant toil of sport, have set out on the greatest adventure of all time—some of them will never return. We should be false to their memory if we shirked in any detail our allotted task of preparing ourselves while we sojourn here in this "green isle of beauty" for the part we are to take in the task which has only been begun by them of setting free the world from tyranny.

Roll of Honour.

These laid the world away; poured out the
 red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years
 to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhopd serene,
 That men call age; and those who would
 have been
 Their sons, they gave their immortality.
Rupert Brooke.

Harold Edwin Salisbury Armitage
 (Acting Major)
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 tain)
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 Gilbert, H., M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S.
 †Clark, E. V., B.Sc. (Lieutenant, Eng.)
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 Mawson, Sir Douglas, D.Sc.
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 *Gilbert, Joseph, B.Sc.
 Giles, F. E., B.A.
 Giles, N. S., B.Sc.
 Gill, L. W., B.E.
 Gillen, J. B., M.B., B.S.
 †Godfrey, K. C., M.B., B.S.
 Goldsmith, F., M.B., B.S.
 Goode, A., M.B., B.S.
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 Goodman, C. W., B.E.
 *Gordon, J. L., LL.B.
 Gray, W. W. E., B.E.
 †Greenway, H., B.E.
 Griffiths, T. L., LL.B.
 Griffiths, E. W., M.B., B.S.
 Guymer, A. H., M.B., B.S.
 †Guymer, E. A., M.B., B.S.
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 Hardy, T. M., B.Sc.
 *Harvey, G. A., M.B., B.S.
 Haslam, L. H., LL.B.
 Haste, R. A., B.Sc., M.B., B.S.
 †Hayward, L. A., M.B., B.S.
 Healy, K. J. B., Final Certificate in Law
 Henderson, W., B.A., LL.B.
 Heseltine, A. F., B.E.
 Heuzenroeder, R. H., Final Certificate in Law
 Heuzenroeder, W. E., LL.B.
 Holder, E. M., B.E.
 Holder, S. E., M.B., B.S.
 Holland, W. C., Final Certificate in Law
 *Hooper, C. W., B.Sc.
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 Hope, Laura M. (Mrs. C.), M.B., B.S.
 Hornabrook, R. W., M.B., B.S.
 Hutcheson, G. I. D., B.E.
 †Jeffries, L. W., M.B., B.S., D.S.O.
- Jones, E. B., M.B., B.S.
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 †Kenihan, R. L., M.B., B.S., M.C.
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 McBryde, F. B., LL.B.
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 *McKail, R. G., B.Sc.
 McNamara, L. W., B.E., M.M.
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 †Madigan, C. T., B.Sc.
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 *Mills, J. B., LL.B.
 *Moody, H. E., LL.B.
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 Moore, G. D., B.Sc.
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 †Muirhead, J. R., M.B., B.S.
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 O'Neill, S., M.B., B.S.
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 Parkhouse, Devon, M.B., B.S.
 Parsons, R. W., B.E.
 Pellew, L. J., M.B., B.S.

* Killed. † Wounded.

*Killed. †Wounded.

- Penny, H. J., M.B., B.S.
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 †Phillips, W. J. E., M.B., B.S., M.C.
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 Powell, H., M.B., B.S., M.C.
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 †Sweeney, J. G., M.B., B.S.
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 Tassie, L. G., M.B., B.S., D.S.O., M.C.
 Thomas, E. B., M.B., B.S.
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 Tuck, H. P., B.Sc.
 Turner, C. T., M.B., B.S.
 Vaughan, J. H., LL.B.
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 Verco, J. S., M.B., B.S.
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 †Webb, A. B., Final Certificate in Law
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 *Wells, J. C., M.B., B.S.
 †Whittington, L. A., LL.B.
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 Williamson, A., Mus. Bac.
 Jose, I. B., M.B., B.S., M.C.
 Williams, F. E., B.A.
 Wilton, A. C., M.B., B.S.
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 Yates, Donald, B.E., M.C.
 Yeatman, C., M.B., B.S.
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- *Armitage, H. E. S.
 Ashhurst, T.
 Astley, J. F.
 Bawden, A. V.
 Beaumont, Paul
 Billing, H. L.
 *Blacket, J. A.
 *Blacket, J. W.
 Boorn, C. W.
 Bowering, H. L.
 *Bruns, E. A. O.
 Carthew, E. W.
 Cleary, H. S.
 †Coombe, S. W.
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 Davies, G. F.
 *Davies, J. N.
 *Day, S. S.
 *Dickinson, V. K.
 †Gellert, L. M.
 Griggs, C. M.
 Grosvenor, C. I.
 †Hill, P. J.
 *Hornabrook, L. C.
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 *Jeffery, F. S.
 †Johncock, E. H.
 *Kayser, J. A. W.
 Kingston, F. A.
 Klose, O. H. W.
 Lapidge, E. A. F.

†Wounded.

*Killed. †Wounded.

*Laurie, L. B.
 †Leach, W. V.
 †McCann, C. R., M.C.
 *McLaren, C. R.
 †Meldrum, G. D.
 Moroney, C. J.
 *Munro, G. A.
 *Padman, C. S.
 †Pearce, J. E.
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 Statton, J. W.
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 Symonds, W. M. C.
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 †Gryst, N. T.
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 *Hewish, E. D.
 Hughes, E. W.
 †Jacobs, D. C., M.M.
 Jeffreys, J. G.
 Kelly, A. H.
 Lamphee, A. D.
 Maddern, C. A.
 †Maddern, C. B.

*Killed.

†Wounded.

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 †Moyes, A. G.
 Munday, H.
 Paterson, A. R.
 †Potts, F. R.
 Potts, R. E.
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 Southern, H. A.
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 Stoate, T. N.
 Tiver, C. P.
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*Bagot, C. E.
 Boundy, Rex
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 *Hall, A. B. McK.
 Hoggarth, W. P.
 †Hylton, J. R.
 *Jose, W. O.
 Kneese, A. T.
 *Leaver, G. H.
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 Robertson, D. E.
 Robertson, F. A.
 *Robin, G. de Q.
 Schomburgk, R. H.

Faculty of Law.

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 *Hambidge, G. R.
 †Harris, E. W.
 Holland, G. H.
 Hunt, W. R.
 Kirkman, K. H.

*Killed.

†Wounded.

Klauer, L. S. D.
 Martin, H. W.
 Newman, R. F.
 North, C. V. R.
 Peirie, H.
 *Selway, G.
 *Sinclair, J. M.
 Smith, P. T., D.C.M.
 Somerville, A. S. R.
 Sparrow, C. K.
 Sutherland, A. J. L.
 *Varley, W.
 von Bertouch, L.
 Wallace, N. V.
 Ziesing, G. I.

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 Bennett, N. R.
 Dorsch, C. E.
 Lindon, L. C. E.
 McNeil, J.
 *Morey, A. W., M.C.
 Pryor, W. A.
 Walker, W.
 Wallmann, D. R.
 Webb, W. F. S.
 White, Alan

Commercial Course.

Bennett, A. J.
 Berry, W. J.
 Bishop, W. P.
 Brandenburg, R. E.
 Choat, R. H.

* Killed.

† Wounded.

Creswell, J. T.
 *Crossman, G. L.
 Goode, R. B.
 Gordon, D. P.
 Gordon, M. M.
 *Holmes, L. G.
 Krome, E. G.
 Loan, E. C.
 Mackie, G. N.
 †Maddern, A. G.
 Martin, C. W.
 Medlyn, E. L.
 Mengerson, N. V.
 Messent, A. E., A.C.U.A.
 Nield, A. R.
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 Pennington, F. A.
 Ponder, C. W. G., A.C.U.A.
 Shepley, W. A.
 †Sincock, S. O.
 South, A. C.

Conservatorium.

Alderman, V.
 Farmer, M. O.
 *Gard, O. R.
 Raine, H.
 Tolley, E. E.

Administrative Staff.

Adams, F. P.
 †Berrill, F. C.
 Eldridge, E.
 Lyne, H. T.
 †Gambrell, R. L. V.

* Killed.

† Wounded.

Letters from the Front.

Most members of the University and all law students will remember George Selway. He was one of the brightest and best characters that ever roamed through these halls. He died in the service of his country, and in this, as in all things, he remained true to his colours, for he always gave of his best to everything he undertook. By the courtesy of Mr. C. Townsend Gun we are able to publish an extract from one of the last letters he ever wrote, the contents of

which will be of particular interest to law students:

"Since last writing I have had my six days' disembarkation leave, and have been up to the great city of London. Leaving camp on a Thursday morning, I was in London by mid-day. On Friday morning, after staying the night at a fine hotel in Russell Square (where I enjoyed a lovely touch of semi-civilian comfort after the military life), I visited St. Paul's, and at 12.30 called by appoint-

ment at the offices of our London agents. I was taken in charge by their managing clerk, a grand little man named Harrison, quite recently admitted to the bar and well versed in London, particularly its historical side. He took me first to Lincoln's Inn, through the Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I saw, *inter alia*, the spot where the old King's Court of Common Pleas used to stand centuries ago, and also traces of damage done by recent air raids.

"Leaving the Inn by the old gateway, which has stood for centuries and which is still closed nightly, we passed into Chancery Lane and thence into the Strand, entering the Law Courts by the main entrance. The Courts are a fine pile of buildings, of quite recent construction (1870). You enter into a great hall from which by various staircases you mount to the various courts, of which there are about 20 grouped all round the hall. With my guide I visited all the sitting courts, and had the privilege of seeing actually on the Bench before me some of the judges whose reports we read and stewed together and many of whose decisions we quoted in our debates. In the Appeal Court No. 2, Pickford, Warrington, and Scrutton, L.JJ., were sitting in *Nesbit and others v. Mablethorpe*, and in the Court of Criminal Appeal I had the good luck to strike some of the argument in the celebrated Sack murder appeal case (*Rex v. Voisin*), in which Lawrence, Lush, and Salter, JJ., were adjudicating. I found our old friend Lush very much like his portrait on the western wall of the law lecture room—a funny little chap. Do you remember the night I used to advantage his judgment in *Heath's Garage v.*

Hodges? I dropped into the Probate Division and Admiralty Court to have a look at the distinguished President, Sir Samuel Evans, whose Admiralty decisions in prize actions in this war have always been of special interest to me. He was a most ordinary looking individual. I also saw his assistant, Mr. Justice Hill, in No. 2 Court, and I saw Mr. Justice Sargent in the Chancery Court. Astbury, Younger, Eve, and the others were not sitting, and of course the Lord Chief Justice is in America; but I saw his Court.

"Leaving the Courts we crossed to the Middle Temple, where we picked up Mr. Harrison's old coach, a Mr. Montagu, a jolly fine chap who, with his wealth of knowledge, made things even more interesting to me. I saw Brick Court, where Goldsmith lived, and many other places associated with Goldsmith and Lamb, and further traces of air raids. Even here the Hun had been to work. From the Temple we went up Fleet Street and round to the Old Bailey, London's police and criminal courts, but we were too late to go through, so I had to content myself with a general view of the exterior. All this neighbourhood abounds with associations of Dickens's day, and as we wandered through the old courts and narrow streets Mr. Harrison gave me a lot of interesting information. We next visited the Guildhall, the scene of so many great public gatherings, and with a wonderful history. I saw Bow Church with its Bow Bells, and thence we went to the Mansion House corner, to the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England (only a one-storeyed building). Altogether this afternoon was a most profitable and interesting one."



University Life.

Professor G. C. Henderson, M.A.

There appears to be some uncertainty and a good deal of misunderstanding in the public mind concerning the scope and functions of a modern University. The opinions expressed in this article are purely personal.

Of the students who enter upon a course of study in this University about one in every hundred undertakes original research; a small percentage desire culture for its own sake; the vast majority seek to equip themselves for a professional career, or to improve their chances of earning a livelihood in skilled occupations. Some study medicine that they may become doctors; others enter the Science Schools to qualify as engineers or chemists; the Law School trains men for practice at the bar; and the majority of students in Arts aspire to become more efficient teachers in schools, colleges, and churches. In all these ways the modern University has become essentially an institution in which men and women are trained to make a living by serving the community in positions of responsibility and trust. Some folk who never see inside a University imagine it is a kind of intellectual monastery specially designed for refining and enriching the inward life of those who are raised above competitive struggle by the enjoyment and prospective inheritance of large sums of money. They are quite wrong. A modern University is a national not a class institution; its object is to turn out public servants, not exclusive intellectualists.

It is of course impossible for those who have not been trained in schools and colleges to benefit to any large extent by University teaching. A University is not an elementary or a secondary school. In justice to all who have taken its degrees, and in the interests of the professions for which they qualify, standards must be maintained. The general public would

suffer if they were not. But admitting this, and even because of this, there is no more truly democratic institution in the State than the University. All who are qualified to benefit by its discipline are welcome, irrespective of creed, class, or colour. The men and women to whom the Universities offer the greatest advantages are now, as at the beginning of their history, poor students with more than average ability, a capacity for hard work, and a desire to serve the community by developing their own latent powers.

It is well to make this clear at the outset, so that the argument which follows may not be misunderstood. The special purpose for which a University exists ought to be the first consideration in the mind of every student who matriculates; but, granting that, there is a lot to be gained beyond the limits of class-room and laboratory in the wider life which the University affords; and the man who goes away without the experience to be gained there will have lost something which he may never be able to recover in later years.

Wherever hundreds of men and women are gathered together for generous and worthy ends life is sure to be rich and intense; and if in their corporate being they are properly organized, the University becomes a miniature world in which the students may acquire a many-sided development, and a knowledge of their fellows which can help in no small measure to make them socially effective when their student days are over.

Common sense is gained, not by professional training or research, but by experience. And the best Universities are those which afford the most opportunities for wide and diverse experience as well as a thorough course of study in the various faculties. Of all the Universities in the world there are probably

none that stand higher in the general estimation of mankind than Oxford and Cambridge. This is not only due to the value of their teaching and tradition, but also in large measure to the range and intensity of the interests which every student who goes there may share if he will. In both Oxford and Cambridge the college is the living reality. Each University includes upwards of thirty colleges, and in each college there are from fifty to two hundred men. The total number of students in Oxford or Cambridge in a normal year is not less than three thousand, and they come from all parts of the civilized world.

Apart from the discipline of the schools, the life at Oxford and Cambridge is extraordinarily rich, varied, and intense. There is hardly a healthy interest—intellectual, social, political, artistic, spiritual, or athletic—which is not represented by some society or organization; and no man who goes to either of these Universities can do himself justice unless he tests his strength or weakness by close contact with his fellows in some of the variety of ways which are open to him. No one but a "smug" is likely to estimate the value of his training at Oxford or Cambridge merely by the degree he takes away with him, and the college authorities do not expect that he shall. When the question of granting degrees to women was fiercely debated in the nineties of last century, one of the strongest arguments against it was the want of the organizations which would enable women to enter fully into the wider life of the University. For this reason it was urged that the degree taken by a woman would not have the same value as a degree taken by a man.

No student who has thrown himself upon the wider experience of Oxford life will ever speak lightly of its influence. No collegian who has had to live at close quarters with a self-centred "smug" will ever forget that some men who live apart from their fellows may pore and dwindle as they pore.

In Adelaide our University is non-

residential. So long as that is so our life will never be as rich and intense as it is in the best Universities, where the social, athletic, and spiritual interests of the students are intensified and promoted by the *esprit de corps* which is born of their common life. It is highly important that students should keep in touch with each other, not only for social reasons, but also for the purpose of general development. Edward Caird, the master of Balliol, would often remind his students that souls grew more by contact with souls than by all other means. Members of a large family educate one another, and students of a University may do the same, and to a much greater extent. There are far more opportunities for friendly rivalry in a University, and friendly rivalry is a much more important element in general development than those who have lived a sequestered life are disposed to think. In the animated discussions of a University society and in the contests on the river or the oval a man realizes to what extent his antagonist may be his helper; and it is in such places that some of the most enduring friendships are made.

It is by friendly rivalry, too, that men become skilful in the use of knowledge, and skill as an essential in University training deserves some emphasis. All knowledge that enriches the individual life is precious, but if a man is to become a capable servant of the community he needs to learn how to use his knowledge with effect, and that is only attained by practice—by doing things a hundred and even a thousand times. Many a man when he rises to his feet in a society realizes how insecure is his hold on the knowledge which he has acquired merely by reading and thinking. He may discover, to his confusion, that there is a wide distinction between what he thinks he knows and what he has made his own and can use for serviceable ends. The best kind of knowledge is that which comes by experience, by doing. Knowledge becomes really a part of a man only when he has put what he thinks he knows to the test

of experience, and found it ready for the test. The recognized value of laboratory work in the Science schools and essay work in the Arts school is an acknowledgement of this; and in the future discipline of schools and universities, practical and constructive work is likely to be needed more and more. The power of self-expression under a sense of responsibility is what is needed, and opportunities for cultivating this are afforded by every society in the wider life of the University.

The same argument holds good in reference to athletics from which professionalism is rigorously excluded. Sport, and more particularly organized sport, increases driving force, and helps to keep men healthy in body and mind. That is generally admitted; but its uses do not end there. It is a good thing that men should learn in the years of early manhood to work together for a common end; to share their victories and defeats with other members of the crew or team; to put up uncomplainingly with hard knocks and disappointments in the struggle; to grip a task with both hands and carry it through to a finish. Sport, like everything else, can be overdone and degraded; but University sport is pure, and the men and women who take part in it wish to keep professionalism out of it altogether. They are at the age when the game is loved for its own sake. Some responsibility for maintaining the best traditions of sport rests upon the shoulders of University men and women, and that in itself is a stimulating reflection.

One further advantage may be so easily overlooked that it is necessary to refer to it before concluding. In the various associations and committees for the administration of the corporate life of the students there are opportunities for men to acquire a knowledge of procedure, and to test their power of handling bodies of men. In the selection of Rhodes scholars capacity for leadership

is one of the qualities to be considered, and if a student has acted as secretary or president of any important society, or occupied any position of responsibility among his fellows, the evidence is carefully scrutinized and weighed. There are many highly-placed men in this city who think that there is nothing more important in the conduct of business affairs than a knowledge of men, and the power to direct their energies with firmness and discretion. Such a power may be reckoned among the gifts of the gods, but a little experience in the discharge of official duties on social and athletic committees will not be lost on the leader of students who is destined to be a leader of men in the life beyond the University.

The first and most important duty of the vast majority of students' is, I say again, to apply themselves to the course of study which will equip them for the career which they have chosen. The student who fails to do this is unfair not only to himself but also to his parents, who, in some cases, have denied themselves that he may have the advantages of a professional training.

But there is a social as well as an individualistic side to education, and no man is educated in the best sense if he is deficient in common sense, *esprit de corps*, and knowledge of his fellows. Some few there are in every University who will run the risk of narrowing their social sympathies because their master bias or their duty compels them to be ever pushing forward towards the frontiers of their subject. But for the vast majority the solitary pursuits of the study can and ought to be balanced by the social activities of life outside the class-rooms. It is perhaps one of the most important functions of "The Adelaide University Magazine" to make us more and more deeply conscious of the value of the interests and activities that belong to the wider life of the University.

Reports of Societies.

The Adelaide University Law Debating Society.

"You argue and argue and argue; why, you're worse than a lawyer."

The speaker (whoever he was) had evidently come in touch with the clan; but variety is to be found even in arguments and in methods of debate. The Law Debating Society aims at the forensic education of Law students, and gives them opportunities to acquire and develop an effective and pleasing style.

An attendance of something like 35 members at the annual meeting augured well for the success of the Society during 1918. Owing to the war the Law school has had to endure a serious setback in point of numbers; but owing to the large body of young students commencing their law course this year, the Society has not only been able to carry on, but has revived a custom which, owing to the Kaiser's untimely interference, had been abandoned in 1915. This was the holding of debates fortnightly, and, as nearly as possible, every member has been briefed at least once.

Finances during the current year are in a very satisfactory condition, and we were able to offer two debating prizes, instead of one, as hitherto. This is really another revival, as there were always two prizes before the present international dust-up got under way. Our energetic Treasurer (Mr. J. Tennyson Reid) is to be commended on the success which has resulted from his efforts. There is no truth in the rumour concerning the stagnation of the wells of generosity which members are supposed to carry somewhere about their persons. The Society is quite prosperous as regards funds, in spite of the fact that articulated clerks are rather a poor race—financially.

There should be no need to stress the importance of our functions and the advantage of our meetings to Law students.

Ours is the only forum—except, of course, the U.J.S. Court—wherein budding advocates may exercise their voices and try their skill at a standing argument; here they may learn to think on their feet and practise the precise formulation of points of strength; more than all, the application necessary for properly working up a case makes for decided opinions and their enthusiastic support. There is a lot in making the judge appear an ass unless he agrees with you, even if you are wrong.

As the finals draw near there is always a falling off in the attendances at meetings; even the action of the committee in reserving the most interesting debates for the end of the year has not operated to check this unfortunate tendency. A meagre attendance at a debate is an act of collective discourtesy to the practitioner who presides; more than this, the debating prizes, instead of going to the best debaters, usually fall to the best of the regular attendants. Where the best debaters attend regularly (and, be it said, they generally do) no harm is done. Where they do not, the Secretary obtains an unfair advantage!

The Society owes a debt of gratitude to the members of the profession who preside at our meetings. Their assistance is really the basis on which we work. They set the questions for debate and adjudicate on them, and without their help the Society would no doubt become a dead letter. We could never have the same confidence in a Bench variously constituted from our own ranks. Our language affords us but the coldest formal phrases with which to express our gratitude, but we respectfully request the acceptance of our assurance that we are not unmindful of our dependence on their assistance, and of our indebtedness therefor.

The Society was recently subjected to adverse criticism by a member of the profession who has returned from the

front. It was alleged that we had a number of members whose ears were deaf to the call of king and country. This is the first opportunity we have had of replying to the statement. It is interesting to note that, with one or two exceptions, the Society is at present entirely composed of rejects and men who, either through lack of years or want of parental consent, are debarred from enlisting. We state with emphasis that not one of our members is at home because he has cold feet, or for selfish reasons, and the writer of this report is prepared to accommodate any enquirers with full details of every member's position in this regard. Since the commencement of the war 33 members have enlisted. Some of these, we are glad to say, have returned to us, and of the others five have made the supreme sacrifice—Messrs. E. Cruickshank, H. W. Varley, J. M. Sinclair, G. Selway, and G. Hambridge.

It is up to those who are left to keep the ball rolling. It is intended in subsequent issues of this magazine, to publish reports of debates. Members will thus become accustomed to seeing their names and arguments in cold print. For this work the Society will engage a special reporter at a yearly salary of one vote of thanks, and we hope by this means to add fresh interest to our meetings.

J.T.W.

The University Women's Debating Club.

The University Women's Debating Club was formed in 1911 as a sub-society of the University Women's Union, as the result of a growing need felt for the existence of such a club.

During our years at the University our mental life is enriched, we gain a wealth of new experiences, thoughts, and beliefs, but there is not very much opportunity of giving expression to them, except perhaps in examinations, but there the healthy factor of opposition, active opposition, is entirely lacking. In a

debating club we have such an opportunity of expression, and our errors, our illogical conclusions, and unfounded assumptions are quickly and beneficially pointed out by equals, with whom we can venture to dispute a point. The subjects for debate and discussion, chosen from as wide a field as possible, stimulate our interest in the world outside, and keep us in touch with present-day problems.

Yet a debating club is not merely an intellectual exercise. When we ardently defend a point of view, straining to make others realize its value, dormant sympathies with a cause are awakened and made fully conscious. We learn also to appreciate the outlook of another, and to honour it even if we cannot sympathize.

At some future time most students of a University will play an active part in society. There is a great need to be able to express our thoughts clearly, without hesitation and, above all, simply; to be able to defend a principle or an opinion with all the weapons at our disposal with enthusiasm, but with moderation; to learn to value adverse criticism and to acquire a broad tolerance for different beliefs and sentiments. It is the aim of the University Women's Debating Club to develop these qualities in the characters of its members.

University Women's Red Cross Society.

Last year a considerable amount of money was raised through the efforts of the 'Varsity Pied Pipers and through the sale of photographs of the U.W.U. cottage. Subscriptions were regularly collected from the students and staff. As a result £10 was devoted to the French Red Cross day appeal and £40 (£20 for the Prisoners of War Fund and £20 for the General Red Cross Fund) was handed over to the treasurer of the British Red Cross Branch in Adelaide.

A considerable amount of wool has been made up by diligent workers, and the socks given to the League of

Loyal Women. More helpers are needed for this work, which is almost the only practical work we can do.

We are hoping to show shortly that we are still a live body, and hope for the support of the entire University in the forthcoming pageant at the Elder Hall and the tennis tournament.

Women Graduates' Club.

On July 7, 1914, the women graduates met and formed a Graduates' Club, which became a sub-club of the University Women's Union.

The objects of the club are to promote social intercourse among women graduates; and to keep them in touch with modern developments in academic subjects which are of special interest to students. Its membership is open to all graduates.

Dr. Helen Mayo was elected as its first president, and it was one of the earliest privileges of the club to congratulate her on becoming a member of the Council. Its other presidents have been Mrs. Lewis, Miss Allen, Mrs. Osborn, and Miss M. Burgess.

At the meetings papers are read and are followed by discussion. On one occasion Mr. President Brown spoke to us on "Sabotage," and on another evening Mr. H. Heaton spoke on "Russia in the Melting Pot."

This year the club is considering tendencies of modern literature. At the first meeting Miss Hardy gave a paper on the modern novel, and Miss Walter one on the short story. At our second meeting Miss Clark discussed modern poets, and Miss Holder showed us how the war had affected their poetry. At our last meeting, on Australian literature, Miss E. A. Allen showed how "The Sentimental Bloke" makes a "date" in Australian poetry, and gave an account of the poems published since. Miss Langman took Australian fiction, and traced its development to the present day.

The meeting on October 21 will be a

social evening, which will be preceded by a short business meeting. Members are reminded that nominations for office-bearers for 1919 must reach the secretary (Miss C. M. Davey, M.A.) not later than Monday, October 14, 1918.

The Women Students' Concert.

The concert given by the women students in June was an excellent one of its kind. The hall was crowded, and the efforts of the performers certainly met with much appreciation. The staging of Noah's ark especially calls for commendation, the costumes of the animals being most ingenious. Perhaps a more life-like—though less amusing—effect would have been obtained had the divisions in some of the animals been less apparent. With regard to one impersonator, it might be pointed out that his—or her—language, fitted though it may be to the dulled susceptibility of medical students, was scarcely suitable for the innocent and unsophisticated ears of the audience.

The performance of "Beethoven Terrace" by Miss Russell deserves special mention, and was received with acclamation. The items, on the whole, were good, but less interval between them—even though beguiled by the unmusical strains of "De Groan's Orchestra"—would be appreciated.

In a concert of this kind one looks for originality and cleverness more than for exceptional musical or histrionic ability—and in most of the items the audience was not disappointed, but in future concerts may we hope to hear less of the "De Groans" and nothing at all of the commonplace?

Arts Association Meeting.

The members of the Arts Association combined with members of the English class spent a successful evening in the Union room on July 15. Professor Henderson presided over an attendance of 42. The proceedings opened with the Varsity anthem. The subject was

"Shakespeare's Presentation of the Character of Coriolanus." This was left in the capable hands of Messrs. Ball, Townsend, and Speck, who read papers which were highly appreciated by all present. Each speaker took a different aspect of the character of Coriolanus, and as a result there was plenty of scope for criticism.

A lively discussion took place, in which members both of the English class and the Arts Association participated, and the essayists received thanks for their efforts.

After supper Professor Naylor contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by giving his version of the character of Coriolanus and Volumnia. On behalf of the guests, one of the English students thanked the Arts Association for extending to them the invitation to be present. The meeting closed with the national anthem.

University Women's Union.

"Look here upon this picture and on this." —*Hamlet*.

At Oxford "young men and their elders" are much together. At Adelaide they are not; and until 1909 to most women students the University was merely a place where lectures and examinations were held. In that year, however, a group, which included Mrs. Darnley Naylor, Miss Benham (both, alas, gone from us), Dr. Helen Mayo, and Dr. Violet Plummer, suggested an association which should aim at giving to all University women some sort of student life together, and which should be an organization to act for their common practical and social interests. University life and atmosphere, "intellectual and social unity," were eagerly desired, and "The Adelaide University Women Students' Club" was the result.

An attempt was made to enjoy some social life by gatherings held in each term, to one of which the staff and guests from the men's side were invited. The first function of each year has come to

take the form of a freshers' tea, at which the newcomers are told of the advantages offered by the various University societies open to women. The third is a dinner, given on the evening of Commemoration Day, in honour of the new graduates.

In 1911 a sub-society was formed for debating, and this rapidly became a strong and united body. Criticism and friendship flourished together, and the annual sausage tea (at which the main dish is served hot and followed by a toast list) became an indispensable festivity. The first menu card exhibited crossbones and a saucepan to indicate that speeches, having been pirated, were cooked. Later designs have gained in art what they lost in symbolism.

The Women Graduates formed a second sub-society, at which topics of science or art are discussed, and one session has been devoted to the study of the various University systems.

The women did not prove unclubable. Their Common Room did. Certainly there are women, in New South Wales, in Victoria, in India, in Africa, and in England, with hilarious memories of tea and crumpets eaten on Extension Lecture Tuesday evenings, amid keen talk round the gas stove. But the Cathedral chairs were more holy than comfortable, and there was a background of cold space, littered with coats and hats and bags and umbrellas, to be resolutely ignored. Reasonably comfortable furniture, even the dignity of club rooms, came to be more strongly desired as University life developed. This led to certain famous concerts. Their aim was money, their content was mainly caricature. Shakespeare and the professors were drawn upon equally.

The accumulation of the furniture fund was interrupted by the war, and time and energy went into a Red Cross Society instead. Then suddenly in 1917 the Council of the University drew the attention of the Club to a cottage in what is now the Western Annexe, and it was decided to use it for the women. The

W.S.C. was able to offer £50 of furniture fund, and the Council, making further very generous arrangements, gave the rooms into the charge of the Club, which now became "The Adelaide University Women's Union." All who use the rooms must join the Union, but the yearly subscription is only 5/.

The women have now a comfortable club. There are bath and dressing rooms, a kitchen, lunch, sitting, and drawing rooms. All are on a cottage scale, and furnished modestly, as becomes a cottage; but social evenings at the Union are really social now that the piano (an early gift from Professor Naylor) is in a room where there are a fire, a carpet, easy chairs, pictures, and flowers. Students who are in all day can rest or talk or receive visitors in comfort and comparative privacy. Meetings can be held undisturbed by a controversy between "The Chair" and "Father Time" (in his

broom-and-duster capacity).

Young members have already forgotten the old bare Common Room, with its entry "through the window," and its atmosphere of food and wet coats and the hairdressing art, but those who have belonged to the women's organization from the beginning write to old students very rosily of the pleasures of "The Cottage"; they display it gladly to visitors from Melbourne and from Sydney, and are not too cast down by the vauntings of Manning House, for the club is clubbable at last.

The following is a list of the Presidents of the University Women's Union: 1909-1911, Dr. Helen Mayo; 1912, Miss Molly Moncrieff (undergrad., then, as rules allowed in those days); 1913-4, Miss E. I. Benham, B.Sc.; 1915, Dr. Helen Mayo; 1916, Mrs. Eardley, B.A.; 1917, Miss Elizabeth Jackson, M.A.; 1918, Miss E. A. Allen, B.A.

Poetry.

The Woman's Part.

George Russell Hambidge (killed in action, 8/8/18).

Careless, you go to fight who knew no tears,
And I, I stay to face the long sad years.
Both must pay penance to the God of War—
You with your manhood's blood, and I—
with more.

Though you may give your life I will remain,
And give the sleepless nights in silent pain.
Laughing, you go to fight, who know no tears,
And I, I stay to face the long, sad years.

The heartless world that only greets the strong,
Seems but to mock me as I pass along.
Yours was the choice, you played hot manhood's part.
How can I tell the world of that sad heart,
Half broken by the son, loved more than all,
That needs but one more blow to yield and fall?

Heedless, you go to fight who know no tears,
And I, I to stay to face the long, sad years.

Dying.

He slipped down through a mossy cloud,
It lapped and surged around his soul.
In peace his tired head he bowed,
And yearned to reach the farthest goal.
Peace touched his mind like kiss of silk;
His eyes had closed to all but white
Softness of clouds as soft as milk,
Colours had faded from his sight.

The sea was bursting in his brain,
The sighing of eternal sea
Purged his weary head from pain,
The water murmured endlessly.
He felt the strong tide swinging home,
The green seas closed above his head,
Flecked with a marble haze of foam;
And then he knew—that he was dead.

E.M.

Australian Poetry.

Extracts from a paper read before the Women Graduates' Club during the term.

The expression "to make a date" is used in French literature of works that seem to close one period and open a new one. And we shall use it of C. J. Dennis. The hands of a clock move on continuously and silently. But the stroke of the hour has the effect of gathering up the hour behind it, and throwing down the one in front. And although it is too early to be sure about it, the appearance of "The Sentimental Bloke" seems to us to have closed up well-nigh a century of Australian poetry with struggling and fitful beginnings, and has flung down a new one which may see the development of much that has not yet been fruitful. I had heard bits from it quoted, and was a little afraid to get the book, for I have looked eagerly into books of Australian poetry ever since I can remember, and always with more or less disappointment. But if I opened the book with a look of fear, that soon gave way to whatever grin of satisfaction I am capable of, that is if expression were equal to feeling in the matter. It is not easy to say what one does look for in a book of poetry, for to say that all poets say the same thing is to miss the essential point. Neither can we show a poem and say: "This is what we are looking for." Because we have Keats and Shelley we cannot on that account spare Francis Thompson. And that English literature gives us a long line of poets does not make us less eager for an Australian poet, but rather more. What we are looking for is some form that will embody the meaning that it suggests.

If the form of the work and its technical excellence is not equal to the thought that it is trying to express there is dryness and distress. It is very often difficult to give any clear reason for this distress. It is a little like wearing a tight shoe. But if you gave as a reason

for not caring for it that it "pinched," no one would be very clear as to your meaning. On the other hand, when there is a form that has little power of suggestion in it, and the words and rhythm and the metre have all a certain excellence, but the thought is too thin to have borne expression at that length, or the rhyme and the rhythm contradict each other, then we have a certain sense of pleasure which, however, fails to give us any permanent inheritance.

Much Australian poetry has had this inadequacy, either in expression or in meaning. The lack of workmanship has been our characteristic fault . . .

Time and the severest discipline are necessary to the tempering of an instrument strong enough and delicate enough to do a poet's work. For we expect of a poet the highest. We expect beauty and truth that have met together until we can no longer discern one without the other. . . .

But in "The Sentimental Bloke" we have a form that is characteristically Australian, with a sentiment to which it gives delightful expression. There is an ease, and an inevitableness about it that will deceive the unwary perhaps, for the form seems easy. But the development in short poems, each with its own measure, the happiness of the pause and recall, the ebb and flow of hope and desire, the simplicity of the material, and the high degree of emotion expressed with the swiftness and return upon itself that are typical of our time, make up a poem which it is a delight to praise.

"Ginger Mick" has some of the same traits, but not quite the same success. In "The Glugs of Gosh" the thought is more difficult. There are some delightful passages, some swift rattling rhymes, much poetry of suggestion, but there is hesi-

tation and even halting in the intention.

Since "The Sentimental Bloke," there have been published: "Songs of Love and Life" by Zora Cross, "Songs of a Campaign" by Leon Gellert, "Songs of an Airman" by Geoffrey Wall, "War Verses and Others" by Kenneth Scott, "Troop Trains and Other Verses" by A. Gore Jones, "A Book of the Months" by Inez Hyland (a reprint), "S. George for England and other poems" by Maud Renner Liston, "Poems Real and Imaginative" by R. M. Walker, and an edition *de luxe* of "Elves and Fairies" by Ida Rentoul Outhwaite, to mention only those that have fallen into our hands.

There is something spontaneous and eager about these recently issued volumes that they seem like the work of a youth; they are halting in utterance, but fresh and full of the glow of life, a little overweighted by the sense of tragic need, but brave, willing to take the risk of utterance rather than not speak at all.

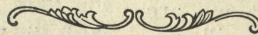
When we come to the books of Zora Cross and Leon Gellert we are in rather a different field, for they each attempt that which calls for a stricter criticism. "Songs of Love and Life" opens with sixty love sonnets. They are full of sensuous delight, and strain to express much that is perhaps better wrapt into a tense line or two. They give breath to the same type of passion as "The Gardener's Daughter," and if we criticize it will be to say that they lose by diffuseness. . . . There is a captivating rhythm in many of the other poems, in "The Babies' Bay," for instance.

In Leon Gellert's "Songs of a Campaign" there is more. . . . Not only does Gellert try to get the significance of the tale of life, but he looks at the ultimate problems that Kendall and Gordon and our earlier poets passed by or spoke of with a certain bitterness, even with cynicism. The group of sonnets at the beginning show fine work. They are a little overweighted with meaning, allegory is pushed a little far. There is a tendency to preciousity in expression where the intention is heroic. On the other hand, there are biting lines that, once read, can never be forgotten, and a haunting imagery that recalls Blake. . . .

It seems to us that Australians have felt that much is needed to make a poet, and that they have hesitated long to begin. And yet until we have the form in which the difficult word can be embodied it can never be said at all.

T. Sturge Moore says: "The niceties of conception, the clarities of exposition, the proprieties of temper and humour in approach and pursuance, are in very deed more beneficial to men's minds than information can ever be. . . . So much of the subject as might be conveyed in less happy words is negligible, is perhaps commonplace. Thus the felicity and harmony of sentences are a more important part of thought than can exist elsewhere, its truest truth, its adequacy; and the musical is the only right word, since in it dwells the splendid soul."

Our recent poets have striven to express that for which, as yet, they have not found the adequate word. But the striving has its own value.



Does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas?—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Stir not an inch; speak not a word: happiness is a coy maiden—hold her hand and be still—*R. Jefferies.*

Why do not the gods give humour to more of us, and make a better world?—*Letter of John Addington Symonds.*

There are two kinds of workers in the world—the people who do all the work and the people who think they do all the work.—*S. Benson.*

Reviews of Books.

By-ways on Service, by Hector Dinning (Constable & Co., Ltd., London.)

These sketches of life on active service, by an Anzac, are full of that fresh enjoyment of everything new and strange that is a noticeable trait in the Australian character.

Living so long "down under," where the great life of the world can only reach us *via* the cable or the shipping routes, it is to be expected that when a Southerner is suddenly transported to scenes in marked contrast to all previous experience, the scenes should meet his eyes with a charm and freshness altogether lost in the habitual globe-trotter.

The author of this collection of word pictures (it can hardly be called a book), though dealing with frank truth of the sterner realities of the "conflict," has yet managed to give us so many delightful and interesting descriptions of those things he saw *en route* to the front, and at rest in various base depots, that, from the standpoint of the book of travel alone, it is well worth reading.

To an old soldier the work will have special appeal. He will find himself once more "swinging out on the Long Trail," pass in his mind's eye the varied traffic of the Canal, and wander again through all the quaint Eastern strangeness of Cairo. He will find his steps turning towards the Mooski, and purchase once again those dainty fabrics for "someone" at home. But just as it was not all fun in the past, so will his mental vision flash again to the "glorious blunder" and those history-making deeds of Anzac. The author has painted the Peninsula

experiences with a touch that will appeal to all, soldier and civilian, man and woman alike, so long as the blood of Australia flows in their veins. Then back to Egypt, and so later to the sacred soil of France; and here one cannot better depict the thoughts of an Australian on arriving in France than to quote the following extract:

"It was, above all, pitiful to know that somewhere to the east Teuton shell was ravaging country such as this. You found yourself saying: Is it such a valley as that in which the trenches are dug? Are German shell (and French shell, too) changing the whole topography of a province such as this—smudging the sleeping landscape and tearing up the smiling crop? Is it in such a grove that the sacrilege of the guns is perpetrating itself? 'Gad!' you would hear, 'this country's worth fighting for!'"

That gives one a better perspective in which to view the awful days of the front line. Truly the "Poilu" has proved that his country is "worth fighting for."

It is needless to say more of the charm of the work. Making no pretence to style or arrangement, the writer has yet managed to show us something new in the much trodden path of war literature.

Those who have received letters from the front for the last four years will find much they already know re-echoed in "By-ways on Service," nevertheless it is worth reading, and one hopes that later more of these sketches will be published in book form.

We are indebted to Messrs. George Robertson & Co., Pty., Ltd., of Melbourne, for a copy of this work.

G. S. McD.



All the great leaders of the world's thoughts were heretics in their day.

To forget oneself is to be happy.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

The Boat Race for the Tyas Cup.

As seen by the Art School Special Correspondent, "Splintah."

For many months there had been strange mutterings in the common room: "Arts are not in a position to make any headway! Other schools are running, or trying to run, everything! We must assert ourselves!" Things went from bad to worse; and awful revolutionary meetings were talked of. The air was full of dire forebodings, and threats of what would happen when the time was ripe. Then we heard of hard training for an inter-school boat race. Excitement and heavy (?) bets kept the discontent going, and finally we went to the Torrens to have it out.

Our sporting Prof., who is a well-known rowing enthusiast, officiated as judge, and settled the position of the exact finishing post.

The first heat, Science v. Arts, we won by about a length. Following this the Medicals rowed their "bye," looking pretty in the boat, but on closer inspection did not appear perfectly fresh.

While waiting for the final our supporters became quite excited, and it is said, though I cannot vouch for this, that our gigantic cox perpetrated two quite good jokes. Then the boats left, and we waited in suspense for the first view of the racing crews passing the Point. Arts were first round, rowing a

beautiful oar and pulling well together, having established a lead of about a length. The Meds. began to pick up in the stretch, and were doing well until the bridge was reached; here they crabbed (want of training!). It had the effect of stirring them to fresh endeavours, however, and once again the distance between the boats lessened, until just out from the bridge they were almost neck and neck. The Arts boat, evidently taking no risks, began to draw ahead once more; yard by yard they increased their lead, and then we almost shouted ourselves hoarse as the Meds. crabbed again, and amid mingled yells of disappointment and triumph, pulled up, beaten by a length, and not enough "sand" left to finish the race.

The Tyas Cup, so long the property of Engineers and Meds., now becomes the trophy of the school of the 'Varsity. We confidently leave the pill jugglers to their dissipation and *apparent* ownership and control of sports.

Our campaign against that control has ceased, for now we are *it*. But one feels animated by a fatherly spirit towards the losers, so take our advice, Mr. Medicine Man, and keep to the more interesting and less strenuous sports of dominoes and bridge.

"Bush-bred."

I first encountered him away in the far north-west; that was long before the war, in the days when a man's prestige depended in the main on his hands and the way he could use them.

I had been sent out by the station "boss" with some gear for the wellsinkers, and the day was fast declining as I approached their camp. It was the dry season, and in the air was that hazy tinge that you get in the open country; this

and the steady motion of my old station hack combined to cause a sleepy, swaying feeling, and I was practically dozing in the saddle when, topping a spinifex-coated rise, a babel of sounds pregnant with sinister meaning startled me into wakefulness.

I reined back involuntarily at the scene that lay before me. In a hollow that stretched between the ridge on which I had halted and the next, some 300 yards

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away, the wellsinkers had been at work; the new earth, piled a russet blotch on the sun-baked surface, marked the scene of their operations; back a little stood a tiny tent, an axe leaned against a saddle near the flap, and a couple of kangaroo pelts were pegged out at the side. These details my eyes took in at a glance, and then swept on to where, not ten feet from the workings, a ragged ring of threatening, angry blacks surrounded two central figures, who circled and crouched in the improvised arena for a chance to end what was obviously a fight.

One of the combatants was a big Northern Territory black, all of six feet, and built to match; and, watching as he danced in and out, trying for a body blow with the short knotty stick in his right hand, I knew that he had been in the towns and picked up some ring craft, knew by the way he balanced on the ball of his foot, by his lithe movements, and the poise, that nameless quality that always stamps the boxer.

But it was the other figure that rivetted my attention. He was white, I knew by his hair; but his body, burnt almost to the colour of mahogany, was but a shade lighter than that of the big black. He was not a tall man, but even at that distance I could see his huge shoulders and mighty biceps, and as I watched (to interfere would have been madness) I marvelled, and felt a thrill of racial pride at the thought of kinship with such a man. Stripped to the waist he stood, and though he fought with just his bare hands it was clear that he was merely playing with the native, for even as I watched the end came. The giant made a furious blow at the white man's head, but ducking in the fraction of a second, the latter came up and over the other's guard with a speed that was amazing, and, straightening out his terrific right, drove straight to the black man's jaw, and with a crack that I heard on the ridge, the big fellow dropped, his fingers clutching at space, to lie a moment quivering, and then quiet on the ground.

The other spoke a few words in the

pungent language of the bush to the assembled natives, who, suddenly quiet, dragged the fallen champion away, and proceeded in their own fashion to restore his senses. Then, seeing me, the digger gave a shout of welcome, and called me to come on. . . . And so I rode into the life of one of the whitest men the bush ever produced, a man whom I came to regard as a brother in the eventful years that followed.

Not for many years, however, did I get to know him as I do now, for he was a man of few words when talking of himself, though his knowledge of bushlore and the world was amazing; and to get him going over a pannican of tea while the labouring day slipped out of the western porch, and mystic night trailed her star-spangled skirts across the plains, was a treat indeed.

There was not a port in all Australia he had not seen, and the wider seas he knew almost as well. Yet the bush claimed him ever. He said to me once: "Yes! I often go on the wander, looking for new lands and fresh scenes, but never resting, and always I get back here, back where the big spaces are, and the scent of the eucalyptus is in the air; here I seem to get life right."

He was a persistent reader, and every mail brought out some new book to his camp, to be read with rare insight, and commented upon with a native shrewdness often found in the men of the back country. I ventured to ask him once why he stayed in the bush, and whether the cities had no charm for him; his answer was typical of the man I had come to know.

"What!" he said, "live down there is the cities? Why, I'd asphyxiate from simple lack of air. Stay there where a man is judged by the clothes he wears, and the way he talks, or the particular brand of education he happened to swallow as a kid? Stay there and work in an office, where I couldn't see the sun or the trees? Man, I'd die, and that's the truth."

Then the war came, and of course we went. I can see him now, his brown, lean face from which the blue eyes gleamed beneath a sun helmet, a half-smile hovering ever round his lips, as he stood that day at the recruiting office. There were rows of 30 and more in those days. I remember the covert glances of the city-bred fellows, the unconscious admiration in their eyes; for he was a man, and ever it was the same, men came to look to him naturally as a leader, for his training had been such as made him do things without waiting for an order, and so when we sailed he was a sergeant.

On the boat the pet amusement of the boys was to get him to put on the gloves with some of their number who had been at the game, and cheer and "barrack" while he played with them as he pleased, but always with a smile.

It was on the way over that I came to know him as he really was—the straight, big-hearted child of the bush. In those long peaceful nights on the run to Port Tewfik, when duty would keep us both on deck, it grew to be the usual thing to lean against the side, watching the phosphoric lights playing below in the swirling water, or gazing thoughtfully at the breathing rollers washed into pools of surging silver by a late moon. Thus over a pipe we would get to yarning, and he told me about his boyhood, of his early life in the bush, and of the old stockmen who taught him to ride, and hammered him when he was thrown, yet whom he grew to love with a reverence that is rare among men. And occasionally our thoughts would turn to the days ahead and the great adventure that lay before us, and a silence would come upon us.

So we reached Egypt, and then came Gallipoli. They gave him a roving commission there in charge of a tiny squad of snipers (he was the best shot in the battalion), and through those long weary months he crawled from sap to sap, and the notches on his rifle grew into double figures, while his face showed leaner and browner, and his eyes gleamed bluer through the tan.

He took the game as he took his life, with a half-smile ever on his lips, and a quiet word here and there for the boys, who would have given their lives for him. He was never ill, and when the rest of us went down with dysentery and enteric he stayed on and roamed the saps, till even Abdul came to know him, and would signal a magpie or a bull when he winged or drilled a too venturesome Turk. We lost touch for a while after that; I had a spell of clean sheets and "ministering angels," he stayed on to the evacuation, and then returned to Egypt.

In 1916 the Camel Corps began to form. Here his knowledge of northern transport work at home brought him naturally to the front, and for many long months he patrolled the desert reaches, until, towards the end of the year, things began to look up, and the word "Palestine" was heard all up and down the line of railway that stretched out a lone hand into the enemy's country. We entered El Arish together, and saw all the fighting that followed, until that grim day at Gaza when the end came for both of us.

I heard the tale from his own lips in simple language, and with all the rich embellishments of an Australian from one of his men. They had rushed the first Turkish trenches in support of the tanks, but the counter-attack sent them back, and it was here, while following his men, that a machine-gun bullet got him in the thigh, and he dropped, to lie still as the advancing enemy swept on and past him. He feigned death to avoid a bayonet thrust till the Turks drew back to the cover of their trenches, and the fight settled down for a space. When quiet had been felt around him a while, he raised himself on his elbow, and then, slowly and painfully, began to drag himself back to our lines; a hundred yards and a convenient shell-hole gave him a chance to rest. Here a Turkish rifle lay, evidently thrown in haste, and a belt of cartridges from a still figure lying huddled near meant ammunition. Tired and thirsty he lay for an hour in the crater, and then a crackle of rifle fire

caused him to take an interest in life again. A few Turks endeavoured to work round the flank of a rise on his left, but our men had seen the move, and the enemy was ducking for cover. To slip a clip into the magazine of the dead man's rifle was a moment's work, and with a grim smile and set jaws he coolly picked off two of the scuttling figures, only to swoon into unconsciousness at the second shot.

Two hours passed and yet he lay, silent and still, the blood oozing slowly from his improvised dressing, while the sun settled lower and the shadows lengthened, and even the firing grew distant and unreal. Then, perhaps because of the cool breeze coming up off the sea, or a twinge in his wound, he stirred and opened his eyes, to stare dully at the churned earth and litter of gear around him; while dully his mind swung back to the past day's work, to struggle laboriously up to the fact that he was hit, and lying between the lines, and that he must get back, for he was hungry, and hadn't the cook promised some hot soup for him in the evening? Yes, that was it, soup, hot and fragrant. He would turn in then, for he was tired, and there was a mob of cattle to muster in the morning. He must tell the boy to get the grey pony, but not now; he was very tired,

and he must get back first, back there somewhere near the setting sun; there were friends there, someone he must see. Yes, that was it; he must certainly go now, or he would be late. . . .

And so, half delirious, he once more dragged his shattered frame towards our lines. That he did it seems incredible, but he reached within a score of paces of the waiting men before he was seen, and then they picked him up and brought him to the doctor.

The old medico patched him up and sent him down to Cairo, and then when he could stand the trip he came home.

It was natural that our cots should be together on the boat, and once more we talked and yarned of other days. And he was ever the same, always the whimsical smile, the quiet, pleasant voice, and the blue eyes with the strange gleam set in the brown, sunken cheeks.

And so I know I should find him still, if I could but come upon the long balcony at Randwick (for he went home to his people). I'd glimpse, doubtless, a gaunt, bony figure, hugging a pair of crutches, and looking out over the race-course, seeing ever in his mind's eye the big plains out west, and the places that were his home in the days that seem now to lie a lifetime beyond.

"NUMBER ONE."

Examinations.

By S. F. Robinson.

Much energy has been expended in denouncing the "examination system." Critics quote the cases of men who have been unable to distinguish themselves in the examinations of the academies, but have taken prominent positions in the professions or in business. This is no more than to say that a man may be more successful in one kind of test than in another. *The practical man*, however, goes so far as to say that to have passed University examinations is no proof of ability. "Ability," to him, signifies the

power to do well those things which he considers most important. A typical story is told of an illiterate man who failed to secure appointment as a sexton because he was unable to sign his name. He applied his energies in other directions, and amassed considerable wealth. "What might you have been," he was asked by his banker, "had you been an educated man?" "I'd a bin a sexton," was the reply. The fallacy is obvious. Some brilliant University students have even made money!

The advantages of the written examination to the teacher are undoubted. He can test the pupil in his knowledge of facts and his power to apply it to certain problems, and so gauge the effectiveness of his teaching. An examiner gets, incidentally, many glimpses of the mental furniture of the examinee. As a test of their vocabularies, some aspirants to the Civil Service were asked to use in sentences certain words, including "solitude." One need not be a Sherlock Holmes to infer that the penny dreadful had some charm for the youth who wrote: "In the solitude of her chamber, the baron's wife burst into bitter tears." The examiner is able, too, to detect the student who crams. The power to memorize words, or to visualize the printed page avails nothing in answering the question, which demands the organization of knowledge. Such a question is always unpopular with a certain class of students—those who study a text book page by page. They make no attempt to consider the work as an organized whole. The author's synopsis of each chapter is to them a vain thing. Where classes are not large, and a supplementary oral examination is practicable, the teacher is in a particularly good position to gauge the power and the mental attitude of his pupils.

For the student, the prospect of an examination has a disciplinary value which of itself would justify the system. The average reader gives his special attention to whatever coordinates with his present knowledge. It is the prospect of an examination which compels him to consider his subject from other

points of view. The chapter which appears to him nebulous and uninteresting must not be neglected. A Divinity student who had "got up" the Kings of Israel with great care was staggered by the question: "Distinguish between the minor and the major prophets." Like many a student of our own times, he made a delicate appeal to the examining professor. "God forbid," he wrote, "that I should attempt to classify these holy men as 'major' and 'minor.' I venture to submit, however, a list of the Kings of Israel." Examiners are hard-hearted men.

The old copy book maxim: "Youth is the time to learn" is apt to mislead, but certainly youth is the time to be examined. The mature reader is in a position to know what is worth only casual notice, and what should be "chewed and digested," but the young student does well to submit himself to a discipline which compels him to read carefully, to organize his knowledge, and to train his memory. To have read widely and to know the books from which certain information may be culled is good; nevertheless much of the knowledge most useful to the physician, the lawyer, or the business man is that which can readily be recalled when needed. The facility of recall, it is true, rapidly becomes less when the mind engages itself with other topics, but this does not amount to complete obliteration. Though memory has become dim, facts become faculty. It is better to have learned and "forgotten" than never to have learned at all.

Australia Day 1918.

By "Annette."

The enthusiasm that prevailed in the Science school last year over the Australia Day procession seemed to be lacking somewhat this year. The result was that preparations were rather late, and only one trolley was arranged for. A

meeting was called, however, on Wednesday, July 24, and suggestions asked for. These were many and varied, practical and otherwise, and finally it was decided to represent a Motion Picture Production Company, and the characters were

accordingly allotted. W. M. A. was asked to be a girl, but he expressed doubt as to whether he could obtain the necessary dress, as he had no sisters; but one and all declared that M—— knew enough of other people's sisters to be able to get the togs. And so it proved, for M—— appeared in a beautiful red silk robe, flowing veil, and that far more important article of female attire, a "nice low neck." She looked a perfect dear!

A second meeting was held on the following day, when it was announced that "Painting will begin at 3.30." The secretary then went bargain hunting for material to decorate our trolley. The designs were compiled and the signwriting done by three enthusiasts, at a rather late hour, down in the old Medical School.

Then the eventful morning dawned. The movie stars retired to the engineering room to dress. Then, under the admiring gaze of certain of the women students, they adorned their trolley with their triumphs of art. "Are you ready?" "Right, oh!" and away processionwards went Focks's Feature Film Fern and the Five Funny Fools.

It was certainly not a meatless day, for Bill S. Pluck figured prominently along with the beautiful Olga Petroleum, the corpulent Fatty Shoebuckle, More D—— Pain, Theda Bare-arm, Very Wild

Winter, and Annette Kellygang, the coolest customer of the day. Our photographer, Mr. H. H. Hiccough, had the double responsibility of photographer and director, but with his up-to-date camera, bearing the inscription "Fry's Homœopathic Cocoa," he did very good work. It was a case of the photographer photographed when, in Gouger Street, they passed before the camera and were snapped.

Then, at last, after a considerable wait, they started and wended their way through the gaping thousands lining the streets of Adelaide. There were many fine pieces enacted on the way. Fatty Shoebuckle and Olga Petroleum performed several very touching love scenes, while H. H. Hiccough suggested perpetual motion by a ceaseless cranking up of his machine. The crowds showed their appreciation by showering pennies at the performers, but one wonders whether in some cases the motive which impelled the pennies was appreciation, as some of the actors owe their lives to-day to the fact that pennies described cubic parabolic tractrices in the air, instead of continuing their motion uniformly in a straight line.

H. H. Hiccough secured many million feet of first-class production, the first series of which was released at the Association meeting of Friday, August 2.

Nova Aquilae.

The New Star in the East.

(Right Ascension, 18 hrs. 44 min.; Declination, $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. N. of Eq.; Mag. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$.)

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky."

Had the poet divined the glorious vistas beyond that bright portal?

Half a century ago a young Irishman, accompanying the famous Earl of Rosse for the season to London, was taken by him to visit Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Huggins. The astronomer had lately been analysing starlight and nebulae by means of the spectroscope, and

had discovered that the prism divided the ray from a star into a rainbow-series of continuous light, shading from red through yellow, green, and blue, to violet, while the ray from a nebula became, to his vast astonishment, isolated bright bars, quite different from this continuous star spectrum, but corresponding in position with parts of it, thus completely contradicting the popular idea that those misty patches of light in the sky were merely star clusters too distant for their individual stars to be seen.

Another circumstance that made the occasion a propitious one was the recent observation by Mr. Birmingham, in an obscure town in the west of Ireland (Tuam) of a bright star in a place where he had seen none before, and where none was marked in the maps. He had written to Mr. Huggins, who had confirmed by his own observation the Tuam astronomer's discovery of the birth of a new star (now T. Coronæ). He at once tested its light by the instrument which, most fortunately, he had lately been perfecting in application to astronomy.

On the eventful night when the young Robert Ball visited his observatory, telescope and spectroscope were turned upon the stranger, now no longer shining with pristine splendour, indeed invisible to the unaided sight. But the remarkable revelation from the prism was the startling combination of a continuous star-spectrum and (super-imposed on it) a spectrum of a nebula indicating especially vast masses of glowing hydrogen gas. This double spectrum is now regarded as the characteristic Nova spectrum. That night made an indelible impression on the young astronomer—the beauty of the work, its novelty, and the conviction that here was “the beginning of a new era in celestial investigations.” Some years later, in 1882, Mrs. Huggins wrote to Ball about their success in photographing the spectrum of the Great Nebula in Orion—a very notable achievement.

It is a far cry from that dawn of stellar spectroscopy to our noontide of noble instruments and detailed measurements; and yet the *sine qua non* remains now, as it was then, the abiding interest, accuracy, and attention of the observer.

On June 8 of this year a young New Zealander, with mind alert as Macaulay's famous schoolboy's, saw flaming in the eastern sky a splendour rivalling Arcturus, and knew it for a Nova. Just below the bright portent came the outspread wings of the Eagle, with the brilliant Altair. The new star was almost on the celestial equator, and showed the

characteristic spectrum, particularly the bright bands of luminous hydrogen, such as is erupted from our own star, the Sun, in its “prominences.” Nova Aquilæ steadily diminished in brightness, while its light became redder and redder, almost crimson; from being brighter than the first magnitude, it has now declined to about 4½.

New stars have a great historical interest. There was Hipparchus, the inventor of trigonometry, who worked in the Island of Rhodes, outshining his forerunners and contemporaries, the Newton of his age, producing the first solar tables giving the Sun's place among the stars for all time. A nova in Scorpio (136 B.C.), also mentioned in Chinese chronicles, is said to have been the deciding factor in the making of his new catalogue of visible stars, that future novæ might be readily detected. And comparison of the distances of these stars from the equinox with their distances a century and a half earlier, notably the brilliant Spica in Virgo, showed that the Equator was sliding backwards round the Ecliptic—the epoch-making discovery of the Precession of the Equinoxes (during 260 centuries). And, many centuries later, Tycho Brahe, the nobly-born Dane, who as a young University student was drawn to astronomy by the spectacle of a solar eclipse, and persisted in observations in the intervals of studying law, though he had no better instruments than compasses and a small globe, at last, obtaining an observatory and a sextant, which he deligently used, saw with astonishment and joy, on the night of November 11, 1572, the new star, since called his, shining in Cassiopeia's throne more brilliantly than Venus. It was for a time quite visible at noon-day, but, slowly fading, was lost to sight in March, 1574. Tycho Brahe's series of observations for obtaining the parallax of this new star was the foundation of his first published work, and of his enduring fame, though, to one of his upbringing and inheritance, *noblesse oblige* seemed to preclude the possibility of publication!

Kepler's Nova, in Ophiuchus, 1604, also observed by Galileo, outshone Jupiter; but was followed by a long period unmarked by these bright visitations; it reached the first magnitude in a few days, was very bright for about a month, and in a little over a year, paling gradually, became invisible to the naked eye.

In the nineteenth century came Mr. Birmingham's Nova Coronæ (1866), the first whose spectrum was observed, and the Rev. T. D. Anderson's Nova Aurigæ (Edinburgh, 1892), which had photographed itself on the Harvard plates more than a month before its discovery, and which remained visible long enough for its spectrum to be continuously observed. This was at first double, like that of T. Coronæ, later on faint and continuous, with a green "nebular" line like that of a planetary nebula, and later still a typical stellar spectrum.

Nova Persei was also found, early in this twentieth century, by the same keen Caledonian, as well as by a Russian at Kiev. This was remarkably brilliant, much more splendid than any nova since Kepler's, three centuries earlier; it was also remarkable for brightening up regularly about every third day during its gradual paling, reaching the tenth magnitude in three years, and for the observation of its nebulous series of spirals, spreading outwards so rapidly (as shown in the Lick and Yerkes photographs) that it could not possibly be movement of material particles. The question arises—were successive parts of a nebula made visible by electric bombardment? Nova Geminorum (Oxford, 1903) was discovered through Professor Turner examining a plate which had been rejected because the observer had taken the wrong stars, having been beguiled from the right "guiding star" by a brilliant neighbour, which was thus found to be a nova.

The explorer's path, ever-widening with the progress of optics, led from isolated new stars (such as Tycho's and Kepler's) to periodic variables, such as the extraordinary eclipsing variable Algol, the Demon Star; Mira, the first

known variable, with its capricious explosive crises; and the unique Eta Argus, "fitfully variable to an astonishing extent (as Sir John Herschel said), and whose fluctuations extend over centuries," the light of its greatest phase, April, 1843, being so brilliant that it extinguished the great Argo nebula in which it blazed—before and afterwards; and is still visible to the naked eye.

Many such stars in our own southern sky are offering a fertile field to the patient worker; and for this work—comparisons of varying light—expensive instruments are not a necessity. This is an opportunity for voluntary enlistment in the great army of non-professional astronomers. And, *mirabile dictu*, it is not the present but the past history of these stars which unfolds itself before our eyes to-day, for this light, with its marvellous speed of 186,000 miles a second, has taken æons to reach us. Our nearest neighbour, for instance, Alpha Centauri, a fine double star, the brighter pointer to the Southern Cross, is four and one-third light years distant from us; others, like the giant Canopus, the rudder of Argo, are immeasurably distant.

But all photograph themselves on the plates of our telescopes; thus new stars have been found to be of frequent occurrence. A few like Nova Aquilæ, are of surpassing splendour. What are these mysterious heavenly bodies? The fact that nearly all of them have appeared in or near the Milky Way, where the stars are closest together, seems in favour of the hypothesis that a nova is the result of a collision, perhaps between a star and a nebula. And spectrum analysis shows new stars developing into small gaseous nebulae. Are they then dying suns or suns new-born? And is their generation the general rule or an occasional catastrophe? This is part of the ever-recurring riddle of the Universe, which the human mind is ever striving to read. And the characters to be deciphered here seem to be those ripples in the great ether-ocean which we call rainbow hues.

Alice, adventuring in Wonderland, might have repeated her rhyme as:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We need not wonder what you are,
When unto the evening sky
We the spectroscope apply."

as Sir Robert Ball once rendered it.

The solar rainbow's shading colours are reproduced in the laboratory by heating various substances till they are glowing gases; and the dark "absorption" lines, the chief of which are numbered A to H (discovered by Fraunhofer in 1815 and called by his name) are reproduced by veiling these vapours with identical gases not quite so hot, which prove a barrier to the particular kind of light wave. Hydrogen, helium, and calcium are the best known of the Sun's substances; and their lines are familiar guide posts. The ribbons, or spectra, of starlight are similar.

When a source of light is approaching, more light waves break upon the eye in a given time than when it is stationary, the quickened ether-vibration producing the sensation of light nearer the violet end of the spectrum: conversely, a receding source of light gives slower vibration and a colour nearer the red end; in each case the "lines" mark the displacement, like the smoke over the funnel of a distant locomotive. These displacements are measured with minute exactness by the micrometer screws of spectroscopes, thus measuring movements of heavenly bodies backwards and forwards in our line of sight.

The thin, faintly glowing masses of gas called nebulae (one of which is visible to the naked eye in the brightest part of the Milky Way, near the Southern Cross—the keyhole nebula in Argo) give a different kind of spectrum, viz., bright bands of light corresponding in position with parts of the solar spectrum, leaving gaps. Helium and hydrogen are noticeable, and a very bright green part shows the presence of a glowing gas not seen in ordinary stars; this gas has been called "Nebulium"; it produces a great part of the light in the brightest portion of a

nebula, while hydrogen produces most of the light in the fainter part. Those bright lines of the nebular spectrum corresponding in position with the dark lines of the solar show the presence of identical gases. Very blue stars (and these are associated with nebulae) show bright hydrogen lines, as do the nebulae, corresponding in position with the dark Fraunhofer solar lines. Their distribution in space connects the novae, the small gaseous ring, and planetary nebulae, and stars of certain spectral types; for these are more numerous in the Milky Way than elsewhere. Wolf-Rayet stars, named after their co-discoverers (Paris) have a continuous star-spectrum, with, superposed on it, both bright lines and absorption lines, showing glowing gases under peculiar pressure conditions. Their helium lines are not very noticeable. The Wolf-Rayet stars show no variability. An example is V. Argus, the "Spectral Gem of the Southern Sky." The Orion type—the young stars, brightest and hottest, and also slowest—like Spica in Virgo, and like the three gems of Orion's belt—is rich in hydrogen lines. Its characteristic is a series of dark helium lines, showing an envelope containing enormous masses of this gas. And, as in the case of the Wolf-Rayets and the small regular nebulae, bright lines are in the places of dark solar lines. The persistent bright lines of these classes of stars are in the blue and yellow of the nebulae in the green part of the spectrum. The intermediate star type, e.g., T. Canis Majoris, indicates that Wolf-Rayets are on their way to become blue Orion (helium) stars, which are of low density, and may be called "young" stars.

The Solar Observatories, such as that on Mount Wilson, in California, examine in detail the spectrum of our star, the Sun; one of our own Adelaide graduates has made this kind of work his special study. But there is great need for the establishment of such an observatory for the Southern Hemisphere in this comparatively cloudless continent of Austra-

lia, and here is an opportunity for Australian citizens to vie with Americans.

The characteristic double spectrum of new stars, the later "planetary nebula" spectrum, and the still later star spectrum, and the movements shown by the shifting lines in the spectroscope—these are observed facts. But what is the interpretation thereof? Is a nova the first stage in the growth of a star, developing into the somewhat similar Wolf-Rayet type, as the spectrum relationship seems to indicate? This is one field of enquiry. And what has happened in the case of the lost stars, such as Kepler's Nova and 55 Herculis, which are no longer seen? Has the brightening nova a resemblance to the familiar variables, regular or fitful, several of which are found near the positions of various novæ? The general rule is a quick brightening and a slower paling. Our Sun shows periods of excitement in its luminous photosphere (envelope), when enormous masses of glowing hydrogen shoot out from the insinking photosphere; and the sun-spot cycle shows our own star to be a slightly perceptible regular variable.

In the strange, irregular Mira Cati, the spectroscope proves that each brightening is accompanied by a fresh outburst of glowing hydrogen.

The remarkable Eta Argus now shows the characteristic nova double spectrum,

and has been for years a dull red and unvarying telescopic object. The red stars are ageing stars; very many of them are variable, and nearly all long-period variables are red.

The sky shows hundreds of examples of other nova stages. Will the explosive theory fit all the facts? Or the collision theory? Much patient investigation will go on before this problem is solved.

The advance of astronomical knowledge has brought healing to the nations by annihilating those waves of terror which afflicted mankind at the advent of something strange in the heavens—a bright comet, an eclipse, a meteoric shower, a new star. But still the glorious celestial objects, novel or familiar, invite our keenest interest. *Per aspera ad astra!* The spell falls alike on mathematical geniuses, such as Horrox and Newton, and on ordinary mortals concerned with observing. And each adventurer on this great voyage of discovery surely feels, like one of old:

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!"

with steady purpose "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," ever pressing forward:

"For all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams the untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever as I move."

Correspondence.

DIAMOND VERSUS DEWDROP.

Dear Mr. Editor—May a late (plucked) member of the English Literature Class communicate for the benefit of his fellows certain observations on Nature which he has carried out in the solitude of the country? He has deduced two points in which the *bona fide* diamond has an advantage over its artless rival, the dewdrop on a blade of grass. (1) To view the diamond in all its facets it is unnecessary for the beauty lover to carry with him a piece of carpet. (Ex-

perience shows that a handkerchief is *not* enough to protect the trouser knees.) (2) The diamond does not shrivel up beneath the ardent breath of its worshipper. Trusting that these few remarks will not be out of place, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours, etc.,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

IMPROVING THE BULLDOG BREED.

Dear Mr. Editor—Fiction has en-

shrined every species of canine, including the bulldog; but in University circles (above that of the male undergraduate) this animal has ceased to charm. It is not the ferocious-looking, mild-mannered dog that we wish to sing, but the learned, begowned variety that, clad in squeaking boots, and a bored smile, infests the examination halls of the youth of our land, making day horrid.

We are not altogether to be hated, we supervisors; we have our own sorrows. Sweaty-browed you ply your pens or rend your hair; desperate you dash down the first words that come, hopeful that kindly chance, god of so many, will turn them to happy ending. The quick spurt past, you suck your pen again.

Our shoes squeak, and you deplore it. So do we. But how shall they cease to cry out until the spirit of their great maker be placated with what we sell our leisure to obtain?

But you, at least, are interested, while we, poor dogs, for ten bob a day and aching legs, drone out the time. For you the spur of fame; we toil but for pelf. You sit at ease with chair and table; compass and pencil beguile your leisure; the deep depths of boredom for us. Tired as Sisyphus of his bucket are we of your serried ranks which we must pace or blunder through, weary-limbed, dreary-eyed, staying but to catch a paper fluttered off by wingy gown, to meet your irritated glance with irritating smile.

What shall conquer this boredom, the perennial enemy of the bulldog? The Secretary to the Board of Public Examinations of the University of Adelaide be-

lieved it would be done by flirtation, and took his measures accordingly. The best canine minds have long been devoted to the solution of this problem. It must, of course, be done silently, and the thing needs organizing. Much has been done; much more will be done; we are but pioneers. Our own suggestion is the installation of pedometers, one to be issued to each bulldog. This should commend itself to the Secretary of the Board as being likely at once to force the pace and to make it possible to check the relative activity of his officers. The benefit to the supervisors lies, of course, in the excitement and—ahem—*interest* arising from the trotting matches that would ensue. The possibilities to the bulldog are endless, the consequences to the candidate ought to be hopeless. However, we are not wedded to our plan; we do but throw it out as a suggestion. (The Editor regrets to have to announce that Mr. Clucas throws it out too.) But it is clear that something needs to be done to preserve the *morale* of the bulldog breed, and if 'twere done 'twere well 'twere done quickly; in fact, before the November Kennel Club—we mean Public Examinations.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours, etc.,

PEDIGREE.

The Editors cannot undertake to return M.S.S.

Owing to lack of space many contributions have been held over for future issues.

The Profession of Law.

By Ego Lex Sum.

In a recent issue of a Sydney monthly magazine there appeared an article in which a violent attack was made on the legal profession as a class. A considerable amount of invective was let loose about the ears of lawyers and judges, and the writer evidently regards the profes-

sion as little better than a parasite on the community. The majority of his statements, however, are quite absurd, and of the allegations, which are all couched in general terms, the following are some of the most striking—the insolence of judges to persons on trial; the incivility

of lawyers generally; the gross misstatements of counsel in opening a case, thus casting reflections on the character of the opposing party; the impertinence and brutality of counsel in cross-examination; judicial incompetence, and the general impudence of the lawyer class.

While disagreeing entirely with the tone of the article in question, I perceive certain elements of truth in the sweeping charges I have enumerated. While it is quite wrong to say that lawyers generally are impudent and brutal, or that judges are insolent and uncivil, there is no doubt that counsel, taking refuge in their "instructions," sometimes do make grievous misstatements of fact in opening a case; nor is there any doubt that in cross-examination the search for fact is often lost sight of in the desire to score off a witness. These, however, are defects of a superficial nature, and at least they do not attach to all lawyers, but are, happily, confined to a few individual members of the profession.

It is my desire to defend the profession, but I do not wish to gloss over certain undesirable tendencies which, if not checked, may have quite serious results. Let me first deal with these shortcomings.

The writer of the article referred to finds a relation of cause and effect between judicial incompetence and political appointments to the Bench. In this he has just cause for complaint. Extensive litigation, and its consequent expense, is an evil the blame for which must often be laid at the door of judicial incompetence. There is no secret about the fact that in Australian States the Attorney-Generalship is generally regarded as a stepping stone to the judicial office. This is a practice against which the profession, as a body, should make a strong and continued protest. It may be that a legislative enactment that no person who has held Parliamentary office should become a judge would be an effective check to what tends to become a serious evil.

I cannot speak from personal experience of the other States, but I feel sure that there, as everywhere where British justice is dispensed, the dignity and responsibility of the judicial office are recognized by the occupants of the Bench. It is difficult for anyone closely associated with the Law Courts to give any credence to the statement that judges are uncivil to persons on trial. It is also quite wrong to say that lawyers generally are uncivil. It is most unfair to include in such a sweeping condemnation the whole of an honourable profession, merely because, in isolated instances, a few members of it may have forgotten their manners.

In the cross-examination of witnesses many things do occur which could well be done without. While making this admission, I protest against the generality of the indictment under notice. Counsel, as a whole, are not impertinent and brutal when examining an opposing witness. It is only the occasions when a passage at arms occurs that catch the public eye, simply because the press always makes more or less of a feature of them.

Such defects as are disclosed in these charges (other than that of judicial incompetence) must be reformed by the individual, and from within. It will be well, therefore, if the attention of younger members, and of members to be, of the profession is immediately called to their existence. Let those of whom the profession is to be composed observe these things that are thrown up at us, and do their best to avoid them. Let them refrain from imitating what they can surely recognize as pernicious example, and in their day the profession will be the better for their vigilance.

The influences which surround a person embarking on a legal career are such as to draw out and promote all the best that is in him, provided they are given a chance. When a lawyer starts in practice, he assumes responsibilities of no mean weight; the proper care of clients' interests involves him in relations in

which honesty and fidelity on his part are absolutely essential. The general public have no idea of the extent of the trust reposed in legal advisers, but much is always made of the rare occasions on which lawyers go astray. A false impression is thus created, and purely human imperfections which are common to all men, are seized on and put forward as grievous sins which, it is alleged, render the profession a menace to the community.

There is no more honourable profes-

sion than that of the law. We have our enemies, but their attacks must not dishearten us. Where their charges lack truth, we can afford to ignore, and where they are true, we must rise above them. We do not fear criticism—we welcome it, for it enables us to correct our faults. Let the younger members of the profession set out with the aim of reformation; let them choose as examples their most esteemed seniors, and they will not fail to uphold the noble traditions which are their heritage.

The Setting Sun.

By Ego Lex Sum.

Only that afternoon they told me;
killed in action. Poor old Lyn!

That night I walked slowly, thoughtfully home; the clang of cars and city noises still filled my brain; meditatively I walked towards the setting sun.

The orb was red, a rich crimson red, slightly defined on a ruddy haze; the deep red of blood, yet softened and toned by a drifting filmy mist; not the red of tragedy, it was the red of sacrifice—only the blood of a thousand heroes could thus have coloured the western sky as the sun sank slowly away into the unseen space of night . . . and then it was gone, and the world was cold and grey!

I see him as I've seen him oft—no king in royal garments, no hero in idealistic robes, no genius of mighty intellect; just the ordinary fellow of an ordinary everyday life, for whom life had scarce begun.

Again I see him out in France, in the mud and slush; I hear the boom of guns, the air is rent and quivering; I see hard, war-worn faces; I gaze into eyes that stare but are calm; I see men drag weary limbs over heavy ground; I hear shrieks—and groans, long drawn, and low; I see courage personified in men; sacrifice made supreme by its heroism; I see love, friendship, patience, endurance, suffering, and here and there joy—grim joy only made such by contrast; humour, too, called forth only as an antidote; in all the glory and tragedy of war, I see men living and dying, eking out an existence almost humdrum in its monotony and appalling heaviness.

I look again—the glory of the modern knight blinds my eyes!

The sun goes down bathed in the glory of the blood-red sky of Sacrifice, its last long rays softly caressing the city towers—and he sleeps in peace in France.



Many minor poetesses and gifted letter writers were revealed at the U.W.U. soldiers' Xmas-box party, when we racked our brains to compose limericks, or sonnets, or love letters to "lonely soldiers." We

were also tormented by a mathematical puzzle to which everyone got a different answer, none of them resembling in the slightest the secretary's "correct" one.

The Clooky.

Communicated by one of our Naturalists.

This animal wears a grey coat. Its face irresistibly reminds the observer of the typical professor of science in a detective story. The brown eyes, gleaming through rounds of some transparent, highly polished, and probably brittle material, are singularly acute, and give to the delinquent an impression of ferocity. The fur, what there is of it, is dark in colour, and except for a line across the upper lip, is solely on the lateral and posterior parts of the head. The Clooky is married, and is not indisposed to be fond of its home, but its great pleasure is rousing. Its temper is thought by the lax

to be fierce, but its outbursts, though sudden in moments of stress, as when it is engaged in its characteristic function of organizing, leave it amiable. In moments of good humour it has been known to take down the unwary or unhumorous. Its habitat is a dugout at the extreme end of a long artificial burrow, whence it occasionally emerges with rapid stride and ireful glance. Its special aversion is what it knows as "honeymooning" within its domain; but theoretical and practical experience prove that its heart is in the right place. When you know it it is an awfully good chap.



Women's Hockey Club.

This year we have been able to have two teams, one in A Grade and one in B Grade of the South Australian Hockey Association. Wednesday afternoon practices have been somewhat spoilt by lectures, but some enthusiastic 7 o'clock in the morning practices were arranged, and on the whole the club has trained well during the year.

Although the A Grade team had five out of the eleven new players this year, by the end of the first round the combination of the team was one of its strong points. Five out of ten matches were won during the year, and because of our goal average we attained second place, and had to play in the semi-finals our old rivals the Troubadours. This match might have proved disastrous, as we had lost our centre half

through breaking her arm, but that in the first half the Troubadours' captain hurt her knee and had to retire. We won—3-2.

The final match does not bear mention, not only because we were beaten, for that is not surprising, as the Arohas had not lost a match for two years, but because we did not play up to our usual form, and instead of a good we had a bad finish for the season.

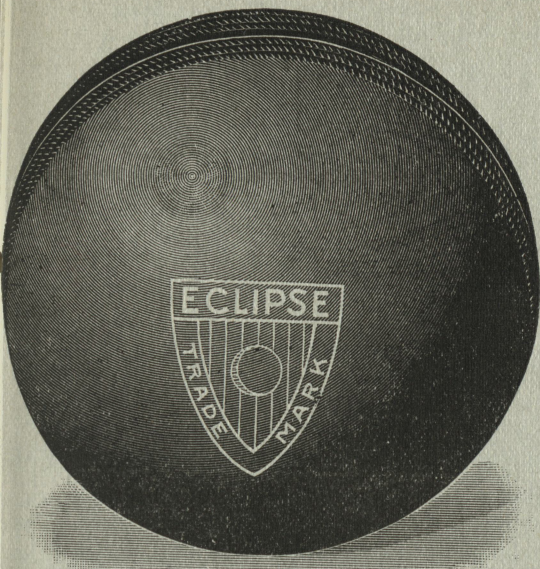
The B team has won several matches during the season, and should have got into the semi-finals, but as only about two-thirds of the team were keen every Saturday a few outside people had to be obtained to make up the eleven.

Next year we hope to have two very good teams and to come top of both A and B Grade.



The editor regrets that the football report was received too late for publication. Secretaries of societies are asked to make special note of the date appointed for

receiving contributions, and to send their reports in punctually, as it is always regrettable that any society should be unrepresented in the magazine.



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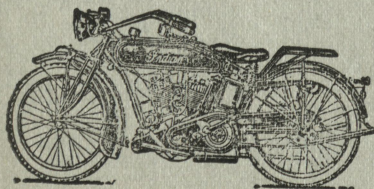
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