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On Dit

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
UNION



SECOND BRILLIANT WEEK
GLADYS SWARTHOUT, JOHN BOLES,
JOHN BARRYMORE in

"ROMANCE IN THE DARK"

TOGETHER WITH WILLIAM BOYD in
"HOPALONG RIDES AGAIN"
Also: SCREEN SOUVENIRS, THE STAR
REPORTER, PARAMOUNT NEWS.

Vol. 7

TUESDAY, 21st JUNE, 1938

No. 12

Peace Group Resumes Activities

POLICY BRIEFLY OUTLINED

Creation of War Atmosphere Depreciated

The Peace Group came to life once more last Friday when the pacifist section of the old organisation held a meeting in the George Murray as the first step towards attempting to set up groups of people wishing to investigate the war problem.

The first speaker was Miss Clyve Wilton. She suggested the mob scenes in the recent film in the life of Zola as examples of how ordinary, simple, peace loving people can be led by men with a knowledge of mob psychology. Everywhere that same mob spirit is being used as the means of obtaining support for the rearmament programmes of all countries. Just as the Paris crowds were raised to such a pitch of blind anger by militarists attempting to preserve their

so-called "honor," as to be insensible of the wrongs suffered by Dreyfus, so the ordinary people are today being blinded by the grievances of other nations in order to preserve national prestige. The air raid precautions—totally inadequate and ineffectual, it seems—are playing a part in the creation of a war atmosphere in which, at the slightest emergency, mass emotion can be raised to the appropriate war frenzy.

THE CASE FOR A GROUP

Maurice Finniss followed on from this point. The atmosphere of fear and hatred already engendered, or in the process of being so, the urgent need is for individuals who can resist any sudden panic and regard the whole question of peace and war dispassionately and critically, yet moved by a great desire for peace. The intention is to set up small groups, the members of which can study the relevant facts, the historical development, the subtle interplay of national ambitions, so as to arrive at a mature view of the whole problem.

But this is by no means the most important function of a small group, such as is proposed. The discussions and the arguments which take place give a view of the way in which the world should be organised . . . of the spirit which should be uppermost . . . of co-operation in place of com-

petition . . . and the small group offers an opportunity of setting up a minute model of that world, a chance to give effect to the practical implications of that view. Within the group the theoretical conclusions can be proved by being put to the actual test.

The Adelaide groups will not exist in solitary splendor. Here, there, and everywhere, ordinary people are finding that the system of small groups is the most effective for peace action. Aldous Huxley in his latest book "Ends and Means," has adequately and well explained and shown the merit of the technique of such groups. Perhaps the supreme virtue is that as there is an opportunity to create a model, however small, of the ideal, there is no feeling of frustration such as tends to develop from purely intellectual consideration.

THE POLICY OF THE GROUPS

Michael Quinn Young strongly urged that the Peace Group did not demand any set opinion from its members, but only an intelligent interest and a willingness to change one's opinion in the light of subsequent arguments. The only view which could not be tolerated was that war is inevitable. War, which man has created, man can end. It can most speedily be ended by numbers of people joining such groups and adding their weight to the growing world opinion against war.

Anyone who is at all interested in the Peace Group is asked to speak or write a note to any of the speakers, or to Gwenneth Woodger, Margaret Cowell, John Yeatman or Elliott Johnston.

The University should be the home of reason; war is the supreme example of the unreasonable. If the University can't offer an enthusiastic opposite to war, then what chance have we of peace?

Aux Armes, Femmes!

UNPRECEDENTED EFFRONTERY PREPOSTEROUS OUTRAGE

Members of the Women's Union are seething with revenge. On Tuesday night a man was discovered prowling about the Lady Symon Hall without lawful excuse. The wretched creature was lucky to escape without injury, as feeling was running hot. It is for this reason that the fellow's name has been ordered to be suppressed—indeed, some of the more prescient of the authorities foresee a lynching. "On Dit," the paper which is always first with the latest news, will publish the name the moment it is released. We understand that this is likely only when the fellow is in safe custody.

Women, note these facts—we do not desire to add fuel to the fire, but

justice, we feel, demands their revelation:

(1) The intruder was a member of that Men's Union which rejected the proposal that a common room for students of both sexes should be set up in the George Murray Building.

(2) Over and above this, the rogue was a law student, an affiliated member of that body (or is it a cadaver?) which has for years past repelled the female students-at-law, and, with uncouth phrase, denied their right to become incorporated in the A.U.L.S.S. We are not an incendiary organ, but we ask you, members of the Women's Union, will you stand it?

FROM THE PRESIDENT

The Men's Union librarians have drawn my attention to the fact that several periodicals have recently been removed from the George Murray Library. This petty thieving has been carried to such an extent that certain of the more popular magazines have been removed within a day of their issue, while numerous copies of "Punch" cannot be found for binding.

At the inauguration of the Disciplinary Committee the hope was expressed that it would never have to exercise its powers, and it is gratifying to know that, up to the present, it has not had to do so. However, if the periodicals continue to be stolen, this committee will not hesitate to impose its most severe penalty on the offenders.

The library will henceforth be under supervision, and members are warned that anyone caught removing books, magazines, or papers from it, without permission or satisfactory excuse, will be expelled from the Union.

G. S. BRIDGLAND.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE AT LAST?

A meeting of those likely to be interested in a women's college was held in the Lady Symon Building on Thursday, with Miss Helen Paine in the chair.

It was discovered that many girls would be interested, and that if the necessary money (£5,000) were forthcoming, the offer of an ideal house and two acres of magnificent estate in the city area could be accepted. A colossal committee, consisting of the epitome of Adelaide's social register, is being formed to further matters.

MAKE A DATE

for these Dances:

COMMERCE . June 25

DENTAL July 1

LAW July 26

SPORTS ASSOCIATION

Do not forget the special general meeting of the Association in the George Murray Hall at 1.20 today. There are three special items of interest:

(1) Election of a deputy chairman.

(2) Alteration to Clause 56 of the Constitution to make provision for enforcing sub-treasurers to pay all money collected to the office within two weeks of collecting it.

(3) Alteration to Clause 62 of the Constitution to give the Permit Committee disciplinary powers.

See the notice on the Refectory notice board.

Debating Activity

After a quiet first term, ending with two Undergraduate successes in the debates against the Grads., this year seems likely to set a record for debating activity. An inter-Faculty contest has been arranged; the Women's Union v. Men's Union debates come later; the negro speakers are on the way; and, finally, there is the inter-Varsity in Melbourne during the August vac. There is still plenty of time and opportunity to prove your worth for the inter-Varsity team.

The inter-Faculty draw resulted as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Arts v. Law I. | Science v. Medicine. |
| Law II. v. Engineering. | Conserv. v. Dentistry. |

The first contest will be held tomorrow at 1.30, when Arts will affirm that "All modesty is false." The teams are:

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| ARTS. | LAW. |
| L. F. Crisp. | D. C. Menzies. |
| Miss Ashton. | H. E. Zelling. |
| D. B. Kerr. | E. F. Johnston. |

The debate, "That our Public Life is hidebound with Ceremony," which was to have taken place last Wednesday, has been set down for to-morrow week at 1.30. The majority of the speakers are Freshers and have good debating reputations.

WAKE UP, LAW STUDENTS!

Instead of this childish bickering between men and women law students about amalgamation, isn't it time that we roused ourselves to action on a far more important matter which requires the urgent attention of every law student who has the faintest particle of intelligence?

The average law student spends five years of hard study at the University; pays University fees, and in addition to that pays a premium to a practitioner; for what? Three years of sweated labor in a law office, at the beck and call of every Dick, Tom and Harry, without pocket money even (unless it comes out of the premium), living in the hope of what he may get after admittance to the Bar. He's very lucky if he gets a measly £2 per week as a law clerk.

Are we such idiots that after a difficult University career, we are going to sit back and be content to be paid a wage (if one can call it such), which is less than a typist's, a shop girl's, or the lowest paid laborer's?

How many fully qualified lawyers are walking the streets—can't even get a job—all through the sweated labor of the articulated clerk?

Such a state of affairs would never be allowed, if say carpenters or electricians found themselves in such a condition—what would they do, do you ask?—unite, for a union, and take the matter before the Arbitration Court.

A properly formed Law Union could demand that premiums should be fixed at £50, and that a standard wage of £2 per week be paid during articulated clerkship (a wage which I beg to remind you, workers receive for the most menial of tasks!!) After obtaining the degree, the minimum wage should be fixed at £5 per week.

Law students, discuss this question seriously at your next meeting; form a union—act—and cease being the laughing stock of other professions.
LAW STUDENT.

Women's Stunt Evening

Laurels to Law

Few women of the Union realise that "impromptu is the touchstone of wit"—or so it would seem, considering the paltry attendance at the Stunt Evening on the 14th. The females, indeed, gave so little support to the delightfully unprepared efforts of Law, Arts, and Science that a conscientious member from over the way took it upon himself to break the Masonic-like tradition of W.U. Stunt Evenings and swell the numbers (under a felt halo, "misses' overcoat," nice gloves, etc.).

Miss Helen Wighton opened the evening with miscellaneous W.U. matters, then introduced the Arts Stunt as the first on the programme.

Arts and the March of Time.

This was in the form of a topical hotch potch which owed its inspiration materially to the "March of Time," and vocally to James A. Fitzpatrick and Hearst's Metrotone. The two latter were responsible for "Newsreel Reporter Higginbotham," whose nasally rhythmic voice we suspected belonged to Helen Paine, and pearls of the vernacular which dropped from the lips of Stalin, Mussolini, and leaders of the League. In between noisy blackouts were presented the Fuhrer, Mussolini, and Italy's population problem, war leaders in cherry-blossom land, and Stale-in and some comrades who had not yet been purged (the bottle was rather inconspicuous). The most original scenes were the funeral of the League and the debate in the House of Commons, with the "flower of England's manhood hibernating on benches." Of course, foreign policy and the armaments racket were dropped like hot coals, while everyone rushed off to attend to the burning question of the day—as soon as the luncheon adjournment was over.

Another Misleading Case.

Five Law women presented the "Trial of Freezia Coldbody," a doubtful person (most aptly done by Gwenneth Woodger), charged with attempting to do herself to death by throwing herself into the lion's cage at the Zoo. It appeared that the lady, neglected and yearning for heroism, had walked from St. John's Road, no prospects, to the Zoo, squeezed through the bars of the said cage, and awaited developments from Leo. The keeper arrived, however, before the lion could walk off, and was thus able to appear in court as chief witness. After being driven against the wall by the prosecutor (Lilian Lovick) Freezia was acquitted and able to accept the noble offer of the keeper (Joyce Coates) and leave the days of loneliness behind. This stunt was the most complete of the three, and each individual part was well done.

Stop Press.

Science gave a blissful and completely imaginary representation of sensational news from the Varsity pouring into the press. (Our staff grow limp at the very thought.) The Secretary (Tessica Mawson) managed Editor Judith Young in the approved style. They were lucky enough to have a Varsity murder ("professor's body found smothered in mud") and visits from Sherlock Holmes, Mae West, and two gangsters, all in one day. Joan Cleland came in as a not entirely fictitious professor, with fine black paper shavings distributed over the face in the right places. Then the plum of the daily news dropped into the editor's brain when two gangsters broke in, plugged him, and thus allowed the paper to fill up the stop press space with something worth reading.

The President gave the laurels to Law, and the evening adjourned with cigar smoking (the gangsters still trying to be tough) and coffee.

ARDATH SPECIALS

The Cigarettes you are **PROUDER** to offer!

10 "Laube" Boxes, 9D. 20's Tins, 1/6 Also in 50's and 100's

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday, June 21: 7.45 p.m., Mr. Emmerly in P. & I.R.C. in Lady Symon Hall, "Austria: 1908 to the Anschluss."
 Wednesday, June 22: Inter-faculty Debate, 1.30 p.m., in George Murray Hall.
 22nd: Meeting of Rovers, 7.45 p.m., at S.P.S.C. Rover Den.
 Thursday, June 23: Meeting of Car Club, 1.30 p.m.

FROM FROTH

The Editor of "On Dit."

Sir.—A certain piece of land on the eastern side of Frome Road bids fair to be a "casus belli" between the University Council and the Education Department. For some years now the Hon. the Minister and the Director of Education have been making a thorough survey of the sites available and desirable. The choice has met with open opposition in Parliament, for there are those who believe:

(1) That there is no need for a high school.

(2) That, if there is, the University has a prior claim to the site chosen.

Why Build a New High School?

"Don't," says Mr. Abbott, "A waste of taxpayers' money," and, as an after thought, "Why not add to the buildings on the present site or to the suburban high schools?"

In justice to Mr. Abbott, be it said that he, like many of his supporters, has probably never really seen the Adelaide High School. He may, perhaps, have passed the Grote Street buildings, and been impressed by their solidity. They were erected at a time when the same plans could be used by the architect (if any) for gaols or schools. In those days, schools were gaols, and almost as severe a social stigma was attached to attendance at a State school as to compulsory confinement in His Majesty's prisons. In this enlightened year of grace we are told that environment plays a large part in determining the character of the growing child, and yet the Abbotts in our midst would keep alive that old stigma which attached to State super-primary education by forcing it to work under conditions which any progressive Government would not tolerate.

Comparisons Are Odious.

We suggest a tour of Adelaide's leading schools. Having seen the view from Scotch, inspected the turf at Prince's, the hall at Saint's, Mr. Abbott will then be in a position to appreciate the environs of Grote Street, and, fresh with this enthusiasm, let him be escorted to Currie Street (or is he not aware that the Adelaide High School has an off-shoot in Currie Street?), where the tour might fittingly end in the shadow of the West End Brewery. This is the chief source of school spirit—a different smell for each day of the week. Stables and skin factories add to the variety of olefactory emanations from the neighborhood. Then there is a general conspiracy of noisiness on the part of a five-minute tram service (and a stop placed neatly in front of the school), heavy road traffic to the Port, and a garage, which fills in the odd moments of comparative silence with the throttling up of motor bikes. Further, we can boast of an hotel opposite—handier even than the "cathedral"—a B.C.B. haunt, conveniently near the hotel, and the whole tastefully set off by Adelaide's West End back-street slums.

And this is the environment which surrounds the growing boy, and through which he passes when he spends half an hour going to and from the assembly hall in Grote Street.

Why Not Enlarge Suburban High Schools?

suggests Mr. Abbott. Admittedly, centralisation in education is a dangerous tendency, but the way Adelaide is planned, with its centripetal rail and tram systems, make it hopelessly inconvenient for children in some suburbs to attend high schools in another suburb. Provide high schools at Glenelg and North Adelaide by all means, but these would not cancel the need for a central high school, which would serve students from certain suburbs, from the country, and from the city itself. And, further, there is such a thing as a school tradition, which flourishes in spite of environment, and which means something to the thousands who have felt its influence.

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

"On Dit"

Tuesday, 21st June, 1938

Editors: Gwenneth Woodger.
 Elliott Johnston.

Sub-Editors: Mimi Richardson.
 Donald Kerr.

Foreign Editor: M. Quinn Young.

News Editor: Geoffrey Anderson.

Reporters: Elizabeth Salter.
 Peggy Britten-Jones.

Production: Elizabeth Hackett.

Business Manager: Robert Cotton.

"Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern;

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz."

If they submerge their individuality, men and women cannot live—unless the word "life" is to be understood in a purely physical sense, the equivalent of existence. Mentally and spiritually he is of necessity dead, or, at the least, stunted and withered, who passively conforms to a blindly accepted pattern, a pattern which does not, and in most cases cannot, arouse his enthusiasm, but which he adopts because it is the usual one, and he is sluggish, inert.

One of the most depressing features of the modern world is that it is daily becoming more stereotyped, less individual. Fostered by the mass minds of press and radio, a single model is accepted. This is painfully apparent in the case of domestic architecture—witness Adelaide's long, long rows of Tudor bungalows, each sprouting the same silly little attics (mostly imitative only) in the same rather silly little places. And so disastrous is the effect of existing in one of these charming half-timbered residences that their inhabitants are unable to combat the large stores, with their monotonous array of furnishings, produced en masse. They forget their own plans, and instead hang up curtains which differ in hue only from those gracing the windows across the way and next door (on either side). Peep into any six dining rooms along Acacia Row and you will find at least five "Jacobean" suites, and probably six more or less distasteful specimen plates, with a yellow background, adorning the mantelpiece, and a little to the right of the clock (eight-day), I think, my dear.

This lack of individuality in the home is a serious matter, for since environment necessarily influences us, the expression of personality in other spheres, the musical, literary, and others, is very often stilled as a result. Too frequently a child who is potentially interested in the best things is choked by his surroundings, frustrated by a Tudor Bungalow. A pernicious disease, this T.B.!

We notice the same tendency in the literary excursions of the semi-cultured, that hybrid race who read their novelists through the medium of reviewers, and their poets in anthologies. Some of them, if they were to cast off their inertia and think, would be guided by their own tastes, and, as a result, take longer excursions; but, unhappily, they will not think. Much of the poetry they read in their anthologies is admittedly good, but the selections are soothingly monotonous!

Again, to take a frivolous example, in that important department which is concerned with the adornment of the body, we note the binding force of convention. Very few women attire themselves as their own tastes dictate. They follow others, who sometimes err.

These are but a few manifestations of the tendency towards drab uniformity. Surely it is to be combated—otherwise we will slowly stagnate. Inertia may be a pleasant state of mind, but truly it has its rewards.

An interesting commentary on the shortcomings of the University as an aid to creative thought occurs in "Research in the Social Sciences," a book edited by Wilson Gee, which consists of a series of lectures on social science given at the University of Virginia by outstanding authorities in each of the fields of social science represented in the book. The following quotation is from a lecture on "Political Science," given by Charles Austin Beard, former Professor of Politics, Columbia University:

"Naturally, the question now arises whether the University is a place favorable to creative thinking in politics as defined above. Certainly there are some features of University life which run against such a hazardous industry. There are in the University too many charming friends who must not be offended; too many temporal negotiations that call for discreet management; too many lectures to be delivered; too many promotions requiring emphasis on the amenities of life rather than on its thinking processes; too many alumni eager to apply in 1928 what they learned in 1888; too much routine, not enough peace; too much calm, not enough passion; above all, too many sacred traditions that must be conserved; too many theories, not enough theory; too many books, not enough strife of experience; too many students, not enough seekers... Perhaps it needs a little laughter, more than it does changes in administration and curriculum. Founded on faith in solemnity, it cannot without difficulty comprehend within its vision all the doings of an animal who is comic as well as serious."

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, "On Dit."

As you know, or ought to know, the Rifle Club has not in the past been generously treated by the somewhat biassed staff of "On Dit," and the club has frequently had legitimate cause for complaint.

With reports not published owing to lack of space, or for unspecified reasons, others "lost" by your "reporters," and those published frequently cut and mutilated by people apparently entirely incompetent or malicious as to be almost worthless, it would seem almost waste of time to write them. We can quote the first issue of the second term, in which it appeared that our winning the Inter-Varsity was considerably less important than another team's winning its first match (local) for the year. We put up with the treatment while it remained more or less negative, but following your mean, petty, and unjustified attack on us in your issue of June 14 it is felt that it is high time something was done.

At this stage, we would only categorically deny all your puerile charges and innuendos regarding our entertainment of the visiting rifle teams, and request for the last time the usual courtesy in such matters—namely, that you will publish this letter in reply to your comments. We have this week received from the Melbourne University Rifle Club an official and unofficial letter of thanks for the entertainment their team received here. The Sydney and Tasmanian teams also praised highly the hospitality accorded them, not only by actual members of the club, but by many other University men, and especially women. On the night of the dance, to which you take exception, every effort was made, and apparently with success, to ensure the enjoyment of our visitors. In this we were very ably assisted by the ladies of the Basketball Club, and there were a number of ladies present who had generously come without partners in order to entertain the guests.

May we further suggest that in future your reporters come to the proper sources for information concerning club activities, and that articles such as the most recent one to which we refer reflect no credit on yourselves, the Sports Association, or the University.

For the Committee, Adelaide University Rifle Club,

E. G. ROBINSON, Hon. Sec.

THE FOREIGN EDITOR

The University Criticised

Science Stirs

Much has been written on the attitude which workers in science should take to world affairs. Until quite recently it was held that the man engaged in pure science or in scientific research had no responsibilities to the world for the use to which his discoveries were put, he was interested only in the development of methods and ideas, and was not concerned with their application. Lately, with the continued deterioration of the international situation, and the ever increasing paradox of poverty and starvation where there should be provision for all, the scientist has begun to emerge from his dream world of figures and symbols, and to realise that as the creator of new instruments of production (and destruction) he should display an active interest in their method of use.

Signs of an awakening consciousness have been evident for some time. For the past two or three years, "Nature," one of the best known of the English scientific journals, has been publishing editorials and letters dealing with the scientific attitude to outside problems ("Nature," incidentally, has been banned in Germany), and in the issue of May 7, 1938, it publishes in the correspondence section a letter proposing a declaration "to be offered to-day by cultural, educational, and technical institutions throughout the world to their members." The declaration reads as follows:

"I am the inheritor of the tradition of civilisation which has proved more

lasting than empires. Whenever I use the language or products of science I unconsciously pay homage to the countless men for whom no sacrifice was too great in the struggle to develop the human mind and establish the truth. Toleration and freedom are the heart of this tradition; for individual thought and love of truth are the basis not only of science, but also of justice and of civilisation.

"I declare my loyalty to this tradition, my belief in the freedom of the individual to develop his talents for the enrichment of the community, and my conviction that man's community is now the whole human race, within which each nation must play its characteristic part. The natural balance between personal freedom and the proper demands of society, which is the life and health of civilisation, is to-day doubly threatened: in certain societies by the denial of freedom, and in the democratic countries by the irresponsibility of individuals. In the face of this threat:

"I pledge myself to use every opportunity for action to uphold the great tradition of civilisation, to protect all those who may suffer for its sake, and to pass it on to the coming generations. I recognise no loyalty greater than that to the task of preserving truth, toleration, and justice in the coming world order."

Is it too much to hope that the picture H. G. Wells drew in "The Shape of Things to Come" may be true, and that the new world state may be founded by a party of scientists? Probably, but it is at any rate an interesting speculation.

As to your general charge that the Rifle Club is treated unfairly by the paper, we prefer to quote figures. In the first ten issues (i.e. half of the total for the year), 250 inches were devoted to reports of sporting clubs, of which the Rifle Club had 40 inches, or, approximately, one sixth. We understand that there are about 18 clubs. If you wish to verify this, there is a complete file in the Publications Room.

Yours eternally, paternally,
 THE EDITORS.

P.S. The better spelling is "biased."

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The Science Association met in the George Murray building on the evening of May 16 to hear Professor Wood give the Patron's address. The subject chosen was the vegetation of northern South Australia, with special reference to the work in progress at Koonamore station. Maps showing distribution of rainfall and of vegetation types in Australia were shown, and the influence of the one on the other pointed out. Station owners in the northern arid regions of S.A. are fighting against the degeneration of the scant pasture to wind-blown sand and rocks. Koonamore station is investigating this problem—its causes and the conditions of regeneration. The permanent food for flocks in this area is saltbush and bluebush and related species, which, though apparently hard and unwholesome, actually consist of little fibrous material and much protein and pentosans. After rain, short-lived grasses spring up, and these are important as sheep food, but by no means reliable. The saltbush is particularly adapted to a low rainfall, as its leaves are capable of absorbing moisture from the air due to their high osmotic pressure when there is insufficient ground water for root absorption. Thus it can just tide over a drought period. But if the land has been overstocked, this balance between plant and environment is overthrown and the vegetation dies. The soil is left with no binding roots or protecting shrubs, and the wind brings it to the state of long, wind-blown, shifting dunes. Areas in this condition have been fenced off by stock and rabbit proof fences and left untouched; after several seasons new growth starts—regeneration of the pasture. So that the conclusion to be drawn is that regeneration will rest in the hands of the station owners—by exclusion of stock and rabbits. And once the vegetation has returned to normal its maintenance can only be accomplished by suitable stock management. The problem is not primarily a botanical one.

THE PRESS GANG

"The Press must be absolutely free; the rights of the intellect are inviolable and any censorship is tyranny," said patriot Mazzini about a hundred years ago.

Mazzini was undeniably right, but the freedom in which certain sections of the English and Australian Press are revelling at the present moment, and have been for some time, is not the kind he was advocating. Mazzini meant that newspapers must be free to publish the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but, etc.; if he were to see the misleading rubbish scattered about by the news-hounds of to-day he most certainly would have advised to the contrary.

The standard of Australian journalism in the last three years or so, as regards the reporting of foreign and overseas events—the papers are usually accurate on local matters; they don't matter much, anyway—has degenerated into very dangerous channels. At one time newspapers could be relied on to give impartial, truthful, and concise news, straight from the stable, as it were. If they were not certain of their ground they said as much. But now it is almost impossible to tell from the average daily exactly what is happening abroad; more often than not the papers contradict each other wholesale, unless, of course, the fountain-head of knowledge is that noble organisation, the Australian Associated Press—and God alone knows what its "authoritative sources" are.

Some weeks ago, during the Czecho-Slovakian crisis—(was there really a crisis?)—the "Bulletin"—a paper not so Red as its cover—gave bitter tongue on this New Journalism. Included in the "Bulletin's" leader was a quotation from the speech of a Mr. Denison, proprietor of the Sydney "Sun" and president of the Australian Newspapers' Conference held in Sydney recently.

"Australians, thanks to the number and authoritative standing of the sources from which their cable services are gathered, are able to enjoy not merely the benefits of one or two sources, but a complete and carefully weighed compilation, free from political bias and propaganda."

What utter cant! Almost every foreign news report bristles with "it is understood," "it is stated from a reliable source," "a spokesman (Mr. X?) of the French Foreign Office states," "there are grounds for belief that"—and so on ad nauseum. If the reader of these "carefully weighed compilations" were to stop a moment and study them closely he would soon discover how far up the tree he was being led. But this sort of blurb is all too casually overlooked, and the average person accepts the news as gospel. When he reads later that the reports are not so "well founded" as at first thought, he ascribes the error to the diplomatic bungling of the various Governments concerned, not thinking for a second that if that were the case he would have been a corpse, or less than that, long before.

If news is not news—in that it is uncertain and likely to confuse and mislead—why print it at all? Answer, if cunningly disguised so as to look the real McCoy, with the help of a sensational poster it will sell like hot cross buns at Easter. In nine cases out of ten the war-clouds that have suddenly appeared overhead, and just as suddenly have disappeared, have been deliberately put there by hungry news editors, anxious to beat the rival editions on to the street, in the approved Hollywood style. The sooner everyone realises that this tripe is not worth the penny-ha'penny that is paid for it the sooner we will have news reports that can be trusted, not to be a new idea on the part of the Press magnates to win a few more coppers.

Now that "On Dit" has given birth to a Foreign Editor, let us hope that he will weigh the evidence carefully, a la Denison. If he has no better success than the aforesaid gentleman, may the Devil burn him!

E. B. SCARFE.

MORE QUERIES

The Editor, "On Dit"—Who built the George Murray Building? And how?

Fish ponds in light wells, sun-platform tabooed for deck tennis; faulty coke burner; "Beware of the Hot Water" notices necessitated presumably by drippings from ceilings and oozeings through walls.

What next? Who knows? Did the builder care, anyhow?

Yours,

"INDIGNANTLY."

provocations

repertory stiffs

wednesday we hit the repertory in time to see the stiff shirts and the fur coats tearing into the hall before the curtain went up. and we got the social registers from the usher that have the caste among the list of stiff shirts and fur coats, the nice people. usually the repertory puts on nice plays for the people who patronise the drama to get culture, my dear, but this time we'd seen that elmer rice's socialist play was to be put on about the reichstag fire trial. of course, elmer didn't make it quite as bold as that, but we knew that was what he meant. and the repertory only puts on nice plays usually that won't flutter the placid, stolid, bourgeois heart under the stiff shirts and fur coats that patronise the drama. which made us very curious about why they had tried socialist drama instead of the usual drawing-room stuff that makes the stiff shirts and the fur coats feel at home and all complacent and cosy.

when we looked in the social register we knew, because it said this was an anti-dictator play, not an anti-fascist play as elmer meant it. and they gave a whole list of what elmer had written, but they didn't tell the stiff shirts and fur coats that elmer was a roaring socialist. they didn't even tell them about his socialist novel called imperial city with the funny ending. damn them, said john, that's just like the bourgeois, always kidding each other everything is nice and all right.

we thought the heroine looked agonised well all through the play, and the hero wasn't had except his manner, which reminded us of one of the local labor leaders a bit. some of the judges did a good job, and, of course, we felt like clapping the old judge who upheld justice and said he was a descendant of constantine, not

that that was much, because we knew constantine used to get around with an actress anyway. probably the stiff shirts and fur coats didn't know that, which made it all sound good and just like a champion of justice ought to be. the actors often forgot their lines and made a fairly good play, except the last scene, sound very flat when they messed up the good lines. the harlot opera singer was good, though, and her furs reminded us of the fur coats sitting with the stiff shirts in front of us. we didn't think she sounded as if she'd get in even the repertory's social register, not in adelaide anyway. the best thing about elmer's play was the large cast which let the repertory give their keen bad actors a good chance to do, walk on and sit on parts which doubtless made them very happy, and also the stiff shirts and fur coats that were their relations.

the play was done very badly on wednesday, and we don't even think the stiff shirts, etc., thought it very good, but perhaps they didn't clap very much because they were cold and the seats were hard. why didn't we take a rug anyway? so we think that if the repertory can't do that sort of play better they ought to go back to drawing-room ones, so amusing, my dear. then we won't have to go and can wait for the good ones to be done by the independent and the little theatre and the stiff shirts and the fur coats will be happier, too, anyway.

p.s.—the repertory must be profascist or something. look at how well and blooming the popular leader seemed who was supposed to have been in a concentration camp and to have hanged himself, which he hadn't. we think that the repertory couldn't have heard about dachau and where thalman, niemoller, and the other good germans are.

CORRESPONDENCE Continued.

To the Editor.

I am sorry your correspondent, Mr. Dunstone, has taken to wearing the cap I threw so rashly at the moon last week. It surprises me that any leader of medical opinion should have accepted it as personal criticism. My criticisms were not directed at the spokesman of his or any other faculty. Now, we all know Mr. Dunstone. We know Mr. Dunstone enjoys the social life of the University—he has been seen at least once a year at our dances. We know Mr. Dunstone soaks up the intellectual and cultural side of University life—he debated once in an inter-faculty draw. We know Mr. Dunstone takes an interest in outside things—didn't he get headlines once for the way he flew or landed an aeroplane? No, Mr. Editor, I was talking of the rank and file of our faculties who do not live "the life." Needless to say, I made a mental reservation regarding Mr. Fenner, Mr. Shortridge, and Mr. Dunstone, whose vision sweeps the further horizons.

L. F. CRISP.

Dear Sir,—

Through the pages of this official organ, the football club, and especially the captain and secretaries of the football club dance, would like to express their most sincere thanks to the Women's Committee for the generous way in which they supported the club in its effort to raise funds. Deeds such as these force on the dull intellect of man the unselfishness and usefulness of women in this community. The secretaries and captain, who perhaps were placed in a better position to appreciate the fine work done by the committee than the club itself, wish to stress the fact that without the committee the dance would not only have been a failure, but would not have been possible at all. We thank the committee most earnestly and gratefully, for the very fine supper, for the decorations, for the selling of tickets, and for the countless other ways in which they helped us.

We hear from the most reliable source of information at this University, that the only supper which can compare with that supplied by our Women's Committee is the 'Varsity Ball suppers. The 'Varsity Ball was once the ball of the year, but, alas, its place at the top of the list has been usurped by the football club.

(Continued from page 2, col. 1.)

There remains to be considered the claims of the University to the Frome Road site. Is the University land hungry? There is still the Jubilee Oval. But, it is whispered, what of residential colleges? A casual glance at the Frome Road site would seem to indicate that there would be room for only one residential college—the others would have to be scattered elsewhere, thus defeating one of the aims of residential colleges: to promote inter-collegiate life.

The suggestion that the patients at the Adelaide Hospital would be affected by noise at the school does not carry any real objection, for the site is many chains removed from the hospital, with a dental hospital, a research institute, and numerous sheds in between. Already the Technical High School is across the road, and actually uses the proposed site as a playground, but we are not aware of any complaint about the noise.

The object of this letter, sir, is not to deny the need of the University for residential colleges, but to stress the much greater need of the Adelaide High School for a site and a building worthy of the great traditions of the school. There is no particular attraction in the Frome Road site, except that it appears to be the only Crown land available. If the University Council can suggest a substitute, well and good, but in the absence of such a suggestion, there is no doubt whose need is the greater.

Might we suggest that Mr. Abbott and his supporters be prevailed upon to leave the comforts of Parliament House and its £250,000 additions to spend one day, or even one lesson, at Currie Street? £50,000 might then seem not so absurdly extravagant, but absurdly inadequate.—I am, Sir, etc., W. N. OATS.

ENGINEERS' BALL

SATURDAY, JULY 9th.

We are indeed grateful to those who made this possible, and we hope that the Women's Committee will accept this letter as an expression of our deepest and humblest thanks.

J. S. T. T. HILL,
B. A. MAGAREY,
Secretaries.

ABOUT IT

AND.

ABOUT

By Omar Khayyam

Time, which, by the courtesy of "Black and White" cigarettes, marches on so terrifically these days, makes it very difficult for writers on international affairs to keep up-to-date with their publications. However, Penguin Books are trying to cope with the situation by producing "Penguin Specials," books of "urgent topical importance, published at sixpence, within as short a time as possible from receipt of the manuscript." That sounds sufficiently determined, doesn't it? The first three so far are Edward Mowren's "Germany Puts the Clock Back," Mme. Tabouis' "Blackmail or War," and G. T. Garrett's "Mussolini's Roman Empire." I had intended to review these for you, but I gather that discussions on international politics are not welcomed by "On Dit" readers. Suffice it to say that the three books, taken together, although overlapping somewhat, give an excellent interpretation of the international situation for all except those with Fascist sympathies.

* * *

I take back all (or nearly all) I said the other day about the words of jazz songs. I've just heard an extremely effective chorus that consisted entirely of the word "Pussy," repeated again and again, finishing up with the plaintive question, "Where is that gosh-darn cat?" And it's quite a long vocal refrain, too.

* * *

Oscar Wilde loved to load his plays and stories with more or less irrelevant epigrams. However, I've noticed that, after taking the trouble to coin a witticism, he sometimes apparently liked it so much himself that he used the same one several times on different occasions. One of these is his definition of woman as "Sphinxes without secrets." Is that good? Of course, it's essentially a masculine point of view. Anyway, it brings me to the poem for the week. Indeed, it reminds me of several poems, both on sphinxes and women, but the one I want to tell you is about women, bespectacled women—in fact, it is an answer to the cruel jibe that

Gents don't make passes
At girls wearing glasses.

Unfortunately, I don't know the author, but its message of comfort goes as follows:

The girl who is bespectacled
May never get her neck tickled,
But disturbed nights and bassinets
Awaits the girl who fassinets!

* * *

Someone or other has said that no one is to be more suspected than the "morally indignant" man. Moral indignation as a motive is usually an admirable facade for other less creditable emotions—one of them being (frequently) a desire to hurt people. Moral indignation is, of course, always much in evidence at lynching parties in the Southern States of U.S.A., and recently it has been much in evidence in "Smith's Weekly's" "exposure" of the drug marihuana. The motive in this case is, no doubt, merely to provide a sensational news story, but with great moral indignation they "reveal" the orgies that have occurred in America amongst various groups of addicts, even school girls, after smoking this easily procurable herb—and then proceed to mention that the plant grows wild in certain parts of Australia. It all makes a splendidly alarming story, and very successfully brings the whole sordid business to the notice of various people who might be interested, and who might never have heard of it otherwise. I hope it will not be assumed that I am advocating ignorance as the best protection for national virtue. I am merely recording my disgust at the poorly concealed relish and the smug virtue with which a possibly indiscreet revelation is "put over" the public. Obviously, there are many sides to the subject, and I have not made any attempt to be either profound or exhaustive. Indeed, as I will readily admit to my critics, I never am.

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OXFORD NEWS

We have received the following news pars about various ex-ornaments of our 'Varsity who are at present lending their grace to Oxford:

"Bull" Cowan, who had a month's illness some while ago, is now recovering form—if "Bull" ever will recover form without embracing a strict fruit diet.

Doug. Allen has transferred his musical activities to Oxford by taking part, with 399 others, in the Bach Society rendering of the Matthew Passion.

Lindsay Barr, now ornamenting the halls of Magdalen, has been getting slants on international affairs by making friends among the Japanese and the Americans.

John Portus, who was with us for a while, has now been admitted to the English Bar, and will be back in Adelaide any time.

CORRECTION

"On Dit" is famed for the way in which the members of the staff all work together, but it was a misprint last week which caused the business manager to be called Mr. Robert Salter.

The readers of "On Dit" are informed that there is absolutely nothing in the tender implication, and anyhow the custom is for the fair damsel to take the gentleman's name, and not vice-versa.

FOR THE ENGINEERS

By Uncle Frank.

There was a young lady of Wye
With a shape like a capital "I";
She said "It's too bad,
But then I can pad,"
Which just shows how a man can
misfire.

There once was a sculptor named
Phidias,
Who had a distaste for the hideous,
So he "sculpted" Aphrodite"
Without any "nightie,"
And shocked all the ultra-fas-
tidious.

FIVE MORE BLUES

D. C. MENZIES, EDITOR.
MARGARET COWELL,
REPORTER.

At the Blues' Committee meeting on Tuesday last, five men received their blues for the summer sports. They were A. T. Stevenson, E. R. Lonergan and C. M. Gurner for cricket, and J. H. Homburg and R. F. McAskill for tennis. We wish to congratulate all these, especially Stevenson, who already had a baseball blue, and who therefore now enters the select band of double blues. A blue is not an easy thing to gain; in order to earn it the candidate must be of outstanding merit in his particular sport, and must have represented the Varsity and performed well in an intervarsity. It should be the object of every member of the Sports Association to gain his blue, and these recent deserving recipients are deserving of all praise.

FOOTBALL

On Saturday we were defeated at the West Park by Underdale. We were handicapped somewhat by the absence of Bob Elix and "Spiegel" Rice, while Bill Madigan, with an injured shoulder, had to leave the ground at half-time, Tregoning taking his place.

Acting Captain Brown played his usual excellent game at centre wing, while Dawkins played well on the opposite wing. "Pansy" Goode kicked five good goals, and his forward position play was good.

However, our defeat did not interfere much with the attendance at the football dance, where everybody proceeded to overcome their sorrows. Scores:

Underdale, 22-18; Varsity, 15-11. Goals: W. P. Goode (5), Page (4), Hammill (2), Erown, Le Messurier, Shaughnessy, Tregoning (1).

Best players: Brown, Dawkins, Kleinschmid, Magarey, Le Messurier, W. P. Goode, Shaughnessy.

The B's played well for a win by 12-6 to 10-14, Hammatt playing another good game.

Goals: Parker (6), Lloyd (4), Templer, J. D. Hill.

Best players: Hammatt, J. S. Hill, Parker, King, Michaels, White.

HOCKEY

We had a good win on Saturday against Forestville, beat them 4-nil. After our bad loss the week before against the top team, Grange, we had gone back to fifth place, but this match should make us fourth again. The team as a whole played much better, although it could not be said that the game was good hockey. The defence was, on the whole, good, and Artie Cocks, in goal, distinguished himself once more. Reg Motteram was obviously in his element when he returned to full back after his sojourn with the forwards.

Close did well to hit two goals from half-back, and McPhie, outside left, scored with an excellent shot. The other goal was scored by Fenner.

The B's drew with Forestville, three all. According to reports, the credit for this is due to Newland, who got two very fine goals. Knight scored the other goal, and the best players were Leyland, Bowen, and Gare.

We don't know whether the C's had a full team or not; however, they managed to lose 9-nil to Knightsbridge. High things were expected of this team after their draw a few weeks ago, but they seem to have struck a depression.

WOMEN'S SPORTS

On Wednesday afternoon the charm of the University Oval was considerably enhanced by the presence of numerous nymph-like forms, fleet of foot and fair to behold. Swiftest among the swift was Jean Edwards, who for the third time carried off the cup with flying colors, taking in her stride the 100 yards championship, the 50 yards flat (with R. Parker a good second), the egg and spoon race, the obstacle (closely followed by Kath Padman, in spite of numerous difficulties on the way), the skipping race, and the three-legged race, in which she was ably assisted by Joan Cleland. In the long hockey hit Peg Mengerson was the most striking competitor, while the best dribbler seems to be Edith Erwin. Alison Bickford, with Judy Young panting on her heels, won the palm in the sack race; while E. Muetzelfeldt carried off the honors in the graduates' race, incidentally making sure of an excellent dinner.

The inter-Faculty events were highly entertaining, and Science proved that the scientific mind was superior even in the field of sport by winning the inter-Faculty cup.

We were very glad that Teachers' Training College came to join in the fun, and hope they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We are very grateful to Dr. Schulz for so kindly presenting the prizes, and we would like to thank all those who were good enough to present trophies. Also we thank all the men who proved indispensable in making the sports such a great success.

BASKETBALL

The efforts of Varsity basketballers were directed against Teachers' Training College on Saturday. The A's retrieved their reputation by winning by 9 goals. Both Joy Tassie and Marjory Crooks played an outstanding game, and are to be heartily congratulated. There is still considerable

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room for improvement, however, among the backs.

The B's lost by four, and the C's—oh, horrors—by 38-18, both to Teachers' College.

HOCKEY.

In the hockey field the Varsity were completely put to shame by the Graduates. Jean McKay, Mary Butler, and Betty Cleland lived up to their reputation far too well for the happiness of their opponents. The University backs were definitely not up to standard, and consequently the Gra-

ANOTHER LACROSSE WIN

The A team had its second win on Saturday against West Torrens at the Varsity Oval. It played without two regular members of the side, Snow and Nicholson, but Osman and Laycock, who took their places, played very well, and have set quite a problem for the selectors.

Our team was ahead throughout, chiefly because our backs took full advantage of the ragged play of the opposing forwards. The majority of the team played well, but there are still one or two who are not pulling their weight. Barnfield and Martin had most success of the forwards, Barnfield playing his usual hard battling game.

Even the early morning practice did no good for the B's, who lost to West Torrens by a wide margin. Perhaps if more than one or two had attended the practice the position might have been different.

The C's began in promising style, leading 2-0 at quarter time, but as the game progressed, they slipped further back, and lost rather badly. Results:—

A's defeated West Torrens 10-6. Goal throwers: Martin (4), Barnfield (3), Isaachsen (2), Nairn. Best players: Nairn, Barnfield, Laycock, Martin.

B's lost to West Torrens 15-2. Goal throwers: Titley, Boucaut. Best players: Krantz, Porter, Runge.

C's lost to Sturt 14-5. Goal throwers: Gooden (2), O'Sullivan (2), Plummer. Best players: Hall, Plummer, Whiting.

RIFLE CLUB

The club held a practice at 300 yards on Saturday. As the club championship starts in a few weeks' time, the shoot was made a self-coached one. The club has very few opportunities for this type of shooting, as all our matches are of the coached type.

The wind on the whole was easy to follow, though at times it made several quick changes. Scores:

	Totals.
E. G. Robinson	37 38 — 75
R. C. Bills	38 37 — 75
C. J. Starling	35 38 — 73
T. A. R. Dinning	36 37 — 73
W. C. R. Brooke	35 37 — 72
J. Neale	33 37 — 70
J. Burfield	36 34 — 70
R. W. Oliver	36 34 — 70
B. R. James	32 34 — 66
J. O. Cartledge	36 30 — 66

duate forwards carried all before them by scoring 7 goals to 2.

The B's had a not very satisfactory win against Shellton, 3-2. The play on the whole was not good, though Margaret Reid and Jean Menzies did some valuable work. Much improvement is needed.

Sans Souci, in their usual carefree manner, defeated the B2's 6 nil.

RUGBY

A's Lost to Woodville.

The match between Varsity and Woodville provided one of the best exhibitions of Rugby, and one of the most exciting matches seen in the State for the season. We established an early lead, and held it until within two minutes of time.

Edelman opened our account with a penalty goal which followed a strong attack. The game then passed from end to end—some of our attacks being spoiled by bad passing. Finally Edelman clinched the good work of the whole back line, crossing near a corner to score a try. His kick, however, was wide. The first half ended with the score 6-0 in our favor. Good hooking by Edwards gave us the advantage of the scrums, and the backs were more than holding their own.

The second half opened at a furious pace, but for ten minutes neither side could claim the advantage until Edwards picked up the ball from the edge of a loose scrum, and increased the lead to 9-0. Woodville fought back strongly, and scored a penalty and a marked goal. Under the pressure, Varsity had resorted to rather wild kicking and passing. Woodville scored and converted a try to win the match just before time. Tries: Edelman and Edwards. Edelman kicked a penalty goal.

Throughout the match, Freeman and Fairweather of the backs, and Reilly and Edwards of the forwards were outstanding, although the whole team played well.

B's Defeat Woodville.

The B's continued on their winning way, and defeated Woodville 22-3. "Bubbles" Richardson and Lindsay combined well, the latter scoring four tries. Scorers—tries: Lindsay (4). James kicked a marked goal. Thanar converted two, and kicked a penalty goal.

BASEBALL

Saturday saw the end of the first round of A Grade baseball matches, and Varsity, in a fairly even contest went down to Sturt by 5 runs to 3.

Varsity commenced well, and strong batting by Swan, Lewis, Thompson, and Kilgariff was responsible for three runners coming home.

Sturt, however, were able to stage a suitable reply to this in their third time at bat, when four runners crossed the plate for them, two of them helped by Kilgariff's wild throw.

For five innings neither team was able to break through the other's defence, but in the eighth innings O'Connell and Cole, for Sturt, were responsible for another run being scored, Sturt thus running out victors by two runs.

Swan (11 hits out of 30 times at bat) still holds the lead in the batting average, but is in danger of being caught by the youthful Lewis (5 out of 17).

Safe hitters on Saturday were Lewis (2), Gould, Swan, Catt, Thompson, Kilgariff, Johnston.

The B's drew with Woodville, five runs all.

Safe hitters: Oldfield (2), Southcott, Nairne, Johnston.

The C's defeated Goodwood by 9 runs to 5.

Safe hitters: Schwarz (4), Britten-Jones (3), Morgan, McIntosh, Todd (2), Anderson, Potter, Randall, Alderman.

PUBLIC PLACES

Who was the young lady with ginger hair,
Hairy chest, and masculine ears and feet,
Who went to the stunts and caused such a stir
When the president turned her out of her seat?

The boxing and wrestling boys in our midst
Let some of the trophies return when they came—
And Parkhouse, who thrives on the fame of his fist,
Can't put "Flyweight Champion" after his name.

How forsaken I am of flotsam and news,
The red light comes up, so I'll break it;
If you don't agree with some of these views
Just write to this office—we'll take it.

The girl who won the Yeatman steaks (Kither's meats for quality) at the sports
Has learnt too late just what it takes
To throw the digestion out of sorts.

The football dance was a great success,
The auction gave it that certain somethin'—
When Polly got home she had to confess
She'd fallen—oh, mother!—six bob! for a pumpkin.

The Meds' complained that supper was bad,
But in spite of this fact, how well they all took it
At the annual hop where a good time was had
By both those who indulged and those who forsook it.

Instead to Gribble I'm consigned
Among the staff, the grads, and undies—
So let's turn back and groping find
What passed last week as sundries!

Note.—Both the A and B.B.C., who, we all know, do so much for our education, have recently fallen into the practice of presenting news summaries in verse form, where a detail of fact is often sacrificed for the sake of a rhyme. What better can we do but follow in their footsteps in scraping together some of the week's news?—though in this case we have tried to remember that "fax is fax," which is the Latin for "take it or leave it."

In meditation I long delayed
And dwelt upon my tiresome lot,
Contemplating a meek tirade
On the ignominy of writing rot.

The world can turn through flood and war

With peace from Mr. Chamberlain;
I know just what the stumps scores are,
But no!—I cannot touch them.

DO NOT FORGET

SPORTS ASSOCIATION

MEETING TO-DAY

See Front Page

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