

ON DIT

PRODUCED BY THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

The Teacup Rocking

Prescott Sitting on the Rim

WHAT PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST STORMS THAT HAS STRUCK OUR LITTLE TEA-POT OF SCANDAL FOR SOME YEARS, IS EVIDENTLY BREWING IF YOU OSTENSIBLY HALF-WITTED PURVEYORS OF DULLNESS WOULD OR COULD SENSE IT. THE UNION AT PRESENT RESEMBLES AN ORGANISM SWOLLEN WITH DECOMPOSING GASES READY TO BURST AT ANY MOMENT. ONE S.G.M. HAS NOT PURGED THE UNION OF ITS UNWANTED EXCESS; THE ACCOUNT BELOW SHOWS HOW MUCH HAS BEEN RELEASED.

Last week things were on the up and up when some 50 members of the Union asked for a Special General Meeting. They wanted to know, and felt that everybody else wanted to know, just why Mr. Stain had resigned the presidency. (Rumors sir, don't you know!) They wanted to know what was being done about the election of a new President. (Read your handbooks, please—all such things are well set down therein.) Furthermore, they wanted to know how "On Dit" stood in the eyes of the committee. (Rumors of young Callwells, sir!)

The Geo. Murray Hall slowly filled as things got under way.

Enter The President

Miss Nan Robertson made her first appearance as our new President. She explained straight out that Max Stain had resigned because too much of Union affairs and work do not mix.

At this issue a discussion followed about "Farrago." "Farrago," it seems, said that perhaps opposition to Max Stain's N.U.A.U.S. activities had forced him from the presidency. (Two gentle shoves from those who object to N.U.A.U.S. on principle, what don't it see!)

It was further proposed and seconded that "Farrago" be sent a note telling their editors to read "On Dit," which had explained the position fully. This motion was defeated because the matter was "domestic."

Miss Robertson, with a glint in her eyes, then produced the Union handbook and read out the passage which said in effect that the committee elected the President, and that was all there was to it.

Points Of Order

The question of election to the committee was at once raised. Mr. Stain proposed that, in future, the members of the Union committee be not nominated by their faculties. He raised this point after Mr. Bennet had said

that "On Dit" could mind its own business in committee meetings. The members were faculty representatives, and as such should report back all relevant matters to their respective faculties, said Mr. Bennet. (Uproar in the house followed by Max Stain's proposal.)

Max was defeated on a point of order. He could not discuss that sort of thing at a special meeting. He could call a special meeting for that discussion if he wanted to, but "On Dit" was on the mat, not the election of officers.

Miss Robertson then explained that "On Dit" could print anything it

wanted to about the committee so long as she passed it as O.K.

Mr. Kerr objected to this on the grounds that a motion had been passed some years back allowing any member of the Union to examine the minutes of any committee meeting. The secretary (Mr. Hamilton) said that, although an attempt to put such a ruling through had been made, so far as he knew it had been defeated.

Good Old Sam

Sam Jacobs then delivered the most masterful speech of the meeting. He outlined all sides of the case and said that it was just another old, old story. The President had to bear in mind when censoring, that "On Dit" owed information to the Union members in general. The President had to rely on her conscience.

Mr. Leaney, the Editor of "On Dit," was then asked to speak. He objected somewhat to her suppressing a personality in his last report, he said; otherwise he had no grumbles.

Dave Barnes demanded that finance be cleared up, so Sam Jacobs came to the fore once more and said that if everyone would wait a few days, then the position could be cleared up in red tape departments.

Mr. Prescott shouted "Point of order," and Nan closed the meeting.

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ARTS START

SCIENCE AND ART CAN COMBINE

The "Arts Association" is not limited to members of the Arts Faculty, so said the President (Miss Alison Hogben) at the meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. B. Williams spoke on "The University Theatre," and, in a discussion that followed the address, said that while members of the Arts Faculty were keen to act for our Theatre Guild, none of them felt equipped to study the technical side of the stage, which involves scenery, noises off, lighting, etc. Physics students and others who are interested have opportunities at the hut with the help of Dr. Campbell, who is an expert on back-stage matters.

In her address, Mrs. Williams spoke on the technique of acting and with the aid of a gramophone, showed how emotive acting, e.g., Barrymore in "Hamlet," does not necessarily "get over" to the audience. "The more an actor feels a parth the less he acts," Comedy, e.g., John Gielgud and Edith Evans in "The Importance of Being Earnest," requires consummate tech-

nique. Then Mrs. Williams talked at length about stage management, illustrated with anecdotes from the speaker's experience on the stage.

Not University

The University Theatre Guild requires more student interest, for at present it is not really a University theatre. Mrs. Williams suggested that various groups be started, i.e., a make-up group, a gack-stage group, an acting group, a play-choosing group. The last is a very important subject—the choos-school in the Varsity should work in conjunction with the Guild in its study of drama or at least should be able to advise and suggest plays for presentation. A play-choosing group was formed on the spot. Three others were interested in make-up and many in acting.

Productions

Besides the production of "The Petrified Forest," by F. H. Day next week, the Guild has a good programme for the year, although it will be expanded if students come along with bright ideas. Three short plays for July are being talked about and new actors, producers and technicians and invited for this performance. There are a number of students in "The Petrified Forest," next week—and it is a good play. Come along!

And so We Asked . . .

INTRODUCING OUR NEW SUB-EDITRESS.

Alison Fox, an Arts student from the West, left Perth to take up Social Science here. An active worker around the University of Perth, she says that now she would gladly take part in University life here, if only there was some life to be found in Adelaide.

And so we asked . . . What do you think of Adelaide?

"Adelaide as a city is too narrow-minded and conservative—it holds its skirts well down!" she replied.

This University as she sees it is no exception; for it is only half alive by comparison with Perth. There is just about no social life here at all—unless you count the few odd and far between dances, which are so few and far between that they don't count.

Half the trouble is that the Staff and students do not co-operate enough. In her opinion far more social and academic contacts should be made between student and teacher. Over here we should run a dramatic society along the lines they have in Perth, where students and Staff have a common meeting ground in plays which provide valuable entertainment as well as establishing social contacts. The starting of such a venture, along with more informal social gatherings and dances, could well break a lot of ice to the benefit of all.

Adelaide seems shy about politics. There are no societies or clubs for discussing political questions, probably because not enough of the students have worth-while political beliefs instead of a few trashy notions which the valueless. (We explained that the Labor Club and the P. and I.R.C. were hibernating at present!)

Miss Fox has some very radical ideas (she even wanted to change the name "On Dit"—but we turned conservative at this suggestion.) Such a person with fresh ideas is needed here. We welcome Alison to our little throng.

Mrs. Arthur Grenfell

Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, at the invitation of the Women's Union, gave a talk on "War-time England" in the George Murray last Thursday. The large audience consisted of seven men (brave souls!) and hosts of women.

Mrs. Grenfell drew tears from our reporter when she emphasised the magnificent fortitude we Australians had shown throughout the Battle of Britain. Apparently it is much easier to have hell knocked out of oneself than to stand by and watch it happening to a friend; and it requires much less courage and fortitude.

The main topic of the talk was Education Reform, with special reference to the Education Bill passed last year. Mrs. Grenfell considered this a great stride forward, and said that the fact that a motion of confidence in the Government was taken on that issue emphasised the importance Parliament attached to it. She was very glad the term "Adult Education" had been deleted—she did not like it.

It is one of her main ambitions to see, in the post-war period, the establishment of colleges where professional and other graduates can take periodic refresher courses in their particular branch of study. These have been a great success in the Scandinavian countries.

Mrs. Grenfell was thanked, on behalf of those present, by that scintillating blonde in the chair, Miss Nan Robertson.

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OPINION

Let's be Friends

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir—Quite a large percentage of the notions that girls and boys (not excluding University students) appear to possess about association with the opposite sex seem, to me, positively stupid. Perhaps it would be advantageous if the stupendous kissing capabilities of that Andy person together with the apparent mystical angling art which "Andromeda" so proudly professes succumbed to a sensible, sincere friendship.

Some think that both the fisherman (or woman) and the "poor fish" must be armed with technique—the best technique is to be natural.

I stumbled upon a poem the other day, written by a Varsity friend of mine:—

Amid the ordered confusion of notes
And books and other very learned things,

I sometimes feel a futility that brings
Poisonous melancholy's brooding hate
From dark storing places into daylight,

Then I thirst for a true friend by me near

To comfort and confide, to truly right
The tattered notions I have come to fear.

Perhaps some students could be such friends.—Yours, etc.

M.

Leaney Slated

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—In the edition of "On Dit" which appeared on April 27 there was no mention made of the commemoration of Anzac Day or of what it means, or should mean to us.

There were two full pages devoted to the opinions of readers, and almost a column was taken up with some piffle about a certain light-headed student's amorous experiences.

The fact that such trivial matter was printed to the exclusion of even a mention of the glorious sacrifices made in two wars by our countrymen is, to say the least, a disgrace to the management of "On Dit" and to the student body in general.

The editor of "On Dit" seems to have been too destitute of ideas to write an editorial at all. Is it also true that he is destitute of ideals? Are we all too absorbed in our own interests (some of them are insults to any serious-minded person's intelligence) to recognise any others, even those which happen to be nobler than our own.

The general tone of "On Dit" ever since its resurrection has been, for the most part, one of pitiable levity, and its contributors particularly show an amazing lack of sense of values.

"OLIVER TWIST."

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Morons Again

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—It seems a deplorable thing that two and a half columns of last week's "On Dit" should be devoted to discussion on whether 'Varsity women are "frigid" or not. R.D.W. suggests that "On Dit" is a bubble of hot air. It seems to me that if our weekly quota of this gas continues in the same way, we might as well save money, paper and energy by leaving it unpublished.

If last week's "Opinion" is a fair sample of University minds, it's high time the paper was used to fill the empty spaces: if it's not, then why can't we have a decent sample.

A University paper should contain plenty of serious thought from students, as well as matter relating to sporting and other University affairs. The saving grace in last week's issue was Mr. Leaney's carefully thought-out editorial. Surely there are more people in this technical training institution who are capable of writing something of general educational value.

Let's have less piffle and highly emotionally-toned invective, and more cold commonsense. Yours, etc.,
"ARISTOTLE."

Sabotage!

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—It would appear that persons unknown are attempting to sabotage the activities of "On Dit." A number of Engineers worked out a suitable "Specification for a Wife." In view of the controversy which has taken up a lot of unnecessary space in "On Dit," this article would have been of immense value to all. The article was placed in the contributions box in the Refectory, and since then nothing has been seen or heard of it. Is this an attempt to cut off "On Dit's" literary material, or should the Editor have a lock put on the box? —Ever your Engineers,
Y. Z. THROGMORTON,
X.Y.

[Throg.—I have no doubt that most of the "On Dit" copy this week suffered a similar fate.—R.K.L.]

Censorship

The Editor, "On Dit."

While being loath to enter upon the scene of what bids fair to become a political controversy of some vehemence, I feel that I cannot let pass without pertinent comment Mr. Caust's letter, and more especially Mr. Leaney's Editorial, in the last edition of "On Dit" (5/5/1944). While Mr. Caust specifically, and Mr. Leaney by implication, uphold the principle of free speech, yet they both indulge in abuse of those newspapers, who had the "impudence" at long last to bar the march of those who would deny that principle.

The "out-and-out monopolistic press," in taking its stand, found that in defending a fundamental right of man it was opposed to certain Ministers of Australia's Labor Government (not even the whole Government, be it noted, for the Prime Minister has definitely stated that censorship in Australia is to be non-political, while examples of the use of censorship, brought to public notice by Mr. Henderson during the temporary order of restraint imposed upon the censor by the High Court, have not been defended by Mr. Calwell for the simple reason that their defence on the ground that they were necessary for

the efficient prosecution of the war was manifestly impossible). This has resulted in supporters of Australia's Labor Party rallying to the questionable defence of their officers—"My party, right or wrong!"

Mr. Caust even goes so far as to accuse the press of inciting the present dispute merely to defeat the Government's referendum proposals. One is to suppose, indeed, that the whole body of public opinion, coming from Britain and America, which, without exception, has applauded the Australian press in the stand it has taken against those who would limit the rights of men, arises from a desire to defeat the Australian Government's referendum proposals! The whole world is out of step, except the Australian Labor Party!—Yours, etc.,
D. A. COATS.

Obstructionists

Dear Sir,—Two prize asses of the committee managed to disgrace that body once more on Friday last. Messrs. Prescott and Bennet were out to oppose every move which was made at the Special General Meeting. Mr. Prescott, in particular, damned himself by making a point of order when finance and "On Dit" was discussed.

This ridiculous move shows how unthinking these super reactionaries can be. Surely "On Dit," finance, and the committee are as one! But our prize fathead had to spoil a perfectly good point. Between the two of them, these gentlemen forced another S.G.M. to be held next week.

Other members of the committee seem to be non-existent. These people are sailing close to having a vote of no-confidence passed upon them by the Union members in general.

Prescott and Co. should shut up before they precipitate such a painful move.—Yours, etc.,

"VEXED."

Mr. Coats.—The Australian press is in the happy position of being able to determine public opinion in Australia—hence observations made by American and English newspapers are based on the biased and distorted "statement of facts" appearing in our press. If you cannot follow the logical reasoning of Mr. Caust and think clearly yourself, which seems the obvious conclusion after reading your letter, further argument is futile.—R.K.L.

Oliver Twist.—(1) Thanks for the emotional outburst; we regret having given occasion for such droolings. (2) The Editor of "On Dit" happened to write an Editorial last week. Otherwise we don't follow your reasoning. (3) "On Dit" is the Union's responsibility, which includes you, sir. If you were a contributor, we are sure that the paper would improve—it might attain the standard of "Truth."—R.K.L.

NOTICE

Owing to the extra amount of work entailed in straightening up the Refectory after Lunch, MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO MOVE THE TABLES.

K. T. HAMILTON,
Secretary.

This Week of Trash

WHY I DECIDED TO STUDY MEDICINE.

When I was young and had no sense, I sat for some time on the fence, Deciding what career to take, Which art embrace, and which forsake.

And was I summoned to the Bar (Reckless not what lawyers are)? Did I decide to take the Cloth (With an ecclesiastic cough)? Did I pursue the finer Arts (To be a man of many parts)? No! I decided I would heal My fellow men, and closed the deal. But let me say, in my defence, That I was young, and had no sense.

DANCES ? ?

The Varsity is decadent.
The Varsity is apathetic.
The women are frigid.
The men are backward.

How much longer is this appalling state of affairs to continue? It is believed that it could be partly remedied by holding informal dances in the Refec. on Friday nights. You will notice we said "informal." This means that you women can show the men you are not frigid by not waiting for them to overcome their bashfulness, but by turning up en masse without male escort. We can assure you that you won't be shy of a partner.

If this matter is left to the Union Committee (who apparently handle everything, but do nothing), this will be introduced no sooner than 1954. You will want it in 1944!

A three-piece orchestra would cost about £6. This means that if 200 people turn up and pay 1/6 each, the Union will have a clear profit of £5 10/- after the Government has grabbed £3/10/-.

Next week we will be making a check on the number of Union members who would turn up if dances were held. We especially want as many women to give affirmative answers as possible to make this idea a success. So be prepared to break that permanent date at the local flicks or visiting grandma and come and have some real fun.

As with all good things, there is a catch, but it is not a very big one. The overburdened Refec. staff cannot be expected to clear the Refec. for the dances and to haul the furniture back again. So we want helpers, and lots of them; not four or five, as for the Freshers' Ball, but 40 or 50!

So wake up, Union members, shake the moth balls and sleeping tablets out of you and make a noise loud enough to wake up even the Union Committee. With a spot of luck, we will have our dances next term.

K.B.

The Principles of Engineering

B. C.Z.S. Throgmorton (Patron
A.U.E.S.)

I am the first Master of Engineering—also the first Bachelor. I am the father of all engineers. Hear then, my children, the laws I lay down for your obedience:

I.—Thou shalt have no other desires but Engineering (amended, see VII.)

II.—Thou shalt not copy thy neighbor's blueprint, if there is any chance of being detected (see Patents Act.)

III.—Thou shalt not abuse thy profession by being sober at all times.

IV.—Six days shalt thou rest, and the seventh—well!

V.—Honor thy mother.

VI.—Thou shalt do no murder, unless thy beer is stolen.

VII.—Deleted.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal, but only borrow.

IX.—Thou shalt not lie, in the gutter after the sun is risen.

X.—Deleted.

XI.—Thou shalt not make less than 100% profit. Doctors and lawyers at cost plus.

XII.—And always shall thy observed result, agree with thy calculated and expected result.

Bad Air Afoot

A Special General Meeting of the Union will be held at 8 o'clock next Wednesday night. All manner of threats are being breathed by many. The meeting should be a healthily stormy one.

Growing dissatisfaction with some of the committee.

Fights over the election of officers: Finance of "On Dit."

EDITORIAL

BY ALISON FOX

FOR once, let's turn round and look at ourselves, and give running down other people a break. We've certainly had a wallow during the past few weeks, and our self-satisfaction has been stroked into a perfect round. But maybe, when we've a few real feathers of our own to preen, a critical attitude will become us. At this time, it's a remarkably ill-fitting suit.

People who are condemnatory of others are people with uncertainty as their foundation, people who have nothing in themselves to hang on to. They have no real foothold, so they try climbing the hill on other people's backs. It's like hitting a man when he's down—a distorted, lop-sided fattening of our own pseudo-assurance.

Constructive criticism is essential for movement in living. There's no other way to get successfully unclogged from a too-comfortable pattern. But criticism that's only destructive is a self-administered drug, an excuse for a rut.

Looking hard at ourselves—what does it mean? Most of us flaunt a cynicism that, if we only knew it, is ludicrous in its shoddiness, and is nothing but a defence. It's a soothing mist before our own eyes, and, we hope, before everyone else's. What a comfortable wheelchair it makes, and how stagnating and unproductive we sit! What have we in us?

Proof of what we are is in our attempts at self-expression. Nobody can say we lack the means or the education. "We need higher education" is a by-phrase and something of a commonplace now. It sounds high, is pretty safe to say, and has become a neat, self-satisfied answer to the majority of social problems. It remains the answer—till we look at those lucky people who are being fed with it right now, the developing products of it—till we look at ourselves, dead straight in the eye, and at our expressions of those selves. What are we? What do we see? I find my gaze limping and untied—there's nothing to hinge to.

Our few clubs are sit-tight-Susies. Our social life is almost nil; what there is of it comes out in a level monotone. Have we any political beliefs?—I say beliefs, not opinions, which we probably have in ramshackle abundance. Apart from one or two rockets, there's hardly a simmer amongst us. If there were, we wouldn't perambulate so calmly, with our soft toes stuck out, inside this railing of censorship and prohibition—and prohibition leads to inhibition.

We say nothing.

We think nothing.

Have we lost the capacity to absorb? Things are happening around us. Things have been swelling and have burst, right in our centre. And we walk, half-sodden, on a line that we didn't even create, but have slipped on to.

The Annual General Meeting of the Union lacked even a quorum. The Debating Society has lifted a feeble head and fainted again. The Women's Union has nothing to say or do; the Men's Union not much more. The Labor Club is born again. Whether it will die of rickets is yet to be seen. But here is one pin-spot of life, and the beginning of a hope.

A dramatic society provides the greatest variety of expression for the greatest number. It's co-ordinating. But most of us have apparently nothing to express, we have no urge to pull together, to find some common footing in the group. Creatively, we are dead!

Do we use our Carnegie gramophone, either for its own records, or for a swing group? Have we, then, no individual or social awareness? Is it degenerated now into sex for sex's sake, limited to the facile boisterousness of the sports field?

It's not comfortable to look at ourselves and see this. It gives us irritating twitches and a realisation of emptiness that hits between the eyes. Let's hope this discomfort snaps us out of it, if nothing else can. Sure thing, if it doesn't, it will send us howling back to our wheel chairs, and a cynicism more desperate than before.

EX-ADELAIDE PROFESSOR'S DEATH

Professor George Cockburn Henderson, formerly Professor of History at Adelaide University recently took his own life at his home near Gosford, N.S.W. He, at the age of 73, had just finished writing his last book, and considered his life's work ended, it seems. During his years in Adelaide (1902-23) he was a popular professor, as well as a highly cultured man.

While on the Adelaide University staff he was for several years on the board of governors of the Public Library, the Art Gallery, and the Museum, and was chairman of the library committee and the archives department. The extraordinary development of this latter department, it is generally admitted, was almost entirely due to his interest and enthusiasm.

Although born in Hamilton, N.S.W., Professor Henderson was as well known in South Australia as in his home State, and also had an enviable academic reputation in England.

He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henderson, immigrants to Australia from Newcastle, England. He was educated at various country schools, and a scholarship eventually took him to Sydney University.

There he took a degree of Bachelor of Arts, and also won a gold medal for philosophy. Other Sydney scholarships he took were the Fraser Scholar-

ship in History, and the James King Travelling Scholarship. He obtained the Brackenbury Scholarship in History, which took him, in 1894, to Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated as a Master of Arts. For some years afterwards he was one of the most successful University Extension lecturers in England.

He returned to Sydney in 1899, and was appointed Acting Professor of History and Philosophy at the Sydney University. Three years later he accepted an appointment as Professor of History at Adelaide University.

In 1905 the State Government of the day offered him the post of Director of Education, but he declined it. He continued on at the University until 1923. He then suffered a nervous breakdown, resigned from the University, and later settled at Blackwood (about ten miles from Adelaide) in the Mount Lofty Ranges.

A year before his retirement (in 1922) he married Dr. Abel, who also was a professor of history in America, and who, like her husband, was particularly interested in colonial history.

Professor Henderson wrote several historical works, his most important being a life of Sir George Grey. He visited New Zealand and South Africa to examine original manuscripts for this biography.

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CRIMPS, CURVES and CRITICS

Crash Dive

Mr. Harry Watt, an English war film producer, who is visiting Australia, has been quoted as saying that he "will not have blondes in the bomb-racks." This implies, in less picturesque words, that he disapproves of a major love interest in a serious war film. Producers in Hollywood either do not subscribe to this admirable sentiment or have not yet seriously attempted many real war films; because, at least in their naval efforts, they seem satisfied with a more or less standard plot centred around four recurrent characters. These latter are: (1) Hero A; handsome, well connected graduate of Annapolis, who despises the ship in which he serves, and who is most persistent and ungentlemanly both in his pursuit of women and his insubordination to his superior officers. (2) Hero B; tough, silent seadog, engaged to the heroine but, very sensibly, loves his ship more than his girl. (3) Heroine; a complete moron, who just can't help loving Hero A, despite the fact that his behaviour stamps him as a boulder of the first water. (4) Sob character; old salt who hides an infirmity which makes him unfit for active service, because he wants to die in action under Old Glory—a wish that is invariably granted even though he may be the only casualty.

The standard plot starts with Hero A meeting and pursuing the Heroine, being unaware (not that it would make much difference) that she is the affianced of Hero B, his superior officer. The lastnamed discovers this perfidy on the eve of battle, but does not allow it to interfere with his sense of duty; and during or after a very successful

engagement with the enemy, he is reconciled to Hero A having the girl, while he gets the promotion—and, incidentally, much the better of the bargain.

Crash Dive (Tyrone Power and Anne Baxter) is a typical specimen of this ilk, notable only in that the scenes of love are particularly tedious and those of battle particularly incredible.

Consider this incident:—The American submarine surfaces about 100 yards from an apparent Swedish freighter and Hero A is rowed off to inspect. Just before he reaches her, the freighter reveals herself as a Nazi Q-boat, bristling with 4-inch guns, and opens fire on the sub. In real life, the sub. would have been blown to pieces at the first salvo since, at point blank range, stationary and with the crew on deck, she would have been fairly vulnerable even to a small boy with a pea rifle.

Any commander who did not instantly attempt to submerge his ship or otherwise escape from such a plight should, had he by some miracle survived, be very properly court-martialled and shot. What does Hero B do, however, but wait motionless for about five minutes under continuous fire, until Hero A returns in the dinghy. Of course, he was buoyed up by the knowledge that no Hollywood producer would, under such noble circumstances, permit him to suffer a single casualty or even a dent in the ship's hull—but what utter tripe!

Anyone who wants to see a decent submarine film should wait until the British production, "We Dive at Dawn," reappears on its round of the suburbs; because to speak of this and "Crash Dive" in the same breath is like comparing John Masfield and Ethel M. Dell.—M.L.M.

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Varsity Victorious

Baseball

The University team is still on the wrong side of the newspaper reporters and last Saturday was tipped to be beaten comfortably by West Torrens. However, they played quite good baseball, and Torrens were fortunate to win, taking advantage of three Varsity infield errors in the fifth innings. Those errors gave them 4 runs, the other run being scored in the second innings when Ball and Slade went to sleep and forgot that there was a runner on third base when they were trying to get another runner out.

Don Beard held Torrens batters down to 4 hits, Jack Fahey taking over the pitching box in the sixth. Both Page and Beard hit "two-baggers." Safeness: Page, Fahey (2), Slade, Beard.

The C team was promoted to B grade, and was unfortunate to pick the top team, Railways A, in their first match. Varsity's good batting was marred by errors in the field, but with experience the team should finish the season well. Bob Miller did best with the bat.

Tomorrow, the A team will meet Prospect on the University Oval at 1.15 p.m. The team is: Fahey, Ball, Slade, Beard, Kenny, Wyllie, Page, Wicks, Sharpe.

The B team should run close to Goodwood on Goodwood North ground at 1.30. The team is: Manning, Vidale, Miller, Kohler, Brokensha, Madison, Hyde, Rowe, McLeay, Carthew, Paull.

Hockey

Association matches began last Saturday in weather which was suggestive of less strenuous sports. Three teams were fielded and in all matches scores were remarkably high. It is to be hoped that in all cases, especially that of the C's, scores in future matches will be more even and the games more exciting.

The standard of play in all games was satisfactory, the teams rapidly settling down and playing as units. The C's in particular are to be commended on the fine game which they played against a much more experienced team. If the present standard of play is maintained, or preferably improved, the club can look forward confidently to a very successful year.

Results—A's defeated Teachers' College, 12-1. Goal Hitters—Lewis 5, Anderson 4, Duguid 2, Smith 1. Best Players—Smith, Anderson, Godfrey. B's defeated Argosy II, 6-0. Goal Hitters—Vawser 3, McKechnie 3. Best Players—McKechnie, Vawser, Brown. C's were defeated by Forestville, 9-1. Goal Hitter—Wilson, 1. Best Players—Osborn, Brock, Hawke.

Send this copy to your friends, if you have any, in the Services—it is printed by E. J. McAlister & Co., 24 Blyth Street, Adelaide.

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Roving Reporter Reports

We wonder why: Curry & Co. are so interested in lines?

Oliphant and Quin seem to be popular guides around the Varsity. No A.W.A.S. should be without them.

The reporting staff of this paper have lost one (1) easy chair. Reward.

We understand that workshop practice lectures have been out of order recently. Further enquiries from Miss Woods, Engineering Department.

Mr. Roberts will not tolerate any fooling in Mech. I lectures this year. How about next year, Mr. Roberts?

"Wodey" wishes to thank the kind gentleman with the moustache who knew so much about bike-chains.

"Aggie" Fisher has the best record from the last batch at "Queen's Home."

THEATRE GUILD

presents

Robt. E. Sherwood's

"THE PETRIFIED FOREST"

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17,

and

THURSDAY, MAY 18,

At the Hut.

ALL INVITED.

On Femininity

The world is half full of women,
Please shed a tear not a wink;
'Tis a fact which has constantly driven
Stout men to the solace of drink.
The trouble is caused by this grievous
fault,
Which makes men visibly shrink,
That they give free rein to their bab-
bling tongues,
And never leave time to think.

—J. J. CLAYTON.

(That's why they don't write.—Ed.)

Tray Bugs

Most students heed the notices in the Refec. concerning the return of trays; but there are still some who (we mention no names or faculties) do not. Again we ask you not to be superior—put your trays back on the floor in front of the notices. It is only fair to the staff of the Refec. and those who dine there—you have been warned!

VERSE.

See the happy Moron,
He doesn't care a damn.

I wish I were a Moron—
My God! Perhaps I am!

[Whether this is the work of a sub-
or a supra-Moron it is difficult to say.
Perhaps both!—Editor.]

Beware Manpower

There was some mention at the Union A.G.M. of the conflict between the Manpower department and the University. I wish to bring to general notice the case of someone whom I believe is having a rough deal.

His only sin is that he has not matriculated, but at present he is doing Inter. German as his matriculation subject. He is classed as a part-time student, but he also works part-time in a protected industry. He is doing Civil Engineering, and this year is studying 2 first-year and 3 second-year subjects. This is called part-time—22 hours per week. He turned 18 last July, and this week received notice that he was to present himself for his final army medical. If he passes this, he will be torn away from his studies and dumped into khaki.

While being far from a shirker, he believes that, with the Government yelling for more and more engineers, he is of more use to Australia as a potential engineer than as a foot-slogger or truck driver. This is the attitude of all of us at the University. The manpower "authorities," who are not trained to regard such a case on its merits, refuse to listen to logical reason.

I ask you, fellow students, is it fair to ruin a man's career so, when other students who have failed a year are permitted to continue their studies. If the army needs his services so desperately, why didn't they grab him in the long vac.? Why wait until he settles down to his studies again before they disrupt his life.

Our Union exists to protect student rights, and I sincerely hope something will be done to approach the Universities Commission in this matter.

K.B.

Books! Books!

Army Education is appealing for educational and textbooks. If you have any you don't want, hand them in to Mr. Hamilton. They'll be sent to a place where they'll be greatly appreciated.

The following are particularly asked for:—

1. Books of one-act plays.
2. Such books as "Famous Plays of 193—"

INTERNATIONAL CONFAB

The N.U.A.U.S. has been invited to send delegates to an International Conference, to be held in England in the near future by the similar organisations of English and Scottish students. Delegates will attend from National Unions of South African, New Zealand, etc., students.

CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1.—Write legibly, and in ink.
- 2.—Write on one side of the paper only.
- 3.—Leave plenty of space between each line of writing for editorial corrections.
- 4.—Please count the number of words in your contribution, and write that number at the top of the first page.
- 5.—All letters and contributions must be signed, even if you use a pen name; otherwise they will not be published.
- 6.—If possible, restrict letters to 150 words, else we cannot promise to print them unabridged.

ATHLETICS DANCE

to be held in

The Refectory

on

SATURDAY, MAY 20.

Dancing 7.45—12

Gus Mumme's Band.

3/- Single — 6/- Double

A.U.E.S.

"Artium Ubertes Et Scientiae"

A meeting of the society was held in the Engineering lecture theatre on Friday evening. Much important business was transacted: The society adopted the motto, "Artium Ubertes et Scientiae," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, means "The fruition of the arts and the sciences." In the course of the discussion on the matter it was pointed out that as the society had always been the most prominent in the University—we are the only faculty with (1) a faculty tie, and (2) a wireless—it was most appropriate that we should have a motto to inscribe on our stationery. The motion for the adoption was passed.

The constitution of the society was altered to enable the society to have more experienced representatives on the Union Committee.

Dr. C. T. Madigan gave a most entertaining address on Military Engineering. Speaking from a wealth of experience in two wars, he created intense interest amongst members who appreciated his talk very much.

He gave a brief history of Military Engineering and showed the enormous development which had taken place. An army depends entirely on its Engineers for its water supply, roads, demolitions, transport, and innumerable other necessities.

Dr. Madigan refuted any statements that there was a shortage of trained engineers in the Australian Army. As matters stand at present, there is a surplus, mainly due to gross over-organisation in the early stages of the war.

When questioned, he said that in his opinion, it was almost impossible to destroy a steel bridge by aerial bombardment, except by lucky hits on the abutments. It could be put out of action for a few hours, but very little more. The chance of hitting the bridge itself was very remote.

He was thanked by the President of the society and received a very enthusiastic ovation from the members.

This
virgin
space
unravished
by
youth
or maid
testifies
thy
frigidity,
O
children
of
Adelaide.

DEBATING SOCIETY

A Debate will be held in the Geo. Murray at 1.15 TO-DAY. The subject, "That Sex Education in Schools is Desirable."

—The S.C.M. have taken the Pro Side. Mr. Jones, Miss Shepherd, and Mr. Bunday will speak.

The Debating Society: Messrs. Dunstan, Cliff, O'Brien will speak against this motion.