

# ON DIT

Official Organ of the Adelaide University  
Students' Union

"Doth sometimes counsel take  
And sometimes tea"

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## EDITORIAL.

(From a Correspondent.)

The present generation of women at the University is a happy race; they have a fine building all of their own, and in pleasant weather they can sit in the cloisters and read in the sun, and live upon coffee, and hob-nobs, and bun. Which is doubtless very jolly. But is this what University women ought to be doing? The women of our mothers' days, and later, fought very hard for the rights and privileges of those who wanted a good education and freedom to pursue their chosen vocation. And now the battle is won the fruits thereof are taken in a very careless and unthinking way.

The defiant assertion that "women are as good as men any day" is no longer hurled by indignant feminists; it is a sweeping generalization, and not strictly true, but the central idea is sound, and does not need to be debated so furiously to-day. Very few men at this University, who were asked what they thought of woman's position here, wanted to deny her a University education. One of them said that "with the exception of a few women who have terrific intellects, most of them should be pushed into the obscurity of the kitchen." This utterly disregards, of course, the fact that it takes brains to become a good cook. Unutterable harm has been caused by powerful people with bad digestions. Calvin suffered from dyspepsia.

There are still men, suffering from an inferiority complex, who look on women as their future sympathizers and comforters: wives who will be "modest, thrifty, pious, complacent, and careful of their husband's health." This position calls for tactfulness more than anything else; but even such a meek paragon needs brains.

So, although a University education may be followed by marriage, and the cares of a household and its lord and master, no one could call higher education waste of time. Chemistry, psychology, economics, to mention only a few subjects, are of inestimable value to the "lady of the 'ouse."

Of the actual use of their opportunities by the women opinion differed. We see some of them playing yo-yo on the lawn, or happily philandering with students after lunch when they all ought to be working, and we wonder if the struggles of the first graduates were worth it.

About 93 per cent. of the women, said a kind friend, are *not* really doing their work, holding the ideals of wisdom, search for beauty, and good citizenship before them. Social life is certainly the main ideal for many. Another man remarked that they were decorative, and relieved the monotony of a dull lecture. Dress reform would automatically cut off the necessity of women on that ground. A girl (and she is nice as well as decorative and hard-working), said that women should be a refining influence, but when asked "Why?" she couldn't think. If the home influence has failed, why should a poor, earnest, hard-working undergraduate be expected to teach a man to take his hat off, stand up when she speaks to him, and walk on the right side of the footpath?

And some of them *are* hard-working and earnest girls, whose brains are more than cheap brown-paper substitutes, and do hold the high ideal

of a wide education beyond that of mere degree-bagging always before them. And in them the efforts of the pioneers are justified. For the rest—it is a pity that they think that the taking of a few lectures in one or two subjects and much social life is University life proper. But perhaps even the little they do is a help to them. "After all," as one of our women remarked, "we *are* half the community." Let even the society butterflies remember the words of the Bishop of London: "Nothing is a greater menace to a man than an uneducated wife."

## Summer Sport, or Better Late than Never.

The winter is over and past, the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, and summer sports (outdoor) are shortly to begin.

The Sports Association has taken in hand the preparation of its grounds; great sums are to be spent on top-dressing, fertilizer, and seed, and additional labour has been engaged to help get the wickets and tennis courts in good order. The match and practice wickets are to be in part re-laid, four tennis courts are to be ready by the second week in October, and a fifth is to be put in commission during December. The cricket club is buying bats, the tennis clubs, balls. Other clubs are also making preparations for the summer. The boat club is overhauling its fleet, and plans to provide weekly rowing for as many men as can be induced to take up the oar. The boxing and wrestling club is continuing the coaching and practising that have so far been carried on with enthusiasm and success. The men's and women's swimming clubs, which have inter-Varsities here at the end of the year, are contemplating action, and premonitory stirrings indicate that the Footlights club, that most Bohemian of clubs, is shortly to emerge from its hibernal slumber.

In fact, the Sports Association begins to exhibit a new range of attractions, and, to come to the point, hopes to enrol large numbers of members for the summer. Men, for thirty-five shillings, and women, for fifteen shillings can become members of any or all of the Sports Association clubs; and thus obtain facilities for summer sport which less favoured organizations could not offer for twice or thrice the fee. Payment of the subscription secures, to eligible persons, membership of the Association till 1st March, 1933. All the club secretaries are looking for members for their particular clubs, and are able to promise a regular programme of summer sport, in the best possible conditions, to as many graduates or undergraduates as wish to have it.

Another aspect of the matter must also be mentioned, namely, the consequences that will attend upon attempts to obtain the privileges of membership without payment of the fee. Cricket, tennis, and other practices will be watched by club secretaries and Association officials, and the names of players who are not members will be reported to the General Committee, which is competent to devise measures at once summary and unpleasant to meet such cases.

Information about the activities of the summer clubs will be gladly given by the honorary secretaries, who are as follows:

Cricket: Mr. R. A. A. Pellow.  
Tennis (Men's): Mr. O. T. Moodie.  
Tennis (Women's): Miss E. H. Chapman.  
Tennis (Non-Pennant): Mr. D. O. Haslam.  
Boat: Mr. P. M. Cudmore.

Swimming (Men's): Mr. H. E. Irving.  
Swimming (Women's): Miss S. Burns-Cuming.  
Boxing and Wrestling: Mr. E. S. Wyett.  
Footlights: Mr. R. B. Knight.

Information about membership of the Sports Association can always be obtained from the General Secretary (Mr. Greenland), who is in attendance daily at his office in the Union Building.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor, "On Dit."

Sir,—It seems to me that Atheist's case is as strong as ever, despite the ponderous, abstract, or merely fatuous attacks made upon it. I've given up hope for his opinion that everyone should think for himself. His case receives a fatal knockout from the quality of the answers it has received. If people can't think more to the point than Anita Loos, or express themselves without the aid of a slang dictionary, they ought not to think in print at all. Basil Jackson's only decent argument is that honest thought is sudden death to Atheism, but he leaves it unproven. "Atheism went out with the naughty nineties." Well, well! and we had thought it still obtained in Russia, after 18 years! B.J. gives a long list of literary men to support his argument. He might just as well expect a mechanic to explain Darwin, or G. Bernard Shaw to give an intelligent lecture upon Relativity. Is Tennyson a leader of thought, is Dickens, is Thackeray? Rubbish. He gets further off the point when he places politicians (!) upon a pedestal of virtue. What ponderous irony! Can B.J. expect a politician, whose climb to power is marked by a wave of conventionalism and broken pledges, to give such a shock to "the food that raises him"? The Ingersoll episode only shows the base commercial instincts of the Yankees. Fancy trying to barter a man of genius for a mule! Dear Basil is really just too bad when he tries to drag in his idea of the World's best music to bolster up his case. Music is a faery art, and Basil only shows his shocking taste by trying to introduce theology into it. Shades of Bach! Worse follows. Science, we hear, has grown out of Atheism, just as a boy grows out of shorts. It is now, presumably, in the "plus fours" stage. But shorts are still of use, anyway. It is too funny to couple professors and business men (poles apart) in a theological argument. I learn, too, that the French were reduced to choosing a woman as Goddess—of Reason! Even a mediocre Divinity must be consistent, and women are only consistent in changing their minds. Of course, the church with its abuses is back, but so is the Continental Sunday, which does more to spread Atheism than all Atheist's authorities. The most striking thing in Anita Loos'

letter, excepting the verbless sentence in the third paragraph, is the naive introduction of Plato's idea that business is a method of benefiting the community, not of making money. I guess Plato never visited Aberdeen or Jerusalem! Students of ancient history should note that yet another cause of the fall of Rome has been found, i.e. Stoicism. Mr. Editor, it's a scandal that your fair scutecheon should ever have been defaced by the bar sinister of Dinkum Aussie. Out of this horrifying welter of slang, bad grammar, and pugnacious personalities, only one or two not-so-hot ideas emerge. It is regrettable that its author was "anging round North Terris feeling bored," but its a hopeful sign that Atheist's effort has aroused even that much mental activity as appears in the Sentimental Bloke. Its author displays the typical weak-mindedness of one who thinks anything his high and mighty cerebrillum cannot enclose must, forsooth, be "bunk." Australia is fighting for religion, so his lordship would have us believe. Pooh bah; pish, tush! Our "greatest hope" is personal pecuniary pocket padding, in the shape of higher wool, wheat, meat, and metal prices; rather un-Platonic, Anita Loos. That Atheist thinks for himself is a "trouble" to him, and therefore his easily-routed-by-utter-tosh comrade threatens to—"plug 'im in the atlas with 'is fist." Where's your "greater personal safety" now, B.J.? And what is an "atlas"? Dennis gives no ruling, but as an atlas is connected with maps, and maps give definitions of areas of diversified relief, I deduce that face is meant. Eureka. Atheist ought to be grateful for the belated admission that he has SOME brains, and is therefore not "just mad." What on earth does D. Aussie think the world's greatest thinkers did think for unless for the good of mankind? "Lots of blokes like me 'ud lift the sword"; no doubt, but only at 44-hour Union rates. This poor fellow, it seems, had never heard of the fiendish religious wars, waged in the name of God. Atheist, by his lordship's gracious permission, is entitled to his own opinion (much obliged), but not to print it. Without free expression, where would Darwin, Voltaire, Rousseau, Marx, etc., be if D.A. had his way? He'd even ban the publication of Lindsay's glorious nudes, which might be "the cause of a country full of griefs" (Sean that if you can). Altogether, Atheist is stronger than ever, but his brain-power is, I suspect, not so hot. Anyone looking up "Atheist" in Chambers' Encyc. will see why! Yours, etc.

ATHEIST II.

Dear Mr. Editor, I have read the entertaining letters of Mr. Saint and Julian in the "On Dit" that has just reached me, and would like to make one comment. Even if the S.C.M. has done nothing but reassure its own members of its ideals, surely that is worth while.

Last Sunday fortnight a man came to me in great distress. His wife had been three days in labour, and no one knew what to do. By taking the woman with all possible speed in a motor to our women's hospital, 30 miles off, her young life was saved, to the infinite relief of many. The hospital daily saves Indian women, with no other chance of such help, from almost indescribable suffering.

I am very conscious, as I write, of the

admonition concerning the right and the left hand, and also that Christian people by no means hold a monopoly for altruistic work, but my point is that this hospital, with very many others, owes its existence mainly to those who were influenced by the S.C.M. to feel the great need of such work. It is very possible that but for the S.C.M. the hospital would never have been built.

And after all, do the various sports and debating societies, and the faculty associations do much. Is not the service that they render to the University mainly dependent on the spirit in which they are run?

I am afraid this is too hopelessly like a tract for Medico, but I feel sure that Mr. Saint and Julian will understand. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, J. H. ALLEN.  
Azamgarh, India, 20/8/32.

The Editors, "On Dit."

Dear Sirs,—What a delightful sight it is to see how all our young women love the open air and the bright sunshine. How pleasant it is not to have to think of them slaving away at home, helping with the housework. It must be a constant source of pride to their mothers to think how educated their children are becoming, down at the University swotting at their one subject. Why is it that our University is steadily becoming a social club for female drones? A talk with some of the refectory lawn belles soon supplies the answer. Women enter for one subject, and are then entitled to all the privileges of an undergrad., which they enjoy to the full—all except the privilege of working, naturally. They crowd out the Lady Symon and Refectory, not only with their own bored persons, but with all their friends as well. In fact, they regard it as a cheap club where they may entertain. How much better for these creatures, and for the place in general, if they were to find something to do, apart from lying languidly in chairs around the lawn. Of course many are looking for a suitable fiancé, and the 'Varsity, with its excellent social arrangements, serves them in very good stead. They are making a very bad name for the 'Varsity in outside circles, and a bad name for themselves in the 'Varsity itself, and I trust that "On Dit" will be with me in raising a cry of protest. Yours faithfully,

"READ, MARK, LEARN."

The Editor.

Sir,—I am invited to discuss "The Dog." Not the gay dog (whom I love), nor the dull dog, the dirty dog, nor even the old dog ("There's life, etc."), but a work of that name. Now I must, as gently as may be, decline, because the public Press is not the place in which to record in such detail as implied in the summary word "discuss," private reactions to a work of art. My native honesty forbids me to deal in any general principles and formulae, for in art the average does not exist, so I cannot write a discussion after the examination style.

'Tis my personal opinion that our reactions to art are purely pathological—Freudian, in short. I reluctantly discarded even architecture as a safe subject when I discovered that the obelisk and the church steeple are phallic symbols. Clearly, these chaste columns are no place for such unsaintly analysis.

Discussion of any sort is quite futile be-

cause no work means the same to Basil, to me, and to the navy. Assuming the cubic content of knowledge in the first two of us to be the same, there still remains the unsurmountable difference of temperament, experience, and taste (native or acquired). Think of the ludicrous spectacle so prevalent in our schools, of the innocent young and the half-educated teacher "discussing" Milton. Now, in music, the uninitiated can't raise their voices because the mere words "fugue" and "counterpoint" silence them: whereas, any crude reader of Dickens or Milne (whom I have mentioned twice before without Basil perceiving any sarcasm) thinks he can set up as a critic of literature. What I hate about such people is that they want the standard of art degraded to a lowest common denominator. Myself, I am content to believe that the creative intellect perceives things beyond my ken. If I don't see them, it is my loss. Basil, with Australian arrogance, says, "Atheism? Rubbish!" Sublime! His spiritual eyesight is apparently good enough to perceive the things "not seen", of which St. Paul speaks; but in art he relies upon the naked eye. Mr. Editor, this going about mentally unclad offends my sense of decency. Please take steps!

I hope I have been clear. I shall probably be wildly misunderstood again, but I shall defer my farewell; though I think I may as well retire into the waste land and wail. Yours, N. B. SAINT.

[We print this under protest.—Ed.]

The Editors, "On Dit."

Gentlemen,—Under your leadership the students' paper has flourished, and you are to be congratulated, but

From Terpsichore let us hear no more,  
And if you'll let us choose,  
Of Anita Loos' religious views  
No more you'll foist upon us.  
We have had to hear for half the year  
A lot of silly rotski  
From Atheists and Bolsheviks  
That would shame the pen of Trotsky.  
Our debutantes they cannot dance  
As well as shopgirls do it,  
And if they could, their partners would  
Soon find it out, and rue it.  
The S.C.M. they all condemn,  
Though they never do achieve it,  
And if they do it will straight fall through,  
For the regulars will leave it.  
Then mysterious Basil Jackson confounds  
us with his cracks on  
The very serious scarcity of urbanity in  
the 'Varsity,  
Though what on earth he means by it  
Or what anybody gains by it.  
Nor Demosthenes nor Rhythm, and all the  
Editors with 'em,  
Could tell in twenty issues of the Students'  
Hansard, "On Dit."

Now, Editors dear, our lives are drear,  
And you do well to help us,  
But dang our eyes, we'll tan your hides  
If you cannot hoist upon us  
Subjects away from those above, a trifle  
less recouidite.

With sincerest apologies to the Editors,  
T. B. RIGHT.

Editor "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—I recently read in your column a protest against the habit that lecturers have formed of dictating their notes from "little black books." I, too, am a sufferer from this method, and feel that I ought to voice my protest.

In one subject, an especially difficult one, I have to endure hours of rapid dictation, so strenuous and tiring that one begins to look forward with dread to the next lecture. You have no time to ask a question, and consequently matters that are hard to grasp remain unsolved. Then the last straw comes when, at the end, the lecturer asks you whether you have understood the lecture. Understand it! Why you haven't had time to write it down, let alone think about it.

Would it not be a better scheme if the lecturer had his notes printed and distributed to the students. By no means do I want lecturers to cease giving us notes. The notes are invaluable but it is the method of giving them that is the root of the trouble. Most students, I am sure, would be willing to pay a few shillings, the extra cost of printing. If this were done, then the lecturer could explain the notes after they had been distributed, instead of giving us page after page of writing. The method of dictation makes one think that lecturers are frightened of explanations. Yours faithfully, STUDENT.

Dear Sir,—What a nice little girl "Mary Jane" is! I don't like the innuendo in her letter about the basketball and hockey teams in Melbourne, do you, so shall we presume she is a "Goo" and leave the matter there? Yours, etc., OFFSIDE.

Sir,—On perusing the latest of dear Haliesteris' long and rather bitter attacks on the department of the University woman in the dancing hall, one cannot help feeling rather sad, and also indignant, that he should feel as he does regarding his fellow students.

No doubt there is some cause for adverse comment, we enlightened women are all feeling heartily ashamed of ourselves, but I do think that our friend oversteps the mark. There is one point that he misses. What of the men? Let us attack them. Do they glide gracefully o'er the floor, keeping perfect time, carrying themselves upright, and concentrating on the rhythm of the dance, as is the man's duty? No, they either endeavour to gaze masterfully into their partner's eyes, and, also, I am sorry to say, emulate some of the swell he-men from Hollywood, or else laugh uproariously, pump handle their partners' arms, hump their backs, jerk at the knees, tread on her toes, steer her adroitly into other people, and do nice little acrobatic stunts of their own invention.

I am not wishing this to be an attack on men in general, but just to point out to our dear friend, a perfect dancer whom I cannot yet have had the pleasure of dancing with, that the fault is not always with the woman. Yours, etc., RHYTHM.

## A.U.L.S.S.

The last debate for this year took place on Tuesday, September 6th, the question being an interesting constitutional one set by Prof. Campbell. One Macaroni, Italian by birth and descent, was elected to the position of secretary of the Spaghetti Workers' Union, while one Blutwurt, of German origin, was elected to the even more exalted office of president of the Amalgamated Sausage Workers' Union. Amid the general rejoicings attendant upon these translations, a discordant note was struck by the Commonwealth Parliament, who enacted that persons not born in Australia should not hold office in any trade union. But the Macaronis and the Blutwurts are made of stern stuff, and they opposed the Commonwealth, Signor Macaroni retaining Messrs. B. O. Hunter and H. L. Fraser, and Herr Blutwurt reposing his confidence in Messrs. M. Besanko and Dean Hay. The Commonwealth was represented by Messrs. J. J. Bray and C. D. Isaacson. The positions of Macaroni and Blutwurt differed in that they had entered Australia at different times, in that Macaroni had returned to Italy for three years after entry, and in regard to the Australian Acts under which their respective unions were registered.

For the two applicants ample authority was produced to prove that the Commonwealth Act was beyond the power of the Commonwealth, and that in any case the applicants did not fall under it. For the Commonwealth ample authority was produced to prove the reverse.

Prof. Campbell cleared up all entanglements in his judgment, and decided in favour of the Macaroni and Blutwurt.

## S.C.M.

The Annual General Meeting of the Student Christian Movement in the University of Adelaide will be held in the Maths. theatre on Friday, September 23rd, at 1.20 p.m.

Business will be: Reading of reports, election of officers, amendments to Constitution.

Nominations for members of committee are to be handed to Miss D. Mossop or Mr. J. Allison by 5 p.m. to-day, September 16th.

## Rev. Kenneth Henderson.

On Monday some S.C.M. people entertained the Rev. Kenneth Henderson to afternoon tea in the Refectory. Two editors of "On Dit" were let in, on the condition that they kept their views above board and their notebooks under the table.

Mr. Henderson, war-time padre, and late master at S.P.S.C., is now a prominent W.A. journalist. We rather expected him to begin with an announcement on World Problems, or a challenge to something or other. Instead, he began very pleasantly with a limerick, which we will take the liberty to print later.

After a few remarks on our University buildings (during the course of which, incidentally, we heard with delight that we haven't as many one-subjecters as W.A. University), we took up the subject of

affairs abroad. Speaking of the significant change in relations between science and religion, particularly in England, Mr. Henderson called our attention to the new conditions. An empirical spirit has unconsciously pervaded religious thought, and conversely some of the foremost scientists of to-day have that sense of wonder at the limitless, at permanence in change, that is the conditioning factor of religious experience. Whitehead, for example, claims to prove mechanistic science not incompatible with the conception of free-will, in "Process and Reality." Even now, however, the scientist and the religious man are prone to judge each other by the standards that the other held fifty years ago. Some great, and one hopes valuable, compromise is in the air. God has appeared in physics, and Christians are negative about a harp and crown heaven and oblivious to the uncomfortable brimstone hell.

As instances of modern religious activity Mr. Henderson mentioned the Oxford group movements. Although the system on which they are run admits of some abuse, they provide unparalleled opportunities for thought and discussion. And thought and discussion are vital if religious life is to flourish. Here someone mentioned the recent squabble in our pages as a striking example of such flourishing life, but mercifully Mr. Henderson had never heard of "On Dit."

Before we parted, Mr. Henderson made the interesting statement that in the S.C.M. the Anglican element needs considerable strengthening. We will close with a limerick which he told us. Only we will give it a personal significance which it did not originally possess:

"Prof. C—l has bought a new Austin;  
He finds it a trifle exhaustin'.  
For his elbows and knees  
Go in with a squeeze,  
But his abdomen has to be faustin'."

## Yo-yo, My Lads, Yo-yo.

Last fortnight 'Varsity people were busy wondering whether they were Goos or Jiggers; but now their interests have become more purely objective, for the Yo-Yo has arrived.

I had never seen a Yo-Yo until I met one in the Barr-Smith library. One of the girls was playing with it. She said she liked doing it, since it appealed to the old feminine passion for having something on a string. She explained to me the symbolism of the game. The idea is, you get the Yo-Yo thoroughly wound up, and then drop him with a jerk. By all natural law he should stay dropped—but no! The player jerks her finger again, and he climbs meekly up the string. This can be repeated to taste.

Yo-Yos are fascinating in appearance, half of the one I saw being green and the other half bright red. The girl explained that these colours stand for the safe and dangerous sides of a man's nature. Good players never let the Yo-Yo drop completely, since his state of wobbly uncertainty imparts a pleasing sense of power to the wrist.

I think Yo-Yo should become very popular in the University. The only question is whether to treat it as a sport or a

science; to reward its exponents with degrees or blues.

## GREAT BARRIER REEF.

### Christmas Expedition.

During every Christmas vacation since 1925 expeditions of nature lovers and others have been organized by Mr. E. F. Pollock, F.R.G.S., of the Royal Zoological Society of New South Wales, and the Royal Australasian Ornithologists' Union, to some specially attractive coastal locality where the members could combine nature study with holiday making under most pleasurable conditions. Some of these excursions have been to the great Barrier Reef area in Queensland, and another one, to cover entirely new ground, has been planned for this year.

The party will embark on boats at Mackay in December, and finish up at Bowen in January. Altogether twenty-five islands, situated between the two ports, and all of fascinating interest, are to be visited during the month. They include the whole of the famous Whitsunday group, and several others.

Among the special features of the trip which will assist in keeping the party entertained and interested are: Seabirds of many varieties nesting in millions; turtles and turtle riding; crocodile and dugong hunting; unequalled fishing, including emperor, trevalli, schnapper, mackerel, kingfish, cod, and bream, as well as hug gropers and immense sharks; corals and coral animals; shell collecting; wild goat and pigeon shooting; oyster gathering; safe bathing and glorious scenery.

Anyone wishing to take part should communicate early with Mr. POLLOCK, at Carrington Avenue, Strathfield, N.S.W.

## Men's Hockey.

The A team, playing faultless hockey, won the A grade premiership by defeating Centaurs in the final on September 3rd. There was not a weak player in the team, and the final score of 8—2 gives a good indication of the play. 'Varsity attacked from the initial bully, and the combination of the team was excellent throughout the match. Centaurs broke through only twice, but each time they scored, due mainly to the good work of Barbour and Trumble, not forgetting Doctor Arden, of course. O'Connor and Bills scored four goals each, but some of the credit for this must go to Jim Allen for the way in which he worked for an opening for the other forwards to score. The match was the finest exhibition of hockey seen here for many years, and was very fast. (What about those linesmen, Manager?)

The week before, the A's defeated Kenwood by 3—2 in the semi-final, and the most interesting feature of this match was the fine exhibition of kicking given by 'Varsity.

The B's were defeated in their semi-final, after playing for nearly an hour overtime. In the first round of the Cup Tie, the A's defeated Kenwood, the B's won on a forfeit from Kenwood B, and the O's won, defeating Blackwood 4—3. The sporting Clive forfeited the match afterwards, as there were sundry B players in the team.

Congratulations to the new blues, "Bunny" McKay, "Tulip" Dorsch, "Beery" Turner, J. and D. Allen, and O'Connor.

## International Club.

The only meeting this term before the examinations took the form of an address by E. R. Dawes, Esq., M.P., the State President of the Australian Labour Party. The International Club, in having Mr. Dawes as speaker, is able to maintain its ideal of a non-party attitude to current international questions. Although his address dealt with the ideals of the Australian Labour Party, and was purely parochial, it enabled the club to hear an opinion on Australian problems different from those of the last two speakers—Mr. Hawker and Mr. Latham. It seems that the only way to obtain an unbiased view of politics, and the only way to stimulate any ideas among University undergraduates, who, in many cases are lacking knowledge of, and interest in current affairs, is by means of such a club. Nevertheless, the idea of the club is not to remain purely insular in its outlook; it must be realized that a knowledge of Australian affairs is not only desirable, but necessary to a better grasp of world politics. So Mr. Dawes' address was doubly welcome, both as an opinion contrary to those of the last speakers, and as a view of Australian Labour ideals.

## Laughter as a Tonic for Workers.

"Mr. Kiek suggested that a few good stories would have such a salutary effect upon workers as to increase their output, through uplift of the sense of joy and well-being, and added that he had tried it out with success on his students at Parkin College."—"The Advertiser."

### THE DISCIPLE.

This genial hearted Principal had taught his boys to work  
With eager merriment until they never longed to shirk.  
Said he: "A Scotchman and a Yank were walking on a moor—"  
Or asked them, swotting Hebrew, when a door was not a door;  
And they chuckled (dimly thinking they had heard the thing before).  
So Mr. Smith, the manager of "Bootee Shine" (in tins)  
Decided that he'd try it on his workers for their sins.  
He hadn't any stories, perhaps eight or half a score,  
But he told them well and brightly, and he told them o'er and o'er,  
For no one dared to mention that they'd heard them once before.  
So faster, ever faster, worked each frantic factory hand,  
Till "Bootee Shine" on every shoe shone through our sunny land,  
And Smith, now wealthy, ever loved his daily uplift more;  
While they plugged their cars with sealing wax and moaned and inly swore—  
And worked away like mad to drown the yarns they'd heard before!