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Plus Comedy:

## "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE"

Vol. 9

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1939

No. 6

## GRADUATES' WEEK

### PROGRAMME

**Monday, May 15th, 8 p.m.**—Reunion of Graduates and Past members of the University at the Lady Simon Hall, Union Building. Dr. J. B. Thiersch (Neale Research Pathologist) will speak on "China," and a series of films will be shown.

The reunion will be preceded by the Annual General Meeting of the Graduates' Union.

**Wednesday, May 17th**—Matches between Graduates and Undergraduate teams at the University Oval as follows:—

2 p.m.—Baseball, Tennis (Men), Tennis (Women).

2.30 p.m.—Hockey (Women).

4 p.m.—Basketball, Lacrosse, Hockey (Men).

5 p.m. (on the Torrens)—Rowing.

2 p.m. (at Seaton)—Golf.

Competitors and friends will be the guests of the Women Graduates' Association at afternoon tea in the Boat Shed from 3.30 p.m.

8 p.m.—Graduate-Undergraduate Debates, George Murray Hall.

There will be two debates, one between teams of women, and the other between teams of men. The University Union will entertain the teams and the audience at supper.

**Friday, May 19th**—University Ball at the Refectory. Reception, 8-8.30 p.m.

Graduates and past members of this or any other recognised University are invited to attend all the above functions (with the exception of the Blues' Club Dinner). All those who are not members of the Graduates Union will be made honorary members of the University Union for the period May 13th-19th.

## INTER-FACULTY DEBATE

### ARTS V. SCIENCE

The first of the Inter-Faculty debates for 1939 was held in the George Murray Building at half-past one on Wednesday, May 10. Messrs Stace, Gooden, and Smith represented the scientists and Miss Elizabeth Carter and Messrs. Gent and Price upheld the honor of the Arts Faculty. The subject under discussion was "That the scientist is too short-sighted."

Mr. Gent (pro) maintained that the scientist is entirely occupied with material things, with what can be counted, measured, or weighed. The scientist would make reality only that which he gains through his sense-experience. The truths of science are truths indeed, but they are far from being the only truths, and the scientist is so short-sighted that he refuses even to attempt the explanation of those things immediately outside his sphere.

Mr. Stace (con) claimed long-sightedness and not short-sightedness as a characteristic of the scientist, whether in a figurative or a literal sense it was not at first clear. A scientist, being a seeker after truth and knowledge, must have the attribute of long-sightedness in order to attain his ends. He pointed to different scientific discoveries of the past, and gunpowder in particular, showing how it was not the scientist but the layman in his short-sightedness who had perverted the use of this invention to its present diabolical ends.

Miss Carter (pro) attacked the scientist for being out of touch with everyday matters. He has knowledge, true, but without wisdom and common sense the former is useless. Time and again the scientist has lost control of the invention he has discovered.

Mr. Gooden (con) showed that the experimental scientist must be long-sighted to foresee the result of his experiments at all. The speaker's mind moved with such scientific rapidity that the majority of his arguments were too swift for his audience to follow.

Mr. Price (pro) pointed out that it did not matter how short or long sighted the scientist was in his own particular field. What did matter was that the scientist was short-sighted as a man. He vehemently attacked the mechanist school generally and his opponents in particular for attempting to philosophise from scientific data.

Mr. Smith (con) held that the scientist's admiration was greater than anyone else's, and showed that scientists were largely responsible for the possibility of the development of the middle ages into modern times.

After Mr. Barbour had given his verdict in favor of the Arts team by a majority of sixty-nine points to forty-six, the chairman (Mr. Amos) declared the meeting closed. The remaining Inter-Faculty debates will be held next term, and the Graduates versus the Undergraduates debates next week.

## THE STAGE IS SET FOR AN ARTIST

Celebrity concerts are now timed to start at 8.15, presumably to give the audience time to gaze at and admire the astonishing display that adorns the stage nowadays.

The organ isn't used at most of these concerts, so we pretend that it isn't there. There seems to be nothing particularly offensive about its presence at the back of the stage; nevertheless, it must be hidden as much as possible.

Looking at the piano, we see "Steinway, lent by Allans," in large letters of tarnishing gold leaf. No opportunities of advertising are missed these days—or are they?

As we gaze at an odd assortment of pillars, pots, flowers, etc., etc., strongly reminiscent of a jumble sale, we become aware of something lacking. On further cogitation we realize that we are not told by whom these oddments were lent. We would suggest placards and posters along these lines:

Posts, pillars, etc., lent by the S.A. Plasterers' Union.

Pot plants, seedlings, and cut flowers lent by Nurseries Ltd.

Children's toy houses, toy stage, etc., also lent by Nurseries Ltd.

The display is not beautiful, so it might at least be made useful by adding the advertisements.

The whole thing, in fact, is like a vulgar relic of the floral festival, and the only thing lacking to make the stage artistically complete is a large hearse in its centre—preferably replacing the piano.

But why all this vulgar display when plain simplicity is so obviously the perfect setting?

The programme gave a rough translation of the German songs. We were sorry that the German words were not included. At least half of the Adelaide audience could have followed them. Even the words of the English songs were not always the ones used by the singer—surely a slipshod oversight.

There seems to be a tendency to force, persuade, or cajole visiting singers to sing in English. It seems a pity to sacrifice good music for bad verse. Translations are seldom successful, and still more rarely are they good. Ulanowsky's translation of the Moussorgsky cycle was a courageous attempt by a Viennese Russian to translate a German translation into English, but the English was not very happy—it served its purpose, that was all.

If one may criticise the gods—and we shall do so in spite of the fact that recent events have led us to believe that it is very wrong to criticise even the lowliest devils (we refer, of course, to the political situation)—one might say that Ulanowsky is clearly not a first-rate soloist, and demands for repeated encores by him indicated a greater love than understanding of piano music. His own composition was mildly reminiscent of a number of composers, chiefly of Chopin. Nevertheless, it was quite innocuous. As an accompanist, however, he was very good, though inclined to be timid. It might have been better not to stick so rigidly to the convention of a closed piano for accompaniments, particularly in the Moussorgsky, which required a great deal of strength in the accompaniment at times. Maybe this is severe criticism of a very good pianist. We at least pay him the compliment of criticising him by the highest standards.

As for Lotte Lehmann, well, she goes without saying, and the fact that she made even Schubert's hackneyed "Serenade" live speaks for itself. One of the freshest and most charming songs on the programme was "The Sweet Little Girl That I Love." It contrasted strangely with the sentimental baby-song that followed. The best bracket, perhaps, was the trio of Strauss songs. The Moussorgsky cycle had plenty of power and plenty

## Some Reflections on the State of a Woman Graduate

Have you ever watched an old-fashioned duplicator at work? A sheet of paper is cut to shape, marked out, clamped down, and then the roller mechanism is set in motion—and there, for better or worse, is your completed page.

I suppose it is a little impolite to compare a University to a duplicator, but in the acquiring of a degree there is something of the same impersonal process; a cutting and fitting, perhaps a little smudging, and then over all of us goes the roller, and we emerge with a brand new degree.

And, as our American friends so expressively say: So what?

It seems strange that the old cry of years ago: What is the good of a University degree to a woman? still persists. But perhaps we do well to analyse the position of women graduates from time to time, to follow the careers of the older ones, and to speculate on the prospects of the younger ones.

If we commence with the august profession of the law, we shall see that it is not so many years ago that Mary Kitson and Dorothy Somerville were the only representatives of their sex, whereas now the law is a favored career with women, and if you ever find yourself in court you are as likely as not to be cross-examined by some decorative lass with exactly the right shade of lipstick.

Time was, too, when women rarely attempted to join the ranks of doctors. In the days when a student (who is now the wife of an Australian knight, famous for his survey of tropical diseases) was doing her medical course, one of the brightest parts of the initiation of freshers in medicine was the swearing of allegiance to Phyllis. If that pleasant custom still obtained, a medical student would now be faced with the necessity of dividing his heart up into an embarrassingly large number of inconveniently small pieces.

A comparison of the occupations of South Australian women graduates of the present day with those of even a few years ago is interesting. A fairly recent census, taken mainly to ascertain how many women graduates were "gainfully employed" (delicious phrase!) reveals an astonishing variety. Years ago the range of things a woman graduate could do was fairly limited. You either became a teacher, or you got married. Nowadays, teaching is still the destiny of many—and it is pleasing to be able to report that in nearly all

our big schools the presence of graduates on the staff is not only tolerated, but even fashionable! But it is by no means the only choice.

Any account of the activities of our Adelaide women graduates would include such varied occupations as these: Running a business college, tracking down the tobacco bug at the Waite Institute, house-surgeoning at the Adelaide Hospital, lecturing at the University, presiding over the destinies of the women's section of a newspaper office. (This last position is held by a master of science with—appropriately enough—honors in magnetism!). And how lucky is one hard-worked G.P. with an enormous suburban practice, whose charming wife, herself an ex-doctor, was heard to remark that her husband would never be able to keep up with his medical reading if she didn't do it for him!

And what of the rest of us—the large body of women graduates who in any official document describe our occupation with simple pride as "home duties"—or, as some legal convention curiously insists, "married women?" Why, say the pragmatists, waste your time with all that learning if you still end up with housework. Some will even go further and accuse a University education of seriously hindering desire for marriage and motherhood. (To which we triumphantly reply by pointing with pride to a Sydney graduate prominent at our Adelaide Conference, whose ten most cherished possessions were her nine children and her Rolls-Royce).

In defending the value of a University degree we find ourselves using such overworked phrases as "mental discipline," and "ordered mind," and even—poor Mr. Coward!—"design for living." But even if one's degree is, as virtue is so distressingly often apt to be, its own reward, it is an achievement which in a world of alarms and excursions, endures, and which can be touched by neither poverty nor wealth, Judge Rutherford nor the income tax collector.

Look round the refectory next time you are down there, and you will realize that the idea that a University career like Guinness is good for you, has already dawned on a surprisingly large number of girls.

Concluding, then, on a comfortable note of optimism, one herewith records that the exacting male who intends to marry a beautiful girl, a charming athlete, a competent cook, and a University graduate, can do so and still not be a polygamist.

## GRADUATES' DEBATES

To-morrow night there will be held the annual debates between the graduates and undergraduates—female and male in careful segregation—at a meeting in the Lady Symon Hall at 8 p.m.

All are welcome to come and see our worthy forbears defeated.

Supper on the Union!

## ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Students and graduates are reminded that if they wish to get concessions for the coming series of orchestral concerts, they must apply before the end of the term to one of the following: G. L. Amos, P. M. Viner Smith, O. E. Nichterlein, or the secretary of the Union.

Concession rates for the series of four concerts are: A reserve, 20/9; B reserve, 14/11; C reserve, 10/8. Single tickets cost about twice as much.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

If the authorities look in the bush at the bottom of the Barr Smith steps, they will find enough paper and rubbish to start all their fires for this winter.

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**MR. R. R. P. BARBOUR**

**REX V. ANDERSON**

*CRIMINAL LAW—LARCENY AND RECEIVING—  
IDENTIFICATION—ALIBI.*

**TRIAL ON INDICTMENT**

On the 9th May, 1939, Geoffrey Fraser Anderson was tried at the University, before Kearnan J. sitting in the original jurisdiction of the Criminal Court of the Law Students' Court of S.A., on a primary count of larceny and a secondary count of receiving (contrary to the Criminal Law Consolidation Act, 1938, Secs. 131 and 196 resp.) for that on the 24th day of June, 1938, at the said University, he allegedly stole one diamond ring of the value of £20 and ten shillings in money, the property of one Catherine Padman, a powder compact, a Yale key, and six shillings in money, the property of one Gwendoline Woodger, and that on the 25th day of June he received the said property knowing it to have been stolen.

Matison V. C. and Palmer E. W. for the Crown. Johnston E. F. and Boucaut J. P. for the Defence.

**OPENING SPEECH FOR THE CROWN.**

Palmer pointed out to the jury that the entire onus of proof lay on the Crown, which would endeavor to prove that the property was stolen, that the accused was present at the stunt evening, and that the accused stole the property; and further, that the defence of the alibi, that accused, on the night in question, was with a girl about whom nothing could be ascertained, was untenable.

**EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN.**

Miss Woodger—examined by Palmer. I left my handbag downstairs in the Lady Symon, and when I was on the bus going home I discovered the articles were missing. The articles exhibited in court appear to be mine.

**Cross-examined by Johnston:**

Do you remember what sort of key you had?—Yes, a Yale.—This key, gentlemen of the jury, is a Union. Kearnan J.: Before you proceed, Mr. Johnston, what is a "stunt evening"?—I cannot accurately answer, Your Honor.—Your ignorance is shared by the court. Proceed.

**Miss Padman, examined by Palmer:**

I have several times been out with the accused, and could therefore recognise him on this occasion by his "unmistakable characteristics."

**Cross-examined by Johnston:**

I recognised that he was not a female because his hands were not soft. Johnston: Come, come, you surely were not playing with his hands! Miss Padman, when did you inform the police of your loss?—I rang them up at 7.30 next morning, and simply told them that my things had been stolen on the previous evening.

**Miss Young, examined by Palmer:**

I do not know the accused intimately, but recognised him on this occasion because his ears stuck out. Cross-examined by Mr. Johnston, witness could not account for the fact that her evidence was identical in every detail with Miss Padman's.

**Detective Picklock Oles Thomas—  
examined by Palmer:**

To cut a long story short I reached the flat of the accused and knocked. When he came the following conversation ensued: "Where were you last night?" said I. "With a girl," said he. "What name?" said I. "Stella," said he. "Stella who?" said I. "I can't remember," said he. "Oh!!" said I.

**Cross-examined by Boucaut:**

The time he took to open the door was sufficient to allow me to put on an air of authority. Kearnan J.: How long was that?—About twenty seconds, Your Honor.

**SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE.**

Boucaut pointed out to the jury that the evidence concerning the accused's appearance and his dressing up was just padding, and that the charge was not one of gate-crashing the stunt evening, but of larceny. So far the Crown had barely established that the accused was present, and the evidence as to larceny was too circumstantial.

**EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.**

Right Rev. Hippo Critte—examined by Johnston:

I can truthfully declare without fear of reproof that the accused is a faithful member of the New Deists, and that he displays admirable qualities of leadership among the youth of my flock. My evidence is based on intimate association with him, for I baptised him when he was an infant.

**Anderson—examined by Boucaut.**

I live in a small flat on South Terrace, and exist on a small stipend from my parents. On the night in

question I was at Windy Point with Stella Stillborn, where we drank tonic ale. We returned to town about midnight, and retired to our respective flats after a "night-cap."

**Cross-examined by Matison:**

I did not reveal Stella's name to the police because I did not want to compromise her. I have been very attached to her—our two hearts seemed to meet from the jump.

Matison: Be accurate. I've never seen two hearts meet. How did you and this Miss Stillborn, unfortunately deceased, come to know each other?—I picked her up. Since that time, about January, 1938, I saw her regularly for seven months, till she suddenly and to my great distress, died.

Matison: Did you tell the detective of your movements after he left?—No; he'd gone!

**MATISON'S REPLY FOR THE CROWN.**

Gentlemen of the jury: The conduct of the accused in the events leading to this charge were indeed reprehensible. He is guilty of the most disgraceful conduct possible for a male, to appear in woman's clothes. And why, gentlemen? Because he did not want to be seen; he did not want to be seen as Mr. Anderson; he did not want to be seen as the disreputable character that he undoubtedly is. This Miss Stillborn—the defence could have called evidence in support of the accused, but they did not. Why? Because, gentlemen, this alibi does not exist; this woman is not Miss Stella Stillborn, but Miss Stella Still-to-be-Born. The accused's evidence supports my allegations of bad character. It would seem that his presence at the stunt evening was not an isolated act, but the habitual gratification of a perverted desire.

**JOHNSTON'S REPLY OF THE DEFENCE.**

I must ask you, gentlemen of the jury, now to listen to argument that is free from the inconsistency and improbability of the Crown's. There has not been established yet the primary fact that accused was present; he certainly had no need to go to satisfy his "perverted desires," and he certainly would not disguise himself in a halo hat. He was recognised because he was "gaunt"! Gentlemen, you will cast your eyes about the court in vain in search of a "gaunt woman"! Finally, gentlemen, the charge of receiving and larceny: if Miss Padman mentioned no names to the police, how did they know to go, within half-an-hour, to the accused's flat? And is it likely that he would hide the goods among his shirts when there is a cashbox handy in which to lock them? This, together with inexplicable identity of the evidence of two witnesses, surely suggests some fabrication.

**KEARNAN, J., summing up, said:**

I cannot deprive you of the prerogative to decide the facts. You must believe the two witnesses when they say that the goods they went in with were missing when they came out. You must decide from their evidence, however, why the accused was there; but if you decide he was present at all, you must reject his evidence. On the other hand, you must consider the possibility that he attended merely to see the performance unobserved. As regards the defence, you must remember, gentlemen, that it is unsupported. There is only the inference of a malicious feminine trick; along with that inference you must consider the accused's desire to appear in the box, his frankness, and his lack of knowledge of the articles in question as consistent with his plea of innocence. If the balance is in his favor, you must acquit him. I will ask you to retire.

**Verdict:**

Not guilty. Prisoner was discharged.

**Needle**

G. L. AMOS.

University Theatre Guild. Paid my subscription. Better go along, Gammer. Gummy granny. Read it sometime ago. Who wrote it. Can't remember. Humor coarse; all the women call one another whores. Only imply it nowadays. If a woman hasn't got a tiny streak of a harlot in her, she's a dry stick as a rule. Pornography and so on. Lawrence and Freda. Baroness in her own right.

Huh! Lost ticket. Gave guest ticket away. Never mind, I know chap on door. Reserve a couple of seats for Marston. Anaesthetising a cat. Cat has to act to-night. Good programme sheets, well printed. Hard seats. Some people dressed. Darned swank. Stupid to dress for a thing like this. Kulchur with a Kapital K. Shades of Ezra Pound.

John Horner explains. Ladies and gentlemen. Sorreh we couldn't gathah sufficient singahs togethah to sing the madrigals, so we'll pleah the gramophone. Substitution. Eliminate x. Muffled music somewhere behind scenes like choir singing with hats over their mouths.

Curtain up. Good set. Stage manager did his job properly. Enter Dickie as Dickie. No one would mistake him for anyone else but Dickie. Diccon, Dicken, Dickie-en. Looks slightly ashamed of himself. Enter Hodge. Good voice. Recites his lines. Get some expression into it, man! Don't look so obviously acting. Move your feet; they're not stuck to the stage. Dickie looking more like Dickie all the time. Now Muriel MacDonal. Now Gammer Gurton. Costumes excellent. Honors to the costume designer. Couldn't be better. Can't say the same about the acting. For God's sake, if you can't laugh convincingly on the stage, smile, and don't try to imitate a ruptured rooster. Enter Cock, Gammer's boy. Good position. Yes, that's good, but what else can you do. Apparently been told to keep that position because it looks good at the start. If you're on a good thing stick to it. Hullo, Dickie again, still Dickie-ing. Ooo, you're telling the audience a secret, eh. Aren't you a wag. Oh, that was a joke; never mind, try closing your eyes when you laugh and don't look so concerned about your next line. Dame Chat. Hooray.

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someone's acting at last. Well done, Roxy.

Musical instruments good. Hullo, who's this? Just a couple of fairies behind the trees. Mein Gott im Himmel. A spot of merry festive dancing, what. Well, now you are dear little things; hope this doesn't go on for too long. Ballet in embryo. Class BBB. Fair cow. Glad that's over.

And here's our Ronnie as Dr. Rat. Not too bad. Quite good. Shouldn't have taken your hat off, though; shows your modern hair cut and makes those side whiskers look just too, too false.

Enter the cat. Tail hanging straight, lifeless down. Tongue lolling out. Feels next door to hell, I'll bet. Half head, half alive. Washed up. Looks about as interested as I feel.

Master Bayly, the Bailiff! I suppose all bailiffs in those days stood with their feet apart and hands on their hips looking all hunch-back. Wonder their elbows didn't set like it. There are other stances, you know, even for bailiffs.

Well, it looks as though it's all over now. Ah, we must have the little dancing tricks again, just to give an air of festivity and jollity, what! Never mind, dears, you tried hard, even though you did look anaemic. Curtain.

Well, the set and the costumes were excellent. Roxy Sims was the best of that lot. Go and have a cup of tea; two cups. Feel better then.

As this issue was printed a day earlier than usual, we were unable to include any sporting results.

Evidently too modest to talk of his amazing record, Mr. Barbour directed me to the "Who's Who, South Australia Centenary 1936," where there was a literally overwhelming account of his prowess both scholastic and sporting. Blues to the right of us, Blues to the left of us, wasn't in it, and honors degrees formed no minor portion of the account.

Mr. Barbour—in full, Robert Roy Pitty Barbour—born in Sydney, was educated there and at Toowoomba Grammar School. At the Queensland University he graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1920. But this was not all. It appears that he was a virtual king in the world of sport. He had already mentioned in the personal interview that he played many sports, stringing off the names of several, such as cricket, tennis, hockey, rugby football, lacrosse, and golf, adding that it was a good plan to be in the know with a number, so that when dropped from one team you could fall back on another, but who was to expect such a tornado of achievements to hit him in the eye (the reader's not R.R.P.B.'s)? For he played interstate cricket and tennis for Queensland, gaining a Double Blue for these at the Queensland University, as well as representing the University in rugby football. Then to crown it all, and prove that he was not a one-sided male like Tarzan, he won the Rhodes Scholarship of Queensland for 1920. Horror of horrors, the ignorant will say, to have a man so brilliant amongst us, and not to have fully realised his worth! But the trouble is that his outstanding record does not end here. It has just begun at this juncture and still waxes strong, going from strength to strength.

At Oxford, did he become merely an insignificant student as so many Rhodes Scholars apparently tend to do? No, sir! In 1923 he graduated to an honors degree, Bachelor of Arts. He was a Double Blue, for tennis and lacrosse this time, of the Oxford University. He played cricket for Oxford, and rugby football and hockey for Balliol College.

Back in Australia once more, he was appointed Brice Mackinnon classical master at Geelong Grammar School, Victoria, in 1923. After five years of devoted mastership (can a mastership be devoted?) there, he became master of St. Andrew's College, of the University of Adelaide in 1928, and then lecturer in Ethics at the "Varsity two years later. Apparently this work did not satisfy his craving for toil, so, to fill in his spare time, he wrote "Ethical Theory" and had it published in 1933.

Since coming to the "Varsity he has played an active part in Union affairs, more particularly in the debating

world, and especially since the Student Advisership has come into existence. He was also (prepare yourselves for a string of presidencies, etc.!) president of the Adelaide University Philosophical Society in 1935, president of the Adelaide University Sports Association (who could have filled the position better?) for 1930-31 and 1934-35, and president of the Graduates' Union for 1938-39.

This biographical sketch has come at a specially opportune moment. That the life of the president of the Graduates' Union should be written up just in time for Graduates' Week is, as Mr. Barbour pointed out, a wonderful opportunity for advertisement. Several years ago he made the suggestion of holding a Graduates' Week to keep graduates interested in Union affairs, and has had the running of it since it started three years ago. So, to it, graduates, and play your parts, whatever their character!

At the present time, while Dr. Grenfell Price is abroad, Mr. Barbour is acting master of St. Mark's, and is finding it very pleasant to be back in college atmosphere once more.

Having got all this off our chests, Mr. Barbour will now, in all probability be stormed, not only in his capacity of student adviser, but in that of sports king and honors fiend as well. Warning to Mr. Barbour—beware!

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**Women's Aquinas Society**

The first ordinary meeting of the Women's Aquinas Society was held in the Lady Symon Hall on Tuesday, May 2. Miss Imelda Smith, the president, occupied the chair, while the Society was honored by the presence of Mrs. P. W. Rice, who was the principal speaker of the evening.

There was a considerable amount of general business to be discussed. Further arrangements for the ball on May 12 were made, and it was decided to hold another committee meeting on May 9 to make final preparations. Members of the Society promised the secretary of the Women's National Register to conduct a booth on May 10 for the purpose of enrolling volunteers. The Society also adopted a motion to affiliate with the National Council of Women and to send two delegates to the council.

The president then called upon Mrs. Rice, who needed little introduction, for she has been one of the best friends of the Society since its inception, particularly assisting its work for a Catholic University College in Adelaide.

The subject of the talk was Mrs. Rice's recent visit to California. The audience was particularly interested in the speaker's account of her tour of various Californian universities. It was something of a coincidence that so soon after the departure of the Covent Garden Russian Ballet from Adelaide Mrs. Rice should entertain us by her graphic description of the performance of the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet, which she witnessed at Los Angeles.

At the conclusion of the address Miss Alice Minihan proposed and Miss Betty Tomlinson seconded a vote of thanks to the speaker for her presence at the meeting and her entertaining lecture. Supper was then served, after which those present took part in an amusing contest arranged by the president and secretary. This took the form of a game in which it was necessary to guess the names of various popular songs. At the conclusion prizes were presented to Miss Ann Funder and Miss Jean Gillespie. The meeting then broke up after an interesting and enjoyable evening.

**WEST END  
XXX BITTER BEER**

# ON BOMBING CITIZENS

BY JOHN HORNER

Printed by courtesy of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

When my 18th birthday came along there happened to be a war on, and, having no particular relish for trench warfare at 1/9 a day, I joined the Royal Flying Corps at 23/. After a pleasantly protracted cadetship, spent mostly in large hotels, I was (somewhat cryptically) labelled "specially trained," and sent out as an observer to the Italian front, where my very first job was to sit in the back seat during a bombing raid on a railway dump somewhere in the Trentino.

I don't know whether you, gentle readers, have ever been invited to sit down on a large, live bomb. The sensation is peculiar. When you know that you have beneath your unoffending seat enough TNT to split the T. & G., your mind is apt to envisage certain unpleasant possibilities regarding your own immediate future; and this mental process tends to become accelerated when several batteries of artillery direct their attention and their projectiles towards you and your large bomb with the object of despatching the one or the other (it doesn't matter much to you which); and, when this pastime is indulged in over enemy territory at a considerable height above the earth, on a cold and frosty morning, two fairly definite ideas begin to emerge: (1) that somebody's probably in for it if you do drop your bomb, and (2) that you're probably in for it if you don't. If you've ever seen what happens when an aeroplane lands rather too abruptly with its bombs still aboard, you will understand how one's reluctance to part with one's bombs may not be so compelling as one's reluctance to hang on to them.

I remember that first bombing raid vividly enough, but I won't bother you with the lurid details beyond mentioning that one of our machines went down in a mass of flames and smoke, the observer preferring to step outside owing to the heat and descend independently. In those days, of course, we had no parachutes; they were considered unsporting and likely to interfere in some mysterious way with our efficiency.

You may feel inclined to say: "That's all dead and done with, why dig it up again? You were only just another young idiot doing what you were told. In any case, you didn't aim at innocent women and children." Quite—we didn't aim at women and children, but, on the other hand, we hardly ever hit anything we aimed at. "Even so," you may be kind enough to insist, "that was all in accordance with the rules of war. You were taking what Mr. Chamberlain advocated recently in Spain as 'reasonable care' in disposing of your bombs." Praps we were, but the difference between reasonable care and unreasonable carelessness seems to me to be merely the difference between killing one lot of people instead of another.

In an air raid on Adelaide aimed at destroying (say) the parade ground and drill hall, the city bridge and the railway station—all perfectly legitimate military objectives—a careless, absent-minded bomber might inadvertently wipe out things as far away as Calvary Hospital and the Adelaide Hospital, or even the Adelaide High School and St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral; whereas a decent, conscientious bomber, with a high sense of responsibility and a certificate of character from his Sunday school teacher, exercising Mr. Chamberlain's "reasonable care" might get so close to the target as to wipe out the Children's Hospital, the Memorial Hospital, St. Peter's Girls' School, St. Barnabas' College, St. Peter's Cathedral, St. Mark's College, the Girls' Friendly Society Hostel, Parliament House, Government House, and the Elder Conservatorium of Music. Whether you would prefer a bomber to be careful or careless in a case like that would depend largely on which particular institution you happened to be connected with.

The rules of war seem to me to be as imbecile as war itself. War is simply trial by killing, and it is when the rules of war seek to regulate methods of killing that they become most farcical. If you capture your enemy, hold him down, and deliberate-

ly put out his eyes, hack off his arms and smash his legs to pulp and his body to a jelly, you're liable to be court-martialled and shot for your deplorable lack of restraint; but, if your artillery does exactly the same thing to him at a much greater expense, your methods of killing will be approved by law, and, after all your ghastly slaughtering is finished, your regimental colors will be brought home and hung (quite decoratively but rather incredibly) in the Cathedral!

The difference between the rules of war and those of peace may be illustrated in this way. If I have an argument with a fellow and decide that the quickest way to settle it in my favor is to kill him; and if I don't want to do the killing myself—it's such a messy business—but I employ someone to do it for me; and if I give the killer some money, a good meal (with plenty of alcohol to keep his pecker up) and a good gun (with plenty of ammunition) then I should never for one moment expect a jury of reasonable men to acquit me of the killing if my part in the business was ever found out. In war, however, the people who supply the killers with the money, the food, and the ammunition (without which the killing couldn't be done) regard themselves as immune from punishment or reprisals because they are non-combatants. And because this extraordinary inversion of elementary peace-time justice is being openly laughed at in certain countries, civilian non-combatants are becoming increasingly indignant and alarmed.

I can hear someone asking the horrified question: "Are you, then, in favor of the bombing of innocent women and children?" I'm not in favor of bombing anybody, not even men and boys who have been innocent enough to join the army or the air force. But, if somebody must be bombed (which I don't admit), then I don't see why we shouldn't begin with the armaments manufacturers (most of them civilians) who have actually made money out of the bloody business. And in talking of armaments manufacturers I don't want to join in the usual cheap, middle-headed hullabaloo and make scapegoats of a few well-known (and probably quite amiable) figureheads and directors of the industry, like Zaharof, Vickers, Nobel, Schneider and Krupp; nor even of their thousands of civilian shareholders (be they Jews or Gentiles) who take the profits, nor of the shareholders' civilian wives and children who gladly accept their share of the boodle. Bombs are not made by Mr. Vickers nor by his plutocratic friends and shareholders, whatever Mr. Beverley Nicholls & Co. may say. Bombs are made quite deliberately and enthusiastically in munition factories by hundreds of thousands of civilian employees, who also take their share of the blood-money and pass it on to their civilian wives and children, not to mention their butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers. During the Great War the shell-filling (that is, stuffing the explosive into the shell-cases) was done by girls. Melbourne girls are doing it to-day.

Now, all these people know perfectly well that the bombs which provide them with a living are deliberately intended for killing somebody else; and if these civilians in their hundreds of thousands (or millions) all happened to be in the factory at one moment and were all accidentally blown to pieces by the very bombs which they themselves had patriotically manufactured (for profit) and which they had intended for somebody else, only the horrible grimness of the joke would prevent the rest of us from laughing.

"But," you may say, "I have never manufactured bombs, nor made a penny out of the armaments industry, nor have I ever killed anyone—surely I can claim to be a non-combatant?" Well, that depends on another little matter which you're very apt to overlook, and that is your capacity for paying taxes. With the best will in the world, the armaments people can't afford to give their bombs away like Easter eggs; they must be bought and paid for; and we all know that our governments pay for their bombs

out of war loans. Broadly speaking, in a war you can get as much killing done as you can pay for. If bravery and brains could win a war, the Great War would still be going on; for, as far as we can see, both sides were equally brave and equally brainless. Where we Allies had the advantage was in raising credits, which enabled us deliberately to starve the German civilians (including, of course, their women and children) more effectively than they were able to starve ours. Germans to-day tell us that the German army itself was never really beaten in 1918, although I confess that I have always been under the opposite impression.

Every patriotic civilian who subscribes to a war loan knows perfectly well that he's deliberately helping to make more killing possible, and, according to peace time ideas of justice, he couldn't possibly expect to be relieved of responsibility for it.

"Well then," I hear some young listener say, "that let's me out, because I didn't subscribe to any war loan; in fact, I wasn't born in 1918, and cannot by any stretch of imagination be held responsible for any killing that took place then." Ah! but wait a minute, my belligerent young pacifist, not so hasty. War loans were loans, not gifts. The patriotic citizens who paid for the killing and made the slaughter possible by taking up war stock did so on the understanding that they were to be repaid, some day, and in the meantime were to receive interest which was to come out of taxation, not only in 1918, but in 1939, and for years to come. Those long-dated securities would not have been very secure, and patriotic citizens might have hesitated to take them up, if there had been any suspicion that you peace-loving young Australians of 1939 would refuse to pay your taxes when you realised that you were still paying to have people slaughtered in 1918. But those patriotic civilians of 1918 knew human nature (and their own danger) too well to bother about such doubts. They knew well enough that only a crank here and there might refuse to pay his taxes and prefer to go to prison or take a vow of poverty rather than pay a penny to a Government which would use some of his money for slaughtering people. They knew well enough that most young Australians of 1939,

**ARTS ASSOCIATION**  
TUESDAY, MAY 16, 8 p.m.  
Lady Symon Hall  
Speaker: L. NEWALL.

if they thought about the matter at all, which is very unlikely, would call for a bowl of water, wash their hands symbolically and say, "I am innocent of this blood." And perhaps they are—as innocent as anyone can be who enjoys a victorious and expensive peace.

For my part, as I said, war is simply an insane trial by killing; and during a war and until the war debt is paid off, the responsibility for the killing is shared by every single person in the country; because everyone is bound to be either a soldier who does the killing when he is told to, or a civilian who stays at home and pays (contemporaneously or retrospectively, willingly or unwillingly, it doesn't matter a rap so long as he pays) for the killing to be done.

The only entirely blameless people, so far as I can see, are those too young or too poor to pay taxes. In a free democracy, when you pay your taxes (as you do every time you buy a cigarette, a gallon of petrol, or anything subject to Sales Tax), if you say to yourself, "I don't want any killing done, and if any part of my money is used by the Government for that purpose, it's not my fault," then you're being about as logical as we bombers would have been in declining responsibility for the effect of our bombs. You may not be able to trace the ultimate effect of your own little bit of tax-paying, but neither could we trace the ultimate effect of our bombing (thank God!) or the ultimate source of our salaries, for that matter.

If you aren't prepared to take the consequences of not paying your taxes, then you must take the consequences of paying them.

If you say that you'll only pay for the bombing under protest, then I suppose the bombers can say that they only drop the bombs under protest, which would be merely adding insult to injury.

A civilian who declines responsi-

## IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

I have been troubled recently by rats in the house. Like a true student I set about remedying the trouble in a systematic way. In reading the literature about the destruction of rats, I found described the "Rodier System"—"This consists of catching rats alive, killing the females and liberating the males. The result is that the males fight among themselves for the remaining females, and the females are so much disturbed by the males that they cannot breed."

If this system is sound, it is apparent that we are conducting our wars on entirely unsound principles. Our object clearly should be not to kill off the opposing males, but to preserve them, and direct our attack against the females of the enemy nation. In this way we would not only subdue our enemies, but practically extinguish them, and so guard against future opposition.

The best way of accomplishing this would be a thorough bombardment of enemy cities at a time when the males are out fighting at the battlefield. The battlefield might be neglected, as an immediate victory by the males of the enemy would be of no consequence when ultimate victory against

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Friday, May 19

## WAR AND THE ENGINEER

[This article was volunteered by an engineering student and shows how the State can be better served at home than abroad. It is hoped that members of other faculties will follow his lead, and show why they, too, ought not to be converted into cannon fodder.]

The ways in which engineers can serve their country in time of war, without being front-line fighters, are too numerous to be dealt with in full here, so a few examples will have to suffice.

To begin with, mechanical and electrical engineers are essential in de-

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them has been assured by destruction of their females.

I hope that this serious contribution towards world peace will be enthusiastically taken by the League of Nations and by our own Defence Department.

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bility for the ultimate effect of his tax-paying has something in common with a malaria mosquito who is indifferent to the ultimate effect of his bites. Both are asking for trouble, both are carelessly wielding powers of life and death over others, and both are liable to wake up some day and find that they've been carefully exterminated by some intelligent student of cause and effect.

Bombing is such an expensive method of slaughter that it cannot possibly be resorted to unless civilians pay for it.

The only sure way to stop bombing (it seems to me) is for civilians to stop paying for the making of bombs. All bombing, including the bombing of "innocent" civilians, must cease completely when all civilians become innocent of the making of bombs. Whether civilians are to be ruthlessly slaughtered in future, therefore, depends not upon Mr. Vickers; not upon his shareholders or employees; not even upon the airman who gets a medal if he obeys orders and a firing squad if he doesn't. Appropriately enough, the ultimate responsibility, menaced and bewildered taxpayer, falls upon you! Can you take it?

Good-night, civilians; pleasant dreams!

## CHARMING'S SPORTS DEPOT

(E. A. Long—Noel Woollacott)

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signing and controlling industrial plants, and, in time of war, some of such plans will almost certainly have to be converted or enlarged for manufacture of munitions and war-like materials, and new ones built, and, although women may be, and certainly are, trained for manipulation of machines in a factory, a highly competent staff of specialised engineers is still required to look after its smooth running.

In time of war, it might be argued, all civil building construction would be cut to a minimum, thus setting free large numbers of civil and railway engineers to join the army. But then, think again, how many civil engineers are there amongst our population? Are they so numerous that any can be spared from the tasks of building new railways, roads, and bridges which will most certainly be needed in the fighting zone?

In fact, is there any branch of engineering whose members are so numerous that any can be spared for front-line slaughter?

Now turn to the mining engineers. In wartime, every mine belonging to combating countries will be taxed to its utmost in producing enough raw materials, iron, coal, aluminium, asbestos, copper, and hosts of others, not to mention oil, lack of which in itself would be sufficient to cripple the countries concerned.

But, you may ask, what about the field engineers in the army? Don't we need engineers for that corps? Granted! We do! But only a limited number of fully accredited engineers to do the designing of bridges, earthworks, etc., is required. The ranks of the field engineers have the status of skilled laborers, none of whom need be accredited engineers.

It takes only a comparatively short while to train a soldier to the point where he can be used in warfare, but it takes at least four years to train the indispensable engineer, so let him not be wasted as one of tens of thousands in the army when he will be infinitely more useful as one of the few hundred engineers.

**ROUND ABOUT**

Quite the most startling thing to be seen this week was a certain orange pullover, sported by a young Med., completed with moustache. The artist, not content with this vivid hue, had adorned the bosom with a raging dragon in a very Irish green.

Talking about young students, one was heard the other day to remark contentedly, "Every inch a man," as he puffed at his pipe with some courage. This illusion seems to be cherished by many of our more youthful undergrads.

The plans for the debating tour this month are disclosed. Country students note, in case you have a spare bed to offer our most celebrated talkers. They will debate at Riverton on the Saturday, then at Kadina on Monday, Port Pirie on Tuesday, Clare on Wednesday, and at Roseworthy on Thursday.

Did you observe and appreciate the sporting spirit of Messrs. Parkhouse and Roberts at the men's sports last week? Besides having apparently entered for everything, even the extremely high jump, they did a Good Samaritan, boy scout act along the tedious track to the winning post in the Mile Handicap event. For the benefit of our feminine readers, both competitors wore black and white, the outstanding note being Mr. Parkhouse's black socks and twinkling white shoes.

If ever you feel particularly tired of life (and can take it), go to a meeting of the Swing Club. There you may jitter, or jitterbug, or whatever the verb is, to your heart's content, because everybody does it. (You may take your knitting.) Last week Mr. Colin Thompson gave a particularly good selection. Watch the noticeboard if you are interested.

Whilst on the subject of jitterbugs, have you ever been near the Refectory at about morning-tea time? (Doubtless). Anyway, those who are keen may be entertained in a delightful way by one of our several super pianists, generally Mr. Rosie Lower, who is most generous with his gift or curse as the case may be. Some people have been heard to complain—but a small minority—and we may dump them as tin-ears or ickies, and leave them to it.

There is a new crop of rumors about the establishment of a women's college. Best wishes the busy schemers.

**PLAY THE GAME, CADS**

Until about 1909 there was no grandstand at the ground used by the Sports Association. In that year thirteen persons, the Rt. Hon. Sir S. J. Way, Bart., Chancellor, C. H. Angus, T. E. Barr Smith, B. Barr Smith, F. J. Fisher, C. H. Goode, John Gordon, R. T. Melrose, A. J. Murray, G. J. R. Murray, K.C., S. S. Ralli, T. R. Scarfe, and Sir E. Shackleton, C.V.O., each donated £100 for the erection of the pavilion "for the encouragement of sport within the University of Adelaide." This very generous act is commemorated by a plaque fixed in the centre of the back wall of that pavilion, which was sixty feet in length.

Last year the University Council was forced, unfortunately for the Sports Association, to pull down the pavilion on the Jubilee Oval in preparation for a new building which is shortly to be erected there. As the Council had been good enough to allow the association the use of the pavilion along with the Jubilee Oval the association was immediately faced with a shortage of changing room. A select committee went into the matter and it was decided to lengthen the original pavilion by 40 ft. This addition was to be two-storey so that all visitors would change upstairs instead of in the boatshed as previously, and the

additional space below to be used by members of the association, relieving some of the congestion in the other rooms.

This work has been carried out at a cost of a little over £1,100. The association's next problem was the financing of the building, which was considered too great to be met out of the capital of the association. The University Council was approached, and again very generously came to the aid of the association in allowing us to make an appeal to our friends, which the Council will subsidise £1 for £1 up to £250.

In 1927, when the Union Building was being seriously considered, undergraduates, many of whom might never see it completed during their years at the University, promised various amounts for the building before it was even commenced. Here we have a building already completed, so surely you undergraduates who are using it and will do so for the next few years will help the association either by small donations yourselves or by approaching friends who are interested in the doings of the association.

Last year Old Blues donated the very fine clock which now adorns the pavilion, so surely it is up to us, the undergraduates, to help with the additions to the pavilion.

**LUNCH-TIME ENLIGHTENMENT**

Some twenty-five people, armed with receptive minds, and a few of the more industrious with knitting, visited the Conservatorium for the lunch hour gramophone recital on Monday.

A modern German string quartet was the main feature. The passivity of the reception of this Hindemith string quartet (No. 2, in F major) seems to indicate that very little enthusiasm is felt here for modern music of that type.

Indeed, the commentary accompanying the presentation seemed to bear this out. "I don't suppose any of you noticed that that was supposed to be a fugue," said the commentator (after the movement had been played). If that fact had not been noticed, an opportunity to feel for its presence was irrevocably gone.

It seems that the chance of making something vital and worth-while from these recitals is being lost because of their organisation. The commentary is negligible, and discussion on the music non-existent. The fault lies with both organisers and audience.

The first fault is easily rectified. Support for this activity will be strengthened if commentators do not presuppose extensive musical knowledge, but provoke the listener to attention and interest. That will be half the battle for a growing audience.

All perceptive faculties are not alike. The poet and painter finds great discipline necessary to appreciate music, whereas such discipline is non-existent in his own art. These concerts should help the layman by presuggesting what his attention is to look for—to provoke interest, in short.

"Others, including pensioners, retired, etc." According to the position and activity of the student. We hope that this will simplify the matter for those in perplexity.

**OUR MANPOWER**

The form of our national questionnaire has at last been revealed. As it stands it is going to cause some perplexity to University students, as they don't appear to come under any classification. We would advise them to overcome the difficulty in the following way.

Question 7 reads: "If blind, deaf, dumb, crippled, or otherwise maimed, state nature of disability." This should be answered "Student."

Question 9, concerning "grade of occupation" should be answered as under: 9 (b), i.e., "Working on own account, but not employing labor." 9 (c) "Employee (including apprentices but not sustenance or relief workers)." 9 (d) "Unemployed," or 9 (e)

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**DURING THE VAC.**

To the secretaries of the various sports clubs:

An issue of "On Dit" will come out on the first Tuesday of next term. As sports will be continuing as usual over the vac., there will be a great deal to report by then and we are going to allow two pages in that issue for sports notes.

When you send in your reports (before 10.30 a.m. on the first Monday of term) would you please write up the matches for three Saturdays. If there have been inter-Varsity matches, reports on those will certainly be printed.

If there is any copy that could come in before that Monday morning, the Sports Editor would be very grateful if you passed it in as soon as possible.

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