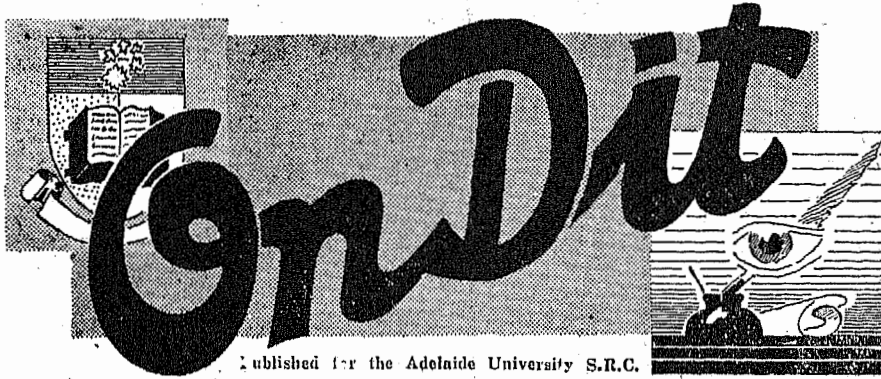


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Vol. 17, No. 18

MONDAY, AUGUST 8, 1949

8 PAGES—ONE PENNY

P-DAY SPECIAL



UNIVERSITY girls kick out at the Women's Union Revue. (Top, left to right)—Dorothy Proudman, Margaret Blackburn, Rosemary Burden, Barbara Kidman, Anne Whittington, Judith Wood, Helen Northey, Pat Gross. Centre—Jocelyn Willaston, Dorothy O'Neill, Joan Bakewell, Gill Ross, Petrea Fromen, Maureen McKay, Anne Fullerton. Below—Judith Mulner, Rosemary Burden (Lady Bumleigh), Nannette Gilbertson (Whisky), and Carol Wills.



CAN YOU BILLET AN ACTOR

THE Drama Festival Organising Committee has been forced to advertise for billets. Only 25 were needed from more than 1,000 full-time students—and 10 have been promised!

Members of the Student Theatre Group, Footlights Club, and A.T.C. Literary,

Dramatic, and Debating Society are invited to billet members of interstate casts. Contact Miss Virginia Hayward, c/o S.R.C. Office.

The Sydney cast will arrive in a week, followed by Melbourne, Queensland, and Tasmania.

Plays to be presented in order of appearance are: Saturday, August 13, Adelaide: "The Proposal," curtain opener of "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." Tuesday, August 16, Sydney: "The Exiles." Thursday, August 18, Brisbane: "The Glass Menagerie." Saturday, August 20, Melbourne: "Angel Street" and

Tuesday, August 23, Hobart: "Lovers' Leap."

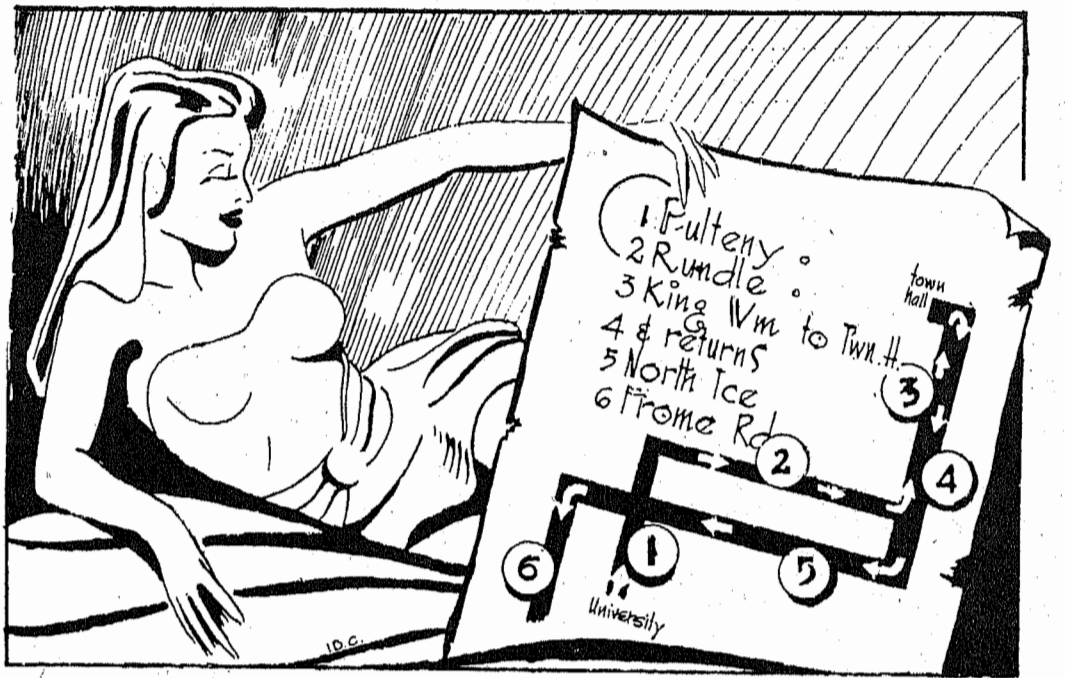
Box plans are open at Cawthorne's, price 3/-, 4/6 and season tickets (4/6 seats), 17/6.

Lift-Out Song Sheet

The "Song Sheet" in the middle two pages is meant to be lifted out, folded down the middle, and the pages cut across the top, thus giving an eight-page booklet.

SCENES from "A Doctor in Spite of Himself," the Adelaide contribution to Drama Festival. Top—Sganarelle (Frank Zeppell). Middle—Geronte (O'dell Crowther) with Lucinda (Doreen Maund). Bottom—Lucas (Robert Reed), Sganarelle, Valere (Brian Bergin).

HERE IT IS, CHAPS!



PROCESS. ORDERS

What's On

EXHIBITION: Collection of Contemporary Indian Paintings on loan to University Gallery from Miss Beatrice Ternan. George Murray Library. Now till end of term.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8:
1.10 p.m.—Meeting of Miss University Entrants. S.R.C. Office.

5 p.m.—Closing time for Miss University W.S.R. Contributions. S.R.C. office.

1.20 p.m.—Procession meeting, George Murray Lounge.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9:

1.20 p.m.—Films—"Football Coaching," Room 110, Mech. Eng. Building. Soccer Club. all welcome.

1.20 p.m.—Liberal Union Debate: "That the Aborigines Should Have the Same Citizen Rights as the Whites." George Murray Lounge.

1.20 p.m.—S.R.C. Talk by Prof. Carleton Washburne (U.S.A.) (International President of New Education Fellowship) and Mr. James Hemmings (U.K.).

2.30 p.m.—Judging of Miss University Entrants. Blue Room, South Australian Hotel.

7.30 p.m.—Regimental Parade of A.U.R. at R.H.Q., Physics building.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10:
1 p.m.—Procession leaves from front of Physics Building.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11:
1.20 p.m.—Liberal Union, Public meeting, Lady Symon Hall.

1.20 p.m.—Luncheon Lecture. George Murray Gallery. "What is the Good of Art?" Mr. Esmond George.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12:
1.20 p.m.—S.R.C. Inter-Student political debate.

1.20 p.m.—Pennant Tennis Club, A.G.M. George Murray Lounge.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13:
8-12 mid.—Aquinas Society. End of Term Ball. Admission 5/-. Refectory.

8-12 mid.—Music Faculty Ball. Elder Hall. Tickets 5/-.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13, TO THURSDAY, AUG. 18:

9 a.m.—E.U. House Party, Mylor Hostel. Buses leave 61 Flinders Street. Application forms from members. Return by bus at 5 p.m. Thursday.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15, TO THURSDAY, AUG. 18:
S.C.M. Conference at Belair. Subject: "God Active in the World."

PROCESSION day programme is as follows:—

10 a.m.: Start preparing floats early.

1 p.m.: Judging of floats commences.

1.15 p.m.: Procession moves off.

2.15 p.m. (approx.): Procession returns to Refectory. Presentation of best float prize (£3 3/-). Song practice begins.

2.45 p.m.: Parade of Miss University Finalists.

2.50 p.m.: Parade of Most Beautiful Female Impersonator contestant. Prize (£1/1/-), awarded by Miss University Finalists.

3 p.m.: First heats of Inter-Faculty Drinking Horn.

3.10 p.m.: Song practice continued, interspersed with talks on Moral Disarmament and diverse subjects.

3.30 p.m.: Flour fight. Eng. v. Meds.

4 p.m.: Final heats of Inter-Faculty Drinking Horn.

8 p.m.: Dance, run by Footlights Club, George Murray Hall.

ORDERS OF THE DAY

Float directors are asked to see that their transport enters Varsity through Kintore Avenue entrance only and then proceeds to its correct position in assembly area.

It is emphasised that any advertising, as occurred last year, will be immediately withdrawn from the procession.

S.R.C. GENERAL ELECTIONS

In accordance with the Regulation of Elections, I hereby inform intending candidates that elections of Faculty Representatives for the S.R.C. 1950 will take place on days to be fixed in the week commencing September 19, and that elections of Men's General Representatives will take place on days to be fixed in the week commencing October 3.

Further details will be published later.

K. T. HAMILTON,
Chief Returning Officer.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15:

6.30-8.30 p.m.—Rugby Club Sherry Party. George Murray Hall.

8.30-12 mid.—Rugby Club Dance. Refectory.

INTERVARSITY RUGBY:

Mon., August 15, 1.15 p.m. Adelaide v. Melbourne; 3.00 p.m., Hobart v. Queensland.

Tues., 16th—Hobart v. Melbourne; Perth v. Sydney.

Wed., 17th—Perth v. Brisbane; Adelaide v. Sydney.

Thurs., 18th—Hobart v. Melbourne; Sydney v. Brisbane.

Fri., 19th—11.00 a.m., Perth v. Adelaide. Sat., 20th—S.A. v. Combined Varsities.

All floats should be ready for the judges' inspection at 1 p.m. sharp.

The procession will move off at 1.15 p.m.

The £3/3/- Best Float prize will then be presented on the Refectory lawn, after which song practice will begin—using "On Dit's" special Song Sheet.

Faculty teams are still required for the Inter-Faculty Drinking Horn Competition.

Idea of the competition is to line up two teams (of six men each) across a table, at which they are seated. Each man has a schooner (full) in front of him. The International Rules of this Drinking Horn proclaim that at the commencement every man shall have his chin and elbows on the table.

On the word "go," the first man in each team raises himself and his glass and drains away. Immediately he slams his glass (empty) down, the next man can start, and so on. The quickest team wins the heat and passes on (or out) to the finals.

The flour fight between the traditional enemies, Engineers and Medicine, is all set to be staged on the waste ground between the Maths. building and Frome Road.

Cough Up!

Cash collected by Canvassers and Lecture Collectors may be handed in to the S.R.C. Office at any time.

The Treasurer will be there in person 1.30-2 p.m., on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

GET IT OFF YOUR MIND

The incumbents of pulpits perch.

Have no reason at all to be sad ones:

Many good people favor Churches

And—without exception —ALL bad ones!

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KA-FOOZLE-UM

In ancient days there liv'd a Turk,
A horrid beast, far in the East,
Who did the Prophet's holy work,
As Babah of Jerusalem.
He had a daughter, sweet and smirky,
Complexion fair and dark blue hair,
With nought about her like a Turk,
Except the name Ka-foozle-um!

CHORUS:

Oh! Ka-foozle-um, Ka-foozle-um, Ka-foozle-um,
Oh! Ka-foozle-um, the daughter of the Babah.

A youth resided near to she,
His name was Sam, a perfect lamb;
He was of ancient pedigree,
And came from old Methusalem.
He drove a trade, and prosper'd well,
In skins of cats and ancient hats,
And ringing at the Babah's bell,
He saw and lov'd Ka-foozle-um.

If Sam had been a Mussulman,
He might have sold the Babah old,
And with a verse of Alcoran,
Have managed to bamboozle him;
But, oh dear, no! he tried to scheme,
Passed one night late the area gate,
And stole up to the Turk's harem,
To carry off Ka-foozle-um.

The Babah was about to smoke—
His slaves rush'd in with horrid din—
"Mashallah! dogs your house have broke;
Come down, my lord, and toozle 'em!"
The Babah wreath'd his face in smiles,
Came down the stairs and witness'd there
The gentleman in three old tiles,
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um.

The pious Babah said no more
Than twenty prayers, but went upstairs,
And took a bow string from a drawer
And came back to Ka-foozle-um.
The maiden and the youth he took
And choked 'em both, and, little loth,
Together pitched 'em in the brook
Of Kedron, near Jerusalem.

And still, the ancient legend goes,
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the Eastern moonlight throws
A shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats
A sound there falls from ruined walls—
A ghost is seen with three old hats
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um.



"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—8

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.

CHORUS:

For tonight we'll merry, merry, be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry, be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry, be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man that drinks good whisky punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

THIS OLD-TIME RELIGION

It is good for the mourner,
It is good for the mourner,
It is good for the mourner,
It is good enough for me.

CHORUS:

Oh! this old time religion,
This old time religion,
This old time religion,
It is good enough for me.

It will take you home to heav'n,
It will take you home to heav'n,
It will take you home to heav'n,
It is good enough for me.

LILLIBURLERO

Ho! brother Teague dost hear de decree,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero,
Lilliburlero bullen a la.

ULSTERMAN'S BATTLE CRY

I'm up to my neck in Irish blood,
I'm up to my ears in slaughter;
Oh, didn't we give the Paddies hell,
At the Battle of Boyne Water.

THE KEEL ROW

As I came down the Canongate, the Canongate, the
Canongate,
As I came down the Canongate, I heard a lassie sing.

CHORUS:

O merry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
O merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in.
Merry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
O merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
A snow white rose upon it, a dimple in his chin.



"ON DIT" SPECIAL

MONDAY, AUGUST 8, 1949

8 PAGES

GAUDEAMUS

Gaudeamus igitur,
Iuvenes dum sumus,
Post iocundam iuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus. (TWICE)

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere? (TWICE)
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi iam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finiatur; (TWICE)
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Menini parcetur.

Vivat Academia!
Vivant Professores! (TWICE)
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivat membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore!

Vivat omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae! (TWICE)
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles,
Bona, laboriosae!

Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit! (TWICE)
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas,
Quae nos his protegit!

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osiores. (TWICE)
Pereat diabolus
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores!



BOTANY BAY

Farewell to Old England for ever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
Where I used to cut such a swell.

CHORUS:

Sing tooral, lioral, liaditty,
Singing tooral, lioral liay,
Singing tooral, lioral, liaditty,
Singing tooral, lioral, liay.

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew.
There's the 1st and the 2nd class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

Taint leaving Old England we cares about,
Taint 'cos we misspells wot we knows,
But becos all we light fingered gentry,
Hops around with a log on our toes.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove!
I'd soar on my pinions so high;
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say:
Mind all is your own as you touchesses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us.
And so say all of us.

We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
Till daylight doth appear!
Till daylight doth appear!

The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see!
And all that he could see
Was the other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
Was all that he could see!

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

Rejoice and be gay,
For the springtime has come,
You can lay down your shovels,
And go on the bum.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

Oh, I love my boss,
He's a good friend of mine,
And that's why I'm starving
Out on the bread line.

The springtime has come,
And I'm just out of jail,
Without any money,
Without any bail.

Oh, why can't you work
As the other fellows do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do.

Oh, why don't you pray
For your daily bread?
If that's all I did
I would damn soon be dead.

Oh, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
Well, if I didn't eat
I'd have money to burn.

I went to a house
And I knocked at the door,
But the lady said "Bum, bum
You've been here before."

I can't buy a job,
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car,
For I'm a hobo.

I went to a house,
And I asked for some bread,
But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
The baker is dead."

I like our gov.,
They're great friends of mine,
And that's why I'm hiking
Down their railway's main line.

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us sixpence
For Christ's sake, Amen.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run!
They all run after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did ever you see such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice?

"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—2

THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grand-sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS:

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathed.
March on, march on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and pow'r unbounded,
To mete and vent the light and air,
To mete and vent the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty; can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life's blood dyed its every fold.

CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its color now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

Have U been to the last 2? Then ask someone who has

SEPTEMBER 17

S.C.M. BALL

4/6.

SUPER SUPPER

WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;
St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his colors can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure, Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But 'twil take foot and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color that I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old isle will part;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall never more be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND

All in a wood there grew a tree,
The finest tree you ever did see,
The tree was in the wood,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green grass grew all around, my boys,
And the green grass grew all around.

And on the tree there grew a limb,
The finest limb you ever did see.
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
(etc.)

And on the limb there grew a branch,
And on the branch there was a nest,
And in the nest there was an egg,
And in the egg there was a yolk,
And in the yolk there was a bird,
And on the bird there was a wing,
And on the wing there was a feather, etc.

COME TO THE ST. MARK'S/ST. ANN'S

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AT ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, NORTH ADELAIDE

Admission, 5/- (after that everything is free!) In aid of W.S.R.

COCAINE BILL AND MORPHINE SUE

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue, were walking down the avenue,
Honey, have a (sniff) have a (sniff) with me, honey have a (sniff) with me:
They went up from Broadway up to Maine, to see if they could get cocaine.
The drug store it was painted green, the sign outside said no morphine.
They went from Maine to Buffalo, to see if they could get some snow.
When I die paint my tombstone green, for that's the sign of a morphine fiend.
Now in the graveyard on the hill, lies the body of Cocaine Bill.
And in the coffin by his side, lies the body of his cocaine bride.
Now this story only goes to show, there ain't no sense in sniffin' snow.

JENNY JONES

We come to see Miss Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones,
We come to see Miss Jenny Jones,
How is she to-day?

She's washing,
She's ironing,
She's sweeping,

We're right glad to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're right glad to hear it,
And how is she to-day?

She's sick,
She's dead.

We're right sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're right sorry to hear it,
And how is she to-day?

AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die, don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;
Put a bottle o' booze
At my head and my feet,
And then I know my bones will keep.

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"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—7

WILD COLONIAL BOY

'Tis of a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

CHORUS:

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die,
We'll wander over valleys and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear,
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach and robbed Judge MacEvoy.
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the judge good morning, and told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square;
And never rob a mother of her only son and joy,
Or else he might turn outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant, laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy—
They thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring young highway-man!"
He drew a pistol from his belt and shook the little toy.
"I'll fight but not surrender!" said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at Fitzroy.
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

ARE YOU SLEEPING?

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?
Broth-er John, Broth-er John,
Morn-ing bells are ring-ing,
Morn-ing bells are ring-ing
Ding, ding, dong,
Ding, ding, dong.

CHAIRS TO MEND

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
Rush of cane bottom, old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend.
New Mack-er-el, new mack-er-el,
New Mack-er-el, new mack-er-el,
Old rags, any old rags?
Take money for your old rags?
Any hare skins, or rah-bit skins?

"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—6

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES—OH!

I'll sing one—oh,
Green grow the rushes—oh.
What is your one—oh,
One is one and all alone and ever more will be so.

Two—oh,
Two—two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green—oh.

Three—oh,
Three three the Rivals.

Four—oh!
Four for the Gospel-makers.

Five—oh,
Five for the symbols at your door.

Six—oh,
Six for the six proud walkers.

Seven—oh,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.

Eight—oh,
Eight for the April rains (alt. showers).

Nine—oh,
Nine for the Nine Bright Shiners.

Ten—oh,
Ten for the Ten Commandments.

Eleven—oh,
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven.

Twelve—oh,
Twelve for the Twelve Apostles.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentile Alouette,
Alouette, Je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
Et la Tete,
Et la tete, Oh.

1. Je te plumerai le bec,
2. Je te plumerai le nez,
3. Je te plumerai le dos,
4. Je te plumerai les pattes,
5. Je te plumerai le cou,
et les pattes,
et les dos,
et le nez, etc.
6. Je te plumerai le cou,
et les pattes,
et les dos,
et le nez, etc.

Pretty skylark, pretty little skylark,
Pretty skylark I shall pluck you now.
Yes, I mean to pluck your head,
Yes, I mean to pluck your head,
And your head, Oh.

2. Yes I mean to pluck your beak,
3. Yes I mean to pluck your nose,
4. Yes I mean to pluck your back,
5. Yes I mean to pluck your feet,
and your feet,
and our back,
and your nose, etc.
6. Yes I mean to pluck your neck,
and your feet,
and our back,
and your nose, etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS—The illustrations in the song supplement were drawn specially for "On Dit" by architectural students Ian Campbell and Don Thompson. Title illustration was by Ian Campbell.

HARRY

Harry was a Bolshie, one of Lenin's lads,
Till he was foully done to death by counter-revolutionary cads.

That's all right, said Harry, my spirit shall not die,
I'll go and do some party work in the land beyond the sky.

He went up to the Pearly Gates, to the keeper of the keys,
I want to speak to Comrade God, it's Harry Pollitt, please.

Who are you, said Peter, are you humble and contrite?
I'm a friend of Lady Astor's. That's O.K. Then you're alright.

They put him in a nightie, put a harp into his hand,
And he played the International in the Hallelujah Band.

They put him in the choir, the hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels, and he brought them out on strike.

One day when God was walking in Heaven to meditate,
Whom should he see but Harry chalking slogans on the Gate.

They brought him up on trial, before the Holy Ghost,
For spreading disaffection among the Heavenly Host.

The verdict it was guilty. O.K., said Harry, swell;
And he tucked his nightie round his knees and floated down to Hell.

Seven long years have passed, now Harry's doing swell.
He's just been made first People's Commissar of Soviet Hell!

SAMBO

Sambo was a nigger coon,
He wouldn't work in the afternoon,
Too jolly lazy was he,
Too jolly lazy was he.

Off into the woods he'd creep,
Just to have a jolly good sleep,
Under a tree,
When along came a bee,
This was its song,
Buzz-buzz, buzz-buzz.

"Oh, go away you bumble-bee,
I ain't no rose.
I ain't no prairie flower,
Get off my ruddy nose.
Get off my nasal organ,
You can't stay there.
If you want some fun,
You can try my 'thumb,'
But you won't find honey there."

JUST FOR THE RIDE

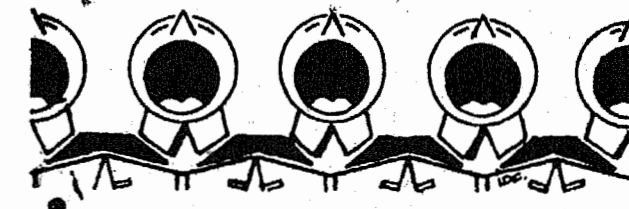
He sat by the window and smoked his cigar,
She sat by the window and played her guitar,
He said that he loved her, and O how he lied,
She said that she loved him and she did not lie,
She got consumption and boo-hoo she died,
He went to the funeral just for the ride,
He sat on the tombstone and laughed till he cried,
He caught pneumonia and, whacko, he died;
She went to heaven and flip-flop she flyed,
He went to Hades and frizzled and fried,
The moral of the song is don't smoke cigars.

SCOTS WHA' HAE

Scots, wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slaverie!

Wha' would be a traitor knave?
Wha' would fill a coward's grave?
Wha' sae base as be a slave?
See him turn and flee!
Wha' for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand, and freeman fa'
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Let us do or dee!



ONE MORE RIVER

The animals came in two by two,
Vive la compagnie the centipede with the kangaroo,
Vive la compagnie!
One more river, and that's the river of Jordan,
One more river,
There's one more river to cross.

The animals came in three by three,
Vive la compagnie.
The elephant on the back of the flea,
Vive la compagnie.
One more river, etc.

The animals came in four by four, etc.,
The camel, he got stuck in the door.
Some were dead and some were alive.
The monkey he was up to his tricks.
Some went to Hell, and some went to Heaven.
The worm was early, the bird was late.
Some had water and some had wine.
If you want any more you must sing it again.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep;
May angels a-round you their si-lent watch keep,
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise,
Wise, healthy and wealthy.

"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—3

'VARSITY ENGINEER

CHORUS:

I'm a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva an engineer,
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva an engineer,
Like every honest greaser, I likes me lager beer.
I'm a rambling wreck of poverty, I'm a 'Varsity Engineer.

Oh! one day a lighthouse keeper was looking out to sea,
He gave a yell and he cried, "Oh, Hell! a ship in distress
I see,"
But the captain of that gallant crew knew he had nought
to fear,
For the man below in the engine-room was a 'Varsity
Engineer.

I'm a helluva, etc.

Oh! we work away and slave all day upon the road to
Hell,
We blast the hills to smithereens with dynamite and gel,
We find our Eldorado and have our pot of beer,
And when we're broke we tell the joke to a 'Varsity
Engineer.

I'm a helluva, etc.

Oh! we run the sewer system and the Tramways Trust
as well,
And many of us who've left this earth are firing down in
hell.
We write our name in scrolls of fame for many and
many a year,
And still we'll sing the song about the 'Varsity Engineer.

I'm a helluva, etc.

And so wherever you may roam, on land or sky or sea,
You'll find a 'Varsity Engineer wherever you may be,
And when you've left this mortal earth to singe for ever
more,
You'll hear the 'Varsity Greasers sing the songs they sang
before.

I'm a helluva, etc.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Around her waist, she wore a purple girdle;
She wore it in the Springtime and in the month of May;
And when they asked her why, oh! why the heck she wore
it?

She wore it for a soldier, who was far, far away.

CHORUS:

Far away, far away, far away, far away,
She wore it for a soldier who was far, far away.

Around her leg she wore a purple garter
(Repeat last three lines of first verse).

Around the park she pushed a perambulator.
(As in No. 1).

Beneath the stairs her father kept a shotgun.
(Still the same as No. 1).

Upon a grave she's planting purple flowers.
(Same for two lines only).
She plants them for a soldier who is six feet below.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Look out, look out!
Fire, fire, fire, fire!
Pour on water, pour on water.

"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—4

A SONG FOR ENGINEERS

Long years ago to Creswell Park
Came Julius, alias Caesar,
At Morphett Bridge he breached his bark
And climbed a lofty tree, Sir.
"Dear, Dear," quoth he, "no road I see,
Fall in the Engineers, Sir,
Review, survey, mark out and lay
A road from hence to here, Sir."

CHORUS:

For it is now as it was then
The Engineers they knew things,
They are the Big, Strong, Silent men
Who do not talk but do things.

In days of yore, the Western Shore
Was rude to King Canute, Sir
It rolled its waters to his feet
And wetted his best boot, Sir,
"This is," said he, "too much for me,
Fall in the Engineers, Sir,
Surround this shore, both aft and fore
With docks, and quays and piers, Sir."

The Captains and the Kings depart.
As Rudyard once did note, Sir,
By barge and 'bus, by road and rail,
By motor and by boat, Sir,
By whatsoever mode they cross,
Sea, Land or atmosphere, Sir,
They cannot move a yard without
The lusty Engineering, Sir.

THE DYING STOCKMAN

A strapping young stockman lay dying,
His saddle supporting his head;
His two mates beside him were crying,
As he rose on his elbow and said:

CHORUS:

"Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows won't molest me,
In the shade where the coolibahs grow.

"Oh! had I the flight of the bronzewing,
Far over the plains I would fly,
Straight to the home of my childhood,
And there I would lie down and die.

"Then cut down a couple of saplings,
Place one at my head and my toe;
Carve on them Cross, stockwhip and saddle,
To show there's a stockman below."

CHORUS:

Wrapt up with his stockwhip and blanket,
Buried deep, he is sleeping below,
Where the dingoes and crows won't molest him,
In the shade where the coolibahs grow.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY AQUINAS SOCIETY

END-OF-TERM BALL

UNIVERSITY REFECTORY
SATURDAY, AUGUST 13

Dancing, 8 - 12

Admission: FIVE SHILLINGS. Payable at Entrance.
TABLE BOOKINGS AT UNION OFFICE

ABDUL

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah,
Was Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.
When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or to shout "Attaboy" in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they always sent out
For Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Now the heroes were plenty, and well known to fame,
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
But of all the most daring of fame or of name
Was Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.
He could imitate Irving, play euchre and pool,
Or perform on the Spanish guitar,
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.
"Young man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career,
For vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.



"Oh, take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regards to the Czar,
For by this I imply, that you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."
Then Abdul the brute drew his trusty skabuke,
With a cry of "Allah Akbar!"
With murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow light;
The din, it was heard from afar;
And the multitude came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.
As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
In fact, he was shouting "Huzzar!"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuk
Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The Sultan rode by in his red-breasted fly
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only got there to hear the last prayer
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.
Czar Petravich II in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in his new crested car;
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The tomb's shadows rose where the blue Volga flows,
Engraved there in characters clear,
"Oh stranger when passing pray for the soul
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."
A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
'Neath the light of the cold polar star,
And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps
Is "Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's whim;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame;
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,
In the park and all so gay:
All the nibs and nobby persons
Come to pass the time of day.

See the old world village
Where her parents live,
Drinking the champagne she sends them;
But they can never forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters,
Like a bird with a broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in the splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says: "Farewell, blighted love."
There's a scream, a splash—good heavens,
What she a-doing of?

When they drag her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang.
For they thought that she was drowned;
But the corpse got up and sang:

"It's the same the whole world over;
It's the poor that gets the blame,
It's the rich that gets the pleasure.
Isn't it a bloomin' shame?"

ON ILKA MOOR BAHT 'AT

Where 'as tha been sin ah saw thee?
On ILKA MOOR BAHT 'AT
Where 'as tha been sin ah saw thee?
Where 'as tha been sin ah saw thee?
ON ILKA MOOR BAHT 'AT.
ON ILKA MOOR BAHT 'AT.
ON ILKA MOOR BAHT 'AT.
Tha's been a-coortin' Mary Jane.
Tha'll go and get thy deearth of cowl.
Then we shall have to bury thee.
Then t' worms'll come and eat thee oop.
Then ducks'll come and eat oop t' worms.
Then we shall go and eat oop ducks.
Then we shall all 'av etten thee.
That's wheer we gets our oahn back.

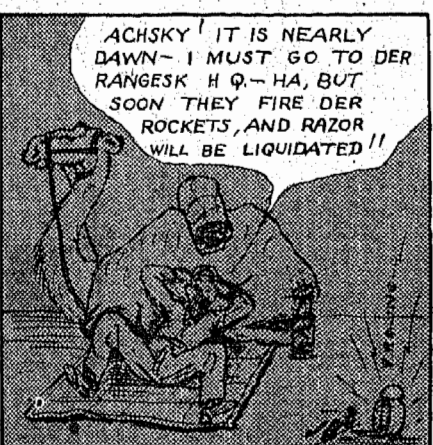
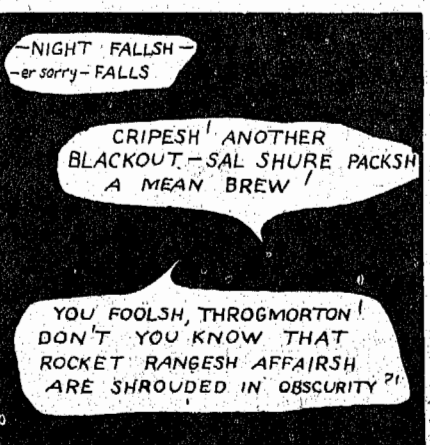
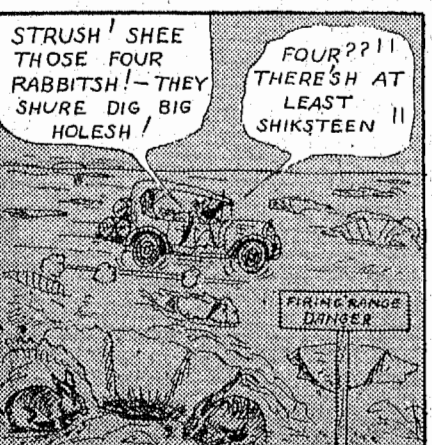
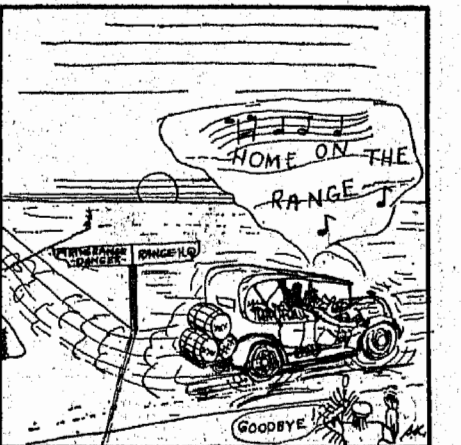
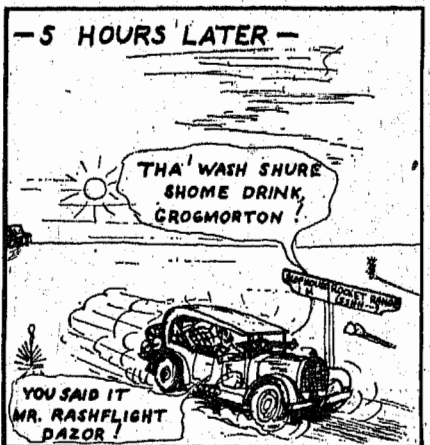
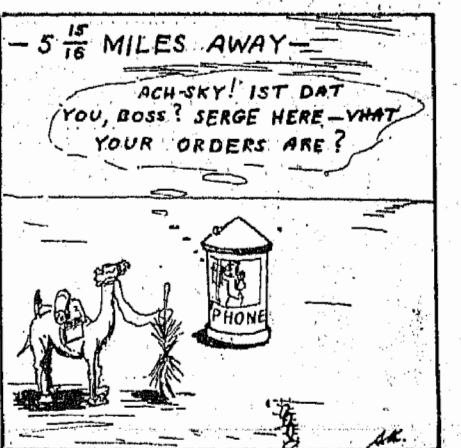
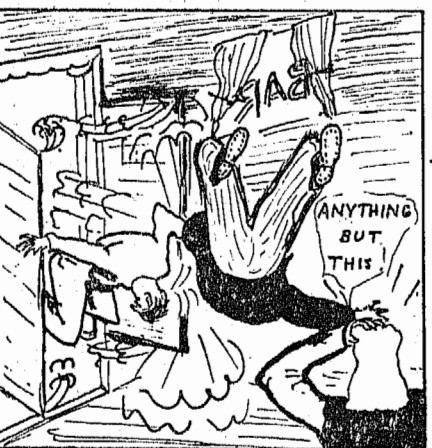
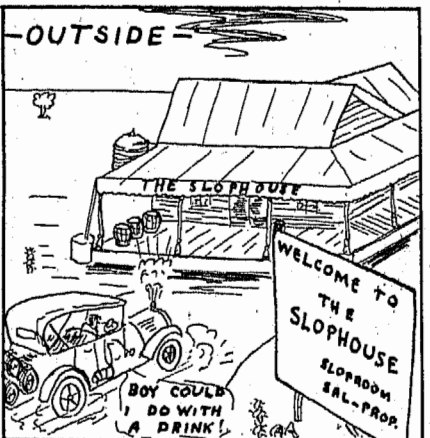
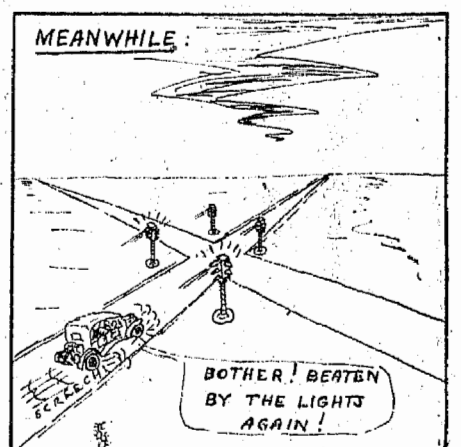
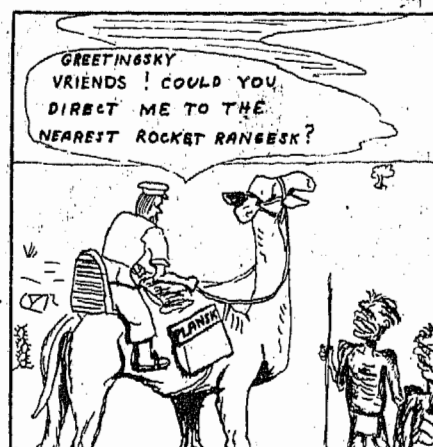
LET'S HAVE A PEAL

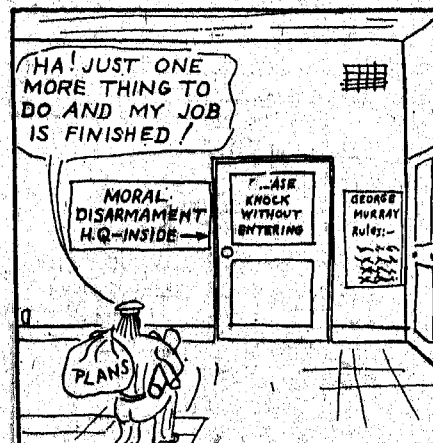
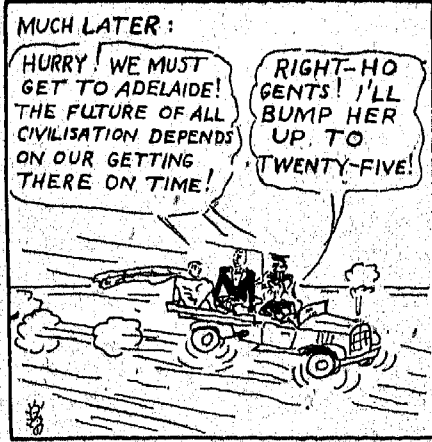
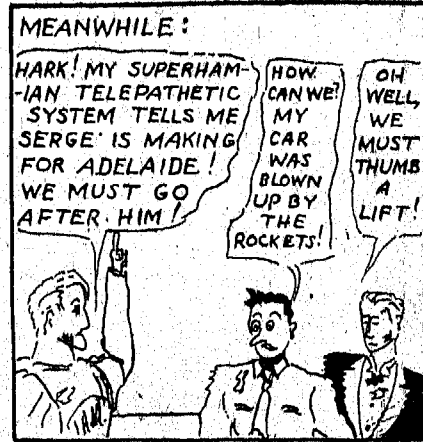
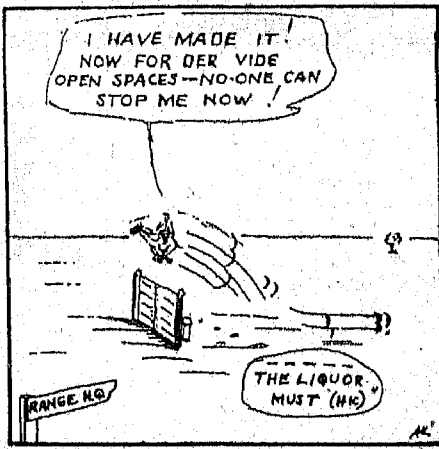
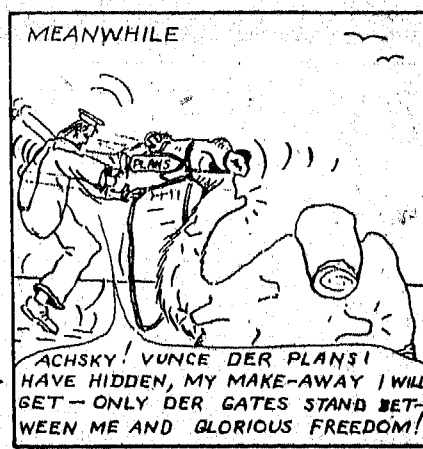
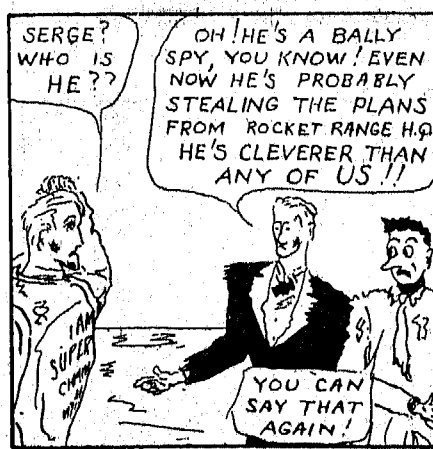
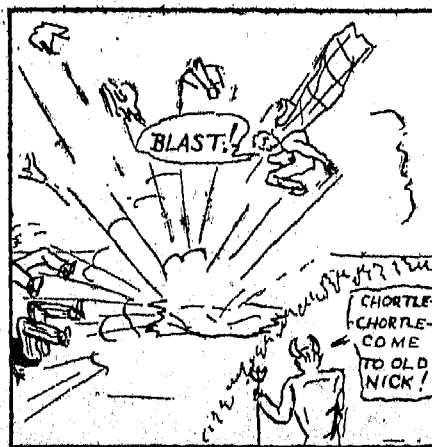
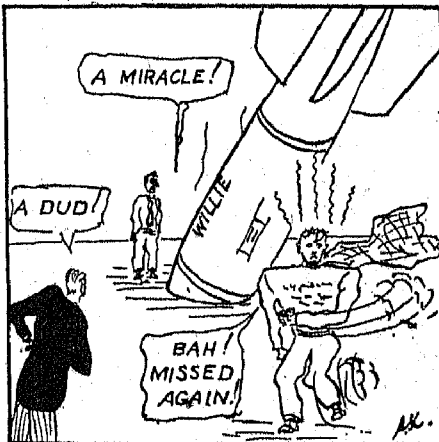
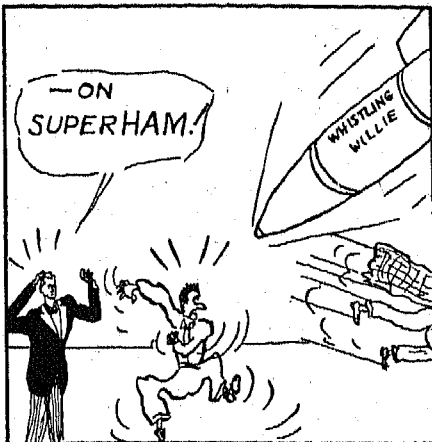
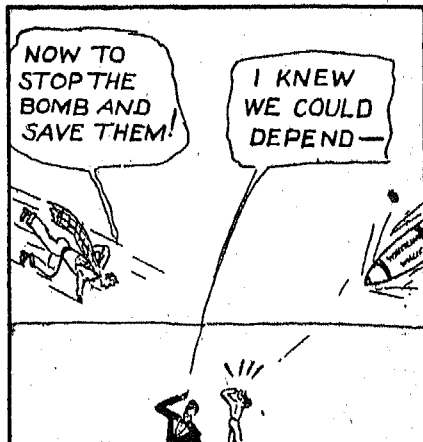
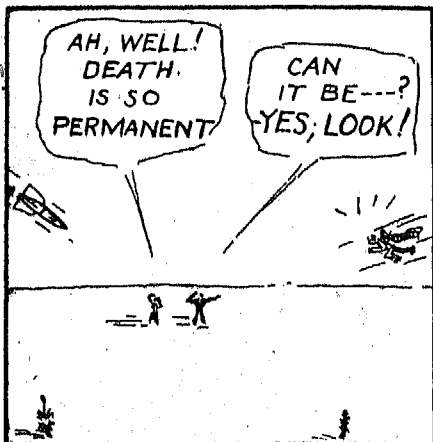
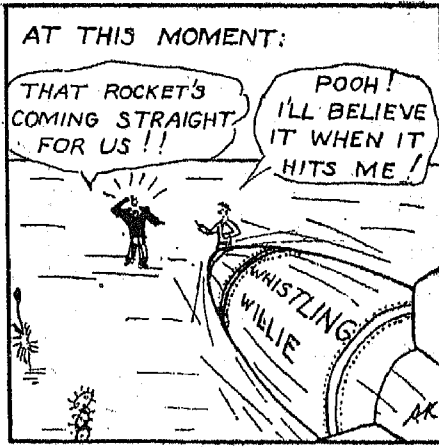
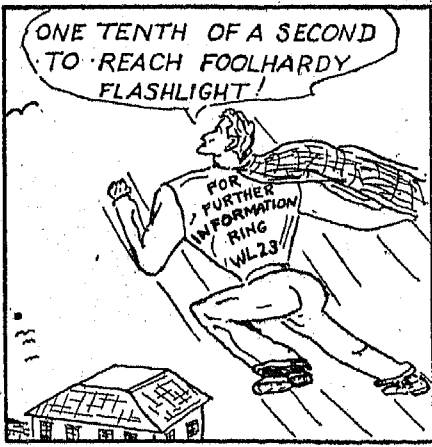
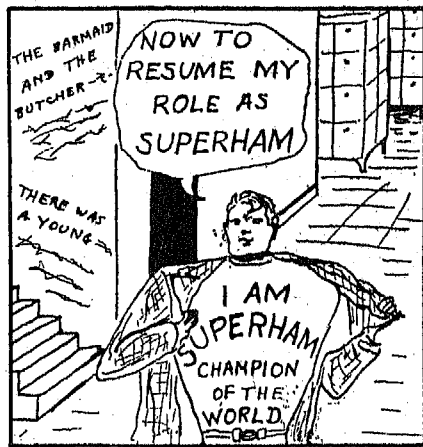
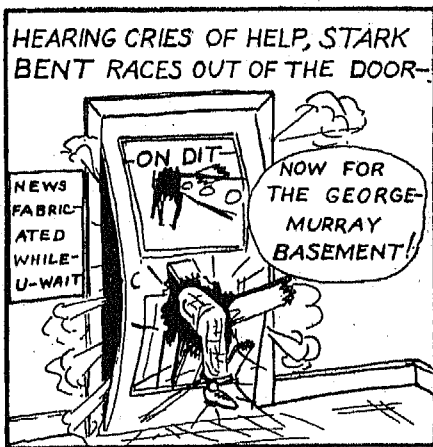
Let's have a peal for John Cook's soul;
For he was a very, very honest man.
An honest man.

"ON DIT" SONG SHEET—5

THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES OF FLASHLIGHT RAZOR

The scene opens in the bar of an establishment owned by one SLOP-ROOM SAL. Dashing, but dim-witted FLASHLIGHT RAZOR is hot on the trail of a mysterious spy. Meanwhile, dull, but dim-witted THROGMORTON is motoring north, heading for the scene of all the trouble. Unaware of this, Flashlight questions Sal. Now read on—





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THE END