

ON DIT

Official Organ of the Adelaide University
Students' Union

"Doth sometimes counsel take
And sometimes tea"

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EDITORIAL.

Chaos in the Law School.

(From a Correspondent).

The Law School has as yet escaped the criticism of "On Dit," but this by no means shows that these students are perfect.

When I speak of chaos I refer only to the law library. It is here that the law students fail to show that necessary consideration which one would expect from people versed in the principles of justice and humanity.

My first objection, Mr. Editor, is that the students show little consideration towards the others when they use the reports. Some, who no doubt think they are extremely learned, heavily mark different passages of the reports as important, with the result that when one reads a case he has to wade through a mass of lines, which in many cases only serve to distinguish only unimportant and minor points.

Secondly, I wish to point out the way that students leave the books scattered over tables, windows, and shelves. After the book has served their purpose they cast it aside, little thinking that the person who comes back on some night to work, has to search high and low for what he wants. The tables are littered with books, and when you require one, you have to hunt through dozens of volumes and retrieve it from the bottom of the pile. No doubt the librarian will sympathize with me in this matter.

Lastly, but not least, Mr. Editor, I refer to the tendency to make the law library a conversational club. Male students perch over the tables and discuss the faults of the lecturers and the jokes of the law courts; women students talk about the latest fashions, with the result that the library becomes filled with a din of noises.

In conclusion, I say, would it not be better, Mr. Editor, if those who do not want to work keep away from the law library altogether.

[Postscript. The editors regard this as a well merited protest. The Law Library, especially at some times, is a pretty good imitation of Bedlam. It is really up to students, when complete supervision is not possible, to regard the decencies, and the rights of working students.—Eds.]

Men's Hockey Club.

The most successful year of the club since its inauguration has now ended. The A's have won the Premiership and the A grade Cup Tie, the B's reached the semi-finals in both, while the C's were also in their Cup Tie semi-final. The A's defeated Centaurs, last year's winners, by 3-1 in the Cup Tie semi-final, and on Saturday last won the final by defeating Grange 3-0. Grange had defeated Varsity twice this year, but Wally and his men were hiding their time,

and when the chance came they took it. Varsity had most of the play, and kept the ball moving; in fact, Grange only came into the circle twice, had one shot, and missed. Jim Allen scored two goals, while Bills bagged the other after a run down to the goal by himself.

The B's and C's were both defeated in their Cup Tie semi-finals, the former by Forestville Locals, the latter by Wanderers B. The C's, however, were a man short owing to the enthusiasm of one member for watching League football.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editors regret that the truculent tone of some correspondents render their letters, useless for publication. The Editors, however, derive considerable satisfaction from a perusal of the personal notes.—Eds.]

Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—An article in your last issue has again brought before us the question of the inequality of subs. to the Sports Association.

The last mention of this state of affairs brought forth no response, though surely something should be done. As "On Dit" is our official organ I think that you should give this your greatest consideration, and put on foot a movement for reducing the rather large subscription of 35/- payable by male members. Might I suggest that you obtain and print the ideas of some of the more prominent Varsity students and Committee members with a view to forming some more suitable ratio for the amounts payable.

An early settlement of such a point would be a distinct advantage, as our exams. will soon leave us with little time to devote to this question.

Surely a slightly reduced subscription would pave the way for a larger membership. Yours, etc.,

"ONE OF THE MUGS."

[This is a matter for the Sports Association.—Ed.]

The Editors, "On Dit."

Dear Sirs,—"Read, Mark, Learn" brings up a very obvious matter for discussion. Most of the more mature students heartily agree, but it is only to be expected that the loafers will bray a trifle at the remarks. I would not even be surprised to see some scatter-brain write to abuse the use of a pen-name.

While agreeing with the letter, I will say that, as ornaments, a few of the female drones do improve the looks of our lawn, but these are so few and far between that it is not an important point. Still, it is a good thing for the hard-working men to be able to rest from talking science and bring themselves to the level of chatting for a half an hour about nothing, which is the drones' chief topic of conversation. A great deal of work is given the refectory staff replacing the chairs used by these queer people (mostly Goos, who, by their talk try to appear Jiggers). There appear to be two types of these drones; the ones who realize that they are merely wasting time quite pleasantly, and those who are even incapable of realizing that. Which class is the worse is hard to say.

But though much be said on the subject, they are probably a race of super-tough-skinned people who will continue their aimless lives heedless of the roars of protest. Yours faithfully, JEEVES.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—It is rather sad that "Read, Mark, Learn" wrote in such a strain before thinking at all deeply on his subject, and it is rather sad that he chose as a subject those whom he considers are far less dangerous in their wrath than are the heman drones of the University. Let him spend some time in thought, and I am sure that he will reach the conclusion that our

enthusiastic one-subject commerce students are present in at least as great numbers as the harmless females, whose ambition he belittles with such random strokes of his weakly ironic pen, and that they do rather less for the University than do the women. It is frequently the case that after attending the social arrangements, for which "R.M.L." should be so thankful, the women have little time for other work; and he must remember that all of us are not gifted with a portion of brains equivalent to his. May we be duly thankful!

As is usual with people of his type, "R.M.L." quotes no case of the bad name that these friendless people have made, either for the University or for themselves, but he must of course have some excuse for his jealousy. He is apparently so proud of his own intellectual efforts that he feels it his duty to lay down a list of don'ts for others, deeming it unnecessary to have his name printed, lost we find that he is another of the do-as-I-say-but-not-as-I-do type. Or perhaps it is that so many of his friends are among those he criticizes, and he would not have them know, fearing the consequences.

Yes, it seems apparent that "R.M.L." must be of the type who spend their days and nights at home—not working, but gazing at a large book, and thinking with quite a glow of pride, that though others may not be quite like them, they should at least have the privilege of trying to be so. And if, perchance, "R.M.L." finds the lawn rather over-crowded when he wishes to use it, then let him turn back to his work, and his warm glow of pride. When the examination results are published, we shall be pleased if he will come into the open in his own name and say, "Look at my results. I told you so!" with another glow of pride.

I have written the above, not for the sake of argument, nor for the sake of attempting to disprove "R.M.L.'s" ridiculous statements, but simply with the idea of showing to outsiders, who grasp any opportunity of belittling our University, that though everyone is allowed his opinion, some of them when expressed in so unfortunate a manner may become dangerous.

And, may I remind "R.M.L.," that just as pride always comes before a fall, so a few years ago it was considered not quite correct to notice the actions of others, much less to comment on them in public. Gratefully yours, "CHAMP."

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—I understand that Yo-Yo has arrived, and been taken up by the women of the University. If this is indeed so, I ask what are the men doing about it? Surely they are not going to let the women lead the way in a new pastime without doing something about it.

Of course it would be infra dig to meekly take up the sport (or is it a science or an art) after the women have got it going, so I suggest that the men take up the ancient and plebian (?) game of tops. What a pretty sight it would be to see little groups of men engaged in spinning tops on the concrete slabs of the cloisters. How much better this would be than just sitting on or near said slabs! If sufficient men rallied round to start with, it should not be hard to obtain a coach and other gear necessary.

Hoping this scheme meets with the success it deserves. Yours, etc.,

"TOPFLIGHT."

The Editor.

Sir,—That amusing peer Lord Russell is again urging reform upon us. Not content with upsetting our preconceived ideas on mathematics, he is determined to upset our morals. Now, Sir, I refuse to take a wife, either for the duration of my course here, or for good. At least, not yet. But it seems to me all the same that some reform is needed. I have no quarrel with the moral of University students; I refer to their dress. It is an old topic, but with the approach of summer, could not some really determined and strong-minded youth or youths carry out some reforms in dress? Frankly, Sir, I yearn to turn up at the Varsity in the summer in shorts and shirt, but have not the courage. But in the company of 10 or 20 others, I am prepared to be as bold as brass. All reformers must suffer a certain degree of persecution.

Lord Russell, himself, has not escaped this. But to liberate your fellow men from the degrading and heating burden of an obsolete convention is surely worth a little inconvenience.

I am not advocating rational dress. "That way madness lies." I have no sympathy with Nacht Kultur or other such puritanical measures. Merely cooler and more comfortable dress. After considerable experimenting in the privacy of my own garden I am prepared to stand by, and even appear in (with sufficient support) a neatly cut and well-made pair of shorts, and a natty shirt (collar and tie to match, or open if preferred). Shoes and stockings, of course, obligatory; hats, optional, but preferable in this climate.

Yours, etc., and hoping Mr. Editors, for your personal support and encouragement,
SHORTS.

To the Editor, "On Dit," Adelaide.

Dear Sir,—Imagine our enjoyment when we read N. B. Saint's letter in your last issue, Mr. Editor. We do not know what the letters "N.B." stand for, but after reading some of N.B.'s letters we could make a good guess.

All our sympathies go to N.B. when she talks about religious societies and University conservatism. We find no pleasure in the thought of joining any Christian body. They are all for the most part dogmatic, cut and dried, whereas our sensitive natures demand something that is beautiful, original, that attracts and gives pleasure rather than imposes a dull and tiresome duty. Our tastes also run in the direction of light wine, and then we are short of cash a glass of beer, but we are afraid that "sound scholarship" leaves us cold.

We also think that Basil Jackson would be a sad, serious lad, but if N.B. Saint wants to lure anybody to the Richmond, we offer our humble selves and defy N.B. Saint to embarrass us even with Ronald Firbank and Edith Sitwell. Yours faithfully, THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

The Editor, "On Dit."

Sir,—It has occurred to me that there are probably a number of people in the University who, like myself, are very interested in the modern cinema.

What we read of the modern developments in this art makes us anxious to see something of the new films for ourselves. It is unfortunate that many of the reputed best of these are of a kind to make the managers of the local cinemas anything

but anxious to introduce them here. They appear to have little box office appeal. They are not in accord with the best traditions of Adelaide morals.

I have wondered whether these difficulties might not be overcome by the formation of a society sufficiently large to make the screening of the new films possible while sufficiently small to overcome any difficulties which might arise on the score of "public screening."

I do not suggest, of course, that the society should import the type of film which out-Hollywoods Hollywood, but those which attempt to deal with ideas, and which show the new European techniques.

It might be possible for a number of people to get together to discuss the idea, and to get the requisite information about costs, etc. Perhaps it would be possible to form a society to work in conjunction with one of the local cinemas; they might supply the films if we undertook to supply the audience for a series of private screenings.

Would anyone interested in getting some information or in forming a committee to do so, write to Box Bf. Yours, etc.,

C. R. BADGER.

Dear Editor.

We hereby wish to invite everybody who feels skittish, to a little bit of whole-some destruction.

Those who have lately been "angling round North Terris feelin' bored" will no doubt share our mixed feelings of shame and merriment at the hideous black signs which the City Fathers have seen fit to erect for the purpose of pointing the way to our all-too-obvious Public Library and Museum.

It shall be said in Adelaide that an evil generation seeketh a sign, but no sign shall be given unto them.

All particulars of the proposed mild (though midnight) orgy of destruction can be obtained by communication with THE WRECKERS, Box W.X.Y.Z., University.

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—Atheist II has carefully dodged the issue of my "pooh-bah-pish-tush" ballad. The issue was this: That God is essential to the peace and happiness of the masses of men. Seeing that it was dodged, there is no need for me to defend it anew, but I should like to pull the dodger up on the following points:

(1) Where the Christian spirit is dominant, men do not hanker after "Personal Pecuniary Pocket Padding." In a Christian society no man is out to grab, and no man is neglected in want. A II, on behalf of Atheism, accepts the struggle for the four P's as inevitable, and in so doing utterly ruins a weak-as-water argument. He uses the fact of this struggle as an argument for Atheism, which is reconciled to it, against Christianity which is out to remove it.

(2) Atheists, then (who, by the way, are not necessarily "the world's greatest thinkers") are not so pre-eminently out "for the good of mankind."

(3) Upon the line, "Lots uv blokes like me 'ud lift the sword," A II makes this empty comment: "No doubt, but only at 44-hour Union rates." The fact is, he could think of no argument to overcome my point that the Christian spirit permeating the masses is the one thing which can ensure against the sword being lifted at all.

(4) A II reminds us in triumphant glee

of the "fiendish religious wars waged in the name of God." Exactly! But here again he does not see deeper than the surface of his argument. Moslems, Hindoos, and other non-Christians will ravage and slaughter for the honour of their gods; but the same does not apply to true Christians. The English Puritans fought for the maintenance of their faith against a State Church which lacked the Christian spirit of tolerance; but they did so with a minimum of bloodshed. There was no fiendishness about the Civil War in England. When Alexander VI and other Popes plunged Christendom into truly "fiendish" bloodshed, they were not fighting for Christian ideals, but for the moneyed pleasure that power brings. Alexander VI, and at least one other Pope, could freely abuse the name of God because they themselves were at heart Atheists. So it would be truer to say that these horrors were perpetrated in the cause of Atheism than in the name of God. Phut! Another of A.II's grand battalions has blown itself up. Oh, A.II, I'm sorry for you. I could say more, but I won't—except this: that the omission of the "r" from the end of "causer" (which the Sentimental Bloke, having no dictionary, might be expected to use) was a printer's error—or mistaken correction. Didn't you think of that, you prodigious philosopher? I am, Mr. Editor, Yours faithfully,
AUSSIE.
[This correspondence is now closed.—Ed.]

The Editor "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—Your concise correspondent, "Read, Mark, and Learn," has attacked the women rather fiercely, and I do not doubt, in many cases, very justly. But why the women any more than the men? I do not mean to suggest that the men spend their hours on the lawns looking for fiancées, though some may be guilty of even that heinous crime; but perhaps they are guilty of deeper atrocities even than that. On the whole, the men certainly work harder than the women—but work of itself is no virtue. It is in the ideals which prompt the work that virtue is to be found, and I doubt whether the ideals of the men are any higher than those of the women. How many, or rather how few, of the men are filled with the ideals for which the University is supposed to stand. How many (literally) prostitute those ideals for the social and sporting life that the University offers, for the added power of money-making that a degree will confer? They transform a place of noble traditions into an emporium for satisfying their small materialistic desires. If this is not so, why do not such societies as the International Club and the S.C.M. receive more support from the men? Why do not labour clubs, public discussion groups, and healthy debating societies flourish in our midst? These societies are usually the signs of intellectual vitality. But no, we men approve of all these things, but we prefer to spend our leisure playing Yo-Yo in the sun. I remain, Sir,
"A MERE MAN."

S.C.M.

The S.C.M. held its annual general meeting on Friday last, the 23rd September. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and adopted. The meeting elected the following officers for the coming year, 1932-33.: Women's Branch: President, Miss Joan Harris; Committee, Misses F. Kirby, I. Fox, G. Moore, G. Trenorden, G. Matthews, D. Mossop, E. Taylor, D. M. Johnson (ex officio). Men's Branch: President, Mr. R. J. Clark; Committee, Messrs. J. K. Alison, J. L. Allen, W. D. Allen, B. O. Hunter, G. MacKinnan, W. R. Ray, W. Salter, W. N. Oats (ex officio).

Poem.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Well said, for now a fatuous craft has made
intrusion,
And frantic efforts mar our quiet seclusion.
An oblate spheroid on a length of string
Revolving, this describes this futile thing.
Which, spinning from the force of gravitation,
Falls fast to earth, then, with a quick
gesticulation,
Remounts the cord, and gains, perhaps, its
former elevation.

Some trace it down to Aristophanes,
Who, seizing on an ancient Limberg cheese,
Withdrew a rusty razor-blade, and sheathed
it with a yell

Which raised a water-wave on Styx, and
shook the gates of—well,
You know the place, or surely will; Old
Nick the news consumes
Upon asbestos scandal-sheets, midst writhing
sulphur fumes.
The merry Greek, as I said before, with
neither rime nor reason,
Clove through the cheese from nave to
chaps, although it set him sneezin'.
With an iron spit he skewered it, and
Yo-Yo'd all the season.

And some on Archimedes old would fix the
deed of shame;
Since there's none to decry it, and he'll
never deny it, he might as well take
the blame.

In experiments strange both night and day
he was wont to speculate,
He made musical chairs and mechanical
hares, and brought the old Tote up to
date.

He invented, too, the progressive screw,
and the fixed focus concave reflector,
But not, it would seem, a successful machine
for dodging the tax collector.
And his was the notion that in the blue
ocean the principle substance is salt,
This discovery striking was much to his
liking with the non-scientific result
That he danced for five miles wearing nothing
but smiles, and so founded the
Nudist cult.

A Yankee related the following story,
quite dinkum as far as I know,
That a messenger boy in Chicago hotel
invented the first Yo-Yo.
He Yo-Yo'd morning, noon, and night, and
even in his sleep,

His hand would shimmy up and down, and
rhythmic measure keep.
But one fatal day, said the cook in dismay,
"The death rate on egg cups is high,"
And seizing a chopper ere any could stop
her, she rushed to discover why.
With express speed, as he heard her
stampede, and the uproar cyclonic she
made,
The messenger boy with a whoop of joy,
beestraddled the ballustrade,
And with nary a pause skidded 44 floors,
though his pants were frightfully
frayed.

From the States we are told, or from Athens
of old, the present Yo-Yo came;
This childish toy with its transient joy, to
our everlasting shame.
Has wasted our time in inventing a rimo
and disordered everything,
It has filled the demand of the female hand
for something on a string!
So with Yo-Yo's North, South, East, and
West, with Yo-Yo's all around,
The whole darned place, to our great dis-
grace, is a happy hunting ground,
Whence time and again from a player in
pain, there arises this mournful sound:
Yo-Ho, my lads, Yo-Ho,
Just hark to my tale of woe,
I pull the string, but D—the thing,
My Yo-Yo won't Yo-Yo!

"APOLOGIA."

Even So.

(With apologies to Cynescuo.)

I looked within the theatre and saw
Where chemistry her magic art distils;
I saw the crucibles, retorts, and all
The curious flasks her subtle spirit fills.

I saw the benches, rising tier on tier;
The chambers where the noxious gases go;
I saw the ceiling vapour-streaked above,
The floor with stains indelible below.

I marked the mystic formulæ that hung
In blackened type on whitish sheets that
swept
The edges of the blackboard, bold inscribed
With "9 to 4 on White Nose," and I
wept!

LUCAN IV.

REVIEWS.

Proletariat. Vol. 1, No. 3.

The third number of this courageous venture is to hand, and fully justifies the high hopes that some of us had of it. It is introduced by a significant letter from Miss K. S. Pritchard. "Our Universities have been lethal chambers for the painless extraction of youthful vigour, enterprise, and independent ability. They have been standardizing factories, stuffing students with the lore of the ages, accepted formulae, ideas, designs, platitudes, afraid for youth to make its own voyages of discovery: have any contact with the stirring tides of everyday life in its own time. Whereas knowledge to be of value must be

related to life with Promethean valour and intensity.

Proletariat breaks through that stultifying atmosphere with its gay waving of the torch. I could cheer the splendid, defiant spirit of youth, till the hills echo on this bright, sunny morning after rain."

Perhaps the gay waving of the torch is not quite apt to describe the matter of this number, which seems to us very heavy indeed. The Roman Church and Communism, Notes on Australian Unemployment, Social Democracy and Fascism, Capitalism and Preparation for War; the topics are not of the lightest, and their treatment is apt to be a little too heavy for the casual reader in search of amusement.

But there is no denying the vigour nor the real ability with which these and other subjects are treated.

The writers have a decided point of view, they have a pretty sure grasp of the relevant facts, and not a few of them express their ideas with vigour and clarity.

Perhaps the best thing about this number is that it shows the Labour Club endeavouring to get away from a mere reiteration of the cliché phrases of the Communist movement, and making a serious effort to study the facts of social life for themselves. The section devoted to a critical review of some recent Press utterances is at once amusing and highly significant. If the Club is serious in its aim, it will need the most accurate and complete knowledge of economic fact, and a highly developed realist outlook on the political situation. And to judge from this number its members have set themselves to achieve both.

This Labour Club is an important venture. No fair-minded person could fail to be impressed by its organ, and few would decry its enthusiasm, though they might wish to see it directed into more immediately practicable channels. The question which arises, however, is this: What will be its future? It is extremely unlikely that the Australian Communist Party will come within measurable distance of achieving its aims in Australia within the next fifty years. But men cannot live on hope alone, still less by hope permanently deferred.

Hence it is likely that in the next ten years or so most of these enthusiasts will be found, either in the ranks of the Conservatives or with that larger group to whom politics are a matter of indifference.

Why is it that they have been unable to find an outlet for their activity through the orthodox radical Labour Party, which certainly has a much better chance of achieving definite results in Australia? That Party is certainly in need of this type of youthful radical; it needs enthusiasm to build up once more the hope which sustained it in its youth, above all it needs a more realistic grasp of fact, together with a surer aim at a defined objective.

The answer to that question is to be found in the foolish attitude which the Labour Party has adopted to the Russian experiment. Here is socialization in force, and the Party has refused to accept it. They have preached this sort of thing all their lives, but when confronted with a socialist state in being, they scurry away like scared rabbits. Thus the amusing spectacle of the Party telling its electorate

that they want Socialization, but not, please God, on the Russian model.

It is against this sort of cant that these younger enthusiasts have reacted, and it is this sort of cant which will lose to the Labour Party an increasing number of potential supporters as the astounding results of Bolshevik rule become known. For all Socialists the Russian horse is the right beast, and the sooner they cease accepting tips from the other side the sooner they will gain the support of those who are in earnest about the new society.

Hoover: Economic Life of Soviet Russia, 1931.

Dobb, M.: Russian Economic History.

Dobb, M.: Soviet Russia and the World.

Murry, J. M.: The Necessity of Communism.

Harper: Civic Training in Soviet Russia.

Harper: Making Bolsheviks.

Raiguel and Huff: This Is Russia.

Pokrovsky: History of Russia, Vol. 1.

Huxley: Science and Soviet Russia.

The Bolshevik revolution, as the most casual reader of these books may see for himself, has begun in a new sphere.

It has begun to upset the minds, and indeed more than the minds, of the peoples of the West, and especially of America. What the results of this upset will be it is not as yet possible to guess, but the fact remains that no other country attracts the attention, and the sympathetic attention of the most intelligent sections of the American public to-day more than the new Russia.

It is possible by means of these books to get an answer to some at least of the questions which most people have been asking about Russia. Hoover's careful and by no means friendly economic study is sufficient to show that the exceedingly hard-bitten men in charge of the economic life there thoroughly understand their business, and that there is not the slightest chance of the regime collapsing because idealist theories have been allowed to outweigh the cold facts of making a living.

His book is a sound reply to the fallacy that a Communist society must needs fail to supply an incentive to work; on the contrary, it shows a country with a power to produce that may become a serious rival to its capitalist neighbours and enemies.

Dobb's books, perhaps, suspect to the general reader who knows that Mr. Dobb, while a lecturer at Cambridge, is a strong advocate of the Soviet, are an able explanation of some of the more confusing rumours about slavery, both political and economic.

His answer to those who, like Mr. Beligion, find the crux of the Soviet system in its failure to provide freedom for the individual is to treat the subject historically, and not from a subjective or merely philosophic point of view. Freedom is relative to the sort of institutions we live under, and more importantly to our attitude to them. The institutions themselves, as Mr. Dobb insists, are strictly relevant to the purposes which they are to serve.

Parliamentary democracy is, perhaps, a useful servant for our society, it is obviously out of place and would be definitely fatal to the new Russian system. We have evolved our system, they are evolving

theirs. The only question to be asked is whether or not their system works, not whether it will stand when measured by ours.

The test of the system, when judged from the abstract freedom test, would perhaps be the amount of freedom which is allowed to avowed opponents of each. At least, this would be so if the Bolsheviks were foolish enough to accept our standards. In practice this test cannot be applied, for the Bolsheviks are so sure of their ends, and so impressed by the risks of failure that they are taking no chances with the theories of 19th Century Liberal Idealism. And, indeed, their enemies are likely to be of more serious character than the childish idealists who oppose the Government both here and in England in the name of Marx. There is no need to pursue Mr. Middleton Murry with threats of slaughter and imprisonment.

No further check to his influence need be imposed than an encouragement to write more books like the present.

The more descriptive books, those of Harper and especially that of Huxley, give good pictures of Soviet life from day to day by competent and relatively unbiassed observers. They are sufficient to refute the scandal and rubbish about Russia which has for too long disgraced our daily press. I will not say that the picture of life as they present it is very attractive, but that depends very largely on what sort of life one enjoys here. Were I a working carpenter or factory hand I fear I should find its appeal irresistible.

Harper's long and carefully documented study of civic training is certainly worth study by those interested in the theory and practice of education. Its main interest to the reviewer was that it, too, showed that the Bolsheviks are very unlikely to be overthrown from within while they continue their educational policy along the present lines. It is complete and thorough. It makes Bolsheviks and instills into them so full a fear of the evils of Capitalism that few of them are likely to fall back into purely individualist modes of thought again. The picture of the American planless society given in "Moscow Has A Plan" (a school text book of Economics) is more vivid and impressive than an English Bishop's picture of Life in Moscow, and a good deal more effective because it happens to be nearer the truth.

Most of these writers are convinced that the Soviets will survive, and survive in a Communist way. Perhaps in this we may read the answer to the question which most of them pose but few of them attempt to answer. Can a nation or a system live without religion? The answer, perhaps, is that it has not yet been fully tried, but that the first tentative attempts seem fairly successful.

Raiguel and Huff's book contains excellent photographs, and a number of useful tips to the tourist.

It is more of a guide book than anything else. Its historical perspective is far from good, and some of its excursions into Bolshevik theory lamentable. But as a description of life under the Soviet it is well worth reading.