

U. Q.

LIBRARY OF ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY  
8. 8. 21



Vol. II, No. 2

MAY, 1920

# James Marshall & Company Limited

*"The Shopping Centre"*

ADELAIDE

UNIVERSITY GOWN MAKERS



Registered Shades in Silks for Hoods  
of all degrees.

Gowns made to order.

Undergraduates should consult our  
TAILORING AND OUTFITTING  
DEPARTMENT

upon matters of College Clothing  
and Sports Outfits.

Hoods, Cassocks, Surplices, Stoles,  
in stock, or made to order.

A good selection of Hats, Ties, Boots,  
and Travelling Ware always on hand.

# James Marshall & Company Limited

RUNDLE STREET

ADELAIDE

Telephone 4550

# SIMPLICITY IN PRINTING

---

MANY printers involve the meaning of a message by forcing words into geometrical shapes of one kind or another, or by adding meaningless ornamentation.

To practice restraint is often a difficult thing to do. To pay a printer for knowing what *not* to do is the wisest policy.

Simplicity in printing makes for legibility and ease in reading. We practise restraint in all work of a dignified character.

Have you a monograph or volume in preparation? If so, our help is yours for the asking.

---

## STUDENTS

---

## AND OTHER READERS

---

Are asked to patronize our advertisers whenever they can, as it is partly due to their advertising that we are able to print this Magazine at its present price

---



---

G. Hassell & Son  
104 Currie Street . . . Adelaide

Telephone, Central 1004

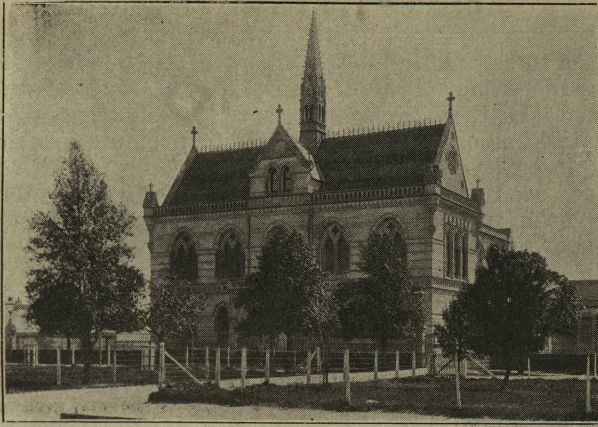
ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY CRICKET TEAM.

ADELAIDE V. MELBOURNE.



ADELAIDE TEAM.

TOP ROW—F. Thomas, Esq., C. G. Evans, H. Trelbar, T. Finney, G. Hone, A. H. White, H. G. Prest, C. Quist, Esq.  
SITTING—L. V. Pellew, G. E. Jose (Vice-Captain), D. M. Steele (Captain), C. E. Pellew, H. M. Fisher.  
ABSENT—W. B. Shanasy.



*Govt. Photo lent  
by Tourist Bureau*

# Adelaide University Magazine

VOL. II, No. 2

MAY, 1920

PRICE 1s.

## Editorial.

“Ah, Love! could you and I with Fate  
conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things  
entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—  
and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart’s  
Desire!”

They say that thoughts of this kind are merely a sign of youth. If that be indeed so, then we have cause to be thankful that we are a young nation, for whether the previous Scheme of Things was good or bad, it has unquestionably been shattered, and it is our task to remould it.

Since November, 1918, we have heard much and read much about Reconstruction. This much-discussed word shares with other large words that property of vagueness which, although delightful in some circumstances, is rarely entirely satisfactory, and is always scientifically worthless.

Peace was proclaimed little less than a year ago, to an accompaniment of

many brave speeches and fine words. To-day we look in vain for the promise then conveyed to us. One man cries despairingly that “the times are out of joint.” Another asks whether it was ever otherwise, and is referred to the Victorian era of prosperity, industry, and economic solidity. Now this was after fifty years of peace. Must we, then, wait fifty years for fulfilment?

“One of the great disadvantages of hurry is that it takes such a long time.” If we attack present problems in a hurry it is quite possible that their solution will take fifty years, or even fifty lifetimes. No engineer would attempt reconstruction of some shell-shattered village in the battle area without first clearing away the debris and separating whatever good material remained. Is not the former, however, just what everyone has been doing?

To expect the world to settle to steady work immediately after its sudden release from a five years’ misery was as futile and as unreasoning as to

expect a stormy sea to become suddenly calm when the wind ceased. Provided the wind has ceased—for there are some who maintain that it has only changed in direction and intensity—some time must be allowed for readjustment. The storm which has been raging for five years and more shows signs of subsidence, and subside it will, if only from inertia. Meanwhile, let none speak lightly of those who pour oil on troubled waters, and with costly gifts propitiate the raging sea. The effect on the whole ocean may be slight, but much is done towards securing a calm passage for the ship of state.

It is natural that the state should look to its centres of learning for enlightenment on the pressing problems of the day; it is vitally necessary that the University should be in a position to shed light into dark places. Before we can undertake a task of so great a magnitude we must examine our equipment and make our preparations. Reconstruction is as necessary in the University as elsewhere.

Caution is needed as much as before; vaulting ambition must be in some wise restrained. We hear scraps of argument everywhere: the greater university, corporate spirit, social life, residence, union, colleges, land, money. In the meantime, very little seems to be effected in furtherance of these aims.

After a few years of comparative numerical smallness, the University finds itself with crowded lecture rooms and laboratories, with an over-taxed staff, and with no apparent possibility of financial assistance from the Government. Added to all this, there is an increasing clamour for reconstruction, re-organization, re-creation even. One of the outstanding demands is that students be given a possibility of University social life.

“University education is of no worth unless it brings together young souls in the closest and most intimate communion.” Our University will never be a “life-giving Mother” until we have

residential colleges. Their day has not yet come; but while we expect and work for its arrival, we must do our best to promote a strong social feeling in the circumstances which now exist.

There is an ever-increasing multitude of societies and associations open to undergraduates and students of the Adelaide University. They are the outcome of past years of University life, and we must accord them the reverence due to age, measuring our own age, of course, from the day of matriculation. Having paid our respects, however, we have no hesitation in classing them as a hindrance to, rather than as a furtherance of the aims of social life.

We are divided into sects, each sect keeps strictly to itself. Problems are discussed, but the students of each sect never discover how the questions which are their special business affect the lay mind; the other sects—the lay mind, in this instance—never understand the first principles of the problems of the former. Is there any one of these sectarian societies whose membership is open to all students of this University?

This is the main accusation in its broadest outlines, but each society may be attacked individually. Why a Science Association when there is an Australian Association for the Advancement of Science? Why a separate Engineering Society, when there is the Federated Institute of Engineers of Australia? Why an Arts Association, when there exist in Adelaide a Classics Association, a Shakespeare Society, and a Poetry Society, all of which would benefit by an increase in numbers and the introduction of fresh and vigorous ideas?

Thus it appears that the only societies which have any justification are the Women’s Union, the Union, and the Sports Association. This latter should be a branch of the Union, and not control it, as it now does. With all our small societies merged into one great Union we could work together for a stronger corporate life. Social evenings

could still be held, and papers read on any subject connected with University life.

We have one more revolution to suggest. There should be some union or club where men and women could meet on equal grounds as fellow-students. At present the Library is the only common vantage ground, and that is "a place for study only." Were the opportunity

for free discussions of the problems of the day provided, there would be fewer misunderstandings and petty squabbles. We look for the dawn of some enlightened day when an accent is no longer placed on the first word of the phrase "woman student," and when the second word is so stressed that the first is only remembered in accordance with the dictates of ordinary courtesy.

## For Freshers Only.

By Tutor.

After three years at the University and a course in Psychology, you will have learned for yourself all that I am about to say. If only we could begin as Freshers with the experience of graduates, what a good degree we could take! We would not work for more hours, but to much better purpose.

If you are like most freshers, it will take you some time to learn how to listen to lectures. At first you give a vague or distracted attention, or are so anxious to get everything down that in catching the words you take no notice of the meaning. You listen with your ears instead of with your mind, so that, instead of 50 per cent. of the learning being done in listening to the lecture, it has all to begin afterwards. At school it is so much easier to listen; the teacher keeps your attention by the fear of an imminent test, by painstaking simplicity, by "catching" your roving eye, by dictating abstracts or aids to memory, by an apt question. But you are not spoon-fed at the University. The lecturer delivers a discourse suited to a grown mind. Your individual stage of development is more or less unknown to him, and irrelevant to the main point, which is the University standard. If you are not sufficiently interested in the subject or in the forthcoming examination to concentrate on what he is saying, he gives you little help. There is no "must" but your own at the Uni-

versity. Perhaps it is only there that you fully realize how easy school compulsion made your work. It is so much easier to do what you must than what you merely should or may.

So the first things to learn are how to listen, to absorb yourself in what is being said regardless of how it is said and of the presence of unfamiliar people, and how to methodize your own work.

To leave your lecture notes unlearned for days is very uneconomical of time, as much that need never have dropped out of memory at all has then to be re-learned. As soon as possible after each lecture see how much of it you can remember; this increases your power to recall and to concentrate. Then "write up" your notes, or "fill them in," according to whether they have been left to you to make, or have been dictated. If dictated, re-writing is usually a waste of time. Write on the right-hand side of your exercise book, leaving the left blank for a precis of what is opposite, and for notes of any outside reading that you do in connection with it. If the writing-up and outlining can be done in company with other students, so much the better. In any case, an opportunity for discussing each lecture should be made. Before treating lecture 2 in the same way, rehearse 1 in your mind, perhaps at first with the help of the outline. Before 3,

rehearse 2 and 1; before x, all the preceding lectures of the same section. You will gradually acquire the power of reviewing a great deal of knowledge in a very few sentences, and will acquire a "feel" for any gaps that ought to be revised before the matter fades right out of memory and so has to be entirely relearned. With the necessary modifications, this method also applies to getting up the text-books. After being properly summarized, few books need reading again.

The value of this method lies even more in its development of your mind than in its adding to and stabilizing your knowledge. The mind that attacks lecture x with the previous instruction so well understood and known as to be "taken for granted," assimilates it more easily and usefully. It does not merely tack it on, it grafts it. And the mind that has discussed the subject with others has seen more points of view, has established additional associations that aid understanding and memory, has "worked over" the new matter and made it part of itself. Always that is the aim: not to patch-on your education, but to inweave it. And the bird's-eye reviews increase your "span of prehension," the amount of matter you can think at once, help your mind to bring more past knowledge to bear on new points or on a challenge. The whole discipline methodizes the mind, broadens and deepens it, makes it a more powerful instrument. Cramming will quite likely get you through certain types of examination, but it will leave your mind as chaotic, as undisciplined, as unfit to deal with new problems, and, after a few weeks, nearly as ignorant as before you came up.

The value of regular study is not an "old graduates' tale" piously handed on, it is a deduction from precise psychological experiment. It has been proved that it is cheaper to spend a little time every day on a subject rather than a great deal all at once. In a spelling

class it was found that as many words were spelled correctly next day after only fifteen minutes' study as after twenty-five, and that five lessons of ten minutes each were more efficacious than two of thirty-five. As Dr. Ward says, "the stronger associations effected by many repetitions at one time fall off more rapidly than the weaker associations effected by fewer," if the smaller number of repetitions is made at several occasions. In memorizing verses, Ebbinghaus found 38 repetitions spread over three days as effective as 68 taken together. Of course, lectures should not be memorized verbally, but by meaning, but the principle is the same. Frequently reviving the ideas keeps them near "the threshold of consciousness," and gives "the subconscious" an opportunity for rationalizing and strengthening the associations among the new ideas and the old. An hour or two every day at a subject is worth more than a consecutive fortnight at the end of the term, and the threefold process of reading, talking over, and thinking through a subject, strengthens one's hold on it by giving several sorts of association.

Sensible students vary their work as carefully as the schoolmaster does the timetable. They begin with the most taxing, then rest themselves with something easy, or with cognate but not "set" reading. After a Latin prose they "do Shakespeare"; when they "can't take in" any more constitutional law, or when the dull time comes in the middle of term (especially the middle of second term!) they take a change by writing out the answer to some question on the work. They know the value in "terminal" and "finals" of having "thought through" questions, of having learned to write a concise and coherent and pointed answer. They plan their answers, as at school they planned their compositions.

Another point of importance is to find your fatigue limit. For some it is six hours, for some ten, but all have



one, just as had the little children who remembered their spelling as well after fifteen minutes as after twenty-five. The last ten minutes were wasted. The same thing—the reality of the fatigue limit—is well known in factory work, where the eight-hour day is said to be as productive as the ten.

Working hours, too, can be broken up with five-minutes' intervals, working days with sports and social intercourse and University meetings.

“A University is not a glorified high school. It is not meant for boys and girls who are still in the text-book stage and unable to study without spoon-feeding and direction. It is intended for students who have some independent intellectual life of their own, who value ideas and the contact of mind with mind, and who come to a seat of learning, not simply to scramble through some bread-winning test, but, whether, consciously or not, to satisfy the needs of their growing spirit.”

## To a Fresherette.

O little maid! I passed you in the hall;  
 You walked with studious mien, yet seemed afraid  
 To think above a whisper, if at all,  
 O little maid.  
 Can you not hear the summer breezes call,  
 Nor see the sunshine, the inviting shade,  
 Where you may lie and watch the slow hours fall?  
 Ah! leave the books and notes fantastical,  
 Else must I watch your beauty change and fade,  
 And you'll be old . . . Say, is it worth it all,  
 O little maid?

## Gin Slings and Jazz.

[Any readers of this who were ever in Cairo, either with the “Lost Horse,” or, more fortunately, as tourists, will remember “Groppi’s,” and no doubt will have pleasant memories connected with that “Oasis,” which, together with “Saults,” and “Liptons,” is so well patronized for afternoon teas, etc.—particularly the etc. No apology is needed for the theme. “C’est la guerre.”]

Things were pretty slow in Cairo, especially for Biljim. Everyone who could afford it, and could spare the time, had gone to Alexandria for the summer, and amusement had become very hard to find. The evening of one pay-day I found myself absolutely at a

loose end. I’d seen all the shows, and was in no mood for the invariable “Wazzir” party, that stunt having grown monotonous. As a last resource, I strolled down to Groppi’s, in the hope of meeting someone who could help me to pass the evening.

I was in luck’s way, for scarcely was I seated when a young fellow in “civvies” came over to my table, and I recognized him as an officer in a French cavalry regiment which had been operating near us in the desert. We had not met since the Armistice, and had plenty to talk about. I told him that I was now on H.Q. Staff, and that my regiment would probably get home before me (which it did), and he was

most sympathetic. We consumed many weird mixtures, but always returned to "gin slings," and any Aussie knows that Groppi's gin slings are the last word in perfection, possessing a subtle quality unknown in any other place.

At 9 pip emma, anticipating the movement of a morose-looking provost-marshal, we left a bar which could now be of no further use to us, for the A.P.M. had decreed that after nine no man in uniform may be served.

Raoul, my friend, had a brain wave. "But it is so hot a night, my friend," he said, "come with me to a nice little club of which I am a member, and we can drink till daylight if we wish, also to-night there will be a dance, and you must learn the Jazz." I assented with enthusiasm, and we were soon seated at a table in the club, waiting for the dance and doing our best to reduce a substantial thirst.

After a while things brightened up: numerous jolly parties entered, the orchestra started, and the fun commenced. Now, as a general rule, my dancing is atrocious, and as I'm conscious of this I rarely attempt it; but to-night, after the gin slings, Martinis, coffee cocktails, etc., I felt no qualms at the thought of venturing upon the intricacies of "Le Jazz." Raoul presented me to numerous dainty little dancers, who were all quite ready to forgive "M. L'Australien's" clumsiness, and I felt quite in my element. But the exercise and the hot night produced a wonderful thirst, and as I lost no opportunity of trying to slake it, I finally began to wonder why I was meeting so many twins and to feel indignant at the stupidity of people who would tip the floor.

Now I had had several dances with one girl in particular, a slim, dark-eyed little thing, light as a roseleaf and full of joie-de-vivre. I saw her standing near a window, and, making my way over, demanded a dance, but after one look she suggested that we sit it out. I

quite agreed, and murmuring idiocies in what I fondly believed to be French—and which she probably thought to be some aboriginal dialect—found a comfortable seat in the conservatory—and remember no more.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and I had a dark-brown taste in my mouth and a feeling that I'd been through a laundry, and that the people had done me carelessly. I opened my eyes, and sat up hastily. I could recognize nothing. This was not my familiar room, with its picture-covered walls and narrow bed, but a beautifully furnished apartment, with a wonderful turkey carpet and dainty hangings everywhere. Convinced at last that I was not suffering from any delusions, I looked around and found an electric bell-push. "Oh, well," I thought, "I don't know if I'm in the Continental or one of the Sultan's week-end residences, but I may as well find out." So I rang the bell, and waited with some misgivings for the result.

Presently a faultlessly-attired person marched in, and, bowing, enquired if Monsieur had rung.

Monsieur admitted the fact. "Monsieur doubtless wishes to rise," he said, and proffered me a highly-ornate dressing-gown, informing me that my bath was ready. But I determined to find out where I was. "What place is this?" I demanded. He displayed no emotion. "M. Lefreyne's," he told me. "Ah, of course," I said, though who M. Lefreyne was I had no idea. "Very kind of him to have brought me home so late," I ventured. "No, it was Mademoiselle Valerie who brought Monsieur home in her car," said the imperturbable valet. "Monsieur had a slight accident, and was not quite himself." I ventured on no more questions, but had a good bath, and after a shave felt much better, but in a state of most complete perplexity as to the identity of my host, or, rather, hostess.

When I had dressed, "Mdlle. Valerie waits at breakfast for Monsieur," said

the valet, and meekly I followed him downstairs.

Seated at a table was a very pretty girl, whose face was vaguely familiar, but for the life of me I had no recollection of where I'd met her.

"Ah, there you are," she said. "Do you feel better—why, I don't believe the man knows me."

"Certainly I should know you, Mademoiselle," I replied; "but I'm ashamed to say that I cannot recall you just now."

"And you danced nearly all night with me, and then went to sleep with your head on my lap. What a memory!"

I gasped a confused apology for my behaviour of the previous night, and dimly recalled the facts, helped by the laughing little imp opposite me.

"So you see I had to bring you home, for you would not wake up—and I will tell you how I could," she explained. "My parents are at Alex. for the summer, and I came up with my maid to meet an old school friend, but she did not arrive, so I had a night on my hands. I remembered the club and went. Imagine if my parents knew. What a scene. Raoul, who is a friend of ours, nearly fainted, I am sure, when he saw me, but he is discreet, and our servants are quite to be trusted. I go back to Alex. to-day. Perhaps we shall meet again."

I expressed a hope that we might, and made a mental note to have Raoul present me as soon as possible. Then I bade farewell to my charming impromptu little hostess, and hastened to H.Q., where I spent a crowded half-hour explaining to a sceptical O.C. that I had stayed all night at Helouan, and that our car had broken down coming in that morning. After airing several unwarrantable outpourings of an evidently suspicious mind, he informed me that he'd overlook it this time, but not to make it a habit, and with the casual remark that it must have been late when we got to Helouan, because he had

seen me at Groppi's after nine, he closed the interview.

That evening I called on Raoul, and that excitable individual welcomed me with fervour, but when he learnt where I'd spent the night he was appalled. "But Lefreyne will kill you, mon ami," he gasped, "and send Valerie back to England, where she was at that girls' college where I think she gets her ideas!" I pointed out that it was probable that M. Lefreyne would never hear of it, and added that as I was going down to Alex. on fourteen days' leave shortly I would be glad of a letter of introduction to the family.

"You will get yourself killed," groaned Raoul; "but I wash my hands of the whole affair. I give you the letter, but for the love of heaven be discreet."

I promised, and when some time later I presented Raoul's letter I was most warmly received. M. Lefreyne would not hear of my staying anywhere but at his house, and a friendship sprang up which lasted till I left the land of the Pharaohs. Only once did Valerie allude—in her parents' presence—to our first meeting. It was when I casually remarked that I did not dance. "Ah, but you should learn the Jazz, Monsieur," she said. "They say it is a wonderfully simple and attractive style." "Valerie," said her mother, "what do you know of such dances; did they teach them at your school?" "Oh, no, maman," murmured the imp, "but I have heard of it, and I think it must be very fascinating. Do you not think so, Monsieur?" "I really cannot recall having seen it at all," I said hastily. "Ah, one's memory is tricky at times," murmured the little witch.

But here, to my relief, Madame intervened with some questions about Australia, and I was saved. Often when Valerie and I were alone we discussed the events of that night, and she always maintained that never had I been so brilliant and interesting as when in-

spired by gin slings, moonlight, and Jazz. But, as I told her, one could only do one's best, and who could do more?

Perhaps before long I shall see Cairo again. I think I must drink again the Nile water—mixed with gin slings.

## Women Graduates, 1919.

**Ruth Estelle Gault** took her science degree in 1914, and then continued her studies for the medical course. Last year she gained her M.B.B.S., and is now resident medical officer at the Children's Hospital. She has taken a keen interest in most aspects of 'Varsity life, and her energy and reliability were valuable assets at every social function of the Women's Union. Dr. Gault is the 1920 President of the U.W.U. On several occasions she has been included in the Adelaide Inter-'Varsity Hockey team.

The following graduated as Masters of Arts:

**Mrs. Mary Alice Schroder**, M.A. of Melbourne, ad eundum gradum, Adelaide.

**Florence Mary Sharman**, who gained her B.A. in 1914.

**Francis Winifred Berry**, B.A., Classics Honours, 1915. Miss Berry has always been an enthusiastic member of the Women's Debating Club, of which she is now chairman, and throughout her course was a keen tennis player, playing Inter-'Varsity in 1913 and 1914.

The 1919 Bachelors of Arts were:

**Florence Elizabeth Reine**, Bachelor, who during her successful course gained first-class results in Education, Modern European History, and History of the United Kingdom.

**Annie Stevens Berriman**. A capable hockey player, she was included in the 1919 Adelaide Inter-'Varsity hockey team, and has been elected captain for 1920.

**Dorothy Mary Harris**. Into her three years of 'Varsity life Miss Harris managed to crowd more than most students. She occupied exacting official positions, such as the secretaryship of

the U.W.U., and yet managed to find time to teach and to study so thoroughly that she was able to secure First classes in Psychology, Education, Botany, and Biology.

**Mary Veta McGhey**, who took an active part in the life of the Cottage, and was an energetic and enthusiastic hockey player. She played Inter-'Varsity hockey in 1919. Her academic successes include First Classes in Education, Modern European History, and History of the United Kingdom.

**Gertrude Irene Mann**. Miss Mann has had a most successful academic career. In 1914 she was awarded the John Howard Clark Scholarship for English Literature, and she has also obtained First Classes in Logic, Education, English History, English Literature, and Psychology.

**Nancy Eleanor Winnall**. The first graduate for the Honour Degree of B.Sc. in Botany at the University of Adelaide, and she is also the first holder of the new Research Scholarship in Botany.

**Eileen Ruth Lathleen Reed** was successful in gaining her B.Sc. degree, obtaining First Classes in Botany I, and Mathematics II. She has been a valuable asset to the social life of the women at the University. Capacity for hard work and reliability are two rare characteristics; where we find them we treasure them, and it must be admitted make use of them. Miss Reed was secretary of the Women's Tennis Club in 1918, while she captained the Inter-'Varsity team to Sydney in 1919. She has been re-elected captain for 1920.

We offer our sincere congratulations to the 1919 graduates, and wish them every success for their future.

## Disastrous Success.

By M. Mutton.

It is a pitiful sight to see a student of outstanding abilities, who by some series of misfortunes, or as the result of some strange kink in his character (say an over-developed modesty), or a hyper-sensitive soul which shrinks from exams, has been ignored by those in authority, who donate prizes, scholarships, etc., and has to struggle along the common track, conscious all the time of an inward power which would raise him far above his fellow-strugglers could he but give expression to that power. This, I say, is a pitiful sight, but believe me, strange though it may seem, it is a far, far sadder sight to see a student, possessed of very mediocre abilities, who, as the result of some marvellous juggling of Fortune's cards, finds himself in the elevated and awe-inspiring position of a prize winner.

Such a one am I. When first my position was made known to me I experienced a thrill such as I do not anticipate experiencing again. After the first shock of surprise, I began to form a fresh estimate of my mental abilities.

My friends were full of congratulations, they expressed themselves as in no way astonished by my achievement; they "Had always thought of me as clever." (Their thoughts had been very skilfully concealed previously.) My family were riotously glad; their attitude of surprised jubilation pained me somewhat, for by the time I reached home I was morally certain that I had always been rather an exceptionally brilliant fellow. My professor was delighted with me; I felt that I had never loved him sufficiently but that better days were dawning.

The prize money was—well, money. "But," I hear you exclaim, "then why grumble at your position?" Have patience a moment and I will hold up for your view the fly in my ointment.

Fly! there was never fly so immense as this of mine; larger than a dragon fly, it is not so harmless, but is possessed of a sting which ever torments me, for attached to my prize, yes, bound to it with iron chains, hangs a thesis! A thesis to be written by the winner of the prize, and this thesis I! I! have to write.

My position appals me; it is not so much the actual thesis; that I can but try at once, and fail at once; but preparatory to the actual deed I am to write notes, many notes, copious notes, clear and coherent notes, and notes spelt correctly.

I! who have never written notes, holding it presumption to offer the criticism which is implied by selection from a text-book. I! who have developed incoherence to a fine art, holding the theory that nothing, expressed incoherently, carries further with an examiner than nothing expressed clearly. Would I had been clearer in my last fatal exam.! I! who never by the remotest chance spell any word that lends itself to variations (and it is remarkable how many do) twice in the same way.

These notes are to be written daily and shown to my professor fortnightly. Oh! I would not have you think that I do not try. I have sat down, waving my less distinguished and more fortunate companions aside, and I have zealously read through the lives of men about whom I am supposed to write, then after an hour's hard reading I have turned to make notes. I can express myself clearly and coherently as to the dates of the man's birth and death, but further I can not go. In vain I struggle, in vain I agonize, my thoughts will not flow. Meanwhile the days pass, term draws near, bringing with it the return of my professor, when I and my notes, or rather, in order of

importance, my notes and I, will be expected to present themselves at his office.

My case seems desperate, but I have not lost hope. Night is ever blackest just before the dawn. Since I cannot write a thesis there is nothing for it but to retreat from the field of action with as little loss of dignity as possible.

The plea of an overpressure of work would be futile—the Professor has a modicum of commonsense. Ill-health must be my door of escape; but that door must be passed through circum-spectly; I dare not risk general debility or a breakdown, some ass might then expect me to absent myself from football practices for several weeks. Infectious diseases are lonely occupations. No, I am going to cultivate those useful and remarkable parts of my anatomy known as nerves. I am going to find myself in the state which calls for plenty of healthy out-door exercise and a freedom from worry and any really

hard brainwork, especially such as calls for a nervous, creative energy.

Do you wonder how I shall convince the Professor of my need for special care? I grant you it will need some ingenuity, but it can and must be done, though I burn midnight oil in accomplishing the task. For two nights before the dread day dawns my bed will not see me. No, with black coffee before me, a kerosine lamp, and piles of washy novels, I shall read the night through, and sleep I will not. Do the measures seem drastic? Ah, but cast your mind's eye forward and see me, a pale and somewhat ghastly figure, appearing before the professor, excused my thesis, and dismissed with a sympathetic hand-shake.

Then, I shall be pointed to by my compatriots, and handed down to posterity, as the brilliant young student who won a much-coveted prize, but was unable, on account of poor health, to write the thesis, to which labour of love he had been so eagerly looking forward.

## Reconstruction of the Adelaide Medical School.

“The Medical Student's Magazine,” issued March, 1920, has been aptly called the “Reconstruction Number.” To the medical student this phrase applied to the magazine is well understood, as he is familiar with the changes which have occurred and are occurring within the Medical School. To a reader of “The University Magazine,” however, although he may have heard of the appointments of new professors to the chairs of Physiology, Anatomy, and Pathology, the changes which have taken place do not bear the same significance in his eyes as they do to the medical student. This article, although it may not interest the latter, who is already informed through the columns of his own magazine, may prove of interest to those other readers of this magazine.

In order to realize the importance of the changes, which will be mentioned later, a few extracts are given from an article in “The Medical Students' Magazine” by Professor Robertson on “Medical Education in America and Canada.” He writes: “We are all familiar with the reputation which American medical education possessed some twenty or thirty years ago. . . . At that time our own standards in Australia were far above the average American standard, and we were well advised to look askance at “American degrees” and to consider the question of debarring their holders from the practice of medicine in our country. But America is a land of rapid developments and a reform once started is apt to run to its logical conclusion. . . . So it has been in the matter of medical education, and where

formerly America had everything to learn from us it is we who to-day are so far in the rear of America that there is some likelihood and danger of our previous situations being reversed. . . . At the present day Johns Hopkins University is under the necessity of limiting its entering class to one hundred students, all of whom must previously possess a bachelor of arts or science degree from some accredited University. . . . A cardinal feature of modern American medical education is the emphasis which is laid upon research, and not only upon research by members of the staff, but also research or work bordering on research by all medical students who show any measure of capability for it. . . . The faculties of American medical colleges have set aside in the curriculum certain optional hours during which the student can turn aside to investigate and enquire into special aspects of subjects which have awakened his interest. Not infrequently results of the utmost importance are achieved, as when two second year students in my department in California discovered the reason why ultra-violet light acts as a disinfectant, or, in other words, kills bacteria and other lower forms of life. Another discovered the peculiar change in the relative proportion of different blood proteins which accompanies vaccination against typhoid, a change which is the subject of much investigation in laboratories in Europe and America. Numerous discoveries of varying importance have similarly been made by medical students in American laboratories in the past decade."

From the perusal of these extracts we find that this country will no longer be able to look contemptuously upon an American medical degree, but will rather have to put forward fresh efforts in order to even keep pace with American medical education.

With the death of Sir Edward Stirling and the resignation of Professor Watson, there came to an end, so to

speak, the childhood of the Adelaide Medical School, which school was founded by them, and for which they did so much, putting it on a firm foundation. The School is now entering upon the period of adolescence, and with such capable men to direct it as Professor Robertson and Professor Wood Jones at the University, and Professor Cleland and the Honorary Physicians and Surgeons at the Hospital, it should grow into strong and vigorous manhood. The professors who have come to us have already won fame for their researches in science, and are anxious that facilities should be given them in order that they may continue their original work. Many of the Honoraries at the Hospital are men who have had opportunities of increasing their knowledge and skill in medicine and surgery through experiences gained in military life. With the signing of peace they have returned to us, and we as students now have the benefit of their knowledge.

Owing to the great number of students having returned from the front and taken up their studies once more, the Medical School, like other schools in the University, is cramped for room. The students now studying medicine total 115, most of this number doing first and second year work at the University. The accommodation of the present Medical School is totally inadequate, but this condition of affairs will not last much longer, owing to the munificence of the sons and daughters of the late John Darling in their gift of £15,000 for the erection of a large Medical School building. The Government has granted an extension of the area of the University land to the west of the present property, and plans are being prepared for a structure which will house the departments of physiology, histology, biology, and bio-chemistry, provide a medical library, and supply several lecture and two students' rooms. At present considerable difficulty is found in supplying sufficient practical

work in anatomy, and the pathological museum has had to be fitted up temporarily as a histological laboratory. At the hospital the bacteriological laboratory will with difficulty accommodate the students this year, owing to the fact that eight to ten undergraduates of the Dental School have begun the subject of bacteriology. The pathological museum is also crowded, but the Government intend to build an addition to the eastern end of the laboratory for a waiting and an examination and operating room, and to put another storey on to the bacteriological laboratory to be used as a pathological museum.

Many alterations have also been made in the schedule of the medical course in order to eliminate some things which were obsolete and introduce changes which seemed more convenient and advantageous. Arrangements have been made by which students will have the opportunity of themselves examining under skilled supervision clinical material from wards, outpatients' rooms, and mortuary, thus correlating their clinical work and their pathology and bacteriology. Attendance at the tutorial classes in February at the Hospital in surgery and medicine is now required of third year students, so that a student

commencing to dress in a surgical ward in March may know how to examine the heart, lungs, liver and kidney. During the fifth year more time has been left for the work at the Children's Hospital, which work has been made more definite and so arranged as to afford opportunity of studying children's diseases from both a medical and surgical standpoint.

Every medical undergraduate will also have a book of certificates in which each item of his course will be signed by his different instructors, so as to form a complete record of his work at the University and Hospital. This book will be of use to him in after life, for by it he may obtain credit for the professional studies he has taken up and the examinations he may have passed.

Looking on these changes, premeditated and already in existence, from the point of view of an undergraduate, one cannot help but feel that the future of the Adelaide medical student is full of great possibilities, and that if he but takes advantage of his opportunities he may have no cause to fear that his education will be in any way inferior to that of medical students in the best American Universities.

O.S.

## The Editor Regrets . . .

"Pro Bono Publico."—We will never achieve anything by an hysterical scream like this. What we want is sound argument in good English, and action—preferably action.

H.R.B.—Attack systems, not individuals.

Contact.—We prefer not to republish.

Nemo.—"Yellow with mellow years."

Lex.—Thanks, but not using it.

V.B.—Verse too slight.

C.B.C.—Not quite.

---

Contributions for the next number of "The A.U.M." must reach the Editor before July 10, 1920. All MSS. must be sent, in first instance, to the sub-editor of the faculty of which the writer is a member.



## Our First Rifle Practice.

By Wash-Out.

A glimpse of a threatening sky through the window, and we knew that the day had dawned. (No ordinary day, this—the 6th of September, the day of our first rifle practice—a day we had been looking forward to for a quite considerable time (we have here assumed that 6 months=quite considerable) during which time we had the pleasure of observing the “pink ribbon” running through the Military Machine with never a break in sight. Incidentally, we also watched the other teams practise, progress and prepare to leave for the Melbourne contests, when, on the afternoon of their departure, our waiting ceased, for in the Union Room “some” rifles were being subjected to all but laudatory comment by aspirants to our noble sport. One would-be connoisseur maintained that these rifles were obsolete, one bearing the date 1715, but inspection revealed to us that this was only the rifle number, the weapon really being a modern pattern—when it was manufactured in 1883, as the date on the body plainly testified.)

“Eight o’clock; you’d better get up. It’s going to rain, too.”

“All right, I’m not going to stop it, and there’s plenty of time.”

But there wasn’t—not for breakfast, so—

“There you are; I told you.”

“All right, but you have still got a few things to learn about shooting. Missing a meal before practice is just the thing; makes one feel ferocious, and then one can knock the bull about some, I can tell you.”

“Yes, it makes you feel very comfortable too, doesn’t it. Step it out, we’ll never get there! There you are, I told you it was going to rain.”

But we did get to the station, where we found a moist but cheerful company assembled. All agreed that rain at such a time as this was a “beastly bore” and

that we were in for a wet time. However, all possessed too much—or was it too little—moral courage to suggest postponing the shoot, so fifteen minutes later we left the train at Port Adelaide Dock. Here, viewing the mud and drizzle from the shelter of the station building, we did hold a consultation, not as to whether we should abandon our excursion, but as to how we should proceed to our destination. Several of our number, declaring that we needed exercise to warm our bodies, set out on foot; but, contrary to expectations, the bombardment of aqueous missiles we were undergoing grew decidedly more intense. Yet this small physical discomfort was incomparable to the derision to which we expected to be subjected upon rejoining the remainder of our company.

But why the sudden silence, so noticeable because so unexpected, upon our arrival at the sheds, and why the crest-fallen faces of our companions? Also, why that satisfied expression upon their cabby’s countenance when driving back into a 40-mile gale? Surely there must have been just cause for it! For the benefit of those not conversant with the wiles of cabmen, we would like to say that, according to observations, “We’ll know better next time” is not a very consoling phrase. Far more cheering was a sudden gleam of sunshine, unexpected by even the most optimistic. Yet once again disappointment awaited us, the range superintendent informing us that evidently our markers were possessed of more sense than we, they not having appeared. This difficulty was soon overcome, and we set out for the firing point, when down the track we espied our worthy captain, who, coming on in spite of three inches of soft mud, gave us a rare exhibition of the art of motor cycling on a slippery earth road, leaving a track that has baffled our

brainiest mathematicians in all their efforts at analysis.

After a twenty minutes' skirmish with the targets, our captain advised retreat, and none too soon, as those who availed themselves of the suggestion had barely time to reach the shelter of the sheds. For those who remained, the question of the moment was how much shelter could be obtained from a hurricane of hailstones by the aid of a 3 ft. by 6 ft. canvas ground mat. This problem was altogether beyond the mathematical capabilities of some, who found the shelter afforded by their comrades' bodies a far more constant quantity. But the best of times having an ending, the sky cleared once more and our morning's shoot was finished. By the time the sheds were reached we were looking almost cheerful again. (We always felt very cheerful.) A few minutes spent here oiling up our rifles, we set out on the return march. Evidently the superintendent of rain and storm looked upon us with a kindly eye, as for about three minutes we contended with nothing worse than a strong head-wind. Then once more—but being by now far from a new sensation, it

troubled us but little, our minds being occupied in a discussion on the forces which rent boot and sole apart. Were they due either to surface tension, cohesion, atmospheric and vapour pressures, reduction of coefficient of friction, or to some combination of these. Lack of time prevented us from carrying out sufficiently exhaustive experiments.

Back at the station again we were a rather quiet company. Those having the welfare of the club at heart felt very well satisfied. If members turned out for practice on such a day they at least must possess a keen interest for the sport. Also, if our inter-'Varsity shoot chances to be held under similar conditions, they will not be entirely new to us. With these thoughts we quitted the train to go our respective ways. That afternoon passengers in a certain suburban railway carriage might have chanced to notice nine wet seats with nine pools of water below those seats, and down in their hearts might even have had a little sympathy for nine certain individuals, but, if such was the case, we would like to assure them that no sympathy was necessary—we were quite contented.

## The Butterfly.

I caught her in the wonder of the year,  
 As Spring, life-breathing Spring, walked o'er the earth;  
 When the all-glorious sun that gave her birth  
 High in the heavens hung, and far and near  
 The Song of Life throbbed round me ceaselessly.  
 From all the joy of such a priceless hour  
 I took her, quivering, poised upon a flower,  
 From all the warmth and light—her life; and she,  
 Fluttering pitifully, sank at last  
 To eke out life's poor mockery that lay  
 In lightless solitude. . . .

The impulse past,  
 Remorse came swiftly: in the joyful day  
 I freed her—and the golden glory shone,  
 Flashed on her splendid wings, and she was gone.

T.H.C.

## “In their Absence from South Australia . . .”

**Toby Williams**, Rhodes Scholar of 1914, is greatly enjoying his experiences of Oxford (Baliol) life after the more strenuous times of France and Persia. He has abandoned his classical studies and is devoting great enthusiasm to anthropology. He spent a delightful vacation in Guernsey.

**Henry Brose**, also a Rhodes Scholar from Adelaide, has again taken up residence in Oxford (Christ Church), but his fame is fast spreading beyond his own University. Cambridge has published a translation of his from the German concerning Einstein's Relativity Theory, and he has three other books in the publisher's hands. His expositions of the theory are listened to with appreciation by English men of science in London, as well as in Oxford and Cambridge. He has this year paid a visit to Berlin for the purpose of consulting Einstein, whom he found as delightful as he anticipated.

**Harold Whitridge Davies, M.B., B.S.**, who shares digs. with Henry Brose, is also enjoying Oxford life. He is fortunate in being able to carry out research work under the guidance of Dr. Haldane. The musical entertainments arranged by these Adelaideans—Harold with his 'cello, Henry at the piano—are not considered derogatory to the Adelaide Conservatorium or its Professor.

**W. R. Birks**, who, before the war, intended to study agriculture at Cambridge, has been able to carry out his plans after serving with the A.I.F. He

has also studied different branches of the same subject in Denmark, Scandinavia, and America. He is expected soon to return to Australia. His brother, **Dr. Melville Birks**, also of Adelaide, having gone to England for a holiday, has been availing himself of the opportunity of studying the latest developments of surgical science.

**Erica Prince**, now Mrs. W. H. P. McKenzie, has had very interesting experiences in Egypt and Palestine while working with a relief expedition. She and her husband are expected in England shortly. W. H. P. McKenzie, who was for a short time a student of the Adelaide University, served in Palestine with the Scottish Horse. He gained the M.C. and bar, and his services were specially valued on account of his facility with languages and his skilful handling of “natives.”

**Millicent Proud** is studying at the London University School of Economics and teaching in a London trade school. She finds time to “do” London in more detail than most visitors seem to, and enjoys learning history “on the spots.”

**Cecil Madigan**, whose term as Rhodes Scholar was broken, first by his trip to the Antarctic with Mawson, and then by the war, managed to finish a course at Oxford in 1919. He then brought his wife and children to South Australia, and has now gone to Egypt to take up responsible engineering work.

[Contributions for this column are invited.]

## In Praise of the Classics.

In the last issue of the "Magazine" students of physics and biology were telling us how delightful and how absurdly easy these subjects are, and of course we are convinced by their statements and feel sure we could pass a third year examination in physics by merely attending lectures. But we know of a branch of study whence one can derive still more pleasure and amusement—we refer to the Classics, and to Greek in particular. In theory, we are studying the language. This may or may not be the case. In practice, that superior type of intellect (which is required before one can even attempt to learn the Greek alphabet) is assimilating all-important facts about the history and customs of the ancients; we are gaining no inconsiderable smattering of their philosophy and theories; we can wax eloquent over the scientific structure of the battering-ram of Thucydides or the atomic theories of Lucretius.

Our biologists seem to take a pardonable pride in their Hydrodictyons, but we can assure them that we know some words that would make even a Chlorococcus look small.

We mentioned Thucydides a moment ago. We are reading a most delightful book by him, just now, called "The Green Fairy Book." It is a beautiful shade of green, with a conventional design of roses on its surface, and although one feels a certain hesitation about reading, for instance, the Parallel Syntax in public, the "Green Fairy Book" can be perused with pleasure and profit even in a tramcar.

We heard the quaintest little anecdote about Thucydides the other day, and we venture to reproduce it here, without apology:

It appears that Thucydides was taking an early morning walk when he met

a man, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and in the course of conversation Thucydides said (in his usual sonorous polysyllables), "Bet you I can write a longer sentence than you."

His friend replied (human nature being then what it is now): "Bet you you can't!"

Well, they both went to their respective homes, and within an hour our hero's rival appeared in triumph with a sentence a page long. But Thucydides, with masterly deliberation, laid before him a sentence a page and a quarter long; and the vanquished one went and drowned himself in a spring consecrated to the Muses.

By this time, however, Thucydides had acquired that fatal liking for the long sentence which is so characteristic of his immortal history, and we have little reason to doubt that on one occasion he wrote a sentence **five** pages long, but the passage in which it occurred has unhappily been destroyed, and posterity mourns the loss for evermore.

Then there are the fascinating little stories about hunters and bears and things, that we actually compose all ourselves and hand in to certain Wise Men. After some days they are returned to us tastefully illuminated in red and blue—indeed, in some cases the illuminations are so vivid that the original text is barely visible. We feel that though there is a certain indefinable pleasure in writing these stories, it must fall far short of that experienced by the Wise Men as they pursue their interesting and picturesque occupation.

Did you ever hear the Legend of the Enchanted Students? They are three in number and are generally supposed to be bewitched. Rumour has it that they may be seen walking round with a little blue book of charms, which they mutter to themselves, interspersing

their weird incantations with what sound like horrible curses in a forgotten tongue. They stare fixedly into a space which is probably peopled, to their teeming brains, with fiends and demons innumerable. . . . Nothing of the sort! Rumour has once more fallen short of the facts. The students

in question are decidedly sane; the "little blue book of charms," forsooth! is Rutherford's Greek Grammar; and the reason for the whole extraordinary performance is that they were told by a Wise Man that unless they learned three verbs a day they would assuredly perish.

## A Fragment from Aeneid ii.

By the late John Dryden, Esq.

Sing Muse the story of our flight from Troy,  
And how I saved Anchises and the boy.  
I lost the wife—an awkward theme to handle,  
But not so awkward as the Dido scandal.  
(The last two lines have half a foot too much  
But, never mind, Will Shakespeare's full of  
such.)

Then, once again, sing Muse of fallen Troy,  
And how I saved the old man and the boy.  
The situation grew too warm for me,  
And my mamma advised us all to flee.  
I, therefore, urged old A. to stir his stumps,  
But all he said was "Boy, you've got the  
jumps."

The Greeks are busy sending Teucus to hell;  
They'll miss this house. Besides I'm not too  
well.

I showed the folly of this course again,  
But all my words and all my prayers were  
vain.

The old boy had the notion in his head,  
And stuck adhesive to it and the bed.  
Much vexed I made a rush to gain the street,  
But dear Creusa caught me by the feet.  
"Oh, no! you don't!" she cried in vulgar  
tone;

"Our lives are precious also, like your own.  
You've got to take us all, you pious fraud!  
And face with us the music and the sword."  
I gazed with longing at the door ajar  
Praying for succour from my dear mamma.  
But succour came not, and perforce I stayed  
(Let no man say Aeneas was afraid)  
To comfort my Creusa and the boy,

Poor dad upstairs, and, outside, burning Troy.  
Now though Ascanius's hair is somewhat red,  
I know no reason why the slave who said,  
"His hair's on fire!" (a feeble joke at best!)  
Should not receive a licking like the rest.  
But in the rush I quite forgot to do it,  
Although I told the knave that he would rue it.  
Scarcely were the words "His hair's afire!" said  
When out the old man rushes from his bed.  
"A miracle!" he cried "Quick, fetch a jug,  
And pour some water on Ascanius's mug."  
The boy affrighted fills the hall with cries,  
And screaming from the douche unwonted  
flies.

Relentless my Creusa holds him tight,  
While I bethink me of a second flight.  
Just then the old man yells: "Another sign!  
Is that a star-shell from the Grecian line?  
Or does Jove flash across the murky night?  
Hark! thunder on the left; or was it right?"  
"The left," I said, and seized him by the  
wrist,

Dragged him outside the house and loudly  
hissed,

"Hustle! I'll follow with the other two."  
I did not mean it; but, alas, the shrew  
Heard, and at once let dear Ascanius free;  
At once I seized the boy and ran (you see  
Creusa takes so long to do her hair  
I could not keep the others waiting there).  
And that's the story of our flight from Troy,  
And how I saved Anchises and the boy.  
(I lost the wife—an awkward theme to handle,  
But not so awkward as the Dido scandal).

### The Soul of Anzac.

No Reception.

"Advertiser."

We are surprised at our bright little contemporary printing canard of this sort. Are we to attribute the rumour to St. Peter or to the sub-editor?

"A meeting will be held at The Cottage University . . ."

Women Graduates' Club notice.

Fortunately it wasn't Sydney who called us that . . . anyway it is a better sobriquet than "The Mental Home."

## From Gaspard de la Nuit.

### I. The Dance beneath the Belfrey.

Twelve warlocks danced round beneath the great bell of St. John. One after another they summoned the storm, and from the depth of my bed I counted with terror a procession, twelve voices long, traversing the darkness.

Speedily the moon fled to hide itself behind the clouds, and rain, mingled with lightning, lashed my window, while the weather-cocks whistled like sentinel cranes on which bursts a shower in the woods.

The string of my lute, hanging on the wall, snapped; my goldfinch fluttered its wings in the cage: a curious spirit turned a page of the "Romance of the Rose" which lay on my table.

Suddenly a thunder-bolt roared from the height of St. John's. The enchanters vanished, stricken to death, and I saw, far off, their magical books flaming like torches in the black belfry.

The eerie illuminations stained with the scarlet flames of purgatory and hell the walls of the Gothic church and lengthened on the neighbouring houses the shadow of the gigantic statue of St. John.

The vanes rusted; the moon dissolved the pearl-gray clouds; the rain fell in solitary drops from the margin of the roof; and the breeze opening my half-closed window cast on my pillow flowers of jasmine detached by the storm.

### II. Undine.

Give ear! give ear! 'Tis I; 'tis I, Undine, who brushes with drops of water the sounding panes of thy window, lit by the mourning rays of the moon: and here in robe of moire, is the fair chatelaine who from her balcony gazes at the night radiant with stars and the lovely dreaming lake.

Each wave is an Undine who swims in the current, each current is a way which twists to my palace, and my palace is fluid-built, deep down in the lake, in a triangle of fire, earth and air.

Give ear! Give ear! My father beats the quaking waters with a green branch of elm, and my sisters unfold with their

arms the foam of fresh islets of grass, of nenuphers, of gladioli, or mock at the bearded, decrepit willow fishing with his twigs.

Her song murmured, she besought me to set her ring on my finger, and become the husband of Undine, and to journey with her to her palace and reign as king over the lakes.

And when I gave answer that I loved a mortal, sulky and chagrined she let fall a few tears, broke into a sparkle of laughter, and vanished amid rings that rippled white along my blue windows.

Translated from the French of Louis Bertrand.

## The River Picnic.

People's tastes differ. Yes, surely they do, but who, with an Australian's love of beauty, could resist the call of the river on an autumn afternoon? The blue of the sky, lightly flecked with tiny

broken Cumuli, was a fitting background for the golden sun.

A perfect day, a delightful plan, and thirty gay demoiselles purposing to take the gifts the gods bestow.

Rowed by the oars of irresponsibility and guided by gay chatter, the happy boats drifted down the river. The bank, beautiful in the splendour of the fast-dying summer, was a scene for the artist's brush. The swans, contrary to our expectations, showed no signs of disfavour at our intrusion.

Is it by a decree of the gods that they are drawn up to the bank in the middle of the afternoon?

The river has its attractions, the dry land its compensations. Among the latter we may include competitions. We, all of us, cherish childish memories. On this, the afternoon of the River Picnic, we are all to be judged on the merits of our memory. "A musical ride" may recall "The Cat and the Fiddle" as your favourite nursery rhyme, but still again it may not; and again, "An ar-

dent wooer who met a watery grave" may suggest "The frog who would a-wooing go." Either our education in the latter nursery rhyme has been sadly neglected or the jingle has faded, leaving no trace of its one-time honour.

Afternoon tea in the University Boat House was another of the land's compensations, and a very happy one, too.

Happy? Yes; who could help enjoying the jingles which that merry party sang?

Nothing in life is ever perfect. Perhaps that is why the fates, knowing that we had had a perfect afternoon, decreed that two maidens should be an inverse ratio in the Torrens.

After this sudden splash we decided that another pull up and down the river would be a suitable ending to this, the River Picnic.

V.B.

## Women's Concert.

From our Special Correspondent at the Front (Eye-Witness).

Another concert was last December added to the already long list of famous entertainments arranged by Adelaide women undergraduates.

The key-note of these concerts is originality, but this concert had another outstanding feature, namely, excellent organization and temporal arrangements. There were no dreadful pauses, dreadful alike to audience and frenzied performers. This was due to the fact that the various sections of the programme were in entirely different hands. Arts students took charge of one item, Science, Conservatorium, and Medical students of others. In the past, as a rule, the whole burden of management and performance fell on the same shoulders. Hence the pauses. This time, what short pauses were necessarily interspersed between items, were adequately filled with melodious bursts of ensemble singing by the audience.

Space forbids the minute description of every item; we will just dwell on a few points that impressed us more deeply. The "As you (probably won't) like it" presentation in a modern guise certainly lost its picturesque setting of forest, but brought home to us the possibility that romance may be found even in city slums. We would urge the performers however to patronize the "Stadium" or pugilistic picture shows, for the fisticuffs were weak. "The Key to Life" was an excellent interpretation of tired, over-worked, weary, soul-sick men, who suddenly, finding the key to Life, realize all that life can mean. It was an unfortunate coincidence that the final scenes of both dramas should take place in New York.

The whole performance was greatly enjoyed by a big audience, and the promoters of the entertainment are to be thoroughly congratulated on their efforts.

## Morituri.

The rich old man sat in one corner of the Melbourne express, very erect. In the other corner lounged a very young man. They had just been introduced on the platform before the train started.

The young man's thoughts were fixed on one idea only: that this was the hour of departure. For months he had been looking forward to this moment when the train would run, as it was doing now, quietly out of the station, taking him on the first stage of his journey to London and to the world of art.

Yet, strangely, now that this exquisite moment had come, he only felt excited and curiously inquiet.

The old man leant forward suddenly.

"Well, your father says you're off to try your fortune in London. Off into the wide, wide world, eh? You stand on the threshold of the great adventure."

The boy smiled back.

"Yes, I'm going away. I've got the whole world open before me. There will be seas and cities: life in such heaps and heaps of forms. I want to know and learn such dozens of things."

"Probably when you do find them you won't care much for them. They'll burst like a child's soap bubble."

The boy watched the plain for a time as the train gasped up the hill.

"Take a good look," said the old man. "Watch it all well, for you may never see it again. The cathedral looks fine in the sun, doesn't it? You may be seeing it for the last time, so watch it well; watch it well."

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I will return some day."

"You hope too much. Think of all the deaths that may lie before you in that distant city—plagues and fevers and sins. Many, many forms of death."

He sighed, thinking perhaps of his own youth.

Then the boy spoke very slowly.

"They will not touch me; I will come back."

"Don't forget the cruel hand of accident. It never relaxes its grasp. It bears off its prey each year."

"I will come back," said the boy, with a note of still greater finality.

"Pooh! You will forget your friends and your parents. Perhaps you will marry some girl over there."

"I have no friends, and mother is dead. Father has his own interests. It isn't that at all. People would never bring me back. And yet I will come. I know I will. One always comes back in the end."

The man in the corner laughed so low that the rumbling of the train drowned the sound. The boy saw his mouth move. The old man spoke.

"I may not come back. My heart is very weak. The doctor says I may die at any time. I may die in Melbourne. I might die here at this very instant. Any next moment I may be on the floor, dead! I wonder what you would do."

He smiled, almost wished himself dead, so that he could see the boy under such mental stress.

The boy did not reply for a time. He had begun to dislike this rich old man.

"I will return," he said. "It may be when my hair is grey and my hands palsied, when I am very, very old. I will be in my home town again. I may be rich or poor, famous or obscure. It does not matter very much so long as I come back."

"When you are as old as I am you will not want to come back."

"When I am as old as you, sir, I will be home again. I know I must come back."

The train gasped and panted on through the hills, and the old man in his corner was silent. The boy watched



him, thinking of the money he had made and of his obscure beginnings.

The train slurred and rattled through a tunnel. Then very smoothly it took the rails of a slender viaduct.

Those who from a distance saw the train leave the viaduct to plunge three hundred feet on to the rocks beneath said it looked like some great diver. The cheap papers used this expression very often: "The train leapt like some graceful diver from some high spring-board."

A single broken rail sent eight human beings to their death.

And if anyone had been quite near the thunder of the train fall would have sounded little like the lisp of a body meeting the sea.

They were both killed.

The old man was so battered that they did not bring him back at once; but the boy they brought home early next morning, under a pale blue autumn sky. The first red and yellow leaves were falling in the street, as he had loved to see them do in life.

He lay in the unreal stillness of death.

And so he came back.

E.J.R.M.

## The Desert's Call.

Shall we not remember, now the task is done,  
 Dry plains parched beneath the noontide sun?  
 Shall we never see again, as night draws nigh,  
 Tall palms gleaming 'gainst the evening sky?  
 Back here in our homeland those days seem vain,  
 Vanished memories of dreams that will not come again.  
 Who would change the comfort and the life of ordered ease  
 To find again those burning sands across a waste of seas?

But sometimes in the dawning, soft winds creep,  
 Whispering ever through our dreams, breaking through our sleep,  
 Calling with a soft reproach, ever sad and low:  
 The desert's own ambassadors, and we must go,  
 We must take again the tracks where never falls the rain,  
 Bivouacing 'neath the stars upon the endless plain;  
 We must eat the bread and salt within the rovers' tent,  
 Seeing all those things again, as when first we went.

See the splendours of the dawn across the Siniai hills,  
 Feel the wondrous calm that nightfall all the desert fills,  
 See once more Damascus with its groves and temples rare,  
 See Baalbec at nightfall when the moonlight makes her fair.  
 We have drunk the Nile water, so we must return;  
 The desert mistress loves us, though her mood seems stern:  
 We must answer when she calls, and see before we die  
 Tall palms gleaming 'gainst an evening sky.

"Flicker," 3rd A.L.H.

## Reviews.

**The Sources of a National Spirit**, by Bro. D. G. Purton, M.A. (Australian Catholic Truth Society, 312 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne; pp. 3-23). This little pamphlet originated as the thesis required by the Adelaide University course in Ethics, and its appearance in print is the result of the commendation of Professor Mitchell. Bro. Purton has divided the subject into three sections: 1. How there arose a consciousness of nationhood (involving an inquiry into what constitutes a nation). 2. How the virtue of patriotism is the outcome of the spirit of nationality. 3. How with the idea and principle of nationality there go both rights and obligations. These headings are not entirely happy, as they do not give the key to the sequence of the paragraphs arranged under them; moreover, the reader who has agreed to the implication of section-heading 2 is a little puzzled to find that patriotism, the outcome of this high state of development, is a "primal and natural instinct" on p. 18. Some of the conclusions are that "conscious independence is the final test of nationhood"; while the test of "the depth and purity of its spirit" is "when it calls forth the tribute of dying for the ideals of the nation," that is, when patriotism is strong in its individual members, who are inspired "to place the interests of the state before their own." "The true spirit of nationality has no Jingoistic zeal for world-empire," nor for depreciation of other nations. "The ideas of Super-Imperialists, Internationalists, and Bolsheviks are alike condemned to failure, for they conflict with patriotism, an elemental instinct." The "obligations" mentioned are military and political, together with the duty of respecting the spirit of other nations, however small. Bro. Purton implies that fulfilment of obligations is as necessary to man's self-realization and free-

dom as is the satisfaction of his rights. We should like to have seen the idea developed.

S.E.J.

**Melbourne University Verse** (Alexander McCubbin, Melbourne). "Verse written by members of the Melbourne University within the last three years." Somehow one expects to read about the war, and is rather glad not to find much of it. What little there is of war is well worth the writing, and the reading. Boyd Couatts, in "Gallipoli," tells how

... He finds a great reward who dies,  
If in the last glad moment left of life  
The soul-cramp leaves him, and he breasts the  
height  
Laughing his triumph over freedom's land ...  
When Death looks up and fears to count his  
gain.

In "May, 1915," Arthur A. Phillips remembers the first casualty lists:

Sad groups were standing, eyes avoiding eyes,  
Their voices murmuring low with half-drawn  
sighs.

So strident war came quietly as a dream.

Vera Jennings gives a clear song-picture of the summer sea:

And on the dim horizon  
A dark smoke stain,

perhaps the last sight of one of those many troopships.

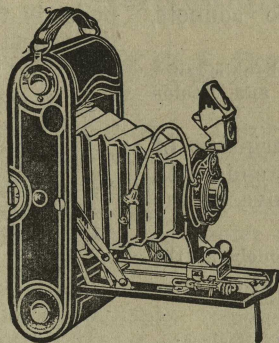
Each of these three poems is, as it were, a key-note of a certain phase of the war.

The rest of the writers seem very interested in Death.

Marian H. Weigall voices the predominant idea:

"Death fought thy father's fathers, child,  
And always won at last!  
Heroes and strong, their days were long;  
They loved and fought and passed."

We have songs of the fighting, but what of the loving? Love and Death are the two rulers of the earth, and for centuries our artistic ideal has held that Love is the stronger of the twain. But



# The Kodak

## as an aid to study

is beyond all question of infinite value. It enables the student to make excellent picture-records—with exposure from but the fraction of second. Then, with the exclusive Autographic feature, a written note may be made, such note—an infallible record—forming a permanent part of the picture and ensuring a guide for easy, quick, and systematic reference.

There are Autographic Kodaks for all purposes, and prices range from 40s. to £14 17s. 6d.

The 3a Autographic Kodak takes the popular post-card pictures— $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  inches—and is fine for making student's records and for use on outings and holidays. Price £6 2s. 6d.

Of all Kodak Dealers, and

**KODAK (Australasia) LTD.** incorporating Baker and  
Rouse Prop. Ltd.,  
37 RUNDLE STREET, ADELAIDE, and all States and N.Z.

Youth, at heart faithful to the conventions, openly flouts them. Whether this description fits, Reginald S. Ellery is indeed uncertain, but this is his own testimony, taken from two sonnets, entitled "Myself":

"Myself since this intemperate life began  
Have tasted all the joys and stolen  
fruits. . . ."

Then, after a brilliant description of some of these experiences, he ends with the only real mention of Love in the book:

". . . And I have found Love, lonely as the  
night,  
Within the empty temples of delight,  
A harlot with her purple eyelids bent  
Upon the scatter'd dust of dead desires;  
Her pale lips breathing bitter discontent,  
Her slow eyes seeking love that never  
tires."

It may be more true, but it is not one-half as pleasant as the old idea. One is irresistibly reminded of the words in one of Swinburne's poems, when

"Lust said: I am Love."

It is with something of relief that we turn a few pages and find "Waking," by Esther M. Levy:

"A world or two ago,  
In woods of Arcady,  
I lived a dryad, in a tree,  
And you were a faun who loved me."

But even this idyll must end on its note of sadness:

"A world ago—  
Oh! was it just to-day?  
I cupped my hands at the river-brink,  
My slim white hands, that you might drink,  
And then you rode away."

"Mystes" holds the old faith in the midst of the modern doubters:

"Shall this our love be buried in the mass  
Of one mysterious, seething, changing  
whole?  
No! Though your hair, your eyes, your lips  
must pass,  
Like petals from a rose, yet soul and soul,  
We two shall linger where the moonbeams are,  
And whisper, as we fit from star to star."

It is all "most strange, and wonderful, and new," but much of it is splendid verse. The quality maintains such a

fair average throughout the book that only by successive quotations can justice be done. So we conclude with what will appeal to many as the finest poem in the book, as well as, perhaps, the sanest. This is "The Beloved Captain," by Beatrice Irvine:

"Not in the whispering darkness of the night,  
Not when at evening flame the western skies  
And in the dim light stir old memories,  
Not then may we remember her aright,  
Nor see her, with a rush of glad surprise,  
In empty dreams beneath the silent moon,  
But rather, on some sunlit afternoon,  
When on the trampled field the hour flies,  
And we, with thought of nothing but the  
game,  
Strive still to turn defeat to victory.  
Then may we feel her with us suddenly,  
See her pass, fleet as ever, hear a name  
Called in her voice—some trick of wind and  
sun,  
She is not there. But the lost game is  
won."

R.B.

**Songs of Cheer**, by Ellie Wemyss (G. Hassell & Son). 1s. 6d.

**A Calendar in Australian Verse**, by Mrs. G. F. Dodwell (Hussey & Gillingham.) Profits in aid of the School for Mothers and the Babies' Hospital.

Writing in metre is an ambitious form of art, and one in which the ambition must justify itself. The sensitive reviewer is not a happy man. If aspiration were inspiration, the moral fervour of Miss Wemyss, and Mrs. Dodwell's enjoyment of children and birds and flowers and skies, would be poetry. As it is, the work in neither of these little productions can be called scholarly, nor even correct, verse. Metrically, Miss Wemyss is much the more successful, and her call to effort and to courage will doubtless give a pleasure fairly comparable in its way to that felt by many in the work of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her preface disarms criticism by a quotation which might be applied to the other booklet, too:

"The world may bow to splendour,  
And the world may yield to art,  
If some simple word and tender  
Of my own may reach a heart."

## Time and Space and the New Four Dimensional Astronomy.

By Mrs. G. F. Dodwell.

Is science really the search for truth? Or merely the invention, elaboration, and discussion of convenient formulae?

Is time a fourth dimension, so to say, of space? And is there an ether of space through which we are rushing? Can this ether be truly described by the somewhat inadequate and undefinable term, "At rest"? Certainly our motion through it has not yet been observed; and the facts lately proved, which show gravitation to be like other forces, indicate increased difficulty of such proof. Yet is it right to assume that such motion never will be observed? Light, electricity, cohesion, gravitation, all working through this uniform ether, of which nothing is certainly known except the velocity of the waves set up; all having electro-magnetic relations; and everything travelling at the same rate!

The ether is known to possess an electric and a magnetic constant. And their product  $n k$  is known. Can one of these constants be found? It is thought likely that there is an extremely slow stream of ether along lines of magnetic force. In a very strong field, with a reverse field adjoining a direct one, with a beam of light sent half down the first and half down the second, and sharply turned back and re-united by reversing the magnetism, the shift of interference bands might show that one-half had been travelling with the ether flow and the other half against it. This delicate experiment was devised by Sir Oliver Lodge ("Philosophical Magazine" for May, 1919), and if carried out would be of very great value. It would be a long and expensive experiment. And the negative result of direct experiments on the ether is the strong prop of the

Theory of Relativity, which in one of its aspects has received such direct confirmation from the observed deflection of starlight during the recent total solar eclipse (May, 1919).

Or is there an ether attached to the earth, really streaming past an observer, washing our shores, so to speak, with a kind of tide of time? And are there several ethers? Or are we all seeking an impossibility in striving after Truth, and must we content ourselves with the most convenient theory?

Einstein's brilliant and complicated Theory of Relativity is set out in "The Times" Supplement (Dec. 4, 1919). One of his disciples is Professor Eddington, who was among the eminent astronomers here for the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in 1914, and who was in charge of one of the recent solar eclipse expeditions. Another is Mr. John Evershed, director of the Kodaikhanal Solar Observatory in Southern India; his wife (M. Orr) is well known through her little books on Southern Stars; they were both here a few years ago on their way to and from New Zealand, when Mr. Evershed was invited to choose a site for the then projected Cawthron Solar Observatory at Nelson. "Astronomical observations provide the principal, perhaps the only, means by which this theory, which is of such widespread interest, can be tested," said the President of the Royal Astronomical Society, inviting Professor Eddington to open the discussion (Dec., 1919, Vol. LXXX, No. 2, Monthly Notices of the R.A.S.). And the astronomer proceeded to deal with that aspect of the Relativity Theory which has to do with conceptions of space and

time and force. "The idea of time and space is primarily in the observer's consciousness. . . . In the four-dimensional world a particle occupies not one point, but a chain of points, its successive positions at successive instants. Hence its history is represented by a line which is called its world-line. Space-time is filled with world-lines of various objects, like a tangle of threads; but so far these is nothing to discriminate which is time and which is space. . . . The observer too has his world-line, for him the most important of all. That world-line represents time for him." And so on. Mr. Jeans, the physicist, was invited to supplement this view of the Relativity theory by explaining some laboratory experiments which have a bearing on it. He said he would try to explain how the foundation-stones of the structure of relativity were laid; and proceeded to discuss the question of the propagation of a beam of light. It was a historic meeting of the R.A.S. Students of Mathematics and Physics might consult, in addition to the works already quoted, "The Physical Society of London. Report on the Relativity Theory of Gravitation" (A. S. Eddington, M.A., M.Sc., F.R.S., Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy, Cambridge); and, for recreation, articles by Sir Oliver Lodge (whom many of us saw and heard speak on the Ether of Space as President of the Association for the Advancement of Science meeting here in 1914, at the commencement of the World-War) in such light publications as the "Fortnightly Review" and "The Nineteenth Century." (Dec., 1919, and Jan., 1920.)

We see that this theory requires very advanced and peculiar mathematics. Its details may perhaps be "trifles light as air" to such persons as Professor Lamb and the Professors Bragg, father and son, so long known in Adelaide; to learned Professors of old Oxford and Cambridge and of the New World; to Directors of Solar Observatories, and to

Astronomers-Royal. Perhaps! But . . . And here let us look at a few leaves "From an Oxford Note-Book," compiled by Professor Turner, Savilian Professor at Oxford, astronomer, mathematician, and fascinating lecturer, one of our eminent 1914 visitors ("Observatory Magazine," Dec., 1919):

"'Light Caught Bending.' The reporters' efforts to understand the revolution in Science would be amusing but for our own difficulties. This reminds us of another impressive exposition which held an audience for an hour and three-quarters. 'What was it about?' later said an absent enquirer. 'He didn't say,' replied his more fortunate friend."

"Correspondence.—'Scientists Caught Out.'—The Secretary frankly admitted he was beaten. The Theory is down in black and white, with plenty of  $X=O$ , but compared with it the Rosetta stone in the British Museum is a child's rag alphabet. The writer went up to the Library of the Royal Society and read through the theory three times, and was led out sobbing. . . . &c., &c."

"But what is the Fourth Dimension?" asks the Ordinary Person. Well, Professor Eddington mentions sheets of paper, then a cube made of such sheets, then a solid cube (of 3 dimensions), which can be cut into slices that will be sections in space at different times; and states that "the distinction of space and time separately is merely an idiosyncrasy of the observer, the distinction between here-and-there and sooner-and-later being a matter personal to the observer."

And we three-dimensional creatures can conceive of beings able to move to and fro on the surface of a, let us say glass, cube; unconscious of its thickness, incapable of leaving that surface by going upward or downward, knowing only two dimensions of space; prisoners of a plane. And, further, we can imagine beings, tinier than the wee fairies of our earliest childhood which we never even likened in size to any small con-

crete object such as a pin-point, these tiny existences living, moving, and having their being at the edge of the cube, creatures of one dimension.

We can even in thought travel along each edge to the falling-off end of the line—the point, of which we learnt in the days of our youth that it “has position but no parts or magnitude.” And this apparently almost non-existent point is really a very important point. Did not the quaintly interesting Sir Thomas Browne remind us in his “Religio Medici” of the many disputations held by mediæval philosophers on the important question of how many supra-human beings could pirouette on the point of a needle. Someone mentioned that the creator of “Alice in Wonderland” has discoursed of the Fourth Dimension, quite seriously. Can we not travel backwards—Point; line (one dimension); plane (two dimension); solid (three); and time-space (four)?

We must admit of Einstein’s wondrous and ponderous Theory of Relativity—to misquote the familiar classic:

“Which I wish to remark,  
And my reason is plain;  
That for ways that are dark. . . .  
Like the heathen Chinees, it’s peculiar.”

But in some way or other it will grip us. It predicted the exact amount of bending of light grazing the sun’s limb, caused by the sun’s gravitational influence, which was actually found on measuring the photographs taken by the May, 1919, Eclipse Expedition. And it accounts for the hitherto puzzling movement of the perihelion of the planet Mercury.

The eclipse (total solar) visible in Australia in 1922 is eagerly looked forward to as giving opportunity for testing these 4-dimensional hypotheses, as well as other important ones.

In the meantime the student of science, struggling onward, may well be encouraged by Professor Turner’s correspondent’s account, in the aforementioned “Leaves” — “A distinguished scientist was next seen. ‘I don’t understand it at all,’ he said, wearily. ‘Don’t mention my name.’”

A.D.

## Introduction to History (Prideaux).

Though not a student of History, one of my most cherished possessions is an old history book. I discovered it in a pile of other equally old-fashioned books, mostly religious and technical works, collections of sermons, prophecies, works on mathematics and astronomy, and military text-books.

Nearly everything there was useless except on account of old age, or a matter of sentiment. When an old family house is being sold, there is bound to be a collection of such most interesting rubbish. I had been told to look through the pile and take out anything I fancied. Old books fascinate me, and nothing loath, I began my self-imposed task of examining them all.

There, if I remember rightly, wedged between a book of logarithms and a treatise on Artillery Tactics, in close proximity to Josephus’ Antiquities, and almost hidden from view by a Cruden’s Concordance, there, modest and unimposing, I found my treasure.

I remember opening it, a small book about eight inches by six and an inch thick, of some 450 pages. Its cardboard covers had once gloried in a green and scarlet “marble-like” design, that is always associated in my mind with old ledgers. Gold lettering on its brown leather back informed me that it was an “Introduction to History” by one Prideaux. It had the peculiar musty smell and yellow spotted pages,

with curious lettering, especially the "s," which one always finds in old books.

After six or so blank pages, one comes to the title-page, part of which must be quoted:

"An  
Easy and Compendious  
INTRODUCTION

Contrived

In a more facile way than heretofore hath been published; Out of the Papers of

MATHIAS PRIDEAUX, Mr. of Arts  
and Sometime Fellow of Exeter Col-  
ledge, Oxford."

Then follows a note that this is the sixth edition, which has been corrected and augmented in various ways. It was printed at Oxford in the year of our Lord, 1682, by Leon Lichfield, printer to the University, and "sold by Richard Davies."

The Preface to the reader is not the least amusing part, "Expect no more here (good Reader) than the title promiseth, an Introduction, not to rest as satisfied, but to lead to larger Volumes."

The "prime scope of this Compendium" is the aid it gives to Memory; not only "a Directory to a beginner, but a Remembrance to those who have forgotten much they have read, and take it well to be prompted at the cheapest rate." The writer ends his preface with a quotation:

"If you have found a righter way,  
Impart it if you please;  
If not take this then for a stay,  
And use it at your ease."

The book is divided into seven parts, each with several chapters. It deals with Ecclesiastical history from "the Creation to the present time"; Political history up to Nimrod "(for those antediluvian dynasties mentioned by some must be held only imaginary)" . . . and the history of Successions, with special instance "of our own country."

It also mentions the history of Pro-

fessions and Counsels and "Natural, Various, and Vain Stories."

In short, it aspires to be the history, or the introduction to the history of Man from the beginning of time. As Mr. H. G. Wells is now publishing in fortnightly parts a huge work with the same purpose, this old work is all the more interesting.

To give a complete account of the whole work; much less to discuss even a few of the queer theories put forward by the wise Mr. Prideaux, or the old legends he tells—to quote merely the chief passages of interest and peculiarity—would be to fill another volume.

Mr. Prideaux begins with "A Summe of the Ten Long-liv'd antediluvian patriarchs." Adam, happy in his innocency, we are told, "continued in Paradise" with his beloved Evah, but not for long, as "he lodged not one night there, so sudden was the Serpent's seducing, his Wife's consenting, his yielding, God's execution." The legends he gives about the ancient early descendants of Adam are legion and fanciful in extreme—but many he condemns as "inventions," "foolish conceits." Once, after some specially foolish story, he scoffs, "Let them feed upon their fancies." Noah was supposed to have been the same man who figured in various parts of heathen mythology.

Prometheus, Ogyges, Hercules, Deucalion, Janus Bifrons.

"All those in truth were but the same  
And different only in the name."

After a resume of old Jewish history and the history of the first few centuries of the Christian Church, there follow several chapters whose very titles pour the indignant wrath and scornful condemnation of the writer upon the heads of those whose lives he portrays—Usurping Nimrods, Luxurious Sodomites, Egyptian Magicians, Devouring Abaddons, Incurable Babylonians—all might step out of the pages of Prideaux into a book of Bunyan and feel at home at once.



A short European history follows; then the "Dynasty of the Britanes," which is "so interlarded with fables and perplexed with confusion, that authors consent not, where to begin, how to go forward, or when to end that the parts of it may tolerably hang together."

Nevertheless, the author gives a fairly concise account of what he can find of the old inhabitants of Britain. A philosopher and mathematician, by name Meseth, the fifth son of Japhet, though more usually called Samothés, is said to have been the first founder of a dynasty in Britain.

As the writer nears his own age he gives an account of the occurrences of every few days. An event so recent as the beheading of Charles the First is almost a subject too much in the scholar's mind for him to write of it dispassionately. The names of those who committed the crime "because I am loth to pollute Press or Paper with such foul blots, and consult brevity, I shall omit."

However, "J. Bradshaw," infamous President of this pretended Court, "made up a Face and Nose," who pronounced "that astonishing sentence against his Prince," shall have his name "to gratify his humour, transmitted with immortal ignominy to succeeding ages."

The book, except for appendices and indices, closes with the restoration of Charles II, with rhapsodies of thank-

fulness and eulogies on the virtues of the king.

"We will leave him to compose by his prudence, three disordered, and repair the breaches in three divided kingdoms, wishing him all the blessings which good subjects can think of or His own Heart desire."

One other point of especial interest. At the end of each chapter is a curious appendage. It is a list of enquiries, Whether? These seem to have puzzled the author. Perhaps a few may be of interest.

#### Inquiries.

Whether:

1. The World began in Spring or Autumn?
2. The Flood drowned Paradice?
3. The whole frame of Heaven staid at the standing of the Sun in Joshua's time?
4. There were ever a Ditch or Cut perfected to make Mediterranean and Red Sea meet?
5. Joan of Orliance (Joan of Arc) were no other but as Magdalene, Blewbeard and Jack Cade amongst us, a cheating Impositrix?
6. Learning ever more flourished in these kingdoms than in King James and Queen Elizabeth's daies?
7. Upon a resolution to study any Faculty it would not do well to have an Historical Catalogue of the Professors that have been Eminent in it.

B. J. M.

The annual subscription to the A.U.M. is 3s. (posted 3s. 6d.). Subscriptions may be sent to the Business Manager at the University.

Exchanges: Queensland University Magazine; "Hermes," University of Sydney; St. John's College Magazine; Melbourne University Magazine; "The Black Swan"; "The Spike," Victoria University College, N.Z.

Contributors are requested to write clearly on one side of the paper only, and to mark on their contribution the approximate number of words which it contains. The Editor will return any unsuitable MS. which is accompanied by an addressed envelope or wrapper, and stamps if to an address other than the University.

## Victorarborosities.

By Felix the Faithless.

It's not that Victor's such a really, truly wonderful place, or that the balmy breezes which linger round its lovely shores are any balmier than those of other climes, but the inhabitants are, especially at Easter, and there's the rub.

By inhabitants I mean the strays who float in by shoals. The real article subsides at the approach of this motley crowd, except for the oldest inhabitant, who considers that his show-time has arrived, and disports himself accordingly. All the strays know each other, if they don't they take it for granted that they've been produced and proceed to fall in love and out again, with that ease and rapidity which is at one and the same time the charm of Adelaideans, and the wonder of lesser fry.

But if you're coming with me, you must not be the nice respectable student which you naturally are not; you must don your glad rags, assume a devil-may-care air of nonchalance, and having made yourself the possessor of a rug, wander forth like a knight errant, or a morning after.

You may not think the rug necessary, but it is—a cushion is also useful, if you can get one—but don't worry yourself about that. You must leave something to your sparring partner or to luck.

Now we're right. First of all, we'll take a tour round the island by moonlight, where every youth and maiden of susceptible years and assured respectability loves to stray. And you can't wonder. The island is so helpful; they need never become tongue-tied in that romance-laden atmosphere. If you were to study them, you'd find that they run in groups or stages, and each stage is affected by the surroundings. For instance, there's stage number one. Archibald and Amelia, having just collided when rounding a granite rock, sit down on the first available spot, and

after preliminary cooings fall to telling each other that if it hadn't been for the island they wouldn't have met. The dears! You leave them; they're too amateurish and candid about it all. Try the second stage. They're further down the rocks, fondly imagining what it would be like if they were the only survivors from the wreck of the *Hesperus*. He's telling her how he would hie himself hence in search of goat's milk and cockles whilst she, perchance, would seek for wreckage wherewith to dry her dripping clothes and cook the cockles. Obviously, it's the island which is causing all this. You begin to wonder how it takes them in the third stage. These have given up vague imaginings in open spaces, and discuss all sorts of things in cosy nooks and sheltered crannies. He's liable to propose at any minute. His rhapsodies are imaginative, if not exaggerated, but she believes them all, and in the intervals you catch him faintly murmuring that Venus was as a charwoman on a half-holiday compared with her girlish charms. Fed up, did you say? You'd better finish the job and stir up the last stagers. No? All right, you probably wouldn't be able to find them in any case, for they're wise old birds, and you can bet your innocent young soul that they are practically inaccessible.

But, hark! Is that the fire brigade careering round this quiet spot? No, no. 'Tis merely Jehu, the king of all 'bus drivers, who rattles out his tintinabulations, proclaiming to the world that he and his rusty old car, together with one decrepit moke, are about to depart for bed, and if you don't come home now you'll have to walk. Let him go. The moon won't set for hours yet, and besides, the sweet girleens on the rocks haven't to render an account of their late home-coming at the maternal bedside, and father's too far off to come

looking for them with a bulldog and buggy lamp.

Come and have a peep at Cameron's what time you indulge in coffee and toast, if you would be a la mode. Sit back and watch the world. There's Mary Ellen in the corner, making valiant efforts to straighten her hair with three hairpins. She's a third-stager—the comb went in the first stage, and the balance of the pins in the second. And did you see the guilty giggle flit across Muriel's lovely countenance? She only recognized her beau of la derniere soir with someone else. She's not "jalouse" you know, not she; only George might get to know, and that wouldn't do, at any rate not until he has paid for the coffee and toast.

And so the good old game goes on. But Victor can be more than a haven of flirtation. Paddle your old rowboat up the Hindmarsh; dodge the sandbanks and steer clear of the branches; round the bend and splash the sunlight off the ripples; see the tangled mass of native trees on either side—they couldn't grow straight if they tried; you see, they're not built that way. Steer your barque to the fallen tree and clamber across and up and over till you nestle on rustic seats, while Phyllis trips lightly forward with tea and cakes. (Beware lest she trip heavily, for then it will not be well with the tea or yet the cakes.) Off

you go again, back along the stream, and don't forget to rouse a hearty chorus, that's if you're not too busy helping a nymphlet steer the boat, square up with Charon, and buzz off to tea. But who's this at your table—a med. student, by all that's sacrosanct; a respectable youth this one, with that ruddy complexion engendered of health, happiness, and ale—mostly ale. He's fixed up something for the evening; nice fellow. He's an old hand hereabouts and knows the ropes. Leave things to him, and you'll be all right. You did, did you? And its morning now, and you have a sore head. Well, well! And he appeared to be such a nice young man, too.

To-day you're feeling peaceful. You spent the day at billiards or tennis, but somehow you couldn't win. That doesn't matter. Come across and look at the scenery before sunset. Glorious, isn't it: the shadows are creeping in. See those queer little mists sneaking down the valleys. They have the whip-hand over old Sol, for their pal, the sea, is slowly drowning him. Now they are almost in possession. Mount Breckan is scarcely distinguishable, and Victor itself is becoming a haze of dim lights and mystery. So are you, so run off or you'll miss tea, and mind, when you get back, "Mum's the word!"

## "A Jug of Wine and Thou . . ."

Now it's all very well, as the poets said,  
To lounge in a leafy bower,  
With a girl, and book, and a loaf of bread,  
And some wine for an idle hour.

And there you sit from day to day  
Keeping the wine-jug swinging,  
Munching the bread, and reading away,  
And the girl?—she keeps on singing.

But what of the time when the girl divine  
Finds her repertoire run short?  
Or the bread gets stale, and the jug of wine  
Holds less than you thought you'd bought?

Oh, of course, the nights would be royally fair  
With a "calm, clear moon above";  
But you get some nights when the moon 's not  
there,

And you simply can't *eat* love.  
No! for me a flat that is near a beach,  
And handy to lots of shows,  
With a few hotels in easy reach,  
To get there before they close.

And there if it's cold *we* are warm and snug  
On a lounge that will *just* seat two;  
If it's fine, the beach and a nice soft rug—  
Well, the rest I'll leave to you.

"OH! MA!"

## Societies.

### Adelaide University Christian Union.

John R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, says in his book, *The Power of Jesus Christ in the Life of the Student*, "A splendid physique, a highly trained intellect, attractive social qualities, a strong personality, an influential family name, large financial possessions—all these and other things contribute to one's power, but apart from Jesus Christ a man is comparatively weak." The Student Christian Movement is becoming more and more to realize that the secular and technical education given in our universities makes for incomplete manhood and indifferent citizenship unless supplemented by a parallel development of the spiritual faculties, unless the whole life is dominated by a great ideal. At the Business Convention held at Mittagong this year the following aim was adopted as the aim of the Australian Student Christian Movement, being passed unanimously by the 200 students present from the various universities of the Commonwealth:

"To set forth Jesus Christ as the Saviour of Man and as the supreme manifestation of God and of true manhood, so that students may be led to knowledge of and faith in God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

"To present this Christian faith as challenging students to the devotion of the whole life to the service of the Kingdom of God in the practice of their profession or business; in the application of Christian principles to all problems of individual and social, national and international life; in active co-operation in the evangelization of the world.

"To promote among students regular habits of prayer and Bible study as means by which the spirit of God may operate in and through their lives."

In order to facilitate the working of the Union the Annual General Meeting was, as usual, held in September, when the executive committees for the forthcoming year were elected and the reports for the year 1919 were read. The old and the new executives then met together whenever necessary during the remainder of the year, in order that the old executive might instruct the new committee in the organization and work of the Christian Union. A cabinet committee was appointed in order to make arrangements for the finances of 1920, and a combined conference was arranged and held at Blackwood on September 20th. Representatives were appointed to go to the various schools at the end of the year,

in order to address students who would be matriculating at the University in 1920, and, where possible, these schools were visited by old scholars. Arrangements were made for the Mittagong conference, and many of us have pleasant recollections of the week spent there. A week before the schools opened a Public Schools camp was held at Noarlunga, and, according to the reports of the boys who went, they did not regret their week's sojourn by the sea. During the time elapsing between February 3rd and March 18th education students attend a course of lectures at the University. The Christian Union decided that they were missing a golden opportunity, and so these students were addressed and about 80 were persuaded to join the Bible Study circles for those five weeks. These circles proved a great success, and at some future time the C.U. hopes to utilize these people in the establishment of Bible circles in our secondary schools throughout the State.

During the vacation members of the Union were at work in the preparation of the Handbook which has been of such value to the Fresher. About 300 were printed and were distributed as freely as possible. A social was held in the first week of term, to which all Freshers were invited, and something of 'Varsity life was explained to them.

Before the opening of the University for lectures a combined executive conference was held at Bridgewater, and the plans and policy for the year 1920 were discussed and adopted.

In the first and second terms meetings of an entirely undenominational nature are held every Friday, at 1.15 p.m., in "A Classics Room." These help to develop a corporate spirit and a feeling of fellowship amongst the men and women of the University. The speaker's name and the title of his address are advertised two or three days before the meeting in different parts of the University. The first meeting this term was devoted to the Policy Speech by the President, Mr. G. P. Rayner, and since then a series of addresses have been given on "The Relation of Christianity to the Different Professions." So far the views of Sir Joseph Verco on "Medicine," Mr. Geoff. Reed on "Law," and Major Smeaton on "Politics in Relation to Christianity" have been heard. On Friday, May 7th, the meeting will be addressed by Mr. Wisewould, Australian delegate to World's Student Christian Federation, to be held this year, his subject being "The Aims and Work of the W.S.C.F. in the near future."

Bible Study Circle Committees were appointed early in this term, and as the result

of the work of these committees about 100 men and 50 women have started or are about to start Bible Study work, there being in all some 18 circles.

There are many other activities in connection with the C.U. work which might be mentioned. The Y.M.C.A. applied to the Executive Committee for helpers in their work, and three students volunteered and are helping to lead circles and instruct in gymnasium. The Christian Union has also formed circles at the Adelaide High School, 60 boys and girls being interested.

For the coming vacation concerts are being arranged, the proceeds from which will go towards swelling the funds of the Australian Student Christian Movement, which, like every other movement, is sadly in need of funds, owing to the increasing scope of its work. Space will not permit to give details of the work of the movement or of what the movement is accomplishing and has accomplished in the various Universities of Australia, but information of this work will gladly be given by any member of the executive committee. The work necessitates the presence of a Travelling Secretary with us most of the year, and we have with us at present Mr. Norman Smith. The benefit of his experience in C.U. work can hardly be estimated.

A social evening is being held on Tuesday evening, May 4th, for which invitations have been issued to all those interested in C.U. work in the University. By means of these evenings men and women of the University meet together, and the lack of that corporate life in the University which we miss so much is made up for in part by the Christian Union.

Executive Committees of Christian Union:  
—Men: President, Mr. G. P. Rayner; Vice-President, Mr. H. M. Fisher; Recording Secretary, Mr. D. J. R. Sumner; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. H. F. C. Symonds; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. M. W. Padman. Women: President, Miss D. Nobes; Vice-President, Miss J. Murray; Recording Secretary, Miss A. W. Clark; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. Rayner; Hon. Treasurer, Miss R. Davies.

—D.S.

### Law Student's Society.

There were about forty-five present and prospective members present at the Annual General Meeting of the Adelaide University Law Students' Society this year, and the spirit with which the members entered into the business augurs well for the future of the Society.

The elections were keenly contested and resulted in the destinies of the Society being

left in the hands of Messrs. E. L. Stevens, G. I. Zeising, W. M. Burns, N. V. Wallace, W. R. Kelly, R. F. Newman (Hon. Treasurer), and F. E. Piper (Hon. Secretary).

The Treasurer is to be found at the office of Messrs. Johnstone, Ronald & Kitson, Steamship Buildings, Currie Street, where he awaits, with open receipt book, those members of the Society who have not yet paid their subscriptions. The subscription is 7/6 per annum, which includes the subscription to the University Magazine.

Copies of the programme for the year can be obtained from the Secretary.

We are now fortunate in having a Professor of Laws to guide us through our University career. Professor Coleman Phillipson comes to us with a splendid record, won in the home country, both at the English Bar and at the Peace Conference, where he acted as one of the legal advisers to the British Representatives at Versailles.

At the meeting called by the authorities to give us an opportunity of meeting the Professor, Mr. G. I. Zeising, on behalf of the Society, spoke a few well-chosen words of welcome to the Professor, and from that time on Professor Phillipson has shown a great interest in the Society, and no doubt, under his leadership, the Society will flourish as it has never flourished before.

The first meeting of the year was held on the 27th April, and Professor Phillipson presided over a splendid attendance of 31 members. The debate was an interesting one, and the discussion was both prolonged and spirited. Eventually judgment was given for the respondent, who was represented by Mr. R. F. Newman, with Mr. J. J. Davoren. Mr. E. J. R. Morgan, with Mr. L. M. S. Hargrave, appeared for the appellant.

The Committee have, at the suggestion of the Society, arranged a particularly long programme this year, and it sincerely hopes that members will endorse this action by attending meetings regularly.

In conclusion, we extend our hearty congratulations to Messrs. G. L. Rutter, G. Michell, C. Townsend Gun, Guy Fisher, G. H. Holland, and L. E. Clarke upon their recent admission to the Bar, and we wish them every success in their future career.

—F.E.P.

### Science Association.

It was with some feelings of misgiving and trepidation that we stepped forth into the unknown possibilities of 1920. Last year, owing to the increased number of Engineers, many of whom belonged to this Association, it was decided by them to form a society of their own. We consider this a justified move,

as we feel that in a University having an Engineering School of such proportions as ours there should be such a society. We wish them every success in the future.

Owing to the possibility of a serious loss in membership from this cause we opened the year with an attempt to enlist the interest and support of all the science students by issuing, in the first week of the term, a small pamphlet setting forth the aims and objects of the Association. We are pleased to know that our efforts have met with some success, as shown by our membership and attendance at meetings.

We should like here to extend a hearty invitation to all members of the University Staff to our meetings. In the past our Professors and Lectures have assisted us in many ways, and by their attendance at meetings they will greatly help our discussions, and, also, our meetings will become what they should be—a common meeting-place of students and professors.

The first meeting of the year was held in the Prince of Wales Lecture Theatre on Friday, March 26th, when Sir Douglas Mawson, D.Sc., took as his subject "Coal: Its Constitution and Economic Role."

The lecturer first dealt with the relative importance of water and coal as sources of power. He showed that water power was the more preferable from an economic point of view. The evolution of coal was now dealt with and the process by which vegetable matter became coal was graphically explained. The carboniferous epoch was considered the age most productive of coal.

The lecturer then passed on to the uses to which coal can be put. He emphasized that the burning of coal on an open hearth was a crying shame, since the world is calling out for a greater output of coal products, such as dyes, explosives, tars, oils, and other hydrocarbons, such as benzine, toluene, naphthalene, anthracene, &c.

Sir Douglas explained that the only effective method of utilizing coal to its fullest was by the carbonization process, in which the coal products are distilled off, each fraction being isolated as distillation proceeds.

The lecture was amply illustrated by lantern slides, maps, graphs, and specimens.

The meeting was now thrown open to discussion, which proceeded in a brisk manner. During this Sir Douglas threw some very interesting sidelights on the war.

The Second Ordinary Meeting was held on Friday, April 16th, when Mr. W. H. Schneider delivered his lecture, entitled "Gyostatic Action."

Mr. Schneider first pointed out that bodies rotating about an axis through them appear at first glance to disobey Newton's famous Laws of Motion. He then demonstrated by

experiment and diagrams that this apparent inconsistency was purely imaginary, and clearly showed that by expressing these laws in terms applicable to this form of motion the Newtonian laws were, as usual, infallible. The speaker carefully and skilfully chose his terms, in order that those unfamiliar with dynamics might appreciate his remarks.

Many interesting experiments and some lantern slides were shown, and uses to which the gyrostat may be put were discussed.

Our next meeting will be held on the last Friday in the term, when Professor Brailsford Robertson will take as his subject "Biochemistry in the Service of the Industries and the State."

At the close of each meeting a pleasant social hour is spent in the Union Room, where supper is served and a musical programme provided. It would be a great help to the Association if all persons with any literary or musical talent would assist Mr. A. G. Appleby and Miss E. D. Nobes in making these gatherings a success. Don't wait to be asked.

The following excursions have been made this term:

1. To Pengelley's Furniture Factory, Edwardstown.
2. To the Exhibition.

Previous to this second excursion Mr. J. P. Wood, B.E., kindly gave a short, informal lecture on the torpedo.

An excursion has been arranged to visit the X Ray Department of Keswick Hospital for Wednesday, May 5th.

The Annual Dinner will be held in the middle of next term.

Members who have not already paid their subs. are requested to interview Mr. A. J. Glasson as soon as possible.

The following are the officers for the year: President, Mr. W. H. James, B.Sc.; Deputy President, Mr. E. A. Thrum; Secretary, Mr. M. W. Padman; Treasurer, Mr. A. J. Glasson.

### A.M.M.S.

Our Annual General Meeting was held on Thursday, March 18. In accordance with the usual custom, it was wholly given up to business. The officers for the ensuing year were elected, the retiring Secretary and Treasurer read their respective reports, and new members were given a befitting welcome. This year all previous records in the matter of new students have been broken, and if the numbers are maintained the accommodation in the Medical School will be sorely overtaxed. In view of the influx of new students it is most opportune that the members of the Darling family should have made their generous gift of £16,000 at this time.

At the first monthly meeting, held on Thursday, April 15, Dr. Hone delivered his Presi-

dential Address on "Medical Students and the Spirit of Research." In the course of his remarks he drew attention to the fact that the new Professors in our School (Professor Brailsford Robertson, of Physiology, Professor Wood-Jones, of Anatomy, and Professor Cleland, of Pathology), had all gained great reputation in the carrying out of research work in their own particular branch of medical science. Hence, what a wonderful opportunity it was for young men to be doing their medical course with such men as these as their teachers. One could safely look forward to the genesis of a great spirit of research which would be of incalculable value, not only to the student himself, but also to the general public as a whole, which would be the great gainer by having a body of medical men keenly alert and ever anxious to discover new things and careful to interpret them aright. Thus, and only thus, could many things now completely hidden from our knowledge be made known and many seeming anomalies made clear. He also went on to show how effective had been the application of this spirit of research in many branches of medicine, and more particularly in regard to the field investigation of hookworm in Queensland. This is necessarily only the briefest resume of Dr. Hone's address; which was not only of the utmost interest, but should prove most stimulating and inspiring to all those who had the privilege of hearing it.

As a point of practical interest to those interested in the publication of this magazine, the subscription to the A.M.S.S. has been revised so as to include the cost of the supply of three magazines a year to each student.

Officers for 1920: President, Dr. F. S. Hone; Vice-Presidents, Professor Wood-Jones, Professor Cleland, Professor Robertson, Dr. Cudmore, Dr. de Crespigny; Secretary Mr. A. L. Webb; Treasurer, Mr. A. F. Hobbs; Auditors, Messrs. Cramp and Cowling; Editor, Mr. H. W. Florey; Assistant Editor, Mr. A. Lewis; Business Editor, Mr. H. M. Fisher; Committee, the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Editor of the "Review," and the retiring Secretary (Mr. K. S. Hetzel), and the retiring Treasurer (Mr. R. L. Walmesley), together with the following representatives from each year: Fifth year, Messrs. Hone and Wurm; fourth year, Messrs. Jones and White; third year, Messrs. Walker and Jose; second year, Messrs. Dowling and Mitchell; first year, Messrs. Prest and Swann.

### Engineering Society.

Last year the Engineering Students decided they were sufficiently strong, numerically, to form a Society of their own, instead of simply

being attached to the Science Association. Accordingly a Students' section of the Adelaide Division of the Institution of Engineers, Australia, was formed, and this was quite satisfactory, except that it was not a recognised University Society.

Hence, at the Annual Meeting, held last November, it was decided, after a lively discussion, to form an A.U. Engineering Society. Another meeting was held in March and a committee elected to draw up the Constitution, which was adopted early in April. Actually the whole arrangement means merely a change of name, membership being confined to University students, but the meetings of the two Societies are held simultaneously.

A badge for the Society has been chosen and is now obtainable. It has evoked some criticism, but it is evidently easier to criticise now than it was to send in designs when they were called for. Maybe professional jealousy among the not too many designers is a cause for this. Mr. T. S. Opie, of the Arts School, was the successful designer.

The officers elected for the year 1920 were: President, Mr. H. Cartledge; Deputy President, Mr. R. Cox; Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. Gillman; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. Kinnaird; Sub-Editor to A.U. magazine, Mr. R. C. Robin (resigned); Members of Committee, Messrs. J. Roach, W. M. Anderson, and R. Boundy.

The first paper of the year was given late in April by Mr. J. H. O. Eaton on "River Murray Works." Mr. Eaton traced the geological history of the Murray, explaining the reason why the foundations for the locks were poor, there being little rock available. The lock, sluices, and navigating pass at Blanchetown were dealt with in detail, as was the Lake Victoria storage reservoir. The lecture was intensely interesting and was profusely illustrated with excellent lantern slides.

At a meeting held last year it was feared that most of the papers given would be by practising engineers, and not many by the students, but, despite the efforts of the Committee, the latter have so far been conspicuous by their absence.

It is not too late to change this regrettable feature of the agenda, due undoubtedly to native modesty, combined with the distaste of youth for appearing too conspicuously in the limelight. Another reason may be that the students' time is so taken up with lectures, tennis, &c., that they have no time nor energy left to prepare papers. While it is educative to sit at the feet of experienced engineers, it would also prove interesting and beneficial to have occasionally an interchange of ideas amongst the more youthful members of the Society.

—S.H.M.G.

### Women's Union.

The annual dinner was held in 1919 at the Cafe Rubeo. Fifty-three members were present, and a very jolly evening was spent in a quiet room upstairs. Owing to the most unfortunate illness of our President, Miss Hubbe, the Vice-President, Miss Moneriff, took the chair and toasted the King. The University was proposed by Miss Menz and most amusingly seconded by Dr. Mayo. Miss Somerville spoke of the work of the U.W.U., while the Vice-President replied. The new graduates were congratulated on their success by Miss Davey. Dr. Gault then responded for them all. Finally we were reminded of absent friends by Miss Sarre. The dining tables were quickly removed and the members began dancing, amid much merriment.

In January of 1920 the new education students were welcomed to the Cottage by Miss Hubbe, and we are most grateful to all those who made the morning tea-party the success it was.

The Freshers' Tea took place on March 19 in the north hall of the Conservatorium and gave us the opportunity of welcoming not only the Freshers, but Dr. Pavy and Miss Puddy also. After the tea proper and some choruses, Dr. Gault began the formal programme. Miss Kitson welcomed Dr. Pavy back to Adelaide, and Dr. Pavy replied. Dr. Plummer offered our greetings to Miss Puddy, who then expressed her gratitude to us. Some advice for all the members of the Union was given by the President, and short speeches from representatives of the Sports Association, Graduates' Club, Debating Club, Christian Union, and the proposed Women's Arts Association followed. The evening ended with the singing of "God Save the King."

#### Outside Interests of the Union.

A lecture on "The League of Nations" was given on March 24, at the lunch hour, by Mr. Roland Kelsey in the classics lecture-room. Owing to the unexpectedly early arrival of Sir Ross Smith's aeroplane, there were only 15 members present, with Dr. Gault in the chair. Nevertheless, the few who heard him are sure to profit from Mr. Kelsey's interesting and most important address.

Our representative on the W.E.A. Council, Miss Penelope Mayo, is attending their Conference, and, through her, we wish the Association all success in its new year's work.

Members of the Union have undertaken the charge of the stand set up by the Women's Memorial Fund in the Exhibition for two afternoons in April.

We have decided that all communications in reference to the indentured Indians in Fiji should be handed to the Secretary of the Graduates' Club.

—M.D.N.

### Women Graduates' Club.

So far there has been only one meeting of the Club this year, and it was a most auspicious occasion, for we had the unique pleasure of welcoming back to our midst two women graduates of this University who have been on the other side of the world for some years.

Miss Maude Puddy, Mus. Bac., studied pianoforte in Vienna, under the famous teacher, Maitre Letchetiski, and for the last few years has played and taught in London.

Dr. Dorothea Pavy left here as Dorothea Proud, B.A., the first Helen Spence scholar, and, having gained her D.Sc. (Social Science) at the London University, did valuable war work in the Ministry of Labour.

Miss Mabel Hardy, the President of the Club, welcomed our guests and assured them that they would not be called upon to make formal speeches, but that we hoped to hear something of their life and work abroad.

The gathering proved quite informal, for most of us unconventionally sat on the floor, at the feet of the two guests who occupied that well-known, trusted and tried friend of all women students—the old sofa. Then we asked questions and so got to know many interesting details of their student days.

Miss Puddy gave us some delightful glimpses of a music student's work and play in Vienna, and Dr. Pavy spoke of the engrossing world in which she had worked and the people she had met. It was this personal touch that we so much enjoyed, and we felt that this chance of meeting old friends and renewing old friendships was invaluable to us all. This was one of the ideals that the originators of the Club had in view when it was first started.

—C. M. DAVEY. Hon. Sec.

### Women Students' Debating Club.

The first meeting of 1920 was held on April 9. There was an excellent attendance and, including old friends and new students, the audience numbered thirty-eight.

The subject of the debate was, "Should there be equal pay for equal work for men and women?" The question was one of great interest to us all, and was keenly debated by the speakers. The affirmative side was taken by Miss Hollidge, Miss Gaetjens, and Miss Wait, and the negative arguments were put forward by Miss Southcott, Miss Edgerley, and Miss Somerville. The side led by Miss Wait argued that if women did the same work as men, as efficiently as men, they must in all fairness get the same wage; but Miss Somerville and her colleagues maintained that the national spirit, which is based on the spirit of the social unit, the family, would deterio-



rate if women were as highly paid as men in the same position, for the women would be disinclined to leave their comfortable incomes for the all-important office of "home-maker." If they did marry they would find it difficult and unpleasant to keep their house and family on the husband's wage, when they, before their marriage, had been earning exactly the same sum and spending it all on themselves.

It is to the credit of the members of the Debating Club that the great majority voted on this more lofty principle, and the negative side was declared to have "won."

Interesting discussions followed the debate, and we are indebted to Miss Wall and Miss

Menz for their able and helpful criticism of the speakers. At the close of the evening the Chairman announced that the next meeting would be on May 7th and would take the form of three short debates on topical subjects. The increased number of the audience, and the high standard of excellence maintained throughout the speeches at the first meeting, augurs well for the success of the Debating Club in the coming year.

Officers of the Debating Club for 1920:—Chairman, Miss Berry, M.A.; Vice-Chairman, Miss Somerville, B.A.; Secretary, Miss Cramp-ton.

—H.C.

## Sports.

### General.

The Annual General Meeting of the Sports Association was held in the Union Room on 29th March, at 1.15 p.m. The retiring secretary, Mr. F. R. Hone, presented a comprehensive report of the year's doing, which showed that the Association was gradually getting into its stride again after the long abeyance due to the war. We were represented in seven inter-'Varsity contests during the year, viz., lacrosse, football, tennis, rifle shooting, cricket, women's hockey, and women's tennis. We won the rifle shooting by a narrow margin after a very close contest. The cricket match was won most decisively by our team by an innings and a large margin of runs. The other sports all provided very good games, but our representatives were beaten on each occasion. The financial statement showed a small credit balance, in spite of the very heavy expenditure of the year. This was largely due to the great success of the 'ball last year.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. R. H. Wallman; Deputy Chairman, Dr. D. M. Steele; Vice-Presidents, Professors Naylor, Henderson, Mitchell, Watson, Chapman, Robertson, Wood Jones, Phillipson, Wilton, Drs. Gilbert, Hone, Fry, Cudmore, Smeaton, Russell, Simpson Newland, Rischbieth, Cavenagh, Mainwaring, Schultz, Messrs. A. W. Piper, K.C., Nicholls, Magarey, and Goodman; Honorary Secretary, Mr. D. A. Dowling; Honorary Treasurer, Mr. D. J. Sumner; Assistant Treasurers, Messrs. E. H. Johncock (Arts), J. Ashton (Law), G. Smith (Science); Auditors, Messrs. Brebner, Giles. The following Blue Sub-Committee has been appointed: President, Deputy Chairman, Honorary Secretary, Messrs. H. I. Coombs

(Boat Club), G. E. Jose (Cricket Club), A. N. Dawkins (Tennis Club), A. H. White (Football Club), H. M. Fisher (Lacrosse Club), Dr. W. B. T. Shanasy (Rifle Club), Mr. L. V. Pellew (Athletic Club), Miss Menz (Women's Tennis Club), Miss Berriman (Women's Hockey Club).

The Constitution of the Association is being revised by a sub-committee consisting of the President, Mr. R. H. Wallman, the Honorary Secretary, Mr. D. A. Dowling, and Mr. F. R. Hone. The amendments will be put before a General Meeting in due course.

The much-discussed Inter-'Varsity Sports Council, for the control of men's inter-'Varsity sports, has at last been launched. It has taken over the arrangement of dates for contests and the management of all matters affecting all contests between the Australian Universities.

We would like to congratulate the following—Messrs. C. E. Pellew, L. V. Pellew, G. M. Hone, and Dr. D. M. Steele—who were chosen for the interstate cricket team, and Dr. C. Gurner, Messrs. G. M. Hone and E. T. Rowe, and Miss L. Bollen, who were chosen in the interstate tennis team.

Blues were awarded during 1919 to the following: Lacrosse—Drs. H. K. Pavy, A. K. Gault, N. R. Bennet, R. L. T. Grant. Football—Messrs. C. Harbison, A. H. White, D. J. Sumner, H. G. Prest, C. I. Streich, T. Tassie, A. B. Jones. Rifle Shooting—Dr. W. B. Shanasy, Messrs. H. C. Hosking, H. M. Bourke, H. M. Fisher, H. F. Altmann, R. D. Hornabrook, A. R. Altmann, R. G. Goodman. Tennis—Dr. C. Gurner, Messrs. E. T. Rowe, G. M. Hone. Women's Tennis—Miss E. Reed. We are pleased to be able to state that enthusiasm in the various clubs is high, and the year promises to be one of the brightest in the history of the Association.

## Cricket.

The season generally has been a great success. All the team took a keen interest both in the matches and in practices, though, of course, allowances must be made when the examinations are close at hand.

The inter-Varsity match against Melbourne aroused much enthusiasm both amongst the players themselves and also among our numerous supporters. Perhaps this was somewhat increased by the very excellent performance of our men. We have been fortunate in having D. M. Steele as our captain. He played in all except three matches, when the vice-captain, G. E. Jose, took charge.

We congratulate most heartily L. V. Pellew and G. M. Hone, who recently obtained their interstate colours. The name of D. M. Steele was also prominent in the interstate matches, and our congratulations are due to him, too, on his selection as vice-captain to the South Australian team.

C. E. Pellew has been playing with our club since his return with the A.I.F. team, and has been very useful both with the bat and ball.

H. M. Fisher bowled consistently well through the season, and A. H. White was particularly successful in the inter-Varsity match.

The following are the averages—batting, and bowling—of the matches played during the season:

## A GRADE ONLY.

## Batting.

	Matches played.	Av.
D. M. Steele . . . . .	6	95
L. V. Pellew . . . . .	10	53
H. Treloar . . . . .	3	47
G. E. Jose . . . . .	10	36
G. M. Hone . . . . .	7	29
C. E. Pellew . . . . .	3	25
H. G. Prest . . . . .	9	21
W. B. Shanasy . . . . .	10	16
C. G. Evans . . . . .	5	14
A. H. White . . . . .	6	12
H. M. Fisher . . . . .	9	10
T. Finney . . . . .	2	6

## A GRADE ONLY.

## Bowling.

	Wkts.	Matches.	Av.
C. E. Pellew . . . . .	10	3	10
H. M. Fisher . . . . .	30	9	18
L. V. Pellew . . . . .	12	10	34
B. T. Taylor . . . . .	7	4	42
G. M. Hone . . . . .	12	7	45
A. H. White . . . . .	2	6	87

## Lawn Tennis.

## Secretary's Report for Year 1919.

The past year has been easily the most successful the Tennis Club has known.

Directly after Easter the Annual Tournament commenced, and finished, or rather did not finish, at the end of the year. There was a record number of entries, totalling 121, for the three events.

No championships were held during the year. The Singles Handicap attracted 70 contestants, and hence was divided into two divisions. Mr. Brauer was successful in the first division and Mr. Treloar in the second. The Doubles Handicap had 31 pairs, and this event, owing to epidemics, exams., and rain, never finished. Messrs. Hoopmann and Alpers and Messrs. Welch and Treloar divided the spoils. The Mixed Doubles Handicap had 20 applicants for honours, and Miss G. Good and Mr. A. Barker are to be congratulated in winning from a very keen field.

The next attraction for the year was the Schools' Matches. The Medical School entered three teams, Engineering two teams, Science, Arts, and Law one each. The Science team was successful in the final, beating the second Medical team by 3 rubbers 8 sets to 3 rubbers 6 sets.

Following on these matches came the Inter-Varsity Matches for the Niall Cup, postponed for Easter owing to the 'flu. Adelaide were drawn to play Melbourne here, and Sydney to play Brisbane in Sydney. Melbourne beat us by 12 rubbers to 9, and Sydney easily vanquished Brisbane. Our team for the Inter-Varsity contest was Dr. C. Gurner (captain), E. T. Rowe, G. M. Hone, F. R. Hone, G. A. Lendon, H. W. Florey; emergency, A. N. Dawkins. In the final Melbourne beat Sydney by 11 rubbers to 10, thus showing that our standard was very little behind either Melbourne or Sydney.

As a result of these matches, tennis blues were awarded to Dr. Gurner and Messrs. G. M. Hone and E. T. Rowe.

The Saturday following these matches the pennant matches of the S.A.L.T.A. were commenced. We entered four teams—one in class I., two in class II., and one in class III. All of our teams, I am sorry to say, graced positions perilously near the bottom of their respective grades. This, I am sure, is not due to lack of talent, but solely to lack of enthusiasm. One by one, players who had faithfully promised to play throughout the season dropped out to go on holidays and left great gaps in the teams which during the vacation it was impossible to fill. Consequently several matches, mostly in class III., had to be forfeited. I hope that next year the players will stick by their secretary and club during the pennant matches and help bring the teams

to the other end of the list, where they undoubtedly should be.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the committee, Messrs. Hone and Dawkins, for their able support.

E. T. ROWE,  
Hon. Sec., 1919.

#### Secretary's Report for Year 1920.

The year started with an annual meeting, at which the Secretary's Report for 1919 and the Balance-sheet were presented. A new committee was also elected, the officers being Messrs. F. R. Hone and A. V. Bawden, with A. N. Dawkins as hon. secretary.

At Easter time the Inter-'Varsity contest for the Niall Cup was played in Melbourne. Our team was Dr. C. Gurner (captain), G. M. Hone, R. H. Berriman, F. R. Hone, H. W. Florey, A. N. Dawkins, with emergency, R. W. Cox. Melbourne beat us by 11 rubbers to 6, the remaining 4 rubbers being unfinished. G. M. Hone must be congratulated on the good performance he put up. He played all his matches and was not beaten once. Melbourne then played Sydney and repeated last year's results by defeating them by 11 rubbers to 10. Two tennis blues have been awarded as a result of this match, but the names of the recipients are not yet available.

The Annual Tournament will commence before this goes to press. The entries are coming in steadily and bid to exceed last year's. Liberal handicaps and prizes are offered, and we hope to make this year even more successful than last year.

A. N. DAWKINS,  
Hon. Sec., 1920.

#### Hockey.

The General Meeting for the year was held on Friday, March 26th, and the following officers were elected for the year: Captain, Miss Annie Berriman; Vice-Captain, Miss Veta Macghey; Secretary, Miss Jean Leslie.

Association matches opened successfully for the 'Varsity teams on Saturday, May 1st, the A team defeating Excelsiors by 2 goals to 1, and the B team defeating Aroha B by 1 goal to nil. It is the hope of all members that our success may continue throughout the season.

Practices have so far been well attended, and it is to be hoped that members will continue to attend practices as often as possible, as the value of regular practice is well known to all.

## Laurel Wreaths.

In this commercial age it is perhaps a natural failing to judge everything by its money value, but it is none the less a failing. There are certain things which are "more precious than rubies" even in the twentieth century. Any one who has read the legends of the Greeks and the Romans must some time have felt the loss of all that is signified by the beauty, the dignity, and even by the very evanescence of the simple laurel wreath. It is, indeed, difficult to measure the magnitude of our loss. When the laurel wreath was replaced by some more permanent award, and that again by some object of value, and that at last by money, each step was a downward one. Could we but regain one tithe of the glory that was Greece!

Now we come to you with a proposition, but it is not a commercial one.

We offer you no money, nor any trophy. We offer for your competition nothing less than a laurel wreath, withered, perhaps, in a day, and yet precious with the spirit of past centuries. This award is for the best poem, on any subject, of any form, which is entered for competition.

Entries, which must be marked "For Competition," must reach the Editor on or before July 12, 1920.

The winning poem, and also any others approved by the editorial committee, will be published in this magazine.

Poems should not exceed two hundred lines, but shorter poems will not be handicapped.

The competition is open to all members of the Adelaide University.

The judges' decision shall be final.

EDITOR,

## The Hasty Thoughts of an Examinee.

Have you ever sat for one solid hour in an examination room, absolutely stumped? I have. Have you ever experienced that feeling of mingled pride and disgust that will not let you rise from your seat until the hour is up? I have. The minutes each in themselves seem hours and every stroke of the pendulum seems to knock at something in your brain with merciless precision. You watch the clock, but you sicken of it. You look at the Great One sitting beneath it, and your heart fills with rage at the thought of the paper he has set for the sole purpose of ploughing you in that exam. He chose such and such because he has an uncanny second sight and knew when he set it that you would not have time to look that particular part up. In every question he has fixed on the most obscure, impossible points, that you skimmed hurriedly, with an "Oh, he won't give us that"; and then, with all that villainy in him, he sits there like that, calmly reading a most interesting and illuminating book—grrr! To think of it longer would cause bloodshed. You shift your gaze to the person just in front of you—ah, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind!—he is gazing out of the window with a most vacant expression. Stumped also! You try to catch his eye that you may convey to him your sympathy—but a light has dawned in his eye, he seizes a pen and he does not drop it until the hour is up. Another hope shattered. Once more you shift your gaze. The person next you, with dishevelled fingers clutches his hair, perhaps—but no, he is madly muttering to himself and even as you gaze he too reaches for his pen and writes with quick jabs and long dashes.

Hope is dead in you—and your glance wanders, limping, to the clock again. **Only half an hour has gone!** The Great

One flicks a page, and trumpets—he has a cold—you are glad! Perhaps he may increase it sitting in that draught—you hope so; but he has put down his book, he pushes his chair back with a horrid scraping noise and, rising, shuts the window. Hope dies again. Once more you think of the paper, and just to satisfy yourself that there is **nothing** in it that you can answer, you read it through again. Oh, yes, you have a faint recollection that in the dim past you half-heard him mention that, and—yes, that too. You rake over the dying coals of your memory and try to foster them to a glow, but one by one they die. You think of people with unfailling memories—but you do not envy them. They are of the species that you hate. **They** wouldn't forget anything—ever. Are they any the more interesting because of their memories? Do they amuse people by their witticisms, delight them with their personalities? Not they! They haven't got such things—all they've got are memories, memories that hunt a date up and down the passages of their brains—and run it to earth; memories that wish to remember a name—and do so. Oh, you hate them. You look at the clock. Five more minutes. What **can** you do until—ah, the Great One has shut his book. He is saying that you would do well to read through your papers—**read through your papers!** If looks could kill he would be as dead as the proverbial door door-nail. There is a great shuffling of pages, but all you do is to screw on the top of your fountain pen. One more minute—you unscrew it again and gaze at the nib as though it had something wrong with it, but it hasn't, so you re-screw it, and put it in your pocket. At last the Great One says, "Hand up your papers," and grinning as cheerfully as you know how you make your way to

the door. In the passage you meet your bosom friend. "Hullo, how did you get on?" he asks. (It appears that he thinks

he has done fairly well.) You tell him as concisely as possible and—you are no longer friends!

## Boomalacka.

Everybody knows—we hope—where French and Economics lectures are given. We know that it is not a big room and that there is nothing particularly attractive about it. We know, if we observe at all, that there are bars to one of its windows, and that it is labelled "Police Night Cell." (This is a relic of barbarous days, and has nothing to do with the present age of enlightenment).

But what everybody does not appear to know, in spite of the picturesque posters dotted about in prominent positions in Hall and Union room alike, is that, every Thursday, the place we have been describing blossoms forth into something quite different. Artistically arranged flowers grace the snowy board, sandwiches, sausages or mince, may be selected from a menu written in the most elegant Parisian French imaginable, and hungry students' wants are ministered to by an efficient staff of charming waitresses. A great advantage of this establishment, the "Boomalacka Cafe," is that patrons are allowed to tip the waitresses, who receive such treatment quite as a matter of course, whereas, if anyone tried to tip a waitress in a city restaurant the results might be somewhat startling. Try it and see!

It is extraordinary that, when an ex-

cellent meal is provided on University premises at an extremely moderate charge, so many of our students seem to prefer some crowded cafe in Rundle Street. They evidently like being kept waiting for half an hour, and they must have a positive relish for stale bread and lukewarm coffee. And no wonder! Just think how bad fresh bread is for the digestion! You get fresh bread at Boomalacka, and fresh butter, and jam tarts with jam in!

The A.S.C.U. is flourishing at the University at present, and every student has his or her duty to it. The duty of the women is to give their time and their care to the cafe—the best part of their Thursday morning goes in cooking and fetching and carrying food. The duty of the men is to come down when their lectures are over, sit at lordly ease and enjoy a comfortable meal—eat as much as they can, in fact. The wise come, but they are few, and the foolish are many. Duty and commonsense demand that everyone should come. Let the wise acquire merit by bringing the foolish, until Boomalacka is filled to overflowing. Let them eat and be satisfied, and depart rejoicing, praising Boomalacka and telling good tidings to all whom they meet. So shall our sugar basin be filled with money, and our hearts with joy!

### Editing as it is done.

"Fashion's decision to sanction the use of lace has been eagerly welcomed . . . there are so many different ways in which it can be used that there is no danger . . . thick lace and thin, broad and narrow, are all used lavishly on the smartest frocks."

"Lace is insinuating its pretty self into our affections, but very slowly and

timidly. It is so easy to overdo lace, isn't it?"

Adelaide weekly paper, same day, same column.

### Our Ungallant Chaplains.

"No man worthy of the name but will fail to lose his heart to the V.A.D.'s."

"Khaki and Cassock," p. 96.

## Relativity.

Man in a philosophical mood readily concedes that everything is relative. The horse plodding on a treadmill thereby managing to remain at relative rest may consider that it requires hard work to keep relatively at rest.

How the astronomers can correctly predict the moment of an eclipse, though the earth rotates and revolves round the sun, and the moon describes its orbit subject to complex perturbations, is a matter of wonder to most people. That such problems concern the principle of relativity is an old story of course.

Within the last decade, however, that expression has assumed a definite meaning, but the student who wishes to inquire into it is at once confronted, not only by pages of abstruse mathematical deductions which he expected to have to face, and by four-dimensional coordinates, but also by references to Newtonian mechanics, the Lorentz contraction, the Michelson-Morley experiment, non-Euclidean geometry, etc., the immediate relevancy of some of which he hardly understands.

It is difficult to give even a vague idea of the theory of relativity, as it necessitates the employment of the most recent advances in mathematical analysis. This article, therefore, is an exceedingly crude and partial account of the initial stages of a large and complex subject, which has been highly developed and is arousing much interest.

It has long been a moot point whether the Ether is or is not carried forward to any extent by moving matter. The question was discussed mathematically by Fresnel at the beginning of last century; and Fizeau found experimentally that light travelled quicker down running water than when it travelled against the stream, about half the speed of the water being added to the light. Observations of such an effect in the im-

mediate neighbourhood of moving matter, however, had as yet not been made. In 1892 Sir Oliver Lodge made some experiments on this question. The conclusion arrived at was that when a mass, say iron or steel, is spinning at an exceedingly high speed, and when light is sent by mirrors round and round many times in its immediate neighbourhood, not the slightest effect of acceleration is manifested by the beam of light however delicately it be tested by means of interference bands. We may therefore practically say that the Ether of Space is never carried forward, not even by a planet.

Professor Michelson, of Chicago, however, one of the most brilliant experimental physicists of America, tried a totally different experiment.

He examined whether light sent to and fro over a fixed distance in the direction of the earth's planetary motion through space, took any longer on its double journey than it did when sent to and fro over the same distance across the motion. The result was likewise negative; no difference manifested itself, although the delicate experiment was performed with the utmost care and skill, and was afterwards repeated still more elaborately by Professor Michelson and Mr. Morley in collaboration. This negative result, however, is in apparent or superficial opposition to the other negative result; it seemed difficult to suppose that they could both be true; because, if the ether is not carried forward by the earth at all, it must be relatively streaming past the earth with a speed of many miles per second and therefore an effect ought to be observed. The negative result of Michelson, therefore, superficially suggests that the ether in the neighbourhood of the earth clings to the earth and is carried forward by it.

Many difficulties would arise if that were true, and the theory of ordinary

astronomical aberration would be complicated; the Ether would no longer be behaving as a perfect fluid, but would be exhibiting what is called viscosity. Planets could hardly move through it without resistance and astronomical theory would have to be overhauled.

The Fitzgerald-Lorentz hypothesis was devised in order to explain the negative result of Michelson in another way, by portulating a minute change of shape or distortion of all bodies as they move through the Ether of Space at any excessive speed, and there is a great deal to be said in favour of such a hypothesis.

Some physicists, however, consider it only a hyper-ingenious and imaginative device for evading awkward and irreconcilable facts.

Many other experiments have been made to detect the effect of an ethereal movement relatively to the earth and they have all uniformly failed.

So at length Prof. Einstein first, and now many others, have supposed that the Universe is so adjusted that an observation of this kind is forever impossible. The axiom is boldly made that although motion of matter with respect to matter is readily perceived, motion of matter with respect to ether is impossible to observe and is in fact meaningless. They formulate the principle that nothing but relative motion of

pieces of matter with respect to each other can ever be detected, and that no change in the velocity of light can ever be observed except when there is relative motion of matter.

This principle, enthroned as the **Principle of Relativity**, has become the foundation of a mathematical erection with far-reaching and in some cases surprising and almost paradoxical consequences, affecting the going of clocks and even the nature of such fundamental concepts as space, time, and mass.

The difficult part of the theory of Relativity is connected with the deduction of all these remarkable consequences: the fact that motion with respect to ether is difficult to observe, together with the familiar fact of observing with ease the relative motion of pieces of matter with respect to each other, constitutes the superficial and primary foundation for the Principle of Relativity.

The Ether is always with us; it is absolutely uniform and all-pervading. That is why it defies our explorations into it. The last thing that a deep-sea fish could discover would be water.

W. H. SCHNEIDER.

Physics Department,  
University.

(To be continued.)

## Song—To the Sea.

O Sea unsatisfied,  
Thy still-desirous tide  
Dooms thee a homeless wanderer to be.  
Thy waters in the night  
May bathe them in delight,  
And moon-kissed shimmer in their ecstasy;  
But the calm light of day  
Finds thee wan and grey,  
Or coldly blue beneath an azure dome:  
Ah, moon-impassioned Sea,  
Not yet canst thou be free  
Who makest her far beauty thy soul's home!

M. R. Walker.

## Qualifications for a First-Year Law Student.

By a "Has-Been."

I once offered cheap, but notwithstanding excellent—though I say it who shouldn't—advice on the art of answering examination papers. I have now decided to turn my attention to more elementary and important matter. The few remarks I am about to make are merely introductory, something after the style of the free books telling you how to increase your income from one hundred to a thousand a year. The only thing they really tell you is how to get rid of all the savings you are ever likely to have in the endeavour to find the short cut to success. However, what I have already said is merely obiter dicta, and is subject to the condition that it will not be used against me. My real object is to indicate to those fortunate—that is, fortunate until they realize how unfortunate they are—young men who are about to enter on their law course a few of the things they ought to do.

In the first place it is necessary to buy a straw hat. That is quite a simple proposition. Of course, it requires money, but if you are an articulated clerk money will be no object. In fact, a long line of illustrious cases would indicate that you have not yet come into touch with what is known in legal and other phraseology as money. But having purchased the hat for money, or its equivalent—i.e., credit—it is then necessary to obtain a sport's band and badge. It is supposed to be necessary to pay a sport's subscription before doing this. But that is not the real reason for getting it. In fact, it is possible to get a hat-band without paying a sport's subscription. The advice on how to do it, however, is not included in these intro-

ductory matters. A small fee will enable you to obtain this important piece of knowledge. For the present let us assume you have obtained the hat-band. Assume also that you are wearing the new hat and new hat-band, and *res ipsa loquitur* you are at least a first-year student of some sort. Next obtain some foolscap paper; fold it lengthwise, and on the outside have a few words typed. When walking at large—i.e., in public thoroughfare or on the public highway—this should be carried in the right hand and waved through the atmosphere to increase its visibility. The third necessary essential requires tact. Procure from the tobacconist a huge black pipe. Do not on any account get a light-coloured one, because it is bound to look new. It is necessary that it should be a large one and heavy looking. At the same time buy a small quantity of tobacco; say six pounds. It is just as well to experiment with this in the fowl-house on a dark night. If you can look a hen in the face after a pipeful, you are ready for the street. Fill and light your pipe, throw your head back, keep your paper well in sight, and walk with a superior air towards Victoria Square. You need not tell anyone you are just starting law. Again we quote those famous words written in that unknown tongue, "*Res ipsa loquitur.*" Probably in your second year you will wear a felt hat, and in your third give up smoking, and in your fourth carry about ten important legal documents in your pocket, with old letters and other unimportant matters. But as yet you will not have sunk to such depths of degradation.



## Mittagong Conference, 1920.

We arrived at Mittagong on Saturday morning, after two nights of wakefulness in the train, and I don't think my diary errs when it records, "reached Mittagong more dead than alive." What a joy it was to step out of the train and breathe the hills' air once more! "Frensham," where we stayed, is, in its ordinary state, a girls' school. It reminded one more of an English than an Australian school, with its four "Houses," spacious lawns, old trees and tennis courts—one almost looked for a sun-dial.

A hundred yards away, across the "Holt," lived the men, one of whose many failings seemed to be an inability to shut gates.

Every morning there was a general congregation of the clans for breakfast, and then, "sheep to the right, goats to the left," for morning prayers. "Quiet Hour" which followed, was a boon to many. It helped those who'd dashed madly to the bath ten minutes before breakfast, arrived late for that meal, swallowed porridge and eggs in gulps, dived for their Bibles, and been just in time for morning prayers, to calm themselves before the bell went for the Bible Study Circles. As soon as that bell went everyone would file out on to the lawns to sit at the feet of the various Gamaliels; and what words of wisdom flowed from their lips! Mission Study followed, and nothing could be finer than the long talks the missionaries gave us on the people of India, China, Korea and all the other foreign lands.

After dinner we lazed round until the bell that was a sign for Recreation, in the shape of walks, hockey matches (?), sports, etc., rang. Then we all "became again as little children." You wouldn't dream, readers, that that stately young woman you saw just now mincing down the side of the 'Varsity could so disport herself with a hockey

stick, nor that solemn, lantern-jawed individual so far forget himself as to perch on the fence and yell "Souths!" at the top of his voice, as he did. "Stunt Day" must have its place. On that day each university acted its "stunt," and fearful and wonderful things took place. Each Adelaidean will agree with me when I say that ours was by far the funniest!

The time between Tea and the "next Session," was filled in with dancing or sing-song, but I don't think that this in any way interfered with the beauty of the evening meeting, when the Bishop of Bathurst, or the Rev. Percy Watson, spoke to us.

"Lights Out" rang at 10 o'clock, and on the whole we were strangely punctual.

On the Sundays we thronged the several churches, and I think nearly everyone at Conference could boast that he'd been to every church in Mittagong.

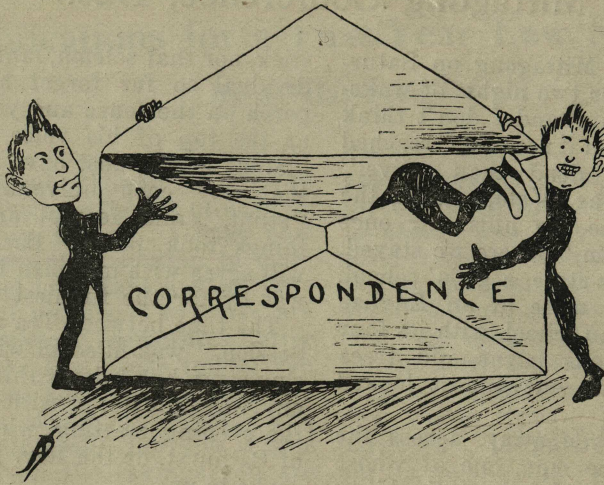
Those who stayed to Officers' Conference were of the opinion that it was even better than the general conference. There were fewer of us, and everyone got to know each other so much better than we had a chance of doing during the previous week.

It was with very mixed feelings that we all hung out of the carriage windows and said farewell to Mittagong. I think we were all sorry we couldn't have it all over again, and yet we were keyed up with excitement at the thought of our three weeks in Sydney.

We were able to leave Conference with that comfortable feeling of having done all the work that was set out for us to accomplish. The Basis is, at last, altered to suit everyone, and for that we cannot find it in our hearts to grudge the weary hours of convention.

To all who missed Conference, my word of advice is: Don't do it again!

P. le G.



#### The Editor.

Sir—I have been much struck by the way in which students are treated at this University. I do not mean that our treatment here is worse than elsewhere, but rather that some anomalies exist which, to the student, seem oppressive or restrictive, and which could be rectified without causing much inconvenience to anyone.

At the examinations, questions are sometimes given which no student could possibly answer fully in the time at his disposal. In many cases two examinations are held on the one day, frequently for several days on end. This is obviously unfair; for the object of the examination is to test the student's knowledge, and not his physical fitness. Sometimes a student will fail at an examination by a few marks. Where the course in that subject extends over more than one year, why should that student not be allowed to continue the course on the understanding that, at the next examination, his pass standard will be higher than that of those who passed during the previous year? The

interval between examinations is too great. In some cases the course finishes at the end of the first term, and the unlucky student has to wait till November before he can try again. Why should there not be another examination at the close of the second term, and why should those who fail in November not be allowed to try again in March, even although they did not succeed in passing in a single subject at the November examinations?

Text-books are prescribed, but only in some instances are they recognized by the lecturers. A much simpler method would be to have printed copies of the lectures. These could be issued to, or purchased by, the students, and the professor would then have his time free for conducting tutorial classes. Outlines of lectures have been used in Physics for many years, while Prof. Howchin has published a book which saves many hours of scribbling for Geology students. If similar methods were adopted by other professors they would relieve the aching wrist of

A STUDENT,