

UNSEEMLY UNDERGRADS.

THE STUDENTS' PROGRAMME.

Commemoration day is the great event of the whole 12 months in connection with every University. On the last two or three occasions, at least, the Adelaide undergraduates have done their best to mar the interest and enjoyment of the several hundred ladies and gentlemen invited to the commemoration, and this year their conduct can best be described as harrakism. It is an historic fact that undergraduates all the world over make the "commem." lively, but even in rowdyism at these University functions there is an eternal fitness of things which should be remembered. Every courtesy and consideration was shown the lads. They were allowed to carry out their programme without hindrance or interruption. Not satisfied with that, however, they boohooed, shrieked, yelled, whistled, and created a vociferous Pandemonium whenever the Chancellor rose to speak. The result was that hardly a single word of Sir Samuel's remarks was audible in the very front seats. To explain this away on the ground of "boisterous good humour" would be an admission of appreciation of the noise of asses. And the most uneducated herd of donkeys that ever brayed over a fence could not have conducted themselves more assinely than did the undergraduates on Tuesday afternoon. In making the hideous sounds they did when Sir Samuel was conferring the degrees was disrespectful to the Chancellor and insulting to the graduates. To secure a degree means years of hard work and burning of midnight oil. Very often the student has to surmount almost insuperable difficulties. Remembering all this it is very appropriate when the graduate stands upon the platform to receive the degree at the hands of the Chancellor that something should be said in appreciation of the individual and his or her work. Sir Samuel Way is always well posted up in the career of each candidate, and it was nothing more or less than disgusting that on Wednesday his remarks should have been completely drowned by the undergrads, who, in behaving as they did, were degrading the very honours they are striving for. It was thought that the "at home" given by the Chancellor to the students on Tuesday evening would have had the effect of quietening them, but Sir Samuel's thoughtful and hospitable act had no such good result. The University authorities will have to deal summarily with unruly students, and refuse to admit them to commemorations until they learn how to behave themselves. It is a great mistake to have them so far removed from the platform. At present they are absolutely out of control. If they were accommodated on the platform they would not dare to conduct themselves in such an unseemly manner.

The doors of the Conservatorium were thrown open at 2.15 p.m., and the hall was soon crowded. The undergrads, who were accommodated on the raised seats at the rear, soon made themselves heard. They had a printed programme, which was handed round the room, and began the proceedings by singing "The student song." The next effort was entitled "A man of renown," sung to the air "Yea-how," from "San Toy." It ran—

The Chancellor—
You can see at a glance I'm a man of renown,
From the shape of my hat and the cut of my gown.
A maker of wise men, despising all fools,
And these you'll observe, are MY six little schools.

Schools—(sorrowfully).
Yes, we are HIS six little schools.

The Chancellor—
Know-tow and say
That the great C.J., 'Varsities rules,
Who the greatest of 'Varsities rules,
Has his one little, two little,
Three little, four little,
Five little, six little schools.

The Chancellor—
Undergraduates have dared, in spite of MY tone,
To talk about having commems. of their own,
And, persuaded the law school the worst of my five,
I therefore decide there shall be only five.

Schools—(Wrathfully).
Oh, greatest C.J., only five?

The Chancellor—
Now I always forgive, though my temper is warm,
But if medicine, too, should be hard to reform,
I warn her I'll cure her, I'll know her no more,
And my five little schools shall be cut down to four.

Schools (amazedly)—
To Coventry send all but four!
And so on till the Chancellor cuts down
his "laurem scholastic" to one.

The Chancellor—
Know-tow and say
That your great C.J.
Does The Universe haughtily run,
With his one little, own little,
Self little, self little,
All-to-the-front little ONE.

"Song of the schools" to the air of "Blow the man down," and "Farewell, comrades," to the air of "Good night, ladies," were interspersed with hideous shouting, yelling, and twhistling. Then the undergrads started the national anthem. The audience rose up, but it was only a false alarm, and the same old joke caused another roar of laughter. It is not usual after you have accepted a man's hospitality to turn round and insult him. But this is the way the students show their thanks—

TO THE CHANCELLOR.
Kralted rank must condescend
On festival occasion,
And students, too, must learn to bend
To Chancellor's persuasion.
So feeling graciously inclined
To leave the Tommy-axe behind,
With bended back and aching head
We thank you for your last night's spread.

An air of dignity you lead
To our Commemoration,
We much regret we can't extend
Our leave to an oration.
So trusting that you are resigned
And confident you will not mind,
With bended back and aching head
We thank you for your glorious spread.

The organ gave forth the strains of the national anthem, and the long procession of members of the senate and council wearing the academic costume proper to their respective degrees and offices ascended the platform. Over a din of many voices the Chancellor could just be heard referring to the joyful surprise it was to have the Governor-General and Lady Tennyson present. Sir Samuel called for three cheers for Lord Tennyson and one for Lady Tennyson. The undergrads heartily responded. In addition they sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." Sir John Forrest, LL.D., brilliantly robed in scarlet and looking like a cloud of glory, was the first to be presented for admission ad eundem gradum. "Who is he?" asked one undergrad in a loud voice. "Little Red Riding Hood," answered another, to the accompaniment of roars of laughter. The students had evidently gone to some expense to fit up an electric bell under the steps leading to the platform. Of course they had the controlling button at their end of the room. As Sir John Forrest stood facing the Chancellor somebody pressed the button, and the concealed instrument made as much noise as an electric bell on the racecourse. Indeed, somebody called out—"Stewards!" For some time most people thought that the bell was being rung by somebody in authority to secure quietude. The students yelled out—"Stop that bell, Sammy!" But there was no stopping it, and during most of the proceedings the deafening and irritating tinkle, tinkle, tinkle was kept up. To what was described

as the tune of "Albany's lament," but was in truth and in fact the doxology, the undergrads sang while Sir John Forrest was being presented—

Praise John, through whom the waters pour
At Hannan's Town to each back door,
God made Fremantle rather warm,
But John has made it safe from storm.

Just then a skeleton was slowly let down from the roof. It was clad in a black apron, on which were painted in white the death's head and crossbones. These last remains of some individual as they slowly descended, swinging round and round all the time, gave not a few of the audience a creepy sensation. At last the bony figure remained suspended nearly over where Sir John Forrest stood. The head was turned upwards, imparting a gruesomely devout expression to the eye sockets. Sir John looked up at the skeleton and smiled in a friendly manner. Perhaps he was afraid it was going to ask him something about the defence forces. The audience roared with laughter. When Sir Samuel spoke in praise of Sir John Forrest the boys cried out "Butter," and when he referred to Miss Mayo as "the granddaughter of his dear old friend, Dr. Mayo," they called aloud—"No guff, Sammy." Nearly all those presented were honoured with topical songs. To the Everard scholar (Miss Helen Mary Mayo) the boys sang to the air of "Cockles and mussels"—

Oh, sweet little Mayo,
So merry and gay, O!
Egad! you're a wonder,
You've beaten us true,
With your prattle beguiling,
And innocent smiling,
You've won our goodwill,
And your scholarship, too,
A smile, a smile, O!
A smile, a smile, O!
We're waiting, we're waiting
For just one smile, O!

Miss Mayo shook with laughter, and Sir Samuel remarked, "You have not kept us waiting long for just one smile. You have the goodwill of every lady and gentleman here present, and I congratulate you on having won the Everard Scholarship of £50, and being the first student of the fifth year in medicine." The old number, "Ta ra ra, Sammy Way" was given with great gusto. In conferring the degrees the Chancellor wears his hat till he shakes hands with the candidate. The students always shouted from the first "Take your hat off," and continued so shouting till Sir Samuel raised his hat in accordance with custom, when the boys simply roared with satisfaction. "What are you going to drink to-night, Sammy?" and other such rude questions were thrown at the head of the Chancellor. The Stow prizemen, Messrs. J. L. Gordon and H. A. Shierlaw, were honoured to the tune of "Scots wha hae."

Scots wha hae wi' Salmund read,
Thank your stars ye be not dead,
Law ye learned with aching head,
Or in Mis-erie,
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the Chief of Justice lour,
Envie he your legal power,
Alls-on; Les-lie.

The Doctors of Music were sung to as follows:—

Dr. John Matthew Ennis. Air—"The wearing of
of the green."
Oh, doctor, dear, and did you hear, the news that's
going round,
Your parents had a crochet for to see you holy
groun'd;
Saint Matthew's name was made your own, Apostle
John's was too,
And they had hoped that as you grew you'd to
these names be true.

Dr. Harold E. Davins. Air—"Australia,"
There is a man we all admire,
Who in spare time conducts a choir,
Also, the Bach Society,
Society.

E. Harold Davies is his name,
Australia's first "Mus(k) Due(k)" proclaim
This fact abroad with might and main,
Australia.

The winner of the Elderprize, Mr. William Ray (student in medicine of the first year), was accommodated to the air of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"—

Twinkle, twinkle, little Ray,
How you light the darkeome way,
Stick to Watty, that's your game,
He will lead you on to fame,
"Stirling" work will win the day,
Twinkle, twinkle, little Ray.

The proceedings over, the undergrads cheered Lord and Lady Tennyson to the echo as they left the hall.

BENEDICTION.
God bless our native land,
And send us Jurisprudence;
And bless His noblest work on earth,
The Adelaide 'Varsity Students!

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor,

Sir—Why cannot the University examiners announce results at a reasonable date? The examinations are usually held during the last week in November; the results first make their appearance on December 23 or 24. Why the delay? The University reason is always that "the west papers missed the last mail, and the results are not going to be published in pieces." This is not altogether a satisfactory explanation. It is time a new excuse was invented, but perhaps the examiners are so busy that they have not time to cudgel their brains for another. If it is absolutely impossible for them, under existing conditions, to expedite matters, why not hold the annual examinations earlier so that the results may be made known at a convenient date? Concerning the statement about the west papers, surely the South Australian public is not to be kept waiting in suspense for days while the Western Australian papers are being continually delayed. The South Australian press list might at least be published promptly. The postponement is most inconvenient for schools that fix their break-up days so as to fit in with examination results. The University Board is like a very old machine which has become clogged. Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis. It does not suit the times to spread a fortnight's work over as much time as possible, any more than it does to learn Greek and German grammar in place of science. By the way, think of it: 400 marks for Greek, but only 200 for our own mother tongue, English. Science also is lost sight of. Much good the language examination (i.e., the language as learnt at schools and passed by the University) really does the successful candidate. Give him a credit in "senior" German, and then send him off to an hotel in Germany to ask for a piece of bread and butter and a cup of tea. His South Australian University certificate would not purchase it. There is absolutely no comparison between the respective values of science and Greek at the present day; and yet, in the eyes of the University authorities, the latter dead language is worth twice as much as any branch of the former living necessity. One other point. The "senior" results are apparently held over until the "junior" are known. In the name of common sense, why? I am, Sir, &c.,
SENIOR CANDIDATE.

Reg. 19th Dec. 1902.

"R. Harris" writes:—"I noticed a letter in The Register of Thursday complaining of the results of some University exams not being known. What will your correspondent think of this? The examination of candidates for admission as associates of the Institute of Accountants was held from October 20 to 29 inclusive. The results are still unknown, and it is probable that the candidates will have to wait until the new year before they know of their success or otherwise."

"Undergraduate" has sent a facetious letter in criticism of The Register's allusions to the conduct of the University undergraduates on commemoration day. He defends the students, "whose only delinquency is that of maintaining the good old traditions of their beloved Alma Mater," and then indulges in much abuse of The Register, which was only to be expected from an aspiring youth whose conscience or something else has evidently hit him hard. Referring to our special reporter's notes, he remarks:—"How far it is generous or dignified in a newspaper of the lofty eminence which The Register arrogates to itself to attempt in a clumsy and coarse style to draw an analogy between the undergrads and a herd of asses. I leave others to judge. Certain it is, that the writer is better acquainted with the latter than the former, and as it is always of our nearest associates that we most frequently speak. . . . The students acted perfectly in accordance with their rights, traditions, and privileges, and will never be intimidated by articles in which 'active fancy travels beyond sense, and pictures things unseen.' And now let us hope that 'Undergraduate' feels better! "An Ass," writing on the same subject, remarks—facetiously also, we presume—"At a meeting of asses held in Adelaide to-day (Thursday), it was unanimously decided to protest against the action of the reporter of The Register, who compared them with the noisy University undergraduates."