

# "HONI SOIT"

Vol. I., No. 3.

Unregistered.

MAY 17, 1929

Issued Gratis.

## UNDERGRADUATES' Annual Festival

### The Week's Fixtures

**Monday, May 20th:** Inaugural Festival Dinner and Reunion, Union Refectory 7.15 p.m.; Broadcasting: "Varsity Revels," through 2BL, 8-9 p.m., by the Wee Wurlitzers.

**Tuesday, May 21st:** Theatre Party at Tivoli Theatre. 7.15 p.m.: Festival Songs (under the baton of "Warbling Walter.") 8 p.m.: Special Programme including "The Antics of Andrews" and "The Queen of Hades."

**Wednesday, May 22nd:** Festival Smoke Concert, under the auspices of Evening Students' Association.

#### Thursday, May 23rd: FESTIVAL DAY

9.0 a.m.: Procession assemblies in Domain (near Art Gallery).

10.0 a.m.: Procession issues from the Bent Street Gates, thence proceeds along Macquarie Street, Prince Albert Road, thence via College Street, Wentworth Avenue, Hay Street, Pitt Street, Central Square, and George Street West, entering University grounds by the Derwent Street gates.

The procession will disband in front of the main building, and will be followed by—

(a) Gaudeamus Igitur; (b) "Grads, and Undergrads"; (c) Presidential Address (Mr. J. M. Gosper); (d) Festival Songs.

1.0 p.m.: Reception and Luncheon to Official Guests: Union Withdrawing Room; Luncheon in Union Refectory and Bevery. 2-2.30 p.m.: Carillon Recital (Mr. K. M. Branch).

#### Afternoon: Carnival.

2.30: Opening Address: The Chancellor of the University (the Hon. Sir William Cullen). Mock Trial.

#### Great Hall:

3.10: Organ Recital: Dr. Keith Barry. Gaudeamus Igitur. Solo, Miss Marie Bremner (of "Desert Song" fame). Festival Address, Sir Daniel Levy (Speaker of the Legislative Assembly). Solo, Miss Marie Bremner.

Presentation of Blues—Grads, and Undergrads.

4.15-4.45: Carillon Recital: Mr. J. G. Fletcher.

#### DIVERTISSEMENTS:

**Afternoon.**—Union Hall: 3.15 p.m. Session I: (a) Dancing, (b) "The Pie in the Oven" (Sophistries from Sancta), (c) Dancing. 4.0 p.m., Session II: (a) Dancing, (b) "Antics from Andrews," (c) Dancing. 4.50 p.m., Session III: (a) Dancing, (b) "Jabberwocky and Gertrude the Governess," in shadow show by Polities of Femina, (c) Dancing.

Union Common Room.—"Wesley Nit-Wits."

Geology Lecture Theatre.—"John's Jovial Jesters."

New Anatomy Theatre, Medical School.—3.30: Medical Mysteries on the Screen.

Evening.—7.0 p.m.: Carillon Recital: Mr. J. G. Fletcher.

The Union Common Room.—8.0 p.m.: The Wesley Nit-Wits.

Geology Lecture Theatre.—7.30: (a) "The Pie in the Oven" (Sophistries from Sancta); 8.15: (b) John's Jovial Jesters.

Electrical Engineering Lecture Theatre.—7.45 p.m.: (a) The Antics of Andrews; 8.30 p.m.: (b) "Jabberwocky and Gertrude the Governess" (in shadow show by Polities of Femina).

The Union Hall.—8.15 p.m.: The Night Club.

The Union Refectory.—8.30: "The Greaser Palais."

#### Faculty Exhibitions:

During the afternoon all buildings and departments will be open for inspection.

Special Exhibits: Physics Building, continuous; Tests in Engineering School, 3.15 and 4.30.

## "A Little Nonsense . . . ."

"**U**BI SUNT QUI ANTE NOS?" Those words were used in a different context four years ago. Then did undergraduates don their sack-cloth and pour forth libations of ashes, to mourn lugubriously their loss of freedom. What is to become of us? they asked tearfully, the prospect looming dark before them of sunless years, endless periods of lectures and examinations, unrelieved by that one week of joy and gaiety so dear to the hearts of students—Commemoration.

"Honi Soit" now asks that question for a different reason. Has the spirit of undergraduates undergone so great a change in four years, that the Procession, the Festival and the thousand and one expressions of youthful spirits, are no longer wanted by the major portion of the undergraduate body? Have those who have been so untiring and so eloquent in their advocacy of the restoration of liberty been out of touch with the corporate mind of this great Institution? Is it that a plebiscite of students would have resulted in a majority in favour of continued captivity? Surely not!

Our extensive and brilliant reporting staff has been in constant touch with our public. It has kept a watchful eye on the constituencies, and a mindful finger on the nerve centre of the electorate. And all the signs to date favour the assumption that only a minority has been able to summon up any enthusiasm for Festival week. The staff may be mistaken; the editorial committee hopes it is. But we feel it our duty to remind students that Festival Week is their own function. If they do not support it, it will just cease to exist.

Although "Honi Soit" would hesitate to suggest that lectures should be suspended throughout that week, we think it would be an act of grace if lecturers relaxed their discipline to some extent. We would have them remember that they were once undergraduates themselves. Then again, some special dispensation could surely be arranged for those energetic committeemen on whom the brunt of the organising task falls.

It seems to be a mistaken idea among certain sections of this University—and we refer more particularly to a number of senior members of the corporation—that Festival Week is a period during which, unfortunately, established order must give way to anarchy, in order to allow undergraduates to let off surplus steam. "Honi Soit" insists that this is not the case; that it is not borne out by the facts. Festival Week is the time when all sections—professors, lecturers, tutors and students—should be able to meet together in a manner not possible during the ordinary everyday life of the University. The Celebrations should be common ground on which all can meet and enjoy life together. "A little nonsense now and then," says the old proverb, "is relished by the wisest men." If that spirit were recognised as that guiding those taking part in the festivities, the authorities would find a greater harmony between teachers and taught than when the discipline of a military camp or penitentiary is exacted. That has been so in the past, not only in this University, but in other similar corporations throughout the Empire.

In this regard, "Honi Soit" welcomes the appointment of Professor Wallace as Vice-Chancellor. We have said before that he is one of us—in spirit. But why cannot others whom we could name be of us in the same way? Why should undergraduates be regarded as immature minds, not yet granted full franchise? We assert that some people go even further than that; that they have serious doubts about our ability ever to attain the status of members of the University. That is not the spirit in which they should approach us. We will welcome gestures towards a rapprochement. We will ourselves make such a gesture during the coming Festival Week.

## The Voice of the Quadrangle

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

"There's a breathless hush in the close to-night." Yonder a pretty woman undergraduate, lectures forgotten, buries her face in a four-leaved pamphlet. "Cecily," she calls, "Have you seen this?"

There is a scamper, as Cecily and her companions, feminine curiosity aroused, rush to join the reader. "Show me." "What is it?" "Let me look," are the mingled cries. A quick glance, over the reader's shoulder, and cries of "Oh, how perfectly gorgeous!" reach the watcher under the shadow of the Carillon.

Near the entrance to the "Fisher" three students of the male variety are also deep in the same pamphlet. What is this wonderful publication?

One is not left in doubt long. "Honi Soit" is the name voiced throughout the square. Every word is eagerly scanned, and comment is freely expressed. It is not all favourable. Such a live and hard-hitting journal does not expect to receive unqualified praise. Some people squirm, indicating a shaft that finds its mark.

Is there any undergraduate without a copy under his or her arm or shoved into the recess of pocket or its feminine equivalent? One fails to discover any. Even grave professors deign to notice it—and see its points.

Thus have we awakened to fame. "Some are born great, some attain greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." We will leave it to our readers to place "Honi Soit" in its correct category.

## Have You Noticed

**T**HAT the Song Book is eagerly awaited, despite adverse criticism in certain sections of the public press?

**T**HAT the Law School is part of the University?

**T**HAT the smallest section of the University Calendar is that devoted to publications of members of the Staff?

**T**HAT only motor cars valued at £20 or under will be allowed to compete in the Reliability Test on Festival Day?

**T**HAT Paul's Oval is still nearing completion?

**T**HAT the women students are very eager to participate in the procession.

**T**HAT Union fare is allegedly cost-price?

**T**HAT the University has a huge quantity of half-bewn sandstone for disposal?

**T**HAT "Honi Soit" is unconstitutional—according to a minority of one?

**T**HAT when lectures interfere with the Festival, we go to lectures?—Ahem!

?

## Wee Wurlitzers on Air

Clap on your corphones and dust your crystals. A sensational half-reel drama. Four feet six inches of perfect balderdash. Personal appearance of the celebrated 'Varsity Fun-makers.

Next Monday night, between the hours of eight and nine, the ether will be pervaded by mirthful melodies, sesquipedalian quips, and jocular feats. So tune in to 2BL.

Never have you heard, and never again will you hear such nonsensical nonentities.

## Answers to Contributors

**Pro Bono Publico.**—No, we're sorry to say we shied again at sub-editing that letter. Anyhow, why not leave the controversy to the "S.M.H."?—We did not start it! We like your style, and, if you can control the youthful exuberance of your language, there is a place in "Honi Soit" for your "copy."

**Eustace.**—Not too bad, but we are afraid the references are too obscure.

**Pip.**—Good for you! Have you noticed how we used it?

**Pro Bono Publico.** (What, again?)—Some welcome advice. Will follow in future. "Undergrad." is certainly better.

**J.T.P.**—Why be merely abusive? That is not the aim of "Honi Soit."

## Publisher's Notice

For the guidance of contributors and correspondents, it is pointed out that *The Editor's Box* closes at 8 o'clock on the Monday evening of each week.

The earlier contributions are received the more consideration, naturally, will they be given.



## The Night Club

The secret night club hidden somewhere in the Union has brought many strange persons about of late. For example, Constable Chuck was seen investigating a water pipe which had no obvious connection with the Water Board's mains, in the hope that it ran to a point in George Street, near the Railway Station.

Then again, several "boys" from Pott's Point asked whether they might come as dancing partners. In addition, many disappointed contestants for the State Theatre Beauty Contest have applied for positions in the ballet.

The Greaser Palais will be in the Refectory on Thursday night, and is sure to be a good show.

## Once More the Wesley Nit-Wits

If you've got a girl who fails to reciprocate, bring her along to our Chamber of Horrors on Carnival Day. We guarantee that she'll scream and fall fainting into your arms. If you can't come yourself, send her along and she'll fall fainting into our arms. If you haven't got a girl, our Special Chamber for Bachelors should delight you.

Doubtless you've heard Commem. fortune-tellers before. Ours is by no means common. Some conjurers have won world-wide fame. Our conjurer you do not have to share with the world. We guarantee that this is his first public appearance—and his last.

The rest of the programme is too gruesome to appear in black and white. Come and see for yourself. If you're an ordinary undergrad, it will be a day out for you. If you're a Medical student, it will be a day out for the kids.

## The E.S.A. Smoko

It has been rumoured that the E.S.A. Smoko is the finest effort of the year, excluding the Artists' Ball, and it behoves every right-minded student to plumb these rumours to their depths and ascertain their truth.

The only essentials required in would-be entrants are a few shillings, the ability to retain their hops, their equilibrium, and their good humour.

Those who infringe our by-laws will find that Gog and Magog, who guard the portals of our cave, will deposit them gently but firmly on their ear. (This advice is not intended for our regular clientele.)

We would like to mention that our genial giants between them measure some 12 feet 6 inches, and tip the beam at 27 stone 9 lbs.

Sweethearts and wives may meet that night—those who attend will rue it not—their only worry will be inducing the corkscrew to open a refractory door.

The speeches will be pithy, pungent and brief. 'The anecdotes will be neat, new, and—I nearly said naughty, but owing to the number of curates' cousins who have signified their ability and desire to attend we can not guarantee that. The Frothblowers' Anthem will be rendered by a male quartette to the melodious accompaniment of popping corks and tinkling glasses. The lateness of the hour will prevent our less mature males from popping such things as questions when they flee to their respective suburbs so their boyish fears need not prevent them from attending. Garotters from Glebe are barred, as are subnormals from Sydenham. The Civic Commission will provide the lighting scheme, whilst Chuck and his trusty henchman will watch our entrances and exits.

## The Antics of Andrews

Entertainment extraordinary, terrific, sublime. The show you can't afford to miss! Stark tragedy that bites the soul! Brilliant comedy that warms the cockles of the heart! Singing that numbs the senses! Thrills that will awake the dead! Beauteous damsels, heroic men! An entrancing whole!!

# An Open Letter to the University Regiment.

On Saturday, May 4, graduands for 1929 were requested by the authorities of the University of Sydney to attend, in the Great Hall, at eleven o'clock in the morning, that important ceremony, the Conferring of Degrees. Since it was the consummation to which they had been aiming during the three, four, five or six years of their undergraduate-ship, all those so invited were anxious to attend.

During the afternoon of the same day, those interested in another sphere of the University's activities were called to the Parramatta River, where the University Regatta was held.

But—you who command the University Regiment (on no account to be called the "Scouts") had other ideas of the best use to which the day could be put. You fixed a whole-day parade, timed to commence at nine o'clock in the morning, the compulsory nature of which was duly impressed on trainees subject to the provisions of the Defence Act.

You were unable to see your way clear to grant leave to those desirous of attending either function. Graduands were graciously informed that, if they rushed straight from the former ceremony to the parade ground, AND WERE NOT TOO LATE in arriving at that parade ground, they might be permitted to have their degrees conferred.

Under such conditions, it was, of course, impossible for trainees to change into their uniforms after the ceremony. Do we understand that the wearing of uniform at parades is compulsory? If so, did the incongruity of wearing full University regalia over drab and ill-fitting khaki (we have tried to fit into Defence Department uniforms!) strike you? Or did you see something fitting in the rattling of the sabre beneath the shadows of former intellectual giants and educational benefactors? Did you think the clump of iron-shod military bluchers, horseshoe-heeled, on the venerable flags of the Great Hall would make

music pleasing to your militaristic ears?

One's last appearance as an undergraduate before "going down" from the 'Varsity is surely a solemn occasion, and not one to be passed over lightly on the way to Long Bay or some other centre for that training considered by the Powers-That-Be as necessary before the attainment of citizenship in an enlightened democracy? Surely the uniform supplied to citizen force trainees is more suitable to the dust or mud of a rifle-range, or the carriage of dust-bins in camps "of continuous training," than to the occasion of investiture with the rights and privileges conferred on graduates of the University of Sydney by Royal Charter?

Did you, might we ask, choose to have your degrees conferred "in absentia"?

And the Regatta. Do you know that 54 'Varsity men were actually competing in that event? Do you also

## St. John's Jovial Jesters

The grey beards of Fuz tell their children how once Delysia was an Odalisque in ancient Fuz. When her lover came home from the wars, she kissed him in the seraglio and plunged his dagger—in the seraglio.

This is the ballet that the St. John's Jovial Jesters are producing as a diversification in the "Queen of Hades" at the Tivoli on Theatre Night. Special music has been composed for the ballet by Rennix Tullochski.

On Thursday of Festival Week they are producing a thriller. The wrong man has been hanged, and the real murderer is convicted out of his own mouth.

Both these productions are in the hands of a competent producer. Don't miss them.

know that a large number of rowing enthusiasts were anxious to attend, even if only to "barrack" for their favourite college in the inter-collegiate championship? Are you aware that it was the "Big Day" of the S.U.B.C., and that any old Saturday would be equally suitable for your purpose?

In spite of the fact that both those other functions had been arranged months ahead, you must declare a compulsory parade! Surely you did not have the effrontery to institute legal proceedings against those who chose to absent themselves from this enforced military training in order to be present at those other functions?

Is it, we ask in all seriousness, any wonder that a great many students prefer to join up with technical units outside the University?

Yours Jingoistically,

"HONI SOIT."



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What About "Hermes"?

Business Editor certainly strikes a despondent note in his open letter to Graduates in last week's "Honi Soit." Possibly this is the way of Business Editors, but one feels sure that he is mistaken in his estimate of the esteem in which "Hermes" is held by all sections of the University.

In the first place it must be pointed out that there is a large section of the Undergraduate body which looks forward to the publication of "Hermes" and which is noticeably disappointed if it is late in appearing. Then again, many of the Graduates, so strongly attacked in the letter, have sons or daughters who are members of the Undergraduates' Association, and who thus bring "Hermes" into the home. As well as the persons mentioned above there is the large circulation of the paper on exchange with other similar publications, and with Public Libraries, etc. In fact, during the short time which the writer was connected with "Hermes" he noticed copies addressed to practically all of the more civilised portions of the world. While it is true that these methods of circulation do not help the finances of the Business Editor it is without a doubt that they justify the publication of the paper. In addition, the mere existence of "Hermes" gives the literary inclined an incentive to write, which would be lacking if there was no possibility of giving their work to the world.

None will deny that some really fine poetry and prose has been written for and published in "Hermes," and if there is sometimes a shortage of suitable matter it is because the standard is so high, and Shakespeares are rare. This, of course, does not absolve anybody from trying.

Despite the fact that one started by deploring Business Editor's pessimism, one is forced to agree with him on many of the points raised in the letter. For example, the non-payment of overdue subscriptions is a disgraceful thing. However, one feels sure that this is an oversight on the part of those concerned which would be rectified if circulars were sent out. Why not send out circulars to all likely new Graduate subscribers, asking them to become supporters of the paper.

"PRO RE. ARTE, ET HERMES."  
(Interviewed last night, Business Editor said he would act on the advice of "Pro Re . . . etc." "Whilst it is true," he added, "that man does not live by bread alone, 'Hermes' lives by the modern equivalent—money. We would like to add a little jam to the menu."—Ed.)

"The Queen of Hades"

At enormous cost the Sydney University Dramatic Society is importing en bloc from Iceland the lavish and spectacular musical comedy, "The Queen of Hades," for presentation at the Festival Theatre Party at the Tivoli on Tuesday, May 21.

This gorgeous show, acclaimed by critics the world over, ran for a season of half an hour at its initial presentation, and is confidently expected by the S.U.D.S. to repeat this sensational success.

Already the show is in rehearsal, and after an exacting and painstaking "Quest," a Permanent Ballet of 12 has been formed. It is being trained by a world-famous dancer who is delighted with the spontaneity and grace of the twelve choice beauties.

Well-known stars head the cast, prominent among whom is Scanticlotha, ex-Prussian ballerina.

The demon chorus has been formed from among the ex-members of the Williamson-Melba Grand Opera Company, and S.U.D.S. feels sure that if aame Nellie Melba were now in Sydney she would bestow her enthusiastic patronage on this musical extravaganza.

To date this is the most ambitious fort of S.U.D.S.

Festival Ball

Although Festival Day has been brought forward to Thursday, May 23, it is not to be supposed that Festival Week comes officially to an end on that day. One of the most important functions arranged by the Undergraduates' Association will take place on the following day, Friday, May 24, in the Union Refectory, at 8 p.m. We refer to the Festival Ball.

Other people may tell you that their Dance, or Night Club, or Chamber of Horrors, or Divertissement, is the main attraction of Festival Week. Don't believe 'em! We can tell you more about real, unalloyed pleasure than the whole of the rest of 'em put together. Enjoy the Reunion Dinner, and the E.S.A. Smoko. Go as wild as you like on Festival Day, and rave as much as you please about Theatre Night (but not at the theatre). But keep in the back of your mind the thought that Friday night will see the grand culmination of a week of unrestrained joy.

You know of a delightful partner, who can dance the 'Varsity Drag to perfection? Fetch her along. We guarantee that she will not sit out! You want her for yourself? Well, bring her pals along for your less fortunate comrades. But, whatever you do, come yourself. You will not have completed your Festivities if you miss this, and you will go through the year with a sense of irreparable loss. You will not be able to say that we did not give you due warning.

Tickets, at 5/6 each, may be ob-

Sancta Sophia

"When there's lots of Scottish loving to be done—to be done,  
A policeman's life is not a happy one—happy one."

"The Pie in the Oven," a farcical comedy, pulsating with ardour, anger and anguish, graphically reveals the vacillating, timorous, tremulous love of the local policeman for the flower-like Flora. In striking contrast, the heavy father, dour McNab, offers great scope for the dramatic talent of Signor Dion Gordon, the erstwhile medical student, who left home, mother and profession for the call of the stage, and the glare of the footlights.

Attraction Number Two:—"Paddle-over," complete with ballet, elfin steps, dulcid strains, winsome venches.

"Follies of Femina"

Men students, we would have you know, are not running Festival Week without the assistance of the women. It has not so far been noised abroad, but the Women's College, under the title of "Follies of Femina," will produce in shadow show on Carnival Day, at 3.30 and 8 p.m., "Jabberwocky," and "Gertrude the Governess." They expect a record house.

tained from any member of the S.U.U.A. committee, the Union, Manning House, or the Colleges.

The Bill for the Boards

Tuesday, May 21, at 7.15 p.m. Oyez! Oyez!

About that Theatre Party—of course you are coming along! The Tivoli, at 7.15 sharp. If you are later, you will miss the choir of (at least) a thousand voices, under the baton of "Warbling Walter."

Then, at 8 o'clock, Muriel Starr in a dramatic sketch. You will regret it all your life if you miss this. And what about that set of prize tripe-hounds? We are assured that they play the piano, by feet, not by ear. By request, no gifts of saveloys, however much you appreciate the antics of these clever animals. Jack Barty is said to be a Funny Man. This is one programme that you can believe.

Exciting to a degree is the claim made by the management of the Aurora troupe of stunting cyclists. Horace will next try to amuse you with a nonsense interlude, and we guarantee that at least five per cent. of his allusions will not be too obscure for your alert intelligences. He will be followed by a set of equilibrists (no relation to Blondin, as far as we know).

Lively repartee is a feature of the turn of Wright and Marion, and the evening will close with the charming Janice, burlesquing, mimicing, and so on. A delightful comedienne.

Reasonable quietness is expected from those present, we have been told by the organisers. We would not take the odds that they will get it.

Box Plan at the Union (closes to-day 2 p.m.).



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## An Arm-Chair Critic.

THERE are two sorts of critics, the constructive and the frankly obnoxious. Recently "Honi Soit" was forced into contact with a particularly undesirable person whose position gave him, he thought, free scope for his critical gifts. We have not the slightest desire to pillory individuals. If we did we should merely mention names and give a list of specific offences. Our desire is rather to castigate a vice by describing its type, and when the Gods give an egregious example we cannot resist the temptation to preach.

Such a person as we have in mind can be proved never to have written to "Hermes," contributed to the Song Book, paid an Undergraduates' Association sub., or offered his services towards effecting the reforms he thinks desirable. He has one of those superior voices which can contrive at once to be ingratiating and sneering. His attitude is that of the born teacher, burning with a desire to give his opinions with a copious peppering of the arrogant "I." He is a very rude and very boring person.

Such a gentleman criticises "Hermes"—"Oh, 'Hermes'! Not that I should contribute to it." "The Song Book? Rather a paltry affair—I certainly would not have a hand in it." In fact, we have been privileged to hear in his conversation such a glorious mixture of pomposity and stark ignorance that we are forced to mention his type.

## Medical Mysteries

Did it ever occur to you that the medical school harbours hosts of mysterious, moronish monstrosities?

If not, we would be dilated if you would pay a visit to our home on Thursday next.

Revelations of bloodthirsty interest, not only to satisfy morbid curiosity, but for every one spending Festival afternoon in these joyous surroundings.

We can give you a guarantee that you will not be dissected, decapitated, deflated or confined in the medical school for more than half-an-hour.

M. BRYOS.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## The Talkies

To the Editor.—One would imagine that the policy of your paper would be progressive, but on the second page of your first issue is found an article lamenting the passing of the "good old days," in the form of the film entertainment given by the Union some few years back. True, the price of admission was only fourpence, but of what did the entertainment consist? Two American comic films, and a newsreel (also American) was the fare usually received. The projector was faulty and the films old, worn, and singularly devoid of humour. Typical undergraduate humour was freely voiced. Many chairs were broken.

Since the end of 1927 we have had a film society which certainly charges sixpence admission, but has wrought miraculous changes in the cinematograph entertainment. Emphatically, it is NOT "the same old fare." The projector has been made as nearly perfect as possible. A long feature film has taken the place of one of the old comic films, a new comic film has taken the place of the other, and the newsreel, up to date, has pushed out its antiquated predecessor. The feature film is never more than four weeks older than its first release at a leading Sydney theatre, and in many cases, pre-release films are shown.

About these "alleged talkies." No member of the Film Society, as far as I can ascertain, ever claimed that the talkies were being screened at the Union. ("Talkies," by the way, is a word that is used just as much in England as in America, as you might easily ascertain by reading newspapers and journals other than those of your own city.) The musical accompaniment is undoubtedly appreciated by the audience. Witness the loud howls of "Music!" when the gramophone is disconnected.

As a matter of fact, 50 per cent. of the films shown are British made. Though they are England's best, they only serve to demonstrate the immense

superiority of American films, both in acting and technique. You, who seem to attend the entertainment regularly, will notice that Wednesday's (British films' day's) audience is never as large as Friday's.

Finally, you are divinely inconsistent. You crave the old entertainment, yet you demand improvements.

JOHN T. DINGLE.

(Ed.—Sorry, Mr. D., if we hurt your feelings. You mistook our motives.)

(To the Editor.)

There was once upon a time a lunatic, who spent the greater part of his time hitting his head against a wall. On being asked why he did so he replied that it was such a pleasant feeling when he left off. "Them's my sentiments," sir, with regard to the so-called musical portion of the S.U.F.S. programme. When it ceases, there steals over one a feeling of sublime bliss and placid pleasure. While it is in progress, however, it excites the baser passions. This discord resembles all at once, the howling of an infant, the groan of a steam-roller in distress, the frenzied scream of an alarmed guinea-pig, and the mating-call of our feline friends.

And then the show itself—numbed as our senses are, we still perceive the gross crudeness of the production. First letters condemn the "wide-open spaces" between reels. Here find their employment, not "strong silent men," but rather those of ribald wit and mirthful song. In between these gaps we have as much of a show as will fit on the totally inadequate screen. When it is properly focussed we see about three-quarters of the picture on the screen; the rest, ten feet back on the wall. Usually, however, the proportion is half and half. And, sir, in conclusion, we have once seen the upper half of a man on the bottom, and his legs on the top half of the screen; so that he was standing upon his own head!

SIGMA.

## Sporting Activities.

[Contributions under this heading are invited from Secretaries of the various bodies. If the volume of contributions justifies that action, the column will be made a permanent feature of "Honi Soit."]

## Rowing

For the benefit of "Freshers" and other men who desire to take up this aquatic pastime we would like to point out that a series of inter-faculty competitions are about to commence which give new men every chance to graduate into next year's 'Varsity Eight.

On Saturday, May 18, the Inter-Faculty Tub Pairs race will be held at Blackwattle Bay. Pairs will be judged on style only.

Next term the Fours and Eights will be rowed.

In these three events, each man in the winning crew will be allotted two points and the faculty with the highest aggregate will be awarded the T. B. Phillips Shield, a trophy well worth holding. The shield, which may be seen in the Fisher Library, has been held for the past two years by Veterinary Science.

Applicants for admission should communicate with—

S. P. HEBDEN,  
Hon. Secty.,  
S.U.B.C.

## Festival Buttons

Now is the time for all you men and women who are saving the pence and letting the pounds take care of themselves to jump in on a real bargain! Festival buttons are now obtainable for the small sum of 1/-. There are not many left, so buy early. Entitles the holder to free admission to the grounds. Is also a memento.

## Memo to Correspondents

If you want us to print your letters, at least couch them in good English. Write legibly, and do not insult us by scribbling on a tram ticket in any old five minutes of leisure. The temper of our sub-editor is short, and compositors' time shorter.

Contributors are advised that we are unable to handle copy satisfactorily unless it is written on one side of the paper only.

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