

VARSITY RAGGE

Vol. III, No. 14.—Price 1d.

Wednesday, 24th September, 1930.

Annus Mirabilis;

or,

Have We Been Sold a Pup?

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

The results of the Carnival held in Adelaide this year were as follows:—

Men's Hockey.—Lost by a total of 16 goals to 8; lost last year by 33 to nil.

Football.—Lost by 8 points; lost last year by as many goals (and then some).

Lacrosse.—Won this year; lost last year.

Golf.—Won this year; lost last year.

Women's Hockey.—Won the series; lost easily last year.

Baseball.—Won the series; lost last year.

In other words, instead of six defeats we had only two, and both the beaten teams improved greatly on last year's performances.

THE PUP.

Last year's amendments to the Constitution of the Sports Association provided that a Blue should be awarded automatically to each member of a winning intersarsity team—whether the the Blues' Committee thought he deserved it or not—unless the successful Club vetoed the award.

The new legislation was designed to keep personal considerations from influencing decisions of the Blues' Committee—a pretty motive; and a pretty piece of legislation, for under it Club Committees were considered competent to award Blues for the team which elected them, while the Blues' Committee, elected by the whole Sports Association, were not considered competent. But the Blues' Committee were deemed competent if the team lost; and, conversely, the Club Committee

were then deemed incompetent, and could only make recommendations to the now competent Blues' Committee.

The intricacies of the theory are rather difficult. It is hard to decide, for example, whether a member of the Blues' Committee should incur distrust by kicking a winning goal, or kick the ball out of bounds and remain an honest man.

It is in practice, however, that the emendations appear in their full beauty. This year's lacrosse team beat Melbourne and awarded eight Blues; the baseball team beat Sydney and Melbourne and awarded four, vetoing three. Was the single victory of the former twice as meritorious as the dual victory of the latter? It seems that baseball should have had more Blues, or lacrosse less.

Again, to use the *argumentum ad hominem*, which is inevitable when dealing with awards conferred for individual merit, why should it be possible for a footballer not to receive a Blue, though recommended for an All-Australian Blue, while Blues are given to four lacrosse players who were not even selected for the combined match? It appears that the footballer should receive a Blue, or the lacrosse players none.

Some body is evidently required to reconcile the claims of the various Clubs; to deprive the Blues' Committee of the right to do this whenever an intersarsity team wins is little short of lunacy.

Moreover, any system of awarding Blues which takes much account of whether a team wins or not is fundamentally unsound. To vary the award as we do at present is to assume that a winning team is necessarily more meritorious than a losing team; we reward variation of quality in our own team, yet base that reward on the assumption that the quality of our opponents is constant. All that is necessary to complete the vicious circle

is that our opponents should assume the same thing of us, and adopt our ridiculous legislation.

Furthermore, a Blue which comes to a player automatically, unless his Club vetoes its award, lacks the individual touch of one awarded because his Club has singled him out as an exceptionally able performer. If he is not an exceptionally able performer, he does not deserve a Blue; if he is, it is a hardship to receive it automatically. And this would be so even if the Blues' Committee were empowered to veto or confirm automatic recommendations. Even if the award is deserved and confirmed by the Blues' Committee, the automatic Blue loses caste, owing to its not being wholly, in origin, a distinction for individual merit. The angle from which the matter is approached makes all the difference; an "awarded" Blue is more valuable than a "not-vetoeed" Blue.

Finally, the amendments to the Constitution are an insult to University athletics. The Blues' Committee consists of well-known athletes, all of them "Blues," and elected by us. Those who uphold the amendments want us to show distrust of the Committee we elect, a body representing the whole University, and give power to award Blues to a set of small Club Committees, who represent only one sport and who are elected solely by the Club for whom they make awards.

Move Against Professionalism.

Tennis-players who are not taking part in Pennant matches this year have formed an organization to conduct practices at the Varsity Oval on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Membership is open to all male non-pennant players, on proof of impeccable amateur standing, and payment of five shillings ball-money to Representative Cropley.

Sundry Sports.

Finding time heavy on his hands, our Sporting Editor has been doing the rounds in order to obtain the inside story of the Intersarsity Carnival for readers of this paper.

Women's Hockey.

Yes, we won the Intersarsity Carnival for the first time, said Miss —. Of course, the teams were very even; in fact, we soon saw that the cup would go to the one which got the most sleep. We won fairly easily, with an average of fourteen hours nocturnal and a siesta. We were easily beaten by Tasmania during one of these siestas, by the way; but it worked out all right in the long run, although we had a lot of trouble with one of the team who wanted to get out with the visiting girls. I don't blame her, either, her man being so young and impressionable as you might say; but we were compelled to do it. In fact, we had to put her under an anaesthetic on the night of the Lacrosse Dance.

Lacrosse.

Of course, you know we won the Melbourne match; if you didn't, you might have guessed it. We had the best team for years. . . . You saw our Blues? Great, isn't it? We got more this year than ever before.

No, we didn't win by more than ever before; but of course the standard may have been higher. . . . No; as a matter of fact we are quite low on the premiership list. Perhaps we shouldn't have said that we had a good *team*, but good individual players.

Yes, only five were good enough to be selected for the Combined match, while Melbourne had seven; but . . . anyway, the whole matter is rather complicated.

We were both busy with our thoughts. Conversation flagged,

Baseball.

Say, big boy, you can't do any reportin' round hyar; if you stand there you'll get bumped off. See that broad-shouldered, two-fisted weakling up at bat? . . . Well, that's Barb Dwyer; and if he socks you with the ball it'll be your bucket; see? You'd better step up here and do your stuff; and make it snappy.

Yeh, we canned the series. Sydney whipped us down in the first meet, tho'; Krantz got held way out in the ninth, with three bags full. But we aren't griping; we had the breaks coming our way later. We cer'n'ly caught our share of flies in the outfield . . . yeh . . . flies in the outfield . . . wall, if you're not dumb!

. . . No, Sonny; we didn't all get Blues according to schedule. . . . Aw, pipe down about those lacrosse guys; that bunch makes us sick—not plumb sick, maybe; but I reckon we nauseate some. If those hides undercounted themselves by half, they'd still come out a few too many. . . . Be seein' yo'; I'm up.

Golf.

And he said, "Good shot!" again; and I said, "Look here, you've said that for my last thirteen shots, and nine of them were rotten. If you say it again I'll bash you over the head with my niblick." And after that I played a lot better; and he only said it seven times in the afternoon, and five of them were good!

This little novel of real life is the only lucid fragment of conversation on the intervarsity golf which has come to our ears; but it is recorded that we beat Melbourne at the thirty-seventh hole of the final match, after they had failed to sink a five-foot putt which would have given them the carnival.

We hear that some St. Andrew's fellows have started a series of walking tours in order to get away from civilization. Some people are never satisfied.

Football.

The intrepid reporter next went to interview the football captain, but after some thought decided to sniff the battle from afar in the columns of the local papers. Here he learned that Melbourne had had the victory, yet by but eight points, Lord be praised; and Varsity to fail by other three points in the premiership game, to our infinite discontent.

Men's Hockey.

As our reporter was unable to interview the secretary of the Hockey Club, he has forwarded the following letter, which, with his permission, we will print:—

Dear Sir,
Our forebodings about the Intervarsity Carnival were verified by events, as we encountered an uninterrupted series of defeats.

The carnival is one which will never fade from our memories, and will be connected always in our minds with the gentlemanly conduct of the captain in using neither opprobrious word nor gesture towards his unfortunate team-fellows, but treating them throughout with the most graceful forbearance.

Furthermore, in many cases when a team meets with failure spectators may well be so carried away with the impressions created by the reversal as entirely to forget the accidental nature of its cause; as it is, they too were most indulgent, even the partisans of our rival teams according us more praise for our efforts than blame for their unsuccess.

May we, through your columns, record our appreciation of their tolerance.

I am Sir, etc.,

HON. SEC. HOCKEY CLUB.

The Ragge.

Contributions for the next issue must be placed in Box R, front office, as soon as possible.

Engineers' Gliding Club.

BRITISH RECORD BROKEN.

After Mr. Oxley had generously spent five days at Sellick's Hill with us, it was disappointing to see him recalled to Parafield by Aero Club duties before a satisfactory wind had given him a chance to show us what soaring was like. But the final day of camp brought a 30-mile gale from the north, and when an Aero Club "Moth" appeared flying sideways at a ridiculous angle over our pet ridge we knew that there was something doing.

A willing crowd soon had the Parafield glider halfway up the hill, "Rice" was shot off, and the fun began. With long sweeps up and down the ridge, and occasional sensational down-wind turns, the machine soon reached a thousand feet, and looked like stopping there for good. There was very little movement now, the glider often hanging motionless, nose into wind, for minutes at a time.

The Varsity machine was later shot off, but an unfortunate turn brought it down after a few minutes. Mr. Oxley came down to see what sort of landing had been made, and losing his up-current was gradually forced down, gently suspending his machine by its launching hook on a near-by fence.

He had been 1 hour 2 minutes 45 seconds in the air, which we believe to be a record for primary gliders anywhere out of Germany. Fourteen or fifteen hours has been done, even in moderate winds, by sail-planes but these are of much greater span, and streamlined to the n-th degree. Moreover, duration flights in sail-planes are quite unnecessary and about as useful as flagpole-sitting. The real art of sail-planing should be to use every available up-current, those caused by winds blowing against hills, those formed under certain types of clouds, even those made by hot air rising from iron roofs, in order to get to a definite objective. Kronfeld, an Austrian, holds the record for this at present, having recently reached a nominated objective 93 miles distant. The same pilot recently flew from Lewes

to Portsmouth, where he had to fulfil a gliding engagement next day, and averaged such a speed that he beat the cars which had set out for Portsmouth at the same time.

Gliding is, therefore, not merely a thrilling sport, but is training for sail-flying, a really useful branch of aviation. The Engineers' Club has hopes of building a sail-plane of startling performance during the long vacation, but so far the £150 required is proving a stumbling-block. The South Australian counterpart of Lord Wakefield, the patron saint of British aviation, has not yet revealed himself.

Snappy Frocking at Dance in Refectory.

HOLLAND IN FAVOUR.

The Final Night of the Dance Club, on Saturday, was another bright affair, and concluded a series of dances which reflects great credit on Alice Fisher, Dudley Haslam, and all others responsible.

The ladies were most attractively upholstered, as usual, the outstanding note of the frocking being its quantity; frocks flaired at the ankle are certainly losing favour, but the female knee seems still to be regarded primarily as a joint rather than an entertainment. Its absence from mortal gaze is now popularly compensated for by the use of the silhouette.

Sartorially, however, the evening's *piece de resistance* was undoubtedly the uniforms of the officers from the Dutch fleet. These, or something in the sea-side air, had a devastating effect upon the women, enabling them to find huge gaps in programmes previously full. The feminine manœuvres had their desired effect, and our guests appeared to enjoy themselves, the more ancient of the mariners dancing with becoming *impressement* and the younger with absolute *entetelement*, until midnight came round by the Refectory clock, and the siege of the Checker Cab-men was at an end.

Bridge in Refectory.

The Sports Association Bridge raised great expectations, but very little money owing to the large number of counter-attractions which fell on the unfortunate 13th. But no one need suggest that the comparatively small number of those present was a pity; because it was nothing of the such-which. The smallness of the field meant that practically all the starters received a prize of some sort, and the social editor and editress of the "Ragge" have not been so near collecting one for years.

To begin with, there was a prize for a concealed number, which everybody seemed to know. All lovers of the game know what fun can be obtained in keeping the count near the required number; the keenest delight of bridge is probably that of working out how one can possibly avoid getting a slam, or pointing out that your opponent has forgotten to record his honours. In spite of all our efforts, Ray Duncan proved

to have a superior method of keeping the tally, and won easily.

Championship honours were much nearer to coming our own way; but in the final hand, the two ladies having become engaged in a conversation on births, deaths, and marriages, the editress trumped two of the editor's aces, revoked three times, and ended by playing the two of clubs on the two of diamonds and calling "Snap!" As none of us knew any rule to cover this contingency, we tossed up and lost.

The evening was pleasantly spent, notwithstanding, and the Committee are to be congratulated on the excellent supper and other arrangements, though these, as we have indicated, were made for a much greater number than were present.

It has been estimated that the energy expended by a dozen girls in keeping their skirts down on one of these windy days would be enough to push a bicycle from Adelaide to St. Andrew's College. Of course, if they were massage-girls it would be much less.

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Printed Lecture Notes.

To the Editor,

Dear Sir,

During some years of attendance at University lectures, I have tried to decide whether it is better to listen to scraps of a lecture and spend the rest of the time jotting them down, or, by taking no notes, to attend to the lecture *in toto* and *en bloc*. As something valuable is lost by either of these methods, decision between them is a choice between two evils.

I have solved the difficulty to some extent by taking notes one year and listening to the lectures the year after; but as I find this prolongs the course unduly, and cannot bring myself to do Physics I, which has suitable notes provided for it, I must seek a further remedy. I therefore suggest that, wherever the nature of the course permits them, notes something like those now provided for Physics should be printed and made available to the students at a reasonable cost.

This practice has considerable standing in other Universities; notably Melbourne, where it has proved so satisfactory that it is being constantly extended to new subjects.

I am, Sir, etc.,
P. B. S.

To L.V-S.

Lady, withdraw! These hallowed
cloisters tell
That Bob before Fate's twofold
onslaught fell.
So, even in death, life's conflicts stir
anew:
He'll ne'er have peace 'twixt rosemary
and yew.

PROPOSED INSCRIPTION FOR REFECTORY FIREPLACE.

Professor —
Will make you rue it,
If you drink beer
Here.

Proposed New Club to Run Varsity Concert.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,

May we through your columns add a little to the rather scanty information which students seem to have at present regarding the formation of a Concert Club?

A proposal is on foot to found a Footlights Club, run on the same lines as the Cambridge body of that name and with similar aims. The immediate object of the Club will be to provide the programme of the Varsity Concert, under the supervision of the Sports Association, with which body, we hope, the Club will be affiliated, and, if possible, to present one or more modern revues during the year.

The Club will be open to all Varsity students, and the subscription limited to a nominal amount, as the support of the student body is needed if the concert is to regain some of the prestige which it has lost during the last few years. We hope that an improvement in the quality of the items submitted will help to keep them from the fruity reception which has been their lot since 1926.

The Club will run both "straight" and dance bands, thus avoiding the heavy expense which these have before entailed. All profits will go to the Sports Association as usual; the purpose of the Club is in no way to usurp the Association's control of the concert, but to provide the Association with a permanent well-rehearsed body in place of the scratch crews which have performed in the concert for the last few years.

I am Sir, etc.,
DEAN HAY

About those Blues.

There will be a Special General Meeting of the members of the Sports Association on Wednesday, 24th September, at 7.45 p.m., in the Refectory.

BUSINESS:

Affiliation of Men's Swimming Club.
Rules for the Award of Blues.
Everyone should attend.

What's Wrong With Our Profs?

The Editor,

Dear Sir,

A frequent visitor to the rhetorical schools in our Park Lands, I am constantly dismayed at the relation of various incidents in which our professors have appeared in a most unfavourable and regrettable light. It appears that these gentlemen are in the habit of engaging the lecturers in debate—with distressing results. On every occasion our representative has been discomfited by a superior display of knowledge or a brilliant repartee; on no occasion has he been able to confute the orator on even the smallest point. An advocate of free trade assures me that no principle of his has ever been successfully questioned; nor, I am told by his rival, have repeated attempts on the part of our professors been able to disprove a single

tenet of protection. One cannot help comparing this state of affairs with that in Melbourne, where the Professor of Economics instructs the public daily in such matters through the newspapers.

I thank heaven that my eyes have thus far been spared the humiliating sight of the actual occurrence; the fact that we are thus degraded in the eyes of the public is enough. The public knows of our low standard of intelligence; people know that a student who wins a place amongst us by means of a Government bursary is rare, that he must be, as Comrade Hearne says, "a progeny"; they know that within the Varsity library, as another speaker pointed out last Sunday in a most picturesque flight of rhetoric, "mules read the books, and monkeys finger the microscopes." Surely, then, the one-eyed rulers of the blind should keep their ignorance within doors on Sunday afternoons, and not parade it before the penetrating gaze of our true intellectuals.

I am, Sir, etc.,

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To-day's Radio Programme.

The following model programme has been prepared as a result of a radio plebescite at St. Mark's:—

7 a.m.—My Task. Yatala Prison Choir.

8.31 a.m.—Breakfast by Auto-suggestion. Some Remarks from Mr. W. P. Harris of St. Mark's.

9.5 a.m.—Popular Lecture by Professor Macbeth. Specially broadcast for the overflow unable to gain admittance to the hall.

10 a.m.—Duet: Singin' in the Rain. Messrs. Burberry and Mackintosh.

2 p.m.—Beautiful Sights of Adelaide. No. 1: The Torrens.

3 p.m.—Selections by Salvation Army Band—

(a) William, Tell Mother I'll be There.

(b) In a Persian Market-garden.

4 p.m.—Lecture: How to Take Care of the Baby. Messrs Napier and Brown.

5 p.m.—Life in a Sewer. Some Reminiscences of the Editor of the Med. Review.

6 p.m.—Famous Queens in History. W. Harrison, B.A.

7 p.m.—Oh, for the Wings of a Dove. Yatala Prison Choir.

8 p.m.—Lecture on Ulysses, by the Bishop of Adelaide.

10 p.m.—Conservatorium Lecture: How to Make Your Boy a Dramatic Soprano. Henry Simpson.

11 p.m.—Rock Me to Sleep. Solo by Warder Tough of the Yatala Prison Choir.

The station will close down while the choir go out to get the rocks.

LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Mr. Taylor, of St. Andrew's—Watch me pass that car in front.

Mr. Douglas, of St. Mark's—For Heaven's sake, don't let that little parson see me before I pass out.

Award of Blues.

The following were awarded Blues at a recent meeting of the Sports Association:—

Baseball—L. J. T. Pellew, G. K. Hughes, R. Krantz, W. W. Jolly.

Boat—N. J. Bonnin, A. H. Finlayson, R. Burns Cuming.

Men's Hockey—A. M. Bills, R. Featherstone, F. W. Arden.

Lacrosse—J. N. Barker, W. A. Harbison, L. C. Dawkins, L. G. Watson, L. T. Ewens, R. F. Thyer, L. P. A. Lawrence, A. F. Turner.

Women's Basket-ball—L. Holland, J. Harris.

Women's Hockey—S. Morriss, E. Cleland, H. Fletcher, M. Butler, R. Sims, E. Wannan, P. Richardson.

Women's Tennis—R. Webb.

“The Marriage” and “Dido.”

Mr. Winsloe Hall's pulpit-thumping lacks the strength and persistency of the Doctor's, and he lost his head a little when Belinda lost hers; but for the rest he was immaculate, completely dominating both performances. The flirtatious Almaviva, ostensibly paying his attentions to Susanna, paid far more to H. Winsloe; even the thunderer in Dido and Aeneus resisted the modern craving for syncopation and came in pat at the beginning of the bar.

But a certain amateurishness is an actual attraction in an opera like Dido and Aeneas, which was written for a girls' school and allows for some unintentional comicality. The amiable amble of Aeneas's men is quite tolerable if we compare it, not with the carriage of Trojan troops, but with the martial tread of a school for young gentlewomen.

Even the soldiers, however, seemed alive to the beauty of the climax, and nothing but praise can be said for the last few pages, for Dido's swan-song, and the “Never, never,” chorus, with its exquisite dying fall.