



# VARSITY RAGGE

Vol. III, No. 16.—Price 3d.

Wednesday, 25th March, 1931.

## Vote.

Every member of the Union has a right to vote in the Election. Every member of the Union should use his power to his uttermost. Vote two or three times. Anything may be resorted to, so as to insure the success of your candidates for Union office. Vote for the men you want to get in. If you have to vote for some you don't want to get in, still vote to insure the success of those you do want to get in.

So exercise your rights and be right in your exercise. Join the Sports Association. Become one of those full-blooded cavemen. You cannot all be as big as Mr. Chris. Sangster, but you can all try.

Be the big attraction at the Initiation of your Society. Be the man who deftly cracks the nut: be the man who passes the flame.

Don't be a busted bulb; be a foot-light, full of electricity and spark. Give the rest of the Varsity a shock.

In fact, be in everything. Of course, nobody wants you in anything. But be in it to spite them. Don't bite off your own nose: bite theirs, it hurts less.

Be different from all other University students. Write to the Ragge and the Mag. See yourself in print.

Know Mr. Greeland behind the glass walls. If you want to hear the latest he'll know it, so don't tell him.

In short, see, do, and know everything. Of course you know Bobby, but don't worry if you don't; he'll rectify that.

## ACCEPTORS FOR THE UNION STAKES.

(A race for Colts and Geldings.)

Mr. Sangster's Supercilious (Silence—Contempt).

Mr. Maitland's Windbag (Pseudo—Cyesis).

Mr. Beerworth's Windy (Breezy—Blow-out).

Mr. Anderson's Sport (Business—Pleasure).

Mr. Bob McKay's Inkslinger (Sire unknown—Copy).

Mr. Duncan's Crash (Fall—Glider).

Mr. Finlayson's Stiff (Pull—Oar).

Mr. Colebatch's Concrete (Scrap Iron—Sand).

Mr. Frazer's Booster (Inflation—Paper Money).

Mr. Adcock's Co-respondent (Dark Night—Divorcee).

Mr. Clarkson's Profit (Smash—Riot).

Mr. Muecke's Cough (Sputum—Lung).

Mr. Hughes' Six (Mistake—Spin Bowler).

## FOR THE MEN'S UNION HANDICAP.

(A handicap for Mares and Fillies.)

Mr. Anderson's Raspberry (Meeting—Order).

Mr. Gregory's Handsome Lad (Ignorance—Innocence).

Mr. Lambert's Livewire (Shock—Spark).

Mr. Simpson's Tinny (Ironsides—Sheet-metal).

Mr. Padman's Tossed (Usher—Court).

Mr. Hayward's Up the Creek (Upset—Boat).

Mr. Pellew's Home Run (Rush—Thirdbag).

Mr. O'Connor's Satisfied (Peristalsis—Sigmoid).

Mr. McDonald's Sober (St. Marks—Cathedral).

Mr. Kerr Grant's Meteorism (Fall—Heaven).

## Why the Hell!

or

## What the Blazers.

Everybody would use a blazer if something suitable could be placed at the disposal of the members of the Sports Association. The Committee of the Sports Association has endeavoured for a long time to hit upon some attractive design.

Many have been against our dull black and white. But they are still our colours. Certainly our present funereal black coat is more suited for morning wear than to cover the body of an athletic young man or woman.

These new patterns have been on show in our buildings. Each one who has seen them cannot but be struck by the possibilities of black and white as decorative colours. This new blazer will give every member of the Association a suitable coat for sports wear.

Do the women want a new blazer? Now, we are convinced that we are not a woman—if there is any doubt that we are not, we will be pleased to give a demonstration.

Do we know what the women think on the subject? Frankly we never know what a woman thinks, nor yet are we brave enough to guess in print.

Should blues have distinctive blazers? Well, we think they should. They are people (or soon will be) of ability above the average. Why, then, should they not have the privilege of some more distinctive mark than a pocket?

So that each member of the Sports Association who wants an attractive blazer should be present at the Annual General Meeting, where he, she, or it may register his, her, or its vote on this question.

Contributions, letters, etc., are not debarred from this Ragge. What made you think they were? Express your Sentiments! Don't Suppress them—it's bad for the soul!

## Dr. T. Z. Koo.

We would congratulate the Men's Union on their revival of the Luncheon Address in our Union. They were indeed fortunate in having Dr. Koo for their first speaker.

It should be unnecessary to report what this charming man from China said, but everybody who did not hear Dr. Koo speak must be sorry.

Everyone to whom we have spoken has expressed delight both with what was said and with the manner with which it was said.

Most of us, we feel sure, thought rather seriously over what we as students are not doing. Not that we feel we should be a revolutionary body, but that we seem to have no desire to be anything.

In whom is the average student interested? We can only think of one person, and that is *ourselves*. Now, as we can only judge by *ourselves*, we are forced to this conclusion. Of course, there may be great numbers of students in this University that take some active interest in their country and the world.

Most of us realize that something drastic must be done in this country, but do we in any way do anything about it.

Not us. We are students. We have no responsibilities, not even to ourselves.

We feel rather ashamed when a man comes from China and tells us how Chinese students have not only thought, but have with their own hands been shaping the destinies, not only of their own nation, but of the world.

Once upon a time, there were three sisters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, who lived in a little village. Faith left to join the Follies Bergeres, where she was an immediate success. She wrote to Hope who came to town and was also successful. So they wrote to Charity.

Charity arrived in a La Salle and fur coat!

Moral: Charity begins at home.

## Footlights' Club.

On the 18th of March the above Club held a distinctly amusing evening—it was their second Annual General Meeting. Mr. W. L. Reid (President) took the chair, and we mean this literally—he took all of it. The Secretary made all arrangements for the meeting and then left for Melbourne, leaving behind him very little minutes and no minute-book.

The minutes—we suspect that they were minutes of the last-minute type—were read by Mr. Ewens in his customary powerful voice.

Next on the agenda came the President's Report. From it we learnt something of the aims of the club, which were to raise the standards of the Varsity concert and social intercourse. This Club was not amalgamated with the A.U.S.A., as "indoor sport" would seem only to warrant or deserve affiliation. At this point someone murmured in our ear, "Gentlemen—the King," but we only saw Mr. Lindsay Dawkins stroll regally in, and so decided to remain seated.

The President, resuming after the momentary stir this incident caused, informed the meeting that the decorations for the cabaret consisted of—among other things—lights overhead and barrels that were empty. These latter, it must be understood, maintained in their ornamental role a psychic stimulus to the thirst of various guests, thus increasing the profits from the sale of soft drinks.

The opportunity was taken of thanking their dancing mistresses and those who did such good work for the concert and the "Gods" for being angels—my angel! Special mention—on the Varsity side—was made of Messrs. Len Ewens and Eric McLaughlin, where as little mention was made of the show after the show—after such occasions one's memory is hardly reliable.

Mr. Ewens then arose with alacrity to read his financial statement, which

showed a total profit of £131 4s. 5d. for the year. It was well delivered—his statement, we mean, for we have reason to believe he is a fairly honest citizen—concise and comprehensive.

Now for the election of officers. Miss Helen Fletcher was nominated for the committee, but she did not wish to stand. However, she, under pressure from Misses Shirley Burns Cuming and Pat Richardson, who were also nominated, withdrew her objections. To what she objected we do not know, but we are inclined to think that her main objection would be to the pressure that was brought to bear. These three were elected. Mr. Dawe and Mr. Hayward were also elected, Mr. W. L. Reid having been elected president and Messrs. R. B. Knight and McKay secretary and assistant secretary respectively.

Then came business. Well, Mr. Knight had something to say, as did also Mr. Hayward, and as did Mr. Jim Muecke, who also had something more to say, and was still saying it after the

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G. McRITCHIE,  
General Secretary.

meeting. In time it was decided to leave things in the hands of the committee. After a few votes of thanks and a few reminders to the chair, and a few points of order, they again decided to leave things in the hands of the committee. At last the chairman surprised us by declaring the meeting closed.

### Our Fallen Angels.

The Editors of this Ragge take the opportunity of informing all and sundry of the great loss the women of this University have recently experienced. The sympathy of the whole editorial staff is theirs, though we feel that by their loss they may yet attain to a certain spiritual grace and to a truer meaning of the word sacrifice. We refer to the loss of their common room in the Darling Building.

No more will we hear their gurgles and shrieks of joy and turn aside from

our work the while to murmur, "Dear girls." No more will the professorial staff, pursuing its common round each day, have cause to lift its aching head and listen, enraptured, to some inordinate discord. Yet it is this staff who has ousted them! Surely some ghost of girlish laughter will haunt a darker corner of the room to prick an uneasy conscience.

And the women! After a week or two the flame of their rightful wrath has become a mere flicker, and now they take a sort of Calvinistic joy in the sacrifice they were forced to make. And so is their virtue sinful or their sin virtuous. But to all the unconcerned this warning—do not unnecessarily raise this question, for there still exists the process of auto-oxidation.

Here we must acknowledge the letter received from certain females of the species. But in the interests of the moral tone of the Varsity, in particular, and of society, in general, we felt that this letter should be suppressed.

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**Freshers' Social.**

(With Apologies.)

*Trix darlingest,*

Sweetheart I did tell you about me didn't I. I'm taking a *simply tremendous* course of lectures at the Varsity—Bingo's there my dear. Really, darling, it's *too* horrid for words for what with two lectures a week, my dear, I have *simply* had to cancel all my social attainments. I went to their freshers' social last night—and, my dear, it was *fresh*.

First of all they had a meeting of some sort and when a *motion* had to be passed all they did, darling, was to *shriek* out aye, aye. My dear, I was so fresh I wasn't allowed to vote, so Bingo said, but I'm *perfectly* sure my voice would have *swayed* the meeting and besides that too *delightful* young man Mr. Greenland wouldn't look at me. He read a report, sweetheart, and *such terrible news* the poor dear is married and I felt *sure* he would have been a thrill.

Prof. McKellar Stewart — Nature's *lamb*, my dear, and *simply too* sweet—gave such an *intimate* talk about the Union that I *seethed* to do something but Bingo said it was *hardly* the right time and place because Mr. Cliff Andersen—too *aristocratic*, my dear—*simply* had to say something.

Sweetheart, you know that Reid woman—little girl *blue*, my dear—well she sang, *simply* trilled up and down the *scale*. Darling, it was *positively* too sweet and so excuse me *waxing* poetical but it sounded like some poor little *zephyr* bullying the bulrushes and Bingo spoilt it all by asking if *any* reeds were broken.

Mr. Barbour and Chris. Sangster—*he-men* to the *core*, my dear—told us all about the A.U.S.A. and Mr. Barbour said something about the *students* being *pure* and *simple*. And, sweetheart, nobody saw the joke for *ages* and *ages* not even your little Topsy till she looked at Bingo—*really* darling he does look simple.

Then a man came on with his *sleeves* rolled up and his arms my dear, oh, they

were too *repulsive*. Not satisfied with this he *simply* used them to produce eggs and handkerchiefs from thin air, my dear, so you can realize, sweetheart, how *trying* it was for poor Topsy. Darling *several* times I had to make sure and see if mine were *safe*.

Two others Prof. Wilton—an *angel* of a man, my dear, *simply* a wonder with figures Bingo told me so I *really* must ask him what to do about *mine*—and Ken Newman told us all about the C.U. And, darling, after this two young men—*innocents* abroad, my dear—did a perfectly *odious* tap dance and people clapped and so they came on and did it *all* over again.

Sweetheart, you should have heard the *cheers* when supper was announced and afterwards your Topsy got the *thrill* of her life that *darling* of a man, Archie Price, asked me for a dance. My dear I *simply simpered* and darling he told me *all* about the geographical distribution of economics. Bingo made me so wild he said he was "*mappy*," and when I asked him what he meant he said he had *Marks* on the brain.

Afterwards we all went to the midnight screening of some watch or other. My dear it was too *hilarious*—and all the men formed a *crocodile* led by Ab Reid though Bingo said a crocodile in such a case would have been a *hippopotamus*. Now, I *simply* must finish, darling, and I will write and tell you about things at the Varsity when I'm fresher and wiser.

Love from

Your hysterical

TOPSY.

P.S.—Darling, *what* do you think happened of course I *know* you expected it but Hildred and Crop are *such* dears but it did depress me for Bingo won't say a *word* and I've given him *heaps* of opportunities.

—o—  
FOR THE MEDS.

There was a young man and his miss,  
Who could not refrain from a kiss!

He got a tubercle bug

That had strayed on her mug,

And he died—from kissing amiss.

## What is There in a Name?

### IS YOUR NAME SMITH?

As a matter of common knowledge, my name is not Smith, although I'm variously known.

Neither is this in any way original. We cribbed it from a daily paper, but our choice in subject is original, not to say rude.

Not one of the authorities seems to be able to put the origin of this great family of Smiths upon one man, but for one man it would have been a colossal work.

Undoubtedly one of the first to attain fame was a Mr. Wayland-Smith, a cutler. It would appear that his tools did not turn in the hand. This made them justly popular with both men and women.

The Smiths as a family have done more to populate that vast continent America than any other two families. Some people claim that this is mainly due to the Smithskins, a powerful tribe

of North American Indians, who dressed entirely in Smith scalps. We think, however, this is rather over done.

Casting back through English history, one is not struck by the name of Smith, resplendent in letters of gold, as one is when one looks through the Telephone Directory. This makes one think that the Smiths are people of the future.

That the air is the natural element of the Smiths is striking. We do not need to mention our own Australian airmen and to mention another air merchant, Al. Smith, the great American.

There are many corruptions of the name Smith, such as Smithers, Smythe, Psmith, and Simpkins.

The last, though not obvious, is undoubtedly a corruption of Smith. We gather that this branch of the family was very corrupt.

It has been calculated that if the Smiths now living were laid end to end they would extend a very long way.

Many men have given their lives to the compiling of the work "What Smith has done for the World." The work is still, however, incomplete.

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## Boat Club.

The Annual General Meeting of the Boat Club (the oldest of the sporting clubs amalgamated with the A.U.S.A.) was held in the men's lounge last Friday lunch-time. It was distinguished by the presence of at least a dozen members.

The business was confined mainly to the receiving of reports from the Captain and Secretary, and the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The Captain, Mr. J. L. Hayward, in a long and complete report, outlined the activities of the Club since last March, incorporating an account of the Adelaide crew's training and the race for the Oxford and Cambridge Cup in Perth in June last year, where our crew was beaten by only three-quarters of a length by Western Australia.

The Secretary, Mr. R. B. Knight, disclosed that he had been keeping eye on the more mundane aspects of the Club's activities, and assured the assembled multitude that he gained a fair amount of satisfaction from his perusal.

The A.U.B.C.'s fairy god-father, Sir Henry Newland, was unanimously re-elected as President after eulogistic outbursts from the Captain, Secretary, and others. Mr. Hayward, Mr. R. Burns Cuming, Mr. Kngiht, and Mr. A. H. Finlayson were re-appointed to the executive positions of Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, and Assistant Secretary, and the remaining positions on the Committee were filled by Messrs. N. J. Bonnin, R. H. S. Newland, P. M. Cudmore, and C. E. Gregory. Mr. Knight was reappointed as the Club's delegate to the Rowing Association.

At present it does not appear that a crew from this Club will contest the Intervarsity Race this year in Brisbane. The long stay away made necessary by the crew's training makes the expense of the trip almost prohibitive.

It is expected that the Club's members will start to show a few signs of the indefatigable energy expected of them and turn up in their hordes at the river (?) this week. The Club has received

a very welcome reinforcement of a number of freshers with fair Schools-rowing experience, for which, no doubt, it is truly grateful. So be it.

## Non-Pennant Tennis.

Dear Editorial Staff and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the University (if any):

As you all know, should know, or, when you have read this, will know, some bright young sparks who were too poor or something to play in Pennant Tennis this season decided to form a Club of their own. Well, this Club was formed very energetically, but faded almost out. Some other bright spark got a brain-wave (he was probably told by his father or someone) that the Club ought to hold a tournament. So the three musgetheres (Haslam, Searcy, and Irving) got together and, well, got there. The result was a nice little tourney held during the expiring moments of old January's life and the childhood of February. Several amazing incidents during this time caused people to raise their eyebrows, the main one being a photo (action photo, my dears) of a ginger-headed member of the Committee, which appeared in the daily press. Such things should really not be permitted. There were several other photos in the press, but these fade into the minutest insignificance when compared with the one I mentioned above. Well, as I was saying, or was about to say, or probably have just thought, this tournament went on and then was extended and then went on again and finally the finals were finalized. This brought to light the fact that there were one or two players amongst the rabble which had hopefully spent its sixpences and shillings on cool drinks and similar things, such as entry-fees. Then, when everybody had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as a Non-Pennant Tennis Club, the Committee decided to hold a luncheon (not free to members; that would be an insult to any Club), and so this was duly held. The President of the Sports Association, Mr.

R. R. P. Barbour, was given a free lunch and then asked to present the several egg-cups which had been won by the above-mentioned players. These cups (shall we call them) were collected by Wilkinson, Wilkinson and Miss Goldsack, Wilkinson and Brockmeyer, Arthur Turner, and Magarey and Gillett. The three musgetheres, looking very pleased with themselves, told us that it was a very successful season, and having thanked Mr. Barbour, closed this "very successful season" with clapping.

Yours till the sun turns green,  
ONE OF THE RABBLE

### "The Old Gives Place to the New."

At last the Council graciously have lent  
An ear, and so the road ye all must  
ken—

It runs to places pleasureless to men—  
Has been repaired, and now it won't  
prevent

The busy students strolling, lecture bent,  
Upon its surface smooth. The time  
was when

They used the path and ev'ry now and  
then

The more courageous men would stub  
and dent

Their toes and shoes upon its pot-hol'd  
span,

While cars with squeaking protest  
scrubbed their tyres

To shreds on loosen'd metal, stones, and  
bricks.

And now the new road runs, a joy to  
man

And car; the silent motorist aspires  
To place poor students far beyond the  
Styx.

TAR N. STONE.

Once upon a time there was an editor,  
who could find nothing suitable for a  
good "fill-up." So, in despair, he went  
to St. Marks and sought their advice.

They immediately took him to the  
Cathedral.

### Cricket Club.

Of great deeds we now tell—unfortunately they have been performed by our opponents. The A team, starting the season with great verve and gusto, have slumped to nothing. The rumour now floats around that when we last won a match our coach, Freddy Gould, wore short pants. Nevertheless, certain individual performances need comment. The first to come to mind is that of fast bowler Bill Hughes, who attempted to lift a certain spin bowler into the Norwood rubbish destructor, and was awarded six runs for a very fine try.

Seriously though, we can say that our non-success is in spite of the stout efforts of several members of the A team. Captain Sangster has made two fine scores in the last few weeks, and his lieutenant, Len. Pellew, has punctuated the story of his season's performance with several handy efforts. Bill Baudinet, at the time of going to press, leads the batting average of the Club, and is now nursing a lame finger that something seems to have bitten. The aforesaid fast bowler Hughes leads the bowling average with an average that our very great love for that gentleman will not permit us to disclose.

The B team have not been successful, but in their usual haphazard style have produced one or two performances worth record, but we will confine ourselves to that of freshman Geoff. Dawson, who on one afternoon smote our opponents hip and thigh, covering them with perspiration and himself with glory. He made 227 not out.

It is the humble "C's" that have provided our sole sustained success. They have only been defeated once, and are certain to come top of their Association. "Blessed are the humble and meek."

The annual general meeting of the A.U.S.A. will be held to-night in the Refectory.

It's your sports association—so do your bit!