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VARSVITY RAGGE

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Thursday, 9th April, 1931.

Spirit v. Intellect.

[Ed. Note.—If Mr. K. Foops claims to be intellectual and wishes that this article be similarly intelligible, then we should likewise expect his notes to be legible. The Editor, after deciphering this mess, now claims to be an expert on graphology, and will undertake, for a moderate fee, to decipher any code ranging from shorthand to Japanese.]

Sir,

Allow me to enter a vigorous protest against the bilge which disgraces the latest issue of the new Handbook. The Editor obviously suffers from delusions. He should see Mahomet Allum (*vide* "Advertiser," 2/4/31). One of the most obvious facts about this University is its obsession with all forms of "Manly Spirit" to the exclusion of intellectual purists. The type of undergrad. is the type of the hearty, back-slapping, game-playing animal. The few intellectuals are a despised and persecuted sect. Yet this new Handbook is a spirited polemic against this suffering few, purporting to prove that they, and not the "hearties," are the wheelbarrow menace. Sneers about Aldous Huxley's young men, virtuous admonitions to be a "he-man," all find their place here. Sir, I protest; the glory of the University is the Scholar, the exerescence is the "hearty." Here's to the Athlete "whom the honest undergrad. calls by a regal-sounding name which has nothing kingly in it."

Yours,

K. FOOPS.

If a man is any sort of a man he'll be a sport; and if he is any sort of a sport he'll pay his Sports subs. These are due right now and payable to your Faculty Sub-Treasurer.

Faith, Hope, Etc.

Honourable Sire,

In the first issue for this year I noticed a short story of three young ladies, by name Faith, Hope, and Charity. Mr. Gilbert Frankau, the well-known story-writer, tells the same story, but at much greater length, in the March issue of "The London."

We should like to know whether the person who introduced the anecdote to the "Ragge" cribbed it from Mr. Frankau, or if Mr. Frankau arrived at his story from perusing the pages of your most honourable paper.

Yours with heartiest well-wishings,

SHERLOCK H.

Athletics Notes.

The A.U.A.C. held its Annual General Meeting in the Men's Lounge at 1.15 p.m. on Tuesday, 31st March, but did not register a record attendance, on account of there being one or two counter-attractions.

Mr. A. Grenfell Price occupied the chair. As a result of the Secretary (Mr. E. A. Schulz) shouting out the minutes of the previous meeting the members present were just able to hear one or two words above the din of the lions feeding next door. Consequently, the minutes were confirmed recording the notable achievements of Andrew Young in the recent State quarter-mile championship, Frank Mitchell in the 120 hurdles, and D. Fisher in the half.

Members received with regret Mr. Price's statement that he would not be able to be President for the ensuing year, and a vote of thanks for past services was carried. The retiring Secretary was also bouqueted for his services in connection with his remarkable handling of last year's Intervarsity.

It was mentioned that this year's Intersarsity would be held in Hobart during the second week of the May vac., and that suitable representatives must be found. So, let's see what you freshers can do! Start training now for the Varsity Sports, which will be held at the end of term. Any mug can win an event, and if you pull off or get a place in a championship or even a handicap event, you have a chance of participating in Intersarsity.

Officers elected for the year were:—

President—Mr. L. V. Pellew.

Vice-President—Mr. F. W. Mitchell.

Secretary—Mr. I. H. Seppelt.

Assistant Secretary—Mr. B. Jolly.

Committee—Messrs. A. H. Young, E. A. Schulz, Chapple, and D. G. Fisher.

Delegate to S.A.A.A.A.—Mr. I. H. Seppelt.

For particulars, freshers should interview one of these personally or drop a note in the Secretary's box (S) at the front office.

Football Notes.

The A.U.F.C. held its Annual General Meeting in the Men's Lounge at 1.15 p.m. on Thursday, 2nd April.

None of the speakers could be heard above the din of the tribe feeding their faces next door, but it is presumed that for a start the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting were read. It is also presumed that these were confirmed, as a number of hands were elevated and the Chairman did not appear to be labouring under any undue mental stress. So we must take it for granted that those present were in favour of the Chairman signing the aforesaid minutes.

It transpired that, after some more hubbub and din, gnawing, chewing, and other actions normally connected with the face-feeding operations next door, that some officers were elected.

The Secretary had no idea who these

officers were, but he thought these would do:

President: Dr. F. N. LeMessurier.

A Team:

Secretary—W. H. Baudinet.

Committee—

C. B. Sangster.

R. L. S. Muecke.

H. L. Abbott.

J. M. Jens.

Practice Captain—R. L. S. Muecke.

B Team:

Secretary—R. S. Day.

Committee—

E. C. Ryan.

W. D. Padman.

A. H. Magarey.

J. A. Maitland.

Proxy Delegates to Amateur League:

A Team—

J. M. Jens.

R. L. S. Muecke.

B Team—

J. A. Maitland.

A. H. Magarey.

A suggestion that the C Team relinquish its pleasant and historical match-losing associations with the Students' Association was voted up the bowser with acclamation.

Further swindling and plotting resulted in the following being elected to the C Team Committee:—

T. Colquhoun.

A. H. Finlayson.

C. E. Gregory (Secretary).

Somehow or other the meeting finished—probably one member stood up and the rest followed.

READERS—NOTE THIS!

You will each and every one of you admit that this issue of the "Ragge" is pretty sanguinary. Well, whose fault is it? The Editor's, of course! He wrote nine-tenths of it. The *whole* of the other tenth was contributed.

Moral.—If you don't want to read the Editor's tripe, write something yourself. He will be so pleased.

U.J.C. Races.

During the third week in March the annual U.J.C. races for the Union Stakes and for the Men's Union Handicap were run. The judge reserved his decision until Friday, 20th March. However, an unofficial verdict was bruited in the meantime.

UNION STAKES.

(For colts and geldings.)

Supercilious won by a couple of lengths from Cough, with Stiff a few lengths further back, followed by Crash, Concrete, Minchinbury, Co-ed, and Windy in that order. Windbag, Sport, Inkslinger, Booster, Co-respondent, Profit, and Six tailed off and did not finish the course.

MEN'S UNION HANDICAP.

(For mares and fillies.)

This event also provided a fair field. Handsome Lad won from Co-ed, with Six lying in third place. Other positions were filled by Tossed, Sober, Forty Love, Up the Creek, Satisfied, and Home Run. Raspberry did not leave the post, while Tinny succumbed to a protest of jostling. Livewire's rider was afterwards disqualified by the stewards for carrying a battery.

Owing to the present state of the general depression, the Committee of the Union Jockey Club decided to declare no dividends. In any case the Secretary decamped with the trophies, stakes, and totalizator investments.

Gossip Notes from the Med. School.

(By the Duchess of Norfolk.)

Such a charming function in the Lady Symon Hall recently, when a lot of the *dearest* freshers were initiated. Tim Godlee, the Secretary (who will be remembered for his ataxic voice), was the leading light in the ceremony, which consisted briefly of partly disrobing the poor little fellows and forcing them to draw the Sixth Years *en voiture* right down to the Hospital. In North Terrace two of them kissed portions of

the statue of Venus (my dears, *too* symbolic!), and then at the Hospital that *revolting* Maegraith man gave them each a pill (so *drastic*, I heard). They then returned to the Varsity and swore the oath in undress uniform (my dears, some of the *pinkest* skins!).

The refreshments (*so* inadequate) were guarded by Joe in an admirable manner. Len Pellew (my dears, the *funniest* feet!) was elected as the new Secretary.

Neil O'Reilly is *so* busy at present. It is whispered that he is going to have a war all of his own soon.

Freda and Roy are as devoted as ever. *So* touching!

I saw Ken Cowden (who, by the way, is really one of the Brooke-Cowdens, you know) in Rundle Street the other afternoon. My dears, he was positively weighed down—*too* clinging!

Ernie Beech is everywhere nowadays. They say that Slee is lost without him.

Harry Southwood has been a House Physician for a whole week. My dears, such a *toot!* And, oh, I had nearly forgotten, Jock Andrews has lactosuria—*too* damning!

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G. McRITCHIE,
General Secretary.

Men's Union.

The Annual General Meeting of the men members of the Union was held in the Men's Lounge at 1.30 p.m. on Friday, 27th March.

Mr. C. Andersen presided over a fairly satisfactory attendance of members.

The annual report was read and confirmed, and the President stressed the need for the undergrads interesting themselves in the affairs of government of our Commonwealth. The now-defunct Union Club had set out to achieve this end, but during last year had handed over the matter to the Men's Union Committee. A move in this direction was recently made when Dr. T. Z. Koo spoke at a luncheon. A letter had also been sent to Mr. J. A. Lyons to speak to the members during a lunch-hour. (Later advice indicates that Mr. Lyons is unable to accept the invitation on account of pressure of activities during his stay in Adelaide.)

In order to aid the Committee in this matter it was decided that Mr. Greenland act only as Minute Secretary, an Organizing Secretary to be appointed by the Committee. Speakers in favour of these two points were Messrs. Hayward, Bills, and Badger. The meeting also disclosed its appreciation of the services rendered by the retiring President.

The Secretary then announced the result of the ballot for the Committee of the Men's Union.

Men's Union Committee:

Messrs. Gregory, Bills, Hughes, Padman, MacDonald, Thomas, Hayward, O'Connor, and Pellew.

Men Representatives on the General Committee of the Union were:

Messrs. Sangster, Muecke, Finlayson, Duncan, Colebatch, Seppelt, Bills, and Beerworth.

WANTED.

A new method of voting for Union Committee elections.

The loophole in the existing method is that any person may vote n times. The highest value of n so far recorded is 8.

Union Committee, please note.

Baseball Notes.

The Annual General Meeting of the A.U. Baseball Club was held on two other days.

It sure was a show! And How!

R. A. A. Pellew was granted the office of Secretary and G. K. Hughes that of Committeeman.

That's stacking 'em! Atta boy!

Lot o' trouble! Just too bad!

It appears that no budding Babe Ruth has yet appeared to take over the reins of captaincy. That's sure missing 'em! Hey, sister! Put 'em over now, atta boy!

Say, bo! but yuhs guys orter see 'em!

They're just the cat's convulsions!

They're pretty to watch, girls! Back up to that!

Wipe that off your leg! They sure are the goods!

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(Scientific Instrument Department),

75 Rundle Street.

Sane Tandrooze Inish.

The Varsity is a very unconventional place for the students generally, but there are occasions (usually at the beginning of the first term) when the Senior members of faculties and colleges are wont to stand on ceremony.

Such is a more or less true and faithful record of the aforesaid ceremony at Sandy's.

A few nights ago the freshers spent a few anxious moments in the Annexe, *alias* Barn. All chose somewhat ill-fitting garments, to wit, jerseys and shorts. Equally ill-fitting and ancient shoes graced or disgraced their feet, and one chose to wear an 1893 Paris model brown eggboiler, which appeared to have been gorged and expectorated by a body of white ants.

The old common-room was honoured by the presence of the seniors (all represented) and freshers (represented one at a time). The sounds which emanated therefrom placed it in the dual categories of American baseball arenas and Parisian houses of ill-fame. [Ed. note.—Has the author had personal experience of either?]

Various rites were enacted. No. 1 was foully anointed and placed in confinement. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 were incongruously dealt with; and No. 5 received summary treatment, which included the diligent application of cheap green hair-dye to his moustache per medium of another toothbrush. Nos. 2 to 5 were then strait-jacketed by means of ropes and chains, covered with an opaque head-covering of ample dimensions, and dumped in two autos. No. 1 was released on bond on condition that he completely wrecked the others' studies, which he did beyond all the expectations of even the Seniors.

The aforementioned autos, proceeded thence through Springfield to the tune (?) of raucous shouts and smatterings of mediæval and Biblical jargon. Eventually the procession halted. Silence reigned, and the stillness was almost unbearable. Evil deeds were being hatched. Dirty work was to be done at

the Cross Roads (or, at least, a few streets south).

Soon the Seniors returned and proceeded further, Pakeeta having in the meantime made a noble but unsuccessful attempt to squirt Streamline (No. 2), who was previously forced to dismount and remain with her for the benefit of her pleasure. Later reports seem to show that Streamline was deemed "a washout of a fellow" by his hostess because he vamoosed rather early in the piece, but was recaptured later suffering from scratches gained by getting stuck in a hedge.

Meanwhile the autos, had arrived at the show, where nourishment is sought for stray cows and sheep, and where the geranium crops are compared for different soils. The daughter of the show (may I take the liberty to designate her as E. von Riche?) appeared trussed up in bath-towels in order to render herself of portly physique, and, posing as the lady of the 'ouse, called on the gardener to lay hold of a burglarious intruder (No. 3), who was further accused of drunkenness. His meek confession, which purported to state that he was a member of a near-by residential college, was hailed with a maximum of derision, and was taken as further proof of his condition of sobriety (or lack of it). After listening to supposed telephonic representations to the police and a certain taxi firm to arrange for transportation to the watch-house, he was dumped into a mustard-tin on its arrival and parked in the precincts of Upper Glen Osmond and left to find his own way home without even the aid of a mariner's compass.

While all this was happening, Nos. 4 and 5 disentangled themselves, cast off their corset-like trappings, and made off at top speed in one of the cars to Springfield, where they lay in ambush. The other car, however, soon followed, and the deserters were recaptured. After picking up its quota of its crew of Seniors each car sped towards Mitcham, where No. 4 was speared head first through a hedge and parked in the Mitcham Cemetery.

The next port of call was the Maid and Magpie Hotel, at the Payneham Road-Magill Road intersection. Here No. 5 was dumped, resplendently fitted out in the aforesaid football accoutrements and crown-battered bowler, not to mention facial decorations consisting of blobs of green hair-dye asymmetrically parked. He was left to his own means of locomotion or that of a "Goodman," which he might use per medium of the shilling-piece so nobly provided for that purpose by the Seniors.

No. 5 chose the latter means of transportation almost unhesitatingly, evidently not being of an ambulatory disposition. His one regret, however, was the fact that his bowler in the reverse position could not hold any coins, otherwise the voluntary subscriptions and donations from the tram passengers and from those assembled in the vicinity of The Beehive would have amounted to a fortune.

[N.B.—The Seniors are already discussing ways and means for the Big Event for 1932.]

"ARCHARCHA."

Engineering Society Welcomes Freshers.

On Friday evening, 27th March, the A.U.E.S. welcomed their freshers in the Refectory (and in the Engineering Building).

In opening the meeting, President Cropley (of Glider Club fame) unwound a lot of red tape concerning the constitution of the Society.

Mr. Finlayson then provided some relief by asking the budding Rice-Oxley as to whether it would not be better if only one annual general meeting was held a year, instead of three. This compelled the Secretary to read the minutes of the last three annual general meetings held last year, and two of them had to be unread.

Then, speaking from experience, the President welcomed the freshers by telling them that they ought to start working hard at once. (Acclamation.)

Prof. Chapman next addressed the meeting, offering sound advice concerning life at the University, and concluded with a few words on Initiations.

Mr. Gartrell (the philosopher of the Society) then had his one long chance of the evening. Hot from Yankeeland, he gave a brief (?) description of his trip, which was out of the ordinary by being interesting. (Interpret it as you like.) As is the usual custom, the mining profession was boomed and undergraduates were faced with their sins. (The gold standard had evidently been forgotten.)

Following on from the Miner's Delight came Mr. Robin. His words, though few compared with the previous speaker, were sound, and were appreciated.

After some supper, the majority of those present retired to the Engineering Building. This secondary meeting was not formal, as coats, ties, etc., were optional for the freshers. Owing to the failure of lights at the vital moment, candles were substituted, and were wholly successful. The wicked part of the whole affair was that the wicks needed priming.

It was not long before the freshers were entertained. A very enjoyable programme had been arranged, and it was far from being a washout. They were taken to the isolated spots of the building and tested for frostbite. They were then given a course in Mine Surveying, and no one was lost.

The star turn of the evening was the reception to a dignified med. student. After a few preliminaries he was treated with something that looked like duco, smelt like duco, and stuck like duco. (It might have been blood.)

Miss Saddler was present wearing a gorgeous pair of bathers, and she performed the ablutions perfectly. It was unfortunate that she got a handful of grease, thinking it was something else.

The usual finale, "The Sights of Rundle Street," was not given, our understudies from the Darling Building having made such a good job of it.

"GRILL."

Footlights Club Luncheon.

Scenes of unparalleled industry and emotion were apparent at the Refectory at lunch-hour last Tuesday. The centre of attraction seemed to be the arrangement of a long table along the southern wall of the old Disinfectory, where evidently people were meant to gorge or perhaps to spill sugar and gambol with it during crunches. Soon, however, we were to be disappointed. Almost the entire crowd adjourned to the Men's Lounge—the women, too—just too bad! On inspection of that locality one could see that my Lord Inkslinger was in his element hustling, bustling, pushing people aside in an endeavour to show Gilberton & Sullivan's best talent that he was the sole proprietor of the whole establishment—Refectory to boot—that they should feel at home at his place. Eventually, after they had found somebody who was reported to be killed in the rush, everybody shook hands with all the others whether they knew them or not (but it looked nice, you know), and Cyril clasped Marie's hand firmly and murmured to himself, in between thrills, "O my darling"; and Gregory Stroud said the same when he grasped Cyril's.

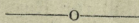
Then all the admiring undergrads followed the Pied Pipers of the Stage, led by Lord Inkslinger, until each one got seated in his wrong place, after which they reshuffled the cards. Thrills were apparent on all sides—Ridgway looked very neat. We, knowing the extent of his possibilities, are inclined to discredit the rumour that one of the visiting fairies disclosed the fact that she thought he knew how! And how!

Cyril then succumbed to another big thrill, and spilt the sugar all over the ladies—but when a big hoary actor played footies with him there are rumours of his enforced withdrawal. We are inclined to think that Cyril's consti-

tution is liable to attacks of the Brownian movement.

Eventually, however, luncheon was over and our social butterflies escorted the artists and artistes to other fields.

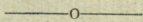
What a great day for the butterflies!
What a great day for the artistes!
What a great day for McK!



More Tips for Freshers.

An apology seems necessary for those further additions to the advice already dispensed to freshers, but the authors feel that a certain amount of matter has been passed over and that the need is urgent for the dissemination of the following:—

1. Do not smoke cigars during lectures. Class-consciousness is thus bred.
2. Do not for a week or so address your professors by their Christian or nick names—they are notoriously shy of new acquaintances.
3. Do not try to tip Mr. Bob McKay; he just likes to be helpful.
4. Do not ever write anything for the "Ragge." That's what the Editor is for.
5. Don't wear your hat like Mr Irving. We believe his head was quite normal before he got it.
6. Don't park your chewing-gum on the electric-light switches.
7. Do not hesitate to sit at the Lecturers' table in the Ref.; they are always pleased to see you.
8. Do not attend too many lectures; it's all in some book or other, anyway.
- And 9. Above all, remember that you did not come here to work.



The old hen strutted sedately along the roadway. All was quiet. Suddenly there came the "beep" of a motor-horn. All was confusion.

The motor passed on its way.

The hen lay, a mess of feathers, on the wayside. She arose, rearranged her plumage, and exclaimed, "Gee, some rooster!"

In Case You Don't Know.

Mr. R. A. Duncan, one of our stalwarts, is in the Unley Private Hospital suffering from a compound forearm fracture as the result of a pile-up. As you might imagine, this new life is pretty dull for Ray. Visitors are received at certain times, so ring up, Fairies, before you pay him a call.

Better Times.

The depression seems to be passing. The prices of wool and copper are rising, and Prof. MacBeth has had his car repainted.

It is estimated that if every student throws 1,000 bricks at Mr. Xang at his coming visit, the depression in the brick-making industry will be immediately removed.

Twin Beds.

It's not the leap across that wears out the carpet between twin beds—it's the long drag back.

FOR SALE.

Twin Beds—Only one used.

The happy couple were married in a registry office. The Registrar was drunk.

Next day the husband received a telephone call:

"Registrar speaking. Were you the chap I married yesterday?"

"Well, er, yes," came the reply.

"Have you done anything yet?" from the Registrar.

"Well, er, no," was the response.

"Then for heaven's sake, don't," bellowed the Registrar. "You've been married on a dog licence!"

Why I Should Like to be Like

Mr. Chris. Sangster. Well, wouldn't you?

Mr. Cyril Brown. Ask the chaps at St. Mark's.

Mr. Lindsay Dawkins. You ask Lindsay.

Mr. Ab. Reid. Well, what's wrong with his swallow?

Mr. Dave Thomas. Ask the women.

Mr. Bob McKay. Because I should like to sling ink around and be a social butterfly.

Mr. Henry Irving. I always did prefer real sheikhs.

Mr. Godlee. Because he is, but not pure.

Mr. Len Ward. Don't worry. I shouldn't.

Mr. Rollison. Not particularly.

Mr. Burns Cuming. He's a real he-man!

Mr. Ern Schulz. He's a butcher!

Mr. Ridgway Newland. The girls say he sure knows how!

Mr. Jock Bills. He's a dear!

Mr. Fletcher. He's so pure!

Mr. Andrew Young. He makes big strides.

Mr. Hughes. Guess again.

Miss Joan Goode. Is she?

Miss Ruth Hone. She takes the bun.

Miss Villeneuve Smith. Ask the lads.

Mr. K-night. C'noath!

Mr. Dawe. He puts 'em over big!

Miss Burns Cuming. Need you ask?

Mr. John Hayward. He knows his job.

Miss Pat Richardson. If you knew what I know.

Mr. Felix Arden. Gentlemen prefer blondes.

Mr. Baudinet. He's not so slow, anyway.

Catch This.

You will note that this issue of the Ragge costs twopence. Now, don't howl—it's still too cheap for a howler to buy.