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IMPORTANT. Conversazione, pages 5 and 8.

VARSITY RAGGE

Vol. III. No. 18.—Price 2d.

Friday, 24th April, 1931.

Editorial.

During the last fortnight we have had two visitors to the State—one of them justly world-famous, the other equally notorious.

We have little doubt that when he returns to England Lord Baden-Powell will do much to counteract the unfavourable impression created by the Honourable J. T. Lang's statements.

We may consider the ideals of these two men—the one standing as a great

Empire-builder, the other an Empire-wrecker.

It is well known that certain members, at least, of the Lang Party desire to abolish Scouting and Guiding. We feel that by the enthusiastic welcome of the Chief Scout, Mr. Lang has been fully answered.

We need not have much fear as to the ultimate wellbeing of the country if it is ruled by these boys and girls, who are being trained in the best traditions of the British race.



THE JUST PRICE

St. Mark's Bumping Races.

The first heat for the Bumping Races was held on Torrens Lake on Monday afternoon. Two bumps were scored, one when the Second-year boat bumped the Third-year, and one when the cox. of the Third-year boat mistook the opposite bank of the lake for the Freshers' boat. It is to be feared, however, that this may not be counted.

The race did not start until 5.30, half an hour after the appointed time, owing to the non-appearance of the Third-year Crew. We understand that the delay was caused by the temporary disappearance of Mr. Brown's Geology trousers.

Amongst those present were the Governor and Lord Baden-Powell, but they did not wait for the actual race. We presume that they were not informed that Mr. Cudmore was coxing.

The French Club.

A LITTLE INSIDE INFORMATION.

There is one institution in this University which somehow has never been given its proper share of publicity, although there are few so ill-informed that they do not know of its existence. This is partly because we are so very exclusive, and partly because of the somewhat academic tinge in its name. I refer, of course, to Le Club Français. But it is high time to tell you a little about us.

There is no subscription—all you have to do is to take lectures in French, and there are some who think the sacrifice is worth it. The main attraction is, of course, la shic Parisienne herself, but there are others. Some of us cherish latent ambitions for singing and acting. The Club gives us our opportunity. If one jabbers one's part quickly enough, nobody tries to understand one, anyway.

As it is a French Club, we have been told a lot about Spanish Easter festivals,

and were asked to compare Spanish and Arabian music. And, let me tell you, dear brethren, that for sheer noise and inattention to key, they were only equalled by the usual rendering of our Varsity War-cry.

Besides our ordinary members, we sometimes allow a few distinguished visitors. One is a genuine article from France. Another is a fluent gentleman from Switzerland, who yodels from the heights of Morialta, but is otherwise harmless. There is a third, Australian born, but who can talk through his nose and away down in his throat with the air of a true-blue Frank.

And last, but not least, there are a few enthusiasts from last year who so love to hear their own French accents that they couldn't give up coming. Some of them even sit on the Committee.

At the end of each term there is a corroboree; dancing, bridge, and/or theatricals are indulged in (all in French, of course), also supper.

So now you know. Are you rushing to take up French at the earliest opportunity? I think so.

E. WELLS.

[I don't.—Ed.]

Advertisements.

Massage Girls.—Cannot meet you to-night. Too busy.—“Pat.”

Lectures on Paris delivered to Societies. Willing write articles for Magazines. Supper only.—“Sorbonne.”

Impressive baritone open to receive engagements. No Spaniards need apply.—“Lindsay.”

Correspondence Courses in Elocution. Lowest terms.—“Phits.”

Handsome young bachelor, with baby, desires make acquaintance sporting young ladies. View mat.—“Cyril.”

Wanted.—Ladylike young woman give handsome young Prof. lessons in driving new car. Night only.—“Bloody Mary.”

Correspondence.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It may be of interest to you that I consider the last issue of your paper to be utter "bilge"—I would use stronger terms, but the lofty tone and moral sublimity of your paper forbid me. The only part that found favour in my eyes was a modest little note at the foot of page 2, in which, dear Sir, you candidly admitted the utter worthlessness of your paper as being nine-tenths the result of your own efforts. With that I heartily agreed; it was "pretty sanguinary." In fact, I have cut out and framed that paragraph, and it now hangs on my walls as a lasting example of the spirit of truthfulness which abides in the heart of things, and in the hearts of student editors in particular. Inspired by that paragraph, I have lately discovered the following recipe for a bright and racy University paper:—

1. Several jokes from "Smith's Weekly."
2. An extract from a current issue of "Becket's Budget" (if still in existence. If not, an extract from the last number, which is sure to be found in any self-respecting Public Library).
3. Report of a "Truth" divorce for the benefit of the legal fraternity (and others).
4. Latest society and Varsity scandal.
5. One sermon—for the benefit of those whose intellects are not deep enough to appreciate the foregoing items.

If these ingredients are well mixed, the success of the "Ragge" will be assured. Care must be taken, however, not to insert more than one sermon, as this will tend to make the effect frivolous.

Hoping this may be of some assistance to you, Sir, in your succeeding issues,

Your humble servant,

CAPTAIN COOK

Sir,

I consider that it is high time that some steps be taken to prevent the further dissemination of frivolity and immorality throughout the University.

As an example, I cite the play by the Literary and Debating Society: the theme was frankly disgusting—tending to encourage pagan practices—and the dressing most suggestive.

The nakedness of the two sentries was enough to make all pure-minded maidens blush. It seemed to me that they were wearing *nothing* but a short tunic. My short-sightedness, no less than my innate modesty, prevented me from seeing more. I have since been given to understand that my opinion is correct.

I was particularly pained to see a theological student taking the part of a pagan prophet. However, when I saw his obiovus, I felt that he realized the wrong he was committing. But I regret to say that I found him, later, to be even more depraved than the sentries—he appeared dressed merely in a bath-towel.

I trust, Sir, that you will use your influence to bring the debased degenerate responsible for this disgusting performance to justice, and that you will assist me to uphold the glorious traditions of the noble University of the City of Culture.

I am, Sir,

UNIONIST.

Conversazione !

**BRIGHT IDEAS
WANTED.**

**Give them to
Mr. G. K. Hughes.**

Extract from a Forthcoming Work on "Purity and Pruriency."

It is generally understood that the "Ragge" is, *inter alia*, a medium of expression of undergraduate thought, opinion, and taste: in short, it should reflect undergraduate life. What are the impressions of undergraduate life to be gained from the last edition of the "Ragge"? We pass over the reports of the various initiation ceremonies carried out by the so-called "seniors" on the less-fortunate "freshers" — ceremonies, by the way, which have yet to supply a logical or even reasonable answer to the charge that they are ungentlemanly, unnecessary, undesirable, and frequently indicative of a perverted sense of humour—to the "odds and ends" which were inserted presumably to fill up space. And what do we find? Two dirty stories and two other dirty ideas. Does this reflect the moral outlook of the ideal, or even the average, undergraduate? Does this represent morally the result of a University training? Is the impression to be given to the "fresher"—and possibly to the public—that University life so warps and mis-shapes our minds that this sort of literature forms part of our mental recreation? Do such stories and ideas represent the intellectual relaxation or the social intercourse of the members of the University Men's Union in general? Because the distorted minds of one or two wallow in filth, are all who buy the "Ragge" with a view to participating actively in undergraduate life and thought to have such objectionable matter foisted upon them? I, for one, dissociate myself therefrom, and I am confident that hundreds of other members of the University Union are of the same opinion.

With the very plastic mind characteristic of the "fresher," first impressions are often lasting, and it is certainly most undesirable that false impressions of the morality or taste of University under-

graduates should be allowed to form in the "freshers'" minds. I therefore protest, as vigorously as the written word will allow, against the low moral tone predominant in the last edition of the "Ragge."

I am, Sir,

"SENEX."

Conversazione !

May 21.

University Exhibition and
Graduates' Sports.

May 22.

Students' Carnival.

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G. McRITCHIE,

General Secretary

Watch Your Step.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

Once-upon a time, by which I mean before the War, I was engaged, like Columbus, in discovering America. One of my finds was a Cafeteria. The excitement of harpooning a chocolate éclair or stabbing a tomato nearly made this pastime my favourite indoor sport. This was while staying with a pretty cousin at her sorority at the University of Michigan, which is in a little town called Ann Arbor. The geography of this place is made easy if you believe the dashing reply of a lovely undergrad to an inquiring New Yorker. "Where is Ann Arbor?" she repeated; "why, you've heard of Detroit, haven't you?" "Sure." "Well, Detroit is a suburb of Ann Arbor."

After a lapse of many years my Cafeteria excursions recommenced in Adelaide, where I still think that one of the most exciting things one can do is to have a meal at the University. Under the safe guidance of Mary Mackail or Hope Crampton, my earliest visits were, as far as I know, entirely free from solecisms. It was when I adventured alone that the dreadful thing happened. Perhaps there should be a notice for the unwary. I saw later, with some bitterness, that the Professorial Staff, whose superior mental powers could cope with this matter, were spared any mental strain concerning it. And it is, after all, I maintain, a debatable point whether a raspberry tart has a higher aesthetic value with an aluminium background or a green leather background.

It was not until I was having my coffee that the oppressive atmosphere of complete silence caused me to raise my head from the learned book that I was reading (the College Mag.). Apparently, with one of those sudden impulses which stir a large throng,

everyone in the Refectory had noticed at the same moment that I had broken the unwritten law.

My eye travelled quickly from table to table. Not another tray anywhere.

Rows and rows of eyes staring at me, immovable.

I screamed, and fled.

Roll of Honour.

The Editor extends his sincere congratulations to

Miss Ambrose.

Miss Haslam.

Miss Flecker.

Miss Holland.

Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Chapman.

Prof. G-g-g-un-eye-mar.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

"Autumn Leaves."

A publication known as "*Autumn Leaves*" will appear on the first day of the *Conversazione*, and will be a continuous brain-storm, with none of the usual gleams of sense that mar the *Magazine*. Here is what might be your only chance of ever appearing in print.

There will be a large Topical Song section; so get busy, and tell us what you think of the Depression, etc. England expects that every man will do his duty; and comic articles or suggestions for cartoons will be received with open arms.

Owing to the nasty habits of Old Time, the rosebuds must be gathered by Friday, 1st May. Put them in Box B [Bertha Billither?—Ed.]

During his stay in Adelaide Mr. Lang is said to have shown a preference for Plainsong over Gregorian Chants.

Betsy Bells.

Dear Betsy,

I met a delightful young lady at the Footlights Luncheon. She encouraged me. Now I find that she is married. What am I to do?

Yours,
CYRIL.

Dear Cyril,

Your first step had better be to get rid of the Baby.

Yours,
BETSY.

Dear Betsy,

The last copy of the "Ragge" caused a lot of trouble in my family circle, and my fiancées now all refuse to speak to me. Please advise me.

Yours,
RIDG.

Dear Ridg.,

The prospect seems rather hopeless, so why not try me?

Yours,
BETSY.

Dear Betsy,

I am rather a shy young man, and am rather nervous in the company of females. Nevertheless, they swarm round me, and I can never get rid of them.

Yours,
BUD.

Dear Bud,

You great big he-man, what else do you expect? It is your delightful *naivete* that appeals to us.

Love,
BETSY.

NOTE.—The last issue of the "Ragge," disgraceful as we all hold it to be, has at least caused comment, and, above all, showered contributions upon us. Hence a number of articles and letters have been held over for the next issue. May we be similarly burdened for the next!

Literary and Debating Society.

The first meeting of the year was held in the Lady Symon Hall on Wednesday, 8th April.

The programme consisted of songs by Miss Constance Reid, accompanied by Mr. Harris, pianoforte soli by Mr. H. R. Foale, monologues by Mr. W. Johnson, and Dunsany's "Golden Doom."

The latter met with moderate success. Owing to last-minute changes in the cast, some of the principal characters had had no rehearsal. For this reason, their efforts were extremely meritorious. It cannot be denied that the performance showed that there is, at least, a modicum of talent in the Society, though it may be well concealed. Many of the actors had had no previous experience.

The NEXT MEETING will be in the LADY SYMON TO-NIGHT, at 7.45. All members and others who can possibly do so are urged to attend.

Economics Club.

A meeting was held in the Refectory recently for the purpose of forming an Economics Club.

The following officers were elected:—Chairman—Mr. J. B. Blair; Secretary—Mr. A. A. R. Cooper; Committee—Messrs. Dawbarn and L. T. Ewens.

Dance Club.

The first meeting will be held in the Refectory on Wednesday, 29th April.

All members, freshers, and non-members are invited.

Tickets are obtainable from any member of the Committee at 2s.

It has been whispered that Mr. E. W. Gray has written an autobiography which will be published shortly by the Christian Union under the title of "Confessions of a Young Man."

Wake up, Undergrads!

Most of you will almost certainly be blissfully ignorant of the fact that the Men's Union is taking over the activities of the now defunct Union Club.

In this regard our aims are to show the commercial world that we are no longer irresponsible schoolboys, but, instead, that we are more like what we ought to be—citizens keenly and practically interested in the affairs of government of our native land. [Ed. note.—Guggenheimer's native land???

And this certainly does *not* mean that we are going to come along to a few meeting and listen mutely to an address by some prominent and enthusiastic member of the community who is enthused by our eagerness to waken ourselves. No, my boy, no! Just have two other guesses! As it is at present, we are in a state of stagnation. The outside world has ceased to look upon our Varsity as a potential producer of statesmen. All the more shame on us—the cream of the community.

No wonder misgovernment has descended upon us! No wonder the community is bowing to the decrees of rogues and lunatics!

So wake up, Undergrads!

What is your ambition? Do you intend to be a leading man in the profession for which you are at present reading? Well, when you are practising your profession you will not appreciate having to pay taxes and submit to decrees imposed by ignoramus whom you pay to misgovern the country.

"Never let it be said," you will murmur in your saner moments.

"But what can I do?" you will ask as an afterthought.

Now this is just what you can do. For a start you can support in every way the Committee which you have elected to office. This means that you must attend the meetings which it convenes and *enter wholeheartedly into the discussion* subsequent to the address or debate, whichever may be held. The Committee will give you endless oppor-

tunities to display the talent which is in you, however latent it may be at present.

For a start, come along to the Big Political Address to be given in the Refectory next Thursday (30th April), at 8 p.m. The President (Mr. J. L. Hayward) will outline the Committee's policies and plans for the year. Next, the Hon. Crawford Vaughan (ex-Premier) will outline the present political position, and another speaker, probably Mr. H. E. Winterbottom (Secretary of the Chamber of Manufactures), will speak to us on the present financial position. These two gentlemen have unselfishly devoted much of their time to this question on our behalf, so it is up to us to support them, as in doing so we are, as a primary consequence, strengthening our own positions.

Therefore, ask as many questions as you wish, and quote your own ideas. All of this will be greatly appreciated. Display enthusiasm, as by so doing you learn and achieve much.

Later in the year it is the Committee's intention to hold evening debates, the speakers being undergraduates and private citizens of all classes, ranks, and creeds.

And hearken ye! The Union's activities will be carried out strictly from a non-party viewpoint. Followers of Labour, Liberal, Nationalist, Socialist, Communist, Inflationist, and Repudiationist parties will be all on an equal footing. There is room for all.

So come along to the first meeting (Next Thursday).

Answers to Correspondents.

A. A. R. C. (Father of Nine).—Regret your confessions unfit for consumption.

Woodbine.—Not amusing. Bad taste.

It is said that Cupid has been busy recently, and that we may expect an announcement of interest concerning a prominent member of the Massage School and a popular Theological Student.

Letter to the Editor.

Sir,

The small attendance at the Lang meeting was a disgrace to this University. There should be a far larger number of students *capable* of taking an intelligent interest in the affairs of the Commonwealth.

It may be said that we, as a University, should not interfere in politics. This belief is entirely erroneous. It is the bounden duty of every person to do the utmost to protect his country, both in peace and war.

During the War years the University did everything in its power to defeat the enemy. To-day we are attacked by a far greater danger—a danger far greater in that it is more insidious.

Australia to-day is almost in a state of complete economic collapse, and apparently its intellectual bodies are slumbering in a state of slothful apathy.

We have far too many politicians, of whom only a few appear to be capable of governing. Some of them mean well; others, who ordinarily might be treated as amusing buffoons, must now be exterminated, as one would destroy a mad dog.

I may cite the example of a certain person for whose extraordinary utterances there seem to be only two explanations—drunkenness or insanity. At least it is evident that he suffers from a persecution mania.

All students should be urged to attend the meeting at the Exhibition on Monday, 27th April, and the Men's Union meeting on Thursday, 30th April.

I am, Sir,
"NESTOR."

The rumour that the King of Spain would seek refuge in Australia has been denied. The reason given is that His Majesty could not bear to understudy Mr. Dawkins.

Favourite Reading.

Mr. Martin Young: The Compleat Angler.

Mr. C. M. A. Brown: Dr. Marie Stopes.

Mr. A. M. Bills: The Student's Handbook (1931)

Mr. J. J. Bray: Don Juan.

Mr. N. S. Kiek: Easy Virtue.

Mr. C. R. Badger: Le Figaro.

Mr. Lindsay Dawkins: The Art of Singing.

Mr. R. S. Dawe: R. D. McKay.

Mr. F. D. Hay: The Sheikh.

Mr. A. G. Price: The Patriot.

Mr. K. Newman: La Vie Parisienne.

Mr. T. S. Dorsch: Eric.

Conversazione !

"AUTUMN LEAVES."

TIM GODLEE'S SONG.

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