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VARSAITY RAGGE

The University Weekly Newspaper

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Tuesday, 10th Sept., 1929.

In the Land of the Blizzard.

Sir Douglas Mawson will sail for the Antarctic in a week or two in charge of an Australian expedition. With him, as Zoologist, will go Prof. Harvey Johnston. After this preliminary strumming, the bard now bursts into song, or thereabouts.

THE knight he stood on the Polar pack,
On the Polar ice stood he;

And he cried aloud in the bitter gale

He cried to his squire Harvee:

"Harvee," cried he; "Harvee, Harvee,

"We're here at last, Harvee!"

"Harvee," he cried (and the Polar pack

Gave a lurch in the Polar blow),

"Don't you think it's nice? And this is ice,

"And the flying stuff is snow."

But the squire Harvee said nought but

"Gee,

"I'm cold!" said Squire Harvee.

"That beast you can see," said the tough old knight,

"When your eyes get clear of snow—

"Can you see it—there!—it's a Polar bear!"

But the squire he answered, "Blow!

"I'm cold. Oh, gee!" And icilee

The gale hit Squire Harvee.

The tough old knight he heard him not

As they stood on the Polar pack.

And he cried in glee, "Oh, see; oh, see,

"There's a seal on the starboard tack."

"How can I see?" said the squire Harvee,

"I'm frozen blind," said he.

"And under the ice," said the tough old knight,

"You'll find, when you've broken through,

"Strange fauna bold in the ocean cold,

"And the party looks to you,

"Whatever degree of cold there be,

"To get them out, Harvee."

Women Have Their Say.

THE University women had their say on Saturday evening, when, with the aid of an orchestra, the Goodalls, and a kindly water-policeman, they entertained in the Refectory and Lady Symon Hall.

Mr. Goodall and the policeman did *not* stage a specialty dance or sing coon songs. The pianist provided sufficient amusement in that direction.

Mr. Goodall provided the greatest attraction of the evening, judging by the number of people his excellent supper drew from the Conserv. The policeman, obviously engaged by the Committee, patrolled the cloisters and supervised sitting—or, rather, walking—out arrangements.

It was pleasing to note how the younger people lost that third-term look; while the professors and lecturers who are socially inclined (and some who aren't) gallantly came to the rescue and entertained the older folk with their brilliant conversation.

After supper, at which everyone was allowed the luxury (almost unknown at Varsity dances) of an easy chair, quite a number returned to the Conserv., and the greatly diminished others rushed through as many of the dances as it could before midnight.

Bridge, it appears, gave out at supper-time; but four hardened players were still hanging on at 11.30 p.m. Their game was found, unfinished, at 9.30 a.m. on Monday morning—all of which testifies to their enjoyment of the evening.

The annual general meeting of the C.U. will be held in the Maths. Theatre at 1.20 p.m. on Friday.

The knight he stopped his prattling gay
With a "Great fun, eh, Harvee?"

But Harvee answered never a word,

For a frozen corpse was he.

A corpse was he, was the squire Harvee,

For a frozen corpse was he.

Varsity Footballers Win Premiership.

THE Varsity A football team won the challenge match in its Association on Saturday on the Jubilee Oval by seven points.

The whole team played well, and with system. We had a big lead at three-quarter time, but had to kick against the wind in the last quarter, and Semaphore Centrals got to within seven points of us.

We should have won by more than this, as three very easy shots for goal were missed by our forwards in the last quarter.

Seppelt was probably the best man on the ground. He marked and kicked well, and got two good goals.

Baker played a fine game at centre; and Clarkson, Larkin, and McPherson all did well in the half-back lines.

Sangster was not quite as brilliant as usual, but nevertheless was one of the best on the ground.

Finlayson kicked seven goals, but missed a few easy chances.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Sangster both on captaining the premiership side and also on winning the Hone Medal for the best and fairest player in the Amateur League.

As Finlayson won the Goalkicking Medal, the Varsity has had an extremely successful season.

The intervarsity was a great disappointment to us, as we were badly beaten by 21 goals to 7. We thought that we had a very good chance this year, but Melbourne were far too good for us, and never allowed us to get going. Abbott, Sangster, Evans, and Jeans were the best for us.

The last match before we went away was against Semaphore Central, and proved very exciting, a four-point win giving us the minor premiership.

We were beaten by Kenilworth by two points in the semi-final. This match was played on a very wet day.

Suggested first line for a poem describing an English lecture:—

The knight was dark and stormy.

A's Out of Baseball; B's Win Semi-Final.

ON Saturday both A and B baseball teams played in semi-finals in their respective grades. The A's lost to Kensington, 0-3, and the B's beat Goodwood, 13-4.

The A grade match produced keen baseball. Both sides did well in the field, but Kensington's batting was superior to ours, although their hits were scattered.

Kensington batted first, but failed to score, mainly through good work by Bayly, who struck one man out, caught one, and assisted Pellew, who completed a double play, to retire the third man.

Kensington scored one run in their second innings, and two in their next, some good batting and a couple of errors by our infield allowing runners to score.

After this the play was very even. Neither side scored for the rest of the game.

Bayly pitched a good game, striking out eight men and allowing nine hits against a side which is admittedly one of the strongest batting teams in the State.

The excellence of the infield on both sides can be gauged from the fact that 13 Kensington and 14 Varsity men were put out at first base during the game. Meldrum played a good game on third base, and Wilcher was responsible for a good double-play.

Safe-hitters.—Bayly and Dwyer.

The B's played very well to defeat Goodwood, who are minor premiers.

Goodwood started well with three runs in their first innings, but did not score again till the eighth. We scored four in our fifth, five in the next, and two in each of the next two innings.

Our fielding was surer and our batting much better than Goodwood's.

Beech was responsible for a very good performance as catcher.

The B's have lost only once in the last 12 games, and that loss was a forfeit made necessary by the absence of several members in Melbourne. They have very bright chances of going top.

Safe-hitters.—Pridmore, Jolly, Todd, Burden, Cooper (each 2), Heaslip, Newman Hughes, Beech (each 1).

[Other Sport on Pages 7 and 8.]

Varsity A Lacrosse Team Beaten.

VARSIY A lacrosse team was beaten on Saturday by Ports after a fast, solid game, by 14 to 10.

Repeated centrefield dashes in the second and third quarters saw Ports add 11 goals to our three, no less than eight goals coming from the centre field, due mainly to loose men.

Faulty shooting was another big factor in our defeat. If we are to win our semi-final, it will be necessary to tighten-up these faults.

Goalthrowers.—Galloway (3), Rollison, (2), Muecke (2), Turner, Watson, Davies.

We were best represented by Ewens, Turner, Galloway, and Watson.

Varsity A will play Goodwood in the Semi-final on Saturday on North Adelaide's ground, Robe Terracc, Medindie. Urgers wanted.

The C's unfortunately lost their last two matches in the minor round, but retained the minor premiership. On Saturday they avenged their defeat at the hands of Goodwood, and won their Semi-final after a hard, even match by 8-6. Goodwood had a lead at half-time, but Varsity finished well, with a little in hand.

Goalthrowers.—Abbott (4), Haslam (1), Luxmoore (1), Dawson (1), and one knocked in.

Best Players. — Abbott, Barker, and Dawson.

The C's will meet West Torrens in the Final on Saturday.

THE INTERSTATE TRIP.

The vacation saw us wend our way to Melbourne, full of hopes of returning with the cup. Our hopes were dashed; but the game was one worth losing; the standard was particularly high. An old Melbourne player said that the standard was equal to any game since the War.

Unfortunately, we could not settle down and did not find our feet properly until half-way through the second quarter; and by this time Melbourne had a lead of 5-1. Our chaps then plugged away, until

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early in the last quarter the score was seven all.

Melbourne then got a lucky break, and finished with a two-goal lead. We say a lucky break not because they beat us, but because the goals scored were lucky, and what game would be worth playing if luck did not enter into it?

The team thanks the footballers who attended the match for their support, but considered it a poor display of Varsity spirit that only three out of 21 turned up to encourage a sister club, when every one of the lacrosse team and its emergencies saw the football match the day before.

The dinner was too good to be true. The question has spread throughout Melbourne. "Who killed the Lion at the Australia?"

The combined match was of surprising good standard. Victoria won by 5 to 3. Cook could not stay for this match, but Boykett, Rollison, Galloway, Davis, Cornish played, and were all responsible for good exhibitions.

Boy, it was a grand trip!

St. Mark's Changes Its Sex.

THE galaxy of wit and beauty which gathered together in the Lady Symon Fall on Thursday, under the auspices of the Lit. and Deb. Soc. to see and hear St. Mark's demonstrate their well-known histrionic powers was given an intellectual treat.

The main attractions were two plays. In addition, Miss Fricker, Miss Polkinghorne, Mr. Dawkins, and Miss Abotomey gave items, musical and otherwise.

In the first play, Wurzel-Flummery, the chief interest of the audience was in the two female characters, Mr. Baudinet and Mr. Newland. Except that each was possessed of a manly stride, a deep masculine voice, and a disposition to hitch up invisible trousers at the knee as they sat down, we would have been hard put to it, for a second or two, to guess to what sex they belonged.

All lingering doubts, however, were cast aside when they came to the embracing scenes.

But we must remember that these boys lead sheltered lives at St. Mark's, and probably rarely go to the pictures.

In the second play, A Ngilt at an Inn, Toffec, the leading man, foresaw everything except the idol returning for its eye, and the size of the stage.

We do not wonder that the black guardians of the temple lost their ruby if they were so blind as not to notice parts of Mr. Finlayson, Mr. Bills, and Mr. Henderson jutting out from behind a most insufficient chair, and just waiting to pounce on them.

This last was followed by supper, which was very much enjoyed by one and all, as usual after such sufferings.

The meeting closed with the customary washing-up.

—o—

The next Ragge will be out a fortnight hence. We do not regard contributions with loathing.

Now for the Semi-Finals.

Yes! We Varsity A hockeyites have been to Tasmania, visited Hobart Zoo, climbed Mount Wellington, and, incidentally, lost the Intersarsity Cup.

Although we returned bitterly disappointed, on Saturday we put on cheerful countenances and sallied forth to meet our friends the Graduates, who were trying to keep us out of fourth place.

Fortunately, we were very determined to conquer, and found the uprights three times, while they netted but twice.

For Varsity, E. Boyce drew first blood, J. Pellew second blood, and R. Trengove third blood.

Varsity combined well, and should give Blackwood an exciting match in the semi-finals.

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Echoes of the Flinders Range.

HEREWITH a correspondent's account of the motor trip which Sir Douglas Mawson, the noted Polar explorer, Lady Mawson, and some obscure Geology students made to the Flinders Ranges not so long ago, in search of such fossils as cannot be found at the Varsity:—

The first night under canvas was at Parallana Hot Springs, where the hot water (140° F.) was a source of joy, and very nice, too.

The following day was most exciting. We reached the northernmost point of the Flinders Ranges after a run of 50 miles from Parallana. On the way a wild donkey was shot after a chase across the stony gibber plains. Dr. de Crespigny operated on it in his best surgical manner, and withdrew some steak, which was afterwards grilled, and tasted by all. It had no peculiar flavour, but outrivalled the toughest Adelaide steak.

The donkey had his revenge, and must still be chuckling to himself in the spirit world, for the car which chased him broke its radiator in its rush across the gibbers. Thenceforth the car consumed cakes of Palmolive soap, and has now attained a schoolgirl complexion which should last for life.

We bade good-bye to Parallana, and pitched our tents down south. On Sunday we explored the Ammonia Cave shaft. The cave is 300 feet below ground level, and the ladder is precarious. Four venturesome souls descended, bringing back a well-preserved skeleton of a bat and some natural crystals of ammonia.

Monday: No bread—damper for breakfast; no flour—sardines and sultana biscuits for lunch. Camp was moved to Italowie Gorge, supplies being replenished at Wooltana.

Wednesday was a red-letter day—fresh bread, cows' milk, freshly-pulled red beet on the menu. All were gifts from Balcanoona Station.

At Italowie, fossil archaeocyathinae

Through the Eye of a Man.

A MERE man's impressions of the Women's Union At-Home:—

1. Supper supremely above the ordinary.
2. Other general effects quite distinguished, including the stock-in-trade—i.e. the profs.
3. Pleasure at the first release of the news of another romantic engagement. Miss Rosalie Trengrove apparently now has other cares than the Women's Union.
4. A change in the Refectory brand of syncopeation.
5. Pot-pourri of dresses first worn at the Dance Club Ball, the Varsity Ball, and the Women's Union At-Home, both this year and last.
6. The hint of a dead body which permeated the atmosphere at one end of the cloisters.
7. The general charm of the women towards *each other*, as well as the lucky males.
8. The development of this heresy or cult of women growing their hair again. It has reached the stage where women now look ultra-feminine, yielding and gentle. Instead of emancipated, healthy girls, we have young women of the Ethel Turner type, which is deplorable.
9. It was a pleasantly mild night without stars.

figured largely. And rightly so.

Wirrialpa, the last camp, was dusty and brief. In Wilpena Pound, the prettiest spot in the Ranges, we wandered enchanted for half an hour.

From the drought-stricken areas we passed on to the middle north of Orroroo and Jamestown, recently rejuvenated by the rains, and so on to Adelaide.

The wonderful blue mountains and the lovely gum creeks will ever be pictures in our minds. So we are back, richer by our experience, and with memories of a very charming couple—our host and hostess, Sir Douglas and Lady Mawson.

Long may they live!

We Lunch with the Premier.

IT is desirable and it has been ordained that the State continue, even though it accumulates deficits.

This is what the Premier explained to us in earnest fashion when he addressed the whole student body in the Refectory last week.

The Union Club is certainly justifying its existence when it produces these notables at such convenient times—i.e. we can combine the business of politics with the pleasure of eating, or *vice versa*.

It was a creditable assembly of students; womenfolk were pleasingly apparent.

The Premier impressed one as a good solid, honest Australian who was endeavouring to drag S.A. as gently as possible through its tangle of Barb Dwyer financial shortcomings.

The title of his address was Democracy and Its Responsibilities; and the thought entered one's head that it would need more than democracy to make students responsible.

Mr. Butler gave a good justification of the ideal of democracy—government by the people for the people—and condemned the modern trend of thought which advocated a Government which comprised a committee of efficient experts, as this might lead to graft. To this we listened with respect.

But what about those plebiscites?

He also dwelt on what this writer considers the great malady of twentieth century civilization: that people want more than they are prepared to pay for, or something for nothing.

Mr. Butler alluded to the remarkable educational facilities, pensions, and communal services, which people disliked being taxed for; but overlooked that canon of taxation—tax according to ability to pay.

And then came the platform of the Liberal Party, announced fairly broad-mindedly — e.g. abolition of arbitration courts and payment by results.

We grasped, or at least a few did, that the inevitable corollary would be a lower standard of living. And surely politicians should not always ignore the change in the value of money since 1914 when making comparisons.

Earnest Editorial Prayer.

THE Ragge, having been merely a memory for several weeks, herewith makes its reappearance. (Cries of "Welcome! Welcome!")

It will be published at intervals, probably irregular, throughout the term; maybe weekly, maybe fortnightly, maybe a little of each. So far, upon this point, we have not made up the editorial mind.

But whether the Ragge comes out once a week or once a fortnight, the editorial mind is sure of this: that at the end of the term there is to be a Grand Bumper Christmas Number.

We announce the fact thus early because we want you—and you; and you, there, hiding in the corner—to write something for this Christmas number, which will contain all that is representative of the best and fairest in the University, before the exams are too close upon you.

There will surely be a few hours between this moment and the exams in which you will be able to sit down and write something which will bring a little brightness and light into the lives of your fellow-students at the good old Alma Mater (the University).

So we beseech, beg, pray, and entreat you (to use the simple and direct phraseology of the law or the Crossword) to write something for the grand Christmas number of the Ragge. It need only be small; just a little thing; a tiny, tiny thing. Even a limerick will do, so long as it is pure.

If you do this for the Ragge, heaven will bless you. And if you do not, it is our earnest editorial wish that heaven will blight your midged soul.

We have spoken.

There was some rare humour in what Mr. Butler told us next—that the Government was worried over its trading operations, but could not see a way out of producing road-metal at Yatala and milk at Magill.

But guests at Yatala see a way out.

Mr. Harry Thomson was chairman, and Bill Morgan gave a debonair exhibition as mover of the vote of thanks.

Interjections: Nil.

Women's frocking: Utilitarian.

Half-Right's Last Message.

Half-right's last message, wet with bitter tears:

"I regret to state that Waratah defeated the B hockey team by four goals to three in a most exciting final match on Saturday.

"University men were like a number of decrepit pensioners for the first 10 minutes of the match. The backs made numerous *faux pas*, and left the goalie, Mac Mackay, facing more fearful odds than brave old Horatius.

"Meanwhile, Waratahs, playing with considerable brilliance, hit three easy goals.

"One isolated patch of combination on the part of our forwards resulted in a clever goal by Limbert, the centre-forward with the schoolboy complexion.

"Lloyd made staunch efforts to stem the opposing tide.

"But after the interval, when the score was 4-1 against us, Dix, our dubious Captain, changed the positions slightly; and we changed our feeble tactics to strenuous tackling and hitting. The

derision of our A barrackers spurred us on, and we really had the better of the play for the rest of the match. The game seesawed with vigour, and agile Strehlow and reckless young Redstone displayed good hitting, speed, and stick work.

"Limbert hit a very laudable goal, to our considerable glee, and we played like demons. So did they. The spectators grew hoarse.

"With the useful opening of Rex Lloyd, our centre-half, a corner was obtained, and Limbert hit his third goal amid hoarse applause.

"One goalie in arrears.

"After that the excitement was too tense; and the umpire had to ring the bell.

"Best players: Lloyd, Limbert, Redstone.

"So endeth our first successive loss, and our chances for the premiership."

P.S.—Half-right has had his leg pulled to such an extent that on Saturday he fears he played the most magnificent game of his chequered career.

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College Wins Premiership.

ON Saturday the College football eighteen, having safely passed Morphettville, reached the Glenelg Oval, and won the challenge match of Grade A2.

The College took the field full of beans after their win over Kingswood on the previous Saturday, while Kingswood were determined to fight to the last ditch.

Among those present were twenty lusty barrackers and various umpires.

College were first away, and had a useful lead at the end of the second lap; but Kingswood, battling all along the line, had reduced the deficit and gone to the front at "lemons."

College were superior in the air, but Kingswood's better ground play countered this.

The last quarter produced fast and exciting football. With four minutes to play, Kingswood were a point in front, but the College showed staying power, coupled with sprinting ability, and in a last-minute burst scored three goals.

Scores: — Teachers' College, 15—12; Kingswood, 13—4.

The whole team played like tigers. Morrison and Byass came most under notice. Downs kicked four goals, Batt three, Byass three, and Rabone, Hack, Neill, and Evers each one.

The College hopes to repeat the performance for the benefit of the University on Saturday.

College Wins B.B. Final.

IN the glorious final match of the A2 grade of the B.B. Association on Saturday, College I's beat Alberton by 41 goals to 23.

The team had been expecting hordes of barrackers, and it was not disappointed. Nine people turned out to help on the team with lusty yells.

Despite the effects of the Sydney trip, right from the bounce the College centre threw all her six stone into the fray, and soon all the team were dashing around in their accustomed manner, so that by half-time they had established a lead of 11 goals.

The barracking up to this period had

Basketball Lament.

The A University women's basketball team struggled to the finals of its division, but there it was beaten by the Y.W.C.A. Trojans, a team which is apparently invincible.

The intervarsity contests were played in Adelaide in the vac. We distinguished ourselves as hostesses; but as basket-ball players we were, to say the least of it, unfortunate.

Melbourne beat us by two goals (30—28), and Sydney by one (33—32). On the other hand, we beat Tasmania by 30 goals (43—13). Melbourne returned home bearing the cup, and we were left lamenting.

"Next year," she began brightly—but we leave you to finish the sentence.

One of our players, E. Sudholz, was chosen to play in the Interstate team. She played a brilliant game, and our club now shines with reflected glory. We congratulate her on her game.

Experiment Always Necessary.

"Experiment is essential to every phase of life, and religion is not excepted," Dr. F. S. Hone told the C.U. on Friday at its final meeting for the year.

"Thinkers and theorists are very necessary," he said, "but people who put things to the test are even more valuable to the community and themselves."

been most encouraging, and we thank the one barracker whose exhortations could be heard above the noise of the fray

Although the Alberton centre was frequently penalized, our opponents played up well, and the game grew very fast in its last stages. The College team, however, kept well ahead, and when the final whistle blew was well in front.

All the team played well, the goalies especially distinguishing themselves by their high marking and accurate throwing. All are looking forward to an exciting tussle with Trojans for the premiership of A grade.