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VARSAITY RAGGE

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Monday, 7th September, 1931.

Mr. Homburg and the Menace of Communism.

Mr. Homburg, like most of our leading men, is perturbed about the Russian menace. He gave us the most graphic picture of a world in dissolution, brooded over by the Bolshevik; not bringing order out of chaos, but making confusion worse confounded. Unfortunately, we felt somehow that the picture was too black to be true, and were not greatly impressed.

When Mr. Homburg painted all India and China Bolshevik black, and foretold with gloomy mien the rising of the East against the West, we remember Mr. Crocker's view in his "Japanese Population Problem." "Were such fears less prevalent they might be dismissed at once as the merest fancy of the excitable. But since they are so prevalent it will be worth while underlining the two obvious facts that *do* make them the merest fancy . . . It is sufficient here, however, to emphasize the fact that the Pacific region is, to-day and for the immediate future, from every point of view, unusually pacific!"

Mr. Homburg feels (evidently) the same distrust of Soviet statistics displayed by Karl Kantsky in his "Bolshevism at a Deadlock." "It is unnecessary to say much about Soviet statistics, which are always unreliable when they are optimistic!"

The lecturer, in defiance of the figures of the Soviet Year Book, showed Russia with the greatest armed force in the world and with no unemployment. Unfortunately, Russia has her unemployment problem, and her armed strength is much less than in 1913.

It seems that current speakers on Russia prove too much. They will have it that the whole experiment is a ghastly failure, and at the same time that its success menaces our economic security! If it is a success, let us learn from those who have done what we cannot: solved

one of the most important and complicated questions of the day. If it is a failure, why then, let us not not talk about the menace of a defeated and incompetent Idealism, broken by the force of economic fact.

This may sound ungrateful to Mr. Homburg, who really did his best to enlighten us. We were interested, but we still feel that Mr. Homburg has not solved the problem for us.

The Internationale Club.

It seems that a new force is at work in our midst. Following upon the birth of the Skating Club came the Internationale Club. You belong to one or the other, according to the altitude of your brow; that is to say, if you can think rationally, you skate; if your brow is so high that you are incapable of thinking, you join the Internationale Club.

The rules of conduct for meetings are simple, and may be summarized as follows: (1) No comrade shall speak unless at least six other comrades are also speaking; (2) It is not proletarian to admit that you have heard that story about the Sorbonne before; (3) It is capitalistic to emulate Queen Victoria when Professor Hancock makes a joke.

The meetings are delightful; you sit in a dark room and talk all at once, secretly, furtively, mysteriously. There are pass-words and countersigns, red flags and imitation bombs, comrades and commissars, raids by the Secret Service. It should be added that the Secret Service Officers are merely disguised comrades; the Society regrets that so far they have failed to interest the regular police.

The objects of the Society are clear and definite:—(1) By means of increased consumption to assist the Housewives' Association to lower the price of gas; (2) To provide an outlet for the pent-up emotions of the members.

A.U. Dance Club.

The biggest and most lavish ball in its ten years of history took place in the Refectory on July 24. The supper rivalled (or bettered) the Varsity Ball one, and the seven musicians performed right nobly. About 450 people, including Dr. and Mrs. Matters (Presidents), and 20 or so of the Staff and their wives (Vice-presidents), graced the floor. The whole evening went with a swing, and when streamers and novelties were given out the noise was huge. The last night will be held, we hear, on 5th September. Let us all go, brethren!

A.U.L.S.S. Dinner.

Mr. Justice Napier presided at the Annual Dinner of the Society, held at the Southern Cross Hotel on Tuesday, 11th August.

Speeches were made by His Honour, Professor Campbell, and Messrs. Herbert Mayo, K.C., A. H. Finlayson, F. C. Barter, and G. E. H. Bleby.

Mr. Martin Young sang with his accustomed brilliance. It has often been said that he should have his voice trained.

Little Word from St. Mark's.

(Country papers please copy.)

The College plays were a successful consummation to a happy term. Mr. Newland seemed born to his part of a generous, white-headed old man; and Mr. McMichael, as a bride, entered with queenly dignity. Mr. Hann sang his love song with a roving eye, being obviously on the look-out for some response from amongst the audience.

The College Dance was such a success that, for some, it lasted until breakfast-time.

When did Madeline Mossop?
When she saw Noel Kiek.

Another Little Word from St. Andrews.

The Annual Inter-collegiate Debate against St. Mark's took place in our Library on 5th August. St. Mark's were let down badly by their supporters, very few of them ventured into the camp of their foes. Our team (T. Strehlow, C. E. Gregory, and D. C. Williams), took the negative side on that interesting subject, viz.—"That Patriotism should be subordinated to Internationalism," and *decisively* defeated their more experienced opponents by a *very* narrow margin. Professor Campbell kindly acted as adjudicator.

DANCE.

A College Dance was held on the last Wednesday of the 2nd term, and was greatly enjoyed by those present, after all the cares of the terminal examinations. Even the "fish-and-chips" supper was appreciated by all but the snobs.

A friendly visit was paid by some of our members to Wesley College to demonstrate the virtues of early rising.

A hearty farewell is hereby extended to Mr. A. H. Young, the Secretary of our College Club, who left us at the end of the second term. Good luck, and cheerio, Drew.

Fairy Stories

(after Wyndham Lewis).

"I do not know," replied Mr. Shaw, modestly.]

We suggest:—

"Whoopee, Baby." twanged Professor Stewart, slyly.

"Just wait till I've powdered my nose," murmured Professor Wilton, hurriedly.

"Dearly beloved brethren," intoned Professor Hancock.

"Give me a good jazz band," boomed Professor Fitz-Herbert.

"Run away Hugh, I want to work," said Lindley, V.S.

"I felt too shy," confessed Pat, blushing.

Or, perhaps, just:—

"Mr. Strehlow said nothing."

The American Invasion.

We were delighted to welcome at the end of the second term three of America's leading orators, who stayed to oppose, with some vehemence, the attitude of three Adelaide students, who affirmed that they had no faith in the rising generation. In the two days that they spent with us, Messrs. Pfaff, Miller, and Wilson did much to destroy the many delusions about God's Own Country under which we labour.

The debate was well attended. Mr. Justice Angas Parsons was in the Chair. Mr. Bills opened the debate for Adelaide. He drew a graphic picture of the deterioration of mankind within the last 50 years, attributed to the rapid rise of the machine age and its enervating effect on the indolent. His remarks were vigorously attacked by Mr. Pfaff, who charmed us with his simple stories, some of those poignant dramas which are going on every day in our midst. Then Mr. Greenland put in some warm words for the Victorians; their balls, their

Epsoms, their whiskers; and compared them with the bloodless, beardless, water-drinking youths of to-day. We writhed visibly, until Mr. Robert P. Miller demonstrated that Grandmaw and Grandpaw were in reality no better than ourselves. Mr. Badger gave an excellently logical oration about the modern colts grazing peacefully, and some of the more obscure saloon keepers of the Renaissance. It restored all Mr. Wilson's biblical lore to restore any confidence at all. Messrs. Bills and Pfaff summed up for their respective sides, and the jury gave their unanimous votes in favour of Oregon.

News in Brief.

There was a Commerce Dance last term we noted in "The Advertiser," although nobody has written to tell us about it. The decorations were jolly, as we could see when lunching at the Refectory. But for the rest, Rumour herself has stayed silent.

The columns of our biggest and brightest daily have also informed us that Mr. L. C. Wilcher, who left us Rhodes Scholar last year, has tied first in a History essay prize at Balliol. Prospective Scholars should polish up their dates, and then they might get nice prizes too.

The Men's Union is running an old clothes' drive. Leave your unwanted or weary boots and trousers with Mr. Greenland; they might help to keep him warm.

There was a Science Dance last term.

Do You Know?

1. Who said at a funeral: "His was a noble and beautiful soul, but I've wholly forgotten his name"?
2. What University doesn't usually sport its gowns?
3. How many words Wordsworth wrote?
- 4 and 5. The answers to "Why was Siegfried Sassoon" and "Why can Osbert Sitwell"?

(Answers on Page 7.)

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Women's Basket-ball.

Lulu Holland led a happy, but alas, unsuccessful team to Hobart for the Intersarsity. They lost every match, but the one with Sydney was only lost by one goal, after leading all the way up to then. In the intervals of serious play there were motor rides to New Norfolk and up to Mt. Wellington to make snowballs, and a dance in the Hobart University Library. Maldermer only afflicted half the team (yes, I know that a team has seven members, but there was an emergency), so the trips across the strait weren't very fearful.

Eileen Sudholtz was a member of the victorious State team which, in Sydney, went, played, and conquered.

Women's Hockey.

Well, we went to Melbourne and nearly won. The Melbourne ground is a very jolly one, running up and down a hill, and we beat Queensland, drew with Sydney, and lost to Melbourne, and in the finals were just beaten by Sydney. In a combined Varsity v. Victorian State team match our combined efforts were successful. 4-2.

Concerning Serpents and Stout Pillars.

General stir, wild uproar, and tense excitement have lately been prevailing in the A.U.B.C. The breathless interest taken in terminal exams recently was surpassed only by the spirit in which the Interstate Baseball matches were followed up. The Varsity was represented by five men, who acquitted themselves right nobly, Dr. Dwyer, especially, pitching with the guile of a serpent and the subtleness of a woman, completely bewildered and nonplussed the opposing batters, while Dr. Ried, as always, proved a stout pillar of support to the team.

During the vacation the A's went to Melbourne, where they took part in the

intersarsity matches, and defeated both the Sydney and Melbourne University teams.

They are still on top in the local competitions, and their prospects of winning the minor premiership and the premiership are very bright indeed.

The B's and C's have been playing with praiseworthy consistency, though their results are not laudable.

Perhaps the reason is that their opponents have mostly fallen into the vice of taking their sport too seriously.

Science on a Flypaper.

(Experiments for Amateurs.)

Spontaneous generation:—

(1) Of Scorpions. Mr. Booth, in a paper to the Science Association, on Tuesday, the eleventh (of August), quoted this recipe for the spontaneous generation of scorpions:—

"Scoop out a hole in a brick. Put into it some sweet basil, crushed. Lay a second brick upon the first so that the hole may be perfectly covered. Expose the two bricks to the sun, and at the end of a few days the smell of the sweet basil, acting as a ferment, will change the herb into real scorpions."

(2) Of Gas. Mr. Price, in another paper the same evening, spoke of T.N.T. and other allied compounds. Mr. Bennett is always pleased to demonstrate the technique of such experiments.

(3) Of Money. Write to Mr. Theodore for details.

Alternate methods are suggested.

(1) See Macbeth (Act III, Scene 2, about line 37).

(2) Owing to the scarcity of Science Professors, we beg to announce that they are available at 1d. plain, 2d. knighted.

(3) See the Engineers (?).

Why did Miss Fisher leave Ernie Beech?

Because a Wylie Leitch had Nichterlein.

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Men's Hockey Club.

That A team is still third on the premiership list, and is in the semi-finals. They are worthy supporters of our reputation (if we have any), for the B team is, as it were, "the Light that Failed." Lest you should doubt that they ever *were* alight, it is on record that they won a cup-tie at Blackwood in the stone age. The C team seems to have been still-born, and remained so, at least up to date.

On Saturday last the A's played Shell, and won 2-0. The teamwork was consistent throughout, and we deserved the win. With regard to the personnel, an eye-witness tells me that the brilliance of any individual player was lost in the general excellence!

The B's, like Christians, went forth to meet the lions, but the Forestville species is evidently more substantial than the Bunyan breed.

Scores—Forestville 9 goals to 0.

With regard to the C's, the life after death is a matter for metaphysians.

Vale.

Aujourd'hui's Petite Pensee.

"Homo ne si vis esse eras."

Ex Cathedra—which has nothing to do with Mr. Gepp's Cathedral, but means "Issued from the editorial committee in an eligible suburban residence."

Women! This is your "Ragge!" Fostered by the Women's Union. Some of the articles were even written by some of its members. You will note the unusual purity of speech.

Although nobody answered the last issue's indignant letter about the Skating Club, there is still someone who takes the good of his University to heart. "Vitae Lampada" has written a charming letter to us, too long for the limited space at our disposal, but too good to curtail. It has been handed to the next Editor for publication.

LITTLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
(Translated for non-classical students.)

"Spin, O Man, if you wish to eat to-morrow."

A, B, and C Play Lacrosse.

Well, the lacrosse club is now practically dead and buried; no, hardly buried, embalmed would be nearer the mark.

Our three teams in the semi-finals had indifferent luck. The A's lost 10-9, the B's won 18-4, and the C's lost 16-2. The intervarsity was also lost by a weakened team after a good struggle; the final score was 9-6, which probably would have been reversed had not half the team been unable to go. However, if all had gone, our weary players might have lost the semi-final by 20-9.

The B's continued their victorious progress, and are certain for the premiership, as they have not lost a game this season. Ken Boykett, who has ended two years as captain of the club leaves next month for Melbourne. What better excuse for a dinner? This festival will be held on the 5th September, and will probably go down to history.

We cannot but applaud the souvenirs which came back from Melbourne; they show a pleasing originality.

Finally, if there are four windows in a railway carriage and five people want to be sick at the same time, who is the sufferer? Ask Dad, he knows. At least we hope so.

Arts' Dinner.

This bright dinner, which was held on Wednesday, 29th July, deserves a column to itself, although there isn't room. The dinner was good and the speeches short but excellent; nobody dropped any bricks, though our President wasn't quite sure of himself. The eating was followed by dancing and a solitary game of bridge. It broke up at 11.

When did Hugo Gray?
When he heard Nan Cussen.

Football Notes.

We left for Melbourne, our place in the first four assured, with hopes that we would yet be minor premiers. Our hopes were realized—for some 48 hours—for Underdales easily outclassed Semaphore Centrals. But tragedy ever stalks the brave—Semaphores claimed the match on the grounds that Underdales had played an unregistered man. Their claim was upheld.

We had some doubts over the Melbourne match. Roy Muecke (vice-captain) and Dick McMichael were unable to make the trip because of injury and ill-health. Abbot was elected vice-captain.

The match was won by Melbourne, 12—22 as against 12—11, this being the closest run we have ever given Melbourne on their grounds. On the wings, Jens and Elix reigned supreme. Other best players were Sangster, Abbot, Seppelt, James and Richards. These, plus Baudinet, were chosen in the combined team to play the Metropolitan Amateur League.

We came back to Adelaide after a hectic week to play Underdales in the semi-finals. But there was no comparing the team that played in Melbourne with this one. Before the end of the second term they had no dash left in them, and had it not been for those sturdy backmen, Sangster and Richards, our defeat would have been still worse. Jens was injured early in the second half, Seppelt early in the last quarter, while Cranston had to leave the field during the second quarter and Bills took his place. The scores were 12—20 to 6—4. So let us ring down the curtain, only stopping long enough to wish Underdales the best of luck and to mention our best players—Sangster, Abbott, Richards, and Magarey.

But before this season ends, just a word of appreciation. This was our last match for the season, and Chris Sangster's last match for our club. He has battled hard for the Varsity for six years; during four of them he was captain. A brilliant footballer, he has

been the outstanding player time and time again. He has held the team together, and by his play has set it a wonderful example to follow. As a sportsman there is none to excel him, and this, his last season, has been full of disappointments (though it promised so well), for we have not taken the field with the same team any two consecutive Saturdays; it is the same old tale of illness and injury. But let us close this disappointing season by wishing him the very best of luck, in November and always.

Answers to Questions on Page 3.

1. Emerson.
2. Adelaide.
3. Several million; but you can count if you want to be sure.
- 4 and 5. Scarlet certificate with purple spots will be given to anyone suggesting answers.

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Auntie Birdie's Letter.

Dear Chicks,

This time I'm giving you some disguised poetry to work out. You all know these really in English, but if you can't find out what they mean, ask Big Brother or Sister to help you. Even if they have just finished a Latin prose themselves, they will love to have some more practice. The funny poems below were written by a clever man, called H.D., in "Arundines Cami." And there is another poem, too, sent by a Klub member, to help your spelling. Many thanks for your nice letters: Iris White, Molly Binks, Serena Bopp, Minnie Beaumondle, Arthur Binks, and Clarence Horace Fitz-Dumbleigh. Birthday greetings to Minnie Binks and Clarence Horace, etc.

Your loving,

AUNTIE BIRDIE.

HUMPTIUS DUMPTIUS.

Humptius in muro requieuit Dumptius
alto;
Humptius e muro Dumptius heu!
cecedit;
Sed non Regis equi, Reginae exercitus
omnis,
Humpti. te, Dumpti, restituere loco!
BOPOEPIA PARVA.
Parva uagabundos Bopoepia perditit
agnos,
Nescia secreti quo latuere loci:
Bellula, eant, abeant: ad pascua nota
redibunt,
Et reduces caudas post sua terga
gerunt.

* MARIA, MARIA.

O mea Maria,
Tota contraria,
Quid tibi crescit in horto?
Testae et crotali
Sunt mihi flosculi,
Cum hyacinthino serfo.

A POUGHEM.

In yonder field there stands a cough,
A-dream beneath the apple bough,
So sleepy that she does not mough
But chews her cud the long hours
through.

Knoughs she ought of toil and wough
We humans undergough? Although,
When calf-bereft, the herdsmen grough
Found her a moughrful beast enough.
She idly chews what she can liccough,
The herdsman drains his flask with a
hiccough,

And after dark he drives her ough
For fear of dew and winter cough—
This is no poem you may be sure,
To advertise a peppermint cure—
But to show you ways of pronouncing
"ough."

(Can anyone find a rhyme for "lough"?)
Purple certificate to Icant.

Why was Cecil Madigan?

Because he couldn't Cook, and Ham
always gave him Fitz.

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