

UNIVERSITY OF THE AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY VARSITY RAGGE

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Here We Are Again ! —And Why

In other States bold University students sometimes publish papers which evoke roars of protest from the authorities. The daily press snatches the affair up and there is a delicious row. Sometimes the matter even gets into "Smith's Weekly" and thereby assumes national importance. The enormity of the thing may be judged from this fact alone.

But you know as well as we do, that this would never do in dear old Adelaide.

We propose, therefore, to be mildly remonstrative (there now, what could be nicer than that?), and in return for this mildness we hope that we will be left to meander peacefully on our way.

We go to press because (a) there is no paper published in the University which gives vent to student opinion (there is, we believe, a kind of parish magazine in existence) and (b) because we have something to say.

This I.R.C. Rubbish.

The society with the imposing name of the "International Relations Club," which is regarded with an amused, but tolerant eye inside the University seems likely to develop into the laughing stock of Adelaide. Not content to confine its aimless discussions to the Lady Symon it has just sent two representatives to—of all places—the Trades Hall. They elaborated the statements that (1) War is futile, and (2) the Armament firms are very wicked. If you are interested in these subjects you will be glad to know that the two comrades have proudly reported their own speeches in "On Dit" under the heading of "Criminal Apathy; University Criticised."

This excursion to the Trades Hall was a distinctly bad move. It is extremely probable that the inmates of that Institution regard these comrades as not only accredited representatives of the University but, more than that, as typical of the University. They are, happily, neither.

But, apart from this, it is time that this International business was de-bunked. It is at the University nothing more nor less than a parlour game. With some ideas taken from books supplied by the Carnegie Corporation in New York you can bandy words for hours and, provided you do it in a small room, the pastime is harmless enough. But to say that it is of any use is absurd. The whole thing is unreal; we are unaffected and uninterested in the international situation. If a war should break out, it will do so whether the pros and cons are discussed in the Lady Symon or not.

Then again, the members of the club are entirely without any sort of training or experience or influence in these matters.

We should, of course, tolerate these earnest young men and grave young women within our walls, but we should act to avoid any danger of outsiders thinking that the body they represent is the whole University.

We reprint the following item of news which was for some reason included in the pages devoted to corsetry in our contemporary the "Advertiser."

Wrestler to Leave (Perth).—The immigration authorities have given notice to "Whiskers" Blake, the American heavyweight wrestler, now in Perth, that he must leave Australia by the Themistocles, which departs next Wednesday, August 22nd for England, the time stipulated in his certificate having expired.

Basil Jackson Again !

The Editor,
"The Ragge."

Sir,

With joy I hail the resurrection of your loathesome periodical. Periodical, did I say? Forgive me, "Period" implies regularity. The Ragge does not.

For aeons our long-suffering Varsity has been offended by turgid flows of incoherence from brawling brabbling infants, overcome by the exuberance of their own verbosity, pouring forth their vain venom, immense inanity, and profitless piffle in profuse strains of unmeditated blague, through the medium of that alien importation and affected Gallicism, "On Dit."

I trust that your upheaval upon our literary (?) horizon will herald in a new era of peace and enlightenment for our tormented minds, and that upon you and your reptile contemporary will descend rapidly and irremediably the happy fate of the two cats of Kilkenny.

Yours as usual,
BASIL JACKSON.

(Those of the younger generation who do not remember Basil Jackson, the Varsity's marathon letter writer, need only to be told that the letter above is typical of him.—Ed.)

Humbug Scrub

or

A Woman Hits Out.

There are some attributes of a person, or of a body of persons—take the students of the Adelaide Varsity, with which no critic has a right to deal. It seems to me for instance that my religion and my morals are matters entirely personal to me, and that fellow-students who want to point out my fallacies and lead me into the way of light by yearning letters to "On Dit" are so many unnecessary humbugs.

But certain personal attributes may be the concern of fellow-students,

and I think that manners, taking the word in its simple meaning of behaviour, good or bad, is one of them.

University manners can be divided roughly into three species—common, business and social—all, but for some shining exceptions, bad.

If anyone wishes to deny this let him come into the Law School. There he will see ill-manners of all three species, flaunting, gay and unrestrained. Let him come into a lecture-room, presided over by some worthy dignitary, learned in the law, and watch the throng of smiling, vacuous youths taking their places with much unseemly noise, full half-an-hour, after the words of wisdom have begun to flow from the anstere lips of—.

Let her (if there be any women who deny my statement) walk down the street and look at all the men she has sat with at lectures or at meetings for a year or more, and note how many will fail to recognise her.

Perhaps they will plead that they have not been introduced. Don't they realize that this University doesn't introduce? That most people would stick to a very small circle if they always waited to be introduced?

Under the head of business perhaps, may be listed that colossal piece of ill-manners—the law students refusal to admit women students into its Debating Society. But we will say no more about that—it has been a common scandal for so long that it is no more noticed. Besides the women have built up a society of their own which is well worth preserving. We understand it comes as rather a shock to the women, though when the men students, without even the formality of asking their committee or members, refuse the invitations of the Women's Society to hear the address of an eminent member of the Bar.

But, you say, surely the Law School does not transcend all the other faculties in unmannerliness.

Why haven't we noticed it?

Because you have seen the same behaviour among members of other Faculties. You have had to extricate a chair from among countless legs twined among tables in the Refectory, while the owners of the legs have sat blissfully munching, no more aware of your presence than if you were a swallow flying in from the cloisters.

Or perhaps you went to the Inter-Varsity Ball and saw how our Adelaide hosts (and maybe hostesses) conscientiously secured their own partners for dance after dance, and left the visitors to forage for themselves, with the result that all who were not very handsome or very well-known moped about half the time without a partner!

Soliloquy on Certain Superfluities.

There's a little band of students at St. Mark's
 Who tell us all exactly what to do;
 They get on each committee and they tell us it's a pity
 But there isn't any room for me and you;
 They fill the place and drill the place and clearly let us see
 That we're of no importance in the Universitee.
 St. Andrew's students have another plan;
 They cultivate the higher moral tone;
 They cut a comic caper with their letters to the paper
 And they don't know how to let things well alone.
 They storm at us, perform at us, and very clearly show
 How very little about anything they know.
 We lesser mortals rather feel the strain
 And our remarks are sometimes not polite
 When they tell us, oh so kindly, just to do what they say blindly
 For only they can judge of what is right.
 They fool us all, and rule us all, and make a lot of noise

And generally treat us all like naughty little boys.

What is a University Student?

This is a question that may well be asked. The University student, we are constantly being told, and no doubt some of us will soon believe it, is being trained to take an intelligent and responsible part in the life of the community. The general public looks to him as a leader in professional and public life. Yet how is this being done? Our University system seems calculated to produce merely a stereotyped model youth. He is treated and thought of as irresponsible and unable to think and act for himself. His studies, with a few notable exceptions are strictly defined and rigidly adhered to. In short the University is to all intents and purposes nothing but an advanced school where more latitude is allowed the student. He is allowed to drink more, play more and work more according to his particular taste, but any attempt to think more is apparently frowned upon.

One well-meaning gentleman is reported to have said to a group of students that he expected to see a young University student a socialist later becoming more mature and conservative. Perhaps the truth is that he likes to see students active and energetic, but not seriously thinking about anything. His attitude is characteristic of our University.

As chairman of the Labour Club I recently suggested to one gentleman that Messrs. Lyons and Scullin should be invited to address the students while these politicians are in Adelaide. I was told that few students are old enough to vote and most are too young to be interested. When I pressed I was informed that the idea is 'impracticable.' So far as I am aware it was also thought 'impracticable' to place the matter before the Students' Union Committee to enable them to consider the proposition. It

seems that although students of this University are constantly being urged to take an interest in the affairs of their country, yet every obstacle is to be placed in their way in the manner of polite objection to any actual activity.

RAYMOND W. DAVIS.

University Labour Club.

The club is at present making arrangements for leaders of the opposing Federal factions to address students during their visits to Adelaide. It is not yet known definitely who will attend, but it is hoped that both Messrs. Lyons and Scullin will be able to accept our invitation.

RAYMOND W. DAVIS,

Chairman.

The Public School Virus.

The ideal of college life should be the promotion of fellowship and the endeavour to instil into students the realization that the college is mainly an institution to draw them together and so to lead to the formation of friendships which will last throughout their University career and later life.

However, there is a danger nowadays that the real purpose of this community living is being lost and that a new ideal, namely that of individual pride and snobbishness is going to take its place. Some of the products of our college to-day would seem to be people who refuse to associate with those who have not been so fortunate as to have had the same educational opportunities.

There is no more detestable person

than the snob who, thinking that he is a creature far above his ordinary fellow-man, takes every opportunity of making those who have received their earlier education amongst less imposing conditions, feel that they are superfluous and beneath recognition.

Furthermore, such a snob does untold harm to the genuine college man, who mixes freely with his fellow-men and is delighted to make acquaintance with people who have been reared in different circumstances, as for example in colleges of smaller standing and government high schools. The odium that attaches to the college snob tends also to associate itself with the genuine person, and so to the school which is then regarded as an institution for the promotion of a particular social class.

The tendencies that I have referred to above are becoming particularly noticeable in our Universities where students are becoming divided into groups which vary according to the assumed social standing of their members. It is time students realised that the University is a place where they stand on equal footing irrespective of origin, social standing and earlier training ground.

The Ragge.

This paper is published by the A.U. Screamer's Club.

We should like to have your views and, if possible, small monetary support. Write to Box R, front office, as soon as you can.

