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VARSITY RAGGE

The University Weekly Newspaper

Vol. II, No. 12. Price, 1d. Thursday, 24th October, 1929.

Just a Little Jazz.

The man who prefers jazz to good music is like the man who has more admiration for a ramshackle shed than for magnificent Gothic architecture.

I would not do away with all the lighter things that amuse people, but it is a case of quality and quantity. Would anyone suggest that he would prefer to look at Comic Cuts rather than at a beautiful picture, or would anyone prefer to watch Sutcliffe batting for five minutes rather than see me at the wickets for an hour?

Some people like "pinkie," but that does not prove that port wine is not infinitely better. The same applies to music.

[Dr. Harold Davies, of the Conservatorium, in a lecture at the University some months ago.]

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[Dr. Harold Davies, of the Conservatorium, in Perth this week.]

Well, folks, here's jus' a li'l song I've made up myself, and I hope you'll like it.

You gotta sing it snappy, with a banjo accompaniment:—

Always singin' the same old tune,
Same old words to the same old tune,
Jazz like pinkie, jazz real bad;
Jazz makes you silly and it makes him mad.

Oh, baby!

Varsity Concert on Dec. 12; Procession Beforehand.

A Varsity concert will be held on Thursday, December 12, probably in the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Though exams are holding up actual rehearsals, the executive—Jack Glover, Mary Angel, Lindsay Dawkins, and Bill Morgan—is (or are) concentrating and thinking and concentrating already.

There will be a procession about the town to give the concert a little publicity; and the more enthusiasm Faculties show in making the procession truly comic, the more they will do for the Varsity concert in particular and the Sports Association (which will get the proceeds) in general.

Everyone should roll up or otherwise come to the concert.

A correspondent (unknown) suggests that the Ragge succeeds because it mags, and the Mag. because it rags.

[Come along, come along, just a little jazz;

Just a bit to show the Doctor what a kick it has.

Just a little plink, plonk, plink, plonk,
Plink—plonk—PLUNK !!

(A little temperament on the banjo here.)

He don' like maimies an' he don' like moons,

Set to the syncopated bad jazz tunes,
He don' like sweeties, and it makes him sore

If you whistle that it ain't gonna rain no more.

He goes all bloeey when a saxophone
Prattles of a cutie in a B-flat moon.

He don' like jazz, he don' like jazz,
So come along and show him what a kick it has!

Cricket Not So Good So Far.

THE cricket season has not opened very auspiciously for the Varsity A team. Two matches have been played; and the results have not been so good.

The first match, a one-day affair, was against Sturt. It was drawn in favour of Sturt. The most pleasing feature of the match was the good batting of Clarkson, who was playing his second match in A grade. His 41 was top score for the side.

In the second match we were beaten by Kensington by 63 runs. Clarkson again did very well, scoring 38 (top score) and bowling very well to get 4 for 61. Pellw batted brightly for 31, his score including six fours.

In the present match, which began on Saturday, we made 159. Hone making 36 Bayly 34, and Downey 28 not out. Ports have made 1 for 58, and so things do not look very bright. However, if we can get Harris and Pritchard cheaply on Saturday we should have a chance.

In each match the opposing slow bowlers have caused our downfall. On two occasions Sangster and Bayly have given us a good start, but a slump has occurred as soon as the slow bowler has gone on. However, we have now met Grimmett, Williams, and Laycock, so that we may look forward to better results in coming matches.

The prospects of the season are only fair. However, things may be better after the exams. We can always blame the exams for failures in the early part of the season; and if there be failures later on we can say that they are due to an after-exam reaction.

The batting of the team is good, although results to date have not borne this out. The bowling is not so good, but we have, in addition to last year's bowlers, Clarkson and two promising medium-pace trundlers Finlayson and Pellw.

Intersarsity is to be held in Melbourne this year. It is rumoured that Rigg will not be playing. This is a pity, because it will deprive Bert Power of his wicket for the year. Bert had thought out a trap for him, but perhaps he will get a chance to work it off on Bailey, Scott, or King.

Pennant Tennis in Full Swing.

Varsity pennant tennis is in full swing, and members of teams A to E are finding the Memorial Drive Courts in excellent order.

The A's, comprising Charles Sprigg (Captain), Alec Turnbull, Trevor Heath, and Jack Barter, are doing their best to convince the S.A.L.T.A. that they deserve to be retained in A grade. It is a moot point, for they have not yet won a match, but it is not for lack of trying. Alec Turnbull has a bad shoulder. Sprigg is playing good tennis.

The B team—A. H. Finlayson, Bills, Abbott, and Sceales (Captain)—is distinguishing itself, having not lost a match. It appears to be good in its grade.

There are numerous players in the minor teams who all hope some day to be "Jogger" James's.

We are making so few runs at present that it is to be hoped that we are saving them for Melbourne.

"Priddy" was re-elected captain. Sangster is vice-captain.

Workers' Educational Association of S.A.

At the W.E.A. Bookroom,
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The Inner Lives of Med. Students.

A CORRESPONDENT gives a glimpse of the inner lives of senior Meds., and we hope you're not shocked:—

Just at present the fifth and sixth years are in the throes of clinical examinations, and one sees them wandering about the Hospital with do-or-die expressions on their wasted, cachectic faces.

If one wanders into the P.M. room one sees a trembling apparition, muffled in a large white coat and apron, peering anxiously into the cavity of a corpse, in the hope of discovering the cause of death.

The fourth year, we fear, is not of a peccable disposition. Some of its members try to put into practice the theory of "survival of the fittest," because they are the fittest.

Three women students seem to be too much for the poor solitary male of a certain group of students, for we hear that he has taken to reading the *Woman's Mirror*.

We were entertained the other night by that very charming and distinguished man, Sir Ewen McLean.

There were numbers of prominent doctors present, but one noticed a deplorable dearth of Med. students.

This lack of interest does not speak very well for the coming generation of doctors, and cannot be excused even on the plea of hard work. It is not often that a chance comes to hear such a famous man speak.

The Meds. are going to show the world that their abilities (joke) are not limited to Medicine. We are producing a concert, which is to take place on December 11.

Let Us Have Trees.

Sir: Certain geographical and geological gentlemen around the Varsity have been very enthusiastic about planting trees on the Adelaide hills. Surely it would be better if they transplanted their enthusiasm to the Varsity itself, and grew two healthy cypresses at the foot of the Union steps, and two at the head.

Yours, and so on,

A YOUNG SAPLING.

Dame Janet Campbell Speaks at Union Club. . .

THE Union Club (God bless its little heart!) presented Dame Janet Campbell to the Varsity recently at *un charmant dejeuner* (third-year French) in the Refectory recently.

Dame Janet seemed a delightful person, a woman of action, quietly determined to get things done. One could see that she got results.

She spoke about infant and child welfare, what time sundry Meds., fearing that her ideals, if carried out, would deprive them of much unearned increment, gnashed their teeth in impotent rage.

Dame Janet told how in England health reformers first concentrated on abstract health, such as sanitation, ventilation, food supplies, and did general slum work.

Then they studied the health of children in schools. This revealed great errors in infant upbringing.

Now the movement has instituted baby health centres, so that everyone may be healthy from birth, and doctors (and rightly so) will die out.

The Refectory was full of attentive male and female undergrads.

Mr. Grenfell Price introduced Dame Janet, and Mr. Andersen moved a sincere though long-winded vote of thanks. His efforts to hide the fact, that he didn't know whether to call the distinguished visitor Dame Campbell or Dame Janet deceived no one.

Thus ended the first year of the Union Club—and a very good year, too.

Chance for Broadminded Souls.

Sir (*we always like to be called Sir*): A University concert is to be held on December 12, to make money. Why not comb the Conserv. to see if there are a few generous, broadminded souls there who would provide the occasional music.

They are Varsity students, and some of them may be willing to debase their art sufficiently to play at the Concert and save us a great deal of expense.—Yours, etc.,

"OBOE."

More or Less in the Christmas Spirit.

THIS is the grand and special Christmas number of the Ragge, about which you have heard so much.

Christmas is still months away, but no matter. We have had the Christmas spirit singing in us for some time, and we must get rid of it somehow.

So we wish all of our little readers—old folks, young folks, subscribers, despicable non-subscribers, and Professors—a merry Christmas and a bright and happy New Year.

May we also shake all of the Faculties by the metaphorical hand and wish them happy times? Thank you, thank you; and the same to you.

And now for a little less of the Christmas spirit and a few hard words.

This is the ninth issue of the new Ragge. There are hundreds of students in the University, and not more than 25 people, at the outside, have taken enough interest in the Ragge to write anything for it.

People buy the Ragge; yes. Lots of them cheerfully pay their 1d. for it, and (so the rumour goes) even say that they get their money's worth. But write for it? No. Not so.

The Ragge is not alone in suffering for lack of active interest. The Magazine (we believe) suffers equally. The Faculty associations suffer. The University as a whole suffers. Apathy is everywhere. Things get done only because an enthusiastic few see that they are done, while the majority stands and stares, or perhaps merely walks away, too bored to stand.

There have been no Varsity colours or Students' Union controversies this year to stir up feeling in the University. The Union building and the Refectory seem to have brought a universal happiness.

But they have not brought a universal activity; or, at any rate, a University activity. The many still loaf on the few.

Let us hope that next year more people will realize, and assume, their responsi-

Touching the Matter of Bones

[Fragment suggested by a notice in the front office advertising human bones for sale.]

ANYBODY like some human bones?
Guaranteed fresh and in perfect order.
Used to belong to a man named Jones.
Anybody want some human bones?
Anybody want 'em? This bird Jones
Left 'em here when he crossed the border.

Old man Jones was a loathsome fellow.
His heart was black and his soul was
yellow.
His sins were scarlet, and his hair was red,
And he caused me trouble, and I'm glad
he's dead.

I've played with his bones in Darling B.
For the good of my soul and a Med.
degree.

For years they have caused me agonee,
And I'll sell 'em for a pie and a cup of tea.

Does anybody want some human bones,
Some genuine, lovable human bones?
Guaranteed fresh and clean and sweet.
Give 'em to the baby for a Christmas
treat.

The third issue of the Magazine will be out on about November 30. All Union subscribers are invited to collect their copies of our reptile contemporary from Mr. P. C. Greenland. Contributions wanted, as usual.

The poignancy of that beautiful though unclouted picture, Love Locked Out, has nothing on the poignant picture of tennis players locked out from their clothes in the pavilion on Thursday, sports night. The secretary of the Union should have a key planted in the gasbox.

bilities to the University, and their own private desires for the common good.

The community spirit and a Get-It-Done League could make the Varsity a still finer place for heroes to live in.

Come to the Courts.

[To the Editor.]

HEREWITH an invitation to all men interested in tennis to play on the Varsity Oval courts on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons (women — Wednesday).

The three courts are in very good condition, and rapidly improving.

The committeeman is Mr. Copley, a venerable oval player. He is a staunch representative of the tennis club, and has had championship potentialities, which are still potential.

The rest of the players comprise men who are good enough to play in Varsity pennant teams, but are too busy, backward, or broke; those who will never be any good at tennis, ever; and those who are learning with as much abandon as one learns to take medicine.

There are also a few student old age pensioners.

However, these men are altogether a pleasant congenial crowd, and the tennis played is most "genteel." Quite.

Sir: Two poems, entitled "Mystic Sea" and "Ecstasy," which appeared under my name in the August issue of the University Magazine of this year, are almost identical with two other poems, entitled "Sea Night" and "Love," which appeared under the names of "Sappho" and "L. E. S. S." respectively in the Magazine of May, 1926. I apologize most sincerely to the authors of those poems, and I wish to state publicly that I was not consciously aware of any plagiarism. I regret very much that such an unfortunate event should have happened, and I hope that this public statement will rectify any wrong that may have already been done.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

C. B. DE BOEHME.

University,

11th September, 1929.

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One of Those Dreams.

I FELL asleep, and dreamed a dream, and in my dream I went to the gates of heaven, and tapped gently, and Peter opened the gates. And I said: "Please, Peter, may I come in?" And he said: "Why, yes, of course; come in." So I went in.

And Peter said, "Would you like a glass of water?" and I said, "No, I'd rather not drink water," and Peter smiled and I smiled, and we went down the golden streets together.

And I said, "Peter, why am I here, and what do people do in heaven?" And Peter said: "People do all sorts of things in heaven, like waving palm-leaves and singing hymns, and things like that." And I said, "Please, I'd rather not sing hymns and wave palm-leaves just now"; and Peter said, "Oh, very well."

So we walked on, and I said, "Peter, you haven't told me why I'm in heaven and what I've got to do," and Peter said he was sorry, and that he had forgotten that I'd asked him about it.

And he said, "You see, it's third term in heaven, and you're here to do examinations." And I said, "Oh, is that so?" And Peter said: "Yes, it is so; so you'd better come along"; and I said, "Yes, thank you, Peter."

So we walked along, Peter and I, and we came to a charming little place where a fountain splashed and a wood-nymph played. And I blushed and looked at Peter; but Peter pretended not to notice, so I looked again, and beside the fountain I saw there was a very, very easy chair and a table with a glass and other things on it.

And Peter said, "Sit down." So I sat down.

And Peter said, "Here is your paper, and you'd better start now." So I looked at the paper, and the first question was: Spell cat. I looked around, and on the table was a dictionary; and I looked in the dictionary and found out how to spell cat, and put it down on the paper.

St. Mark's at Work.

St. Mark's students are working seriously hard, and have already decided on the places they will occupy in the honours lists.

Previously only a few St. Marxians have worked hard, which makes this wholesale debauchery most remarkable.

Big days are planned for after the exams.

Duke's Picture Tracked Down.

The picture of the Duke of York, whose whereabouts were for so long a mystery (as announced some time ago in the Ragge) had been found in a sideboard at the Refectory. In, not on.

Varsity Blues Awarded.

University Blues have been awarded to:
Lacrosse—R. J. Cook, A. E. Davis, J. S. Muecke, and I. U. Galloway.

Football—A. O. McPherson, H. L. Abbott, A. J. Clarkson, B. W. Hone, E. A. Schulz, B. T. Mitchell, and D. L. Richards.

And very nice, too.

And after that I read on and did all the questions, and finished hours before Peter was ready. So when Peter was ready he came and took the paper and read it, and said that the results would be out soon.

So Peter and I talked and waited until the time was ready for the results to be out. And when the time was ready we went to the notice-board and I saw that I had passed, and had been awarded 100 per cent.; and Peter said, "Congratulations," and I tried to look modest.

I shook hands with Peter, and said I'd better be getting along now.

Peter said he was sorry; and we walked down the street again.

And then I woke up and said, "Blow, I haven't been in heaven at all."

But it was third term all right.

The Magazine

Will be out as soon as is humanly possible
after the exams.

It is urgently requested that contributions
should be poured in as soon as possible
in overwhelming floods.

Do Your Bit to make this issue of the
Magazine the best there has ever been.

Review of the Year in Polished Prose.

Georgian's annual (maybe) review of student organizations and dis-organizations; perhaps in order of merit, perhaps not:—

THE year has been moderately successful, everybody finding the Refectory of tremendous use and convenience for eating and faculty meetings.

As in previous years, except for a few unnatural undergrads, including a few potential Rhodes Scholars, the general body of indifferent students regarded any form of enthusiasm, except for sport, as *infra dig.*, and general lethargy has been a *la mode*. (We know our languages.)

Sports Association.—With an efficient secretary, Mr. P. C. Greenland, and good financing, this august body maintained the *status quo*. (There we go again.) The sports grounds were satisfactory, and the A football team won the premiership. But generally, as revealed in Intervarsities, the standard of sport was mediocre, though some supporters did some good talking.

The Students' Council justified its existence by keeping a fatherly eye on the Mag. and Ragge Committees.

The C.U.—Still carrying on the good work.

The Union Committee.—The Refectory is well run, and the men's reading-room admirably furnished. But the dead body at the eastern end of the cloisters persists.

The Union Club has persuaded eminent statesmen and so on to address us, but otherwise has done well.

The Magazine Committee.—Started off with high intentions this year, and has been only moderately disillusioned. Has abundant Mags. not applied for.

The Medical Society carried on its traditions of solemn conclaves and exciting dinners. Very financial.

Lit. and Deb. Soc.—He flourished immensely, we understand.

The Engineering Society.—Reached a peak year in undergrad. healthy enthusiasm. It must be the good secretary or the good students.

The Science Association.—Progress not so bad considering its disintegrated potential members.

C Cricketers Win.

Varsity C cricketers played that delightfully christened team, Glenelg Stragglers, on Saturday. The result was a win for University—the second consecutive win for the season. This achievement is believed to be a record in the C's annals.

The other team compiled 99, Newman bowling particularly well and fast in the opening overs, and getting 3 for 10.

We made the winning score of 112. Burnard batted well for 42, and Branson made 19.

The Dental Association.—Small and select, and flourishes 100 per cent.

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