

The Engineering Society to-day
unanimously voted against repudia-
tion. The 5/- is now paid up. Ex-
change rate now much improved.

VARSITY RAGGE

Vol. III, No. 15.—Price 3d.

Wednesday, 3rd December, 1930.

Lines Written in Dejection Near the University Notice-Board.

The Chemistry and Physics duds
bewailed their student lot.
They wept like anything to see such
quantities of swot;
"Imagine," said the Chemist, "the
degree we might have got.
If seven Profs. for seven years would
talk from eight to three,
Do you suppose," the Chemist said,
"that I'd get my M.B.?"
"I doubt it," said the Physicist; "it
didn't work with me."

And why, dear reader, why? Because
our Chemist and Physicist haven't any
particular scientific ability. They are
just average students who have matri-
culated without any great difficulty,
passed First Year with a scrape in Chem
and a supps. in Physics, taken three years
over Third Year, and have just failed
gloriously in Fifth Year. They have,
it is clear, done more than an average
amount of work, but appear to be as
far from graduating as they were when
they started the course.

The main trouble is that they have
spent years on a course so specialized
as to be practically useless for other
than medical work; and the only
remedy seems to be a preventive one:
students should not be permitted to
embark on such a course until they have
proved that they possess more than the
usual ability in scientific subjects.

The Medical matriculation require-
ments in languages have been gradually
lowered to about Intermediate standard;
there could well be a compensatory
raising of the science requirements to
Leaving Honours standard in Physics
and Chemistry.

Then there will be fewer supps in
First-year Chemistry and Physics, and
few Senior students regretting that they
were allowed to commence a course for
which they were inadequately equipped.

Maegraith, Rhodes Scholar.

The Rhodes has again been awarded
where everybody must consider it well
deserved. Brian Maegraith has had a dis-
tinguished career in almost all the fields
of activity in which the founder of the
scholarship considered it proper for a
young man to excel.

After gaining two considerable scholar-
ships at St Peter's College, he was
awarded a Government Bursary in
Medicine, and commenced a course in
which he secured top credits in all years
but the final. In addition to his
medical studies Maegraith is a keen
student of astronomy and anthropology.
In 1929 he was a member of the
Anthropological Expedition to Central
Australia, where he made a special
study of the physical characteristics of
aborigines. He afterwards, in conjunc-
tion with Professor Cleland and Dr. Fry,
wrote a paper on the pathological lesions
of Australian aborigines. He is a Fellow
of the Royal Society of South Australia,
and a member of the Astronomical
Society, before which, in 1926, he
delivered a lantern lecture on the
habitability of Mars, illustrating the
lecture with slides made from original
drawings, the results of his own tele-
scopic observations. At St. Peter's he
gained second place in the school athletic
and gymnastic competitions, represented
the school in Intercollegiate athletics
and football, and held the record for
junior high jump for his School and for
the State Cadets. He has represented
the Varsity in athletics and baseball.

Although his head is in the stars, it can hardly be said that his feet are of clay.

Maegraith has had many interests outside the limits of his course. He has been Editor of the Magazine and Med. Review, and has held various offices on the Committee of the Medical Students' Society. Of the other branches of activity specified by the Rhodes Trust (interest in the young etc.) we cannot here speak, but those of St. Mark's who have had "Curly" amongst them for the last two years have found him a witty and amusing fellow, always eager to join in a rag, and a not-too-recalcitrant payer of the subsequent fines.

The "Ragge" joins with all who know the new Rhodes Scholar in offering him very hearty congratulations, and in expressing confidence that he will prove well worthy of the high honour that has been bestowed on him.

The Road to The Rhodes.

It was a delicious summer's day on which I passed quickly, for a change, past the familiar Gresham, on my way to interview the selectors. Looking back over the long, arduous, and frequently intellectual life which I have led since that day, my bosom swells with justifiable pride as I conjure up the figure I cut as I passed by the glorified dog-kennel which graces the entrance to the viceregal domain. Tall, lissom, and walking with a lithe athletic swing, my frank open face and straight legs brought many eyes to the upper-story windows as I walked boldly through the front door and entered the saloon. Two weedy specimens of the genus *homo sapiens*, with closed faces and crooked legs, were draped in a lizardly manner on the off side of the dilapidated billiard table.

"Well," I said modestly, "I wonder you chaps waste your time coming here to-day." One could easily see that they were denizens of the Arts, or Music, or Ternsichorean faculty.

"Ah, Mr. Pusher, I presume?" inquired the more loathly of the two, with a consumptive sneer.

"Yes," I replied, in stern, even tones, strongly tinged with a lecturer's aplomb.

"Step this way," said an attendant.

In the space of a second I was seated before my judges, and the questioning had begun.

The first question came as something of a shock, for it showed my judges knew somewhat of my life and tastes.

"I believe you are deeply interested in our local niggers," said the most aged and asthmatical of the senile coterie.

"My anthropological studies, I may confidently state, have been short, but their addition to the world's knowledge has been substantial," I humbly confessed.

"Ah, and am I to understand that you are a full member of a—er—tribe?" he continued.

"Yes."

"Aha, and is it a fact that you have two wives therein?"

"Yes," I said boldly, and then, realizing where my questioner was heading, added hastily, "Of course, I did not know them at all; in fact, I hardly met them."

This did not seem to reassure the sphinx-like faces, so I lapsed gracefully into silence.

Having exhausted themselves and my knowledge along this line, a new topic was spiggoted.

"Do you consider epistaxis or peripalpebral ecchymosis to be the more virulent form of dementia mechanica?"

"Though Nicholas Culpepper and Pasteur are inclined to assign to the former those multitudinous symptoms of incipient pestiferousness . . ." I began. Then an icy voice cut in.

"Quite, quite; we grasp the idea. However, are you considered eminent by your fellow-students?"

"Oh, certainly! I am Master Carver of the Varsity Vivisection Society, and have edited the short but subtle annals of the poor B.M.S.'s in meaty style."

"And have you had a successful career at college?"

"I should say so. The fellows had heard of grandfather, who was Professor of Moral Turpitude in the University

of Gomorrah, so they naturally made me President of the college Impurity League. My maiden paper, on "Goodness, Beauty, and Truth, their Cause and Cure," was very well received, and it was at my suggestion that they adopted their present motto of "Mens insana in corpore insanitare." My ode on 'Imitations of Inmortality' was also a great success, and has subsequently been set to music in the key of six flats and a basement."

"But what of athletics? Do you figure amongst the flannelled fools at the wicket?"

"Yes, but not for long," I replied, modestly and recent experience getting the better of me.

"And football? Do you play that?"

"Oh, yes, my muddy oaf."

"Ah, you read poetry, I see?"

"Well, somewhat. In fact, my Variorum Edition of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and my forthcoming "The Child's Rochester" are expected to put me at the top of the literary profession."

The chairman then rose impressively and, stepping forward, grasped me

warmly by the hand. "We are more than pleased with your answers. We are astonished. . . . I'm Magdalen. What do you hope to be? To this I blushingly replied, "Married when I return." They laughed sympathetically, and I knew that I had won the day.

Censored Nursery Rhymes.

One of the cleverest pieces of ridicule in the windy controversy on censorship is an anonymous publication from Edinburgh, which bowdlerizes innocuous nursery rhymes until the most determinedly pure-minded person must admit to himself that naughtiness is something we read into books, rather than out of them. All words to which a sinister implication can be attached are struck out, and we are directed to pronounce the blanks "umph" *con expressione*.

Trying this simple device on a few well-known nursery rhymes yourself is as effective as reading them from the book; in fact, you will probably have to do this, as the censor will hardly admit such a successful piece of satire on his nefarious trade.

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The Vulture and the Husbandman.

Over half a century has passed since Hilton wrote his celebrated poem for "The Light Green," but recent events in the medical world show that the vulture still plucks its prey as of yore, and that the hand of the husbandman has lost none of its cunning in the art of ploughing.

The sun was shining cheerfully
As if it had been May,
The Senate House appeared inside
Unusually gay,
And this was odd, because it was
A *viva voce* day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
Their paper work was done,
They wanted much to go away,
To ride or row or run;
"It's very rude," they said, "to keep
Us here and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished
Lay in piles of blue and white:
They answered everything they could
And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
Beside these piles did stand:
They wept like anything to see
The work they had in hand;
"If this were only finished up,"
They said, "it would be grand."

If seven C's and seven D's
We give to all the crowd,
"Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
"That we could get them ploughed?"
"I think so," said the Husbandman,
"But pray don't talk too loud."

"Now undergraduates come up,"
The Vulture did beseech,
"And let us see if you can learn
As well as we can teach;
We cannot do with more than two
To have a word with each."

Two undergraduates came up
And slowly took a seat;

They knit their brows and bit their thumbs,
As if they found them sweet;
And this was odd because, you know,
Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said,
"To talk of many things,
Of Jail and Job and Jockebed,
And names of Jewish Kings,
How many notes a Sackbut has,
And whether shawms have strings."

"Please, Sir," the undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
"We did not know that was the sort
Of thing we had to do."
"We thank you much," the Vulture said,
"Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more,
And more and more and more,
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon the floor;
But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

"We weep for you," the Vulture said,
"We deeply sympathize,"
With sobs and tears he gave them all
D's of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
One of his streaming eyes.

"Now, undergraduates," he cried,
"Our work is almost done:
"Will anybody else come up?"
But answer came there none,
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd ploughed them everyone.

The Year's Worst.

Professor Stewart: "Let us take the proposition 'None but the brave deserves the fair.' Can anyone advance a similar proposition, so that we may draw a deduction from the two?"
A Voice: "Gentlemen prefer blondes."

Macbeth's Sentinel (seeing Birnam Wood approaching Dunsinane): "Hop it; the copse!"

(Penn. Punch Bowl.)

Fixtures.

Wednesday, 3rd December.—Sports Association Cabaret: Refectory, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Friday, 5th December.—Literary and Debating Society: Lady Simon Hall, 7.45 p.m. Christian Union Chop Party: Henley Beach, 8 p.m.

Tuesday, 9th December.—Third term ends.

Wednesday, 10th December.—Commemoration Ceremony: Elder Hall, 2.30 p.m. Luncheon to new graduates; Refectory, 1 p.m. Women Graduates' Association: Tea to new graduates, Refectory, 7 p.m.

Friday, 12th December.—French Club: Lady Simon Hall, 7.45 p.m.

Monday, 15th December.—Inter-Varsity Cricket: University Oval, Adelaide v. Melbourne.

Tuesday, 16th December.—Inter-Varsity Cricket.

Wednesday, 17th December.—Inter-Varsity Cricket. Varsity Procession.

Thursday, 18th December.—Varsity Concert, Theatre Royal, 8 p.m.

Saturday, 20th December.—Refectory and Union Buildings close until 2nd February, 1931.

Anatomy Vivas.

To the Editor,

Dear Sir,

May I, through your columns, draw the attention of the S.P.C.A. to the conduct of the recent Third-year Anatomy Vivas.

The nature of the examination makes it difficult, or impossible, to avoid the practice of solitary confinement; but to imprison an exam-ridden student from two till six in the Museum, to forbid him to smoke, and then to expect him to emerge and give intelligent answers to the toughest test of the course, shows a belief in the capacity of the human frame which we do not expect from anyone, still less from an anatomist.

I am, Sir, etc.,

D. TREMENS.

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G. McRITCHIE, General Secretary.

Engineers! Oh! Engineers! What Our Readers Think.

It is rumoured in fiscal circles that the Engineering Society intends to repudiate a chronic debt of five shillings to the Sports Association. We do not know what Mr. Lyons thinks of this; to us it seems iniquitous that the opulent Engineers should withhold their mite from the penurious Association.

At any rate, a financial panic seems imminent, as the Commerce Society has followed the lead, and is actually talking of repudiating a debt of two pounds. What an inglorious tradition to hand down to future Commerce students (if, indeed, after this year's results, there will continue to be any)! Convert, inlute, procrastinate, but do not repudiate until you have considered the position well, and decided that repudiation will pay better than anything else.

Footlights Club Review.

Fervid preparations are being made for the Footlights Revue, which promises to be the best concert for many years. The only fault we can see in the programme lies in its comic side, which is good of its kind, but savours a little too much of the Music Hall rather than of true undergraduate humour.

This cannot be said of the male ballet; no one but Varsity students could dance with such—er—enthusiasm. Jean Bedford and Maisie Burgess are proving themselves excellent teachers, and we should not be surprised if they had even learned a little, particularly from Mr. Brown, who seems to have a natural flair for assuming postures hitherto considered impossible.

The enthusiasm of the performers has proved infectious, and the student body is already showing a keen interest in their efforts. In former years the enthusiasm raised has been of the eleventh-hour variety, and due mainly to the use of beer as a solvent of academic apathy. This year's enthusiasm should be less expensive, more sustained, and less likely to express itself in a fruit barrage.

Our Special Representative has approached a number of eminent people recently to find out what they thought of the last "Ragge."

He first interviewed the Vice-Chancellor, but as that luminary considered it advisable to assume the character of Chairman of the Board of Discipline when the word "Ragge" was mentioned, the question was not pursued further, and our reporter retired in haste.

During the retreat he encountered Miss Alexander, who considers it to be invaluable for 'publicity purposes, and Mr. Brown, who thinks it "weally scuwillous—but wather delightful!" Mr. Harrison is also of the opinion that uses could be found for it, but considers that it would be greatly improved by the addition of a matrimonial column. Some dear old lady like Dorothy Dix should be retained, but if we were unable to procure one, he would not object to running it himself.

Mr. Hay was opposed to the "Ragge," as he finds it obsolete in conception and quite unrhymic in style. Mr. Pick did not read it, having no time for anything ignored by the Censor. Mr. Bald had not even heard of the "Ragge," and consulted Miss Crampton, who though it referred to something that happened at the Sorbonne in the spring of 1928. Mr. McGrath had read part of it, and said that if we could maintain the standard of the item which he read first, its success was assured.

The Massage Girls withheld their views on the subject, as they had not yet decided what the paragraph about them meant. Mr. Greenland knew what it meant, but did not have time to tell us, as his work was in arrears owing to the large number of windy days lately.

Mr. Bills did not see any room for improvement; and at that we leave it.

Aunt Tabitha, after a brief survey of the Med. Review, looked up with an expression of horrified wonder. "Aren't you afraid," she asked, "that the Massage Girls will see this publication?"

Varsity Procession.

The endeavour to conduct this year's Concert in a more business-like way has been extended to its traditional curtain-raiser, the Procession.

Rivalry between the various faculties is expected to produce the best possible results, particularly from those, such as the Medical and the Engineering, etc., which have an actual existence outside the University Calendar. (Peace, friend; your faculty is the very first of the et ceteras.) The decision to rely on inter-faculty competition will keep the Procession from the hands of organizing geniuses who stifle originality not their own, while affording sufficient central control to see that exhibits are irrep- roachable, ambiguous, or obscure.

Those in charge of recent processions seem to have erred, not in the direction of over-organization, but in that of too great optimism and too little prepara- tion. The optimist who thinks that the Procession can be run without organization is like the gentleman who hoped that his garments would retain

their original position without any means of attachment. He is all right at home, but is a bad man to send into the streets on an advertising campaign.

Vacation Reading.

It is with considerable pleasure that we see an announcement from Methuen that 1066 And All That, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, selections from which have recently appeared in Punch, will shortly appear at the (English) price of five shillings. The book is full of excellent humour, ranging in variety from the broad malaprop which calls Monmouth the "indiscriminate son of Charles," to the super-ingenuous pun which suggests that those who forward applications to Warwick for the position of king should write in block capitals. The appealing quality of the book consists largely in the fact that this history is history recollected, as it were, in tranquillity, after an absence from it of many years. Our own knowledge of it has entirely disappeared, save for a

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few scattered facts of which we have had recent literary reminders. It is therefore a great pleasure to find written that "amongst Robin Hood's merry men were Will Scarlet (the Scarlet Pimpernel), Black Beauty, White Melville, and the famous Friar Puck, who used to sit in a cowslip and suck bees, thus becoming so fat that he declared he could put his girdle round the earth."

Those who remember more can answer the specimen exam paper below:—

Which came first, A.D. or B.C.? (Be careful.)

Has it never occurred to you that the Romans counted backwards? (Be honest.)

Outline (a) Henry the Eighth;
(b) Stout Cortez.

In what ways was Queen Elizabeth a Bad Man but a Good Queen?

Write clinical notes on

(a) Pride's Purge;
(b) The Diet of Worms,
(c) The Topic of Capricorns.

Candidates are requested to write on at least one side of the paper, and not to answer more than one question at a time.

An Examination Symposium

It would save a lot of time to supply carbon paper at Economics exams so that we could all pass the papers up and have them failed in one operation.

Third-year Med. exams and the Day of Judgment are two examinations, not one.

Medical students would not be so depressed by the apparent all-conquering success of a few individuals if they knew that this W. Jelly, for example, is not one man, but a syndicate.

Students believe in predestination, examiners in works.

At vivas those who do not wish to know ask questions of those who cannot tell. Even if they could it often pays

them not to. Mr. Harbison, for instance, could hardly speak from the heart when the examiner asked him what he would give him for peritonitis of the stomach.

Dr. Johnson said that questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. He was about sixty before he got a degree.

The recent depression seems to have been felt most strongly by those who had interests in Property.

Laugh This Off.

It is interesting to observe that swearing is rapidly falling into discredit as a method of letting off emotion and anger, particularly among educated people. "It takes about one half-mile of swearing to do any good," says Professor Guthrie, an American psychologist, "as very little vocal effort is exerted in cursing. Laughing is a much better way of letting off steam, because more muscles are involved."

So from now on we shall laugh. We shall laugh aloud as we buy our text books from Mr. McRitchie; we shall gurgle with glee as Mr. Henderson collects our fees; the Elder Hall will echo with mirth at the distribution of papers for Commercial Practice; we shall all stand round and chortle when they post the results of Property II.

But the information has a darker side. When we get a bright smile from the Professor on the day before results are posted we will know that it is the tail-end of the hearty laugh he has been having over our papers. Which reminds us that we had better abandon this moral chat and start cramming for the supps.

THANKS FOR THE CABARET.

The Committee wishes most heartily to thank all who are helping to prepare the forthcoming Cabaret, and hopes to make due and detailed acknowledgment of their obligation in the next Magazine.