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# The Rhodéo

Newspaper of Rhodes University,  
Grahamstown.

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VOL. 10 — NO. 6

THE RHODEO, GRAHAMSTOWN, Tuesday, November 20, 1956

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## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

### Laurels to Spence

WITHOUT conducting any form of Gallup poll, the "Rhodéo" has taken upon itself the task of selecting the premier sportsman of the year. In a year rich in talent, this has not been easy.

Five students readily come to mind: Edith Allnutt, Peter Searle, Malcolm Spence, Iain Campbell and Peter Stokes. Taking into consideration the meritorious achievements of all five of them, we find it is not often that Rhodes produces an athlete of international standard. It must be remembered that being a South African champion does not automatically qualify one for

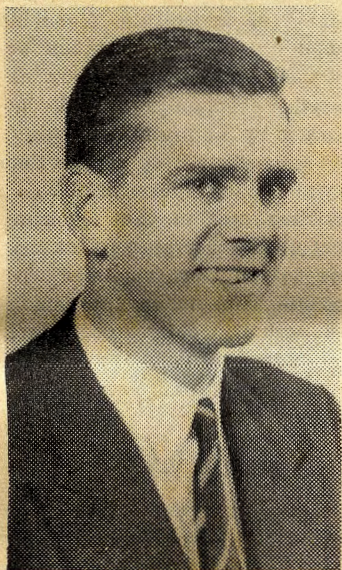
a passage to Australia this year. Fine athletes such as Athol Jennings and Paul Soine were not even considered. For this reason we are doubly proud that Malcolm Spence has been selected for the Olympic Games team.

**Malcolm Spence is, therefore, our Rhodes Sportsman of the Year.**

Although Iain Campbell has not gained international honours, his has perhaps been the greatest contribution to Rhodes' sport this year. As leader, both of the First XV and the First XI, he has accomplished a mammoth task, while he has been an inspiration to those under him. His is a task which normally goes unheralded and often unappreciated, although it is a vital one in moulding a University tradition.

**Iain Campbell is, without doubt, the runner-up.**

Although the rest of those mentioned have a strong claim, it is difficult to place them in order of merit. Edith Allnutt, nevertheless, has a strong claim for third place, while Peter Searle, Peter Stokes and Ann Campbell-Rodger are also clearly in the running.



MALCOLM SPENCE

## WHAT IS POETRY?

"POETRY is a sober form of intoxication which heightens the perceptions and increases one's enjoyment of life."

This is how Professor Butler defined poetry in a fascinating lecture delivered during the Teachers' Conference at Rhodes earlier this term.

It was not possible to teach poetry, he said. The most one could hope for was to expose the student, more or less successfully, to poetry. It was Baudelaire who said that the one purpose in life was to get drunk and stay drunk. He was not alluding to Bacchic revelry, but to three other means whereby this could be achieved. These were poetry, love and religion.

### WHAT IS A POET

In attempting a definition of a poet, Prof. Butler pointed to the following main characteristics. A poet shares with humanity a common interest in the world. He has a more than average perception of certain facets of life and a talent to express what he sees.

Poetry itself, he said, is language used with the utmost skill to capture a poet's moment of vision or experience. Coleridge expressed it thus: "The best possible words in the best possible order." Poetry brings about either self-awareness or the awareness of what is strange and supernatural. It thus carries with it a twofold excitement: that of recognition and that of discovery.

### PARADOX OF LIFE

Professor Butler went on to say that the best poems have the power of being at once particular and universal. Man is essentially a creature of time while he is aware that time must have an end. Life is, therefore, full of paradoxes. A good poem is one which exploits successfully, one of the many paradoxes of life; the paradox of life and death, of love and hate, of youth and age, of community and isolation or any other.

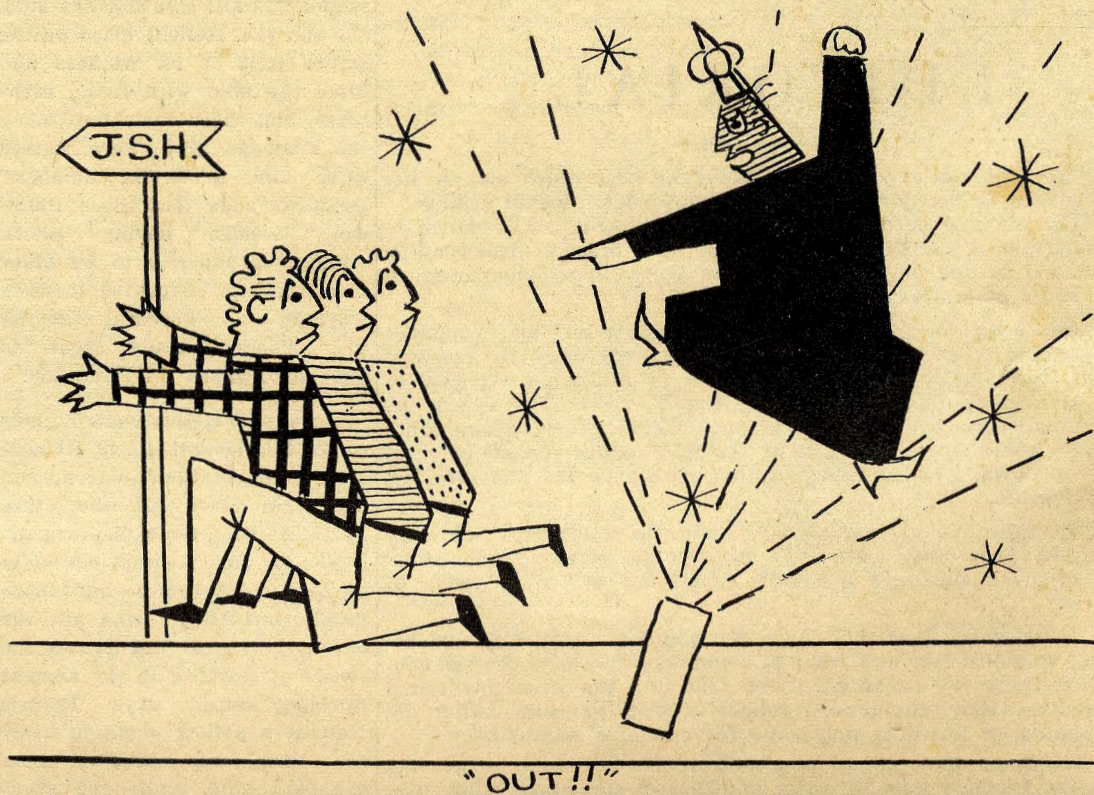
### POETRY AT SCHOOL

He then outlined the manner in which poetry could be successfully taught at schools. He warned against the danger of placing too much emphasis on the mechanism of a poem — the verse form, the metre, the poetic devices and the like. Too often, he said, a poem is regarded as a "verbal game reserve" where students play "I Spy" and seek for a simile, metaphor, personification and the like.

### CRITICAL APPROACH

In conclusion, Prof. Butler said that the most important aspect of any poem was its meaning. (Continued foot next Column)

## TOPIC OF THE TERM



## PROFESSOR BUTLER PROFILE

### PROFESSOR BUTLER

M.A. (S.A.), M.A. (Oxon.)

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, 1952

Born in 1918 and educated in Cradock, Prof. Butler came to Rhodes in 1936 on the strength of the Metcalf Scholarship. A feature of his degree was a double first in English and History. He went on to a Master's degree with yet another first in English. As a result of this, he was awarded the Queen Victoria Scholarship.

While at Rhodes, he founded the "Rhodéo" and had several parts in local productions, his most "meaty" being the part of a Professor in what he describes as a "perfectly appalling" play by J. B. Priestley — "People at Sea."

### ACTIVE SERVICE

Leaving Rhodes, Prof. Butler went on to teach at St. John's College in Johannesburg for two terms. War stopped any notions of teaching, and for five years he was on Active Service. He started as a Sapper, but it was not long before the military "Powers-that-be" recognized his true worth and before the year was out, Private Butler was commissioned. The end of the war found him a Captain, and, in common with thousands of other South Africans, he had slogged through Egypt, Syria, Italy and the U.K.

With the return to normal, he went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he read in the

Once that is determined, then closer analysis may follow. In all cases, however, the question, "What is the poet saying?," must precede "How or why is he saying it?" otherwise the main aim of poetry would be completely defeated.

English Honours School. With this behind him, Prof. Butler returned as a lecturer at Wits. from 1948 to 1950. He then arrived at Rhodes as Senior Lecturer, a post which was soon changed to Professor of English in 1952.

### NOTED PRODUCTIONS

In 1954 he was the honoured recipient of a Nuffield Travelling Scholarship to Europe where he studied the more academic outlines of drama. This aspect of literature has always been of interest to him, and as Chairman of the University Players, he produced "Julius Caesar" in the open, near the G.L.T. during 1952. As a producer, perhaps the culmination of his work has been the 1956 production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which earned him many well-deserved plaudits from knowledgeable drama critics.

### POET/PLAYWRIGHT

In the field of Drama and Poetry, he is no mean performer himself, and must rank with the foremost South African poets. "The Dam" won him the Van Riebeeck Tercentenary Drama competition and this, together with "The Dove Returns," which has a South African setting, has been produced by the National Theatre and broadcast by the S.A.E.C. In addition to all this,

a talk by him entitled "The English Poet in South Africa" was broadcast by the B.B.C.'s Third Programme. The poetry of Guy Butler must stand supreme with that of Roy Campbell in the realm of English poetry in South Africa, and it is of interest that his first poems were printed in "The Rhodian." In 1952 his first volume of poems, "A Stranger to Europe," was published and since then his works have found a place in English, South African and American publications.

### KAIF SCHEME

A "live-wire" type of person, he is a man who is not only interested in his students but in getting things started. The "Kaif Renovation Scheme" has been one of his ideas and it is not through any fault of his that it stands stagnant. A busy man, one has often seen him working alone on what is hoped will be a worthwhile project.

This enumeration does not exhaust his interests. Beyond the sphere of Rhodes he has been, for three years, on the Board of Directors of the National Theatre. In the world of literary encouragement he is the English Editor of "Standpunte," a sponsor of the new magazine "Africa South," and a prime mover in the maintenance and encouragement of English as a language in this country.

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# THE RHODEO

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## EDITORIAL

"No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half hidden in the dawning of your knowledge." Kahlil Gibran.

The ultimate purpose of a good education is not so much to prepare thinking people for a vocation, as to prepare them for life. Education is not simply a process of progressive assimilation: it is a battle of intellects.

At various stages of maturity, the student pits his own intellect against other progressively more advanced ones. By constant comparison and subsequent assimilation or refutation, we explore the capabilities of our minds until finally, if ever, we reach its threshold. Through this exercise, one which clearly distinguishes human from animal existence, we secure a *modus vivendi* of some sort or other. It is in terms of this experience that we see, feel and live life.

Specialization is a necessary stage in intellectual development. By progressive elimination through the period of education, one discovers the most profitable sphere for the engagement of interest.

There must, however, be a harmonious counterbalance between specialization and what is commonly called, a general education. There is something to be said for the strict intellectual discipline which the present school system imposes. After all, adaptation to life does not allow for complete selectivity.

Discipline imposed on a plastic adolescent mind, makes for a firmly founded stem to which branches of specialized study may later be added. The dangers of overemphasis in either department are manifest.

Above all, seek to explore, not to travel well-trodden paths; to discover, not to follow blindly, and lastly, to weigh carefully rather than accept unquestioned what is placed before you.

# RHODES AND RHODES

RHODES UNIVERSITY, Grahamstown, can claim to have produced many distinguished men, but can it compare with the Rhodes University of old? Caesar, Cicero, and the Emperor Tiberius, to mention but a few, attended this famous institution.

The story of the island's origin is an interesting one. "Helius, the myth tells us, becoming enamoured of Rhodos, named the island of Rhodes after her, and caused the water which had overflowed it (in the great flood) to disappear. But the true explanation is that, while in the first forming of the world the island was still soft and like mud, the sun (i.e. Helius) dried up the larger part of its wetness and filled the land with living creatures, and there came into being the Heliadae, who were named after him, seven in number." Diodorus adds that these Heliadae, "besides having shown themselves superior to all other men, likewise surpassed them in learning and especially astrology." Modern Rhodes seems to have abandoned this tradition.

Because of Helius' contributions to the intellectual life of Rhodes, he was made their patron, and honoured above all the other gods. At R.U., Grahamstown, the battle for this position seems to be between Aphrodite and Dionysus! But Helius was not the only god to make old Rhodes the centre of learning in the ancient world. "Zeus," says Pindar, "caused a yellow cloud to draw near them, and rained on them abundant gold, while the grey-eyed goddess herself (Athene) bestowed on them every art, so that they surpassed all mortal men by their deftness of hand, and along the roads rose works of art like beings that really lived and moved; and great was their fame."

**INKETTES**

Some people complain nowadays of the derogatory influence that Rhodes has on Inkettes. Well, here is how Juvenal complained of the similar effect which ancient Rhodes had on the women of Rome: "In the days of old the wives of Latium were kept chaste by their humble fortune . . . but now luxury has laid her hand upon us. Since the day when Roman poverty ended, we have lacked no crime of deed or lust; from that moment Sybaris and Rhodes and Miletus have poured in upon our hills, with the beggarlanded and drunken and unabashed Tarentum . . . What decency does Venus show when she is drunk? when she doesn't know one limb from another, eats giant oysters at midnight, pours foaming unguents into her unmixed Falernian and drinks out of perfume bowls, while the roof spins dizzily around, the table dances, and every light shows double?" Familiar thoughts . . .

**SIMILARITY**

Relations between Rhodians of old and the Senate at Rome were very similar to those which exist today between our Senate and us. Whenever our Senate passes a new law, we raise an outcry because we are not consulted. The same thing used to happen in the good old days, for Livy reports that the Roman Senate complained: "Now the Rhodians pass judgment throughout the world as to peace and war . . . Now we are no longer to call on the gods to witness treaties, but rather the Rhodians!"

The similarity is even more

striking when we recall the funeral held two years ago to commemorate the closing of Jan Smuts House as a senior residence. Doesn't this comment by Livy revive memories of the occasion? "Forthwith the Rhodians put on mourning and went the rounds of the houses of the chief men begging with tears and entreaties that they would hear the case before passing judgment."

One final illustration. "Once an earthquake occurred at Rhodes," says Polybius, "which overthrew the great Colossus and the larger part of the walls and dockyards. But the adroit policy of the Rhodians converted this misfortune into an opportunity; and under their skilful management, instead of adding to their embarrassments, it became the means of restoring their prosperity. So decisive in human affairs, public or private, is the difference between incapacity and good sense, between idle indifference and a close attention to business. Good fortune only damages the one, while disaster is but a means of recovery to the other. This is illustrated by the manner in which the Rhodians turned the misfortune which befell them to account. They enhanced its magnitude and importance by the prominence which they gave it, and the serious tone in which they spoke of it . . . and they created thus such an effect upon other states that they were not only overwhelmed with presents, but made the donors feel actually obliged for their acceptance of them!" We obviously still have a lot to learn.

## CENSORSHIP, RIGHT OR WRONG?

THE RIGHT to censor starts out with the assumption that there is, or will be something worth censoring. It assumes that there is a body qualified to apply this censorship, and that it is right and desirable to do so. Granting these assumptions, there still remains the question of what is censored and what method is used to do this.

**SYSTEM AT RHODES**

In Rhodes the institution of censorship is quite highly developed. Most material for publication has to pass through a body which is entrusted with the right to censor. This method of censoring before publication is a departure from liberal usage, which usually applies censorship to material already published. If anything should prove slanderous or misrepresenting, individuals or institutions have the right to invoke libel laws, and the case will be tried impartially. A totalitarian state usually attempts to censor before publication, and this method has an obvious parallel with that used at Rhodes.

**ARGUMENT AGAINST**

The Council for Rhodes would say that Rhodes is not a state. It is an institution with an appointed hierarchy for the instruction and discipline of its students. The students do not elect the governing body and only indirectly pay them, and their responsibility is to the University of which the students are members. If they allowed freedom of expression, they would become so many "Aunt Sallys," and their position would become intolerable. They could not sue the students through the law courts. Moreover, the damage done by a slanderous article would not be removed even if it was proved wrong. Besides, part of their job is to discipline the students and tion and discipline of its students. they could do this unless they had

"a priori" control over them.

While this attitude is justified from a certain viewpoint, it suffers a number of disadvantages. What is denied by the law courts, is made up by the disciplinary committee, which would be sufficient deterrent to any flippantly abusive article. Moreover, this type of argument anticipates that slander may be published, and denies that students have any sense of responsibility.

**DISADVANTAGES**

The true disadvantages of this system lay in what it may preclude, and which may be very right. Authority hears only its own arguments, and the method of censorship rules out any criticism as irresponsible, immature and damaging. In fact those over whom the authority is wielded get very little opportunity to air their opinion on any particular action. This one-sidedness is dangerous, for, although an action might be willed with the best intention in the world, it is for a different class, with whom the governing body may be completely out of touch. Moreover, certain abuses may continue because they cannot be attacked. Although authority may lose some of its assurance if two views were given free play, it also may be helped to make a better decision, assuming that the best decision is something desirable.

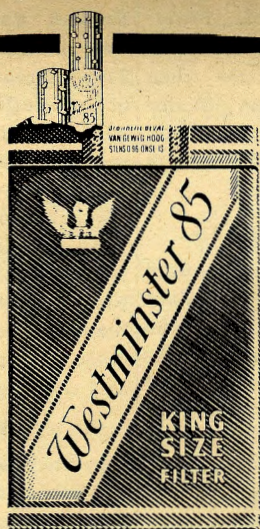
In conclusion it would be true to say that the professors would resent any limitation of the free-

dom of their speech. Yet they support a system of censorship which has a similar effect for students.

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# DOWN WITH COLONIALS

SOUTH AFRICA is a land of problems and we are tired of being told it. Rhodians, it would seem, are more tired than most for if the recent NUSAS questionnaire on race relations is any indication, very little is known about our problems and next to nothing is intelligently discussed.

One bright young spark ventured to suggest that South Africa was uniquely blessed ("I can't think of any problems") another came to the epoch-making conclusion that the provision of more subsidies to farmers was all that was needed to make this hallowed land of Lion Beer a very happy place.

The customer is always right, and a newspaper must always give its readers what they want. "The Rhodexo," we fully realise, is no exception but we do not apologise for this article. Rhodians don't like to think, and if the NUSAS report can be believed, don't know what to think. That we should have to think about a problem and even go so far as to write about a problem may seem sacrilege, but ye salt of the earth, we withdraw nothing.

## WILL ENGLISH SURVIVE?

The particular problem we have in mind is the survival of English as a living language in South Africa. If you don't happen to see anything worthwhile in that, don't read any further. This article is not meant for you.

English and Afrikaans have existed together in South Africa since 1795. The one came from England, the other developed on the spot. Afrikaans is today a virile and living language. Its drama is big news in Western Europe, its poetry is something to be proud of. English, on the other hand, is nothing and has next to nothing. The works of Roy Campbell and Guy Butler are indeed a valuable contribution, but they are little known.

Olive Schreiner is a somewhat different case, but she can hardly stand up to international comparison. The novels of Mrs. Millin are pathetic and had better be forgotten. A hundred and fifty years of settlement and this is all we have to show.

Now and again the future of English in South Africa comes under discussion. A lot of hot air is passed and a new society for the preservation of ties with the homeland is founded. And there the matter remains.

## WORLD LANGUAGE

English, we console ourselves, is a world language and cannot possibly die. South Africa could never do without it, for after all (and this is really the crucial point), it is an absolute essential for business correspondence with Wall and Lombard Streets. In

other words, but for the money factor, there is no reason why English should not be replaced by either French or German. Either of these could satisfy the cultural needs of the English-speaking section, such as they are, just as efficiently as English ever could, for English, whatever else it has done for South Africa, has done nothing that French or English could not have done equally well.

If English had been the only language in South Africa, this would have been a deplorable state of affairs, but it would not necessarily have been desperate. As it is, English is faced by a young and vigorous language that is not only spoken by more people than English but is boldly entering fields that, formerly, English alone had covered.

Without being a prophet, one can easily see where this state of affairs could end, and seen quite objectively, if English were to die in South Africa, there would be few who could say it did not deserve it.

If you don't happen to care what becomes of English in South Africa, that is your business. Don't read any further. But we do happen to care and care quite a lot. We sincerely believe that English can give very much to South Africa that no other language could give, and that South Africa in turn can enrich and enliven it as few other countries could.

## LANGUAGE TIES

But language is not something that exists independently. It is inseparably bound to the human element and if English is a deadweight in South Africa, the cause must not be sought in the language but in the people who speak it. Afrikaans has gone ahead where English has stagnated and become insipid. Are we to believe that the English-speaking section is less intelligent and less culturally advanced than their Afrikaans counterparts? Of course not. The cause must be sought elsewhere and, seen objectively, can be none other than the wretched colonialism of the English-speaking section. To hear a descendant of the 1820 settlers speak of England as "home" would, in more secure circumstances, be plainly ridiculous, but in our position it is nothing short of pathetic.

We must wake up and realise that for better or for worse

South Africa is our home. As long as we continue to regard London as the centre of the world and South Africa as nothing more than a "far-flung corner" of the Empire, we will accomplish nothing.

Twenty-five years ago, by the Statute of Westminster, we became a sovereign independent state. But, judging from reactions, most English-speaking South Africans don't seem to have realised this. They remain political and cultural colonialists all their lives.

## ARE WE ENGLISH?

But are we really English? One has only to look at our reaction to the genuine article to realise where the answer lies. "Chums" and "Limeys" are not highly esteemed beings here.

All of us enjoy the sight of an Englishman sawing away at a mango with a knife and fork and when visiting sports-teams or cabaret-stars end off a tour by telling us what a wonderful country we have (terribly mispronouncing those last few Afrikaans words), we get all misty-eyed and patriotic. Up South Africa and England is home!

Perhaps the saddest verdict on the cultural vitality of the Commonwealth is that this situation is by no means restricted to South Africa. There are certainly more English-speaking people in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa (not to mention the Coloured races) than in the whole of England. And yet, what have they produced in the field of arts?

Nothing! But does this necessarily have to be the case?

## UNITED STATES

The United States is an English-speaking country. It has a flourishing literature and is using words in an entirely new way. People have begun to talk of "American." Certainly the language of Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Mincklen and Tennessee Williams is not English as "she is spoken." It is a new and vigorous medium of expression.

But then the United States does not regard itself as a colony of England.

## RHODES AT FAULT

Much sarcasm has been heaped on Rhodes within the last few months, and not without cause. Various attempts have been made to diagnose its ills, but no-one

(Continued on Page 4 Column 5)

# THIS PLACE

—By One from Another—

"Ask yourself whether you are happy," said John Stuart Mill, "and you cease to be so." He was talking through his hat. Having been in my time a Fresher and not an Ink (a sad mistake, I grant you, but not all my fault: it was in the hand that was dealt to me, and I've played my cards better since), I have asked myself frequently this year whether I am happy in this shift of allegiance. The answer is, every time, "Yes." For Rhodes is the nearest thing to a genuine University that we have in South Africa, or that exists anywhere, I suppose, on this continent. By this I mean that it is, more than any other, a *universitas* in the sense in which the Ancient Seats in England are—*videlicet*, a corporation, a community of people associated for the purpose of learning.

The place in which I was a fresher was a kind of factory, or what the Americans would call a "plant"; it was not for nothing that some people called its unlovely surroundings a campus. There, some thousands of us at a time paid our money and took our choice of courses to be shared with some hundreds of others, taught by over-worked dons who were too busy to know us as individuals and who could not make room or time for any tutorials or seminars whatever. Of all the milling townie horde of us, fewer than ten per cent knew what it was like to live in College. We made friends, of course; but they were not, as a rule, very close friends. And when we had collected our parchments we departed and that was that. School was out.

## COMMUNITY SPIRIT

Here, on the other hand, a community spirit is of the essence of the place. The size is right (about that of Trinity College, Cambridge) and don and undergraduate have time and opportunity to become friends; if a man comes up late after a vac., he knows which girl to ask where he is—and probably asks by his first name at that. This calls to mind the state of affairs prevailing in yet another place which, having shaped men for some 700 years, thoroughly knows its business, and which lays down as a qualification for a degree, quite as much as the passing of exams, a minimum period of residence in college. That kind of university is not a collection of buildings, but of people; once a member, always a member—one never becomes an Old Boy. (I am afraid that Rhodes will never become

quite like that until we wind up the Old Rhodian Union and all simply become Rhodians, either resident or non-resident — all members of the university. Legal difficulties? The heck with legal difficulties! It's custom that becomes law in the end. There is nothing in the law of England officially recognising the existence of the University of Oxford. It's just something that happened. It "jest growed").

This parenthesis, by the way, indicates that while one may be perfectly happy at Rhodes, one need not necessarily be entirely complacent about Rhodes. It is evidently not yet adult enough to drop, along with that nonsense styled among the heathen of this land "initiation," the absurdity of dressing up an agile jackanapes to perform shamanistic caperings in public in the role of cheerleader. (Next step downwards—Fraternalities).

It follows the factory I was talking about (a place where the furniture in common rooms is cut up by hobbledehos as in slum cinemas, and where bits of sandwich lie about the floors) in regarding the gown as a funny kind of fancy-dress, the plaything of a public nuisance called a vice-chancellor. In that place it is not appreciated (and not yet here either) that where the etiquette of these things is properly understood, dons do not appear "naked" before their audiences (a matter of respect towards fellow-members of the society, however junior, and for the mysteries of which they themselves are the stewards) nor do undergraduates omit similar good manners. What was good enough for Marlowe, Bacon, Newton, Arnold, Tennyson, and still is good for the living members of the societies they belonged to, is good enough for the daughter of Oriel College.

Oh, well—the girl is a bit leggy still; but some of her incipient curves already make a better shape than any of her sisters can show.

Recent news item:—Man shot dead in hunting accident; mistaken for rabbit. Leaves behind a wife and 13 children.

(Overheard in the Rhodes electrical department):

"Have you any four volt, two watt bulbs?"

"For what?"

"No, two."

"Two what?"

"Yes."

"No."

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# THEY LIKE US REALLY

RHODES came in for quite some adverse criticism in the local Press recently on the score of behaviour. In this case it was an attack on the Rhodian at the cinema or, rather, at one particular evening show. There appeared to be a subtle and underlying attack on the behavior as a whole, and to see whether the critical comment was a general feeling amongst towns-people the "Rhodeo" set five simple questions to some leading town personalities. It must be said, however, that the choice was not indiscriminate—those chosen were people in a position to speak with authority.

The questions were as follows:

- What do you think of the behaviour of Rhodians?
- Is it better than in past years?
- Any annoying habits?
- Do town residents breathe a sigh of relief when Rhodes goes on vac.?
- Can you remember any particular incident?

## ANONYMITY

Anonymity was promised, but those interviewed included a padre, a Rhodes professor, two prominent businessmen, a hotel manager, an educationalist, and a person concerned with Rhodes entertainment. With such short time available this seemed as comprehensive a cross-section as any.

In reply to the first question the unanimous reply was favourable. Comments ranged from "Could set an example to U.C.T. and Natal" through "Can't complain" to "Very good as a whole." This was the general tenor of replies, and as such are gratifying.

## GREATER MATURITY

The second question was similarly received. A leading stationer considered that there was a greater maturity apparent everywhere, at least in comparison to the days of the ex-Servicemen. Student demonstrations at rugby matches lacked the uncompromising fervour which is such a feature of the "Matie-Ikey" combats. Not that this was a bad thing, he hastened to add; rather a sign of greater reserve and maturity. But in this question, another person interviewed, deplored the growing parochialism which is rapidly replacing impartial applause. The hotelier thought it better than two years ago, while another described it as much the same as ever—and he had just remarked that it was uniformly high.

The most annoying habits were brushed off as the results of youthful exuberance. This was a general feeling. Ebulient adolescence bubbling up from a somewhat unnatural environment. Gay spirits were to be expected, and there was one remark to the effect that those who didn't approve deserved a dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

People living adjacent to High Street objected to noisy singing on the way from 'scope, but dismissed the complaints of others as mere carping.

## 'SCOPE CONDUCT

This leads one to the vexed question of behaviour at the cinema. The general opinion was that a small group would always lower the very high standard of behaviour. This was to be expected, as all maintained, in any group of young people, Rhodians or not. Whistling and shouting are part and parcel of any gathering and especially of any gathering of reasonably intelligent people. This uproar may be put down to the average Rhodian's quicker perception of anything obviously false and strained. This was a genuine opinion on the students' reception of the serial. Anyway, don't most Rhodians go to 'scope as a form of escapism?

## INEBRIATION

But let us not think we are blameless. Most of the noise is made by those "under the influence," and several of those interviewed expressed disgust at these proceedings. It is inevitable that those feeling haywire should have very little consideration of the feelings of others, and it was a very sore point amongst the authorities that Rhodians disgrace themselves. Nevertheless, all emphasised that the offenders were much in the minority, and not all the offenders are students. The overall impression gained from these interviews was that Rhodians act with reasonable sense and discretion in the cinema.

"Anyway," as one professor said, "you should see Oxford and Cambridge on boat-race night!"

## SIGH OF RELIEF

The question as to whether the local public breath a sigh of relief when Rhodes is on vacation was, with a single exception, replied to in the negative. One said that the tomb-like atmosphere deepened, another was of the opinion that commerce felt the pinch, while yet another said that the sight of Rhodians continually walking up and down High Street did much to remind him that Grahamstown was still alive and had its measure of youth. The person who demurred did so for purely personal reasons, feeling no real antagonism for those riotous hooligans.

## TAR BARRELS

Very few provocative incidents were remembered, everyone again emphasising the old maxim "Boys will be boys." Rag 'Scope-Nights were remembered as being particularly violent, but as one said, "They are your nights, aren't they?" Still, one resident in High Street recalls with some

## VALE

# A POPULAR LECTURER

In view of the impending retirement of Mr. Sam Whiteley, the "Rhodeo" has taken it upon itself to bid him farewell on behalf of all students.

Born in Colne, Lancashire, in 1896, Mr. Whiteley was educated at Giggleswick School, and before going up to Oxford in 1919 was on active service with the Royal Signals Corps.

From 1923-1928 he was lecturer at Rhodes University College, before proceeding to Ceylon as the first Professor of Classics at the University College of Colombo—the present University of Ceylon.

He returned to Rhodes in 1946 and in 1947 became Senior Lecturer in Classics, taking the place of Prof. Barratt on his appointment to the Chair of Philosophy.

As a classical scholar he is a man of taste and discernment, with a deep knowledge of Latin literature. An extremely popular person amongst his colleagues and students, Mr. Whiteley is known for his warm-hearted generosity and his keen sense of fun. His satire, like that of Horace, is never bitter. He believes that: "Ridiculum acri for-

# STEKEL'S ANNUAL AWARD BOARD

## Pushing Awards:

### HONOURS (maxima cum laude):

Cripwell and Fitzwilliam.  
Darbyshire and Irving.  
Hamilton and Bester.  
Hawthorne and Farrer.  
"The man in the yellow jersey."

### Under Consideration:

Childs and Radcliffe-Brown.

### COLOURS:

Paling and Yeowart, Goedhals and Attridge, Axe and Wilson ("seldom-seen kids"), McCullum and Rich, Bailey and Simpson, Lecler and Dey, O'Sullivan and Froneman, Touyz and Jankelow, De la Harpe and Hobson, Wright and Hedley, Van Blom and Orr, Stokes and Campbell-Rodger (N.D.P.).

### Those who failed to gain 50% representation:

Thorpe and Allnutt, Clarence and Scott, Van Reenen (and Campbell, Snyder, Hurly), Raphael and (Searle, Shelver, Henderson D., Cowan, Spence, etc., etc.).

### Consolation Prize

of a box of lavender bath salts to James (not to be used by Margie!).

### TEAM BLAZERS:

Baart and Read, Anderson and Campbell-Rodger, Sherwood and Levy, Herley and Hodges, Ginn and Lamont-Smith, McGillivray and Robinson, Gill and Roth, Pringle and Collett, Scott and Triegardt, Hendersen and I. Clarence.

### HONOURABLE MENTION:

Jardine and Dicks, Bohmke and Taylor, Bank and Poole, Cartwright and Brill, Strauss and Van Eeden, Dreyer and Goldberg, Denton and Harris, Cresswell and Hemming, Myers and Henen, Maidment and Handley, Dare and Johnstone.

### SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR:

Harry Birrell.

degree of anger the night a group decided to roll tar barrels down the street. "How could grown men be so childish?" The "Rhodeo" interviewer used this as an example to another gentleman (of considerable repute in the city), his reply being that he had done very much the same when in office himself!

If this symposium is any cri-

### SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR:

Sue Gray.

### SPECIAL TURKEY CLUB

#### AWARD:

#### Haig Cup:

Bohmke, Myers, Kritzingen.

#### Roberts Shield:

Crompton, Myers, Ritson, Davies.

#### Shepherd Badge:

Parker, Pringle.

#### Galgut Award:

Pannell, Rein, Barker.

#### McIntyre Plaque:

Anderson, Walker, Rosseinsky, Snow.

### DOORSTEP GOSSIP

"Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles . . ."

This is Stekel's cat, Felix, reporting from St. Mary's drainpipes and the trees around Oriol.

Talk of the week . . . What did Nicol say to Phyllida that made Claire Barratt faint?

We hear that on this contentious matter the voting in the K-P was 3/2 against. No ring, NICOL! Still on J.K. doorstep, we heard someone poking fun at GINSBERG (anything for a laugh!). DE VILLIERS is getting on well with DENFIELD. RUFUS and PHIL were late in getting back from the station—the car broke down OUTSIDE T.C. MARY BRILL is looking ravishing in her kiss-proof lipstick. J.K. is safe now because the three leading lights of the Botha Binocular Club have transferred to Smuts—what price telescopes! The "Laughed-off-by-RUTH BUBB-club" has swelled its membership over the last year. (BUCK'S push-call is "Roll out the Barrel.") We caught CRESSWELL cradle-snatching young GLYNIS at Oppidan Ball.

Cries of the cats were drowned by the J.K. inkettes, led by "Iceberg" LOMMENS. ORKIN was sitting on the steps soliloquising about the dignity of womanhood.

JOAN'S chances for Senior Student were blitzed in the final round. We hear that AUBREY had a good time at Nature's Valley—wasn't it a bit swampy? Congrats to Senior Students HAZEL and RO, and to V.P.'s MARY and BESS.

### ORIEL

We now move to the tree outside Oriol.

"Now don't you be mistaken, don't you be misled, We went to catch the pushers, And not to go to . . ."

Question for SYLVIA: Does the end justify the jeans? The Beit first-years (Inkettes and Freshettes) have been banned from the Common Room — Is it because they make a mess or look a mess? Nevertheless the Kittens and Dr. TERRY are allowed. ROLEY was teaching AVRIL the 'squares' dance. We wonder who comes off best in the clinches — HUGH (the most scientific fighter of the year) or RENA! Congrats RO—what was the trouble over the key?

SHANE has taken pity on ROY ARNOLD and went to OPPIDAN BALL with him. ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE has never appeared in Stekel—what seems to be the trouble? Rhodes girls, apply to NEIL TODD for a definition of Platonic Friendship. Notice we have no reference to TIM MILDENHALL—we fear a libel case.

Well, time to pull in our claws, and wish all Rhodians a good vac. Watch out, though, when hormones are humming, and the going gets rough,

### FELIX WILL BE THERE.

—"STEKEL."

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## RESPECTABILITY — PHOOEY

Mr. Editor,  
You're a regte ou, that's all I want to say. For a long time now I felt sommer a kind of clamping on my plastic personality, if you know what I mean. I bought bigger boots and I gave up Founders Hall pies, but nothing seemed to help. Then I read your last editorial. Now I know what's wrong. It's the professors.

Look at our Professors of History and English for example. There's respectability for you.

There's the sort of people that clamps an iron mould on us in this university, there's the ones that turns us out like sausages. Mind you I like sausages for eating, especially if you take some bread and rub it in the fat off them in the frying-pan. But I was saying. This is the sort of people that stifles us with convention and all the other things you said, and those that says it's our own fault for trooping like tin-soldiers down to 'scope for the serial. Or into the common-room for bridge or out to the bundu for . . . Well, anyway, I say that people that say this, lie. For instance, do you realise, Mr. Editor, that every girl at this university is built entirely different?

Look at how much more individual you feel in 'scope than in a Maxwell or Butler lecture or seminar, or reading a prescribed book like Gibbon or Shakespeare or Cary. Yes, look at that bloke Gibbon, wasting 20 years or something writing one book. Look how much more individual he would have been if he had sommer dropped it the first time he felt like doing something else. But look what happened; he let "an aurá of deep, all-embracing solemnity" (Man, that was a lekker phrase) kind of crawl into his book.

But you stopped too quick, Mr. Editor. I seen lots of stifling conventionality in art too, let me tell you. I seen pictures a bloke can recognise and poems you can understand, just by reading them. I seen this sort of thing lots of times, plain bowing down to conventions about drawing and grammar.

Then there's sex, Mr. Editor. (You can see I'm a delicate sort of an ou, so don't worry).

There's a book here by a man called Freud, did you know? Well, it's in our syllabus, but I read it just the same. Man, I was excited! This bloke says all our trouble is because we don't do what we like, when we like, how we like, about sex. He says it's reasonable, so I thought "all-right" (like I said, I was excited). But then in the second part of the book I know you'd say he was stifled by the dead hand of respectability, because he says you must have controls or you are like a monkey, but I think he can just go by the first part of the book, eh, Mr. Editor? Monkeys is well known to be unmentionable in habits, anyway.

Man, I was glad when you wrote about jigsaw puzzles, because it's my hobby too, jigsaw puzzles. But mine is quite different from your's. With mine, if all the pieces are "identical," like you say, then they won't fit in with each other and you get a mess; likewise if any piece is just the shape it likes. What happens is when the ou is cutting

each piece out he must think "this piece must be different, but it must also fit in with those other pieces around it." Then it is easy to put all the bits together and man, you get such nice pictures! Real nice. I tell you what—you come up and see them one day; you can come when you like, but there is a lady-warden near the place where I live, so please don't come how you like, because I can tell from your article that you wouldn't come respectable.

Cheerio man,  
HERBERT X.

("X" isn't my real name, but I'm shy, and also fear revenge from the clampers and moulders and stiflers).

## PRELUDE TO LIFE

Dear Sir,  
It is the concern of an editor to express and echo sentiments prevalent among his reading public. The editorial of the last number of the Rhodéo admirably and concisely presents an idea prevalent on the campus that Rhodians are an unenterprising, inhibited, shiftless, conforming set of colourless mediocrities. Nothing ever happens at Rhodes. The passage of the academic year is as predictable as the appearance of gumboots in a Grahams-town drizzle. The grass is invariably greener on other University campuses and would we were there. Our intellectuals are pseudo; cultural activities are weighed down by a listless apathy, theologs are poor imitations of Bryan Green and our pretty girls are but rag-dolls. It is dubious in the extreme whether Lawrence, Schweitzer and the rest shone at university. In all probability they were insignificant, twisted kids. Try to imagine Bryan Green at 20, complete with cherubic smile and austere sincerity.

Rhodes is a community of equals where no one is going to find his or her niche in life, nor realise in what direction individualism lies!

At Rhodes, young people recently recruited from the ranks of giggling school girls and their smutty male counterparts, are undergoing a period of incubation when the theory of life, which is the prelude to the practice of life, is acquired. But it is this desperate avoidance of respectability, the surreptitious sowing of wild oats that makes growing-up a painful process. It is a good idea to get drunk once in a while lest we be prudes in later life and, assuredly, girls were made to love and kiss.

But it is because many fight shy of the bourgeois inability to do these things with finesse, that they don't do them at all. Far better to conform to the conventional adolescent awkwardness in exploring the word innocently, and not as if we know all about everything.

Rhodes is not a bad place really—it is surprising how healthy a reputation Rhodians enjoy in the imagination of students at rival institutions. Admitting that Rhodians are restrained and inhibited, suggestions of a wild fling and the cultivation of personality within the limits of "reason" are ridiculous.

Yours etc.,  
RESPECTABLE.

## OBITUARY FUND

Dear Sir,  
It has been suggested by many friends, including members of the academic staff, students and friends outside the University, that a fund be opened to provide a memorial to the late Mr. Threlfell.

It is proposed that this might take the form of a Memorial Prize to be awarded to that student who is deemed best in the Department of Economics and Politics in any year.

The proceeds of the fund will be handed to the University and would provide the capital sum for such a prize.

Professor Hobart Houghton approves the general plan: the Vice-Chancellor has stated that the University would receive such funds.

I should be glad if students, particularly those who studied under him, would consider making a contribution and, if so, making donations to me at the Department of Social Science.

A list of all who contribute would be published on the Senior and Arts Block Boards on the closure of the fund.

Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) JAMES IRVING,  
(Professor).

## A "TOK" REPLIES

Dear Sir,  
As Theology is my "line" and—I must admit—"conditions" my approach to most things, I read the letter on Rhodes Christians with professional interest. I do not wish to split theological hairs about this sincere attempt at classification and exhortation, but I feel I should point out some fundamental errors to such as are "watching from the wings." Perhaps the vigil from the wings may be aided by some advice from the body, be it of Bryan Green's disciples or any other variety.

We are accused of failing in our Christian witness because we fall into the wrong categories and because of a lamentable lack of "real natural enthusiasm and zest." The back-slappers, I presume, suffer from supernatural enthusiasm and are consequently quite ineffective. The point I wish to stress is that neither criticism really meets the case and, although I by no means wish to appear complacent about the effective Christian witness on the campus, the criticism has only a limited validity. After all, it would be intolerable if all the Christians were cast in the same effective mould. We would then, I am sure, be called upon to develop a back-slapping strain to break the monotony. Furthermore, it is rather surprising to be accused of lack of enthusiasm and zest as we are usually regarded with suspicion because we are too easy to blame the Christians which are too disturbing to be conducive to sound uninhibited living. The fact is that it is all too easy to blame the Christians for not presenting their "case" to the satisfaction of the outsider, but very seldom (except in sermons!) is the outsider exhorted to examine his approach to Christianity sincerely and critically. It is always so much more satisfying if someone else is to blame. I do not thereby wish to infer that your correspondent has tried to pass the buck. His diagnosis, however, is not a good one, possibly, may I suggest, be-

cause of his rather precarious vantage point on the wing.

For the majority of Christians our calling in Christ is a very real thing and we are conscious not only that we have something worth having, but that we have the Gospel which we have to "preach to all nations" and no less to our fellow students. One of the factors which hampers effective Christian witness is the way in which most non-Christian students seem to close their minds to the Christian message and its challenge. "Please do not disturb," seems to be a rather prevalent attitude. My challenge to them is to demonstrate that they have something in their lives worth having and, if not, why not? As a Christian, one hears so much nonsense spoken and written about Christianity by students that it is trying, even to Christian patience! To such as have enough intellectual honesty to take the Christian message as being something worth considering, I recommend serious reading and even more serious thinking. After all, if anything is demanded of thinking people, surely consideration of life's ultimate goal and purpose is. To those who, with smug condescension belittle Christianity, I suggest an elementary course in manners and that they should stop being fashionably pseudo-intellectual. Most honest people withhold their opinions on subjects about which they have no experience. To the compromising Christian I direct a plea that he does not confuse abundant living with downright worldliness. God will not be mocked.

The task of the Christian has never been, nor ever will be, an easy one, nor does he think so. Christ was crucified, but now He is just passed by.

Yours sincerely,  
UNCLASSIFIED CHRISTIAN

## ANOTHER "TOK" TYPE

Dear Sir,  
How right "Observer" is! His letter in your last edition hit the nail slap on the head as far as the "Toks" are concerned.

But may I suggest one other type—the Botha Tok. For any ambitious Social Anthropologist who wants to get to the bottom of the muddle called man, here is the place to begin.

Yours etc.,  
JUST ANOTHER  
BOTHYA BOY.

## REPLY TO "E.A."

Dear Sir,  
I would like to thank "E.A." for his letter which appeared in the last issue—it is a laudable and sincere attempt to awaken interest in creative writing among the students; but while appreciating the motive behind it, I feel I must point out one or two inaccuracies, and try to give a truer picture of the tribulations and aims of the Poetry Reading Circle.

The "Rhodian" is the only Rhodes publication which offers prizes for poetry and prose. I presume that the other magazine to which "E.A." refers is the annual brochure brought out by the Literary Society — "Rhodes Poets" — and that this is the magazine he would like to see published whenever possible throughout the year. It would be encouraging indeed to have it published several times a year,

but unfortunately those very "original and creative people" he refers to, are so apathetic that this would be abortive. To illustrate—last year, the only way in which the editor of the "Rhodian" was able to collect copy for the poetry section was to borrow the contents of "Rhodes Poets," almost in their entirety. This year the position has been reversed: a fair response greeted the request for literary contributions to the "Rhodian," while only two poems have been submitted for "Rhodes Poets," although reminders were posted in the second term. This dearth of entries is certainly not due to lack of information about the existence of the two publications, neither is it due to lack of encouragement. Anyway, "Rhodes Poets 1956" is stillborn.

And now the Poetry Reading Circle. The committee attempts to plan interesting and enjoyable programmes, including recordings of famous poems read by famous actors, criticisms of various schools or particular examples of poetry and so on. It is realised that the average student, interested in these proceedings, might possibly be "shy and introspective" and so an informal and intimate atmosphere is striven for; almost without fail the resultant attendance is smaller than the number of committee members.

"The Poetry Reading Circle is not all-student and is intimidating to the novice or would-be poet." In order to preserve this atmosphere of informality, meetings are held in Miss Marsden's flat; members on the staff of the English Department and other interested lecturers sometimes attend; all the "non-students" present come because they are interested in poetry and in the work of the students themselves. They all have a knowledge of poetry which they are willing to impart to the students—they want to help because they are interested. But still the "would-be poets" stay away; this attitude is absolutely incredible — surely they are not so shy or filled with modesty to the extent that they can afford the loss of a chance of unprejudiced constructive criticism of their work by those who know what they are talking about? Whenever original poems are read, a nom-de-plume disguises the author's identity; nobody need know who the poet is unless he chooses to reveal himself. If "E.A." can suggest any other method of protecting the sensitive ego of the budding poet, I would be obliged if he would tell me about it.

It is about time that the aspiring poets here at Rhodes got rid of their stupid cloak of modesty and cast their pearls (imitations or otherwise) before us.

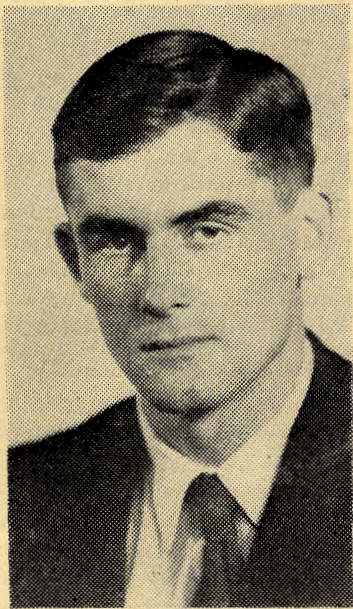
Everyone has to learn, and the best way to do so in this particular field is to take advantage of the advice and helpful criticism which exists in the Poetry Reading Circle; nothing could be more injurious to a student poet than to have his work criticised by friends, with more regard for his feelings than for the intrinsic merit of the work—a situation which would very soon arise in an "all-student society with a give-and-take atmosphere and much mediocrity" which would "encourage those without brash assurance but nevertheless genuine ability" as envisaged by "E.A." If you have genuine ability you do not need brash assurance, "E.A."—merely common sense.

Yours sincerely,  
A. DE VILLIERS.



## PROFILE

Twenty-year-old Colin Wright was born in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. At the tender age of six he was sent to boarding-school, because at home he was insufferable. Eleven years at Selborne College in East London knocked some shape into this potential "bad-man"! He played first team rugby and was awarded colours for swimming. In recognition of his many years spent at school, he was even granted a prefectship. As a parting gift to East London, he painted the statue of Eros, outside the Museum, pillar-box red. Two days later he left town.



"BADMAN" WRIGHT

He hit Rhodes in 1954—the days when men were men. He toned down his aggressive spirit with regular doses of diving, swimming, judo and rugby. In 1955 he was awarded team-blazers for all four, while this year he earned his rugger colours. No mean feat!

In his first year he astounded the critics and himself, by gaining two firsts in his B.Comm. degree. He is now in his final year, but confesses that he hates working. Next year he intends studying for a C.A. in Johannesburg. Thereafter, he intends taking time off to be educated. He wants to go to France ("to see the world").

Three years in the social whirl has further tempered his impetuosity. Leaving Dinner in '54, and Pete Snyder's 21st last year, taught him to leave off "lifting the elbow." Severe competition from Tallis Hurly and Mike England, while he was pushing Audrey Bell in '55, taught him that there were other pebbles on the beach. He found a pretty pebble in Joan Hedley earlier this year, and he is still happily "hooked."

Colin is perhaps best known in the rugby world. He has played First XV for two successive years and has represented Midlands on many occasions. He was a real find in the Kenya rugger team in December last year.

As a versatile sportsman and a potential "go-getter," "Blackie" Wright should go far in later life.

### COMMENTS

**Likes:** Rugby; calling Esme "Es."

**Dislikes:** Working, Dare, being kept waiting.

**Cricket:** Boring game.

**Amusements:** Watching Inkettes and de Waal trying to smoke; Bohmke moaning about mosquitoes in bundu.

**In conclusion it would be true to say that the professors would resent any limitation of the freedom of their speech. Yet they**  
(Continued foot of Column 5)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 6)

### SIMPLE RACIAL TEST

Dear Sir,

Under the title, "Commonwealth or Republic—a Rhodian looks at South Africa," a well-meaning contributor to your paper proposed to make a comparative study of the differences between the Afrikaner and English-speaking elements in this country. His argument amounts to the contention that the existing differences are deeply racial, and secondly that the important "mental boundary" of the English-speaking section is not confined to South Africa. "Educated and thinking men" will have to work out a compromise.

On the other hand, Rhodians' attention may be drawn to another and far more decisive factor, namely, the economic positions of the relative groups. It is not common knowledge that the Afrikaners hold political power whereas their fellow-citizens control the vast majority of financial interests? This single factor may be immensely important. I am no economist, but I do believe that finance plays a more potent part in human relationships than any other element. On this score it would be inadvisable to elaborate, though I trust that Rhodian will be able to use his imagination.

In the same number of your paper, a correspondent fulminates over the inconsistency of so-called Liberalism. Without associating myself with him, I nevertheless wish to elaborate my own argument about the economic factor. It speaks for itself that those who control the industries and finance corporations derive at the same time, either directly or indirectly, the full benefit of cheap African labour. If our economy depends on the availability of this labour, there is no other conclusion.

This brings me to the main point. There is ample talk of bills of rights, freedoms, the potential equality of all men, regardless of colour, and other high sounding conceptions. These statements emanate most regularly from those whose mental boundary extends beyond our border. I should be extremely interested in the outcome of a simple test. In comparison with, say the farmers and the average householders, what are the wages that the economically strong elements pay to their servants?

In this respect I am bound to mention something which should have been said long ago. There are large numbers of African people who work in our own University residences. Has anybody tried to establish exactly what their circumstances are? I know that one cannot afford to pay more for labour than it is worth.

There is a Coloured man in this town who works for one of our enlightened citizens. He has spent almost half a lifetime in his present job. Whenever he falls ill, two White men are summoned to do his job for him. Thirty Christmasses have passed. Not once has it been thought proper to give him the smallest token of appreciation.

Waiters in residences who have families to care for, receive a bare subsistence allowance. One in particular, who has grown up with Rhodes University, is a

(Continued foot of next column.)

## PAST VERSUS PRESENT IN TOWN PLANNING

(From the United Nations' Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation).

STEPS are now being taken by Syria to solve a problem plaguing many countries: How to reconcile the demands of modern town planning with the desire to preserve historical monuments. The problem is all the more acute in Syria which boasts some of the world's most beautiful vestiges of ancient architecture and monuments, and where new buildings, offices, factories and hotels are springing up on the sites of ancient cities.

The centres of old towns present one of the greatest dilemmas. With their narrow streets teeming with activity, their ancient bazaars, caravanserais, baths and mosques, they form an amazing tangle of arcades, vaults, projections, domes and minarets.

In 1953, a survey of the problem was carried out in Syria by a three-man Unesco team composed of Prof. Paul Collart, of the University of Geneva, and the University of Lausanne, Mr. Armando Dillon, superintendent of historical monuments at Palermo, Sicily, and Dr. Selim Abdul-Hak, Director-General of the Syrian Department of Antiquities.

On the basis of recommendations made by this team, Unesco is now sending a French architect and archaeologist, Mr. Alexandre Lezine, to Syria under its programme of aid to Member

States. Mr. Lezine, who has been placed at Unesco's disposal by the Government of Tunisia, will arrive in Syria in December.

For the past six years, as chief architect of historical monuments in Tunisia, he has directed restoration of classical and Moslem mediaeval monuments. In particular, he was in charge of the restoration of the Ribat of Sus, an Eighth Century fort and the oldest Islamic monument in North Africa.

A doctor took his small daughter to a party where he had a speaking engagement. On their return the little girl was recounting her impressions.

"Mummy, Daddy was a mastoid of ceremonies."

"But dear, a mastoid is a pain in the ear."

"That's what Daddy was."

## CRICKET AVERAGES

Batting	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Total	Average
O. Emslie	4	1	84n.o.	129	43.0
I. Campoell	6	1	62	170	34.0
D. Varnals	5	1	59n.o.	113	28.3
R. Henderson	6	-	97	168	28.0
Bowling	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average
M. Theron	27.3	9	63	13	4.8
I. Anderson	61	11	204	22	9.2
A. Howard	65.6	10	200	20	10.0
B. Ashley-Cooper	90	18	260	23	11.8

## RUGBY — A RELIGION?

RUGBY used to be a game; it is not any longer. It has become the symbol of a national endeavour. It has been clouded by higher implications and aspirations. The Afrikaner—who definitely plays the game better than anyone else—has found in it an expression and recognition of his victory over prejudice. It is the spirit of an emergent nation—have we made a God of rugby?

We are not alone in this—the continentals worship soccer. Sport has reached too high a peak in national thought and consciousness.

Yet when we receive adverse criticism, we react by saying that the New Zealanders are worse. Incredible!

### SCATHING COMMENTS

How often has one heard—in bar, common-room or at Kaif: "Limeys can't play rugby—look how small they are on an average!" Again, "With our mighty forwards and the tradition they have built up we can't lose. We are invincible!"

We get shocks sometimes. New Zealand gave us one, so did the Lions. We took those defeats almost as a personal insult. If not as an insult, as a personal affront. Our Saturdays were clouded.

### SABBATH DESECRATION

So what happens? Dr. Craven (who has done so much for the good of rugby) is booed. A cleric

headwaiter, has a family, has been here for more than 35 years, receives two pounds more than a raw beginner.

There is a deep and serious sin that has been saturating our soil for many years. Mutual accusations are not called for and are profitless, much to be said and more to be done.

I thank you, Mr. Editor, for publication sans delitions.

Yours sincerely,

D. J. DE VOS.

writes a letter to an editor as regards their misuse of the Sabbath. Next time flags may be lowered to half-mast.

### ELLIS PARK

Evidence of this fetish for victory was shown at the "Welcome Home" game in October. A very fine team had come home defeated, so thousands of people went along to the game to see why the Springboks had lost. They went purely and simply to criticise. When a very jaded and unfit crowd of Springboks were down, they proceeded to chant 13—14—15 in derision. As it was the Springboks were victorious, but it was disturbing that such a petty attitude was present.

Now some papers talk of revenge in 1960.

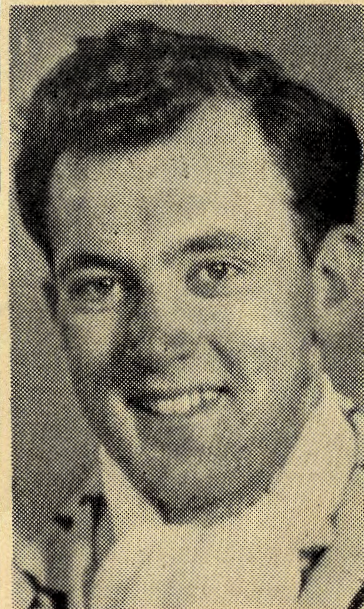
### KEEP RUGBY A GAME

Let's keep things in perspective. The Springboks were beaten, the nation wasn't. The next series should be interesting for there is nothing at stake. Let us make an earnest plea—keep our rugby open. Tough forward play and touch-kicking win matches but do nothing to make rugby the entertaining game it should be.

Rhodes has always kept this in perspective, but recently rugby has become more of an obsession than a pastime. This is not meant to kill a welcome surge of interest, but let us not become another Notre Dame.

## PROFILE

Bill Yeowart came to Rhodes as a real rough diamond, fresh from Kimberley. His school career took a year longer than is usual, owing to his particular dislike of Latin and Mathematics. His "star-studded" school career, carried with it the office of school-prefect for two years and a place in the First XV. At school he indulged in classroom horseplay of a vulgar form. Gerry Lategan was his opening partner.



"THE HUMORIST"

In his first year as a "soulful Ink," he fell into the bad habit of working. His B.A. degree, with English and History as majors, has subsequently been studded with good 2nd classes throughout. Next year he plans to do Honours or do a U.E.D. His outside interests have earned him a seat on the S.R.C., and executive positions in the Dramatic and Debating Societies. His only claims to criminality to date have been a part in the notorious Rhodes production of "Macbeth," and the office of the co-editor of this year's "Rhodent."

Bill found his true vocation as Bottom the Yokel in "Midsummer Night's Dream" this year. It was quite a performance too! His flair for dramatics is not only confined to the stage. As a versatile and humorous speaker he was runner-up in the "Best Speaker's" debate this year.

In his three year's rugby, he has spent two years with the U-19(A)—captain in his latter year—and one year with the 1st XV as a very capable hooker.

### COMMENTS

**Likes:** Ro, Reading, Rugby and Rhodes.

**Dislikes:** Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Women with red finger-nails and short hair.

**Campus Wonders:** Hurly's face and language at breakfast; De la Harpe's laugh; Colin Wright's sun-tan.

**Lady Wardens:** Why were they born so beautiful; why were they born at all?

**Amusements:** Watching "Supersonic" Snyder fix his motor-bike "Thunderbird."

**Inky System:** Alcoholic consumption has gone up and D.P. distribution down.

**Rag:** A smooth production by well-oiled machinery.

(Continued from col. 1.)

support a system of censorship which has a similar effect for students.

**Inkettes:** Talk too much.

**Rhodes:** How to make a man out of an Ink.

**Inky System:** Oh! for the days when men were men and pansies were pansies.





Wybenga and Wright scratching for the ball in a loose scrum in the match against Albany — the last of the season. The match was played in shocking conditions. Rhodes lost the game.

## HONOURS ROLL 1956

### ATHLETICS

**Malcolm Spence:** Olympic Games team; South African 440 yards champion.

**Edith Allnutt:** Springbok honours against German touring team.

**Edna Cretchley:** Olympic Games trialist; third woman in South Africa to do more than 18 feet in the long jump.

**Martiens Lemmer:** Eastern Province and Border shot-putt champion.

**Nicol Childs:** Combined Varsities cross-country team.

**Gordon Cragg:** Eastern Province 10-mile champion.

### RUGBY

**Peter Searle:** Combined Varsities touring team; Central Varsities team; Midlands rugby side; P.U.G.S. team.

**Iain Campbell:** Central Varsities team.

**Bernie Myers:** Central Varsities team; Midlands rugby side; E.P. trialist.

**John Cripwell:** Central Varsities team.

**Gerry Lategan:** Midlands rugby side; not available for Central Varsities.

**Colin Wright:** Midlands rugby side.

**Roy Masterson:** Midlands rugby side.

### CRICKET

**Ian Anderson:** Eastern Province Currie Cup XI.

**Derek Varnals:** Eastern Province Currie Cup XI.

**Arthur Howard:** Combined S.A. Varsities XI.

**Roger Henderson:** Eastern Province trialist.

### SQUASH

**Peter Stokes:** Eastern Province team; S.A. Varsities.

**Chris Andersen:** Eastern Province team.

**Mike Hurry:** Eastern Province team.

**Ann Campbell-Roger:** S.A. Varsities.

### HOCKEY

**Edith Allnutt:** Combined S.A. Varsities.

**Peter Stokes:** Combined S.A. Varsities.

**Edna Cretchley:** Albany Women's Hockey.

**Millie Mankowitz:** Albany Women's Hockey.

**Denny Hooper:** Eastern Province.

**Jeremy Pollock:** Eastern Province Festival team.

### BADMINTON

**Ann Campbell-Roger:** S.A. Varsities.

**Claire Campbell-Rodger:** S.A. Varsities.

### TENNIS

**Pam Sharp:** Eastern Province; S.A. Varsities.

**Jennifer Neame:** S.A. Varsities.

### JUDO

**Louis Lecler:** S.A. Varsities.

**Hugh Waters:** S.A. Varsities.

### FENCING

**Brian Sibson:** S.A. Varsities.

## CUP HOPES FOILED

AFTER a fairly long interval of time, memories of the final Albany game are very few indeed. It was not a game one could review easily, for it was more of a travesty of rugby than a game. In the conditions, constructive play was impossible. It was all players could do to keep their feet on a field that resembled a real Murrayfield epic.

All one does remember is mud and more mud, and spasmodic raids by both sides. The winner would be the side to make most advantage of the wet ball and the morass underfoot. At it was, Albany played the more intelligent game.

### MUDDY MORASS

Generally, Rhodes were at sea in the conditions. It seemed that they had taken the plea for open rugby too seriously; it seemed very wrong to see the backs trying to swing the ball. As it was the wet ball was too slippery to hold. Knock-ons were frequent, mistakes which Albany were not slow to exploit.

Albany showed us the danger of the fly-kick and even the up-and-under kick, and yet rarely did Rhodes try this. Why?

### NEW ENTHUSIASM?

Nevertheless, it was gratifying to see Rhodes fighting to the bitter end in the face of a mounting score. In fact, towards the end the home side seemed gradually to win some of their lost initiative, when suitable tactics began to be applied. It was also gratifying to see so many Rhodians present on the very inadequate stands. The weather was shocking and the size of the crowd was indicative of a spirit which had been present throughout the season. Will it continue? A winning side can always command a large following, let us hope the same support will be shown during a lean season.

### HARD SCRUMMAGING

It is difficult to single out individuals in a game of scrabbling play. The forwards rapidly lost their identity, but they did not lose the game for Rhodes. They put everything they could into their scrummaging, and managed to secure a fair share of the ball. In the welter of mud, water and brown jerseys, one might from time to time notice Lategan, Thompson, Wybenga and Crip-

well. Lategan seemed curiously subdued, perhaps the strain and hammering he had taken in the line-outs throughout the season were taking their toll.

It was not a day for loose-forwards. As an attacking whole they were not needed, cover defence was the main requisite. Dickie Rudman, brought in to counter the Albany scrum-half, was not particularly successful but generally played a sound defensive game.

### HARD TO REPLACE

Colin Wright played as hardy a game as ever; if he is leaving, he will be hard to replace. Though lacking the hard surface for his speed, Pete Searle saved several situations and was a valuable factor on defence. If only the backs had tried more short punts instead of attempting to find gaps.

### SHABBY TREATMENT

All in all, a very successful season: the cup eluded us, but the side did much to restore some needed prestige to Rhodes rugby. The president of the Albany Club was heard to remark that Rhodes was not a cradle of rugby in the Eastern Cape, as is Stellenbosch in the Western Province. Perhaps this is true, but it is inexplicable how shabbily Rhodes was treated by the E.P. selectors. Searle was good enough to partner Kaminer for S.A. Varsities, but not good enough to play for this Province, which had to use fly-halves as penetrative centres seemed at a premium. Colin Wright was head and shoulders above any scrum-half in the Midlands, but was he considered? Lategan and Myers are others which spring readily to mind.

No doubt the reason given is the transitory nature of anyone playing for Rhodes. Perhaps another is that P.E. clubs are by far the stronger, yet Albany only went down 8-0, and after extra time, at that!

## RHODES CRICKET TOPS

SINCE this is the last Rhodero of the year, an evaluation might be attempted of the other major sport at Rhodes—cricket. Results this year are seven consecutive victories over strong sides, including Walmer, P.E.C.C., Algoa, Old Selbornians and Stanley, and in none has the result really been in doubt.

It is difficult to point out why the side has never been extended. Perhaps the reason lies in consistency.

This consistency has been augmented by individual feats. Time and again when a collapse has seemed imminent, the middle batsmen and tailenders have piled on a match-winning total. (And on this pitch a total of 120 is just about enough). The fluidity of the batting is incredible. Rarely has it been built around one man.

### CLAIMS OVERLOOKED

Rhodes must possess quite the best and longest batting side in this Province, as well as possibly the best opening attack. Nevertheless, it is amazing how the E.P. selectors studiously seem to avoid noticing the existing potential in the team. True, Ian Andersen and Derek Varnals are regular inclusions, but it is difficult to understand how the claims of Arthur Howard and Roger Henderson have been overlooked. When one looks at any visiting provincial representatives, this seems even more incomprehensible.

The fielding and catching has been erratic. Traces of lethargy are often seen. Skipper Campbell has always tried to set an example in the field, but somehow things are a little patchy at

times. Naturally this is not always the case; the slip-catching excelled itself in the pre-lunch period against "Port Elizabeth."

### VARNALS ON FORM

As mentioned before, the side bats right down the order. While Varnals is there, and he is often there for a long time, any total seems attainable. Technically he is surely the best batsman at Rhodes. Campbell is in the middle of a purple patch of scoring, while Henderson appears the best opening prospect in the last few years. After a long time in the wilderness, Owen Emslie has hit form. His 84 n.o. against Old Selbornians was a really bright spot.

Polack, Jardine and Snyder have all chimed in upon occasion and it is a measure of the side that good batsmen like Bell and Garner cannot find regular places.

### TOO MANY SEAMERS

The bowling, if not varied, is at least penetrative. At present there is a rash of medium-pace bowlers at Rhodes, but no top-class spinner to support Howard. Still, no team has reached 200 against them, and they have always left the batsmen a reasonable total to aim at.

Ian Anderson is still the draw-card, even though he seems to have lost a little of his zip. Sometimes it would appear he is over-

dowed. Sharing the new ball with him is Brian Ashley-Cooper, who has developed beyond recognition as a shock and stock bowler.

### UNFORTUNATE INJURY

It is unfortunate that Mike Theron has been on the injury list. In the first term he was an admirable foil to Anderson. Indeed, at times he was the spearhead of the attack. His figures speak for themselves.

Perennial off-spinner Howard is still very accurate with his subtle changes of flight, but, like Laker, it would appear that he needs a helpful pitch. Relying, as he does, more on flight than spin, on plumb wickets Howard has to work very hard.

### ENIGMATIC CLARANCE

Mike Clarance is an enigma. Playing for a Grahamstown XI he made 60-odd runs and captured 5/30, and yet he has been unable to find equal form for Rhodes. Perhaps he has shouldered the burden of the batting for so long in previous years that it has forced him into a defensive mould.

All in all, cricket presents a bright picture. If a full side is available, one can tip Rhodes to be the premier side at Inter-Varsity. Last year the team came second, and if any measure of

(Continued foot of Column 5)

## SUCCESSFUL SQUASH TOUR

During the short vacation, a squash team comprising Buchanan, Andersen, Dale, Dreyer, Hurry and Walker undertook a short tour to Natal. Although weakened by the absence of Peter Stokes who was unavailable, they did surprisingly well, winning five out of the seven matches played.

### FIVE WINS

On the way to Natal they played two matches in King William's Town, winning both of them 4-2. On arrival in Durban, they started off with a good win against Natal University and, the following evening, they had a fairly easy game against the Royal Natal Yacht Club. Both of these were won 5-1. In the match against Garrison (who fielded a weaker team than usual) Rhodes had possibly its best win. They won 4-2.

### ANDERSEN EXCELS

Rhodes lost the last two matches, but where individual games were concerned, they were possibly the most outstanding. The first of these was against the Durban league winners, Phoenix. Rhodes lost all the matches in this meeting, but special mention

must be made of Chris Andersen and Mike Hurry, both of whom gave the Natal players a hard fight. The final match was against a combined Durban side who were far too good for the tourists.

### GOOD EXPERIENCE

Generally speaking, the trip did a great amount of good. The Rhodes players gained considerable experience from more seasoned players against whom they played. The team also gained the admiration of their opponents for fitness and general tenacity. They were a credit to Rhodes.

form can be found, one can detect an unbeatable solidity.

### SEARLE UNAVAILABLE

Rugby's gain will be cricket's loss with the departure of Pete Searle for overseas. He is, of course unavailable for Inter-Varsity. He is a very capable keeper and a more than useful batsman. Since the bowling strength lies in its seam attack a good keeper is vital, and if present form is any criterion, Campbell will more than make up for the loss of Searle.