

The
UNOFFICIAL ORGAN
— of —
Rhodes University
College.

The R.U.C. Founder

For
Private Circulation
only.

Under the Patronage of the MASTER, PROF. C. W. BOWLES, M.A.

No. 10.

April 17, 1931.

Vol. III.

Talkies though Silent!
TO BE RELEASED SHORTLY!
"A Shirt Campaign"

HEPWORTHS

Have taken delivery of what is probably the largest order
for QUALITY SHIRTS ever placed by a South African firm.

*These are being FEATURED in
telling displays in a FEW DAYS.*

Check up YOUR SHIRT STOCK and draw on ours.

Two Prices, ... 8/6, 12/6.

When you are not wearing a SHIRT during daylight,
let it be a HEPWORTH'S FOOTER JERSEY.



Do You Wear Stockings?

No? Well, you ought to. Our "Phoenix"
Hosiery is practically invisible

(Not to be confused with the Phoenix Club).

Do Your Shoes Leak?

WELL, WE CAN SOLE 'EM.

*Do Your Dance-Slippers Match
Your Term-Ball Frock?*

WELL, WE CAN DYE 'EM.

Do You Want Size 12's?

WE STOCK 'EM.

Everything for the feet—including FOOTBALL BOOTS—at the

CITY SHOE COY.

THE KAIF (WITH BRANCHES :—
ALL-OVER-THE-PLACE)

Support

MADAME HARVEY

(ALSO AT THE P.O. CAFE),

Everything supplied that any Sane Person could possibly require.

THUS—FOR THE

VEGETARIANS: Fruit.
ATHLETES: Milk and Honey.
SMOKERS: Ghoem en Twak.
DESPONDENT: Mineral Waters.
BOOZERS: Hop-Beer.

PUSHERS:

(a) Lounging—T for 2.
(b) Mountaineering—Sustaining
Chocolate.

PLUTOCRATS: Suppers.

GAMBLERS: W. Cream Walnuts.

(Mummy will be delighted to know that you are being well catered for
by MADAME HARVEY who acts "in loco parentis.")

EDITORIAL

Not without misgiving was it decided to revive this year that "poor thing but our own"—the "Founder." Behind, lay the grim spectre of the financial disaster of 1929; before, no assurance of success, but plenty of optimism.

As was pointed out recently, the Rhodian is intended to mirror the College spirit, and we take this opportunity of affirming that the object of the "Founder" also is to reflect the spirit of the College—in its lighter and more abandoned moments—in fact, "just Rhodes talking."

We have been assured by several old-stagers that the "Founder" has been missed; and because we are convinced that it has a definite place and purpose in College life we hope to see it re-established. The expressions of goodwill which we have received make us feel confident of success.

The future of the "Founder" depends on the support that is given particularly by way of contributions. (Adequate provision for housing all submissions has been made.) In conclusion, therefore, we would impress our readers with the necessity of doing their bit.

Support the Firms that support us.

ON RESPONSIBILITY.

Three years ago a would-be critic of College life wrote to the "Founder," "Rhodes is dull, inactive, sluggish!" Would he be compelled to revise his strong opinions to-day, and has the new generation proved them untrue? Perhaps a brief review of the present situation would awaken the sleepers, and a few words of criticism be pardoned as an attempt to point the ideal by analysing the defect.

The hopeful fresher in his anticipations of a university career usually has one or both of two aims—to "have

a good time" or to obtain some sort of preparation for "the future." He seldom fully realises, even after the ingenuity of the "Assass" has done its best, that he is an integral part of Rhodes—that RHODES has definite claims upon HIS loyalty, time and interest. He climbs the dizzy heights of seniority, and basks in the sunshine of pleasant enjoyment which the work of a few willing souls affords him. But only when he is about to depart this College life does he begin to catch a glimmer of what RHODES demands of him—and then he is left with vain regrets and yearnings for a past misspent.

Rhodes demands that her students become personally and individually responsible for her reputation in the spheres of sport, study and culture. She is wholly dependent upon and so claims the active support of every single student for her societies, her social enterprises, her traditions of broad outlook and active learning. Is it not written large across the annals of her history that where the active interest of the individual student flags there, Rhodes suffers. Then it is, that her spirit becomes one of faction instead of unity; then is the time when the enthusiast is considered a madman, and the apathetic blasé sluggard is termed the ideal student. Rumour flies abroad and the name of the College is dragged in the mud by an ever-watchful public.

Yes! Rhodes has her claims on every Rhodian, from the rawest fresher to the most sophisticated super-senior. If we would see her prosper let us cast aside our sluggishness, and the "superior," self-centred life which is contrary to her traditions and destructive of her very being. How can the "Rhodian" attain to the ideal of a literary magazine if her editors receive a minimum of student contributions? How can our S.R.C. be confident of our support when a bare 50% of students poll their votes at the elections? Is it surprising then that a certain complacency is noticeable in the attitude of the S.R.C.—a certain lack of inspiring and courageous leadership, which should mould the activities of the College?

When an ambitious and hard-working Dramatic Committee proposes to produce "The Gondoliers"; when a few individuals endeavour to broaden the College outlook by fostering some interest in the Students' Parliament;

when our Assassination Committee attempts to instil into Freshers the elements of manliness and loyalty to our College, let us support them wholeheartedly. All these need our support, and deserve it as much as any other College organisation; for they are endeavouring to raise the prestige of Rhodes in the estimation of the public and of her sister institutions.

On the other hand, we do show very healthy signs of genuine service. Have we not many meritorious achievements to our credit? Never before has the good name of R.U.C. been so effectively blazed abroad as by the successes of our Rugby, Cricket, Golf, Boxing and Hockey tours. Never before has Rhodes been so loudly praised or so highly spoken of. Let us continue our successes and merit the praise, by widening the field of our activities. There lies before us a year of outstanding possibilities. The Intervarsity Sports, and the N.U.S.A.S. Council meetings are being staged here this year. Do we realise the unprecedented opportunities of spreading our fame afforded by these two events? Then let our service be positive and active. RHODES EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

The Editor has awarded a cash prize of £1 1s. to the author(s) of this article.

A TERM BALL TRAGEDY.

Master's motor—Rhodes Term Ball—
Number 5—they leave the hall—
Very tired—seeking ease—
Enter car—so curtain please.

* * * * *

Master weary—homeward turns—
Finds his car—where passion burns.
Chauffeur present knows the game—
(‘Cos he’s often done the same!)
Tactful coughing—smothered shout—
Panic frightful—Belches out.

Moral.

If a car you wish to use,
Men, be careful which you choose.
SILENT SYMPATHISER.

FOR SCOTTISH READERS ONLY.

Have you read the 1929 Founder yet?

A PLEA.

No issue of the Founder would be complete without some reference to the Dramatic Society. In the past this Society has been subjected to criticism with monotonous regularity. But it is seldom that we hear its praises sung.

A Dramatic Performance has a very widespread appeal, and does quite as much to advertise the College locally as any other single activity in which we indulge.

Sometimes one is inclined to think that Guests do not regard their invitations as privileged—judging by their late arrival—which is but shabby courtesy.

Sometimes the student-body neglects to show its approval in the orthodox mode; which is like casting a reflection upon the efforts of the performers.

Once it is admitted that the Society is doing very valuable work for the College, and that Committee and Cast alike put strenuous efforts into the production—in fact, directly we have a true perspective—the College as a whole, Staff, Students and Guests alike will all show their keen appreciation by becoming a mannerly (and model) audience.

In such circumstances the Dramatic Society can look forward to a prosperous future; and surely it is entitled to do so?

Written during the first fortnight when College life is a complex confusion somewhat blurred in outline.

Dympna darling,

Things get more and more wonderful here, but I can't quite sort them out yet. It seems now that the S.C.A. and the S.R.C. are quite different—one is the Students' Council Assembly and the other is—well anyway the R stands for religious. And then I have joined the Ping Pong Club and the Camera Club and I think the House Committee and the Scientific Society, but I can't quite remember—and I have tried to join the Debating Society and the Dramatic Society and the Athletic Union but I don't think they can be open to Inks because there doesn't seem to be anyone to give in one's name to or anything.

It's the same with joining the Library, but I have found out who is the President of the Reading Club and I'm going to join that instead. You do want me to enter fully into College Life, don't you, dear? But I'm afraid it will come a bit expensive—probably about half-a-crown a society, so if Daddy could count them up and allow for them in my next cheque I should be awfully grateful. None of the clubs have had any meetings yet as far as I can make out, but it doesn't really matter, because Inks can't vote.

I went into the College Café for the first time last Saturday night for Dancing Class supper. Dym, it is **such** a quaint place—the cloths are all grey with black edges—so **academic**. I thought at first the floor was sanded like the old inn parlours, but it was really the College sugar. And a number of the chairs are broken, but you don't notice until you sit down—I think it must be a joke. And the cakes are awfully distinctive too, but rather old. My partner said it was traditional.

There is going to be what is called a Turn Ball soon. I thought at first it was something like water-polo, and connected it with the Swimming Gala (which is also going to happen soon), but really it is a sort of novelty dance only you can't go without a partner, but fortunately a very nice man has asked me. He said his name was Leigh, but whether it's his christian name or his surname I don't know—probably sur- because most Inks like being called Mister. It sometimes sounds rather funny, because lots of them are **very** young indeed.

Well, good-bye, Mother darling. I'm in a terrible hurry because the post goes at 6.30, or am I thinking of the Rising Bell?

Anyway, lots of love
from

Your enthusiastic daughter,
MABEL.

FROM CHAPPIE'S NOTE-BOOK.

Tobilcock and Tribelhorn,
Ziervogel and Skillicorn,
Higgins, Friggens, Waspe and Stein,
Will, Gill Rorke and Rein,
Kitto, Kitto Levin and Kitto,
Joecko, Jacko, Watkins-Foggo.

THE MORNING AFTER.

I really am an obliging person. The Editor met me this morning and said that a proffered article of mine was all right up to a point (he meant the full stop after the title), but he wanted something pungenter. More pungent?—yes, I know, but you recall the saying, "be grammatical, sweet child, and let who will, be clever," and above all I must try to be clever.

Did you get any pungent-air last night, at the dance? By ten o'clock, one realised that many of the boys had managed, with the help of the odd sugar-and-water, to make life appear fairly tolerably bearable.

O miserable world!—a glance round the hostels this morning showed me that—however, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

MATRIMONY.

They met in the street. "You're looking very pleased with yourself to-day, Mrs. Brent." "I feel it, Mrs. Jones. I've just had a letter from my daughter Marjorie. She's getting on awfully well. Why, she's had three proposals within the last ten days. Could you believe it?"

"It's very hard, I admit. I wish my Pauline could do as well for herself. I give her all sorts of advice but she hasn't been able to hook anything worth while yet. What did you do to Marjorie? I wouldn't have thought she was so capable."

"Mrs. Jones, I'm going to reveal a valuable secret to you. As soon as Marjorie turned sixteen I realised that she had to start learning. I knew it was no use talking because, as you know, theoretical stuff is of no use to us women. 'Practical experience is what you want,' I said and packed her off to Rhodes—you know the place. She was there three years and, would you believe it, she could have got one with an income of a thousand a year yesterday. She's keeping him on the string for a while in case something better turns up. They get a wonderful education at Rhodes. Take my advice and send Pauline there."

"I will, Mrs. Brent. I am going to apply to-day. Thanks so much for the advice. Good-bye, my dear!"

"Good-bye!"

They parted.

WHO'S WHO.

MIDDLETON, K. N. P.

b. The Three Brass Balls, 1914.
Language. 2 Black Crows.
Favourite Books. Riders of the Purple Sage.
Works. Some Thoughts on Omar Khayyam.
Unattainable Ideal. Breakfast.
Dislikes. Survey.
Great Thoughts. "Out, out brief lamp-light."
Foundation Member of the Survey Club.
Appearances. Deceptive, Innocent and Young.
Character. Ssh!

TREADWELL,

Ambition. To grow a beard.
Hobby. Collecting reprints of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Marie Corelli.
Secrets. A gallery of pretty photographs. Said to be of sisters. Has apparently 17 or 18.
Appearance. Mildly Rhodesian.
Character. Deep, but harmless.
Great Thought. "A kettle, worth ten oxen . . . and a beautiful and useful woman . . . 4 oxen."
 (Homer Iliad.)

SMUTS, TONY (nothing to do with General Smuts)

b. Coronation Day, 1911, Bavianskloof.
Description. Beggars it.
Educated. 1927 R.U.C. Debating Society when he made the wonderful discovery that "there is two sides to every question."
Sports. Constitutes the orchestra at football matches.
Hobby. Convincing people that "Die Hollandse Kring" is the best Society at College—he convinces very few.
Occupation. Does he work?
Military Career. His smartness and neatness on parade have ranked him as one of the senior privates in "D" company.

DALY, FRASER,

b. during the riots in Ireland some time ago.
Appearance. We haven't noticed it.
Ambition. A musical family.
Educated at Oriel House, 1928 (Miss Croft will confirm this!).
Sport. Music and Football.
Hobby. Making Miss Ranger fail exams.
Occupation. Pushing.
 Mr. Daly may often be seen in the College café in the mornings and push-

ing on the hills in the afternoon. Sometime we don't see them and sometime we do—then we wish we hadn't—and so do they!

KOLBE, PAT LISA,

b.—? the only person at College born after the Great War.)
Educated at Madame X's school for backward children and later Madame Y's seminary for forward children.
Appearance. All babies look the same.

Sport. Fancy Dancing.

Hobby. Establishing a reputation.

Life. Unfortunately there is a dearth of documents relating to her pre University career—(strange for so notable a personality (sic). Her career here, though short, would fill a novel—but one must not encourage the present generation in its depraved literary taste.

MOORSHEAD, MAUDIE,

Appearance. 'Mud.'

Occupation. Pushing and smoking.

Hobbies. Smoking and pushing.

Sport. Bridge (lovers' kind) and Hockey (beginners' kind).

Educated at Prof. Morman Nathew's Pushing Union.

We would like to say more about Miss Moorshead, but we don't want to forestall Morman's 'Love Lyrics'!

The Editor, The Founder.

Sir,—I am not averse to song, and it is less exhausting to sing football songs than go on cheering—not that Rhodes is noted for either. The Committee, too, is capable and zealous. But until we have better words to sing (to omit the incurable difficulty of finding tunes) wouldn't it be better to sing songs to 'la'? Most of the seniors do, even now.

I have further composed the following effort—

"Say, come and see what lads we are!

We play at 4, and fairly roar.

The foe we sling, and should the wing

The ball espy, he makes a try.

Come drink with me, O R.U.C."

[Schaffer, this is a bull song.]

This poem is copyright, and none of the ideas contained in it may be repeated in any form. It cost me a good deal, as no one will ever want to publish it, but I trust we shall now get some song-words that a Rhodian need not be ashamed to sing.

Yours etc.,

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

The end of a perfect night—signing the "Leave-out-Book."

When asked why he never digs at the Bath, Mr. Cohen is rumoured to have said that it isn't done in the best circles.

Enlightening remark (overheard at ten) "Let's all smile at Treadwell!" . . . tentative pause. . . . Reply "We always do!!!"

We hear that Mr. Randell wants to send circulars to the offspring of students about the additional S.R.C. sub. Now who's going to address all those envelopes.

We believe Miss Rattray's name was down amongst the Old Rhodian men coming into residence. How considerate of those who arranged the matter! Perhaps Mr. Rattray would like a room in Jameson or Oriel or both?

The S.R.C. would be glad to learn the name of the man who ploughed in Geology. There is some scheme afoot to give him the 1928 Original Idea Medal.

On hearing that Messrs. Bernard and Fritz Wynne were coming to Re-Union Mr. E. N. Brown immediately called a Prayer Meeting, and the Matron instructed the waiters not to listen to any of their chance remarks.

A prominent doctor has said that over-eating is a crime. The chances of being convicted of the commission of this crime at Rhodes are nil.

A very large block of seats is always reserved at Dramatic performances by the S.R.C. Now why isn't this done at S.C.A. meetings.

Everyone will be pleased to hear that Selon is at last a B.A. Few will regret that this must be last Jacques' joke.

NOW WHAT ABOUT IT, BINKS?

The Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,—On using Wood's "Revised Tables of Roots," I find that Binks is 48.6213% recurring a Bulldog, and not 48.62132%—the result obtained by using Schaeffer's "Cube Roots and their Connection with the Athenian Drama."

Yours faithfully,

CAVE CANEM.

"TONS OF MONEY."

The Dramatic Committee is continually complaining that the general Rhodes audience is unappreciative, but little else can be expected if they will insist on producing obscure, high-brow plays. Their last production was extremely deep and we must admit that it was somewhat beyond our powers of comprehension.

In the first place the title was distinctly deceptive and appears to have been intended as a negative reference, for the whole play was the development (so far as we could discern) of a situation directly resulting from a condition of bankruptcy.

In the first act, a young couple reveal by their conversation that they are on the verge of insolvency and contrive to be marvellously cheerful and jocund about the whole matter; but, immediately on learning that they have unexpectedly come into a fortune, they become serious, appear very concerned and proceed to devise intricate schemes for avoiding the onus of superfluous wealth. Such an attitude is not easily comprehensible to the ordinary mind and one's amazement is increased when the young wife, with set determination, neglecting all precautionary measures against detection, makes a direct attempt on her husband's life by means of high explosives. The husband staggers on the stage, apparently to breathe his last, when the curtain falls.

It rises again on the poor widow with whom the audience is just becoming sympathetic when to everyone's (I mean the audience's surprise the husband reappears, in the flesh—and disguise—and flirts heartlessly with his own cousin under his wife's very nose. She, however, recognises him but successfully conceals her surprise (if any) though not her annoyance at his behaviour. At this point the plot promises to be interesting and one expects a love intrigue, but disappointment follows for, at the first opportunity, she reveals to him that she knows him, he makes feeble and plausible excuses and the whole promising situation is, from a dramatic point of view, shattered.

From that point onward the play becomes so involved that we cannot pretend to describe it accurately. The second act ends with the attempt (again unsuccessful) of Mr. Allington (the husband) to take his own life—evidently he is driven to despair by the vagaries of his wife's conduct. The third act is extremely intricate and

introduces several new characters all of whom look the same but are not. Mr. Allington changes his disguise more than once, his name still more and his mind most of all (but not as much as his wife). Finally the drama ends in confusion, Mrs. Allington going into hysterics with a shriek.

Besides the main trend of the plot, further puzzling features are the apparently irrelevant acrobatics of the servants in the second act—a feature which is conspicuously, and equally inexplicably absent in the third—and the remarkable behaviour of one of the guests, which, however, seems to elicit no alarm or surprise on the part of his hosts. Moreover, an old lady also figures in the play but contributes nothing more to the action than a few variously pointless remarks and a perpetual reiteration of the fact that she is not deaf.

Perhaps the Committee are justified in producing such plays in their attempt to educate Rhodes, but they really must be patient about our lack of appreciation if they do.

R.U.C. SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The great interest displayed by the members of this Society has done much to make it one of the most flourishing at Rhodes. At present it boasts of a membership of about 150, a number which includes about 10 townspeople. The fortnightly meetings in the Upper Chemistry Lecture Theatre have all been well attended, the papers of the various lectures being greatly appreciated by audiences, in which arts students have formed no small part.

Mr. W. Schaffer delivered the first address of the year, taking as his subject "The Mechanism of the Motor Car." He won the admiration of the audience by his simple, yet lucid, treatment of a highly technical subject. We were fortunate enough to be able to hear Dr. Broom, who delivered two lectures, the first on "The Origin of Man," and the second on "The Remains of Prehistoric Animals in South Africa." These addresses coming from a world authority on these subjects, aroused great interest among the students.

Following these, we had an address from Mr. D. Bell on "Eugenics;" Mr. McL. Young on "The Surface History of the Earth," and Dr. Brock on "The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics," this being the second of a series of three (the first having been delivered by Mr. Bell), dealing with different

aspects of Eugenics, the third to be delivered by Dr. Drury next term. Miss Pocock, who has just joined the Botany Department, gave the last lecture of the term, in which she described her journey with Miss Bleek, the authority on Bushmen dialects, through Angola. She showed a number of very beautiful lantern slides to illustrate her most interesting lecture.

A REPLY TO

"NOT A SECOND YEAR."

Poor, dear little "Nota a Second Year"—a presumptuous (sic) insect" I fear. What a lot you have to learn! (in spite of your obvious unfamiliarity—or shall I say apparent familiarity with such generalizations as "inferiority complex").

It appears that our infants whilst still in their incubation stage at school, had their childish imaginations fired by lurid tales of the reception that awaited them at the University. We must indeed, apologise for not providing them with material for their home letters: for depriving them of the joys of martyrdom, and of hero-worship by the family. But, Little One, it is by such bitter "disillusionments" as this that you, in time, will learn to "put childish things behind you . . ."

You accuse Second Years of lack of ingenuity: what a thoughtless accusation to make! Why should ingenuity be wasted? Does Mr. Middleton lavish his 'latest' upon Mr. Carson? No, "Nota a Second Year" be your disappointment upon your own head—effective ragging is inspired—and a body of less inspiring people than 1929 Freshers it would be impossible to find. You were not worth the trouble; what an indictment!

We endeavoured to humiliate you by the childish treatment which you describe so beautifully. And that we succeeded in doing so is manifest, for lo and behold, are not the Freshers "disappointed," by our utter refusal to take them seriously or even to worry about them. A Fresher, forsooth, is a very insignificant thing, and not meet to be noticed. I'm afraid "Nota a Second Year" that you're rather a muggins (even under your rather flimsy pseudonym.) I await with interest Term 1, 1930.

NEW BOOKS FROM MILNER HOUSE PRESS.

The Art of Sleeping, by J. W. A. Parkhurst. This little volume by the well-known Milner House authority should prove a boon to those who find themselves unable to oversleep their 8-30 a.m. lectures. The following touching lines may be quoted:—

"When the morning riseth red,
Rise not thou—keep thy bed.
When the dawn is dull and gray,
Sleep is still the better way.
Beasts are up betimes, but then
They are beasts and we are men."

Interior Decoration. This is a composite work by several members of the "House." Each has dealt with his own particular branch of the subject in masterly fashion. This is a subject dear to all members of Milner House and the sale of the book will no doubt be helped by the encouraging foreword by the Inspector of Police.

Rectilinear Propulsion, by W. P. Schaffer. This book while rather too technical for the general reader, will probably become the standard work on the subject. It is almost unnecessary to state that the author is the popular President of "The Milner House Marble Crushing and Polishing Society, Ltd." To those of a mathematical turn of mind his proof that the kinetic energy of a marble = $\frac{1}{2} n p u^3$

where n = number of times pushed

p = initial polish

u = velocity of marble

will prove very fascinating.

Peter Pat or "The Girl who never grew up." by Kolbe. What has charmed the reviewer of this book is the naïvety of the style and the simplicity of the language in which it is clothed. The two most interesting chapters deal with Language and with the exercise required to keep the body as young as the mind. Miss Avoir du Pec, in her appendix, whilst admitting the theoretical value of the latter, regrets she has to acknowledge her inability to carry out the author's suggestion. A companion volume entitled "The Broad View" will appear shortly—Bell is the publisher.

Reminiscences of Rhodes, by Lady Teresa Jackson the famous gossip writer. A few press cuttings adequately indicate the nature of the work:—*The Founder*—decidedly interesting . . . the women's coffee party scandals are astounding . . . What will the Women's House Committee do about it?

The Rhodian. A fascinating little book but surely a libel on Mr. Wiles . . . We always thought him such a nice boy too . . .

London Times throws much needed light on the tact and diplomacy of certain Lords and Ladies in high places.

Yellow Press. Sensational Revelations . . . if we did not know Mr. Trail personally we should never have believed it of him!

FORE!

Mr. Blignaut made it single-handed. So also did Messrs. McIntyre, Bell, Petty, Pope and Rattray. Others admit they did a trifle here and there. In spite of this the course is finished and the Club founded, Messrs. McIntyre and Petty jointly and ably performing as Secretaries and Treasurers (Hon.).

Whether it is Mr. Pope weakly lamenting the erring course of his ball or Mr. Glover damning all quarries, whether it is Mr. Blignaut increasing his handicap in the bunker at the fifth or Mr. Clarke vainly trying to regain his lost hold of "that chip-shot," or whether it is Mr. Bell hoarsely apostrophizing a pitiable pebble on the fairway—there are signs that the Graham House Golf Club flourishes.

Messrs. Rattray and Wheeler only are capable of easy 60's. Mr. Blignaut is the proud holder of the record for the course, 91. (Bogey, by the way, is 54.) Messrs. Gillett, Bell, and Rattray have each holed in one, but, to the annoyance of other members, are apparently teetotalers. Messrs. Wiles and Young? Are they timid? Do they abhor profanity?

A REPLY TO THE DARK CONTINENT.

To the Editor, The Founder.

Sir,—Your last Editorial contained a most inconsistent and shameful attack on the Staff. "The rude forefathers were all too inclined to sleep," "they told tales of great deeds on the central stream of life, a little uneasily, as they were getting fat," and the like abuse dishonoured your paper as it failed to ripple the calm of the body of harmless gentlemen against whom it was directed. It is time this easy criti-

cism of the Staff were stopped. There is at least one professor, to my certain knowledge, who has not grown fat during his stay here, and several are only starting now.

There are Universities where the staff continue their studies after attaining their degree, but Rhodes is not so unfortunate. The danger of having new and groundless ideas thrust upon a helpless generation is studiously avoided. In several touching cases, professors of my acquaintance still dictate to the students the notes they took down as students, so that the ancient ideas can suffer no change.

And if the aim of Higher Education is to produce new men of the stamp of the old—and who can doubt it who has been at Rhodes—our professors are justified in not leaving the museum of conservatism they adorn.

There have been outcries against the censor. Nothing shows more clearly how keenly awake we on the Staff are to the immorality in our midst, than our delicacy in avoiding distasteful truth and vividness of expression.

Finally, it should once for all be understood that outside his own subject a professor has no business to have any interest. Modern or ancient ideas in music and art and life are other people's business, and their connection with University education I fail to see. Thought, intellect and imagination are not expected of a professor worthy of the name, and it is his duty to guard his students from the dangers contact with these may bring.

May I close with the hope that you will not again unsympathetically and ungraciously find fault with that time-honoured body of whom I have the privilege to sign myself

A JUNIOR MEMBER.

HUSH—THE LORD WARDEN SPEAKS.

The Editor, The Founder.

Sir,—I had a queer dream the other night. It seemed as if I was sitting in the common-room, when the Warden came in and drew me aside. "Come along and have some coffee with me, won't you," he said. We retired to his sitting-room. After coffee there was silence. The Warden was blushing and obviously embarrassed. At last he broke out "Do you realize, B., that you have been growing lately." "Wish I could, Sir," I replied. "Do you really think I have?" "Well," he re-

sumed, "it's not that exactly that's worrying me. But I think you must have grown since the vacation. I know your people wouldn't have let you be seen like this."

"But it's only a week since term started," I said uncomfortably.

"Well, anyway, don't worry, but really—if you don't mind my being a little personal, as Lord Warden—B, you must wear longer trousers while you are at College, or turn them down at the bottom or get a stitch put on by the housekeeper. I can see nearly all your ankle from here though I'm trying not to. You don't mind, I know. Traill's collecting a list of people whose trousers are—well, not immodest—but nevertheless, above the ankle. It's been causing much unhealthy excitement at the girls' hostels."

Just then I was awakened forcibly with a pillow. But seriously, what does it mean? I went to the Warden and he was very amused.

Yours,

BEWILDERED.

JAMESON CALLING !

Of course we cannot hope to compete with the noise that is wafted from the Men's hostels—especially on bath nights when the solos rendered by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Sherry are most touching. Still we are not without our characteristic sounds, and I think it would be as well to tabulate a few of the more prominent shrieks for the benefit of those who do not know the lie of the land, among the most piercing are:—

Miss Moorshead finds something which she has lost—in her own room.

Miss Gordon cannot find anything which she has lost in Miss Moorshead's room.

Miss Danckwerts hears the latest election results.

Miss Collins wants to know who has borrowed her tin-opener-cum-cork-screw.

Miss Pringle fails to appreciate the local cat concert—

Everyone else on the same side of the house agrees with Miss Pringle.

Miss D. Farrow is wanted at the front door.

Miss Roberts wants to borrow a cigarette.

Miss Macintosh is wanted on the phone.

Someone else wants to use the phone.

The Lady Warden has said a few words.

A member of the House Committee tells everyone else to shut up—

Mr. Hogg laughs in the Hall.

PEOPLE ABOUT COLLEGE.

No. 2.—MISS ENTHUSIAST.

My dear brother,

You've no idea what you missed by going to Cambridge instead of Rhodes. It's just the most *wonderful* place I've ever been to. For quiet mediaeval quaintness Cambridge can't compare with Grahamstown. *And* the shops *and* the theatre, *and* the concerts *and* the dances! You'd leap for joy if you saw our hostels. They haven't a *single* fire-place and if you just *raise* your voice, you can be heard in every room. The flagstaff outside is such an original idea. There's something new on it every time you look up. The food's excellent to a fault and we're allowed to eat it slowly. We've a glorious swimming bath, not quite finished, and the men dig before breakfast *daily*. The Staff are frightfully amusing and interesting away from lectures, and they're not a bit clever. They all *adore* me. You should see the marks I get. The social life's gorgeous. We've "dancing classes" every fortnight and for supper we all *squeeze* into the café outside and wait for things. And then we've the most amusing *band*, who give concerts every term, and the rest of the women sing about Orpheus. And we've plays, too, twice a term, and *all* the public comes to see them, because they're so *pure* and *decent*. And we've a wonderful Debating Union, which I haven't heard yet, and a most Scientific Society. For all this we've a large silver hall, which they *wall-paper* at the end of each term for the next one in all sorts of ways. The Football Fields are lovely. You get to them by walking round hockey-field, which is only one of many traditions here. We've two splendid periodicals, one's called the Rhodian and has got all sorts of funny quotations. I like the other better but it doesn't come out very often. Everyone here is awfully nice and sociable, I do think it's *fine* not making the men-inks do any work before dances and things. The S.R.C. are very good looking if they are rather *dense* so why grumble. O, I could

write screeds more, but I've just found my electric globe's been pinched, so cheerio. meantime.

Your loved sister,

WILHELMINA PRAZE-ORL.

THE RHODIAN MEN'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since the last issue there have been two meetings of the Society both very well attended. At the first Messrs. Green and Schauder proposed the motion that "It is in the interest of mankind that divorce be made easier," pointing out the degradations of all the evils under the present system, and trusting that the members of the House—who were also liable to be embroiled in the matrimonial state—would favourably consider the resultant benefits to a society in which divorce was easy and practicable. Messrs. Lord and E. N. Brown in opposing the motion showed how the welfare of mankind rested in turn upon national and civic welfare, the stability of which is drawn from peace and harmony in family life. Easier divorce would mean the disintegration of society—the interests of mankind would be shattered. Several interesting speeches came from the open House and enjoyable debate ended fittingly in the defeat of the motion.

The other meeting took the form of a parliamentary debate, with the Labour Party in power under the leadership of Messrs. Randall (Prime Minister), Lord and Schauder, while the Conservative Party under Messrs. Dugmore (leader of Opposition), Bond and Harris together with the Liberal Party under Messrs. McDonald and Camp constituted the Opposition. The President, Mr. Geo. Wynne acted as Speaker. The meeting was a great success both as regards the quality of the speeches and the attendance. The Government must reluctantly admit that the "heckling" too was of a high order, though bordering at times perhaps upon the personal. The Bill for State Aid and State Control was carried by a small majority, but a "no-confidence" vote forced the resignation of the Government. Next term Parliament will again meet—the Conservatives feel sure of a overwhelming majority!

But if you follow my plan (for which there is no charge) such inconveniences vanish; you will in time attain a layer anything up to half an inch thick without it falling off, and you will then be the proud possessors of faces which both are and are not yours! And won't you feel mischievous if anyone calls you double-faced! (It might be necessary at first to tie the face on with string. I recommend my famous Invisible Phaistaip.)

Another reason for not washing is—well it is a bother, my dears, isn't it?

That is all, dear sisters, for this week. Good-bye, and look out for my next letter which will explain my new method of converting pimples into beauty spots.

Your loving sister,

JUNO.

(Any enquiries re the care of the pseudo-face should be addressed to Miss J. Bloggs, who undertakes to reply personally to all correspondence.)

OUR LEARNED LAWYERS-TO-BE.

Lawyers are essentially men of rhetoric and argument. Budding lawyers are often babblers who speak with the knowledge of a complete Encyclopedia—they are authorities on any conceivable subject and are usually the most logical of the human species.

The subject matter of a discussion is immaterial, eloquence is the essential of a clever man. To be a coffee-party genius a man must wear a learned look, be an authority on all problems, and be able to so change an argument with sarcasm, ridicule, and exasperating politeness that he is never beaten, for the essence of argument is never to be crushed, and this most happy ending is attained only by sheer obstinacy.

Let us, for example, take that most interesting and completely understood subject of Trade. A. asserts that the American car manufacturers are losing their market in South Africa as the number of American cars sold in South Africa was the same in 1930 as in '25. Twice as many British cars were sold during those years. Hence the British market has improved 100%. B. maintains

that ground has neither been lost nor gained as the number of American cars sold during these years was the same. It follows that no ground has been lost as America has neither progressed nor retrogressed. He follows up by saying that Science has progressed, design and workmanship have improved, in fact the greatest step in the betterment of car design was effected in those five years. It follows logically that America has improved. (Sound thinking and of course indisputable reasoning). C. (the only one) claims to see B's point of view, namely, that America is neither losing nor gaining ground, and is therefore stationary, yet she is improving in that the quality of the material produced is better. B. contradicts and asserts that it is not his opinion that it is possible for a country's trade to be stationary yet improving.

A., being a most learned Arts student, proves by complicated Maths. that America's percentage of the trade has fallen 10%. Hence America's trade is on the decline. This masterpiece of reasoning needed heavy consideration, but our clever B. immediately announced that to herself America had not lost any of her trade, as she still sold the same amount and consequently she was not losing the market.

As I have said, such arguments are most enlightening and are of vital importance. Everyone becomes heated, no one is ever convinced that he is wrong and tells his less argumentative allies that so-and-so talks more drivel per unit of time than any other person at Rhodes—and in the meanwhile the tobacco trade prospers.

A SUFFERER.

To the Editor, The Founder.

Sir,

Through your activities or through those of your staff, all my friends have been stirred up to write for The Founder.

This shows a most commendable zeal, and certainly is very good for them. As, however, none of my friends are literary, will it be good for the Founder?

I am, etc.,

A WELL-WISHER.

COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS.

'DOM. D.'

The educational world is now ripe for a new development in its curriculum, in fact a long-felt want is, we hope, about to be satisfied.

Woman, making great intellectual strides over and above her domestic management, has more than her due share of responsibilities and has come to realise that life partnership is an unbalanced and deluding affair. Under this somewhat obscure superscription, we wish to propound a scheme to rectify this grave social error.

'Dom. D.' signifies Domestic Diploma ('Dom.' D. to avoid confusion with D.D.). Our profound and revolutionary project is the inclusion in the College Calendar of this new course which will be compulsory for men. (Women will be exempted on parental recommendation and the sanction of the Senate.)

This course will be none of your humdrum, primitive Technical-College affairs, but something brilliantly suitable to the needs of society, an invention of minds sanely psychological, infinitely logical, sufficiently economical, serenely philosophical and of course exceptionally scientific. At such a university the subject would be treated with delicacy and tact so that no suggestion of degradation would irk the stronger sex in pursuing this course.

In the terse and frank manner of a College Calendar I propose the outline of the Dom. D. Course.

(1) Candidates for admission to this course of training must have resided one year within the University, and must be over 18 years of age.

(2) The duration of the course shall be one year with further opportunity for specialising in separate departments.

(3) Theoretical work.

(4) The practicals which cover the most important work must be attended regularly. These will include:—

Cooking experiments.

Pram management.

Navigation of Toy Departments.

Christmas Behaviour (Chimney Descension and Santa Claus Parades).

Party organisation.

Tip Toe Tread (when there is sickness or secrets).

(5) Aural, and Oral examinations fortnightly to practise—the com-

manding tone, the soothing word, etc.

(6) Auxiliary Courses—Psychology, Philosophy (particularly Stoicism).

Any amendments or practical suggestions may be addressed to 'Allenbury.'

The Editor has awarded the author of this article a cash prize of 10/6.

WEST HILL AND ALL THAT.

West Hill is becoming the training ground for the future record-breakers of South Africa. The daily run is becoming shorter and shorter by the day—so are quite a number of lectures.

Miss Collins finds that getting there and back and tea-time leaves no time for lectures.

Miss Moorshead has the advantage of having lived five minutes behind the time-table for the last four years.

Miss Thornton still struggles nobly in a losing cause.

Miss Scott and Miss Clarke have decided that a cheaper and quicker rest cure can be obtained nearer home than at lectures; the Hospital is just next door.

Mr. Bushell and Mr. Matthews have discovered that they are not long distance walkers.

Mr. Ginsberg says it with taxis—and we have not yet discovered what Mr. Erlank says.

Miss Dowsley, being an old hand at the game, is bearing up under the strain.

Mr. Cory finds the attractions of the Arts Block sufficient to keep him up to the mark.

Mr. Leach finds no difficulty in covering the ground. Mr. Leach's friends find great difficulty in keeping up with him.

It has been suggested that Rugby players should play marbles on West Hill as a form of training.

Mr. St. Leger covers the distance in one stride—or a little less.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Delilah: Cheer up; we are sure he will be himself again after Dramatic. If not, bribe the barber.

Cedric: No. You should not have gone into Clubs. Altho' it would appear Hearts was a strong suit and your favourite, too.

G.W.A.B.: Lack of space prevents us from inserting your article "In Praise of Women Freshers." We are afraid we can't agree with your views.

A COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION.

"You are so conservative. Your outlook on life can only be strictly limited," said he.

He implied that Rhodians were snobbish, self-centred, intolerant of even the least of God's creatures. Life was therefore bound to be dull, education narrow. College was not providing a suitable background for the development of cosmopolitan ideas.

Despair not, fellow Rhodians. The indictment is false. Look around you. Have we not aliens in our midst? Is not their existence encouraged daily? Do you not find enough in the Lower life of Rhodes to make the Higher life varied and interesting? If not, why not?

This institution provides common ground, not only for the rendezvous of human beings, but for all types of living organisms. We welcome in our midst croakers, hoppers, 'poles, rodents, Angora rabbits, guinea-pigs, goldfish, specimens of Waspe and buck, and other interesting species.

We meet them daily, even though their significance may not occur to us. Conservative, at Rhodes? We meet the advances of the ever-friendly mosquito with swift embrace.

Larvae breed in tanks specially provided by the authorities; and wriggle in our water-bottles, in anticipation of affectionate labial contacts.

Rodents thrive on the luxury of College, and private victuals. Tarantulas, bats, armies of ants, busy bees, not to mention countless others, invade our private quarters.

Do we mind? Not now; we are being **educated**. We are learning the fundamental ethics of brotherly love; and the psychology of communism. We are confronted with problems, not only international, but inter-specifical. Very soon we may be able to tolerate the obnoxious odours pervading certain paths, and the "ping" of those strangers in our midst, whose duty it is to elevate morality; to reform order; to eradicate somnolence, and above all to stimulate **punctuality** among the women students.

Could anything be better?

SIMPLE TRAGEDIES.

(With profound apologies to Punch.)

There was once a young man at Rhodes whose name was William. His home was far away, and before he left home his mother said: Willie, be a good boy and work hard. And his father said: William, keep away from the girls. So William promised to be good and keep away from the girls. So, when he came to Rhodes, he became a misogynist. It was easy for him to be a misogynist because he was very bashful and really too shy to speak to the girls.

Now one day William and his friends had ten days' holidays, and William went to the Kowie River. And three of them lived all by themselves in a small tent on the bank of the river. They had to cook their own food and William had to fetch water from a house nearby. And he was afraid of the dog who belonged to that house. So he was very sad. Also his two little friends were stupid boys and William could not talk to them and so he was very lonely.

They had a big boat and they made it move through the river with oars. And William was a big boy and could row well. Now one day they met another boat. And that boat had three little girls in it, and the girls were tired and could not row any more. So one of William's friends who was called Tom said to the girls come let us tow you, and they said yes please, thank you very much. So William had to row hard and the girls thought what a nice big boy William is. And one of them called Moira or something Irish like that fell in love with him.

And William thought she is very handsome, I would like to talk to her. But he remembered his promise to his father and to his mother and so he didn't say anything, but he looked very shy and blushed. Now William often met this little girl and he loved her very much and she also loved him, but he could not break his promise and she is still waiting for him to ask her to come to the Term Ball with him.

VENGEANCE.

(Swimming Bath.)

Wiggle, little tadpole,

Woggle;

Giggle, little bull-frog,

Goggle.

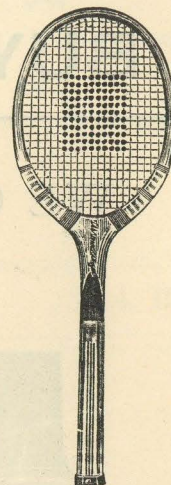
At the Kowie - dead well - William - our boat / with a /



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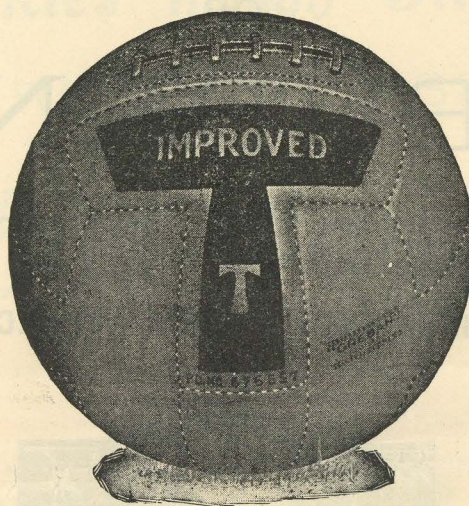
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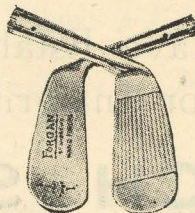
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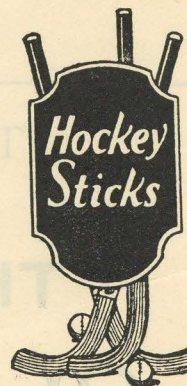
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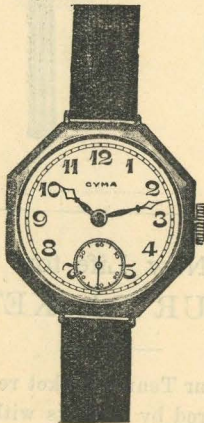
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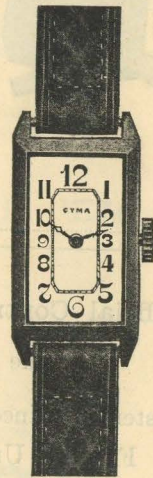
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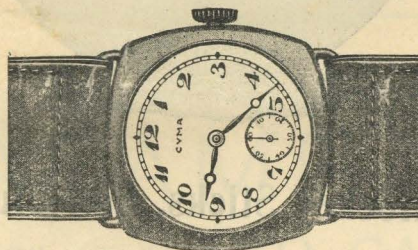
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