

The Monthly
UNOFFICIAL ORGAN
— of —
Rhodes University
College.

The R.U.C. Founder

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Private Circulation
only.

Under the Patronage of the MASTER, SIR JOHN ADAMSON, M.A., D. Litt., C.M.G.

No. 8.

May 18, 1929.

Vol. II.

IT
IS
THE
CUT
THAT
COUNTS

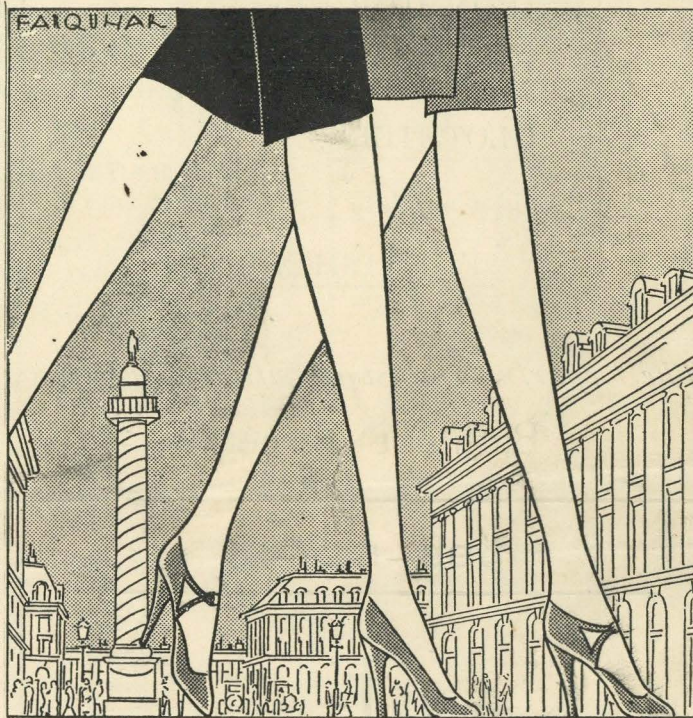
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PHONE—485.

Women students' boxes may be left in my charge. In memory of Juliet I book them through.

Yours,
EDGE.

EDGE—485

485—EDGE

EDGE—485

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. . . THAT ALL WOMEN KNOW.

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EDITORIAL

"A poor thing but our own" is the motto which describes the Founder, for though it may not be of great literary value, though it may not contain ideas that will revolutionise the world, yet it is indeed our own. This issue is in this respect a great advance on any previous ones for it has drawn from all sections of our little community. We wish to thank all who have contributed, subscribed, or in any other way helped to make this issue a success. We want the co-operation of the whole College and we want *everyone* to feel that it is his own paper: we shall publish everything we receive (if it is good enough) and hope to be able to offer prizes shortly.

The men students have responded nobly and our thanks are due to them for their support. We regret that we cannot say the same of the women, but their poor response may partly be explained by the fact that there has been some misunderstanding.

They had conceived the idea that the Founder was a men's "rag," its chief function being the abuse of women students by half-baked misogynists. That this is the very reverse of the case will be realised now that able committees have been formed in Oriel and Jameson to do the editorial work there.

Moreover the S.S. has consented to act as censor to all articles relating to the women to safeguard their interests. Any articles which may have jarred on their feelings in the past were published in the hope of arousing them to epistolary activity.

We wish also to make an appeal to Old Rhodians, for we feel that the Founder is a splendid means of keeping in touch with the College. We should be grateful if Old Rhodians would write bright, witty letters—if they can—to the Editor, giving news of themselves and of any old Rhodians they may have met.

In the O.R. column we want to adopt as personal a note as possible: we do not want to hear that you are doing "clerical work in Rhodesia," but that you "bumped into old Scroggie the other day and that the two of you took Molly (who

was looking as charming as ever) to the theatre."

Subs. of 3/- per annum, postage free, will be "received with thanks."

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH . . ."

The formation of the Rhodian Men's Debating Society, the Scientific Society and others has caused much controversy: some consider its motives selfish, others dangerous, others merely stupid.

The objection most often urged is that college societies ought to foster interest in their own branch of art. This is no objection at all. The aim of any college society is to foster interest, not create it. Artificial interest is the aim of the academic part of college; for this reason Arts students take a course of Science and vice-versa. But societies are primarily clubs of interested members, not missionaries among the Philistines.

Consequently only those who are actively interested in a society should attend its meetings and elect its committees. The apathetic are a mere dead-weight, while those who come for their own amusement should be driven away by force.

The most obvious test of sincere and active interest in the society is the old one—touch the pocket. If subscriptions are paid personally and not by parents, we shall have quite gently and inoffensively excluded hooligans and work-shirkers.

On the other hand, there is obviously a need for some contribution by the individual society to the college as a whole. The aim of the greatest art and science is to uplift the common man insensibly and without toil. The enthusiasts gladly work with all their strength to achieve their own aims; but the consummation of their work is the world's enjoyment of it.

So our societies will be allowed to work unhampered, and once a year, perhaps oftener, will present some of their achievement in a popular form to the college.

At present, moreover, the open societies are too numerous. Whoever wants an excuse to leave his work and yet cannot afford the bio-

scope, goes to a college society. There is always one on.

But if people paid to belong to societies, they would belong to far fewer, and the number of open meetings of those in which they were not directly interested would be much diminished. Finally, the open meetings they did attend would be of far greater value.

This is the system in the outside world, where personal subscription is essential. In our little world also, it is the only system which can both foster interest and, actually, create it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The visit of H.E. the Governor-General was as usual accompanied by rain, and for this reason the unveiling of the dedicatory tablet at the Physics Block had to be done by proxy—not that His Excellency was afraid of the weather, but rather, as he said, that the Master's robes should not suffer. The dance in the evening was a great success and everyone enjoyed a hearty supper, thanks to Sir John's generosity.

"Outward Bound," produced by the College Dramatic Society, was in the nature of a surprise. It was a brave venture and contrary to general expectation the production was a great success. The College as a whole enjoyed it, though there were those who asked "What was it all about, anyway?" In consideration of the fact that they had only four weeks of rehearsals, which were broken into by visits of Royalty, etc., we feel that they are to be heartily congratulated on their achievement.

The Sports have taken place, at least they are taking place as we go to press. We wish to extend our congratulations to Messrs. Petty, Atherstone, Lloyd, Koch, Davies and Fynn. The rain spoilt the track on the first day, otherwise two more records, at least, would have been broken.

We wish to welcome F. K. Woods, Billy Barker, Tony Dodd, Ronnie Graham, Kennie MacRobert and any other O.R.'s who may have been here this term. The fact is so many are returning to see us that it is difficult to keep track of them all.

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

The College has started off with a great swing this year. Our congratulations to the S.R.C. for all they have done. We give them our blessing.

"Pax vobiscum."

"Happy is the country that has no history."

Several of the senior men noticed a dug-out outside the Great Hall some days ago and made a mental note of it for the dancing class. To their dismay it was occupied by a telescope soon afterwards.

Still, falling stars can be seen with the naked eye.

Mr. Geo. Wynne does not understand the above. We think this natural, for he is "constant as the Northern Star."

Now that some of the more barbaric practices of initiation have been abolished the more refined fashion of scalping seems to be coming into vogue. Mr. Shap's case, however, is being taken up by the S.P.C.A (nimals).

We are asked to state that there is no truth in the rumour that the perambulator, found in the box-room, belongs to Mr. J. Carson.

The following telegram was received by the Editor of the Founder from Mr. Alie MacLeod: "Am forming new society beginning 1929 at Rhodes. Name immaterial. Please collect subs. now."

Early to bed—to bed, little child,
Yours Ernest and faithfully,
Hamilton Wild.

The Magnificat, reporting the motor-cycling of Messrs. Carter and Schoeman, says, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats."

Drat that rule of Dr. Smith's!! Where will the first XV be without E. N. Brown?

The cat calling at Milner House has reached a very high standard lately. Every afternoon at five-thirty you should just see Bernard and Philip on the tiles.

Our heartiest congratulations to Freshman Mathews, who upon his first day at College, woke the Major at 6.30 a.m. and ordered him to turn out immediately for football training!!!

We strongly recommend that

this plucky youngster receive the R.D.S.O.

Messrs. Wheeler and Sullivan, who were so suddenly called away to the Cape Peninsula towards the end of last year, regretted very much their inability to bid their numerous friends farewell.

Mr. Seton Jacques . . . We all know that one.

On his recent visit we offered the Governor-General a hot bath, as a token of our loyalty and respect—"Greater love hath no man . . ."

He is said to have refused, tactfully—"Thy need is greater than mine."

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Levyno of the Psychology Department has patented a new process for the manufacture of gramophone needles.

MISS 1928 OBJECTS.

To the Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,—Besides the purely academic and secular tuition derived from University life, surely that broader and truer education—the formation of character and personality—surely this aspect of the women students' education should not be relegated to the secondary position it apparently holds at present!

What then is the object in such petty and vexatious regulations as "lights out at eleven o'clock," "no visits to a café after the bioscope," and many more such absurdities? Furthermore, why should a request to attend a dance meet with so much quibbling, when in point of fact the women students in question have the written permission of their parents to attend such functions?

Admittedly there is a possibility that too much freedom might be abused, yet in contradistinction to this would not the free exercise of each and every woman student's own discretion mitigate this faint possibility?

It would certainly be a move in the right direction if privileges were increased correspondingly with seniority—any possible breach of the discreet by the too-youthful First Year would then be obviated. At present practically no distinction is drawn between the privileges (such as they are!) of First and Second Year women students.

Perhaps the most trenchant argument in support of my contention is the fact that most women students (certainly all seniors) are allowed every liberty in their own homes, and yet for the College Terms they are all herded together like a crowd of Kindergarten children.

In this (like in so many other directions) we see the mark of that subservience—that inane pandering to public opinion. Mr. Editor, should we, who foster higher education, and who are supposed to think rationally, be tyrannised by an unthinking, narrow-minded public?

Yours, etc., 1928, NOT 1828.

"THE MAN WHO HATH NO MUSIC IN HIS SOUL."

Treasures, stratagems and spoils are said to be his province—a gloomy picture! Music—treasures. On the one hand distrust, hate, plottings, and evil smelling dungeons; on the other repose, harmony, beauty, a warm fireside and a flood of melody.

Members of the Milner House Music Club have decided to eschew the dungeons. True, they have not yet attained to a warm fireside, but hope springs eternal! Certain it is, that at the first meeting held recently there was melody in abundance, and unabated interest; Mr. Collingwood, on this occasion, explained and illustrated the form of the Sonata.

The Milner House Club is at home on alternate Mondays at 7.30 p.m. to all men interested in music.

(Continued from page 10.)

And a languor that breeds sweet dreams,
And in the eve we walk along the sands
And marvel at the brilliant incandescence
Our footsteps leave upon the sea-wet sand,
And in the evening when the night wind sighs
We'll say: We'll always come to Kowie,
For there is that that makes ille fair and easy,
That makes our friendship seem as old as Time,
That makes us whisper through the March of Life,
O, Come to Kowie,

THE FOUNDER would like to know whether

The Zoo Dept. uses the Swimming Bath as a breeding pen for 1st Year specimens?

It is true that the Women Inks were **done out** of pre-booking at the Opening Social?

The Master agrees with the Founder's views of the Freshers' Concert?

The two Senior Students wouldn't make an admirable pair at Dancing Class?

The producers of the "Gondoliers" are not showing wonderful enterprise?

Tiepins are meant to be worn or merely to be talked about?

Students realise the importance of the coming Intervarsity Contest?

Mr. Schaffer is really turning grey?

The S.R.C. is doing anything to foster interest in the N.U.S.A.S. Parliament?

Snookie smashed **both** springboards?

The College doesn't respectfully hope that Mistress Hutton is favourably impressed by it?

It is true that the super-seniors (women) evicted from residence were not of a desirable type?

Once upon a time—this was a very long time ago when I was a young freshman, in fact in the early winter of 1924, I used to go to dancing-class. 'S fact!

In those days I attended B.Com. lectures, would you believe that of me?

And this is the manner in which I foreswore dancing and took to the pursuit of Higher Maths.

Many and varied were my dance-partners, but they all had one characteristic in common—unpunctuality. Thus it was that I acquired my stopwatch and became absorbed in formulae.

If I remember rightly, it was in the middle of 1925 that I startled the Editor of the Rhodian by proving to him beyond dispute that the Time Spent in the dressing-room was invariably directly proportional to the shortfall of the appointment. For the benefit of non-technical minds here are my results.

Suppose the appointment be for 7.30 p.m. and the best-beloved puts in her appearance at 7.38 p.m., then the time spent in the Hall dressing-room would be $8/x$ minutes—inevitably—where x is a factor determined by the following formula:

$$x = S_0 \sqrt[8]{bcd} da$$

where

a=area of powder puff in sq. cms.

b=ratio natural/frock waist measurement.

c=(coefficient of Garrulity).³

d=Honesty factor for immediate neighbour

If you will excuse me now I will return to my Blueprints—yes, yes for my Face Scarifier. Yes, it will remove most positively **all** face-fortifications in ten seconds. Yes, I think it **should** eliminate delays.

Freshers,

You may be said to have issued now from the larval stage, young though you may still feel. In this metamorphosis one or two mental correctives, timorously offered, will doubtless save you much abortive trial and error in the ensuing years of undergraduate life.

Realise then that you have become associates and alumni of an institution which will exercise a permanent formative influence upon your lives.

In a word—how and in what ways can you profit most by your presence at Rhodes? In at least three ways.—

(a) **Scholarship.** This would appear to be your primary aid in coming here. It is. Well, get down to conscientious study. Do not be content to 'mug up' potted lecture notes solely for examination purposes. Imbibe new ideas by selective reading, for you must know that the true university in these days is a collection of books. Lecture notes give you a poor smattering of knowledge, but reading makes a full man and a little learning is a dangerous thing. Therefore, drink deep at the spring of the arts and sciences.

(b) **Social qualities.** Let force of character be your aim. Take an active interest in the College societies. Do not stand aloof from your fellow-students. Friction of mind upon mind and interchange of ideas will widen the mental horizon and dissipate ill-conceived prejudices. It is only in this way that you can hope to become

a man amongst men, a citizen of the world.

(c) **Sportsmanship.** In all branches of sport, too, you will learn to sympathise with and win the confidence and camaraderie of your fellows. Play for the game's sake and be true to the 'purple and white.'

Verb. sap.

NESTOR.

THE NEW OPPIDAN.

To the Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,

The term "Oppidan," though not by origin an opprobrious epithet, has ever in College been used as such. To be an Oppidan is an indignity. And it is, on the whole, admittedly and deplorably true that the Oppidans themselves are responsible for their shame. Throughout the history of the College scarcely one of them has risen above the uniform, the almost unbroken mediocrity of the class.

This year, however, we have, owing to the overflow of the women's hostels, a new type of Oppidan. Is it right that these women, who up to now have been the most distinguished members of the College, fourth years and fifth years, prominent in its social and intellectual life, and, moreover, numbering amongst themselves last year's Senior Student and Vice-President—^{Phillips} is it right that these should be mingled, even in name, with the Oppidans—should lose identity in the vast herd of the illustrious obscure? Surely their present discomforts need to be augmented by no such ignominy. Would it not be possible to distinguish them by some new and untarnished name?

Yours truly,

URBANUS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

I would like to draw the attention of your readers to a curious anomaly. On Founder's Day—September 12th—each year we have an impressive ceremony at our War Memorial. On Armistice Day—November 11th, when the whole Empire is commemorating the sacrifice of those who gave up their lives, we are engaged busily scratching away with our pens or in other unprofitable ways.

The Two Minutes Silence hardly seems to have weathered a decade—at Rhodes. And yet we have not forgotten. Nor shall we.

Therefore let thought be taken for the future, that we be not found wanting in gratitude in 1931.

I am, etc.,

"LEST WE FORGET."

A PROTEST.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to make a protest against the behaviour of certain facetious "gentlemen" on the Artillery Road end of Milner House. Their wit is not appreciated, and would not be tolerated in a virile society.

I am, yours faithfully,

"ORIEL."

To the Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,

At the term dance, the other night, you might have noticed four or five couples who became positively playful and did the "Boompah trot" round the hall. "Boompah" is my own word, and means "something too perfectly dam' silly."

Now Grahamstown may be behind the times. Yet I cannot believe that this type of dance has been universally adopted in the modern ball-rooms. And for a string of couples to go prancing about the floor in a snake-like formation is undignified, inconsiderate, childish and revolting. Behaviour which may be tolerated with disfavour in one part of the country may not even be tolerated with disgust, in another.

I am, yours, etc.,

MR. X.

IMBUSTINGS.

To the Editor, The Founder.

Kindly Sir Editor to publicate a few remarks of a non significant inkling who are as yet so wind uppish that he are ableless to gather his thoughtings and whose pen are liable-ish to divers lapis lazuli.

Fellow inksters, now are the time to rise to revoltings and suchly other imbustings! Have we not endured as enough? Recapitule the muchly non honorable indignations suffered at feet of muchly non estimable seniors. Are it not as well aware that one honorable inkster achieved services of municipal electrician to remove one squarish inch of paper from his luminary socket resulting in large-ish hole made in saidly inkster's pocket? Yet again, another inkling finding his lodgings topsy scurvy spent the night and 7/- at hotel (Beddings and Breakfast.)

One of our sisterns was powerless to execute her mathematical homeworks as she was non able to find her school books and as has a result failed her coursings now as already. Monophobians were forced to non hygenically sleep together! One inkster suffered the indignation of courting muchly non honorable seniors to lectures wearing a hamlet, hemlet, homelette or some suchly other egg flippancy on honorable head.

Yet oncely again, has not our concert been the lastish straw? Thusly, I unbeg, now are the time to up inksters and smash 'em. To date we have been muggins persons.

THIS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN!

To the Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,

As this protest expresses the feeling of a large section of the community, I am confident that you will find space to publish it in your paper.

The matter I am concerned with is this idiotic and entirely uncalled-for epidemic of Gilbert and Sullivan in an institution so eminently respectable as Rhodes. Last year certain hare-brained individuals launched out on the mad scheme of producing one of the indiscretions of those two writers—a thing called "The Pirates of Penzance." Their effort was

crowned with success—not through any merit of its own but rather because of the evil tendency of this age to enjoy itself, to take delight in cheap jokes and light music of a standard no higher than jazz, and to sit through bad singing and worse acting simply because no effort of concentration is needed.

And now it has been brought to my notice by various advertisements pinned over the general Notice Boards, and by sundry shoutings and attempts at the rude harmony achieved by Sullivan, that these same enthusiasts have not been able to stand success; that fame—or notoriety—has gone to their heads; that they are actually beginning work on another of these so-called operas.

Far be it from me to damp any ambition (or to try to check any creative impulse) in these young enthusiasts. Enthusiasm is all too rare a commodity in these days of satire and cynicism. Nay! Rather would I guide their energy into higher channels. To them I would say, "Do you not realise your folly? What good purpose do you serve by wasting all this time and energy on such trash? Let these young people of to-day remain ignorant of the appalling travesties that have delighted their home country for over half a century. Instead let them study and appreciate the beautiful music that has failed to please England for nearly four centuries."

Just consider what could be accomplished with all this fine enthusiasm directed into the proper channels. Much musical talent has been discovered in Rhodes—why waste it on the moanings of S. when there are composers like Beethoven, Chopin, and (above all) the writers of the madrigals? And why waste all the College's dramatic talent, when there are playwrights like Ibsen, Shakespeare and G. K. Chesterton, on the piffle that Gilbert scribbled? How much do Rhodians as a whole need to be educated in matters outside their degree courses! But it was pandering to the public to put on a Gilbert and Sullivan, and before this mistake is repeated, I would request those responsible to take thought.

Learn to play the bassoon, come and learn to sing madrigals. These are the kinds of music that will really thrill you. They are so fascinating that you will lose interest in everything else. What could be more

thrilling than to hear a soprano, for instance, singing second alto against your true contralto who is soaring away with all her power in first soprano altitudes! But these and other marvels will become customary occurrences to you, and you will not cease to be fascinated by all the possibilities of madrigal singing. Only do cease to degrade the taste of this College, which up till now has been so carefully nursed by the Musical, Dramatic and Madrigal Societies, with this hooliganism perpetrated by a fifth-rate dramatist and a ninth-rate composer at the end of last century.

Yours in sincerity,
A. N. ELIZABETHAN.

DIVERSIONS OF OUR GRADUATES.

It might be of interest to our "Inks," and even to some of our more imaginative "second-years," to learn how our great men pass their hours of leisure. By our great men, I mean, of course, those men (and women) in high places who have emerged from the struggle and strife of our undergraduate life with high honours; in short, our graduates. It will, I am sure, encourage even the humblest ink to new endeavours to find that our graduates are men (and women) even as he is.

Some of our graduates while away the fleeting hours between dances and football practices and square pushes and other serious affairs of life by work in laboratories. Of these the bravest are the chemists. They prowl in search of reagents in a dim and misty atmosphere of noxious gases and sacrifice their friends to the horrible stench that they carry about with them. One can always recognise a chemist by the mysterious atmosphere surrounding him and the cabalistic formulae he uses in place of more normal speech.

Students of other sciences are comparatively shy and retiring men, and inks hardly appreciate their existence. To see our honoured Physics Student flee into his Lab. with a blush staining his schoolgirl complexion when he sees a woman approach, is to see our typical Rhodian modesty and bashfulness at its highest.

But the largest and strangest body of graduates are the "Higher Dips."

These are men and women who are sacrificing all that is best in life, and braving the cruellest hardships a Rhodian can suffer for an ideal—the ideal of hoping one day to lead the children of men into better ways. The example of the Higher Dips' is to be admired, but one could hardly advise anyone not fired by that spark divine to follow their example.

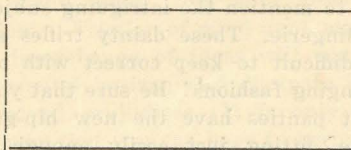
These much enduring idealists must become as little children again, for how else could they teach? So imagine these men and women, of advanced years some of them, and all with a presence and demeanour that bespeak dignity, going to a blackboard drawing lesson. They stand humbly at the doorway and talk quietly, or perhaps thoughtfully watch the goldfish in the nearby pool, when suddenly Miss Fordford comes along and says sharply, "Come along now, it's time you did some work." The rest of the hour is now spent in writing the A B C in large print on the blackboard, but the more artistic souls are allowed to draw squares and even circles.

Then they go to "Psychology," where they must multiply figures for 30 minutes to see if they get tired. That is called "Fatigue" and is also practised in the army. And they must not forget (oh, dear no, what about their College Records!) to write all about this multiplication and to say how very tired they felt.

Then on some days they must go to the schools and teach. And all the children know that they're not real teachers yet and so have a nice noisy time. That is to teach them how to keep discipline. But they are also told that discipline is a bad thing and gives a child a horrible disease called "the repressions."

Then when they've learned the A B C, been told how to keep discipline, and are quite convinced they ought not to keep discipline, then they have become teachers, trained and certificated teachers, to guide youth in the right paths and to reap the salaries of the Department.

FRESHERS' CONCERT—AN APPRECIATION.



APRIL THE FIRST.

(Being a day in the life of a Super-Special-Senior.)

SCENE I.—A Bedroom. 7.30 a.m.

"Watcher time? Pouring. Wonder if anyone 'll go to the women's dining-hall after all. Well, I'm not. Lord, what a head! No more all-night poker for me. Hour's sleep—not too clever. . . ."

SCENE II.—Dining-hall. 8.25 a.m.

"Morning troops! Hi, Shortie, porridge. Sausages? Sorry I came! Here, bring some hot toast, and butter and marmalade. Cave! Binks. Swallow your coffee."

SCENE III.—A Bedroom. 10.30 a.m.

"Still raining. Wonder if they're ragging the pros. Big Boy will have to do without me, anyway."

11.30 a.m. "Suppose I'll have to get up sometime. Here goes. Shave too, curse it!!"

SCENE IV.—A Lecture Room. 12.7 p.m.

Prof. Fatboy: "Hullo, somebody turned up at last. Glad you're not among those infantile hooligans outside. I won't lecture this morning—thanks."

SCENE V.—Lunch.

Major: "Just the weather for work."
"Yes, isn't it?"

SCENE VI.—A Bedroom. 2 p.m.

"Cut for partners. Sling us that cushion."

3 p.m. "Whose deal? Chuck some more coal on someone; still raining."

3.45—4.30 p.m. Interval for Tea at the Café.

4.42 p.m. "Double Three No Trumps. Pass."

6.0 p.m. "Rain. Two Spades. Rain. . . ."

SCENE VII.—Dinner. 7 p.m.

"Expect a chap to work on meat like this? Coming to 'scope? Going via Domus agricolarum—see you there."

SCENE VIII.—Bedroom. 11 p.m.

"What about some more poker to-night, troops? I want to get my cigarettes back. Righto, let's!"

7.30 a.m. "Lord, what a head! No more all-night poker for me. Hour's sleep—not too clever. . . ."

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

Miss V. Pringle wishes us to refute the rumour that her birthday is on November the 11th.

Mr. Breger has asked us to deny the rumour of his demise and reincarnation in the guise of a certain young freshman.

Miss Connock, notwithstanding (or, rather, on account of) being "Biddy's sister," has a distinct personality of her own—which should not be confused with that of anybody else.

Mr. de Villiers has still a few photos of Mr. Topic, price 6d. each. (See advt. columns.)

Miss Jean Scott denies that she has suffixed, or has any intention of suffixing "ie" or "y" to her name.

We congratulate Mr. Meyer on being "exempted" from ragging. If there is anything we dread it's ragging fatalities.

We feel that it would be invidious to single out any one of the numerous humorous articles submitted about Mr. FitzSimons; accordingly it is with reluctance that we have been compelled to omit them all.

ALACK! ALAS! AND-A-DAY!

"I'm afraid I'm rather late," apologised the Professor, staggering in under a considerable portion of the Cape Archives. He cleared his throat nervously and fiddled with his gown.

"Er-er, this morning we are going to study the influence of the Bantu Forget-me-nots on that unique style of architecture, peculiar to Suid-Afrika, that is, South Africa,—the galvanised-iron pondokkie. It was introduced into this glorious country of ours by that eminent patriot Onze Jan van der Stel, and, as you all know, its most characteristic feature is a right-angled gable rounded at both ends, slightly reminiscent of a Chinese Pagoda in a snowstorm. It always gives me a thrill when I look on the Pavilion roof, amid Athens, to think that such a work of art is an almost direct imitation of the first aerodrome built by Ou-baas Henry the Hottentot on the shores of Tafel-Baai, somewhere about the year 1651.

"As I have told you before—I'm sorry, can't you hear, Miss Cowley?—

you students are really most fortunate in having a finely written volume in Grocledbury's Daily Wail, to give you such an adequate résumé of last week's happenings to-morrow. Unfortunately, in my student days we had to be content with Reuter's précis of the South Sea archives, which meant we were rather handicapped, as those volumes were not in alphabetical numeration.

"I hope you never forget that this little city of ours has played an important part in the Constitutional History of the Union. Er—by the way, please remind me next term we must devote some time to that subject. Sometime in early days Parliament actually met here in Grahamstown. Do any of you know exactly where the House of Assembly was? No, Mr. Gatooma—not the Farmer's Home! Yes, yes—in the present Botany Laboratory. Have any of my students taken Botany? I'm sure you must have been thrilled to know that you sat in a room so richly associated with historical memories. (Shaking his head sadly.) Not but what I was terribly horrified when I first came to Rhodes to learn that this seat of learning had sold its soul for 7/6 and allowed the Botany Department to desecrate the shrine of political History.

"Alack! Alas! and-a-Day!"

FOUNDER FASHIONS.

Most of my suits are one-colour schemes, with the exception of my golfing attire, which I am conserving for the Kowie season.

On the whole, I favour the three-piece suit, although braces can be so trying—those back-buttons!—Heavens!! Mind you, I have a delicious two-piece affair—I lost the waistcoat not long ago. I am wearing my light tweed throughout the summer, weather permitting, but the inclemency of the Grahamstown climate is notorious.

My dinner-jacket ensemble is too chic. The trousers have a self-colour stripe of woven silk, which is quite the last word to-day. I must not forget to mention the intriguing subject of lingerie. These dainty trifles are so difficult to keep correct with our changing fashions! Be sure that your next panties have the new hip-grip yoke, fitting just cosily enough to

allow expansion after a good dinner.

It is as well to avoid triple-ninon, crepe de chine and similar dainty materials during the treacherous winter months. Divine as it may be, I do not favour the cut-out lace appliqué type of vest, even for cocktail parties. Peach, coral and pale green are my favourite colours in lingerie, though I glimpsed an ultra-chic Eton blue ensemble on my way to the shower the other morning.

The importance of choosing correct pyjamas for your wardrobe or trousseau cannot be exaggerated. I always prefer a simple colour scheme here, and, ça va sans dire, the bed linen should match the pyjamas.

All-important to the well-dressed man is his hat. The soft slough fur hat conforms to the latest decrees of ever-capricious fashion. It is now generally agreed that other forms of headgear are only comme il faut when Rhodes is at the rugger field.

I have just received details of those delightful Russian shirts (made in U.S.A.!). I was told that they were introduced into South Africa by an Eminent member of our Staff lately returned from Distant Parts.

THE PHEMALE PHYSIOGNOMY.

(By Juno Bloggs, our health and beauty specialist, who last year, as Miss Bloggata of Dakota, won the prize for the ugliest girl in the States.)

Dear Sisters—who seek-perfection,

This week I am going to reveal to you the ultimate secret of my incomparable beauty. Like all great ideas, it is simplicity itself. It is—can you guess?—it is, DO NOT WASH! I knew you'd be surprised! I was surprised myself, when, having neglected my ablutions for forty-three years, I one day looked into the mirror and realised I was beautiful.

Doubtless you are already mourning that bi-weekly dab of a damp handkerchief, but Courage, my dears! Beauty must ever be propitiated with Sacrifice.

The reasons for not washing are, of course, obvious. For one thing, my dears, washing as we understand it does not permit more than an eighth of an inch of cream to accumulate on the face, and this scarcely covers some blemishes, does it, my dears?

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY. Criticism of Policy.

The Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,—The writer of one of the letters in the first issue of your paper states "that much of the undoubted talent at our disposal cannot be given full scope to" by reason of the type of play selected. He (obviously a member of the Committee) goes on to lay the blame on the Censor.

I, Sir, and a large majority of the students with me, go on to lay the blame on the "jobs-for-pals" Committee itself—a smirking, self-satisfied crowd.

We hear of one conceited member saying when offered a part in "Outward Bound," "No thanks—I'll wait for something 'biggah'."!!

At the commencement of every dramatic performance one hears on every side, "Oh! Lor! the same old crowd!" This goes a long way to disprove that any attempt is made to "give full scope to the latent talent."

A quaint little custom there is too of putting up a list for the signature of all Oppidans who have done some acting. I know of half-a-dozen who have signed for three successive years with no material result!

The ungracious disparagement which the Assassination Committee met with at the hands of the Dramatic Committee in endeavouring to get up a decent "Inks' Concert" is typical of the attitude of its members.

NOT TIRED, BUT SICK
AND TIRED!

The Editor, The Founder.

Dear Sir,—Thank you for this opportunity to reply to the above attack on the policy of the Dramatic Committee.

With regard to the alleged "jobs-for-pals" policy of the Committee, I would reply that it is governed entirely by necessity. The success of a performance depends upon a convincing interpretation of all the characters, so that just as a Sports Committee chooses for an important position one who has experience combined with skill, so also does the Dramatic Committee cast for the leads those who are experienced as well as good actors.

In casting both the major and the minor parts the Committee looks for the person naturally best suited to the part, and hence it comes about that the choice often falls on a member of the Committee. Hence there are two alternatives: the Committee must either ensure the success of the play as far as possible by having experienced actors in suitable parts, at the risk of criticism, or else it must cast different people for parts each time, at the risk of the play being a failure.

Your correspondent accuses the Committee of not giving the Oppidans a chance—but I venture to suggest that in no other Society are their interests so strongly represented. Finally the Assassination Committee was refused the loan of the property box because in former years the materials have been irreparably damaged.

In consideration of the fact that anyone would be justified in refusing a part in which he considered he could not do himself justice, the contention that the members of the Committee are too conceited to accept small parts falls to the ground.

I am, etc.,

J. R. STEAD.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE FIRST AFTERNOON.

Monday was a horribly wet day for the Sports, but the spectators managed to keep warm and dry huddled together in the Pavilion. We noticed that the entire Physics department turned out to act as time-keepers. The lawyers, however, put up two records and carried off the two miles and 880. They intend arguing things out at the next meeting of the Law Society, so we hear. The chemistry lab. made a lot of noise as usual. We were so sorry that Miss Moorshead didn't faint away after the women's half-mile, but the event was interesting for all that. We hope that Misses Cooper and Philips will put up an even better time next year.

One of the fundamental principles of pole vaulting is that you must have a pole. The committee soon recognised this however and eventually produced one: after which the jumping was really good. We think Basil Gillett deserves colours for grass-hopping.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Lloyd and Hofmeyr for providing us with the thrill of the afternoon. Such a magnificent finish in a two mile race made up for those competitors who entered only to be funny and draw laughter and applause from the crowd. We hope they were satisfied with their reception and will not enter again next year.

Altogether the afternoon was highly enjoyable and we were all in a good mood for the S.C.A. concert in the evening.

SPORTING NOTES.

Most of the College activities in the athletic line will appear in the Rhodian so we hope our readers will not expect too much from this column. We refrained from beginning as our contemporary, F.E., would by saying "Cheer up, Rhodes" or "Buck up, Albany!" but wish to express in a less boisterous manner our hope that we will have a successful year's sport. The footballers are as keen as ever and the season's prospects will be written up by Mr. Dudley Bell in our next issue.

Our very best wishes to the newly formed Golf Club—we hope the enthusiasm will be maintained and that the initiative of the foundation members will be duly rewarded.

The Men's Hockey Club tell us that they're going to bring the E.P. Cup home. We hope they do and that they follow the example of the University of Capetown who are the holders of the Western Province Cup.

The Cricket XI got rather badly dished by the Grey, but we trust that they will have successfully put it across the P.E. Club by the time this paper is published. Perhaps it was that they had not yet recovered from the tour. Desmond was 37 up, so he tells us and Chas. Taberer at Queenstown—? Not to mention the foxes at Kroonstad and Rat's Kookie at Wepener. The Mayor of Zastron and the inspector of Rouxyzville had a very successful tour of their constituents.

(There was some cricket played; for what was practically a full O.F. S. Currie Cup side were beaten at Bloemfontein by 313 runs to 247. Not too bad!)

THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF
OUR SPLENDID SERIAL:

THE LOVE-KNOT.

[All characters in this story are purely fictitious.]

The 8.30 bell had gone: Jack Montague-Thomas had heard it but he wore an expression of fixed determination. "Another egg and coffee, quick, waiter—get a move on!" They came . . . he ate.

At twenty to nine he reached the Art Block. It *was* a bit late, but he had had two fried eggs to give him courage. Still, that blessed dog was following him.

The professor greeted him frigidly.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Sir. Excuse . . ."

"Allow me to congratulate you on your earliness this morning. It was very good of you to come at all, but . . ."

"Oh, not at all, Sir. A pleasure, I assure you."

" . . . but, as I was going to say, was it necessary to bring your dog to protect you?"

"Damn the brat," Jack said to himself, but to the professor—"Not absolutely necessary, Sir, but it is surely better for dogs to come to Latin than Latin to go to the dogs."

"Mr. Montague-Thomas, that will do. You may sit down." Jack gazed round, to find that the only unoccupied seat was next the ravishing beauty, Vera Reading. He sat down beside her.

"I can't allow this sort of thing, Mr. Thomas," the professor went on. "If you find my lectures uninteresting . . . It is your own fault and you injure yourself. But it is the rest of the class I am thinking of. Have you any excuse to offer, Sir?"

Jack saw Vera's eyes looking expectantly at him. Was he the man she thought him or—would he take it lying down? She watched, breathless.

In that fatal second Jack read her thoughts and all his past life flashed before him. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he heard his mother saying. "Faint heart . . ." He rose to his feet, encouraged by a flash from Vera's eyes.

"Well, Sir, Plato said every man should do the work for which he

was fit, and do it with all his might." He paused.

"Yes, what has that to do with it?"

"Well, Sir, I had to decide between coming in time for Latin, and breakfast, and I thought I was better fitted for the task of eating eggs, Sir, which I did with all my might."

Here the class laughed. But a soft hand had clasped his under the desk, with a touch of unbounded admiration and adoration. But the professor's eyes assumed the glint of steel. "Go," he said. "Sir, this is going too far. Get out of it!" Jack rose, but Vera had risen too. "If you turn him out, if you cast him forth, I go too. Then very softly, "My Hero." They walked out hand in hand. The class cheered—all save one—Rollo Scrubtree. He sat moodily at the back and his expression was black with anger. But he loved the Lady Vera.

(To be continued.)

THE CALL OF THE KOWIE.

Come to Kowie

Where the night wind sighs among
the trees

And everything is fair as you could
please:

Come to Kowie:

Come to Kowie.—

The shimmering wavelets lap upon
the shore,

With dull reverberations the break-
ers roar,

Come to Kowie!

Come to Kowie,

Where the salt tang freshens up the
nose

And the fine spray settles on your
cheeks

Glazing the dull-red skin beneath

Like any painter:

The dull grey expanse of India's
breast—

Her ripened bosom swelling through
the dress

Of satin grey, bedecked with lace,
that in

Unchanging lines course downward
on the shore—

Hears the call and sends her
minions

Crashing on the pier.

To hear the news once more,

The tide is rising,

Fill the boats and pull into the
stream,

The stars are twinkling down, and
soon the moon

Which makes a witchery of light
upon the sea

Will fill the river with a silver glow;
Pull out and let's away;

There's a fine expanse from here up
to the bridge.

We'll race you there:

There's that Bay of Biscay, and the
wind's rising,

An exciting journey and a merry
Awaits the boat-loads that pull out
to-day.

Let's leave the crowd.

We'll make our way with sail and
oar

Up past the old mill to the caves

Where I spent three happy days

Last time I came to Kowie:

Perhaps we'll camp there for a
little while,

The kettle spout is choked to hold
fresh water;

We'll brew some tea and let the
weary afternoon

Beguile itself in pleasant discourse
And the gramophone will wile away
the hours.

And when the freshening sea-breeze
heralds night

And whispers of the moonlit glow
that now scarce hides its light

We'll pull our freight and let the
ghostly sails

Move their thin shadows o'er the
phosphorescent stream

And in the darker depths we'll
dream:

Darkness will verge to light; and
who can say

The shimmering twinkling of those
points of brightness

May not be the pale reflection of
some Tinker Bell

Hiding amidst the stars, before de-
scending

To guide our barque to Paradise?

And if the keel should grate upon a
sandbank

And the tide swing us out the wind
And the flapping sails clack idly,

Why we'll reef the canvas, and
midst the rugs and cushions

Draw some soft fur upon our chins
And gently slumber in the vale of
thought.

O, we are happy in the wakening
day,

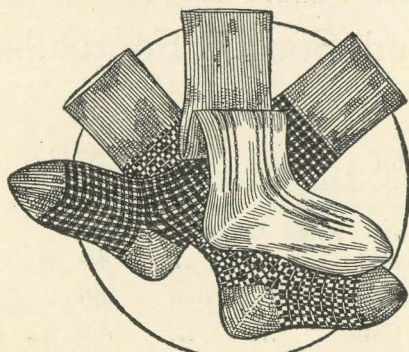
Our morning dip is fresh with clear
keen joyance:

The noons are idle, with a weary
fullness

(Continued on page 4.)

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