

The Monthly  
UNOFFICIAL ORGAN  
— of —  
Rhodes University  
College.

# The R.U.C. Founder

For  
Private Circulation  
only.

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

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Vol. II.

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you, Bill?" "Oh! make it three coffees and  
two cocoas." "No! I'll have tea too, etc., and  
TOMATO SANDWICHES."



## EDITORIAL

The observance of a due proportion in all things is indeed one of the greatest factors in the true conception of nature and the universe in general. To give considered weight to the momentous, to relegate to a secondary position the unimportant, and withal to preserve a judicious balance between the two paves the way to the temple of Successful Achievement.

So too in our world we attempt to pursue a policy, in the presentation of the pervading spirit and thought of our College, which shall have due regard for the proportionate bearing upon the Student Life in its intrinsic setting. To the dominating and general we shall give prominence, while for the localised and particular we shall have but a correspondingly small space—the distorted and insensate view we shall reject.

A word of praise is due to the Committees whose excellent arrangements went a long way towards making the June Ball the great success it was. A full report of the Ball appears on page 4.

Despite the fact that no supporters were allowed to accompany the Football team on its visit to the Bay the trip nevertheless proved most enjoyable. There was room for improvement in the form shown, however—we failed to beat the "Blues" and repeated (with even greater success!) the performance against the "Crusaders"! However, we extend our best wishes to the team on its tour.

It is only fitting to record that the June Examinations are taking place. We hope all will do undeservingly well!

Our thanks are again due to all contributors to this issue, and we sincerely hope that there will be a record number of contributions for the next issue—when at any rate Exams. will not interfere with the publication.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the appearance of the Third Instalment of our Splendid Serial on Page 13!

## THE EDUCATED MIND.

One would expect that a man, on completing his university course, would have some claim to the epithet, "educated." The letters of a degree after his name should give one immediate confidence that he possesses a mind of some considerable quality; but our universities, much after the fashion of bottling machines, seem to turn out, annually, Bachelors by the gross, with little claim to that distinction. I use this simile with a purpose, for the whole aim of our present system is little more than to pump facts into our minds, entirely neglectful of the fact that this is an impossible and illusory object and that the true principles of education require that it should draw out the powers of the intellect—in Plato's language, "turn the eye to the light."

The least that one expects of an "educated" man is that he should be able to *think*, and if our system, in both its elementary and its higher branches, could produce in its students this quality alone, it would be infinitely better than the dead accumulation of information which is, at present, its sole effect.

But in our schools and colleges, pupils and students are universally spoon-fed. If ever they are asked a question which is not in the syllabus, or which has not been mentioned in the lectures, they throw up their hands in horrified indignation at so unreasonable a demand upon their "intelligence." Text books must be provided, and supplemented by copious notes, which the ill-fated scholar feverishly absorbs and then disgorges on his examination paper at the end of his course. He is left empty in the extreme, or, at best, a bloated receptacle for a collection of unintelligible facts.

Furthermore, how many of our "qualified" scientists and teachers have reflected upon the principles which govern the whole conduct of their lives?—I do not refer to psychological "laws of consciousness," but to those rational principles which are involved in all self-conscious and intelligent human activity.—What does a B.Sc. of the University of South Africa know of the social and political organisation

in which he is an integral part, or of the system of morality which it embodies, and which constitutes the essence of his life in society? It is a fallacy to believe that instruction in these subjects is the province of the Church alone, for Religion, for the most part, in its metaphorical and obscure language, is liable to be misunderstood by the illogical mind. It is a language which requires for its interpretation that power of thought which the South African educational system fails so lamentably to elicit.

Until we have remedied this deep-seated defect, we cannot hope that our civil organisation will be anything but mismanaged and perverted by narrow-minded prejudices. For the things that matter are neglected by our pastors and teachers. We are worshippers at the shrine of the Idol of Information, and he, who can recite several pages of a text book by rote, is the man we revere; to him we bow down, as the true prophet of the God.

## A MUSE.

There's a stern disciplinarian who  
gives our place its tone  
And rules the wide domain of fork  
and plate,  
A mighty hound he cherishes, and  
plays the gramophone,  
And gazes on us sternly if we're  
late.  
With a frown upon his face, stand-  
ing stiffly in his place,  
"Benedictus Benedicat" he will say  
In a sanitory, janitor-y, lyrical, ex-  
planatory, perfectly humanitarian  
way.  
There's a—no, this bally rhyme is  
taking too much time,  
And my pen is crude and rude,—  
I'll stay my lay  
On its devastating, elevating, decor-  
ating, animating, irritating, un-  
dulating way.

EGIUS.

## THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Adventures of Angela," by Roggie Mess.  
"Punch Retold," by W. M. Hogg.  
"Walking the Hospitals," by J. L. Maurice.  
"Who, Why, and What I am," by Inkos McIntyre.



## FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

We hear that when Dr. Wild anticipated the Major with the Benediction at lunch the other day, the old man murmured gently: Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself.

The Women's Choral Society.—Oh! everyone's heard it by now.

Mr. Pappas contemplates going to another lecture shortly. The date will be announced later.

In consideration of the above, women students have not yet decided which lecture they are going to cut this year.

It is said that Mr. Ginsberg resents being called "Pretty Boy" and hopes to grow a beard. Does this meet with the ladies' approval?

Someone asks, "What's the use of an S.R.C.?" Well, at least they are convenient dancing partners for some of our community!

There is no truth in the rumour that the blazer worn by one member of the Staff, bearing the letters U.C.L., was stolen from a steward on the Union-Castle Line.

Mr. Wiles to Mr. Davis (about to sing): "Please don't make a boxing team of yourself, Davit."

We see that Mr. Pope is down in the College Calendar attending lectures. He ought to rectify this.

At a House Meeting the other day the Women Students were told that "they must change either in afternoon or before Dinner." A *mannequin parade* as opposed to a *meal* certainly is a novel idea.

Miss Bell-John is firmly resolved to brave senatorial wrath next term. She has been asked to conduct the singing for the All Blacks match on the 30th July in Bloemfontein.

A Defence Force notice ordered Citiz. Sam Davies to attend a Medical Examination. Rumour has it that he failed to pass the intelligence test.

The Tennis Club (Men's Section) has completed its elections for this year. We offer our congratulations but regret that the enterprise was a little premature.

Mr. Schaffer begs to state that he was unable to speak at the Flag

unfurling ceremony on Union Day as he had an appointment with his barber.

Is it true that Mr. Sherry, on confronting his term-ball partner, said: "Who the h—— are you?"

Women Students are now allowed to go to cafés in full academic dress. The natural complement to this would be to order the Men Students to wear full evening dress at Breakfast!

We think it is about time Atlas relieved Mr. Stead of his burden, although the latter shows no signs of tiring as yet.

## WHO'S WHO.

*Hart Aberfeldy Bennett*, K.C.M.G. [Not to be confused with Arnold Bennett, the journalist.]; b. 1901, Feb. 29th. Transvaal. English-speaking. *Educated*—[law of libel]. Came to Rhodes 1924 (year of drought). Music, cricket, sport, artistic, epicurean, and faithful. Sec. of S.R.C. 1927 till June; then elector Senior Student and Chairman of S.R.C. Has since bought a gramophone. *Favourite Poem*, "I am monarch of all I survey." *Religion*, Salvation Army. *Writings*, "This is Metaphysick," "The Love Knot," etc. *Sport*, First team in most things. Captain of cricket. *Office Hours*, Café, 10-12, 3-5 daily. *Hobbies*, Carpentry and managing everything.

*George Bernard Schofield* (known in Literary Circles as G.B.S.); b. 1916, April 1st. Athens. *First language*, modern Greek. *Educated*—un-. Appeared behind his chin, 1925. High Finance, he-man in marbles. *Disposition* lazy and unsatisfactory. *Religion*, S.C.A. concerts. *Military Career*, irregular. *Sports*, marble-bashing. *Writings*, "Round the Horn behind the mast," "Poems of Passion," "Ethel M. Dell: an appreciation," etc. *Office*: bed at Swottinghell, daily. *Hobbies*, withdrawing from committees.

*Houghton, Edith Joan*. *Occupation*: Avoiding unnecessary conflict with headquarters. *Hobby*: Putting up notices and amateur theatricals. *Educated* by R.U.C. Dramatic Society. *Sport*: Dancing. *Appearance*: Too much of it. Miss Houghton's College career has been a brilliant one. She came up to College in 1926, having been pre-

ceded by a reputation. In 1927 she was elected to the Debating Committee; Library Committee; Dramatic Committee; Reading Club, and to the Committee for the Second Years' dance. In 1928 became Senior Student and member of the Women's Choir.

*Connock, Eileen C.* *Occupation*: The Cult of the Beautiful. *Hobby*: Many know but few will tell. *Educated* at The School for Scandal and later at the School of Life. *Sport*: Tennis and catching the overseas mail. Miss Connock first won fame by her graceful interpretation of Egyptian dance movements. Unfortunately has not found time to stand for committees owing to her many and varied outside interests.

## TIMON FINDS FURTHER SUPPORT!!

*To the Editor, The Founder.*

Sir,—The two issues of the Founder this year are characterised by strong articles and letters from restless revolutionaries, notably "Timon," deprecating the lack of originality at College, deploring the lack of enthusiasm in rags, concerts and bun-fights. They would have us revise this, erase that, and initiate the other; the S.R.C. has been caught up in this wild rush for novelty and has revised its Constitution. But, Mr. Editor, what about all our Tradition, of which we are so justly proud? Surely we are not meant to start all manner of hare-brained schemes, and scoff at what we have—it is casting aspersions on the Founders of College, on our forebears. Are we not to preserve all the old tradition of this time-honoured institution, to do exactly what our predecessors have done (*even if it means doing nothing*)? Otherwise how can we ever hope to sing the praises of "our glorious tradition," when we are constantly changing the old order?

As Timon deplores the lack of originality at College, so do I the lack of reverence for our traditions. —I am, etc.,

CONSERVATIVE.

## REPORT OF JUNE BALL.

I went to the Ball and came back again.

New decorations, same women, same men.



## THE RHODES OLIGARCHY.

Sir,—I have a proposal to make. The leaders of our College life have more personality than ability; they are too few, and control too much; they have accordingly no time for work and little for each of the societies they govern. People of great ability but less advertisement are hidden and lost for societies they are enthusiastic to serve. The "mob," if people exist at all in so talented a College who are not genuine enthusiasts in some branch, is sharply divided off from our Oligarchs, who continually do cry "You are dull and apathetic and unoriginal" till it almost believes it. We must give more and better people a chance, by restricting the influence of personality on elections. Thus:

Let some decision be come to on the status of societies at College.

Let the first week of each year be devoted to nominating candidates to committees.

Let all who have been nominated for more than two choose which two they are keenest on serving, and announce from which they must accordingly withdraw.

Let no one be allowed to withdraw for unstated reasons.

In the second week, let the revised list of nominees be published and voting proceed as usual.

The advantages of such a scheme I have too much respect for the intellect of the College to even enumerate here.—Yours, etc.,

RADICAL.

## BYWAYS OF COLLEGE

### Or Unknown Rhodes.

#### No. 1. THE ARTS BLOCK.

Probably very few of my readers have ever been to this grotesque, old-world Latin Quarter of Rhodes. I went recently, on account of insomnia, for which you can take a course of lectures there with most beneficial results. As none of you may have ever witnessed these quaint mediaeval ceremonies, I will give my impressions.

Inside the Hydro, or arts block, are long corridors lined with doors. Some have irrelevant labels—French, History, Mathematics—above them. You may go into these

but not into the unlabelled, where dangerous animals live.

Lectures last 45 minutes, and are preceded by bells whose purpose I will explain later. When the bell goes, enter the room of your choice (the procedure never varies, but some rooms have a better view), and wait. You may find three or four unhappy, bespectacled, ink-fingered, stooping creatures waiting too. If they have any visible sex, consort with your own, or keep away from both. Otherwise the cure mayn't work.

Soon the practitioner, a benevolent exotic old gentleman in an indecently long black dress and the most prudish sleeves comes in. He commences the rites by clearing his throat, then looks round as if surprised to see so few patients. In a dry and monotonous voice he commences the litany, which, they say, changes not, year after year, and is in execrable English, bombastic and pedantic. He does this with few pauses for 40 minutes. Occasionally he draws funny sketches on the board; sometimes he flings a question at you. The prescribed answer is the mystic word "Unprepared." Say this, and he will go on. You can take out a pipe or cigarette—(N.B. don't offer the practitioner one during the service, as it upsets him)—but this should only be done on the ground-floor, as it is a longish fall from the upstairs windows. You may also whistle, sing, sleep, put pins under other people or drop your ink-bottle. You may reproduce the old gentleman's features on the bench and write your enemy's name beneath it (this enrages both parties). Bridge or noughts-and-crosses may also be arranged. Sometimes the practitioner (often called professor, because he professes) interferes, and you will be pleasantly surprised by his choice of words and delightful delivery, if this happens. By answering back you can keep it up for quite a long time.

Sometimes a professor actually attempts to make a joke; this is the only touch of pathos that ever occurs at lectures. Others print their attempts, and give you paper to write your comments on. In this case, one's nose is very apt to bleed, and one has to hurry out.

At the end of the lecture a bell

will ring to waken you. There is no collection, nor need you thank the professor for the success of the treatment.

## PAWN TO KING'S FOURTH.

On June 8th a chess match was played between the men students and a combined Staff and Town team.

Soon after 8 p.m. the players had sorted themselves out and a businesslike silence, broken only by an occasional "Check" or "Queen" came over the 15 tables arranged in the Botha House reading room.

Quite a number of spectators were gathered at the table where Schaffer played Godlonton, though we will not make so bold as to decide which was the superior attraction—the chess or the refreshments.

The first game completed was that at table No. 4, where Jennett seized the opportunity given him by a mistake on the part of his opponent, Adv. Wull Stuart. (The mistake we are led to believe was due firstly to the size of the loser's pipe and secondly to the vast cloud of smoke coming from it.)

The large pieces and small board at No. 4 stood out in marked contrast to the small pieces and large board at No. 9 where Levyno (Psy.) defeated the Major—but lost two friendlies subsequently.

At 8.45 Gibb lost his Queen and resigned after having had the best of the game.

At 9.30 Schaffer resigned to a "6 move checkmate" (see textbooks).

When Viedge had beaten Mr. Jonathan Ayliff the score was tallied and the students had won by 8½ to 6½. The following, as they say, were among the winners: G. G. Wiles, Jennett, Caley, Houghton, Viedge, Levyno, Moodie and G. P. Wiles.

In conclusion, our thanks are due to Major Walker, who very generously provided the refreshments.

## OBITUARY.

Legim Mosquito, the alto singer, died in a cold snap. Born Jan. 1, 1928. Much swotted by his numerous hosts. A great eater, prolific father and insistent lover.

R. I. P.



## THE FUTURE.

"Is this where Mr. Schofield lives?" I asked. "Yes, sir, just knock," and little Carson ran off timidly. I knocked, opened the door and walked in. He got up stiffly to meet me. "Hello, George who'd have believed it? Come on, salute an old friend." "Are you, can you be—be Mr. Pope—Frankie, I mean? Take a seat, take a seat. Ah, I see a little of the old carrot behind the ears yet! How quickly we do get old. Just to think, Frankie, 40 years yesterday our first Founder came out! Didn't they read it? didn't we tickle them with lack of originality. Funny thing, look here." He threw me a twenty-page journal entitled "The Founder," Vol. 41, No. 2. "Look at that." He pointed his fat thumb at a two-column article, "Why is the Sense of Apathy Growing?" "And you, old boy, what have you been doing?"

"Oh, nothing much. Nothing much in 40 years. Keeping a café does make you out-of-date. Peach melba and chips, chips and melba. Seen any old boys lately?"

"Ran into Carter the other day, trailing his 'youngest born, his Olivia,' as he called her. Awfully pretty girl. Warm's my heart yet."

"George, you're a sentimental old bachelor. Heaven knows, I've had enough of marriage. Marriage and melba, melba and marriage. Did you hear about Ferguson and Blaine?"

"You mean Ferguson's departure for Mars? Yes. Isn't civilisation marvellous? Gad, the Martians will get a queer idea of human beings. What did Blaine do?"

"Blaine's touring Africa on all fours. All the other continents have been done already. How soon he got married, poor man, poor man."

"That reminds me. Have you heard anything about Joan since she abdicated from the throne of Japan?"

"Hardly anything. As I thought the other day, making the Melba, that woman would do anything to be notorious."

"Can't: she's famous. Ah, here he comes. Dinks, Dinks, come and shake hands with Mr. Pope. There now. Lie down. Don't slobber. Isn't he beautiful?"

"George! You beast. I thought a café had debased me, but you are worse, worse even than that pink melba. How I loathe it. Well, where did you get him?"

"From the Major. Lives at Stone's Hill and breeds dogs. College has gone down ever since he left it, and I took on, he says. Then I bought this dog—special breed. Bites anything that wears a gown. Dear old thing." The Warden playfully patted him on the nose. How similar they were—same chin, teeth, voice, everything.

*To be continued.*

## FOOD FOR DISCUSSION.

Exactly twenty-one Rhodians will believe me when I say that the orchestra obliged precisely eleven couples with an encore to the June Ball supper number. It is, quite obviously, superfluous for the orchestra to play a supper dance. An excellent suggestion is that at all future dances the saxophonist or—in his absence—the drummer, say, need only strike up, "Come to the cookhouse door!" This signal would be sufficient to indicate that the staff, the visitors and the various committees—with their friends and friends' friends—had finished the fruit salad. The *bourgeois* would then proceed to do likewise with the trifles.

## OF MUSICKE.\*

It was an high speech of Plato *That Musicke is a full Halfe of Education*. But I commend not his designe to destroys four parts of the Musicke of the Grecians; except it be as a figure: for a man may close his eares to all that hath come from the Plantations§ and even soe heare too much. It is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man: Without which *Letters* and *Sciences* are but Grosse Handy-works. Of Musicke let there be a lute, an Hautbois, a Curtaile with Trumpets and many Viols: Let them play *Sharpe* and *Loud* making a *Joyfull Noise*, as *King David* saith. Let the Song be in Quire, placed aloft, and accompanied wth some broken Musicke; and the Ditty High and Tragically; Not nice

\*This essay is not to be found in any of the editions.  
§Virginia and surrounding districts.

or Dainty. Let the Songs be *Loud* and *Cheerefull* and not *Chirpings* or *Pulings*. Double Quires one of Men, another of Ladies, addeth state and Variety. But All is Nothing, except the Room be Neat and the Heavens cheerefull.

Musicke serveth for many ends: for consolation, for boldnesse, for mirth. Wherefore of a Man would be sad let him heare a *Chanson Thiste*; if merrie, an *Humoresque*; if bold, a *Military Musicke*; if he be in love with another let him sigh to *La Rose-Monne*; if he be out of love with himselfe, let him hearken to *Rosamunde*: which is an Admirable Musicke, though it be an Hundred Yeares old. And for the Scottish or Irish Man there is an *Idylle* wherein the wail of pipers is cunningly disguised into an Harmony and Tune: And that is a Miracle. But this last were fitter for a Satyre, than for a serious Observation.

It was a true conceit of the Antients, *That Musicke is of Arts the Most Philosophicall, but sports and fighting doe make men too harde except they be tempered with Musicke*. And this in divers ways. For there is no impediment in Mood but may be wrought out by Fit Musicke; like as diseases of disposition may have Appropriate Exercises. Golf is good for the Heavy and Slothful: Boxing for the timid; fetching and carrying for the Ink: And the like. So if a man's thoughts be scattered, let him study Fugues and Canons: if he lack nobility of mood let him hear symphonies; if sensibility, songs and madrigals; if he be over grave, giges and galliards: So every morall defect shall have his Remedy in Musicke.

FR. ST. ALBAN.

## AUTHORITIES, PLEASE NOTE.

A pumpkin said to me—"A vegetable I am:

They *why* in the devil do you make me into Jam?"

Twinkle, twinkle, ball of meat,  
How I wonder what I eat.  
Hard and round and dry and small,  
What meat made you, false meat-ball?



## R.U.C.D.S. AGAIN.

Shackleton talked to me the other day about the R.U.C.D.S. In fact, immediately he saw me he said, "Damn it, man, something must be done." I'm told that great men who are about to cause revolutions, to hoist national flags, to write anarchical books and rude articles about Mr. Bennett—Arnold, I mean, to—er, well, all these men I say, make this profound remark. Robespierre, I know, said, "Damn it, man, something must be done. These pimpernels, etc., etc."; I read that G.B.S. said it when at twenty his cousin ried to marry him—and then he wrote "Man and Superman"; Suzanne told me she said it before her match with Helen Wills. So there you are. Shackleton said it.

"The Dramatic Committee has no more idea of choosing a cast than Bill his drinks." I seemed to have heard this before—about the D.C. I mean, so I waited.

"Think of that play—what was it?—oh, yes, 'Westward Ho.'"

I thought hard and remembered a silly young man who assured everyone he was dead and who on occasion hit another middle-aged man (I think I clapped here, and the audience didn't like it.)

"That cast was all of it badly chosen. They could have used no judgment, no insight, no thought, no brain, no trouble, over it. They made L.M. a parson for instance. L.M. a parson! It would be funny if it weren't so ridiculous."

L.M.? L.M.? Parson? I thought furiously. There was a man who wanted to play "Ring-a-ring of Roses," and "Walk the Plank," and "Old Maid." But this man also recited that little limerick about the lad called Starky. He couldn't have been the parson.

"Absurd," I said.

"Why on earth did they assign the parts of Ann and Henry as they did? They were thoroughly unhappy as a loving young couple. They did their best, of course, but they ruined the play, and nobody's to blame but the useless Dramatic Committee."

I remembered the loving young couple immediately. I had listened to every word *they* said. A charming pair. They had a dog.

"—innocent little thing like

that," I heard him say, "couldn't throw herself into the part of a hard society woman. It was brave of her to undertake it, but there's no doubt that she made a hash of it. The Dramatic Committee's blunder again."

I remembered her well too. But I wasn't so sure—no, I think perhaps—yes, she certainly did say "You Swine," with great relish and conviction. She said it to a man who was rude enough to refuse to shake hands with her.

"I think they ought to resign. Someone ought to write to the Founder about it. We've got to choose our characters to fit the parts. I shall insist on it for the next play—I'm to produce it, you know."

"What! Damn it, man, something must be done. I agree with you. I agree with you entirely. I shall write to the Founder myself."

## RHODIAN MEN'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

At the debate held on the 7th of this month, the subject discussed was "That the Colour Bar is essential for the welfare and progress of South Africa."

Mr. Lord, in his opening speech, discussed his side of the question very fully, but his remarks were too general and lacked definiteness. Mr. Leask, in seconding the motion, followed his leader's example and was also inclined to be vague.

Mr. Hobart-Houghton, in opposing the motion, was in his element, and spoke on his favourite topic with skill and conviction. Mr. Stead, who seconded Mr. Houghton, was eclipsed by his leader, but made a few remarks which managed to annoy Mr. Leask.

In the open house the speeches were many and varied. Mr. Bond proved himself to be an idealist, and Mr. Key evinced marked materialistic tendencies. Mr. Green again made use of his simile, but fortunately managed to restrain both his language and his imagination.

Mr. George Randell drew a touching picture of South Africa without the colour bar. We were surprised that Charles, though present, did not take objection to being referred

to as George's "black brother." Mr. Hogg spoke, but his delivery was anything but clear! Mr. Brown, alias Carter, gave a very humorous and successful rendering of a speech made by a person who doesn't know what he is talking about. Last, but not least, Mr. Justice Pittman, who was present at the debate, in an excellent speech advocated the cause of the Colour Bar. His advice on debating in general was much appreciated.

On the vote being taken, the motion was lost by an evorwhelming majority.

J. C. R.

## ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

Surely drowning is the most peaceful way in which one can end a happy, care-free life.

Past fear of suffering, with the still content of lassitude which is the award of a supreme effort when nerve and muscle have been hopelessly matched against death, I lay awaiting the end.

Swept out of my depth by the swift undercurrent I had been carried far out. Like a wild animal fighting for its life, I had exhausted myself in my endeavour to reach the shore against the outgoing tide.

Awaiting the end quietly, I could only think, think of the happy days I had spent, those walks along the beach and on the hillside, the gorgeous colours of the sunset, all the beauties of nature which had been shared so joyfully with Angelica—Angelica—those warm kisses and the vows we made. All ended now. But they had ended long ago. They had ended the light before last . . . that small difference over a dance which grew to a quarrel, straining the vows we made to breaking point, setting us miles apart.

Thank God it had been so. That it should all have been over before this afternoon. She cared little for me now, so my death would strike no note of tragedy in her life.

A swell raised my body. I opened my eyes; in the distance the shore was barely distinguishable, a faint gray wall.

I closed my eyes slowly, my body was numb, yet the water felt cold . . . cold . . . cold. Yes, it was cold, so I pulled out the plug and reached for my towel.



## SIMP—HIS DOWNFALL.

It is a remarkable coincidence that since the last issue of the *Founder*, an ancient manuscript has been discovered. It relates a parable showing a third way of "getting cut out." The effectivity of the method is clearly shown.

1. Now in the days of my youth there was a man in the Land of Rhod, and his name was Simp *which is to say*: He that is fooled of women. And he was my friend.

2. And there was a maiden in that land a passing comely damsel, and her name was Gai.

3. And it came to pass that Simp fell enamoured of Gai, and she found favour in his sight, so that upon her he spent much time and substance.

4. Wherefore his pals waxed sore, saying unto him: Behold, she is a froward woman; it is not fitting that thou shouldst push her. Put her, therefore, away from thee, and seek another, a seemly lass.

5. Then came Simp unto me and besought me, saying: What thinkest thou now of Gai, whether she be all right? For I would not be taken by her wiles.

6. And I made answer saying: She is *not too good*, neither is she worthy to become thy partner. For she is a froward woman withal.

7. Then said Simp unto me: If then thou art *verily* my friend, *do what I bid thee*:

8. Go now unto Gai and revile me privily that she may cast me off and I may escape her clutches; so shall I be grateful to thee forever more.

9. And I went up to Gai and spoke much ill concerning Simp; yea I broke his marble properly, so that there was left, nay, not one good thing in him.

10. And I left her in tears, and went my way, rejoicing that I had freed him even from her wiles.

11. And in seven days I heard news of Simp and Gai as I sat at meat in the café; for behold they were *booked for the term dance*.

12. Lo, I was wrong; and I dared not approach him, nor her, nor his friends, nor her friends, nor anything that was his forever after.

Curiously enough, parts of an-

other manuscript were found, shewing that men are not active in "cutting out": they are passive, being called to office, as it were. They are victims of something akin to blackmail. The manuscript is not complete.

1. Hear now my word and bow down thine ear to my instruction, that thou be not fooled of the woman who seeketh to ensnare thee. For lo, this is her cunning and by these crafts would she bind thee to her for ever: she hath her system.

2. Behold, from my window have I regarded her; from her first move till the end of the game have I watched her, and *this is the manner of her doing*:

3. Lo, she has espied her quarry upon the green field; she hath determined to capture him; *he is already lost*.

4. She establisheth a *personal* relation; she asketh him to carry her hockey bat; she hath put her purse in his pocket. . . .

12. From a high place hath he lifted her down, even from the bank by the hall hath he lifted her, and she marvelleth at his strength. . . .

18. She desireth to be treated as a man.

19. She yearneth for the *simple* relation.

20. Yet doeth she the feminine and helpless alway.

21. She laugheth in her sleeve: in her sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter. . . .

34. And in her own house she waiteth upon him with smiles, saying: Yea, put thy feet up on the couch and be comfortable: strew thine ashes where thou wilt, for it will keep the moth from the rug.

35. And the fool thinketh in his heart: a wife is a desirable thing.

. . . .  
63. She maketh him to go with her when she selecteth her bat, and *that which she wisheth* she forceth him to choose for her.

64. She provoketh a quarrel; out of thin air she createth strife.

65. And when he is heated doth she humble herself saying: Lo thou art right. . . .

85. When she is sure of him she pretendeth to be jealous; she accuseth him unjustly. Yea, she leadeth him a life.

86. He proposeth to her and she accepteth him.

## A SUGGESTION.

*The Editor, The Founder.*

Sir,—Our dance hall decorations have been deserving of credit but have not always been perfect. It is our duty to encourage our amateurs' individuality and originality, but a little more co-operative thinking amongst our enthusiasts to make more efficient use of their taste and talent and the money at their disposal is necessary.

Charming displays of colour should make use of the background to mellow the colours, in designs raised out of the dull settings, in order to be easily seen and analysed. Effects which must be sought and interpreted do not enhance the interest of dancers so well.

The apt use of colour in representing various periods and the borrowing of styles from other environments are appreciated by Scientist, Historian and reader of literature. Roman pride and pretty grotesque Oriental effects are examples which educate and refine.

Something unique might be attempted on each occasion, and the effects labelled, criticised and improved afterwards. Variety, improvement and new suggestions would then act as a traditional influence for each new occasion, and a fuller appreciation of obscure ideas would be effected.

Decorations have brought out the characteristics of every past age, and so why not co-operate, investigate and apply ourselves with a committee at our head, to bring out our own characteristics. A committee as a source of ideas to other societies, including our popular Dramatic Society, would perhaps prove itself invaluable.—I am, Sir, "ENTHUSIASTIC."

## AN APOLOGY.

Sir,—At one function of our College year, every Rhodian is allowed—or rather, commanded—to be present. Owing to the selfish and egotistic abuse of man's mediaeval privilege of inviting the lady, by men whose only excuse could be self-centred bashfulness, many women were deprived of this right at the last Ball.

I, and the majority of men at college, protest—and apologise.—Yours, etc., X.



## SPORTING NOTES.

This time we shall begin with Men's Hockey. (That need not of course prevent you from beginning to read these notes a little further down.) However—the standard of play maintained so far this season has been very good.

Of the five matches played only one has been lost, and, so far as cup matches are concerned, there is every reasonable indication that the team should go through unbeaten. The good showing made this year—especially on May 24th, when the P.E. Club was defeated by seven goals to three—has been entirely due to the unflagging keenness of every member of the club.

Turning to things Football our first duty is to congratulate Mr. Gillett, who has been chosen to play fly-half for the Eastern Province against the Border. Our best wishes go with the Football touring side. The following are the fixtures:—

At Kingwilliamstown v. the Alberts, June 30th.

At Queenstown v. Swifts, July 4th.

v. Aliwal North, July 7th, and

v. Maseru, July 11th.

The St. Andrew's College 1st XV was defeated by our "Seconds" on the 15th, and we hope that Albany II will share a similar fate in due course.

In the last issue of the Founder the Ladies' Hockey team's win over the Wits. was recorded. There was no doubt that the R.U.C. side was superior in all departments. This is noteworthy particularly as the visitors are top of the Transvaal League. The chief strength of the Ladies' team is at present in the half-back division and we would like to mention Miss Henderson's fine performance in the Inter-Varsity match.

Rhodes has certainly supplied the nucleus of the Eastern Province Ladies' Hockey team this year.

May we commiserate with the members of the Boxing team. They went: they saw (chiefly stars): and—er—came home again.

Golfing matters having been granted a special corner of their own, there remains only to welcome to office the new Tennis Committee (male dept.): H. Camp, captain;

A. Simpson, hon. sec., and Coville Clarke, bottle washer. There can certainly be no complaint now that the members of the committee are not real enthusiasts. A word of praise is due to Mr. H. Camp, who carried out the duties of secretary very efficiently during his reign of office.

P.S. All entries for the Tournaments *must be* in by the end of the term.

## THE UNION DEBATING SOCIETY.

## The First Meeting.

We venture to suggest that the resemblance of the Union to the old Debating Society is only superficial, for it is not an old thing conducted in a new way, but something essentially new—it is an expression of the relation between the two minor societies, which, in the old order, did not exist. Professor Ewing said that it was an attempt to prove that a mixed debating society was not impossible. Perhaps the advent of the Union, however, is, in effect, an admission of the fact that this *is* impossible; that the men and the women must run their own societies separately and regard the Union as the field in which to display the fruits of those efforts.

Two considerations will determine the success or failure of the Union as a mixed society; firstly, the quality of the speaking, and, secondly, the comparative amounts contributed by each sex to the final achievement. Let us consider the first meeting with regard to these two factors.

On the subject "That the centre of civilisation is shifting from the Old to the New World," the speaking was certainly on a high level, particularly Mr. Houghton's effort. His arguments were sound and his speech well constructed, displaying a firm grasp of principles and much admirable humour. Mr. Schaffer was not quite up to his usual standard, but made a very able attempt to defend a lost cause against his convictions. Miss Prescott, also, failed to fulfil expectations, at least in her opening speech; her second effort, however, was much more convincing, forced home by a very masterful simile. In a very meritorious speech, Miss Wetherell, real-

ising that her side was losing badly, successfully drew a red herring across the track. Mr. Green, due, perhaps, to his insistence on a very subjective standpoint, carried little conviction and Miss MacIntosh contrived, with fair success, to repeat what had already been said in a new way.

In the open house several good points were raised in answer to the principal speakers' argument. In point of fact it might be suggested that the speeches be more of a *debatable* nature than hitherto—that the question at issue be *debated upon* and not merely productive of singular "addresses."

## GOLF NOTES.

The R.U.C. Golf Club continues to flourish and its continued existence is in no small measure due to the interest taken in it by Major E. B. Walker, the President of the Club. It was in a large measure due to his influence that the Grahamstown Golf Club offered us very generous terms of subscription, and the Club would further like to thank him for his gift of balls for competition purposes.

The two competitions, held during the term, proved great successes and showed that the keenness evinced by members at the outset was not transitory. It is also pleasing to note that this keenness is not confined to a few of the "top notchers" but extends as well to the long handicap players. It indeed augurs well for the future of golf at College.

A further stimulus to serious golf is found in the approaching Inter-Varsity match with the University of Capetown Golf Club, to be played on the 28th June at Port Elizabeth. This venture is doubly praiseworthy in that it is the first Inter-Varsity golf match in the Union. Players will, however, have to bear their own expenses, for although the Club is affiliated to the Athletic Union yet this affiliation was only granted provided no application was made for funds. Presumably this is due to the fact that golf does not command a "gate," but then, does tennis?

We should like, therefore, to extend to the team the best wishes of the College in the match.



## O.R. COLUMN.

Few people would imagine that Locusts and Dynamite had any very close affinity; still less would they imagine that this questionable association of ideas has anything to do with the O.R. Column. But that is just what makes it relevant. Such a connection would not be possible were it not for the existence of R.U.C., for the above-mentioned entitles are the prime interests of one-time members of this College. Locusts are the besetting care of "*Squiff*," while dynamite is the absorbing interest of *Tom Stuart*. Thus by the mutual connection of these two gentlemen with Rhodes, Dynamite and Locusts become inseparably associated with our name.

In this manner Rhodes becomes a mighty principle of unity among a vast diversity. For, through the medium of *Jos. King Mathematics* is linked in a new way to Chemistry and Biology. And, further, the person of *R. Dunn*, at the United Tobacco Company, connects up the "noxious weed" in the great chain.

At first sight Lighthouses have nothing to do with this interesting account of correlation, but the fact that the approaching traveller is first made aware of the position of Queenstown by the sight from afar of *Mr. M. J. Hart*, seems to justify this connection also. The Wig and Gown is represented in the congeries of ideas by *Mr. Billy Robertson* (among others), who is occupied in that profession, and King-williamstown. He and *Bruce Gordon* paid us a visit of late, and exhilarated the whole College by their jovial company. Bruce wields the rod over the heads of South Africa's reluctant youth, at Dale, as do likewise *Bernard Farrer* and *Cliffie Wootung* at Grey. Finally, the most astounding association of all is made possible by the activities of *Fairy Woods* at Bloemfontein—namely, that Ju-Jitsu and the locusts, aforementioned.

*Note.* The fact that the connections we aver might possibly not be accepted as valid by a punctilious logician makes it ever so much easier for us consistently to give an account of our women O.R.'s. *Hazel Hutchinson's* chief occupation in Capetown is forgetting her multi-

farious appointments, and *Miss A. Morrison's* main study is to avoid the overtures of several middle-aged gentlemen who live in the same establishment.—What Ideas do these represent, we wonder?—Only one association can be made with the name of *Miss Fitzgerald* and that is the person of an Old Rhodian who teaches at Cambridge. . . . *Alice Webber* has added to our collection the notion of matrimony—as yet it is no more than a notion.

*Postscript.* *Mr. Seton Jacques* is still—*de mortuis nihil nisi bono*. . .

## "THIS WOMAN BUSINESS."

On June 2nd the College looked forward to yet another manifestation of the Dramatic Committee's infamous policy of selection.

But their hopes were doomed. The cast of "This Woman Business" (Ben Levy, you know) was free from all taint of Committee (save for poor Mr. Stead).

The evening started cheerfully, the swarms of visitors (attracted doubtless by the possibilities suggested in the title) being entertained by the Rhodes Male Choir (which reminds me—what is the Ladies' Choir for?).

It was a play which set out to say witty things about women. Every member of the cast was responsible for a few. Mr. McIntyre (whom we half suspect of being the hero) was suitably rude and looked well in a striped blazer and said women were sausage-machines.

Mr. Atherstone greatly enjoyed his rôle of truculent and broken-hearted bachelor. He will make quite a good one with a little practice.

Miss Bosworth-Smith (the *causa belli*) is to be congratulated on the excellent rhythmic quality of her sobbing and on the force with which she flung abuse at the unchivalrous Mr. McIntyre.

Mr. Huggett made a very pretty boy and showed us that he was not ashamed to have a South African accent.

Miss Stone (R.) ably assisted Mr. Huggett in his endeavour to be passionate and poetic, though crude.

Mr. Blaine gave us an appealing little glimpse into his future as a retired law-merchant. His voice will have quite vanished then, poor old thing.

Mr. Carter was so admirable as the Surbiton paterfamilias that we cannot bring ourselves to say anything funny about him.

Mr. Stead as the not-bad-at-heart tough was convincing in all but his beard which, though skilfully applied, was too reminiscent of Sir Francis Drake and Roy Campbell.

Mr. Moss, we are glad to say, has not missed his vocation as a butler.

In conclusion we should like to congratulate the cast on the excellent manner in which they carried off a weak play; at the same time, however, they could not have done it but for the strong anti-feminist nature of the dialogue, which very naturally appealed to the audience.

## THE TENNIS QUESTION.

*The Editor, The Founder.*

Sir,—One phrase in your last Founder struck me forcibly: "We have not heard a great deal from our tennis players lately." The trouble is that at Rhodes we never hear anything of our tennis players.

A comparison of the men's and women's teams of this year with those of last year is discouraging. We find the same players in the ladies' team, but with one or two exceptions they have not improved much, nor have any better players come forward to take their places. The men's team is decidedly weaker this year, although they have promising material.

Obviously something must be done for Rhodes tennis. The teams are getting stale—every member knows the tactics of the other team players. Our tennis committee I believe work for us, but are never given a fair hearing. As a non-team player I speak without prejudice. Granted that a tour is out of the question for this year, is it impossible to challenge Grey University, and to arrange for matches with neighbouring towns?

I am sure that the standard of tennis at Rhodes would improve tremendously even within the next couple of years, if intercourse of this sort could be established. Other universities make use of their teams to gain prestige in the world of sport—Rhodes is one behind.

Thanking you, I am, etc.,

TENNIS.



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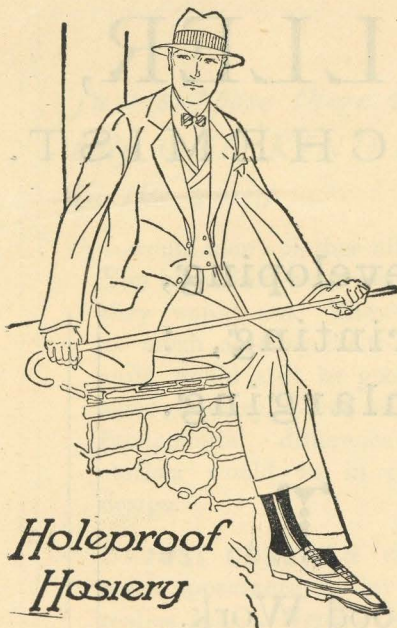


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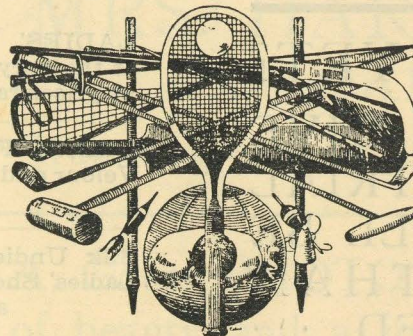
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