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E D I T O R I A L

The second term is here. The omens are bad, if we read the temperamental weather correctly.

It is the term for temperament, just as the first term is for display. Inks will discover this pretty soon. Coffee parties will start breaking up, following the example of Nature's autumnal disintegration. Executives of societies and clubs will experience a lapse from their original enthusiasm into lassitude; the intelligensia will become more concerned with electric heaters than with latent theories, and as the term draws towards its tragic end in the carnage of the June examinations, the College will exhibit all the characteristics of a city in famine - some people giving themselves up to long ecstasies of remorse, a few making the best of a bad file, and the rest carcusing and wasting their substance in order to kill all consciousness of the terrible reality of life.

A gloomy prospect. But no editorial is allowed to be lugubrious. And so we turn optimist and say:

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

We are in for strains and pains and worries and hatreds and all manner of afflictions, but let us console ourselves with the thought that out of the winter of disappointment and fermentation and suffering comes the spring of experience and knowledge (perhaps). Up till now this year has been lived in a delightful semi-consciousness; but this Utopian condition can no longer persist when the grim realities of cold feet, cold coffee, the heartrending collapse of pushing edifices, the stealthy, mocking approach of June exams are with us.

Bah! There is nothing to fear. Rhodes has survived many winters; no Rhodian has ever died of overwork, or of D.T.'s, or of broken heart. We can continue complacent.

But on one condition only: that we look no further ahead than Rhodes. Let all the work outside Grahamstown be excommunicated. Let us imagine Europe in the moon, and Mussolini and Hitler very properly exiled to Mars. Then all worry and thought will be banished; little troubles will come, no doubt, but we expect them, and we are men and women enough not to be duly upset by even such terrible crises as no cash for Kaif, or a "bust-up" with our heart's desire.

Non-intervention is our policy; we aren't intriguing with the outside world; it mustn't interfere with us. Logic irrefutable. But in a few years, months or days something will go wrong with the world. Europe may come back from the moon; Adolf and Benito might escape from Mars; and the vulgar outside world might even take exception to our interfering in its affairs, and we be begging for a job of work for which we are ~~not~~ supposed to be qualified.

In fact, Lotus-eating is pleasant enough; but like all drug habits, it may end in degradation.

Tough, hay?

A CRITICISM.

Oratorical prowess certainly seems to be at its ebb, judging by our men's debating society.

Surely never before have we had such a host of really incompetent speakers with such really illogical arguments. Surely we have a record number of those enterprising gentlemen who (never having had much memory or gift for impromptu) insist on reading - yes, reading! - their speeches off a sheet of paper with their whole train of thought conveniently written out, quite often verbatim!

Surely when a speaker from the house bores his listeners for such a long period, that the chairman has to ask him to resume his seat - surely, I say, when we have such obvious signs of deterioration and incompetence in our midst we should make some attempt to shake off their cause?

Therefore, gentlemen, in future let us prepare our speeches so that we have something to say, and (possibly more important still) so that we can say it entertainingly, without feeling the need of a verbatim copy of the speech from which to read it.

In the past the speeches of some members of the society have consisted of a most depressing string of anti-climaxes. If this is the best we can manage, those of us who are not dumb must be very "dumb" indeed. The very fact that such irrelevantly stupid statements as "I think this debate is one-sided", are made shows how truly little the majority of the society know of debating.

Always remember that the first essential in debating is to be interesting. If you are one of those pitiful individuals who talk in a monotonous undertone, tie a millstone round your neck and jump off the clock tower. You will make a much better corpse than you ever will a debator. Secondly, always be kind lucid and brief. Don't degenerate into one of those long-winded bores who hardly themselves know which side they are supporting. Thirdly, if you realise you have nothing to say, for Heaven's sake be quiet. The greatest sin in debating is to stand up and say, "I should like to stress the point made by the previous speaker -----". You ruin the "previous speaker's" point and you succeed in showing the listeners just how original you are. Lastly, use a little tact. If the meeting is late don't go speaking for fifteen minutes.

These are, my readers will say, very obvious points. Yet the number of idiots who will stand corrected by them is quite amazing.

(In parenthesis, I should like to warn anyone against replying to this article. It will stamp you as being one who has been criticised. Furthermore, I feel that if you cannot even speak coherently, you won't exactly excel yourself with pen and paper!)

Editorial Note: We feel we owe it to our public and to ourselves to state that we do not consider the above article a model of coherence, or a particularly brilliant example of anyone "excelling themselves with pen and paper". And if this is an example of our esteemed contributor's debating style, we feel sure our debates would not lose much if he remained a purely theoretical debator. Nevertheless it is useful to be reminded that in our rhetorical performances we are speaking to a critical audience who want eloquence as well as ideas.

---cOc---

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor,
"The Rhodoc".
Dear Sir,

In the past three editions of "The Rhodoc" there has been much controversy about Rhodes' dances.

Here is the opinion of an Ink. To go to a Rhodes dance means that we women dress up, make up, and spend the evening

walking about three miles walking backwards, not to mention the mere males, who impeded our progress and ruin our shoes.

SO WHAT!

Isn't it exciting?

Yours, etc.,
"BORED INK".

---cOo---

Dear Sir,

GRADUATION

We wish to publish an opinion upon the topic of graduation.

We students are the scum, not the salt of the earth. In our heart of hearts we all realise that. If we don't, we're useless. Any man who thinks he's the salt of the earth is useless; the man who knows just how scummy he is inside is far more likely to be of use. He has no illusions about himself.

Well, when a certain few flecks of scum are to be capped, let the rest of the College show the mobility and life of scum, not remain a mere pillar of salt. At Graduation Ceremony let there be songs, let there be remarks, let there be a glibricus student-scumming atmosphere, not the sticky-stiff tension of Saturday shows, judging by which one would be justified in saying that the audience might easily have consisted of mayors and town-councillors and spinster aunts and adoring parents alone.

After all, we are not really such a dead lot. And the country is still democratic. Why not practice the vice of vivacity? None of us who are honest make any claim to the virtue of social viscosity. After the excellent and inspiring address by Prof. Dingemans we should all have felt sufficiently erected and elated to yell out the nicknames of the graduates and to give an occasional yelp of delight; and we might have provided more dead marches for the exit or entrance of the heads of our body politic!

Scum is good stuff; it occurs wherever there is fermentation; it is a sign of life and energy. Let us be scummy.

Thanking you,

Yours, etc.,

"Flitsam and Jetsum",
(Second Years.)

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Struben House,
R.U.C.

Dear Sir,

May I, in the following style, for which I am deeply indebted to the late Sir A. Sullivan, object to the hideous noises produced by the Music Society's gramophone?

The Last Discord.

Seated one day in the Music Room,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly,
Over my puzzled knees.
I knew not what they were playing
On that wailing gramophone,
But they struck one chord of music
That shook me to the bone.

It broke on the peaceful silence
Like the shriek of a passing train,
It almost broke my eardrums
And caused me infinite pain;
It was to me the symbol
Of all eternal strife,
And it seemed the discordant echo
From our harmonious life.

I wondered what was its meaning
As it shattered . . . the perfect peace,
And continued unabated
As if it would never cease;
I have sought, and sought not vainly,
The cause of that awful row
That came from the soul of the record
By a process I guess by now.

It may be that some technician
~~Can~~ put this matter right,
On which the Music Society
Can throw so little light,
It ~~may~~ be that that turntable
Is somewhat out of true
It may be that speed up slightly
Is all that we have to do.

With apologies to Sir Arthur Sullivan,
I am, etc.

Anti-Noise.

Thank you, Mr Editor.

J. A. Gledhill.

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THE MAN ABOUT KAIF.

And Pluto said, "Let there be light" -- and (mirabile dictu!) there was light.

x x x x x x x

That was last Friday night when the lights fused in Kaif. Everyone was surprised -- most of all Miss Kay Christie, whose "Ovaltine" was usurped in the darkness and confusion.

x x x x x x x

Kay was consoled however by being allowed to tell her story about the mongoose. Whereupon Wales sent everyone home by beginning to tell the one about the three old yokels.

x x x x x x x

By the way, have you ever heard that one? Do you want to? Well, just hang around Kaif long enough and presently Wales will corner you.

x x x x x x x

Mr. Gerry Taylor has been troubled by rats - real rats. So he invested in a trap. After spending an hour trying to explain the workings we repaired together to view this, his latest acquisition.

x x x x x x x

It is so complicated that no ordinary rat could ever find its way in, so we suggested that printed instructions be placed near the entrance.

x x x x x x x

Sure enough, next morning, he found that he had made a catch. In attempting to reach the cheese and biscuits, the Editor of the "Founder" had inextricably entangled himself with the trap.

x x x x x x x

We are confident that the "Founder" will make mention of this incident.

x x x x x x x

Our sleep was disturbed one morning by a loud squawking. In the confused state of just awakening we thought at first that our neighbours were slaughtering a fowl for Sunday dinner. Then we realized that it was "Rat" (to his face Sherlock) cachinating.

x x x x x x x

To disturb sleep is a serious matter. Nietzsche says, "To all those eminent wise men of the professional chairs, wisdom meant dreamless sleep: they know no better meaning in life. Their wisdom is: to wake in order to sleep soundly."

x x x x x x x

Blessed are the sleepy, for soon they shall sleep.³

CASSIODORUS.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

A NIGHT OF VARIETY: (and we don't really think it was))

If WAM's introductory speech was apologetic, perhaps he was justified by the sequel. The Dramatic Society chose to produce three one-act plays for the opening production this year. In this way they undoubtedly achieved a certain variety of production, and, should it be added, of producers too; but in so doing they destroyed any possible unity. If the motive was that of discovering new talent, what explanation can be offered for presenting the last play "Cupid Rampant" where opportunities for acting ability were negligible, though Mr. K. Thomas made the most of little, and technical efficiency was at a premium?

Intrinsically the play had hardly the merit of the less reputable type of Music Hall sketch. Slickly produced, with costumes hired from H. G. Wells, and with Blackie Meyer barking his heart out to give the play some semblance of life, even a sympathetic audience were waiting for the final curtain long before half-way through. The original idea is crude enough and the dramatist lacks the wit and invention either to develop or ornament it. Instead, a little military drill, a good deal of 'Heiling' and a few pseudo-futuristic effects eke the lack of action out. Of course, the television set was quite amusing, and we did wonder how Pluto got the sparks to work - and so apparently did the rest of the cast. But what an expense of talent in a waste of shame: really Mr. Dramatic Society - why?

And so we turn to suburban life and the more everyday problems of naturalistic acting in "The Flaw", the play that began this night of variety. A rather synthetic psychological study, it could have done with more acting. The central theme of the play, the conflict in wills between Hugh and Brenda, hardly emerged. The big scene between Hugh and Philip never reached any emotional pitch, although Mundy, perhaps unfortunately cast as Philip, worked hard. The general lack of vitality was illustrated by the entrance of Gaythorne as the lawyer, when for a few brief moments the play caught fire. Both Lumsden and Miss de Villiers in Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had their moments. Lumsden was particularly good when dealing with his new wireless set. Most of the time the cast seemed to be playing musical chairs or lighting cigarettes to cover up faulty transitions. Nearly every member of the cast should remember that it is when other people are speaking that they have most need for acting ability.

The justification for the evening was to be found in "Twentieth Century Lullaby". This play owes much to its method of presentation, especially as the impressionistic technique does not destroy its humanity. The producers are to be congratulated on effecting a unity from what might have been a mere succession of character sketches. In obtaining this end they were more than favoured by the collaboration of Patsy Swann, the mother, who as the central figure of the play carried forward the momentum of the play by her sustained acting and freshness of attack. Since she can sing, and sing quite charmingly too, we deprecate the attempt of the technical staff to drown her closing lullaby. The minor characters filled in their parts in the living canvas with a feeling for the harmony and unity of the whole. D. Thompson as the Business Man calls for special mention. By the way, do wireless announcers usually lisp?

The very material visitation of the Madonna at the end did not help to conceal one of the chief weaknesses of the play as a play. A more ethereal effect might, with advantage, have been obtained by playing a soft diffused light on the scene in greater contrast to the preceding search-light tattoo. Despite the weakness of the ending, surely the courage shown in attempting this little play was amply justified by the artistic effect of the whole.

To sum up: Three plays where one would have sufficed. We look forward in the next Dramatic Society production to more unity and harmony and, if necessary, a little less variety. Let it be remembered that the collective effort of a group should be greater than the sum total of the individual contributors. We hope, in the meanwhile, that the Dramatic Society have achieved the end mentioned in the President's opening speech of finding new talent.

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MUSIC SOCIETY.

"HELDENLEBEN".

Mr. van Niekerk is well-known in Rhodes musical circles, so his lecture on Sunday night was well attended. He did not discuss the 'Tone-poem' as a musical form but referred to the work of Richard Strauss in this sphere. Liszt first perceived possibilities of the form but it was Strauss that perfected it. His music is alive, vital and vigorous - a music of glowing colour. It is a modern music, but it is not freakish, never daring for the sake of self-advertisement. He never uses stereotyped musical phrases to depict "falling water", "galloping horses", etc. Nor does he descend to mere imitation of familiar sounds. Though his tone-poems are about material beings and objects they are nevertheless subjective and powerfully symbolic.

The lecturer chose to illustrate his talk with "A Hero's Life" which he considered typical of the tone-poem form, besides being Strauss's masterpiece. He then proceeded to play this work and prefaced each section with some remarks on the story, orchestration, etc.

Mr. van Niekerk obviously knew his music and showed a very keen appreciation thereof. Altogether a very enjoyable lecture.

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"COMPOSERS' NIGHT.

The following students provided original compositions for "Composers' Night" which was held in the Music Lecture Room on Monday, 3rd. April: Misses Betty Tanner, Nancy Heny, Kathleen de Villiers, Florence Fyvie, Joan Hewitt, Freda Sherman, Kathleen Hampton, Doris Rippon, Rhoda Woodland, and Mr. Allan Hall. A sacred song composed by Miss Hilda Draycott during last year was sung by Mr. Bohmke, accompanied by Mr. R. Threlfell. A chorus of students sang "All Men of Spirit", contributed by Professor Lord, and a South African song by Mrs. K. McMillan.

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INTER-VARSITY ATHLETICS

The following were selected to represent Rhodes at the Inter-Varsity Athletic Championships which are to be held on the 5th. and 6th. May in Cape Town.

K. McIntyre,
J. Smit,
J. Tomlinson.

F. Botha,
Benkenstein,

We wish them the best of luck.

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H O C K E Y

The following matches were played by the Men's Club on Saturday, 29th, April.

R.U.C. "A" vs. Occasionals "A" - Randall Cup - Won	3-2
R.U.C. "B" vs. St. Aidan's "A" ---	Lcst 5-1
R.U.C. "C" vs. Mental Hospital "A"	Lcst 6-2

R.U.C. "A" vs. Occasionals "A"

This was Rhodes' first match of importance this season.

It was evident from the onset that the game would be keenly contested. Occasionals' nippiness rather disconcerted the Rhodes' men at first and they scored early on in the game, and held this lead until half-time.

In the second half Rhodes retaliated soon after the whistle, Thomson scoring with a good shot. A short while later the forwards with clever passing ran through to score our second goal. Occasionals rallied and equalised.

There being a few minutes left Rhodes pressed hard and Cunliffe netted his second goal, making Rhodes the victors by three goals to two.

Rhodes did not play as well as usual owing to bad distribution by the halves and backs, the ball going with monotonous regularity to the left. Cunliffe and Thomson played well for Rhodes throughout.

"REF."

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The Women's Club played the following matches on Saturday, 29th, April.

R.U.C. "A" vs. Fort Beaufort "A" - Won	6-1.
R.U.C. "B" vs. " " " " "B" - Won	6-0.

R.U.C. "A" vs. Fort Beaufort "A".

The Rhodes' side played better than was expected, the forwards showing signs of becoming a dangerous attacking force. They might have done better had the halves supported them more in attack.

Rhodes scored at regular intervals throughout the game, having little opposition. Fort Beaufort obtained their only goal from a penalty bully.

The two new members, Hull and Pienaar, show great promise. Of the others Buyskes and Mattinson played well, keeping up the attack. Like in the Men's match the distribution of the ball by the halves was bad, thus robbing the forwards of many opportunities of scoring.

"REF."

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"THE RHODIAN"

Contributions for "The Rhodian" are invited. As usual there will be two prizes of £1 : 1 : 0 each, for the best contributions in verse and prose. A prize of 10 : 6d. will be awarded for the best photograph or line drawing.

Contributions to be handed in to:

Miss V. Henley, (Phelps) or,

Mr. J. Fuller, (Struben)

before 15th, May.

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