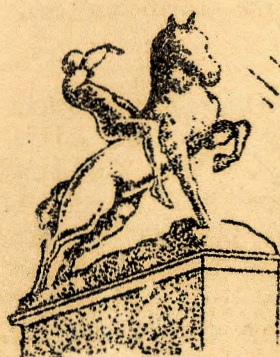
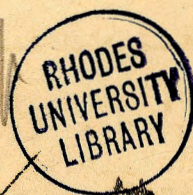


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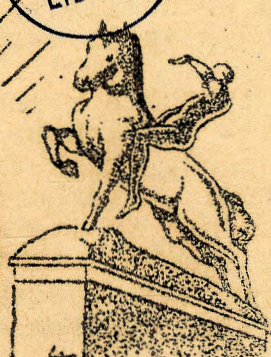
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1942

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Day



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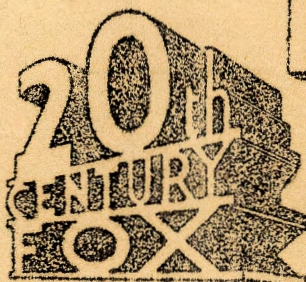
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THEATRE

PROGRAMME
ON PAGE 2.

"UNITED ARTISTS RELEASES"

It is, we suppose, inevitable, that any institution should suffer from a series of cyclical fluctuations. There is a boom period, then a period of declining activity, and finally a period of black depression. Rhodes is no exception.

1940 was a champagne year. In spite of the depressing news from Europe - or perhaps because of it - people here did really seem to live in the present, extracting the utmost from each successive day. The College was alive. Its quickening spirit could be felt on the sports fields, in the meetings of its societies, at its dances, in Kaif, and, pre-eminently, in the everyday contact between students. In spite of the black cloud of gloom that descended in June, when the news came of the evacuation from Dunkirk and the collapse of France, 1940 was a good year to remember.

Some of the spirit of 1940 continued into 1941. The College was full. Things still seemed worthwhile. There was a spirit that moved beneath the surface of Rhodian life. The Battle of Drosdy Hall showed that at least a section of the College was alive, knew what its aims were, and rightly or wrongly, was determined to achieve them.

But this year, that spirit seems dead. It is, perhaps, inevitable that the spice should have gone out of much of Rhodes' life when a large number of those who were approaching intellectual maturity left in a body at the end of 1941, and when a body almost equally large is itching to be off as soon as final examinations can be written. That is inevitable; no less is it inevitable that many of us should sigh for the times and the faces that are gone, and what they stood for.

We are not advocating an attitude of "have a good time and damn the war." Far from it. But we are asking that, so long as, war or no war, Rhodes remains an educational institution, Rhodes should carry on as a university - a real university.

There was a pleasing atmosphere of tolerance and commonsense about 1940. We were not inflicted with storms in teacups, and deplorable exhibitions of pettiness. We were not plagued by soi-disant intellectuals, regurgitating second-hand ideas, and consciously posing as the apostles of higher culture. We were not.....

What is to be done about it? Frankly, we don't know. There doesn't seem much that can be done, except to wait until the members of the local intelligentsia have been translated - complete with their sick-making sentiments - to higher and more rarified spheres, until our crop of immigrants from other universities have learnt the salutary lesson that in Rome it is as well to do as the Romans, in fact, to wait until the war is over, and Rhodes welcomes back those of its numbers who are on, who are on the point of going on active service.

Rhodes after the war will be a good place to live in. There will still be the old catchpenny tune of "apathy" raised, no doubt; There will still be wails about the "pushing racket"; perhaps even a stray voice will be raised in Kaif, declaiming indiscriminately about Marx, the ballet, a future life, and what the text book of elementary psychology says. But among the members of the College, there will be a seasoned body of men and women, fresh from confronting issues of life and death. Under their influence, Rhodes can hardly fail to become once again fit to call itself a university. May we be there to see that day.

IMPRESSIONS ON A CLOSER PROSPECT OF RHODES UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Having been asked to write (as critically as I like) upon this theme, I am reminded of how my father surmounted a similar difficulty on his first arrival in Australia: making a beeline for the bar of the largest hotel in sight he stood drinks to the assembled company and declaimed in a loud voice, "Well, boys, I've never seen anything like Sydney harbour!" With which equivocal remark he was hailed as having said the last word on this important topic.

And in a long and misspent life I have never seen anything quite like Rhodes. How could anyone compare it to the real Cit of Marrakech with its red and blue sunsets, looking more like a painting by Gauguin than any painting of Gauguin ever looked. Or Seville with its quaint mixture of beauty and bloodshed. Sunrise on Beverley Hills. Hollywood nights...?

But I also remember the last University I attended (an ancient seat of learning in England) where, in a room of panelled walls black with age, I literally found a skeleton in a hidden cupboard and nearly shot an innocent man who came to retrieve it (with explanations to which I was in no mood to listen). Some time I must regale you with the full story. But surely nothing like this could occur at Rhodes?

Some of my impressions of Rhodes are already five years old. For two of my oldest friends in South Africa were products of Rhodes University College. No doubt Rhodes has turned out some good men and women - these two men were so good that they were never turned out at all; they both departed with honour and credit at the end of four years study. What else can I say? That the climate of Rhodes compares favourably with that of the University of Southern California. That useful and polite learning appear to be very happily proportional in the College curriculum. That the youth of Rhodes is no more earnest, and no more immoral, than the youth of Oxford or Athens; and happily free from intellectual doubts as to the ultimate validity of life and society. That the women combine the intellectual charm of English women with the physical perfection of Spanish senoritas; and lack the smart sophistication (and other disconcerting qualities) of the Californian sirens.

That the general atmosphere is of calm endeavour free from that self-conscious striving for improvement so conspicuous in America, or the brilliant scepticism of frustration and defeatism which has produced such disastrous consequences in Europe. In fact my main regret is that I did not come to Rhodes before setting out to see the world - one almost feels that the world could have waited.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,
The Rhodéo.

Dear Sir,

I hear disturbing rumours that the Dramatic Society is plotting to produce a Shakespearean comedy as the Third Term play. May I, through the pages of your paper, as the Committee of the Society, before it is too late, to reconsider its decision? I shall tabulate my reasons.

1. A Shakespearean comedy may have been excruciatingly funny to an Elizabethan audience, untroubled by the moral rectitude of the Lord Chamberlain. The humour may still be appreciated by a student of Sixteenth Century Life and Thought; it will hardly amuse anyone else. The jokes that made the groundlings rock with laughter will, we are confident, be decorously omitted. The others - what there are of them - need perfect acting an excellence of delivery on the part of the performers, and an accurate knowledge of the actual conditions of the period on the part of the audience before they will raise so much as a smile. The lesson of the Beggars' Opera has, we hope, not been forgotten.

2. A comedy is the most difficult kind of play to perform. It needs excellent actors (preferably experienced), not only in the leading parts, but also in the minor ones. Above all, it needs much rehearsing. A Shakes-

Shakespearean play, with five acts and a multitude of characters may at Rhodes receive the first; the second is hardly possible.

3. Even if the idea of a Shakespearean tragedy replaces that of a Shakespearean comedy, the difficulties still remain enormous. Any play, and most of all a Shakespearean play, demands actors who can act, not individuals who can elocute. We doubt whether the Dramatic Society can muster a cast strong enough to fulfil that essential condition. We can imagine nothing more depressing than sitting for two hours listening to a glorified recital in costume of even the most perfect blank verse in the language.

4. There are only three full-dress performances a year. We, as members of that Society, have a right to expect that the Dramatic Society should present the best shows possible for those performances. Even if the difficulties of casting are overcome, the play cannot be rehearsed for much more than six weeks. Shakespearean plays have five acts, containing up to twenty-five or thirty scenes. Simple arithmetic leads to the conclusion that each scene can be rehearsed for one evening! Can the Dramatic Society give of its best under these conditions? Unless the Committee of the Society is absolutely certain that the play will be an outstanding success, it has no right to waste one of the three shows of the year.

5. Why a Shakespearean play anyway? I am certain that the bulk of the College has no wish for one. Some of us have had the Bard Thrust down our throats at school, and then thrust down them in English, Courses I, II and III, so that we look on him as a young zoologist looks on a frog rather than on him as the greatest master of the English language that our literature knows. Others of us are scientists, have never read him anyway, and don't want to start now. Others have a real appreciation of him, but would prefer to read him for ourselves, or wait until we can see him performed by a first-class company rather than risk having our illusions shattered by a badly performed, under-rehearsed show. There are two types of dramatic societies that are justified in tackling Shakespeare - a school society, or a company of professional artists. In the former case imperfection can be excused by the words: "Well, considering that they're so young, it was a jolly stout effort." In the latter case, there is a sporting chance that the performance will be above reproach. Rhodes Dramatic Society is neither of these things.

6. The Society has introduced play readings on a larger scale than hitherto, with conspicuous success. If they want to produce Shakespeare, why not do it as a play reading? To attempt a full dress performance, in all probability, will merely be to attain to the status of a recital, in costume, without books, but with a prompter.

I ask the Dramatic Society Committee to think very seriously before they thrust on us a mutilated sample of the works of the Bard.

I am, etc.,

K.H.H.

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Correspondence (Cont).

The Editor,
The Rhodéo.

Dear Sir,

We attended the Athletic Union General Meeting on June 8th, and there heard a lengthy discussion sometimes on and some times off the point of a motion to abolish honours' and colours' [sic] blazers. The motion was lost mainly, we think, because pushing was not taken into consideration - this surely is a preeminent sport at Rhodes. It was said that a man or woman played for the love of the game, and not to have his ego inflated, by the award of an honours' or colour's [sic] blazer. Then should he not push for the love of the game and not for the honour meted out to him by the hardworked Rhodéo colours' committee at the end of the pushing season. We know that the opposers of this motion will say that it is not egotistical to push for an honours blazer for it involve some self sacrifice - financial!

The abolition of pushing honours at Rhodes would decrease the invidious racquet [sic] of pushing; which we all definitely desire; for under the present rotten system a man is forced to push the same girl, or forfeit [sic] his blazer.

We have however open minds on the subject, and feel that our heavy pushers, if you can define them (after all [sic] the Rhodéo Committee cannot waste time snooping in Bots) should be honoured by the other pushers and members of the College.

Yours,

Jane and Austen.

* * * * *

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The Editor
The Rhodco.

Dear Sir,

Forgive me if I seem to crib from a recent editorial when I say that again there have been signs, unmistakable signs that "Rhodes is growing up" - why even the Oriel Hall signing-on rules have been simplified and first year women are actually allowed to go to Kaif at night - remarkable.

But to get to the point, I think that it would be no exaggeration to say that this last long weekend was quite the most pleasant and most socially successful time that Rhodes has yet experienced.

So why, now that the socialistic experiments of Mr Iotor, Mr Andrew, and Miss Luttrell West have proved to be so pleasant, must Rhodes sink back once more into the conventional stupor which is so characteristic a mark of its social life - let us have then more tennis socials, more impromptu dances and more braaivleise (for although the lack of food at the latter function was no doubt acute, this can be remedied at future ones, and in any case the Arcadian atmosphere made such mundane needs quite unimportant; why, even Mr Dickerson played "Nuts and May.")

Lastly, let us do our best to break down the absurd barriers which divide third years from seniors and second years from third years, etc., and get together to make the projected plan of a Students' Union a Good Thing.

Yours, etc.,

KARL MARX.

Dear Sir,

I would like to bring to the notice of many, especially the women students, the fact that, whether they are followers of Dale Carnegie or not, smoking off other people certainly does not enhance their popularity. In short, if they must smoke it is only fair that they should carry their own cigarettes around with them.

Yours, etc.,

STOMPIE.

(This reflects on the editors - and will continue to do so, Dickerson permitting - and therefore its publication may be considered a favour.)

Song of Dram. Soc. Binge

O thou who didst with Pitfall
and with Gin
Beset the path I was to wander in:
Thou wilt not with Predetermination
Round enmesh me,
And impute my fall to Sin.

Homer K.M. - (With apologies
to O. Henry. Ed.)

A little Homily

When you paid up your three shillings for the Rhodco this year, did you ever have a moment of idle wonderment as to who produced the paper, who wrote for it, who typed it, who printed it, who controlled it financially and otherwise? Well, all the jobs except the first are managed quite satisfactorily - that is to say, typists, editors, financiers, printers, are all functioning - or rather, ready to function. But no one writes. Why do you suppose you have waited exactly four weeks for this Rhodco, when you expect an issue every eight or ten days? And why, now that it has appeared, do you think that it is so lean and generally lacking in all the prime qualities? No, dear reader, when you paid up your three shillings this was not the end of your coöperation - you must write as well as read. If not, you will wait another four weeks - and then find disappointment.



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- 5 -

BLUES

Went to Social Studies, hardly any people came,
Went to S.C.A., and it was very much the same;
Went to a debate - I longed to come away -
No one wished to speak, and there was nothing much to say.

Went to a General Meeting, but excepting two or three,
Copper, Louis Hilson, Miss M. Wallace and J.D.,
No one had a word to say - no discussion from the floor;
People rose, and went out early, by the nearest door.

Heard there was a Rugby match, and so I went along,
Sat among a joyless crowd, and joined in feeble song,
Came away not knowing really which of them had won,
But knowing in a definite way that life was not much fun.

MORE LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.

Geen Parkerplek

There is a certain nosey,
Who contrives to keep us cosy
By the hot air she emits,
When in the public eye she sits.

(Continues on page 7.)

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THE MAN ABOUT KAIF

It's time Mr. Brasser was chained up.

Mr. Alers objected to the ruling that no one should have two consecutive dances with the same partner. But Mr. Scully just disobeyed.

"A number of holes tied together with the same thread", Def. of - no, you're wrong - Shipster's socks.

When is the Winter Issue of the Rhodian going to appear? (The S.A. winter does not fall over Xmas, Mr. Hall.)

Struben Phone a/c : 5/10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Really Tuffy, Milner's not that far away.

And then there is the young lady who still thinks social ten is a racket.

MISSING: One of the leading members of the college - J. Asper. Any-one furnishing information as to his whereabouts might be rewarded. The matter is urgent as his name will have to be removed from the Voter's roll. (Jeremy the Phelps-Great Hall cat is making praiseworthy efforts to fill the breach.)

Attention Ink Silk: Inks may not wear the Dram. Soc. top hats at informal dances!

And there is the Rhodian who takes his friend to Kaif just to be unsociable. Snaky work, Chinky.

To be in love is romantic, but to hear Pope's engaged is not a joke. Does this explain his morning walks.

And talking of engagements, we do like Miss Wessels' ring.

Who is the airman who was heard to remark that he'd been klemped down upon at Annual Ball?

At least one of the of the Annual Ball Committee Hart(i)ley enjoyed herself.

And Mr. Bouwer seems to be very Phyl-osophic nowadays.

We would like to know why Mr. A.D. Hall insisted that the line from "Arms and the Man" : 'I'm as nervous as a mouse' be re-written.

Talking of Mr. Hall (and who at some time or other does not?) we are pleased to see that he has gone all athletic. We sympathise, though, with the young woman who exclaimed "But Mouse can't play rugby! He'd look just silly in shorts".

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