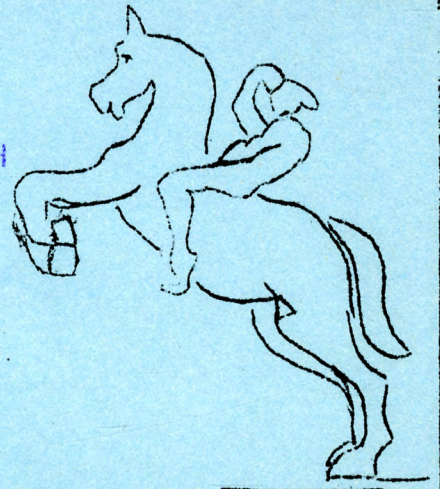


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RELEASES.....

PROGRAMME ON PAGE ONE INSIDE.

"THE RHODEO"

EDITORIAL

It is one thing to approve of an editorial in "The Rhodoc", but it is quite another trying to write one. With most of the editorial staff (including the Editor himself) in the sick room recuperating after Founders, the good ship Rhodoc was left almost completely unmanned. What a chance! This was not going to be a floating hulk, found on the halcyon water one moonlit night like Marie Celeste, alone and palely loitering while no seagulls sang. So in the role of pirates we clambered aboard, and although it hurt us much more than it's going to hurt you, we managed to give birth to a few ideas and ultimately this "Rhodoc" now before you.

Our first impulse was to remember all those satirical editorials which have been a feature of the "Rhodoc" all this year. Taking up the Editor's pen (which still bore traces of gall on the nib), we began:

"Consider the average sheep", and then changed it to "Consider the average monkey in Bots". No good. Then we tried

"Rhodes is going to the dogs", but on the grounds that this had been said in almost every editorial since the first 1939 "Rhodoc" appeared, it was abandoned. After a third attempt which covered the international situation and epitomised all those ideals of Right and Wrong, of Courage and Bravery, of breaking crisis-clouds, liberty, democracy and a dozen others (the only "fate worse than death" we knew was Dishonour), we gave it up.

Not that the Editor was wrong: far from it. More offensive nails have been hit on the head by "Rhodoc" editorials than by any amount of the rife speculation and cynicism that wafts itself from the Arts Block in one door of Kaif, cut the other and into Residence. Nor do we wish to make mean gibes nor to take advantage of being at the wheel; but there is that general feeling that the "Rhodoc" had been living in a room whose windows were closed. It needed fresh air!

We said "that general feeling". Again we stress the fact that this is a lay editorial and it does not reflect the opinion of the editorial staff. Those who, out of their smugness sit tight and criticise the "Rhodoc" from afar, are throwing boomerangs which only fall on their own heads. The "Rhodoc" is a paper produced by the students for the students. It is our paper, it is your paper. If you see a mote in the "Rhodoc's" eye, realise that there is probably a beam in your own and do something about it. The "Rhodoc" should be a bigger feature of Rhodes life than it is. It can be. It will be - if you do your bit.

And lastly, don't bite the hand that lays the golden egg.

---cOc---

We have it on the best authority that Pondo has had the trimmings stripped from his blazer by a mob of indignant Inks; or did he only get his hair cut!

---cOc---

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"PIGS"

Pigs, as the familiar proverb would have us believe, might fly, though we are left to infer that the chances of them staying firmly on the ground are distinctly greater. But in these days, when Hitler's and Stalin's boys are discovering, with mutual congratulations and whoops of delight, that underneath their different labels they are so much alike as to be virtually indistinguishable from one another, (what we have long suspected, our view of non-democratic and non-British human nature being what it is) it is particularly hazardous to make confident assertions about pigs of any kind.

Blinding on, however, as is our unfortunate custom, and quite heedless alike of the advice of our few remaining well-wishers, and of the abuse that we confidently look forward to for suggesting that anything in our own particular garden could possibly be a little bit unlovely least one pig has shown so little aptitude for flights of any kind, has so pertinaciously refused to sprout the smallest feather, has been so consistently earth-bound, so weighted down by its own superabundant grossness, that its chances of ever getting into the air and indulging in soarings of any kind, whether elephantine or spritely, may be estimated with all the precision of the statistician as nil. And the particular pig whose capacities we rate so low is none other than the "Rhodeo", that manifestation of the College's cultural interests which our readers are now perusing with their customary impatience.

And our reasons? Well, we have several. First and (need we say it?) most important, is our altruistic and quite humanitarian concern for our colleagues. Behind the facade of stale lecture notes, impertinent badinage, and pontifical pronunciamentos with which they are accustomed to fob off the approach of the raw student, they disclose themselves to the privileged few as just human beings after all: rather more over larded, perhaps, with defence mechanisms than is the ordinary man-in-the-street, (as is natural and understandable in view of the dangerous life they lead) yet essentially human, and similar in their fundamentals to any other random sample of humanity: with major and minor purposes in life, with moments of elation and depression, with moods and whimsies, with prejudices, preoccupations, and pettinesses just like any one else: and like any one else they are essentially harmless and well meaning, in spite of their intermittent ferocities, bellowings, snarlings and dodgins. (These monstrous heresies we must just ask you to accept, in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary.) In fact, no decent-minded student, no matter how provoked, would really wish to see them suffering any more than is their due, if he could see them and know them as we do.

Now our readers will pardon us if we refer to the fact that, in their wisdom, our colleagues and ourselves decreed some time ago that all official student publications should first be submitted for their approval to a small and select group, just in case the notorious student propensity for saying the right thing at the wrong time and to the wrong person should increase the suspicion

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K N I G H T ' S

(already, alas, seriously entertained in some quarters not more than fifty miles from the College itself) that we academics are a collection of self-centred, nasty-minded, garrulous, undisciplined, ungrateful, pampered and generally worthless degenerates. Think, (pardon us if we seem to insist on this) think what this resolution implies. These unfortunates, these senatorial victims of their own zeal for the welfare of the College, have actually to read, with due care and attention, every word that is published: and, need we say, quite a few that are too feeble even for that.

Now we all know (all of us over the critical age of twenty five, that is to say) that what makes life really worth living is to dig like a mad dog in one's garden, or pant round the wearisome golf course, or pound one's piano, or sharpen the needles of one's gramophone, or consult the columns of the daily paper to follow, with perspiring excitement, the fluctuations of our favourite shares, or even, in extreme cases, to immerse one's self in the lethal waters of a detective novel. In comparison with these delights everything else is a meaningless bore: every second spent otherwise is a second lost or wasted: even (perhaps we should say "particularly") the forty five or fifty seconds required to bring conviction that "Rhodes" is as devoid of any ideas, good or bad, as usual. Yet this small and self-sacrificing group of our ~~colleagues~~ colleagues tear themselves away from their main aims in life to do this important, harrowing, and thankless service. In fairness to all of them it should be mentioned that they do not complain: but need they suffer as they do?

But, you may say, such sufferings as they endure are ~~the~~ a just fate: they are the victims of their own presumption: they ventured to judge, and thus forfeited the right to anyone's pity. Well, we will grant this dubious point: but what of yourselves, we ask in reply. What have you done that this thing should go on repeating itself with the distressing regularity of a sardine, raising false hopes with each appearance, only to dash them once again. Nothing, of course: absolutely nothing, is the answer.

As everyone knows who has spent even a couple of days at a higher educational institution, the crying need is for entertainment. (The need of the students, that is: for anyone with half an eye will realise that at once that the staff, when they are not entertaining themselves and the general public with their collective eccentricities and extravagances, can fiddle around and amuse themselves in perfect isolation as prettily and completely as any five-year-old.) After a few hours spent with the blustering horrors of Science, the vacuous vapourings and bogus mysteries of Arts, the inhuman grinding and tickings of Commerce, the base self-righteousness and humourless indecencies of Law, or that omnium gatherum of fatuities that is labelled Education for want of any adequate description: after a few hours in any of these rarified, poisoned, and often hot atmospheres, the miserable student creature, jaded, harassed and thwarted to the very depths of his being, is right for entertainment, relief, dissipation, solace, or forgetfulness in any form. But his ordeals are not over: for the cult of Physical Fitness, that most impelling and crushing of all traditions, straightway takes hold of him, smothering completely his half-conscious

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urge to shake himself loose from the trammels and be himself, hounding him to the arena where he inevitably falls a victim to the sadistic and masochistic horrors, the physical greanings, dislocations and anguish, of competitive sport. Unwilling to admit that all this leads only to a repetition of vomitings after food, dental attacks, and so forth, until his physical condition can only be compared to that of the more disease-ridden and unexercised members of the staff. (We share your shudders : and we can only insist that it pains us deeply to have to tell the truth.) A rich variety of mental symptoms, too, escapisms and neuroses, often make their appearance, even to the extent of inducing the sufferer to lie in bed when he might be attending lectures, or willing to hang round the Women's Residences, craftively to snatch a book and go off, shambling and shame-faced, to indulge (in secret, it is said in his favour) in the vice of reading. In their flight from reality and its nightmares, extreme cases have been known to go to the length of grumbling perpetually about their food, or even voluntarily attending the S.R.C. Social in the Great Hall. But we need not pile Pelion on Ossa to point out the obvious: our only excuse for doing so is that we sometimes fail to appreciate the full significance of it.

Consciously or unconsciously reacting to such a situation, the weary student develops an enormous and insatiable appetite for entertainment and excitement, though only a few natural cynics realise that they are victims of a malign environment. Hence, incidentally, the notorious and apparently quite inexplicable amiability of wardens, in spite of the fact that they walk in perpetual fear of some unspeakable and nameless enormity being committed within the limits of their own stamping-ground : the breaking of an electric globe, for example, or the playing of a radio between forbidden hours, or the incoming of the irreligious at a disgraceful time of night, or the outgoing of the religious at an equally disgraceful hour of the morning. They know the circumstances, and, as the French have it, "Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner". (For readers' benefit: "To know all is to forgive all" - Ed.).

But all this does not make it any easier for the avid student. The fortnightly appearance of the piece of reading matter emanating from the student body itself, (and therefore completely above suspicion of being in any way highbrow,) purporting to be topical, promising to be at once meaty and spicy, and so cheap that even the most parasitical and heartless student would hesitate to put it on the bill, would naturally be received (one would think, in view of the picture that has just been painted, with distinct approval, perhaps even with positive relish, by the pallid and worn-out victims of higher education. Here, they might well think, here is entertainment: here is relaxation, here is a nice mixture of the serious and the flippant: now at last we can really relax.

But what do you find? What do you get for your twopence? Nothing, ladies and gentlemen, absolutely nothing. A stone for the bread you so sorely heed. Now and again there is a faint gleam which only serves to make the general blackness more profound: but the level of mind-life implied or induced by any number of "Rhodes" is, we dare to aver, pitifully low.

So low, indeed, that we venture to issue this faint and wavering protest. Knowing student life so intimately as we do (and having been a student once ourselves, let us hasten to remind our readers before they completely lose their tempers with us) we simply refuse to believe that this particular pig is the best that the College can do in the way of flying. (And lest you should think that we are being quite unrestrained in our strictures, just lashing out blindly in an access of unreasonable fury, we would point out that we say "the College", and not "even this College" as we might have done had we not been motivated, as usual, by the most unimpeachable motives). No, ladies and gentlemen, we simply refuse to believe that this periodic futility is in any sense entertaining or uplifting, even to the most callous, intractable, and demoralised fourth year form (shall we say, just purely by chance?) Milner? But we must register our strongest objection to the fact that it misrepresents the intellectual life of the College.

The Plan about Kaif.

Our readers will no doubt remember with pleasure that Cassiodorus has retreated to the sick room. We regret to have to announce, however that even there he could not refrain from sending out his usual bulletin. In the circumstances we feel compelled to publish the following:

.....

So now your darling little Cassiodorus is in the sick room and and do you know what, my dear readers, when they brought him in, B.B.B. went hobbling out for fear of contagion.

.....

Although College functions are not what they used to be, the songs and war - cries supplied by the tea-party at the Founders Ball were much appreciated by all.

.....

They all looked so nice sitting on the floor, but do you think they would sing so lustily about beer if they had had some.

.....

Of course I could not go to the Dram. Soc. binge - although I was invited - but fortunately my old friend Piet de Villiers came to visit me the next morning.

.....

As sauve and gesticulating as ever, though suffering from a splitting headache and a queezy stomach, in the intervals of absent-mindedly sipping my rat poison, he told me all about it.

.....

Apparently much to everybody's dissatisfaction no new engagements were announced and the Technical Staff forgot to resign. One member of the cast even forgot to drink anything except tea. Perhaps the Student had her eye on him. (Senior Student).

.....

The real sensation of the evening was Mr. Ian Snedden's telegram of congratulations. Broad - minded fellow -- eh!

.....

They tell me the Duchess of Windsor has found a Duke. Tuppence for your thoughts!

.....

By the way have you heard the latest S.C.A. Lament:
'Scots wha' hae' wi' Wallace bled
Alas, the Cursed Dougall hid beneath the bed!'

.....

Now Sister says I must go to sleep, so God bless you my beloved readers, and one last question

Who said "Poor Little Albert?"

Cassiodorus.

Ed. Note. Since receiving this bulletin we hear from the sick-room that after undergoing a severe operation Cassiodorus passed away quietly in the early hours of yesterday morning. We hope to publish an obituary notice in the next issue.

War and Youth

Now that at last "der Tag" has arrived and Man has turned again to the inevitable Khaki, it might be opportune to take stock of ourselves

It is not for a mere war baby to thump the big drum, and I can be trusted not to assume any cogaissance (!) of the military phenomenon. Unpleasant as the situation may be, however, I shall not bleat about peace, or Go@; unlike B.B.B. I find it simpler and saner to accept a situation bound to occur sooner or later. His impassioned article has naturally fallen on deaf ears, as the average student undoubtedly regards a pacifist as a coward or a scoundrel -- often both. I might go further and say that the Omnipotent Power did not bother to intervene in 1914, and one is led to believe that in fact, in the present case, one might as well forget the existence of the Omnipotent Power, should it exist at all.

In the horror of it all, however; Rhodians have, at least, one bright hope, the effects of war will be highly beneficial to this edifice of unimpeachable morality, and smug self-satisfaction -- those Rhodians who return from active fighting will have learnt the truth untarnished, and will have the moral courage to sift the wheat from the chaff -- from the husk of professional peroration, they will shake the sacred grain of reality. They will then be not afraid, as they are at present, to oppose the safe-servility of the S.R.C. and the senile stupidity of the Senate. For a while, at least, this university will be run by the students like any sane university and not by a conglomeration of dull, dogmatic, and largely disinterested sages whose beliefs and actions are typical of those greater but almost identical representatives of their class -- the cabinets -- Macdonald, Baldwin, and Chamberlain. For it was well meaning, but totally unsuitable old stick-in-the-muds of this type, who will be damned in history for the present war. It will not be forgotten how British lost her authority by negligence, or how the British Commonwealth was led up the garden path by an ex-house decorator, a man whose education stopped at 14. And finally the world has been plunged into a war, directly caused by the complacent cogitations of elder statesmen ---

So it is with our university, which has been sapped of the vigour and daring of youth, and has been driven from the desire to explore, discover and conquer--which is denied the right of personal freedom, the essential in a modern democratic university.

Rhodes has sunk very low to a stage of weak-kneed subservience to those ineffectuals, not even above vulgar brawling who are representative of the men who have mis-managed civilisation. But when the next armistice has been declared, another regime will arrive at our university, the lies, half-truths, and misrepresentations will no longer be good enough. -- Youth will take the helm, and the air of Grahamstown need no longer be fetid, but fresh with hope, inspiration and true reality

This is perhaps in the nature of a prophecy, I am not afraid to present it as such. In conclusion, let Youth to the future, for soon will the responsibility fall on the young men, and to our professors may I add:--

"Iam veniet tacito curva senecta pede"

LOUIS DE LA MORGUE.

Editorial Note: We understand that the Censor got more real pleasure from reading this article than from all the rest of the Rhodios he has read this year. He has since been seen wandering the corridors of Milner late at night muttering to himself the strophes of a ROONIAID in heroic couplets and with most intricate rhymes.

A. FULLER 'RHODIA N'

The Editor of the Rhodian has now been formally introduced to the Secretaries of the Squash and Swimming Clubs.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Balance Sheet.

The Dramatic Society just managed to save its reputation and put something on the credit side of its balance sheet by the performance of "The Skin Game", the final production of the year. This play is essentially safe, for based on a genuine conflict, it moves economically from dramatic, one might almost say melodramatic, climax to climax, and the characters are clear-cut. Only one scene presents any real difficulties for the producer, and that, the auction scene, was the least successful of last week's production. Even so, the dramatic society must be congratulated for having seen the error of its ways and having put on, and put on effectively too, something comparatively worth while. On the

Of the capable company of players that the producers, Miss P. Swan and S. Christie, had at their disposal, the women were outstanding. The brilliant performance of Miss Orenstein, correctly cast as Mrs. Hillcrist, hard, calculating and masterful, contrasted directly with the controlled emotions and sincerity of Miss Sutherns Chloe. Mrs. Hillcrist might have been a shade more aristocratic; Chloe a little more vulgar. Miss Taylor gave a delightful performance as Jill. Not even the handicap of having to make love to the wooden Rolf and of being suitably girlish to a father who looked as if he ought to have been her younger brother, could deprive her acting of its spirit and vivacity. Miss Sheard suggested the amount of untapped talent there must be hidden away at Rhodes with a faultless cameo-portrait of Mrs Jackman. Of the men, D. Thomas was consistently good as the sly Dawker, but Mr. Hillcrist was beyond R. Gathorne's physical and imaginative capacities. It is said that there is a tradition at Rhodes that once you are successful in a part, you are doomed to play the same type of thing over and over again. Let it be hoped that a promising performance in "The Flaw" earlier in the season has not brought down this awful fate upon the young and talented Mr. Gathorne. The producers might have given the auctioneer a little more space and have encouraged him to move about and vary his gestures in order to break up the monotony of his long speech. L. Podlashuc successfully held the attention of the audience in this scene on the second night.

The technical staff's motor-car should never have been allowed, and for three reasons: it did not sound like a motor-car; it distracted the actors; and it made the audience laugh, spoiling the continuity of the play and the atmosphere on the stage. This sort of nonsense is adolescent and must be firmly suppressed if the Dram Soc wants to be taken seriously. (One sometimes wonders.) The colourful backcloth reminded me more of the bare grandeur of South African contours than of England's green and pleasant hills. The wardrobe mistresses tried to turn the play into a mannequin parade; the hats reminded me of Sunday evening in Kaif; only Mrs. Hillcrist's green costume hit me in the eye. I think something might have been done about it.

Mr. Dowthwaite announces that this is positively the last production at Rhodes with which he will be associated. Although his official position of Stage-Manager keeps him out of the limelight the peculiar uniform he affects is well known by now to most Rhodians. There can be no doubt, however, that he has consistently been the big noise behind the scenes. His departure probably means the end of an epoch in the history of the Society: next year, fresh woods and pastures new.

The Future ?

And what of the prospects for the future ? Some progress has already been made: affiliation with the Dramatic Club is at the moment being arranged, and it is to be hoped that a less aggressive attitude will be adopted towards that ailing and rather weak-kneed little sister -- the Musical Society. A little less patronage and a little more practical support and encouragement from the Dramatic Society would be to the ultimate benefit of all three societies. The Committee is at last becoming aware of the deplorable state of the library, wardrobe, props, etc.

The Inky Concert.

Then there is the question of the Inky Concert: would it not be possible for the Musical and Dramatic Societies to take over the organisation of this concert, the programme to be shared among inks and seniors, the inks being encourage to organise and produce themselves under supervision. This might stop the Inky Concert from being the traditional and disgusting shambles that it is, and into the bargain, would put the seniors on their mettle. If this scheme were carried out there would be no need for the waste of time and money put into the experimental production towards the end of the first term.

Quality not quantity.

The S.R.C. must not repeat this year's mistake of giving way to the misguided though persuasive pleas of the enthusiasts. Let them firmly limit the activities of the Society to two productions a year, while allowing them proportionately more money per production so that they have the time and money to put on something worth while. The whole tradition of the European Drama is at their disposal, they have really no need to dally with the latest West End flop of the popular novelist. It has been claimed that the Society caters for its audience. You will never develop a decent audience by playing down to it. The present policy of providing a mere alternative to pushing to scope is defeating its own object. Good plays are so much easier to put on than bad ones. (vide the present productions), and the best isn't too good for Rhodes. If two shows by the Dramatic and one by the Musical Society are not considered sufficient entertainment for Rhodes during the year, why not ask the staff to put on a play during the fourth term.

Bouquet.

And finally, let us once again congratulate the producers and cast on their success in "The Skin Game". As I, unlike Cassiodorus, do not descend to contemptible insinuations, I have no use for a pseudonym.

K.R.N.

(Continued from Page 4).

depraved, degraded, and disillusioned as we have no doubt become, from reading the annual crop of examination papers, we simply refuse to believe that this pig represents the intellectual soarings of R.U.C. (And to your Uneasy Whisperings of "Shall we tell him? Shouldn't we remove his last illusion?" a deaf ear will be turned, rigorously and irrevocably as the Fuehrer is in the habit of saying: for even if the base suggestions are true, - which we deny emphatically and heroically - it would be a truth that we should decide not to believe, for the sake of our own peace of mind, and the reputations of our College, if for no other reasons.) Ask yourselves the question, What would the average fumbling citizen think if you presented him with half-a-dozen "Rhodeos" as the product of your sojourn in these halls of learning? Pretty shattering and ~~in~~flattering thoughts, is our humble opinion. And as you will agree, the facade must be preserved before the general public even if the building behind it were a crumbling ruin, a hollow sham, which we just refuse to believe.

There remains one last feeble argument to be disposed of. The detractors of missionary activities are usually willing to admit (as you are probably aware, being to a large extent the sons and daughters, nephews, nieces, grandsons, in-laws, and prospective husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, of generations of missionaries) the detractors of missionary activity, as we were saying before these fatuous and irrelevant ideas crossed our mind, ~~nam~~ are willing to admit that, even if no other good of any kind resulted, the missionary activities are undoubtedly very good for the missionaries themselves. May it not be exactly the same with the Rhodeo? Perhaps it keeps some people out of mischief? Perhaps when the contributors are busy writing their stuff, or the typists (we will

(Continued on Page 11).

"HAPPENINGS.....IN THE WORLD OF SPORT".

The following awards have been made by the Athletic Union :-
Rugby Club. Colours: Kingwill D., Watson, Jackson, Scott, H.W., Scott, N.E.
Team Blazers: Milne, Bellow, Wilkin, Scott, B.V., Kingwill, P.N., Dimpleby, Wellington, McLoughlin, Bryant, Douglas.

Hockey Club. (Women's). Honours: G. Stainer, H. Cronje.
Team Blazers: Misses, Spaulding, Buyskes, Smythe, Meara, Neethling, Pienaar, Jones, Mattinson.
 (Men's). Honours: MacDonald, F., Bosworth-Smith, MacRobert.
 Colours: MacDonald, I., v.d. Merwe, Thomson, D., Coventry, Reynolds.
Team Blazers: Mundy, Cunliffe, Allin.

Boxing Club. Colours: L. Warren.
Team Blazers: Hugo, Zahn.

Swimming Club. (Women's). Team Blazers: Misses Behrmann, Ballantyne, Thomson, and Woolridge.
 (Men's). Colours: J. Polson.
Team Blazers: Robinson, Wills, Taylor, Smith, A.G., Harris, D.

Golf Club. Team Blazers: Robertson, J.M., Wigg, Pearce, Dunn, Schleiss, D., Rivett, Lewis, MacLowe, and Blanc.

Rowing Club. Colours: P. Bellow, Smith, I.
Team Blazers: Tomlinson, P., Thomas, J.D.K., Cunliffe.

A FOUNDERS TRIFLE.

Princess ! Give me your hand
 And we will leave this tiresome land
 Where men posture, prance
 And generalise.
 Let's to the graceful dance,
 For an hour or two
 To be lost in the unity of style
 And movement. I will take your fan,
 And you shall gather your train
 About your arm.
 And as the strains of the slow, sentimental
 Waltz drown the dry staccato
 Of the pedant's voice, we'll converse
 On curve of lip and flash of eye
 And the colours passing by
 Of satined silk.
 Renewed in the trance,
 We'll turn again and face the
 Academic batter of the bald-headed
 Drums, clearly stating our dislike
 Of what is dry, colourless,
 And futile.

.....

(Continued from Page 8.)

Mr. Robert Finn sailed last week for England to take up his Rhodes Scholarship,

o o o

The Camera Club is holding its Annual Exhibition on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 13th., 14th. and 15th. All entries are welcome!

1939 HOSPITAL RAG.....EXECUTIVE REPORT.

The 1939 Rag has come and gone without a procession. In spite of this, however, we have succeeded in collecting about £360. The record sum collected this year is not, as has been suggested, due to there being no expenditure on the procession, as over £50 had already been spent on this, when, on Thursday, Sept. 7th, the Rag was cancelled on account of the international situation without any of the Rag Committee being consulted; the total cost of the procession would not have exceeded £55 (these estimates include advertising). As it was, however, all costs had been covered from the beginning.

The success of the collection was in great measure due to the efficient organisation by Miss J. Rose and Mr. T. Dreyer, of the competitions by Misses J. Harle and D. Meara, and Mr. J. Smit, to the preparation of the Rhodent by the special sub-committee, and its distribution by Mr B. H. Glasse.

The largest amount handed in by any student was £5. 2. 0, by Miss Carr, for which stout effort she has been awarded two scope tickets for "The Mikado". Two tickets for the same show have been awarded Mr. R. F. Bouwere for selling 76 car competition tickets. The prize for the best float suggestion has been awarded to H. P. Wiles who had almost completed a model of the tropical Coelocanth Fish on his bicycle.

On addition to the above we would like to thank sincerely the following for the services enumerated :

The public of Grahamstown for responding in an even more generous manner than in the past. His Worship the Mayor and the Municipality for offering to co-operate on the day of the Rag by granting the freedom of the City to the students, provision of a power line and loudspeakers and a platform for the Square Entertainment. Also the Botanical Gardens for providing free float-building material. The Secretary of the Hospital Board for his co-operation in many ways. Those friends of the College who so generously lent their cars for the purpose of collecting, and those who offered their lorries for use in the procession. The South African Broadcasting Corporation and particularly Mr. N. Filmer, for permitting the students to go on the air on that fateful Thursday evening. The Grand Theatre and His Majesty's Theatre for donations and permission to show slides, and co-operation in other ways. Williams, Hunt and Brock for providing a motor car and giving petrol for the car competition. All advertisers for supporting the Rhodent and thereby making possible its publication. The various colleges and schools who supported the Rhodent. Those business houses who displayed advertising posters, and those who gave packing cases and cardboard. Fishers for the idea and execution of the thermometer collection. Morris Ossher for giving materials for costumes. And last but not least, the students of Rhodes for their loyal support; especially the Float-leaders, Collectors and those who used their cars for collecting. We owe a debt of gratitude to those lads, who, under our affectionate guidance, constructed the greater part of the floats and so efficiently disposed of the Competition tickets.

The result of the Competitions are as follows :

Motor Car Mileage Competition. The prize is shared by the following, each of whom estimated the mileage exactly correctly as 165.6.

Mr. R. F. DALL, c/o Barclay's Bank, G' town, and Messrs. R. Robertson and P. N. Kingwill, Struben House.

Gollywog Competition. Will the owner of red ticket number 237 please collect the prize of one guinea from Grocotts. If not claimed by the end of October, it will be given to the Hospital.

Competition on Float-Judging Forms. The winner is Mr. E. Keck of 36, Somerset Street. He will receive £1 on application to Grocotts.

Will all firms who have not yet done so please send in their accounts to:

The Treasurer, Rag Committee, Milner House, R. U. C.

All documents appertaining to the Rag will be lodged with the Registrar, and the procession will be held in as nearly its original condition as possible at the first opportunity on which it becomes possible to hold a Rag.

CORRESPONDENCE.

10th September, 1939

The Editor, "The Rhodent",

Sir,

I should like to draw the attention of students to the N.U.S.A.S. Correspondence Exchange, through which South African Students may obtain pen-friends overseas, particularly in the following countries:-

Algeria, Australia, Brazil, Canada, England, Finland, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Malta, U.S.A.

Anyone wishing to make use of the exchange should apply to Miss H. Shapiro, Phelps House, giving details of the age, sex, and faculty of the desired correspondent, together with some information about special hobbies and interests.

I am, etc.,

H. Shapiro.

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RAG EXPENDITURE AND RECEIPTS.

The following is an approximate account of the receipts and expenditure as nearly as can be judged at the present juncture.

<u>RECEIPTS.</u>		<u>EXPENDITURE.</u>	
	£. s. d.		£. s. d.
By Collecting	124.10. 0.	To Rhodent Printing	60.17. 3.
By sale of Competition Tickets	83.0. 0.	To Advertising and Printing	12. 5. 5.
By sale of Rhodents	65. 0. 0.	To transport	4.17.10.
By Advertisements in Rhodent	42.10. 0.	To Float Costs	41. 6. 0.
By Donations	45. 0. 0.	Approximate amount to be donated to Hospital	240. 3. 6.
Total	<u>360. 0. 0.</u>		<u>360. 0. 0.</u>

The accurate balance sheet will be published as soon as the figures are available.

(Continued from Page 10) Executive.

call them that, as an act of grace) turning the handle of their machine, or doing whatever one does with it, they are being kept out of Harm's way? Well, permit us to doubt it. We are sufficiently depraved to think that it does not exist in these parts in quantity enough to attract anyone's notice and to believe that, if people, be they students or staff, are ready for it will find it, - or manufacture it for themselves in spite of you. No, we do not think that the production of "Rhodent" does much good to the producers, nor do we think it keeps them out of the way of any Harm, real or hypothetical. And so we come, you will be relieved to find, to a close. The pig in question has had over a year in which to ~~show~~ make some show of flying. Its attempts to do so have been a conspicuous failure in our opinion, and we see no alternative to recommending its extinction.

D. M. M.

Ed. Note: This contribution, sportingly produced by request at three hours' notice, must not be taken to represent the Editor's views, nor, we suspect, those of the writer himself.

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