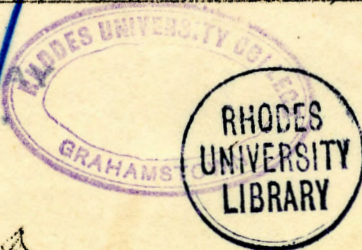


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## EDITORIAL,

Consider the average sheep. He is unable to thrive unless in the company of other sheep. And when with them he is happy. He has nothing to worry about, except burr-weeds and a drought which he doesn't think it polite to mention to his pals. As for jackals - he takes no notice of them. Let them whine in the kloof - it's quite a thrilling melancholy sensation! Let them steal down upon them in the moonlight and come, with cruel beady eyes, within a few yards! - and then, what panic! what confused bleating - what pathos!

Rhodes in many respects is no better than a sheep-camp. The average Rhodian is oblivious of the existence of jackals. He puts his trust in barbed wire fences - the rules and regulations, the system whereby he is more or less spoon-fed, the cheques from home. But someday in his second or third year or later he finds sharp teeth in his throat, and the happy, narrow, little Arcadia turns into a terrible desert. And he bleats pathetically: "Why should this happen to me? What have I done?"

.....  
 "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise".  
 But for once we can cast aside the fear of censure and accept the indictment of folly. The average Rhodian is ignorant of life, no matter how much he may know of Physics or History. He is a penblind idiot, peregrinating aimlessly. His eyes have no perspective because they seldom look further than his nose, or at the outside, the distance from the 1/3 seats to the Scope screen. His senses are swathed in rich gloves of ease and luxury, and feel nothing acutely; his hearing distorted by the sing-song and the jazz band; and his soul, thrust down at the bottom of the lane of his conscious mind, is a mere dust-bin full of the burnt cut ends of cigarette sentiments, the mushy banana skins of exotic excitements devoured hurriedly, and the discarded tickets of eternal scopes he acts in front of everyone.

Ideals? only to talk about! Human? only second hand! Love? none - but plenty of sentiment! Purpose? a word not in his vocabulary!

And he - he is the cream of the country! the future statesman, citizen, economist, leader of men! God save South Africa from such sheep! Let her rather be governed by the Devil's jackals! Thunder and lightning!! Are we men? Or are we mere moral pansies?

Surely all of us are heartily sick of the soporific ease of the place! It is time we got out of our habit of lethargic somnambulism. We need "c", "pep", determination, Purpose. After all, we know that life is not all beer and skittles. If we don't put some fight into our existence we won't be fit for life. The jackals will get us. Some of us have been bitten already. It is painful. Let others take heed.

To put the issue bluntly. The most vital thing in every man or woman's life is character - knowledge, art, a degree, amusement, sport - these are really trifles in comparison. You cannot escape the issue, unless you die very young. You may evade it successfully for years. But the longer you invade it, the deeper the jackals will bite. There is more than a superficial truth in the words: "Character is destiny."

-----O-----

Having introduced, which I regret

Having attacked the stagnation of our 'Varsity life with, I regret to say, little outward effect, I have found it necessary to prove to those ~~disinterested~~ disinterested parties, their depravity. And so I have drawn up the following questionnaire as a test and exposition of their abilities.

QUESTIONNAIRE:

"RHODEO" I (a) Are you a Rhodian?



- (b) Why don't you wake up?
- (c) Which is the best sacrifice?
  - (i) The Professors,
  - (ii) The students,
  - (iii) Grahamstown?

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

- (a) Do you belong to a College society?
- (b) Is it a good show?
- (c) Then why do you belong?
- (d) Are you on the Committee?
- (e) Then why don't you do something?

FEMALE STUDENTS:

- (a) Has anyone ever told you you were beautiful?
- (b) Why?
- (c) He had a squint, didn't he?
- (d) Do people shun you?
- (e) Then why don't you read the advertisements?

MALE STUDENTS:

- (a) Are you a Milner House?
- (b) Can you open the pot?
- (c) Oh, you are afraid Abe will skin you?
- (d) Censored.
- (e) Censored.
- (f) What do you think of Rhodes women?
- (g) Do you think I can print that?

SOCIAL:

- (a) Have you ever pushed?
- (b) Censored.
- (c) Well, why did you go?
- (d) You're disillusioned, aren't you?
- (e) And broke?
- (f) How long do you spend in the phone-box?
- (g) Isn't it time you gave someone else a break?
- (h) Have you ever been to a dance with Tangle?
- (i) Must you dance every dance with the same fortunate man?
- (j) Have you ever waited at Jameson side-door?
- (k) Oh, you're still waiting?

GENERAL:

- (a) When did you last write home?
- (b) Did you get the cash?
- (c) What is or who are the following:
  - (i) WAM -
    - (1) a new dance?
    - (2) an American Broadcasting Station?
    - (3) a caricature of a face?
  - (ii) The Flying Wombat
    - (1) A Cocktail?
    - (2) A professor?
    - (3) A blonde?
  - (iii) ALFS
    - (1) A port of call?
    - (2) A call for port?
    - (3) A name for lost Tanks?
    - (4) A decedrant?
    - (5) A trademark?
    - (6) A grave yard?

All persons sending in completed forms to the Editor will immediately have their heads examined (at their own expense).

"LOUIS DE LA MORGUE".

- P.S. (1) Who is "Louis de la Morgue"?
- (2) Well, why doesn't he stop writing drivel?



THE MAN ABOUT KAIF.

I weep for the future of Rhodes when my gaze wanders over the feeble and decadent wit scrawled upon the notices in the Arts Block and elsewhere, especially in the Men's House Library suggestion lists. The stale and sniggering filthy perversions on these lists revolt the soul of any post-school individual. If one must crack these jokes, why not keep them "in the family circle"? Why broadcast them?

Still, this is a democratic country therefore.....  
But stay, list - stop, lock and listen. Is it?

Why do the S.R.C. never publish any account of their doings? Every other University S.R.C. does so. Why can't our S.R.C. submit to the "Rhodes", say once per term, a resumé of their activities?

I am not reflecting on our S.R.C. I helped elect them and I trust them. I am not suspicious of them - I am merely curious to know what they do.

I am also curious to know what is going to happen in the matter of closer co-operation between the Women's and Men's Debating Societies.

I wish them good luck. Vive le Debating Society! Hail Hotair!

Talking of Hot Air reminds me of Mr. Rodney on the subject of Hitler. So let's forget it.

At great trouble and expense and at considerable ~~expense~~ risk of personal injury I have discovered a fascinating game to beguile the long winter evenings of Rhodians. I hope soon to see crowds of innocent students rocked with jocular merriment while they play it.

The game is known as "Baiting the Bulls" and consists of producing cacophonous roars upon Graham House radio by ringing the front door bell. If persisted in this game will produce fantastic and amusing capers by Pop, Congo, and even our own most reverend and poetic Editor.

Finally I present you with This Week's Great Thought. Keep it with you and treasure it:-

Isaiah V. 9. : "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning".

"CASSIODORUS".

-----O-----

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MIXED DEBATE IN CHEM. LECTURE THEATRE.

"Ideals and all that"

The subject before the house was: "In the opinion of this house the Idealist is better prepared for life than the Realists". Mr. Fuller introduced the motion, contending that an Idealist was not necessarily one who lost sight of feality, but held up before himself certain ideals towards which he strived! Each in his own way was an Idealist whether his ideals embraced all humanity or were concerned with patriotic ends or else were merely for the sake of personal aggrandisement.

Miss Koster, opposing, said that the proposers were confusing Idealism and Ambition. The realist took life as it was and lived it; the idealist always lived in a world of might-be. The realist was sane and well-balanced and did not need mental soporifics in any form to afford an excuse for life. Miss Lundie seconded the proposer and said that the idealist was one who schooled his ideas and developed them into the best sentiments. Mr. Rooney, who seconded the opposition, gave an excellent imitation of an American showman, producing a broken umbrella, "straight from Munich and Berchtesgarden," to show what the realists had done to the idealistic Mr. Chamberlain.

The discussion from the floor was varied and prolific, but surprisingly enough, did not soar into the dizzy stratosphere of transcendental metaphysics. The predominant note was that an ideal acts as a driving force for Man's activities. The motion was passed by a large majority.

After heckling time Mr. Nichol proposed that the women be invited to every meeting. The house immediately split into three camps :-

(1) Those in favour, who argued that it was time the social segregation of the sexes at Rhodes was undermined.

(2) Those against, who feared that the continual presence of women would undermine the integrity and dignity of the old society.

(3) Those who didn't care anyway.

Before adjourning the meeting the chairman, Mr. Kingwill, warned that in this matter the interests of debating should take precedence over social considerations.

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RHODEO SHORT STORY.

The Edelweiss.

"Moonie", she asked angelically, "couldn't you get me that little sprig of edelweiss?"

Moon Martin loosened his giant fur collar and peered upwards at a little bush tucked comfortably away in an inaccessible nook. Footholds were scarce, and the slopes of Mount Sorrain looked desolate and treacherous.

"It's a long way up," he ventured.

"But just a teeny-weeny bit," she pleaded.

He was melting already. She was awfully pretty, he thought, and it wasn't often that pretty girls came Martin's way. Those eyes, those lips....

"All right," he consented, "But if I break my neck--"

"You're a perfect dear; just the cat's whiskers. In fact, the Amoeba's necktie, the grasshopper's false teeth. Oh, Moonie, You're wonderful!"

It was worth getting. There was a time when he had doubted whether it was Caesar Bolero or he who carried the most weight with Eupheme. Now he was certain. The gentleman in question was undoubtedly himself. Hadn't she just said so? Of course. Gosh, he was going to try hard to get that edelweiss.....

"There it is, Moonie," Eupheme called up from below. But it was a great deal further than he had imagined.

"I'm afraid --" he began.

"Oh, Moonie,--" again that wistful look in her eyes. He just HAD to get it. That was all there was to it.

His position was precarious now; his grip was by no means certain, and his foothold decidedly unsteady. If only he hadn't cut his nails this morning--

"Grab it and be finished," something was saying to him, but unfortunately for him he did not realise the subtlety of the impression. All right, he would. And that was exactly what did occur. In a flash it was all over. Moon lost his hold, tottered, reeled & crashed to earth forty feet below.

Eupheme breathed a sigh of relief, turned him over once, ~~round~~ to make quite sure, and sped blissfully down the slopes to the Tyrolean hotel. She entered her room with a callous air, where a sleek, swarthy Italian was waiting;

"All O.K.?" Caesar inquired.

"Yes," as she pulled off her gloves. "All O.K."

"Then hurry," he advised, "Or we'll be keeping Father Augustine waiting."

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It was ten long, very long, years since their wedding.

"Caesar boy," she asked angelically, "Couldn't you get me just a little sprig of edelweiss?"

Caesar Bolero loosened his giant fur collar, and peered upwards at a little bush tucked comfortable away in an inaccessible nook. Footholds were scarce, and the slopes of Mount Sorrain looked desolate and treacherous.

"Not me," he sneered, "I've heard that one before."

"DOPEY"

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor,

Individual Reform.

Socials, intimate parties, informal dancing class, even the impertinent suggestion by a mere male for a change of partners per week was suggested to reform our rotten social state but alas! We individuals are still the same spineless nonentities with a covering of selfsatisfied bla!.

These various arrangements may facilitate friendship - and a how d'you do for an evening - but these do not change the fundamental internal outlook - and thus not the atmosphere of college social life.

Are we not individually rotten? If every college student - man and woman - in his- or herself made an effort to live peacefully and happily together as a body of students (without this artificial bla!).

Everyone of us should try to do our share of friendliness (not only towards our intimate friends) and this small bit done on the part of each individual would have far better and wider results than all the Socials - and forced meetings put together.

One feels like a cocoanut floating on an overflowing - buoyant with life - when one marches gaily to serious tasks, hoping to be cheered up for the morning's work by a friendly good morning or even a slight grin but soon one's buoyancy melts when one of the superior social enthusiasts throws his or her avalanches vaguely at our Jumping Jehosaphat - our faithful and consoling College clock, which at least helps to while away the after effects.

Let us try to abandon this nonsensical superior attitude (which really originates from egoistical ignorance) and if it were possible that our superior fellow-beings would revive an occasional friendly gesture we would at least be able to live amiably, and peacefully together as sensible two-leggeds. Love thy neighbour - the only remedy for a reformed social college life.

THE JOB'S COMFORTERS (?).

(Ed. Note : As the immortal bard said:  
"Bla, bla, black sheep." )

-----0-----

Dear Sir,

I am an innocent Sixth Year Male. I spend my days quite happily reading P. G. Wodehouse and swotting hard for the following subjects: Ancient Philosophy, English II, Geography I, Beginners' Greek, and Applied Maths III. My aim in life is universal culture. I listen to music, Charlie Kunz being my favourite; and take a keen interest in Dramatic Art, considering Robert Taylor the paragon of artists.

Imagine my surprise and utter fury when one of the leading lights of the College (let his name remain a secret) came to me in the seclusion of my room, under cover of darkness, and said: "Andcicles, you are living unto yourself. You are an introspective eccentric introvert. (He's doing advanced Psychology). What you need is an absorbing interest in someone else. Now, Andcicles, are you aware that there are hundreds of women in this College who never have the pleasure of male company? who live in caves and never go for walks over the sunny heaths? Surely you cannot be so ignorant as not to know what your duty is! Where's your chivalry?"

In a flaming chagrin I replied:

"My dear friend, my soul is in my own keeping."

He was unimpressed by this profound statement. "You should take some of these poor creatures for walks. After all they're the weaker sex; they need the inspiring friendship of a male to



open their eyes to the majesty and splendour of life." he persisted.

"Sir, I am a mortal. I confess I am afraid of venturing out as a Sir Galahad. But my conscience is extremely unsettled. The thought of taking a single female out makes me tremble. So the only solution I can see is to take out a bevy of them - five or six - with a packet of sandwiches from Kaif, and a copy of "Alice in Wonderland" to read to them".

I trust you will print this. I hope my noble self-sacrificing example will be followed. After all something ought to be done. At the same time I hope none of us will let our chivalry diminish our cultural  $\chi$  ardour.

Yours on the horns of a dilemma,  
"Androcles Pimple."

Ed. Note: Androcles, you are no better than your idealistic friend. Both of you should do nothing else but play chess, or pray for a little humility.

-----O-----

### THE TRAGIC BALLAD OF CHARLIE.

Charlie was a Rhodian,  
He dwelt in Struben House,  
A maestro on the mouth-organ,  
Elusive as a mouse.

He used to croon a lullaby  
Beneath the waning moon,  
To soothe his silly conscience cry  
"There'll be exams in June."

The June exams - they came at last  
And when the results came out  
Charlie thought and thought and said -  
"O Blast, I'm getting stcut!"

So he took to playing squash and pcker  
To make his tummy slender,  
And won renown as a first class jcker:  
"Well due in mid September."

But when the final results came out  
His Pa made Charlie sob  
Because he shouted "Lazy Lcut!  
Get cut! and get a jcb!"

So Charlie starved to death, poor child,  
In a gutter in a slum;  
And a tragic melancholy seized his friends,  
Their tremulous lips were dumb.

They wrote upon the stone at his head:  
"Here lieth Charlie, one of the best.  
Words cannot express our unspeakable loss -  
How we envy his happy rest!"

The Rhodians at his grave stood mute  
Mourning for many a day,  
Till the gangreen moss grew out of the ground  
Where Charlie the Rhodian lay.

-----O-----



### THE IDEAL UNIVERSITY?

The following extract from an article which appeared in "The Cape Times" last month has been handed to us by one who is interested in and concerned about the South African Universities. The article was written by five professors for various overseas universities.

"The problem of to-day is to recover the moral and spiritual bases of society. We have to find the way to set free all the creative power in the world without the accompanying danger of its being turned to destruction. The present state of civilisation is making it increasingly clear that we are morally unfitted to survive.

"The evolution of a new type of man is imperative - a man whose will, emotions, and character are trained to the same degree as his intellect. The new man is open, free, fearless and responsible; he lives in fellowship, loves his country and obeys God.

"The creation of this new type of man, and the culture which goes with it, is the first task of the university to-day. To achieve this, one thing above all is needful: ~~the teachers and administrators of our universities must be men who themselves must have that quality of life which their nation needs in all its citizens.~~

~~"The university is the guardian of true national culture. Its responsibility is for the whole life of the student, the full development of every side of every personality. It is irrational to foster the life of the intellect while neglecting that of the body and the emotions. Sooner or later this results in personal uncertainty and in coldness to the outer world.~~

"Our responsibility as teachers is to develop the student as a coming citizen and leader rather than as a learner of a subject. We must help him to find a career in which his full vitality is applied at the point of greatest service to mankind. In this way we can fulfil our part in the moral rebuilding of the nation.

"Education is fundamentally the dynamic impact of character upon character. The gap which so frequently exists between professor and student must be closed; and the first step to this is taken when the professor himself becomes open with the students. He is already often open-minded, but he must also be open-hearted. He must know the moral needs of men and how to answer them. Only then will the intellect be fully free to grapple with the problems of the world. When professors and students collaborate on this basis, the whole university becomes an institute of research in the science of living."

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### RUGBY PROSPECTS

Judging by the form shown by the First XV in their matches against U.C.T. and Albany, they are a well-balanced side which should go far this season. The pack is somewhat heavier than those of the last few seasons, while the backs have shown plenty of penetration, and their combination in the Albany match was excellent.

The biggest difficulty which faces the Rugby Club towards the end of each season is the number of players who have to drop out through injuries, but as the programme of matches is not quite so strenuous this year as it has been in the past few years, it is hoped that this difficulty will be overcome. This season the Rugby Club is making great efforts to foster interest in the junior rugby, which has been somewhat neglected in recent years. It may be truly said that the strength of a Rugby Football Club is to a large extent judged by the strength of its