



A.U.C.'s Unofficial Monthly Magazine.

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July 1st, 1932

## Editorial

A rather interesting phase of the recent tram strike in Christchurch was the way in which both parties made special efforts to put their cases before the students. The tramway men addressed a large gathering of students, and the representatives of the Tramways Board addressed a similar meeting on the following day. At the same time the rector of the College refused to allow students to volunteer to work the trams, as students; they were, of course, at liberty to volunteer as individuals. All this should make the Auckland University College reflect on its present position in the town. If there should be a strike in the city of Auckland would either side consider putting their case before the students of this College? In other words, are we of sufficient importance to the world to be worth addressing, or are we merely an academic back-water? We could be, and should be, of vital importance to the community, both as a body and as individuals. The theory is that the man with a good education will be able to serve the world better, or else why spend four millions a year on education in this country. Our education seems to do little beyond keeping us apart from the world while we are receiving it.

This does not mean that we should all study economics and labour questions, and hold weekly meetings to discuss a world crisis for which there is no solution. Certain branches of study by their very nature cut one off from the outside world, but for many of us the total sum of our activities and interests revolve round the small centre of the University building, and there has to be a riot in the city before we realise that it is there at all. In England business men are looking more and more to the Universities for leaders in commerce and industry, and this does not mean necessarily that they want them trained in accountancy or company law, but rather do they want men with a good general education who can think for themselves. Out here a University education is looked on as a hindrance to success, something to be forgotten when faced with the hard facts of life. The fault seems to be partly due to an archaicism of syllabus, but also to the way in which the syllabus is tackled. Originality and thinking are as likely to fail a student as to pass him. Be orthodox or nothing, seems to be the pass-word. A little more humanism, a little more humour, and we might some day be something else than school teachers—admirable as this profession is.



## BUSINESS AS USUAL

### AN EFFORT TO BREAK THE DEPRESSION

In these times of depression it is rather brightening to see new businesses springing up around us, and the descent of the commercial world upon this College is a sign that the modern business man will leave no stone unturned while exploring every avenue that leads to wealth. "The modern pirate," as Coppard says in that great Restoration drama, *Frenzy*, "no longer floats ships, he sits at a desk and floats companies."

We are in a position this week to give intending investors inside information about a company which has been formed within the College to exploit hitherto untouched natural resources. Possessing a suite of rooms in the tower above the Women's Common Room, the company which is being promoted by Mr. A. P. Postlewaite professes to deal in stocks relating to M. G. Sullivan and the National Union of Students. The former enterprise is one that will appeal to every intelligent man or woman with money. One pound shares with twenty-five shillings paid up, or five per cent. debentures to be repudiated under the Lang plan, are being offered and no woman should miss the chance of taking an option on this desirable young man. It is understood that once the venture has been capitalised sufficiently Mr. Postlewaite will embark M. G. Sullivan on a lecturing tour. As there seems a strong possibility that Mr. Barker will also lend his services as sparring partner, the takings should be phenomenal, and investors are assured of a return for the first few weeks at all events. Asked as to what direction the tour would take, Mr. Postlewaite said that it was proposed to do the Pacific slope first and then to work gradually back through the Riviera.

The National Union of Students, which is the company's other venture, cannot be recommended to the same extent, although there are possibilities in it. Under Mr. Eugene Dument Robins' management it yielded little more than a few reports every year from southern centres. Mr. Postlewaite, however, while in Wellington last Easter, perceived the commercial possibilities of the undertaking, and having bought the whole thing up for a song (and dance) brought it back to Auckland with him. It is

now safely housed in the company's offices and may be seen at any hour of the day, and particularly at feeding time, by curious customers. It lives mainly on two-year-old decisions of defunct committees and dying executives, with a strong admixture of forgotten bank accounts and abortive schemes. Mr. Postlewaite proposes to change its diet entirely from now on and to feed it on nothing but pounds, shillings and pence; and after a few months of this it is hoped that the delicate and intelligent creature will be able to tour with the rest of the business across the Pacific.

We are asked to inform the public that this company will not buy old gold, nor has it any to sell.

## Histoire de Conscripts, 1932

Now please don't think the students mind their salaries going phut,

It's a pleasure to be landed in an economic rut,  
And I'm certain that not one of them would  
mind another cut,

(Indeed it wouldn't matter if they all objected)  
—but,

There are things that any self-respecting  
student treasures,

Such as liberty of action and enjoyment of his  
pleasures,

And having learnt to have them, his indignation  
measures

The affliction of this last, unsought curtailment  
of his leisures.

What's the liberty of thinking and doing what  
you will,

If the liberty of action doesn't always foot the  
bill,

Be patient for a moment, gentle reader, and  
I'll tell

What's been forced upon the Training College  
—military drill.

—E.N.

## PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

W. L. BARKER

Dark, curly hair, hazel eyes, broad shoulders, dancer's waist, height about 5ft. 10ins., weight anything from ten to fourteen stone, habits temperate and good, disposition mild and genial. This, gentlemen, is not a broadcast description of Gelignite Joe, the Huntly Horror, nor of Jimmy Edwards, the workers' friend, but is a vivid pen-portrait of William Long Barker, on my right, feather-weight, middle-weight and heavy-weight champion of the N.Z. University, and ex-welter-weight debating champion of the South Island. Educated in the fastnesses of Te Puke, Mr. Barker came to College with many ideals, few of which he has lost, and with a desire to see life from all angles. This he is still doing. In 1931 he won a N.Z. University Boxing Blue, toured Australia with the N.Z. University football team, won an Auckland Representative Cap, and represented his College as a debater against the Oregon Students' team. His studies range from Economics to Greek, and he proposes to enter the political arena when he has taken his degree. His hobby is chess, his favourite recreation is bowls, and he lives entirely on milk.

## DETECTIVE LLOYD

SERIES No. 1.

An all English and half Scottish production, featuring several well-known players of local fame and an enthusiastic House Committee. Guaranteed to last the whole of the term and well into next year. Reserve your seats now and get your evidence ready. See Detective Lloyd track the brutal locker-smasher to his lair and drag him single-handed with the assistance of a few constables from his hiding place in the College tower.

*Scenario:* The scene opens in the Men's Common Room on the last night of term. The chairs are all neatly arranged, the floor clean, ash-trays on the tables, a fire burning brightly and an illuminated text above the hearth. There is no one in the room. Suddenly there is a fearsome crash (sound effects by the Western Electric) off

stage, a masked figure slinks through the room, runs through the door and leaps into a waiting taxi which bears him to his home in the lower part of Grey Avenue.

Four hours later. Dramatic arrival of the House Committee.

*Detective Lloyd:* There has been dirty work here.

*House Committee:* Ay, ay, sir.

*Detective Lloyd:* Let us return to that detectable hostelry and consider the matter there.

*House Committee:* Ay, ay, sir.

What will happen now?

See further instalments of this first class mystery story. See the finger prints and foot prints being taken two months after the event. See the criminal break down under the relentless cross examination of the town's leading bar-risters. Nobody should miss this and if many more people are sub-poenaed very few people will.

## Impressions we would like Corrected

This is to certify that

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is not, and has no connection with the TRAMPING CLUB referred to in the tirade against women in the last issue of *Craccum*.

Sgd. S. C. MacDiarmid.

Hon. SEC.

## FOOTBALL DANCE

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# THE UNIVERSITY AND RELIGION

## A NOTE ON THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

There lives more doubt in honest faith,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

There is perhaps only one man who could write well on such a theme as the S.C.M. in such a paper as *Craccum*. And even Ronald Knox might prove an *advocatus diaboli*. One recalls Chesterton's epigram:

Mary of Holyrood may smile indeed,

Knowing what grim historic shade it shocks  
To see wit, laughter and the Popish creed,

Cluster and sparkle in the name of Knox.

The only qualification of the present writer, indeed, is that he has neither the Calvinism of the first Knox nor the Catholicism of the second: and to that extent, at least, he may hope to be an impartial commentator.

The Student Christian Movement in this College has two defects—poverty of criticism and plenitude of misconception. There are still people who associate the movement with American revivalism, or the Women's Christian Temperance Union, or with controversies about Cain's wife or the "credibility of the Judges and the edibility of Jonah." The other defect I mentioned—lack of criticism—might perhaps be more accurately described as lack of contact. The S.C.M. plans to touch by every means in its power, every undergraduate in this College. For though you may despise religion and all its works, you are constantly forced to account for it, to explain it. The S.C.M. is trying to state that "explanation" as coherently as possible. Yet too many students are still thinking of it as obscurantist and traditionalist. With a decadent Debating Society and a Literary Club necessarily limited in its scope, the S.C.M. ought to be fulfilling the function of a College forum. It is not doing so chiefly because of the misconception of its attitude that still prevails.

I am quite aware of the danger of over-stressing this part of the Movement's activities, of forgetting that religion is finally a personal affair and only incidentally "social." I am quite aware of the irreligiousness of much modern religion which seems to have taken for its battle song the erstwhile popular chorus, "We all go the same way home." We have all met this sort of thing:—

"I would send Johnny to Sunday School but we usually go picnics on Sundays. I would come to church but the incense makes me cough. I had a sister who was going to be a nun but she got married instead. I do admire Jasper Calder and would like to hear him preach and isn't Lionel Fletcher wonderful. The vicar once lent me a book called out of tune with the finite and he said it was very moving. You will call again, won't you?"

No, I cannot do it as well as the Rev. Russell Allerton (it is on an imperfect recollection of some words of his that the above monologue is based). But it will serve to illustrate present day piety.

Yet in spite of all this I would still plead for a greater interest in the College in the Student Christian Movement. Two or three heresies would prove the best tonic for the Movement itself. And on the other side it behoves everyone to know something of an organisation whose spiritual fathers were the followers of the little poor man of Assisi, "Les Jongleurs de Dieu" and the founders of the finest of all University Movements. They had the spirit of "laughter and of prayer," and that other spirit of thought and of enquiry which lives in the Student Movement.

And it is not only a local or a national movement of which we are speaking. The N.Z.S.C.M. is linked with 23 other movements in a world federation. That link held throughout the war, it still holds to-day, stronger than ever, so that Lord Cecil has said that he trusts mainly to the Student Christian Federation for the spiritual fortifying of the League of Nations. And it is the S.C.M. which has produced the ablest leaders of the new nations—witness Dr. T. Z. Koo, who visited A.U.C. last year.

On Sunday, July 3rd, a Day of Prayer is held throughout the various Student Movements of the world. On that date the Rev. Wilna Constable will give an address in the Women's Common Room and a Student Service will be held in St. David's Church in the evening.

—J.B.

## COLLEGE NOTES

M. Roche O'Shea will leave shortly for other fields and pastures new. He hopes to come back. Miss Mincham will be leaving for other places also and also hopes to return in the fall. Dame Rumour, as the N.Z. Observer would say, hath it that Mr. M. Roche will spend his time collecting emeritus Professorships to give him a vote on the Board. Any three should be enough. Interviewed by a representative he promised to bring back big ideas or nothing. "My motto," he said impressively, "is California or bust."

An unfortunate disagreement between certain members of the Carnival Committee and the Executive led to the resignation of Messrs. Thompson, Turner, and Lee from the former body. The disagreement arose over the question of a dance to members of the cast of *The Goat's Train*. The Carnival Committee held that, owing to the fact that the proceeds were being given to charity, this could not be charged to the play account, and the Executive, who were not unanimous on the point, took the opposite view. All three of the resigning members—two of whom, in particular, have done a great deal in various ways for this College—wished it to be understood that their resignation was in no way a personal matter, but merely arose out of a question of principle.

The Executive obtained on the hire-purchase and payment-from-future-profits system a printing press which, worked night and day by the indefatigable Caxton Lowry, produced the Carnival Programme. It was a rush job and as printing goes, could have been better, but the idea seems to be a good one and should work out all right.

No further news is yet to hand from Sophy of Kravonia with whom Mr. Blow is corresponding on behalf of the executive, but there should be developments shortly.

Mr. Bertram's resignation from the onerous post of secretary to the Student's Association, was accepted with regret; and Mr. E. P. Haslam was appointed to fill the position temporarily until the forthcoming elections.

## GRADUATION BALL

Capping ceremonies and celebrations passed off as quietly as they gave promise of doing. The actual ceremony broke all records for length and the shades of night were closing round the historic old building as Sir George finished his speech. Graduates had time to snatch a bite on their way to the ball but little more. The Ball was an eminently successful show, there seemed to be a certain spirit about it that former years have lacked. A break-down in the lighting system at about 12.30 gave the *Observer* a great opening for a witty little paragraph. One wonders what the editor would have done that week without the assistance of the defective fuse. A party from Whoop-whoop (which we understand is somewhere in the country) kept things going in the early part of the evening and after that the combined assembly felt competent to amuse itself. The Ball ended shortly after two pip emma, thus bringing to an end the most momentous day in many young students' lives.

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## "THE GOAT'S TRAIN"

By "THE GROUNDLING GRADUATE"

There is no attempt at either literary merit or elaboration of plot in this year's play. Unlike "Frenzy," its sole appeal lay in its wisecracks, topical satire and cheerful nonsense. That these alone were sufficient to keep the audience keenly interested for two hours speaks volumes for the author's ability. Mr. Coppard has a genius for creating clean laughter and, except at the beginning, his shots seldom failed to strike home. The only fault I have to find with his low comedy is that the speech of his characters is not always a true caricature of New Zealand types.

The play, then, consisted of a wealth of witty dialogue and farcical situations centred round two slender plots, the first a scheme to attract passengers to the railways and the second an apparent attempt to wreck the Limited Express. The first was really dramatically unnecessary and the actual execution of it was a poor affair. The other was used merely as a peg on which to hang the wisecracks and was abandoned when the scheduled two hours' fun was up.

The play was preceded by a farcical lantern lecture, allegedly painting the beauties and attractions of a trip down the Main Trunk as far as Westfield. This was quite a good *hors d'oeuvre* and, although it had possibilities far beyond what were exploited, was probably only intended as such. I do not think the slides will add to Mr. Minhinnick's reputation but perhaps he was limited by the requirements of the monologue. Mr. Grey was very effective.

After the prologue came the opening scene and ten or twelve dull minutes. The same fault was apparent here as in the navy scene in "Frenzy." I could not understand the introduction of the piano effects, which were distinctly weak and even irritating. It was "pie-throwing" comedy and did not go across. After the entry of the station-master, however, things went much better and the house was in continual fits of laughter from then till the end of the show.

The parts, with a couple of exceptions, were capably played, and it is hard to single out any one of the leading actors. Mr. Hill and Mr. Ellison caricatured admirably the young man about town, full of witty verbosity and

youthful nonsense, and their engine cab scene was most hilarious from start to finish. Mr. Ellison's voice was especially suited to the hall. Mr. Spragg played the part of the comic station-master to perfection and Miss Perez was most effective as the spiritualistic medium. Her screaming was excellent and made the audience literally sit up.

Of the porters, Mr. Stubbs was least effective, but considerable allowance must be made for his third-grade part. Mr. White's recitation about the spectre train of '29 was well done and deserved more applause than it got. Mr. Smith gave an admirable portrayal of easy-going vulgarity. A good deal of the nonchalance of his part was absorbed into the speech of his lines, which consequently "missed" on occasions.

The heroine's parts were rather feeble and were rendered even more so by the acting, which in one case was nothing short of execrable. One found oneself wishing that Miss Hoban and Miss Keely would bump against a live point on the switchboard before the show ended, but the luck was against one. Ginger, pep, snap, verve, it, how they simply howled for expression in the parts of Sue and Ann!

The topical choruses sung by Messrs. Spragg, Hill and Smith were a distinct hit, but I should have preferred, say three of the best to each man with one each for an encore. Some of them were not funny enough.

The minor actors made the most of their parts and all added a little to the fun of the show. A word of praise is due to Mr. Jensen, who took over the control of the orchestra at a very late hour, and to his willing orchestra.

One cannot close without recording the services of all those who did anything to make the show a success. In this connection the name of Mr. Solon, stage manager, scene shifter, scene painter and actor, cannot be omitted from this review.

### REMEMBER!

the  
FOOTBALL & BASKETBALL CLUBS'  
DANCE

July 21st.

Peter Pan.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## BARKER SAYS ATHLETICS ARE OKE

(To the Editor *Craccum*)

Sir,—Greatness, it is said, is often merely a complexity of opposites. The great man can do deeds of daring and yet when the occasion calls he is capable of extreme gentleness. The man who is at ease in kingly presence is also able to walk truly among the common things of life. The deep thinker can on occasion appreciate nonsense, the powerful general be an humble officer, the master, a servant, the man, a child.

If this definition, that greatness be a complexity of opposites, is correct, then may I congratulate the writer of "Tournament Thoughts" upon his greatness.

In his article he has drawn our attention to various evils which, unfortunately, do exist in our College. He has shown us, with evidences of sound reasoning, that the representative does spend too much money at tournament, that he would be a better man were he to drink beer instead of milk and whisky, that his pleasures would be better were they to cost him less. The writer is perfectly correct in stating that the debate was forced out of Tournament owing to the riotous behaviour of many of the representatives. I admit that he shows good judgment by adding that the so-called intellectuals need a tournament far more than the athletes; that the intellectual is given to narrowness of mind and regards the whole affair as a vulgar brawl; that if the intellectual went to Tournament as a barracker he would learn to respect the good points of the athlete.

He is quite right, sir. Every word is true. It is an exact statement of existing conditions and there his article should have ended. But behold, to be great, to show complexity of opposites he now opposes impulse to deliberation, thoughtlessness to logic, ridicule to sound sense, injustice to justice.

Sir, the unbalanced part of that article, the ill-considered attack on the intellect of the athlete, the unnecessary slur cast upon our women representatives, calls for denouncement.

On behalf of my friends and the other men of the College I assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to *Craccum*.

May I inquire, sir, just what in this case "Intelligentsia" means? Surely it is not possible to describe those non-athletes, those narrow-minded, heartless, ghostly creatures which, though in the minority, do unfortunately frequent our halls. It cannot be that one single word can describe such creatures.

Should we ever wish to lower the standard of our Tournament, in fact, should we so desire to abolish it entirely, then by all means let us invite the self-styled Intelligentsia to our Tournament. Yes, sir, let us invite them. Let them meet the intelligentsia of the other Colleges. Let them all gather over a tea party to discuss ye old English or ye long dead Latin. Let them walk together with their eyes to the ground, their steps weak and unguided, their shoulders bent and their thoughts on narrow things. With eyes that see not, a body that is but an earthy machine, hands that know not the comforting grip of strong friendship moulded in conflict; a heart that beats but

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to maintain life, a heart that feels not for deeper, nobler things, that cannot beat a little faster, or a little stronger in battle, that can never feel the thrill of victory or be strong enough to suffer defeat, that can never be great enough to be trusted by men.

Yes, sir, let us invite them. Let us get the intelligentsia, the brains of the College together. Where there was once sunshine let there be shadows, where there was life let there be death.

Those creatures, sir, to which I have just referred, are not men. None but such a creature would so condemn his fellow beings. None but such a creature would be so lacking in principle as to make an unjust attack on our women, or be so devoid of natural human instincts as to fail to appreciate their charms.

I do not claim to be an athlete, but I have been a representative of this College at Tournament for two years. I have met the men and women representatives on both occasions and in my mind remain many pleasant memories.

As a representative, and with such sentiments of hearty goodwill to my fellows, I seriously resent the accusation that the College Athlete is as thick in the head as he is in the calf of the leg, that he is incapable of clear thought and that in ten or fifteen years he will be of little use to the community.

I say, sir, that it will be from these representatives that the leaders of to-morrow must come. From the ranks of those who on the field of sport have been taught true discipline, who have been taught to sacrifice self for the

team, who have been taught to fight against great odds. It is, sir, from the ranks of these that the leaders of to-morrow must come or our nation must collapse.

I consider that a high standard must be maintained in both the mental and the physical sides of education or we cannot make progress. In stating both I would draw your attention to the old saying, "the mere athlete is half man, half beast; the mere scholar half man, half ghost."

That member of the intelligentsia in his own article committed himself seriously when he unfairly criticised our women representatives. A criticism that could give no honour to the writer and serves to annoy every man who reads it.

Women in every walk of life receive the respect they demand. If they wish to make themselves cheap, man has no objection to being a bargain hunter. If they wish to place themselves on a pedestal as the most glorious of God's creatures then man brings forth his better self, stands on the common, cheaper things in life and endeavours to raise himself to their level. The dignity of a woman is ever reflected in the treatment she receives.

Let the Intelligentsia receive their social education among their own 'Varsity people who have no need for affectation—which, strange to say, often appeals to some men more than charm. They will soon learn to appreciate our women and give to them that respect which they demand. Give to them the respect they

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have received at all Tournaments of which I have any knowledge, respect which shows appreciation of their dignity and good sense.

Our Intelligentsia regret that the so-called mere athletes are capable of being a cheery crowd under almost any circumstances. Oh, how in their hearts they envy the thick-headed athletes. But have they considered that that perpetual cheerfulness, that happiness, that unbounded optimism, that contented state of mind, that appetite for life is the result of our being athletes and not the cause of our athletic achievements?

Have the mere intelligentsia ever considered the physical and mental struggle which the athlete has in his training, the sacrifice of pleasures, the abstinence from luxuries, the continual fight against the weaker self which ever clamours for the easy path? Have they considered that it is from this sacrifice, this abstinence, that the man is formed?

My advice to the mere intelligentsia is this: Come to our Tournament by all means, but come either as representatives or as barrackers. Please do not protest like weak, spoilt children at your non-inclusion and demand that Tournament be converted, from an historical athletic event for University men and women, into a melting pot for the Intelligentsia.

Sir, if by choice I must be either a member of that Intelligentsia or a mere athlete with my head as thick as my chest, then, as I live, let my head be as thick as my chest, but above

all things leave me with a true, strong heart. Let me know the love of my fellow men. I am, etc.,

WILLIAM L. BARKER.

#### CORRESPONDENT CONGRATULATES CONTRIBUTOR ON ACUMEN

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—May I say how heartily I agree with the sentiments expressed in an article in your last issue on the subject of University women. It is, of course, a perennial subject but it is one which we should keep steadfastly before us. Co-education is to my mind wrong in principle and practice. It will be argued that this country is too small and too poor to have separate institutions, but at the same time more might be done to mould thought and educational policy in the right direction. The years go by and we drift along without much idea of where we are going, with everything in a state of flux, and with a general feeling of dissatisfaction prevailing. This is a matter which should be discussed without personal feelings. Any clear thinking woman would welcome education on different lines and apart from the present mass-production system. I honestly believe that separation of the two sexes in the sphere of education would lead to better understanding between them, and it would certainly make women more respected among the men of this college.—I am, etc.,

J.C.

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## ANOTHER SAYS "NO!"

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—The author, whoe'er he be, that quite impossible he, that wrote what sensationalists would call a diatribe and what anyone with any sense would pronounce a piece of youthful inanity, namely the article on Women in the last number of your wretched rag, deserves the congratulations of an all too oblivious world. In an age devoted to speed and fast thinking he has preserved a narrowness of outlook that Queen Victoria would have laughed at. He does not dare to say it but back of his little mind—always of course assuming that he has one—is the good old, honest-to-God, my-country-right-or-wrong sort of idea that a woman's place is the home. I had thought that the passage of time and the great war had done with all that, but lo! in our midst, beside, and in spite of, the Phoenix, is the purest gem of the Victorian era, alive and blushing, until recently, quite unseen. Could you not make some effort to bring him a bit more before the public, a series of lectures, perhaps, or personal interviews at so much a time. I feel that a great opportunity is here for us to inform ourselves as to the ways of that rare and curious creature, the early, late, and middle Victorian rolled into one. Yet again I feel that perhaps we should do well to put him quietly to sleep, he must be very unhappy in this age. I would, indeed, on second thoughts, sir, recommend that you brain him—always providing that you can find the place.—I am, etc.,

WELL WISHER.

## THE STUDENT CONSTABLE

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—I read with interest your article on the Student Constable but feel that you not only said more than you meant to but also refrained from saying things which were necessary to an impartial survey of the situation. To see one side of a question is a doubtful quality in an editor, however much the type seems to be in demand on either the *N. Z. Herald* or the *N.Z. Worker*.

There undoubtedly was the attitude which you rightly, if too vehemently, deplore among student specials. On the other hand, was there not the possibility that some of them thought as you apparently do, and were only performing what they felt was their duty in the matter? I am inclined to agree that to form a University company of specials is in itself a mistake, and that those who wish to preserve law and order as against mob violence should not make the University a rallying point. But this is rather far from the sentiments expressed in your article.—I am, etc.,

J.C.

## BOUQUET FOR YOUTHFUL EDITOR

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—You may perhaps have noticed that the Editor of your southern contemporary, the *Critic*, has been rather severely censured of late and that his presence as a student seems

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to be little desired in Dunedin. Might I suggest that you immediately wire him and offer him a considerable sum to attach himself to the staff of *Craccum*? I feel that his presence would give you just the necessary stimulus to cause your paper to be withdrawn from circulation and your activity painlessly terminated. You have already a schoolboy flavour of indecency in your columns, a delightful spirit of wholesale criticism, and a complete absence of any fears that you may perhaps hurt someone's feelings. To this our Dunedin friend would bring a more lively scorn of authority and a more vigorous manner of writing. There would, in fact, be every chance of you both being quietly pushed on your faces. On the other hand, failing the presence of the Dunedin man, there is still hope that if you keep quietly footling away as you are now, you may live to insult someone who, not being a woman, will be able to take the matter, and you, into his own hands.—I am, etc., CLEOPATRA.

## THE YAWNING STUDENT

### MENACE TO LECTURERS

Our attention has been drawn to the fact that yawning is on the increase in this College. Figures are not yet to hand, but are being prepared by an indefatigable office staff and will soon be published. It appears that the increase is largely due to the depression, which is having a bad effect on the morale of the College. Where before a student was content with one yawn a lecture, there is now nothing to prevent him yawning twice, or even thrice. He has no money in his pocket to rattle, no pleasure behind him to look back on nor in front of him to look forward to. He is forced to listen to the lecture. The significance of this will only be appreciated by those who have made the experiment. A well-known preacher gave it as a maxim to beginners always to stop at the third yawn. The lecturer is paid to talk by the hour—he must talk on. And although vacuous mouths gape cavernously around him he must proceed to the bitter end. Things have come to a climax and a prominent member of the staff, when interviewed last week, gave it as his opinion that something would have to be done, and done quickly.

Women students will be encouraged to knit at lectures, and the men students will be debarred altogether. By this means, courses will be continued as usual throughout the year and the position will be reviewed on the Registrar's return from abroad. It is thought that advanced overseas educational methods may throw some light on the question.

An interesting point raised is whether a smothered yawn counts as a full one.

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## FOOTBALL NOTES

By W.L.B.

'Varsity A appeared a very strong combination on paper this year, but their play has been spasmodic, they have played good football one day and a poor game the next. On Saturday, June 11th, it was indeed pleasing to see 'Varsity score in the last minute of a glorious match. With all due respect to Ponsonby the victory was well deserved. Mr. Arthur Keene, the coach, was confident of victory if the forwards packed solidly and if every man tackled low, and his confidence was justified. Every man did his share towards the 3-0 win. Outstanding in the backs was Del Carter, veteran half-back and captain. His form until this match had been disappointing. This was probably due to the fact that he had been content to act as a connecting link between the forwards and the five-eighths line. Many, the writer included, thought that the passing of years and the responsibility of captaincy, together with a series of hard knocks, were beginning to tell upon him. But against Ponsonby his brilliant bursts round the scrum started many thrilling movements and the last of these sent Dave Miliken over on the call of time. His inclusion in the Auckland Reps. for the match against Thames on the following Saturday was well justified and he played a sound game.

Much severe criticism has been hurled at the 'Varsity backs. As a team they have deserved every bit of it; as individuals it was unjusti-

fied. Individually the 'Varsity backs are brilliant players. As a team they fail to show the outstanding merit expected, but quite probably this is due to unfortunate circumstances. At the beginning of the year backs were in abundance. Both Bush and Butler were offering as full-backs, Smith, Milliken and Kedgerley as wings, and McKearney, Stotter, Jenkin, Mulvihill, Bunt and Green as five-eighths. Carter was outstanding as half and Caughey as centre. The difficulty was to pick the full-back, the wings and the five-eighths.

With the superfluity of players came a new selector, unaware of past performances of the various players, and in the unenviable position of having to select a team from the numbers offering with only a couple of practical matches to guide him.

Full-back Butler was too good to drop, and as he had played five-eight, centre and rover at various times at Training Col., he was an asset to hold. Smith and Milliken were representatives for 1931 in Otago and Auckland provinces respectively and thus had a mortgage on their positions. Kedgerley was too sound and too promising a man to lose and so he was brought into second five-eighths, whilst Mulvihill was played as first five-eighths. Stotter and Jenkin have both played big football in the past, but their form at the beginning of the year was below that of the men selected. Bunt last year showed promise. He was speeding

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penetrative, and great in defence. It was unfortunate that he was dropped as he would have developed into a first five-eights if he had been encouraged.

From the foregoing it can be seen that the situation at the beginning of the year was peculiar. But now there are vacancies. Caughey is away in Australia and as readjustment must follow benefit would result from an alteration.

Kedgerley, who last year in the Auckland B reps. proved himself a fast, dashing wing three-quarters, could perhaps be tried there again. He is certainly uncomfortable and shows no promise in his present position.

Mulvihill has been playing first five-eights, but his continual cutting in and sidestepping the true work of a second five-eights has resulted in the collapse of most back movements.

It would appear that a readjustment may result in an improvement. Several young players are offering in the lower grades but are being kept down on account of their youth. But youth is an asset. Rugby is a young man's game. Hard knocks hurt the same whether a man is 17 or 27. In our own team we have proof that youth counts. Drake, Sherwood and Sutherland, each only about 19 years of age, can give and take knocks with any man. Pat Caughey had the true born footballer's meteoric rise to fame. Carter, still sound and courageous, was asked to play for the Waikato Reps., where forwards are forwards and the ball doesn't mean much in the game, against the South African Springboks in 1921. Del's father would not allow him to play as the lad was not in the best of form; he had had a few sleepless nights cutting his teeth.

Give the young, ambitious men a chance. Age and training will never give a forward

devil, or a back ability to the same extent as the inherent quality of the man. In most cases a man is either a footballer, or he is not.

With a little readjustment I think the 'Varsity team could be made one of the best club teams in the country.

At present 'Varsity is third on the list together with Manukau, Marist Old Boys and Technical Old Boys, whilst Ponsonby and Grammar at present tie for first place.

Pat Caughey, the 'Varsity centre, is now in Australia with the All Blacks. His place in the team will be hard to fill. Let us congratulate him, not so much on his success, as on his ability as a footballer.

Drake won the maiden handicap in a canter, being included in the first two Auckland rep. teams of the season, and against Thames he did justice to his selection, scoring a real forwards try. Mulvihill has also been included in both teams as first emergency.

*Senior B.*—Captain Boswell, of the B's, was for some time to be seen around the Men's Common Room with a glorious grin. His team had been successful in every game but one, whilst 'Varsity A's were irregular. Bos. was undoubtedly visioning the day when, with his B team top of the competition, he would play off against 'Varsity A. for admission to the Senior A grade. Of late his grin has been reduced to a smile, the bitter smile of deferred hope. The A team have been calling on Bos.'s stalwarts, thus reducing his chance of winning the B. Competition, or even, should he win it, thwarting his ambition of a possible victory over the A's. Since the A's robbed him of Sherwood and Sutherland, the odds against such a glorious chance have increased. The



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A's have at last got into their stride and are still in the running for Champ. honours.

Bos. claims that Doug. Green, Jaguish and Spence are all up to A standard. I agree with him. It is said that Bos. himself plays a rattling good game as leader of his pack.

Half-back Trevor Emanuel has in his time stopped many a hard slam in the boxing ring without being much the worse for it, but a hefty boot in the Rugger game put him down for the full count. He is still pretty sore about things, particularly about the left ribs, and I would recommend that for the peace and good name of the Rugby game he be kept down for a while yet.

Messrs. Cashmore and D'Authereau have a sound team together in 2A, who are at present lying second in the grade. Ryder, the clever centre, is, in my opinion, too good to stay more than one season in Junior football, and his inside partner Lewis, ex King's captain, is also playing solid, if less brilliant, football. A good solid pack of forwards should, with any luck and a bit more training, give the team, as a whole, strong chances for the Championship.

The Third A team is fighting the grade out with about four other teams at present, and as there are three rounds to go, things look hopeful. The Third B has not as yet got down below the thirty mark, but they are keen and will win matches in the second round.

The 3rd Intermediates, coached by Prof. Bartrum, have been badly beaten once, but otherwise are a fairly successful team and will probably improve.

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# FINAL NIGHT OF "THE GOAT'S TRAIN"

## Cast Makes Whoopee

The hall was filled to capacity on the final night, and the show received the best hearing of the season, probably because it was put across better than any other night. I do not know whether this was due in any way to the presence, behind the scenes, of Mr. McMillan junior and a sandy haired companion whom he had brought along to help with a few traveller's samples. However, after the final curtain the usual speeches were made and Pos. was able to state that a three-figure dividend had been paid. Then Ralph presented Jack and his wife with a little memento of the affair, expressing a wish that sometimes it might remind them of "The Goat's Train," 1932, and of the goats who were in it.

After the presentation a crowd, composed largely of some of Auckland's pedigree fillies, gathered round the men's dressing rooms to gaze admiringly while the cast changed into still shirts and dinner suits. As a counter-attraction the aforesaid sandy haired accomplice handed out sample after sample to all and sundry.

By 11.15 the Peter Pan, already full to overflowing, was crammed to suffocation point, and the cast, escorts and scroungers danced at the management's expense until midnight, enlivening the proceedings occasionally with hakas or bursts of undisciplined shouting.

At 12.15 (approx.) a general rush to the supper room took place and a passable imitation of the Queen Street riot went on for some minutes. Everyone, however, gazed approvingly while Pos. and his party were served with sizzling plates of eggs and bacon, and everyone waited patiently (more or less) for his or her turn to be treated in the same generous fashion. At 12.40 everyone was waiting still (less patiently), and at 12.45 Pos. and his party departed, leaving an array of culinary debris seldom seen outside an Australian infantry messroom. "Now," thought everyone, "our turn is at hand!"

However, at 1 a.m. everyone was still waiting (quite impatiently). As the stroke of the hour died away waiters appeared with coffee pots and plates of bread, and the horde smacked its lips in anticipation. The move was, however, only a blind, and by 1.15 the kitchen had been stormed by a shock troop battalion clamouring loudly for food. For the next twenty minutes the kitchen door emitted a continuous stream of gentlemen bearing various kinds of plunder, the most aggressive and influential staggering under slabs of half-cooked ham and tomatoes, the more civilised with piles of hot sausage rolls and crumpets, and the timid and Christian minded with plates of sandwiches and anything else they could snatch.

About 1.40, when there was nothing left in the kitchen but several dozen egg shells, a huge pile of toast crusts, a most agreeably savoury odour and half-a-dozen slightly dazed waiters, the crowd began to melt away, leaving a good two hours' work for the staff.

Somebody said there is a depression. We know better!

Thus ended the 'Varsity "play," 1932.

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