

VOL 12—No. 2.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1938.

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● Highlights of this Issue

COMMUNISTS IN SPAIN

RYAN v. ANSCHUTZ

ROWING REGATTAS

IN THE STUDENT MIND

THE BOOKSHELF

THE CORNER OF AUNT ALICE

THE OPEN FORUM

POINTS OF VIEW

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

Editors are great men for twisting their contributors' tales.

Bad manners of modern girl—she likes being wooed (especially in the cloisters).

Mrs. Odds reports a record year for freshers—only one has gatecrashed the Staff Table at the Cafeteria.

What a woman hears goes in at both ears and rushes out at her mouth.

The new striped curtains in the Women's Common Room have been much admired. It's the lines that count.

A woman Commerce Student says she is taking three subjects this year—coffee evenings, balls, and tournaments.

We are told of an eighteenth century gallant who won another man's wife at a game of cards. Hearts were trumps obviously.

This week's prize for pessimism goes to Mr. Blaiklock who reminds us that it is only twenty-nine weeks to Terms!

Freshers who intend to debate this year should remember that the first law of repartee is better never than late.

Mr. Ardern tells us that the 3 p.m. English lecture begins at 3 p.m. But doesn't he know that the lecturer must arrive before the lecture begins?

The Lit. Club wish to make it clear that the blue ribbon on their natty little programme does not mean that all members must sign the pledge.

At the Lit. Club meeting Mr. Darcy Cresswell gave an interested audience Byron's recipe for slimming. In case you are interested, here it is—rice boiled in vinegar, sodawater, and biscuits.

From Training College comes the news that Lawrence Hogben's folk-dancing must be seen to be appreciated. Can we have our chance to appreciate it in Revue, Mr. Hogben?

Miss Shona Paterson states that in future members of the House Committee will wear gowns while at Varsity. Apparently Miss Paterson is unable to control their nudist tendencies elsewhere.

Mr. Owen, our new English lecturer, wishes to announce that the box plan for his Tuesday, 6 p.m. lecture will open on Monday morning at the College Office.

The absence of a Camera Club in our University is rather astonishing considering the number of promising camera girls we have—they sit in the dark and await developments.

We would like an explanation from the S.C.M. tramper who strode through St. Helier's Bay with his trouser leg held together with a safety-pin (supplied by his lady companion) singing lustily, "It ain't nobody's business what I do."

The following enraptured outburst on A.U.C. came from an English lecturer: "No apparatus works correctly in this building; no blackboard goes up and down easily, no window opens properly, and needless to say no member of the staff or of any of the classes does all he should". Well, it is nice to know the truth about ourselves isn't it?

"Ted Henderson's crew, after meeting fowls at Tauranga and Hamilton, was scratched at Auckland and Mercer," (extract from local paper). We advise Mr. Henderson to control his game birds.

Craccum

THE OFFICIAL FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION OF
THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION ISSUED ON THURSDAYS DURING TERM.

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Vol. 12—No. 2.

Thursday, March 24, 1938.

Graduates in the Public Service

In the last issue of "Craccum" an article appeared dealing with the activities of N.Z.U.S.A. Perhaps the most interesting part of that report was the mention of employment of graduates in the Public Service. There is no doubt that up to the present little attention has been given by those persons responsible to the utilisation of the best brains of the University in the National Services. It has been only too apparent in the last few years alone that no real opportunity offered in New Zealand for the employment of our Scholarship winners and highly qualified graduates. As a result an ever-growing number of persons trained here have sought the positions offered overseas.

The present move to obtain recognition of the fact that these men and women are valuable and should not be lost to their own country is one which has our utmost support. In Australia and practically every other British Dominion and in the U.S.A. every encouragement is given to University graduates to enter the Public Service. This policy of absorbing graduates by the offer of interesting and remunerative positions has more than proved itself in these countries by the results.

It is to be hoped that the deputation which is to wait on the Prime Minister regarding this matter will have every success. The outcome of the movement is awaited by many students with great interest.

American Debaters

The N.Z. University Students' Association has concluded arrangements for a tour of the four Colleges by a team of negro debaters from Lemoyne College, U.S.A. Some of the older students will remember the success which attended the debates of the last team which came here from Washington University. The team provided our debating clubs with an added stimulus and apart from useful publicity for the University, most of us probably felt the great value of contacts with over-sea Universities.

The Lemoyne Debaters will arrive in Auckland on June 27, and the first debate is scheduled to take place three days later. The success of our own team is of secondary importance, although we feel confident that it will give a good account of itself. N.Z.U.S.A. is to be congratulated upon its initiative in arranging the tour for without a doubt a great deal of good will result from it.

Craccum Again

The efforts of the Circulation Department to obtain subscriptions from past students and persons interested in the Colleges have been most successful. The committee feels particularly pleased that its appeal has been so generously received and it is determined to do all it can to make "Craccum" worthy of the interest that has been displayed in the first issue. Any criticisms or suggestions will be welcomed at all times by the Committee.

It is felt that this little journal can be more than a record of events in and around the College. It should be one of the means by which ex-students can keep in touch with all that is happening at A.U.C. We thank them all for their support.

POINTS OF VIEW

A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies for it—Oscar Wilde.

Hush, little Chinaman, don't you cry! You'll be a Japanese bye and bye! —(Tom Logue in the "Sun Dial")

"Communism? Yes, I think it's the finest thing that the world could have. But we shan't get it until we first kill off all the Communists."—(Bernard Shaw in a recent interview.)

The employment of one hundred and forty-five imported German workmen in Carlton House Terrace drew from a member of the Labour Party in the House a delightful admission that the Labour Party is quite willing to welcome their arrival. And he used the phrase "international brotherhood." Our own unemployed men will no doubt appreciate this tribute to a great ideal.—"Beachcomber," in "Side-ways through Borneo.")

The Victorian agnostics waited hopefully for science to give them working certainty about life. The new physicist philosophers are in no way different, except that they wait hopelessly instead of hopefully. For they know very well the real meaning of relativity; that their own views may pass from being relatively right to being relatively wrong. And, meanwhile, as I say, there is such a thing as wanting a working rule as to whether we should pay our debts or murder our enemies. We would not wait for a nineteenth-century enlightenment that might come. We certainly will not wait for a twentieth-century enlightenment which cannot come. If we want a guide to life, it seems we must look elsewhere.—(G. K. Chesterton, on "The Collapse of Materialism," from "The Well and the Shallows")

By this experiment, it was recorded that when the heart of a dog is pierced, the dog dies. So you see, it is not fair to say that they have discovered nothing by vivisection. They have reaped a large number of priceless facts like these. But what I insist upon is this:—That with all of this slaughter and all of this horrible pain they have caused, so terrible that few persons outside of the medical profession can read the cold, simple facts reported in the medical journals—while they have done all this year in and year out, they have not yet discovered a single, perfect, dependable, infallible cure for one single human ailment! Vivisection up to the present moment, is the most colossal failure in human experience—and still they go on with it.—(Charles Edward Russell, noted American writer and lecturer in an address on "Vivisection" to the Washington Humane Education Society).

Let us observe then, a curious inconsistency between the attitude of the symposiasts when they assert and their attitude when they deny. When they are dealing with (say) the doctrine of the Atonement, they say it is so unreasonable that they cannot accept it. They appeal, that is, to the logic of argument. But when Mr. Russell trains on them the artillery they have themselves been directing at us, then they tell him, with superior scorn, to go and mind his logarithms; all this intellectual stuff, they say, means nothing to them. . . . But it is an inconsistency only in appearance. The modern world is brain-shy; that is the trouble. It dislikes the doctrines of the Church for the same reason for which it dislikes the argumentations of Mr. Russell, because it takes trouble, demands a real exercise of the speculative intellect, to expose the latter or avoid the cogency of the former. And it prefers its dreams.—(Ronald Knox, in "The Higher Cretinism")

Anschutz Denies Creation

PRIEST VERSUS PRAGMATIST

Notable Free Discussions Meeting

The large English room on Friday evening, March 11th, presented an unusual spectacle, being completely packed with students and visitors. These included one or two clergymen and the entire Auckland Rationalist Association who filled almost one whole bench. Rarely had the Free Discussions Club had such a large gathering, so representative of all shades of student opinion. And despite the exalted presence of Professor Anderson and Dr. Anschutz, it would perhaps not be too much to say that the chief attraction of the evening was the noted writer and lecturer, Rev. Dr. Ryan, D.D., Ph. D.M.A. lecturer in Scholastic Philosophy at the Queen's University, Belfast. The subject of the discussion was "Is there any Rational basis for the Belief in the Existence of a God?" and, naturally Dr. Ryan was the champion of the theistic viewpoint.

Professor Anderson in the chair welcomed the visitor on behalf of the college and introduced him to the audience. Dr. Ryan's opening address had all the marks of that clarity and concise expression which have made his reputation so outstanding. He first pointed out that the title of the subject did not permit him to advance the epistemological and metaphysical arguments upon which part of the Catholic philosophical case for the existence of God rests. He then advanced clearly and interestingly four important arguments, viz., the evidence of intellectual activity which informs nature, the evidence of the laws of animal life and its development on intelligent lines, the evidence of the growth and development of life, and the evidence of moral and aesthetic values.

Gratuitous Assumption

In his reply Dr. Anschutz attacked Dr. Ryan's hypotheses, saying that it had not been proved that matter could not on its own account, do all those things that Dr. Ryan had ascribed to the presence of a Divine Power. That, on the face of it, it is a gratuitous assumption to jump from things having certain characteristics to something outside them to explain those characteristics. He said that there is no characteristic in natural events to justify us going outside. He attacked Dr. Ryan's statement that leading biologists had very grave doubts as to the possibility of the creation of life—or rather lives—in the laboratory, and also declared that such things as ugliness, falsehood and evil were as tangible as beauty, truth and goodness, which Dr. Ryan had denied in his discussion of values.

A brisk discussion followed from all angles. One or two earnest Christians asked pertinent questions which were more or less intelligibly answered by Dr. Anschutz. The Rationalist

visitors asked somewhat incoherent questions of Dr. Ryan who managed to score several good points. It was particularly amusing to hear his answer to the person who asked why he had not defined his premises. Dr. Ryan replied that in his University lectures he usually gave about three months to the study of the points raised and asked what the audience expected in twenty minutes. A lank and red-shirted figure then rose at the back and poured diluted vitriol on Dr. Anschutz, who, recognising Mr. A. R. D. Fairburn, replied in kind.

"Sit Down, Please."

A palpitating figure then rose and, after attacking Dr. Anschutz's statements about the biologists, went on to propose the question of the origin of matter. Dr. Anschutz started to rise. The figure waved a lordly hand. "Sit down, please," it said, "I haven't half finished yet!" and continued to propose further teasers. Dr. Anschutz subsided, abashed, and Mr. Reid (for it was none other than he), sat with a satisfied smirk to listen to the apologia.

Several speakers gave their views and then the summing-up followed. Dr. Anschutz continued his attack on the premises of Dr. Ryan and scored several palpable hits. Dr. Ryan's reply was very much to the point and his explanation of the Thomist idea of essence, which he used to demolish Dr. Anschutz's proposition of the lack of negative values, was masterly. He concluded by saying that we of Auckland were especially fortunate in having the opportunity of discussing openly such questions in such a friendly atmosphere.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Dr. Ryan, proposed by Professor Anderson. A most interesting, informative and stimulating discussion. Congratulations to the Free Discussions Club on securing the presence of such a distinguished visitor.

SOUTHERN COLLEGES AT AUCKLAND

FOUR HUNDRED VISITORS

This coming Easter, four hundred visitors from the south will visit Auckland. Two hundred of these will be competitors in the New Zealand University Tournament, and the rest will be barrackers and spectators. The task of finding billets for these two hundred belongs to A.U.C.'s billeting officer, Mr. Charles Fleming.

The N.Z.U. Tournament arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Lawrence Hogben, 1937 Rhodes Scholar, and Mr. Eric Halstead, President of the Students' Association. On the occasion of the last tournament held here in 1933, Messrs. A. K. Turner and J. E. Mulgan were the organisers. A large staff of controllers has been appointed by the Students' Association to organise the social and sporting activities, and the publicity controller, Mr. W. Maurice-Brown, and his assistant, Mr. W. Mackie, are very busy selling Auckland the idea of tournament.

WEALTH OF TALENT

Each Easter a New Zealand University Tournament is held at one of the main centres. Last year Canterbury were the hosts—in 1936, Victoria; in 1935, Otago and in 1934, Canterbury. Auckland had its turn a year early in 1933, because it happened to be its jubilee year. It is now five years since Tournament was held here. These tournaments usually reveal a wealth of talent. Boot, Allen, Anderson, Brainsby, Robinson, Bowie, Ball, Gillespie, Clegg, Black, Watt, Opie, and all 'Varsity athletes, and many of these will be competing at Easter. Aspell, Barnes, McHugh, Vosailagi in boxing; Symes and Miss J. Thompson in swimming; Barnett, Corich, McCarthy, Misses Taylor and Sherris in tennis; are names which reveal the quality of 'Varsity games in recent years.

THE PROGRAMME

As the newly-rented sports ground, Blandford Park, is not yet ready for the athletic club, the N.Z.U. Athletic meeting will be held on the Domain on Easter Monday afternoon. The tennis will commence at Stanley Street on Saturday morning and will continue on Tuesday. The boxing finals will be fought in the Town Hall on Saturday evening. The basketball, which is usually very spectacular will be held on Saturday afternoon at the Technical College. On Monday morning the N.Z.U. rowing eights will be competed off the Tamaki Drive foreshore. An attractive swimming carnival has been arranged for Easter Monday evening. Apart from athletics a full social programme has been arranged.

The visitors will arrive on Good Friday morning. They will be greeted by the Hongi trained haka team, who should provide plenty of fun during the Tournament. In the afternoon they will be officially welcomed by the College authorities. The teams will leave on Wednesday afternoon, the day following the Tournament Ball.

GRADUATES in PARLIAMENT

AMUSING DEBATE: STAFF v. STUDENTS

BRILLIANT IRRELEVANCE WEIGHTILY DELIVERED

An amused and interested audience filled the College Hall on Wednesday 16th last, on the occasion of the Debating Club's meeting with representatives of the Staff. Defending the motion "There is no place in politics for long-haired University men or short-haired University women," Messrs. Arden, Rodwell and Blaiklock, of the staff, were opposed by Kingston Braybrooke, C. F. Wrigley and Miss Rilda Gorrie. Professor Anderson was a lenient chairman.

Mr. Arden opened with a witty description of his efforts to escape debating the motion, and suggested with more irony than conviction that the training of a University Professor, whom he took to be "the roof and crown of the University," would make him more a hindrance than a help to politics. "For instance," he said, "the professor of logic would inevitably feel bound on principle to expose the fallacious arguments of his own party." On this reasoning he proceeded to dismiss the eligibility of the whole faculty.

The question of hair-length, ignored as impertinent by Mr. Arden, was seized upon by K. Braybrooke, who spoke at length on the practical value of long hair, quoting from history to prove his contention.

Brilliant irrelevance, weightily delivered, characterised the speech of Mr. Rodwell, who followed. With the help of the Abstract of Statistics he easily justified his claim to have wholly confused the issue, his only digression into commonsense being the citation of the case of Samson as an instance of the handicap of long hair. Charles Wrigley then made a neat point for the affirmative with an appeal to aesthetic values, and quoted Dr. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia as an instance of hirsute competence in the political arena.

Mr. Blaiklock's speech took form as a satire on his own lecture-room style. His life, he said, in part, was a garden of roses which showed that a tenacious disrespect for law, precept and tradition was so intrinsic to the nature of University men and women as to disqualify them utterly for the practice of politics. Against this weight of Homeric eloquence Miss Gorrie then launched the barbed shafts of feminine logic and proved to her own satisfaction that University women have a place in the parliamentary arena not only from their unification of brains and beauty, but also as a means of leavening the hard crust of political life by the attraction thereto of better and brighter men.

31 Days to go!



CAN YOU FIND
THOSE
BILLETTS!!

REPLY CHARLES FLEMING

Communists in Spain

ADDRESS BY INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE MEMBER

PATTERSON DECRIES FRANCO

The work of the International Brigade in Spain, and the Left viewpoint on the Spanish conflict, was the subject of an address by Mr. F. Patterson to a joint meeting of the Labour Club and the International Relations Club in the Men's Common Room on Monday, March 14th. Mr. Patterson, who spent ten months in Spain fighting for the International Brigade, gave a vivid description of his personal experiences in the Civil War, and ably painted the horrors of warfare in that unhappy country.

Mr. Patterson stated that he was connected with no political party, but that, in attending Fascist and anti-Fascist meetings in England, he had been inspired with a loathing for the Italian political theory, and had gone to Spain to help protect democracy against the foreign invaders. Compelling pictures of the International Brigade, poorly equipped and badly-fed, were painted by the speaker, and his description of the joy with which the members of the Brigade welcomed a supply of rifles from Moscow, was excellent.

The heroism of the Spanish people, fighting for the Madrid Government, the courage of the International Brigade, and the comradeship between the various nationalities represented therein, the alleged brutalities of the Italians, who, according to the speaker, already overpopulate Spain, the hardships and privations

suffered by the Leftist forces, the terrible havoc wrought by bombs in the cities—all these elements were stressed in Mr. Patterson's address. He spoke throughout with sincerity and conviction, and, on the whole, the talk presented a most interesting viewpoint.

An audience of about fifty listened attentively to Mr. Patterson and the questions, which came chiefly from the Right, were keen and interested. Pressed by a member of the audience, Mr. Patterson admitted that the Communists had taken the lead in the Government forces, and that it was they who were the driving force behind Franco's opponents. Considerable discussion took place as to the authenticity of reports of alleged atrocities by Franco's troops, and Mr. R. C. Cotterall, not without a struggle, was able to make a good point against the Badajoz "massacre" propaganda.

Towards the conclusion of the meeting Professor Belshaw, who occupied the chair, thanked the speaker on behalf of the Labour Club, and Mr. W. T. G. Airey on behalf of the International Relations Club. Mr. Patterson replied to the effect that he welcomed every opportunity to give the message of "the people of Spain" to interested groups. A Mr. Jackson, concluded the meeting with an appeal for assistance from students for the "Spanish" Medical Relief Unit.

THE S. C. M. RELAXES

MAORI BRAVES AT HAPPY PARTY

ROSEVEARE SHINES AS HOST

The S.C.M. revealed hitherto unsounded shallows to their natures, when they abandoned their habitual seriousness and thirst for knowledge (?), in order to direct their energies to a little light relaxation. "Abracadabra" attracted huge numbers of Freshers on Wednesday evening, March 9th, to the Women's Common Room, where they one and all put in a most carefree and hilarious evening. Maori mats and gay posters advertising all parts of the world adorned the walls. Evidently someone had been filching from the Tourist Bureau.

The programme (in the competent hands of M. Roseveare) was opened with a delightful Maori duet by Miss Matangi and Mr. Winiata, which was so well received that they were forced to return shyly for an encore. The music then struck up for a dance and, the numbers of both sexes being about even, everyone was soon whirling off into the laughing crowd of waltzers.

"AKARANA"

At the conclusion of the dance the party was told that they now had to welcome the chieftainess, and a large Maori mat was produced and laid down in the centre of the room with much reverence. Then, in at the door strode a gallant band of pakeha-Maoris (pakeha insofar as they wore European clothes, but Maoris in that ancient Maori skirts were superimposed over the rest of their apparel), and in their midst came the Chieftainess. The non-freshers looked, and gasped, and looked again, for, disguised beyond conception, Ailsa Blakey was scarcely recognisable. The bodyguard stood coyly round on the edges of The Mat, and twiddled its thumbs awkwardly until the word was given to start the welcome haka. Joyfully the bodyguard swung into the rhythm of "Akarana," ably assisted by enthusiasts who were not of the privileged party, till the concrete walls of the Women's Common Room re-echoed with its homely sound. The freshers were visibly impressed, and were still more so when the Chieftainess gave a speech in Maori. As it progressed, however, it was realized that this excellent oration was no more nor no less than a long list of the Maori names of suburbs near Auckland! The laughter and clapping which greeted its close was prolonged so that it was hard to catch the purported "translation" rendered by the lady president of S.C.M. (Miss Muriel Robertson). It was, however, gathered that a very warm welcome was extended to all freshers present.

To seal this, it was announced that all freshers would be individually greeted in the

middle of the hall by the Chieftainess. At this they all turned bashful, until the first two or three had been dragged protesting from their corners. As, however, these appeared to enjoy the operation, more and more turned out, until nearly every man and woman there had joined in the fun. The initiation orgies involved kneeling before the Chieftainess, having a piece of palmleaf potent with perilous power passed over your head, and receiving a small portion of a cooked potato from the prong of a fork.

MUSICAL STICKS

The next item was the ancient Maori game of "Musical Sticks," which is analogous to our European game of musical chairs, and which was enjoyed with full zest by all participating. Then another dance—a long polonaise—was held, followed by the advent of a gentleman from Scotland, kilts, plaid, bagpipes, cap and all! The whole company rose to its feet, and the Scotsman led them a follow-the-leader round the room, everyone imitating to the best of his ability, the weird sounds emitted from the improvised bagpipes which the Scotsman was using. Then everyone participated in some Scotch games, followed by more dances, games, and the old favourite, "The Grand Old Duke of York."

ROSEVEARE IN STRAW HAT

One of the outstanding successes of the evening, however, was scored by Marshall Roseveare and Dorothy Fowler in "There's a Hole in My Bucket." This duet was screamingly funny, being done with the two performers dressed in the most ridiculous of childish clothes, lisping baby language, and carrying out the most stupid childish play. If anyone can imagine anything funnier than our Marshall in a little straw hat tied under his chin, and playing the fool with all his heart, they should write it out and send it in to "Craccum"; for, by the applause which the freshers accorded the item, one would imagine that it would be hard to beat.

Supper was partaken of enthusiastically, and as everyone began to cool down, the executive of S.C.M. were introduced, and the programme for the year outlined to the company. A last dance concluded a most satisfactory evening, which will long be remembered as one of the best shows the S.C.M. has ever put on, and which ought to make freshers and others realize that the members of the S.C.M. are not always the slow, stolid sort of people that some would have you believe.

University Scholars

NEW ZEALAND RESULTS

AUCKLAND SUCCESSES

DECISIONS OF COMMITTEE

The University of New Zealand announces that the Results Committee of the Senate has resolved upon the following awards and recommendations in regard to higher scholarships:—

Post-Graduate Scholarships in Arts.—P. C. Wells, B.A. (Victoria), N. C. Phillips, B.A. (Canterbury).

1851 Exhibition Science Research Scholarship.—E. F. Daly, B.Sc. (Canterbury).

Post-Graduate Scholarship in Science.—S. N. Slater, B.Sc. (Otago) (subject to approval in England of the 1851 nominee).

Michael Hiatt Baker Scholarship.—The names of S. C. Gascoigne, M.Sc. (Auckland), and F. J. Lehany, M.Sc. (Otago) are to be forwarded to the University of Bristol for final selection.

Travelling Scholarship in Engineering.—N. A. Mowbray, B.E. (Canterbury).

Travelling Scholarship in Law.—No award.

Carnegie Fellowships in Education.—T. D. Scott, M.A. (Canterbury and Victoria), L. V. Bryant, M.A. (Auckland).

Free Passages to England, awarded under the British passenger lines' scheme for university graduates.—W. I. Combs, B.A. (Victoria), E. F. Daly, B.Sc. (Canterbury), S. N. Slater, B.Sc. (Otago), P. C. R. Wells, B.A. (Victoria).

The Shirlcliffe Scholarship Selection Committee has resolved upon the following awards:—Shirlcliffe Fellowship Research Scholarship: N. J. Bythell (Victoria), Shirlcliffe Graduate Bursary: G. M. Smith (Otago).

* * * *

Talk to Freshers

ADDRESS BY CHAIRMAN OF
PROF. BOARD

On Tuesday, March 15, 1938, at 5 p.m., freshers were addressed by Professor Belshaw, chairman of the Professors' Board, Mr. Eric Halstead, President of the Students' Association, and Miss Minchin, Librarian. Prof. Belshaw intimated to students that he would be formally welcoming them at a later date, but that he wished to say a few words concerning University life.

He pointed out that though the primary object of a University education was the assimilation of knowledge it did not consist of that alone, and that it was highly desirable that all students take a full and active part in University affairs by joining as many of the cultural and sports clubs as possible.

He then went on to say that although discipline as most of the students had recently known it in secondary schools, was almost completely absent from University training, it was incumbent on students to work steadily and consistently avoiding last-term "crams" which might not only produce disappointing exam. results, but inevitably resulted in an extremely superficial knowledge of the subjects involved.

He concluded his remarks by requesting students, both for their own sake and that of the staff, to observe the few rules imposed by the college authorities. He mentioned smoking in the building, and walking on the lawns and laid particular stress on the necessity for observing silence in the corridors and the avoidance of congregating outside lecture rooms.

The President of the Students' Association, Mr. Eric Halstead, then addressed the gathering. He urged students to take a full and active part in college life by joining at least one sports and one cultural club and making use of the common rooms for recreation and social intercourse in order to get the most out of University life. He outlined the activities and constitution of the Students' Association and concluded by giving a number of useful hints on college life.

Miss Minchin then gave a brief account of the working of the Library, pointing out, by means of a chart, the location of the principal types of books and giving an account of the cataloguing system by which much more intelligent use of the library facilities may be made.

The Bookshelf

REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

(By Malvolio.)

"Afterthoughts on U.S.S.R.," by Andre Gide, is a further contribution to the recent flood of works by disillusioned Communists, who, having visited Russia, write violent criticisms of the Stalin dictatorship on their return. Gide's book is unusual, however, since it is a sequel to his original acid critique, "Back from U.S.S.R." It will be remembered that he was feted by the Communists as one of their greatest intellectuals, and, in consequence, he sought in his first book to find excuses for them. Now, having been subjected to bitter attacks for that volume, the gloves are off. He writes angrily, "I was accused of superficial enquiry and hasty judgments, as if what charm was in the U.S.S.R. was not precisely first appearances. As if it were not looking deeper that the worst became visible!"

In his previous book, this ex-friend of Russia bewailed the lack of culture and the dehumanising of the Soviet man. Here he shows how the Communist Party has made a complete mockery of the alleged Dictatorship of the Proletariat, how the worker without Party influence faces a hopeless future, how it is an illusion that in Russia worth alone counts. Indeed, some of his statements are so startling that it is difficult to believe that in 1931 this "leading French Communist writer" was writing eulogies of the Soviet. In summing up, Gide does not mince matters. He has left the Communist Party, he says. "It is to truth I am attached. When the Party abandons it, then I abandon the party." A significant and well-written book which should be read after the Webb's "Soviet Communism." The Left Book Club will not issue it in a cheap edition.

"Afterthoughts On U.S.S.R.," by Andre Gide. Martin Seeker and Warburg Ltd.

* * * *

One of the greatest of modern French novels is to be found in "The Pasquier Chronicles," by George Duhamel, recently issued in one volume in English. This long novel, really compounded of five short novels, must surely rank beside Duhamel's "Salavin," as an outstanding product of modern French genius. "The Pasquier Chronicles" tells the history of a typical French middle-class family from the latter end of the last century down to our own day as seen through the eyes of the dreamer, Laurent Pasquier. There is not, as is usual in long novels, a multiplicity of characters, yet Duhamel has given a complete picture of all classes in contemporary France and indeed of human nature itself. Pathos, joy, humour, pity, philosophy, are mingled as in life in this great book, and the characterisation, especially of the noble and patient Madame Pasquier, and the caddish, yet attractive father, is remarkable for clearness and insight. There is more than a touch of Dickens in Duhamel's style, but more depth and more sensitiveness than the author of "Copperfield" ever knew. Beautifully translated by Beatrice de Holthoer, "The Pasquier Chronicles" takes its place with Roland's "Jean-Christophe" as an epitome of French life and thought. The ineptitude and spiritual barrenness of the modern English novel is shown strikingly by this Gallic masterpiece. If you read only one novel this year, let it be "The Pasquier Chronicles."

"THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES," by George Duhamel.

* * * *

Dr. W. R. Thompson, in addition to being a highly distinguished biologist, is also a philosopher of considerable note. In his latest work "Science and Common Sense," he observes that the rapid and successful scientific development of recent years appears to have its point of departure in postulates contrary to common-sense and the first principles of normal reasoning. Dr. Thompson is convinced that this anti-rational development, as evidenced, for instance, by the Relativity school, will eventually have results gravely detrimental to human welfare in general and scientific work in particular. He then proceeds to demonstrate that the paradoxical statements made on physical theory have not necessarily any philosophical significance, and that observational science may rightly develop on its own plane. An interesting viewpoint from an eminent authority, bearing many points of general resemblance to Dr. Alexis Carrel's "Man the Unknown."

"SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE," by Dr. W. R. Thompson. Longman's Ltd.

In the Student Mind

VIEWS FROM OTHER COLLEGES

THE STUDENT AND POLITICS

"Do you think that students are qualified to speak on international affairs or hold definite political opinions?"

"They are not qualified. Their disqualification does not arise from any intellectual disability, but from the fact that they are not intimately enough in touch with the various facts involved. We are so far away that it is difficult for people to understand the value of facts outside the actual environment where the events take place. Things which are accepted by another nation as natural and obvious in their cultural setting may be looked upon by our own people as ridiculous. I am not questioning the intellectual capacity of the students—I am simply saying that the best intellect cannot with any great value discuss such matters unless they are in intimate touch with the social setting of the facts. I think that University students should be more concerned with the discussion of the great principles on which international relations depend rather than the day to day moves which are made on the world's Chess-board."

(Professor Shelley, in an interview reported in "Salient," new Student organ of Victoria College, Wellington.)

THE APPRECIATION OF LIFE

The essence of Chesterton's attitude was the appreciation of life and not its acceptance, thankfulness for the very gift of life quite apart from any narrow question of mere optimism. As his Wesleyan grandfather said, "I should thank God for my creation if I knew I were a lost soul." As he says at the end of his autobiography: "The aim of life is appreciation; there is no sense in not appreciating things, and there is no sense in having more of them if you have less appreciation of them." You can only appreciate the external universe if you regard it as a gift and not as a right, and as a reality and not as an illusion of the mind. Hence the necessity which the human mind is under, for the sake of its sanity, to feel the sense of a superior power distinct from the universe which it has created. The other way madness lies.

(V.B. in a review of Chesterton's work in "Tamesis," organ of the University of Reading.)

EXTREMISM

Like young puppies which have not yet gained control of their limbs, we are liable to bound up some extremist path, losing all true perspective of things as they really are. The more unreasonable the venture, the more likely it is to claim our abundant energy and support. It is at this time that movements like Fascism and Communism, calculated to turn everything upside down, may find amongst us ardent fol-

lowers. Both these movements are directly opposed, yet both claim to be the means of saving all that is right, good and worth while. The rational thinker would pick out what he considers the good points in each. He would not necessarily say that all on one side is right and everything on the other consequently wrong. To be an ardent supporter of one almost implies a complete depreciation of all that appertains to the other. Thus the propaganda of either consists in twisting the reports of world events to these ends.

("Youth at the Crossroads," by R. Towers, from "The New University," organ of the British National Union of Students.)

THE DUTIES OF STUDENTS

Participation in the various departments of student activity is not merely the right of every undergraduate, but since every common right presupposes a corresponding duty to maintain the right of others, so the solemn duty devolves upon every student of respecting the rights of University life. If our standards are to be of any value, they must be maintained, and their maintenance is dependent entirely upon the development of a fuller and richer intellectual and social life of our community. If our interests are to be centred entirely on the narrow requirements of the course we have selected, if the passing of examinations and the ultimate attainment of a degree are to be the criterion of our university career, we are not merely rejecting what is our own particular right, but we are failing abjectly in our duty to the University and to our fellow students.

("Functions of the University," by G. F. Hall, M.A., in "Critic," University of Otago.)

FINE FEATHERS

A few years ago, the character of a book might be determined at a glance. Fiction alone was dressed in brilliant colours, while its pages were scattered with pictures of shirt-waisted heroines and young heroes in hard straw hats. The advent of the recent novel of the soul has done away with all such illustrations. Instead there is a lurid design upon a paper cover which cloaks the soul within and a cryptic title. Always investigate these, or you will be disappointed. If you read "The Noose" (for instance) and expect to enjoy a good, juicy hanging, it will probably turn out to be the tragic inner life of a Chinese cook. Likewise, weightier literature is no longer enclosed between brown covers with black lettering. Deepest philosophy can now be pink with designs in green and gold.

(Miss J. McNab, on "Choosing a Book in the Library," from "The Mitre," Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec.)

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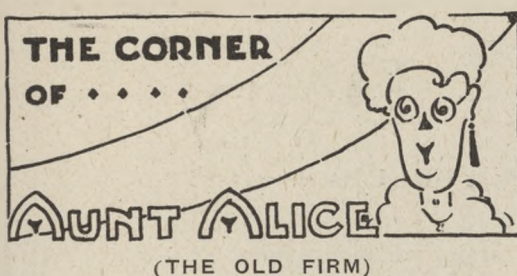
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EPSOM



Dear Aunt Alice—

I feel rather diffident about writing you this letter, but painful as the subject is I am convinced that it needs all the publicity which I can give it; for it seems that there is nothing short of a crime wave in our midst! Only last Tuesday I was walking along to the Police Court with a party of my fellow-students. Happy and gay were we, but I little knew what dark secrets lay hidden behind those boyish exteriors. For, Aunt Alice, to cut a long story short, when we arrived Giffy and James Staunton were pinched for breaking and entering and Ken Lee was pulled in for nothing less than murder. This was out of a total of eight—thirty-seven blooming per cent., excluding those of our number who returned unrecognised. If this is a fair sample then things are in a bad way indeed. It looks as if half our students are liable for sentences of anything from about three years upwards. Apart from all questions of morality this suggests a few problems on which I would like your opinion. For instance, is there any provision in the constitution if the President of the Stud. Ass. is put up for ten years say? And if a student is serving time could he be awarded an aegrotat pass? And would a member of the staff in a similar position have to deliver his lectures in the quarry or would the Black Maria deliver him at our doors every afternoon? In conclusion, Aunt Alice, I feel that in view of recent happenings, these questions may easily have more than academic interest, and I think your answers will arouse widespread interest.

SHERLOCK.

Dear Sherlock—

This may surprise you, but I must admit that I was not surprised. If you were acquainted with the number of books which I have been losing out of the library you would have suspected something like this a long time ago. In fact it is not without a certain relish that I see the periodic processions going along to the Police Station; they usually return depleted, and that means so many less books stolen. I only wish that I could be quite sure of my own staff.

As regards your particular queries, I don't see why a lecturer couldn't deliver a lecture handcuffed to the desk. Admittedly this would cramp the styles of some of the more excitable members of the staff, although that might not be altogether a disadvantage. I am rather doubtful over the aegrotat business—you had better ask the Prof. Board. As to the President well it looks as if we will have to stick to lawyers in future; they can usually be relied

upon to keep themselves out of jail at any rate. Perhaps Mr. Blair might be induced to put something in his new constitution to cover it. It looks almost as if the whole constitution could be overhauled on the lines you have suggested. Thank you, Sherlock. AUNT ALICE.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice—

For many summers I have been on friendly relations with a fair maid who now resides in Christchurch. On a recent visit to the city of the plains I spent many happy hours on the banks of sunny Avon. My friendship developed into something more than friendship. I realised that the thumping in my bosom was not palpitations of the heart, but—It.

We parted. I shall not see her again till next summer—maybe longer. In the meantime the fairest of the damsels of A.T.C. and A.U.C. are drawn to me like moths to the candle. Daily my heart is assaulted by their fervid attentions. Can I help my manly figure, my overabundant sex-appeal? And now I fear that I might slip—that I might betray my trust. Aunt Alice—hear my plea for advice! How can I fortify my soul against the attacks of these women?

Yours in anxious anticipation, "F. E. W.,

Dear F. E. W.—

One of the standard cases. You will just have to let your manly figure slip and dispel that overabundant S.A. Methods you may adopt are various. (a) the onion and garlic one; (b) the porridge on waistcoat; (c) the no shave no hair-cut; (d) any combination of the above; (e) anything else which may be suggested to you. Kindly note that I have not been constrained to draw upon the B.O. joke.

AUNT ALICE.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice—

At the early age of ? I am threatened with baldness! Imagine the tragedy of it. A budding first-year Section. Treasurer of A.T.C. Please advise me on some reliable restorer.

In breathless anticipation. SUNSPOT.

Dear Sunspot—

Depends on what you want to restore. If it's money to the treasury, then you're in a bad way and it looks as if you're for the hock shop. One thing you might do is borrow a few valuable books from the library (legally, you're only allowed three, you know, but it's easy to borrow more), and try pawning them. Or if it's your equilibrium after discovering the tragedy, I would go down to the Comm. with the T.C. boys after next payday. Finally, if it's only your hair, well, why not go bald—there are plenty of honourable precedents around here—I could mention Prof. Algie and Mr. Ardern quite offhand, without ever presuming upon higher quarters. But if you really want to get your hair back, see a barber. I've had no experience of it at all.

Don't you think I'm good at these categorical answers, Sunspot? AUNT ALICE.

BYRON'S "CHILDE HAROLD"

MR. CRESSWELL AT A.U.C.

LITERARY CLUB'S FIRST MEETING

On Tuesday night Mr. D'Arcy Cresswell spoke to Lit. Club on *Childe Harold*—a commentary. The intrinsic interest of the poem was greatly increased by a strong personal flavour—obscure sidelights on the poet's private life and Mr. Cresswell's own first-hand knowledge of some of the routes followed. We thank Mr. Cresswell for a very interesting study. He obviously appreciated the poem himself and it is to be hoped his enthusiasm has inspired more than a passing interest in both the poet and the poem in some of our members.

On Tuesday, March 29th, Prof. Cooper will address a joint meeting of the Literary and Classical Societies on *The Classical Spirit in Literature*. As usual all those interested are invited.

Dear Aunt Alice—

The other afternoon I was working quietly in the library at the same table as the man who tried to look like Mr. O'Shea in a past Revue—I refer to Mr. R. F. Spragg. As I sat there a subtle change slowly stole through the atmosphere, a faint nostalgic *je ne sais quoi*, just the gentlest reminder of Westfield, or of the junior chemistry lab. in full blast. I looked up and there about a foot away from my face were Mr. Spragg's feet balanced on the edge of the table, supporting Mr. Spragg who was balanced on the edge of the chair. So I said to him what am I going to do about this and he said, write to Aunt Alice, so I have and now what are you going to do about it?

STANLEY.

Dear Stanley—

You have put me in a rather delicate position. Anyone else, of course, would have been promptly slung out on his ear or her neck. But Mr. Spragg, who might not unjustly be described as the Grand Old Man of A.U.C., is in a rather different position. In fact his advanced age and many years of seniority give him almost a right to put his feet on our tables. However, I will have a quiet talk with him and I hope you will have no further cause for complaint.

AUNT ALICE.

TOURNAMENT

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OLD GIRLS' NOTES

.By AUNT DORA

The irresistible charm of the Editor has triumphed again. He has persuaded me (blast him) and I have weakly consented to conduct a column of news of Graduates and Old Students of the College. I hope to hear from many old boys and girls, and, as an incentive to them to send me news, I would point out that if I don't get accurate news, I shall have to invent something scandalous about someone, just to fill this confounded column.

Fiona Mackenzie is secretary to a School at Walton-on-Thames. She thinks England is wonderful, and is engaged to an embryo solicitor. She hopes to visit Auckland about the middle of next year for one final fling before settling down to a staid married existence.

Barbara Wood (nee Robertson)—vulgarly known as "Barby," is giving her celebrated imitation of a dairy farmer's wife in the wilds of Karaka, and is getting an immense kick out of it. Barby now has an infant son and Craccum hastens to convey its congratulations.

Betty Warren is a typewriter operative to a large London advertising agency. It is rumoured that her marriage to Eric Percival Haslam (M.A., B.O., etc., etc.) will take place next (English) summer (if any). Perce, by the way, is still working hard at Oxford in an endeavour to trap a B.Litt. I understand he is at present compiling a monumental work on "Price Control Schemes" or "Five Hundred Things Mr. Nash Doesn't Know."

Talking of Oxford, John Derek Lewis is still there (as far as I know) doing something very foul and learned in Classic. He is alleged to have acquired a motor car for £9. I hope Derek will send me a photo.

Margaret Mawson is now one of the shining lights in the Y.W.C.A. in Hamilton. In answer to our question "Y," she immediately made the witty reply, "Y not."

Richard Toy, the well-known architect, and sometime pillar of the Music Club, is at Liverpool University. He didn't tell me much about Cushla, but I'm prepared to bet she's not very far away.

Jim Bertram has recently published a book entitled "Crisis in China." It is quite a good book, I believe, but it's horribly expensive. Only one thing is needed to make it perfect—a photo of our Jimmy. He seems to have become modest all of a sudden.

Last news of brother Lofty—about six months ago (the news, not Lofty)—is that he is driving an ambulance for the Chinese army. Those of us who remember Lofty's prowess with his old car, will have no doubt of his ability in this direction. I feel sure that all students will join me in wishing him the best of luck.

Well, that's about enough for this issue, thank heaven. I am always glad to hear from or about the old brigade. I cannot hope to help you with your matrimonial problems in the inimitable manner of my distinguished colleague, but I think I can do my little bit when it comes to conducting a column of gossip.

AUNT DORA.

* * * *

TRAMPING CLUB

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting was held on Tuesday, March 15th. After the presentation of the Annual Report and Balance Sheet, the following officers were elected for 1938:

President: Mr. C. M. Segedin.

Vice-President: Dr. Bullen, Miss E. M. Lorimer.

Club-Captain: Mr. B. R. Monckton

Hon. Secretary: Mr. J. Dempsey.

Committee: Miss Bell, Messrs. Gully, H. de Stanton and Wrigley.

The meeting was followed by a lantern-lecture given by Rev. W. Bower Black dealing with his climbing experiences in the Mt. Cook region. His slides, numbering over 100, dealt with the crossing over Graham's Saddle from the Ball Hut and down the Franz Josef Glacier to Waiho. Lectures like his should stimulate many of our tramps to try to become mountaineers as well.

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comment on the fact that we indulge in morning tea. To

be sure we do—we like our "coop" of tea and cheerfully

admit it. And if you should happen along at this time

then you'd be welcome too—in fact we always offer our

guests the choice—Tea—or Tiger's Milk. We give you one

guess as to their preference.

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THE OPEN FORUM

CURRENT STUDENT OPINION

(CONDUCTED BY DON JOHN)

(Students are cordially invited to air their views on each and every subject in this column. Letters or short articles are welcomed. The opinions stated herein must not be taken, however, to express the viewpoint of the paper or the University, but as the ideas of individuals. Hereunder we print an answer to our last article—"Money and War.")

MONEY AND WAR

The arguments of the writer of the article entitled "Money and War" in your last issue, are not particularly clear. However patient examination will enable us to untangle a few threads. The basis of the argument is apparently the assumption, common to advocates of Social Credit, that the "present financial system" does not and, in fact, it cannot, distribute enough purchasing power to enable the people of a country to buy at prices which will cover costs, all of the consumption goods currently produced.

In consequence of this, it is argued, manufacturers are forced to find overseas markets for their goods. This is difficult in the face of tariff barriers and the competition of other countries who are trying to do the same thing. Wars are the result of this struggle for markets. The way out of this is so to expand the internal markets that international trades become unnecessary. There is a further assumption, which apparently is not deemed to depend on the first, that it is more profitable to lend to foreigners than to one's fellow countrymen. "Credit is available," he says, "to sell abroad, but not for such vital developments at home as the land." In passing it may be asked, what is so vital about land development? In the great agricultural countries the problem seems to be to find an easy way to contract production of primary products. In any case if we are to be self-contained in New Zealand, for example, is it seriously maintained that we are able to consume all the butter, cheese, meat, and wool produced here? For countries such as England, who at present are encouraging land development for purposes of defence, there is no lack of credit from government sources.

THE WILL TO BUY

To return to the main argument. The first assumption has been refuted so many times by economists that it is only in relatively unenlightened communities that it can find any acceptance. It may be admitted at once, however, that though people have the POWER to buy, they may not have the will. They may prefer to sterilise their buying power temporarily by holding it in the form of bank deposits. But why blame the banks for that? Or rather, why blame those bogeymen of the Social Creditists, the "international financiers"? There may be times when a stimulation of credit is necessary and modern states have every facility for doing this, but the solution does not lie in continuous injections of "purchasing power" as contemplated by Major Douglas.

The fact that selling and lending overseas may be more profitable than selling or lending at home is not a fault of the financial system, if it is a fault at all. It is rather a consequence of the present capitalistic system, to which the financial system is entirely subsidiary.

LACK OF PURCHASING POWER

My viewpoint, sir, is this. I do not question the fact that there is a struggle for markets or that this will lead to war in the end. But that this is due to lack of purchasing power at home is, to say the least, not proven. Further, I do not believe that our ills can be cured by the means that social credit advocates propose. Even if they could the cure would seem to be worse than the disease. Each country would have to be entirely self-contained, a situation which, in New Zealand at least, would lead to a very much lowered standard of living for a long time. It seems to me that under capitalism we shall never be free from struggles for markets or from clashes between rival nations to establish monopolies and to control in their own interests as much of the world as they

can. These dangers are inherent in the present system. I am not at all sure if they would disappear under any system we could devise, but I am sure that the Social Credit proposals as advocated by the writer of your article, being based on a faulty analysis of the situation, would not avoid them and would lead to much greater difficulties of its own making.

Yours faithfully,

"ECONOMIST."

RELIGION AND POLITICS

As is distinctly evidenced by the various political movements in the world to-day, we of the Western democracies must face the prospect of a growing pressure on individual behaviour making for the complete secularisation of social life. The State will become less and less tolerant of criticism in so far as it affects, not only politics, but social conduct of any kind. It aspires more and more to regulate the life of the individual, to mould his thought and to make him the obedient slave of its will. The State of the future will not be a policeman but a nurse, a schoolmaster, an officer—in short, an all-powerful, human and mightily jealous god. We see one form of this ideal in Russia and another in Germany. We may yet see a third in England and America.

WESTERN DEMOCRACIES

It is not likely that the Western democracies will ever become Fascist or Communist. But it is very probable that they will follow a parallel line of development and evolve a kind of estatisme which, though perhaps less inhumane than those two forms, will make as large a claim on the life of the individual as they do and demand an equally complete allegiance. The beginnings of this paternal democratic form can be already discerned in England, where it can be seen how all the apparatus of the social services may become instruments of a collective despotism as destructive of liberty and initiative as any Communist or Nazi terrorism.

CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE

What should be the attitude of Christians towards this situation? (Can we hope to reverse the present tendency of Western society and restore a Christian civilisation? Or should we withdraw and resign ourselves to a persecuted existence like that of the early Christians?)

This is a serious dilemma. The history of our civilisation is so bound up with Christian ideas that it seems wrong to acquiesce to secularism without a struggle. Yet any attempt to associate Christianity with a definite programme of political or economic reform is fraught with dangers. Modern secularism is not a single united force; it appears in the modern world under three separate forms which are not only different, but mutually antagonistic. It is thus no use attacking one of them, if the defeat of one merely leads to the victory of another.

Religious people are not always clear-sighted in political matters and it is easy for them to waste their time attacking that form of secularism least likely to succeed in their own society, while they close their eyes to the real source of danger. Thus, we find Christian Nationalists attacking Marxism as the embodiment of antichristian secularism, while they appear to be quite oblivious to the dangers to spiritual freedom and to moral ideas involved in the Nazi cult. And in the same way we find "Christian Socialists" in England who are determined to destroy Militarism and Capitalism as the enemies of the Kingdom of God, but who do not realise that Socialism itself is capable of becoming just as dangerous to spiritual freedom. It may be harder to resist a Totalitarian State which relies on free milk and birth-control clinics than one which relies on castor-oil and concentration camps. The latter offends our humanitarian instincts and traditions, the former appeals to those very instincts and allies itself with the traditional English social reform policy.

E.U.'s WELCOME FOR YEAR

FRESHERS' BANQUET A SUCCESS

Members of the Staff and Students, to the number of about 175 gathered in the Women's Common Room on the first Saturday evening of term. The occasion was the Third Annual Freshers' Banquet tendered by the Evangelical Union. After the meal, a pianoforte solo by Miss Dorothea Franchi, a violin solo by Mr. Maurice Larsen, and humorous items by Mr. Coolstock were enjoyed. The latter, in his role of would-be farm hand, although he has found the Brown Owl, the Red Lion, and various other pubs, is probably still looking for the Brown Cow!

Mr. H. J. D. Mahon, B.A., President of the College Council, expressed pleasure at being able to be present and urged upon the students the necessity of engaging in the various activities of College life so that they might make their contribution to the common welfare. He was glad that a movement with the ideals and purposes of the E.U. was in existence and hoped that the Union would continue to exert its influence for the highest things.

Mr. J. S. Burt, LL.M., himself a former student and Hockey Blue, then addressed the gathering. From reminiscences of his student days he went on to pursue his theme that the Bible is a unified whole and that it speaks with authority. He showed that it is mainly concerned with the unveiling of the person of Christ, and urged that the right attitude of a student to Christ is that of personal acceptance of Him as Saviour. He closed by quoting the words of the school prayer that has been so often heard in younger days by many a Varsity student.

"Give us the spirit of truthfulness and manliness, and grant that while we labour after knowledge, we may also grow in Grace and in Knowledge of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."

The evening was brought to a close by the Rev. George M. Yule, who rendered an appropriate solo.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

It is then a real danger that English religion may allow itself to be identified with an enthusiasm for social justice which is barely distinguishable from the creed of social humanitarianism. Social reform, or socialism pure and simple are treated not as the indispensable preparation for the Kingdom of God, but as the Kingdom of God itself. We must, however, recognise that this determination to build an earthly Jerusalem, at once and on the spot, is the very force which is responsible for the violence and intolerance of the new political orders. There are many different Jerusalems; the Muscovite Jerusalem, which has no Temple, Herr Hitler's Jerusalem, which has no Jews, the Jerusalem of the social reformers, which is all suburbs; but none of these is Blake's Jerusalem. All these new Jerusalems are earthly cities established by the will, the power and the craft of man. And if we believe that the Kingdom of Heaven can be established by political and economic measures—that it can indeed be an earthly state and not a heavenly one—then we can hardly object to the claims of such a state to embrace the whole of life and to demand the complete submission of individual will and conscience.

And therein lies the danger that sooner or later we all must face.

—C. D.

BILLETING!

DON'T
LET A.U.C.
DOWN!

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS"

THE SOCIAL ROUND

By "GIPSY"

Bright Young Thing: "Oh, Mr. Arden, how long have you been here?"

Mr. Arden, "About ten years, I think."

B.Y.T.: "Oh, dear, is B.A. really as hard as that?"

* * * *

"My dear child, did you see Phyllis Branson at the Rowing Club dance, with a perfectly perfect new perm, her curves—pardon me, her waves were truly luscious."

* * * *

Van Hodder and a few others are preparing the forthcoming male beauty contest by growing moustaches. For shame, Van, your bouche is your fortune and your charm, why hide it from the girls? Do you want some peace?

* * * *

The Women Freshers' Welcome was a howling success. Peg Chambers and Co., turned on a dumb charade amongst other things, and it consisted chiefly of Peg being chosen by mosquitoes on strings, and Co. sitting under a table making mosquito noises with corks and toilet paper.

* * * *

There was an enormous attendance on Friday evening at the Debate-Discussion between Doctor Ryan, Jesuit Priest, and A.U.C.'s Doctor Dickie Anschutz. We are still wondering if it was Doctor Ryan's bee-oo-tiful ginger curly hair or Doctor Dickie's dynamic poisonality that induced the crowd.

* * * *

You men Freshers, get busy!!!

It's time you got to know the gals. Last year's lads will be in before you. They know their onions. Better keep your eyes skinned for that tall, dark, debonair rowing hero, B. R. Monkton. He is a devil; and the curly-headed blonde boys who parade their prowess on the tennis courts every evening before an admiring crowd of female freshers. Don't wait till the shy young things come to you out of desperation—go on, snap into it. They pretend to loathe it, but gee! do they love it or do they love it???? Don't be bashful—your old friend, Auntie Alice is always ready to give sound advice

Our Charlie is at last a man. Mrs. Wrigley gave him a lovely party with balloons and twenty-one candles and he was allowed to stay up late. Joking apart, though, we heard on good authority, that it was a grand show and Charles looked his most dashing in sophisticated black and white. Auckland's young bloods made reasonably impressive speeches; and just by the way the dinner was at the Central

* * * *

Sparks are apt to fly when a Drama Club rehearsal is followed by a music lecture in the hall, e.g.

"Where's my harpsichord," asked the very irate professor in a lecture the other day. "No wonder I don't like drama," he remarked acidly, as he hurled a piece of wire and a coat hanger across the stage.

"I feel like pushing those footlights out the window." His feelings lost, and the footlights survived.

* * * *

Oh Corinne! Corinne Hall!! Why did you get that typing and shorting job in town? Your Laurence, in spite of being a wow with Cecil Rhodes, wanders round propping up the cloisters looking, if possible, more dejected than usual. Come back to A.U.C. and spare us the Hogben looking Hopeless, Harrassed and Hunhappy.

* * * *

Girl Freshers nota bene!

Follow not in your unfortunate contemporary's footsteps. She blundered into the Holy of Holies, the Professors' Table in the cafe. Alas! She had to administer artificial respiration to Prof. Fitt whom she caused to choke with surprise and consternation over his roll and butter. Be warned!

* * * *

Ah! Woe is me, is all of us in fact. Haydn George has left us lamenting. I can still hear the rippling chuckles that he gave among the pillars of the foyer. The brains that he has gently but firmly removed from the college leave an unbridged gap—we are now almost completely bereft of original inspiration and will have to rely on the Bent (but not broken) Reid and the Woodhouse—our John and Owen.

THE LITERARY CORNER

(Contributions from the Literary Club.)

RAIN WIND

Rain wet on your leaves, O trees of my heart,
You bow and bend, as the grey, unrelenting
hands

Slash against you. Wind wet in your boughs
O trees of mine.

There's rain upon the grass,
There are white gulls crouched, and motionless
Calm and at peace beneath the wet, kind,
Fiercely loving hands. There are pools
And swift, long silver dashes where the wet
wind

Rushes by and laughs, and lifts its love, the
water

There's rain wet on the window.
Heart, you are there, smooth, dripping,
Silver and grey, wind-sprite, cool with the rain.
Each white, answering bird, each groaning
bough,
Each silver wind-whipped pool, each lashing
gust

Driving in fury past the shivering grasses
All are yours, O heart, where you flee unknown
Wet on the wings of the wind, with the rain
in your face.

—BARBARA DENT.

* * * *

NO SCEPTRED PALL

Dad was talking to us kids the way he often did—Philosophically. And he said, "You know you kids, you don't want to spend too much of your time dreaming. When I was young," he said, "I used to go round all the time thinking

something wonderful was going to happen to me. I used to think maybe I'd win a big art union and be rich for life; or, when I was walking by the river, I was always thinking maybe a rich man's kid would fall in and I'd rescue it, and then the rich man would be so grateful he'd give me a thousand pounds. Or maybe a lion would escape from a circus, and everyone would lock themselves in their houses and I'd be the only one brave enough to go and catch it and then everyone would think I was a hero.

"Yes," said Dad, "I always thought something wonderful was going to happen to me. But nothing ever did."

And then I, who was listening suddenly burst into tears. I cried and cried, because Dad was tired and nothing wonderful had ever happened to him, and he didn't dream any more, and because I knew that I, too, walked by the river banks expecting to save rich men's kids from drowning—I, too, dreamed of wonderful things that might happen to me.

And I wept, too, because I knew that I wasn't the only one. Perhaps everybody in the world went through life expecting something wonderful to happen to them. And nothing ever did

But all I could say as I grinned through smudgy tears, was "Y' know Dad, that's damned pathetic."

—CHRISTINE

WOMEN STUDENTS ENTERTAIN

FUN AND GAMES IN COMMON ROOM

PILLOW FIGHTS AND CHARADES

Hordes of Freshettes giggled self-consciously in the Women's Common Room on the evening of Friday, March 11th.

It was the official welcome of the W.H.C. to Freshers (pardon, I mean Freshettes—such a monstrosity as a male, being unconditionally excluded), and upon the appointed hour, President Shona Paterson with true dignity, marshalled her committee to their seats in front of the assembly. After a short opening speech, Shona introduced each member of her troop with a few eloquent words and the ceremony was over.

Misses Annette Every and Jean McGeachie were in charge of the programme, and under their vigilant eyes no Freshette was allowed to rest from the exertions planned for them. The first game was a thrilling stampede up and down the Common Room, by competing teams, each member of which carried two sheets of paper which had to be put down, stepped upon, and picked up again, the whole length of the room. Confusion reigned supreme, and pieces of torn paper flew in all directions, but everyone was enjoying herself. The announcement of the winning team served only to call forth a fresh uproar, but comparative peace was at length restored, and the disordered maidens sat down to collect their scattered persons while they waited for THE EVENT to begin. THE EVENT was the charade inspired, composed, initiated, developed, and finally presented, by a select body under the control of Miss Peggy Chambers. As all the lights were extinguished, the company was treated to a view of our Peg, acting the Statue of Liberty, alias a Standard Lamp, in each scene. Unfortunately some "silly fool" as Miss Chambers termed her in an indignant whisper, would put the lights on before the statue was in place or the actresses completely ready, but the standard of the acting made up for all the deficiencies. Miss Lois Stanton being coy with two gallant young men, Miss Joan Fleming efficiently pulling wires in all directions, Miss June Hilary as an irate school mistress, Miss Chambers herself, as catching toy mosquitoes about three inches long, which jerked on the ends of their strings around her head with a loud buzzing noise, all culminated in the last memorable scene, in which a piece of rubber "adenoid" was forcibly extracted from the throat of Gabriel Alchin, and sent spinning across the room by two ghost-like beings who appeared to be doctors.

Up to this time, it may be added, the Freshettes had agreed to put on a charade, too, but feeling unable to attain to the standard just set, they gracefully excused themselves.

The next item on the programme was "Noises Off" by the House Committee. Again the room was darkened, Bessie Robertson officiating at the lights (please note that the previous "silly fool" had been put out of office!), while Faith Johnson advanced into the black to clink glasses (I mean, vases), and to pour water from one to the other. Naera made a name for herself with a most doll-like "Mama!", as did Avenal with her throaty imitation of a bantam's crow, while Shirley's gargle (when it came) was irreproachable. Unfortunately there was a slight hitch at first with this item, as Miss Entrican gave way to such a gale of giggles when her turn came, that she swallowed the water and had to return hastily for another mouthful. Another unforeseen circumstance was the startled whisper of Jean McGeachie, as she stood waiting in the dark in front of the company, for her turn to bounce a ping-pong ball. Everyone was straining the ears for a sound, when all that came across was "I've lost it!" in horrified tones. However, it was retrieved in due course, and the feat performed, after which Shona and Faith concluded the relay with an extremely realistic pillow fight with two of the Common Room cushions (they have since been sewn up!)

The odd supper was duly and solemnly eaten, and the evening closed to the lusty sounds of "Auld Lang Syne," warbled by dozens of determined female throats.

Pearls & Pebbles

(BY CALIBAN)

IKONOKLASTES

(A Surrealist Poet Hymns his Love)

No doubt
My love, that three small billiard balls
Balanced on a typewriter
Surmounted by an ostrich feather
Painted deep violet
And wrapped,
Rather meticulously,
In an old oilskin bearing the sacred words
"Mein Kampf,"
Has scarcely so much symmetry
As has your aura-shaking form.
Your nose
("And in her hand the thing became A
trumpet"),
Straight as a Bacchus-stricken
Reveller's homeward path,
Rests gently on your seismographic face.
Lonely—poor lonely nose—
As a porcupine with measles.
And then your eyes,
Limpid as two naked oysters
Floating in a rosebowl.
Two ears,
In which I pour, as from a flagon
The frothing liquor of my malted words,
Like fragile dumplings
Peep mischievously from 'neath
Your green-tipped hay-stacked hair.
What words,
Poor empty dead-marines of words,
Futile echoes from the oil-drum
Of my brain,
What words
Can paint your gait,
Light as the tread of some small
Elephant with elephantiasis
Picking his lordly way
Through fields of shattered bottles,
Dainty as the ash that falls
From some pained capitalist's cigar,
Ethereal as a broken bust
Of Gladstone
Covered with a diver's helmet
And having a red scarf
Knotted five times round the neck
And like in all,
To the pathetic flapping of a
Broken telephone-wire.
In sum, my immaterial essence,
You intoxicate my senses
Such as they be, my own dew-machine,
As do the mingled images
Of a small daschund
Baying a crescent moon adorned
Rakishly
With a battered Fascist helmet,
A frothing bowl of spinach,
Three pieces of purple cellophane,
And the scent from a rather large
And strikingly beautiful pile
Of palpitating ensilage.
Oh, Zeus,
What a woman!

* * * *

WELSH RAREBIT

(A Welshman Hymns his Love)

The winter is no longer here; the sun shines
warm and bright,
A green grave lies beneath the shade of
Gwyndwl's lofty height,
But still my tears in sorrow fall for she whom
death laid low,
Sweet Ishbel Lloyd of Llanfairpwllchwyngergo-
bwlchllyndysiliogogo.

* * * *

OH, PROFESSOR HOLLINRAKE!

There were three young musicians of Rio
Who once played a Beethoven Trio
But their techniques was scanty
So they played it *Andante*
Instead of *Allegro con Brio*.
For effects our composers now angle
Writing pieces for drum and triangle.
We await a Sonata,
Mass, Fugue or Cantata,
For steam-shovel, tooth-comb and mangle.

The Current Screen

WHAT—AND WHAT NOT—TO SEE

Conducted by "MANFIL"

There are no new releases of first-rate importance currently showing in Queen Street. If you really want my advice—and I am not in league with the Professorial Board—I would recommend staying at home and doing some swot. If you feel you must go to the pictures, the Eddie Cantor film, "Ali Baba Goes to Town," will probably please you more than any others. Of the releases due before the next issue of "Craccum," "Smilin' Through," a revival of a film that was widely successful a few years ago, should still be the best.

"IT'S ALL YOUR'S" (Embassy, now showing). The only redeeming asset of this film is the performance of Mischa Auer, who does not so much steal the show as boldly appropriate it. But in spite of his sterling efforts, it remains a second-rate comedy and a distressing waste of the talents of Madeline Carroll and Francis Lederer.

"LANCER SPY" (Plaza, showing). This picture serves to demonstrate the ability of a new star, George Sanders, whom you may recall as Lord Everett Stacy in "Lloyds of London." It also demonstrates the versatility of Gregory Ratoff, who has been admired as an actor (remember him in "Under Two Flags") and who has achieved some success as a screen author. Mr. Ratoff, as the technical expression puts it, is here given his "first directorial assignment," and emerges not without some credit. But the plot material is dubious and the casting of Peter Lorre in an insignificant role inexcusable.

"YOU'RE A SWEETHEART" (Regent, showing). The New York Times criticised the routine formula from which this film is concocted and deprecated the over-prominence of Alice Faye. The critic adds: "Miss Faye takes the rap, and in this case, there rap is no picnic. Only the presence of an almost suffocatingly unfunny wag called Oswald, serves to divert some of the painful attention. Incidentally, the film includes a mistaken tribute to the late Will Rogers, which establishes a new low in bad taste."

"TOPPER" (Ct. James', showing). Based on the novel by the late Thorne Smith, this film is remarkable for the entertaining orgy of camera trickery involved in its production. "It is able to prove conclusively that the bright young people of this world will also be the bright young people of the next, and that even after they have met a violent death in a motor-smash they will still be ready to play the most awkward pranks on their friends. When they can be seen on the screen they are entertaining; when they decide to make themselves invisible they are still more amusing, and it is good fun to see motor-cars driven by unseen hands and punctured tyres changed by the same medium."—"The Times," London.

"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN" (Civic, showing). This is not Eddie Cantor's best picture, but it has its moments of comic abandon. The backbone of the humour is satire on American politics, especially the New Deal, and it is refreshing to come across a musical comedy with wit and ideas in it. Several elaborate musical numbers tend to break the thread of the story. The film would have been just as amusing without them.

"RETURN OF THE SCAARLET PIMPERNEL" (Plaza, coming). Like most sequels, this one falls a trifle flat; unlike some, it is at least tolerable and at times quite exciting.

"DINNER AT THE RITZ" (Civic, coming). "A well-bred little melodrama, mannerly and subdued. . . . deserves at least your polite attention, by which we mean that you should not yawn too openly, if you must yawn at all."—"New York Times."

"EBB TIDE" (Regent, coming). "Unevenly told in exuberant Technicolor, this is the story of three beachcombers—a delinquent skipper, a

"IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

Last Thursday in the College Hall the A.U.C. Dramatic Club gave its first presentation for the year. The play was dear Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest," which, the critic is sure, no one will deny, is more than a little dated. Still the plot wears well, despite countless imitations since, and judicious cutting of the more laborious epigrams left a large quantity of that very smart and rather futile wit for which the author is renowned. Whether the play was a popular choice or whether the cast had unusually large numbers of friends, it is difficult to say, but at all events the hall was (oh, rare event), comfortably filled with an enthusiastic audience.

An amateur critic submits the following notes:

Act One: Lane (Bill Barton). Shuffled cups at rise of curtain to little effect. Butlerised his few lines well.

Algernon Moncrieff (Dave Couston). The scene, complete with antimacassars and aspidochelons, is 1899, yet Dave smoked cork-tipped cigarettes and wore an stream-lined wrist-watch. Looked older than Worthing and shouldn't have. Acted well.

John Worthing (Bill Heerdegen). Same watch disease. Effective in his sob-stuff-love-making.

Lady Bracknell (June Grevatt). So loud at first as to be almost inaudible. Effective Victorian mother.

Gwendolyn Fairfax (Edna de Marr). Too much lipstick for even a late Victorian. Convincing in the part.

Act Two:

Miss Prism (Helen MacCormick). Knew her part and got even more out of it than Wilde put into it.

Cecily Cardew (Ray Gillespie). Suntan stockings and strap shoes for 1899? Convincingly young. Perhaps a little more force in her anger would have improved her.

Dr. Chasuble (Alan Giffins). Very convincing make-up, but voice a mixture of "My dear flock," and Giffins. Rather delightful.

Gwendolyn:—She sure was peeved.

Algernon:—Several good improvisations.

Worthing:—A little inconsistent. But still the part is difficult.

Note.—Prompter working overtime at the end.

Act Three:

Cecily. Nothing to do but look pretty. Succeeded.

Gwendolyn. Kept quiet. Difficult.

Lady Bracknell. Still pretty loud. But brought life and interest back to the play.

Prism. Best piece of acting in the play, when silent under Lady B's scorn.

Algie. Didn't lose his head when he sat on the arm of a non-existent chair.

Worthing. Bore up well under the strain.

Chasuble. Just right.

On the whole the honours of the play went to June, then possibly to Algie, but Miss Prism was perhaps the outstanding study. Also a pat on the back to Giffy. The settings and costuming were effective and make-up convincing.

Heartiest congratulations to the producer, Miss Marie Best for (a) a most enjoyable evening, (b) some very hard work, (c) considerable attention to detail and (d) judicious prompting. Marie has a good future ahead of her in dramatic work.

drunken Cockney, and an English "university man"—who are commissioned to sail an abandoned ship with a cargo of champagne from Papeete to Sydney. After a brief orgy with the cargo, a small set-to with a typhoon, and a spot of trouble with the ex-captain's daughter, a boarding-school miss with a conscience, the trio land on an uncharted pearl island ruled over by a religious maniac.

The skipper is shot down in cold blood, the Cockney dies of vitriol burns, but the university man sails away with the boarding-school miss into a Technicolour sunrise, thus justifying the benefits of the higher education.

Awarding the honours of this film (pardon me, this "thundering saga of the South Seas") I give first prize to the typhoon, second prize to Oscar Homolka for his portrait of the skipper, and divide the booby prize evenly between Lloyd Nolan (the maniac) and Barry Fitzgerald (the Cockney) for the most glowingly bad performances I have seen in years.—"The Observer," London.

Two Important Regattas

CREW PLACED AT NGARUAWAHIA

ROWING CLUB'S FIRST SEASON

ROWING

The last two Saturdays have seen two big regattas at Mercer and Ngaruawahia respectively. All the 'Varsity Club's racing crews competed and though they did not get many places they showed plenty of promise for next year. This is, of course, the Club's first season. The chief feature of the regattas was the dominance of the powerful Waitemata Club in nearly all events. Again the best performances for 'Varsity were put up by the No. 1 heavy maidens.

THE LIGHTS

This crew has had a most exasperating season. After being fouled at Tauranga and Hamilton, it was scratched at Auckland to allow some of its members to start in the junior eight, and again at Mercer, because Hughes arrived late—this, after a season's hard training. Even at Ngaruawahia the crew did not get a very good course, but they finished in the middle of the field and were by no means disgraced. With luck they may be placed at the Provincial Regatta. Fairbrother has been replaced by Angus in the bow seat, the crew otherwise remaining unchanged.

THE YOUTHS

Training has been difficult for this crew, as most of its members are in other crews who take prior claim of their services. At Mercer they were up with the leaders until quarter of a mile from home after which they faded rather badly—a fault due as much to lack of experience as lack of stamina. This was quite a good performance, better than that at Ngaruawahia last Saturday, when they did not seem to get going at all. This is a class in which the club will be very strong in a few years' time.

THE HEAVY MAIDENS

At Mercer this crew did not disappoint after their Hamilton performance. In spite of the fact that Gascoigne was rowing for the first time for three weeks, during which time the crew had not had a single row together, they finished a good third, half a length behind Auckland, who were a length behind Waitemata. 'Varsity got away to a good start and after about a hundred yards, were out in front with Waitemata and St. George's. The pace was too hot for St. George's and at the half mile 'Varsity had a slight lead from Waitemata. The latter closed the gap over the next quarter mile and then went away decisively, while Auckland came up inside to just head off 'Varsity. The rest of the field was well back.

At Ngaruawahia 'Varsity drew the outside (worst) position. Waitemata got the best of a rather dubious start, with Ngaruawahia, Auckland and 'Varsity in hot pursuit. The positions were the same at the half mile, 'Varsity having crossed over, but they dropped back over the next stretch and at the crossing were a poor fourth. From here on the crew woke up, overhauled Ngaruawahia and finished well to come third, a good three lengths behind the winners. This was rather a disappointing race as the crew was conceded a good chance of winning. However, the crew has been placed at every start, which is good in a class as keen as the maiden class.

THE NO. 2 HEAVIES

This crew has maintained its improvement, and though well back, defeated three crews at Mercer and two at Ngaruawahia—this rowing in a heavy practice boat. In a racing boat they could extend any crew in the province. They are to be congratulated for sticking to their training so well and their experience will stand them in good stead next year.

CLUB NEWS

The Club held a very successful dance after the Mercer Regatta, and the Club funds incidentally received a distinct fillup as a result. At present they are running an Easter sweep to raise funds for a new eight—you may have heard of it. Meanwhile the eight is starting serious training and will be going out nearly every night between now and Easter. Doug. Angus, who has been showing steady improve-

ment, must now be considered a distinct possibility for the eight—all the more so as Brenstrum will not be available for Easter. It is intended to start the crew in the maiden eights at the Auckland Provincial Regatta. Frank Wright, who is a junior, will then be unable to row, but the racing experience will be very valuable indeed for the rest of the crew. What news we have from the South, suggests that in the Tournament race the strongest opposition will come from V.U.C., who have five of last year's crew back.

* * * *

'VARSITY ATHLETICS TOWN v COUNTRY MEETING SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS

Members of the Club have now settled down to regular training in preparation for the Inter-Faculty Sports and Tournament. A good try-out was the Town v. Country Inter-Club scratch meeting held at Otahuhu last Thursday night. Here most of the 'Varsity athletes competed, with a fair amount of success. Doug. Ball caused no surprise in running a perfectly-judged 880 to win in 2.5 2/5. Jim Cutler ran very strongly in the A grade 220, but was narrowly beaten into third place. Cutler seems very fit, and should show up well at Inter-Faculty. His second later on in the evening, in the 440, showed that he has stamina, as Baker led him by quite a small margin most of the way. Trevor Johnston was most unlucky in the A grade mile, his shoe-lace coming undone and hindering him considerably. Nevertheless, he pluckily ran on and finished a good fourth.

In the B grade events 'Varsity men also competed with success. Frank Wright won the 100 in the good time of 10 3/5, and was third in the 220. This runner needs to concentrate on building up stamina and cultivating striding technique. Bill Chappell ran excellently in the B grade mile, just lacking the final sprint. He finished a good second. An athlete not often seen competing in track events is Dan Gillespie, who gained a third in his heat of the B grade 220. In the B grade 440, Wilshire ran most enterprisingly, leading until 50 yards from home. With better judgment he would have won.

The younger members of the Club continue to show promising form. G. G. Turbott won the Junior 880 as he pleased, in 2m. 10 4/5s. This runner has a very pleasing action, and shows definite promise. Another younger member who has possibilities is Davies. His run in the B grade Senior 880 was full of merit, but he allowed the front men to draw too far ahead. W. de Lisle ran very pluckily in the B grade Senior 880, but could not produce the finish. This athlete is probably better over a mile. The C graders, Stacey and Sutherland, both made a good showing though they failed to gain places.

One or two members were unable to compete. Phil. Bowie could not get out, nor could the promising junior, E. R. Godley, while, of course, P. W. Day is still recovering from his gastric 'flu. Altogether, the club's performance was very gratifying, however, and augurs well for tournament. Although no field events were held on Thursday night, the club is fairly well off for competitors in these. Gillespie and Clegg in the javelin throw (the two best throwers in New Zealand, after Lay), Brainsby in the broad jump and hop-step, Maurice McHugh in the shot, are all worthy performers, while Robertson is capable of 5ft. 6in. and better in

THE EDITOR COMMENTS

'VARSITY AND THE OUTSIDE CLUBS

Once again as the summer sports are giving place to winter, there arises the vexed question of Varsity students who play for outside clubs. It cannot be denied that if all the past and present A.U.C. students played solely for Varsity clubs our standing in the sporting world would be considerably higher than it is now, which is saying a lot. Yet the fact remains that many of them do not do so.

The shortcomings can hardly be said to be on our side. Our clubs have, in general, as much to offer in the way of coaching, training, trips and other amenities as other clubs; without exception they have an enviable reputation as sportsmen, and as players they command respect in all fields of athletic endeavour. What, then, are the attractions of these other clubs?

First, there are the old boys' clubs, and here we must admit that it is difficult to blame a man who, after leaving the school where he learnt his football, say, wishes to keep up his connection with that school by playing for the old boys. Nevertheless, it is our firm opinion—and this applies particularly to full-timers—that considerations of the present should quite outweigh those of the past, and that such men should have no hesitation in representing their College in preference to their school. Then there is a considerable body of outside players who are attached to other clubs by ties of friendship, custom, or some lesser reason. Among these we note three leading members of the Tennis Club who are playing for Parnell to give the junior members a chance. But they have shown no sign of leaving the Hockey Club on the same grounds.

But, while the onus may be theoretically on the players themselves, it is up to the club secretaries to do what they can in this matter, and we would take this opportunity of reminding them of the existence of the sports forms filled in at the beginning of the year, which will be of great value in this connection.

COMING EVENTS

Wednesday, 30th March—
Inter-Faculty Athletic Sports.

Saturday, 2nd April—
A.P.A. Regatta.
First Football Club Practice.

Wednesday, 5th April—
Swimming Club Championships.

Saturday, 9th April—
Tennis Club Championships decided by about now.

the high jump. The only unfortunate feature about the tournament prospects at present is the lack of a hurdler. Bowie is not eligible, and with Paul Day unlikely to be fit in time, the prospects do not seem very promising in this department. If any dark horse hurdler reads these lines, would he please report to the secretary, Trevor Johnston, immediately, who will greet him with open arms—wide open.

In conclusion it is pointed out to all new students that the club needs new members. If you have any pretensions at all to athletic talent, run at the inter-fac. sports. Even if you can't compete at this year's tournament, there is always next year.

And—this to all and sundry—don't forget the Athletic Club's coffee evening after the inter-fac. sports—March 30th.

SENIOR B's TO GO

DECISION OF FOOTBALL CLUB

THREE LIFE MEMBERS ELECTED

ENTHUSIASTIC ANNUAL MEETING

The meeting of the Football Club turned out to be a very eventful one. The attendance was large—it could not have been far short of a hundred—and enthusiastic. Highlights of the evening were an address by Mr. A. A. Balser, Chairman of the Auckland Rugby Union, an offer by Mr. V. R. Meredith to coach a junior team and a proposal to cut out the Senior B team. Discussion throughout was vigorous and these and other indications point to a successful season for the Club.

NO CLUB STATEMENTS

Before starting this report, the writer approached Mr. R. C. Wallace, the club secretary, for any official opinions of Mr. Baker's remarks, the status of the Senior B team, and so on. Mr. Wallace had little to say, and it must be clearly understood that opinions expressed in these columns are not necessarily those of the Football Club. However, the club has definite hopes of putting in a Fourth Grade team, a move which would be welcomed by many smaller men who would thereby be able to meet players of their own weight. As regards the suggested omission of the Senior B team, and the playing of two second-grade teams, Mr. Wallace stated that the matter would not be finalised until the selectors had an opportunity of seeing what material was at their disposal. It appears, by the way, that there will be plenty.

CLUB OFFICIALS

For the first time in the history of the club, three life members were elected: Messrs. Roche O'Shea, Arthur Keene and Prof. R. M. Algie. The rarity of such election says more than we could for the merit of the men who have earned it. As for the officers proper, Prof. Bartrum will be a very popular president. He will be assisted by Dinny Mulvihill, who replaces Les. Colgan as club captain, Bob. Wallace as secretary, and Laurie Drake as treasurer. Aekins is chairman of the committee, the remainder of whom are Messrs. Kirkland, McVeagh, Lange, Brundell, Gilmore, and Prendergast, all well-known members of the club. The senior selector is Ron. Bush, the junior selectors Messrs. McDevitt, Stubbs and Martin-Smith.

THE JUNIOR TEAMS

Mr. V. R. Meredith (who, as manager as the 1935-6 All Blacks, drew on his head the obliquity

of every sporting paper in the country for having enough intelligence to try Caughey at second five-eighths), agreeably surprised many members of the club by offering to coach a junior team; then sprung a second surprise by stipulating that his team were not to be drawn on to fill temporary vacancies in higher teams. This drew a lot of discussion, especially in view of Jas. Brundell's motion not to field a Senior B team, and Mr. Meredith's offer was hardly accorded unanimous approval. At present it seems that he will be coaching a team (which team it is not quite definite); the other questions are to wait until the early practices.

Speaking from five years' experience with junior teams, the writer has no hesitation in fully supporting Mr. Meredith. Nothing is more disheartening for a team standing well up in a grade than to be continually losing key men to higher teams and to be beaten in consequence. This applies not only to the football club, but to other clubs as well, and is a point worthy of further consideration. It is, of course, well known that early promotion may be very injurious to the player concerned.

"SOFT" RUGBY

Mr. Baker's remarks on the above topic have brought him rapid and unexpected notoriety. He contends that Rugby is at a low ebb, and that the way to improve it was by making the game tougher. These remarks were followed with great interest. They have, of course, been the subject of much controversy, and are anything but generally accepted.

Our opinion is that Mr. Baker is very, very wrong. It is too hard to draw the line between tough and rough play, and there is far too much of the latter at present. The Springboks certainly left many seeds of dissension behind them.

MAT MEN GET BUSY

WRESTLING CLUB PROPOSED

FINE GYM AVAILABLE

To the average New Zealander wrestling is merely a matter of brute strength, super showmanship, and Gordon Hutter. But there is more to it in its true form; it is a science containing all the finer points of physical fitness and endurance. Our Mr. Postlewaite, the man behind the Boxing Club, has picked the possibilities of establishing a Wrestling Club at Varsity, and according to the latest advice, has the matter well in hand. Negotiations have been made with the responsible authority in Auckland, with the result that we have been offered the use of a well-equipped gym and free professional coaching on two nights per week.

It is proposed to call a meeting of all interested during the next fortnight, when Pos. will appear behind the footlights and expound the details of the scheme. Pos. suggests that the club keeps a member's book, and all those whose names appear therein shall be entitled to use the facilities available. The formation of the club will be an incalculable asset to A.U.C. We have obtained Blandford Park; now we have the offer of a fine gym, probably the best in Auckland. All members of the Varsity football, rowing, hockey, harrier clubs, etc., will benefit from the innovation, and it remains for them to show their keenness by being among those present when Pos. advertises his meeting within the next two weeks. Be in—it's free!!

SWIMMING CLUB

SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS

Although still far from what it might be, the enthusiasm in the club for inter-club racing this season has been very evident, mainly because of the trophy offered to the swimmer who obtains most placings in inter-club events.

At the start of the season there were only four swimmers. C. Milsom, W. Keys, M. Scansie and D. Munro, who turned out regularly. Before long, however, Scansie left Auckland for the school holidays, leaving but three, with fairly level pegging for points. Unfortunately, just toward the end of February, when other Varsity swimmers were returning to town, two of our members were transferred, C. Milsom going to Otago University, and M. Keys to Canterbury College.

On the opening of Training College, two women swimmers, Miss S. Stewart and Miss C. Simmons, started racing, and also about this time another of our old members, Clem. Green, returned to Auckland, as did Scansie.

At a carnival held at Mt. Eden Baths on March 5th, several swimmers nominated who had so far not swum this season, namely: Misses B. Hooten, M. Bartrum and B. Dent, and Messrs. N. Stephenson, E. Collins and W. Wright.

These names, together with our regular swimmers, comprised the biggest entry of Varsity swimmers at an inter-club event for a long time.

The club has been fortunate this year in obtaining the services of C. F. R. Buchanan, one of Auckland's leading swimmers, who has just transferred from Waitemata a Club. His performances at the champs. will be watched with great interest.

TENNIS RESULTS

CHAMPIONSHIPS IN PROGRESS

SUCCESS OF YOUNGER MEMBERS

The Tennis Club, after spending a few weeks in the doldrums, has revived in a most welcome manner, and the early rounds of the men's singles and doubles contested last week-end not only displayed a very welcome standard of play, but also provided some really good matches. While we do not think that the standard will be good enough to win at tournament, it is very pleasing to see the success of many younger players, and future prospects must be accounted brighter than for some time.

In the upper half of the draw Brown reached the semi-finals by defeating Speight comfortably. Prendergast's fitness and powerful drive enabled him to eliminate Ross Turner after a great struggle, which went to 8-6 in the final set. Two surprises were the defeat of Finkelstein by Cox and a very close match between Allpress and Thomas, in which the former prevailed 6-4, 5-6, 6-4. The Cox v. Allpress match will be a very interesting struggle. Brown will meet some solid opposition!

In the lower half Hotson has beaten Marks and plays off with Butcher in the quarter-final. McCrea provided one of the big surprises of the tournament by defeating Deveraux 6-4, 6-4, and going on to give the aggressive Butcher the surprise of his life. In a match which at times reached a high level, Butcher prevailed 4-6, 6-4, 6-4. Watson has reached the semi-final by disposing of Halstead 6-3, 6-3. He will be hard to keep out of the final, as Halstead is one of the major hopes for Tournament. However, so many surprises have happened so far that we would hardly care to predict the men's champion for 1938.

The men's doubles are hardly moving as yet, but should be well under way by the time this reaches the public. The women's and freshers' events have been held over for a week owing to paucity of entries. The women's singles, in particular, will provide very interesting competition, as there seem to be no outstanding players in this event.

* * * *

After the last set of trials conducted by the Rowing Club, the position for the points cup was as follows: — Monckton 15, Godfrey 12, Garry 11, Henderson 11, Whitford 11, Gascoigne 10, Fairbrother 10. Monckton obviously has a stranglehold on the trophy.

WANTED: Secretary for prominent sports club. Must be capable, honest, industrious, punctual, and sober. Preferably member of E.U. Applications, with references, to be made before start of forthcoming Tournament.

At the New Zealand Athletic Champs. readers will (we hope) be interested to learn that Anderson confirmed the wisdom of his selection for the Empire Games by defeating Ball in the 440 hurdles by one yard in the splendid time of 54 4/5 secs. after a great race in which the men were locked together over the whole distance. At the same meeting P. T. Bowle won the 120 hurdles decisively, but was beaten into third place in the 220 hurdles—a good day for the Varsity Club, nevertheless.

An innovation in our sporting life is the establishment of a Soccer Club. Indications are not wanting that the club will receive plenty of support.

* * * *

MALVOLIO RECOMMENDS

"THE DEVIL TO PAY," by Ellery Queen. The latest detective novel by Queen, which is always the best.

"NORTHWEST PASSAGE," by Kenneth Roberts. The best best-seller for years and almost as good as that sounds.

"THUNDER OVER EUROPE," by Dr. H. Gigon. A sound study of modern Europe, and by a non-journalist—thank heavens!

"IN THE STEPS OF MOSES THE LAW-GIVER," by Louis Golding. A beautiful book. Morton out-Mortoned.

CRICKET CLUB FLOURISHING SEASON NEARS ITS END REVIEW OF ACTIVITIES

(By Mid-Off.)

The A.U.C. Cricket Club has, through the many years of its existence, "played the game" of Cricket in the spirit in which it ought to be played. Many figures well-known in the New Zealand cricket world have been members of this club, and they are to-day still very much in the limelight:—A. M. Matheson, who is known to everyone for his fighting innings against the last English touring team, and also for his lion-hearted bowling in all representative games; D. R. Garrard, the "Grimmett" of Auckland, whose innocent-looking slows conceal more guile than a cageful of monkeys, and whose plucky knock last year, when partnered by Matheson, he won the Plunkett Shield for Auckland in the match against Wellington. And Ron. Bush, better known, perhaps, on the football field, but when dressed in flannels a bowler with whom no batsman can take liberties, and a lusty smiter without peer in Auckland.

The A.U.C. Cricket Club this year has teams playing in the Senior A, Senior B and Second Grades. It had been hoped that a team would also be entered in the Third Grade, but, owing to the large number of players who leave Auckland during the long vacation, it was decided to run only the three teams which we could then keep at full strength throughout the season.

SENIOR TEAM

The Senior team has had quite a good season, and, except for a couple of lapses which meant the loss of several points, would be well up with the leaders. The XI was again skippered by A. M. Matheson, whose experience and tactical skill have contributed in no small measure to the team's successes. The Auckland selectors could do far worse than have "Mathie" at the helm in Plunkett Shield games. The main batting strength of the team is, perhaps, Lange, Cooper, Matheson, Bell, Crammond, Bush and Boaden. The last-named has had a most successful season, and is, perhaps, the most promising colt in the club. Promoted from the Senior B team early in the season, he signalled his appearance with a brilliant 77. Going in with the score at five for 28, he, in company with Jackman (the wicket-keeper), took the score to over 180 before the partnership was broken. This has been followed by consistent batting in later matches. In Matheson, Bush, Garrard, Butler and Schnauer, the team has a quartette of trundlers the equal of any in Auckland.

The man behind the stumps is Jackman, an ex-New Zealand 'keeper. Although not brilliant, he is very sound, and is also a batsman likely to make runs at any time.

GOOD RECORD

The Senior B team this year has a very good record, having been right up in the top flight all the season. Captained by "Tinny" Martin, it is a very strong all-round combination, having

strength in the batting and variety in the bowling.

Most consistent batsmen in the side have been Des. Shanly, "Barney" Matthews, Vern. Sale, and Jack Alexander. The first-named has never failed to give the side a good start and on several occasions has been most unfortunate in missing that coveted century. But we are forgetting our Rhodes Scholar, Lorry Hogben, who has never failed to stop a rot whenever called upon. His solid play, while it may not appeal to the spectators, is most helpful in a tight corner, and the best opening partnerships of the season has been put up by Lorry and Des.

WITH THE BOWLERS

Most successful with the ball have been Roberts, Bob Newbold, Alexander, Haden and Bill Shanly. The first-named was Varsity's representative in the Junior Reps., and we are most unfortunate in that he has left the College for Otago, where we predict a cricket future for him.

The keeper has been Barney Matthews for most of the season, but on his departure for Taranaki our energetic secretary, Peter Miller, donned the gloves and has made a very good job of it.

The Second Grade team has not had such a successful season, but has been most unfortunate in losing many of its best players owing to defections in the higher grade teams. The leading batsmen of the side have been Sheppherd, Davies and D. Bullen, while bowlers among the wickets are Albrecht, Sheppherd and Watt.

Practises which have in the past been held at Varsity were this year held at Eden Park. This has not proved very satisfactory, attendances having fallen off somewhat. Maybe the solution will be found in Blandford Park.

books on film technique.*) We have had our chance with films such as "Don Quixote" and "Man of Aran," and if we did not choose to take it, then the fault must be ours.

A film like "Captains Courageous" contains more and better acting to the minute than "Victoria the Great" to the hour. The performance of Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous," even though he was given the 1937 award, was one of the best I have seen on the screen.

But, to return to our moutons, has Manfil seen "Stage Door"? If not, he should, because it is as slick a film as has been released in New Zealand since "Libelled Lady" or the "Thin Man." I hope he enters his criticism of it in "Craccum."

I notice that he "has access to the published criticisms of some of the world's leading authorities." (A thoroughly bad sentence). Must he use them? They generally are bad and patronising or the reviewer would not get his free seats. And finally, as regards "Victoria the Great," Disraeli did not look in the least like George Arliss. To many, this must have been a disappointment and a disillusion.

I am afraid Manfil's other criticisms were on the same plane as that of "Victoria the Great."

TOUCHSTONE.

*"The Film Till Now." "Documentary," by Paul Rotha. "Film," by Rudolf Arnheim, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,—

The sports committee of the Students' Association has recently issued sports forms in which all students enrolling at the College are expected to fill in particulars of their sports interests. It seems rather unfortunate that the Tramping Club was not included in the list of sports clubs. It is difficult to see why there has been discrimination against the club, as the club itself definitely aims at encouraging a love for exercise and the open air. It is, in fact, a very suitable sports club for students, as it provides opportunities over the week-end for members to get right away from the city, and get a complete change of environment. Further, a love for tramping later generally becomes a love for the mountains, and surely mountaineering is a sport which the sports committee would foster.—Yours, etc.,

C. F. WRIGLEY.

Dear Sir,—

Having but recently become a subscriber to "Craccum" I feel that perhaps I am overstepping the limits of my newly-formed acquaintance, or perhaps I expect rather much, but I am urged to write by the half-baked criticism in your film column.

That anyone except a Victorian Antimacassar—and Aspidistra-loving relic could see any merit in "Victoria the Great" defeats me entirely. But, as I said, perhaps I expect too much. Surely, on second thoughts, if not on first, it is obvious that this much-vaunted film is nothing but a sentimental plaster from start to finish. That Miss Neagle and her satellites did their best I do not doubt, but nobody enjoys eating a bad egg.

The tiresome insistence upon make-up and sets is surely nothing but an indication that the film is deadly dull. The involved and pointless symbolism (sic) reflects exactly the I.Q. of those responsible for the film.

If a picture sets out to add something to the technique or worth of the film, and fails, why should the public be fooled into believing that they are witnessing a shilling's worth of masterpiece?

If one is to criticise such a film (or any film), the highest standards must be used. (Unfortunately, in New Zealand, these standards are rarely to be obtained except from

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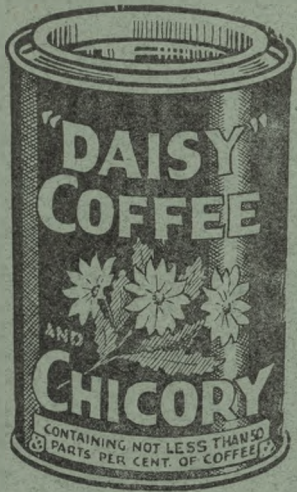
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