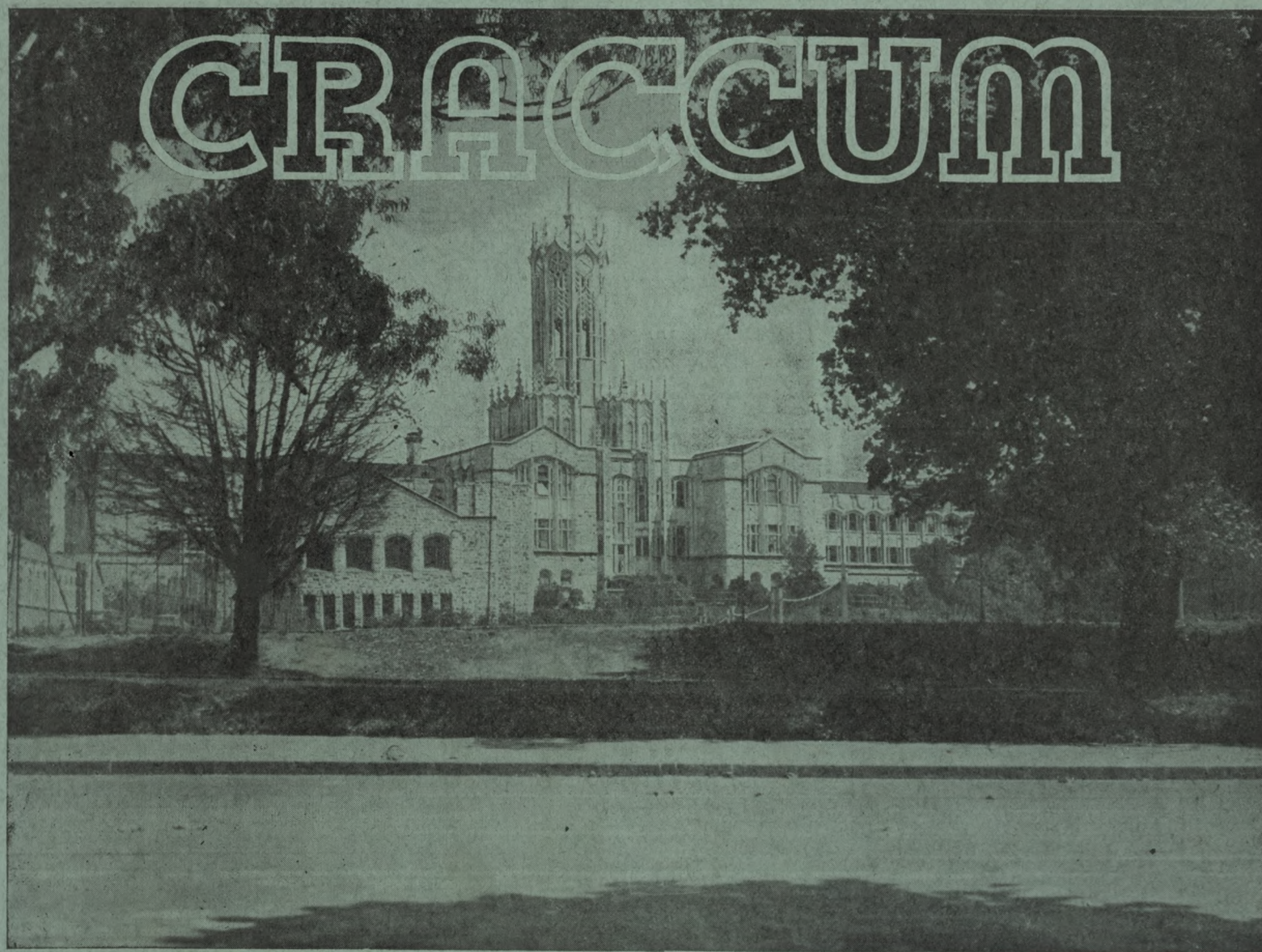


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Special Capping Issue



VOL. 12—No. 5.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1938.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

"Nudist Suit Pressed" (newspaper headline); is it possible?

Seen in a newspaper. Skunk stole —£2/12/6. He would.

These new Sheer-Shock stockings are a revelation. Soon the smart woman will wear nothing else.

Could not knit for neuritis (local advt); "for nuts" is the accepted expression.

You often know nothing about the genealogy of the horse you back except that it is the last of its race.

"A verger has to be a man of tact" says a vicar. At any rate he has to mind his keys and pews.

"Bacon Talks with Denmark," says a headline. About Hamlet, we presume.

"What are world-financiers doing?" demands a headline. Anything, no doubt, from six months upward.

The birth-rate is still declining. One theory is that posterity has got an inkling of what is in store for it.

A scientist says the sky isn't really blue at all. It doesn't take a scientist to tell that these days.

It is stated 500 people used the weighing machines in Albert Park last summer. The weigh of all flesh.

"Man who never saw motor car," runs a news item. Hospitals, of course, are full of these.

"Students of Freud" says Dr. Anschutz, "learn to take life calmly." This is known as sang freud.

Muffs will be very much in fashion this winter. And to a moth, of course, a muff is as good as a feast.

"The general effect of glasses," says an optician, "is to make the face look broad." But it all depends, of course, upon the number of glasses.

"Chinese general tries to get own back on railway."—War news. It's quite simple if you lie down on the permanent way, face upwards.

Attempts are being made to discover the man who invented the collar-stud. But of course he may be dead already.

A clinic says that cocktails do not make good daughters. As a compensation, no doubt, many daughters make good cocktails.

A full-grown cow in Taranaki is only four feet high. But (curiously enough) it doesn't yield condensed milk.

Members of the Hongi Club and the Haeremai Club are understood to worship as their patron saint St. George and the Flagon.

A correspondent, writing in defence of "gipsy," says that gossip-writing is a rare gift. Not, as others seem to think, a common disease.

This weeks believe-it-or-not story comes from a speaker in the Junior Oratory Contest. "After Wesley got a wife" he said "he could leave home."

An excited lady in the country writes to say her hen laid an egg weighing 6 1/4 ounces. We fail to see what else she could have done with it.

A tiger in the Wellington Zoo has just been fitted with slippers because of cold feet. Nevertheless we shall still go on believing that a leopard cannot chance its spats.

The First Bloom of Youth—Daphne, the younger of Mrs. Bush's two charming daughters, made her debut last night. Jasmine came out last year.

Craccum

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

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Vol. 12—No. 5.

May 5, 1938.

The Public Support

Preparations for Capping Week have been interrupted this year by reason of the fact that Auckland was the venue of the N.Z.U.U. Tournament. But, in spite of this, all the indications suggest that the 1938 Capping festivities will easily reach the high standard of former years. The various committees in charge of the Revue, Procession, Graduation Ball, and the Carnival Book have been working overtime and "Craccum" sincerely hopes that their enthusiasm will once more prosper A.U.C. in the eyes of the Auckland public.

The apathy, and in some cases, the antagonism, which has characterised the attitude of many Aucklanders towards their University is slowly changing to a feeling of sympathy. If we, as students, can prove to the public that we value its support, and if we do this, not by an impatient appeal for financial assistance, but by showing in our public appearances that we are worthy of support, then the support will follow.

This College is most definitely not "a hot-bed of Communism" and the students attending it are far from anxious to trample on the institutions and traditions of the very people whose support they solicit. If only the people of Auckland could be made to realise that we are, with few exceptions, a society of young men and women, perfectly normal in every respect and that we have the interests of the community at heart, then without a doubt Auckland University College would soon become one of the most respected institutions in the city.

So good luck to Capping Week and may the sun shine happily all the time.

Graduation Day

To this year's graduates we extend our heartiest congratulations. They have faced successfully the long and sometimes disappointing process of obtaining a degree and by the end of the graduation ceremony will have reached their majority as fully qualified citizens of the University.

Few people apart from those who have actually been in the race, have any idea of the hard work and long hours of study involved in obtaining a degree. Many of them are inclined, at times, to scoff at degrees as valueless, but this generation of university students is carrying on a tradition worthy in every way of the public respect.

Whatever complaint any individual may put forward to condemn the University system, we know that it has a vigour and a life which will never be overwhelmed. This year's graduates are the legacies of a great and precious trust. To them "Craccum" would say "well-done" and "good-luck."

POINTS OF VIEW

I wish Adam had died with all the ribs in his body.—Boucicault.

To be truly tolerant is not necessarily to be neutral.—Lord Macmillan.

Out of the collapse of prosperity has come the conviction that, in the long run, economic morality pays.—President Roosevelt.

I often wonder what would have happened if the Good Samaritan had turned up two hours earlier and had laid about him.—The Bishop of London.

I looked out of my window and noticed that my neighbours were drunker than usual. Then I remembered that it was the birthday of their Saviour.—Thomas Carlyle, in a Letter.

Louis Quatorze
Had a penchant for wars.
He sent Turenne to the Palatinate
With instructions to flatten it.
—E. E. Bentley.

Evil is the accentuation of division; good, whatever makes for unity with other lives and other beings.—Aldous Huxley, in "Eyeless in Gaza."

All romantics know that adventures happen on a dull day, not on a day of sunshine. When the cord of monotony is stretched to its utmost point it breaks with the sound of a song.—G. K. Chesterton.

No soul was ever ruined by extravagance or even by debauch; it is the steady, punctual gnawing of comfort that destroys. That is the triumph of matter over mind.—Clive Bell, in "Art."

The test of a man's freedom is his responsibility as a workman. Freedom is not incompatible with discipline, it is incompatible only with irresponsibility. He who is free is responsible for his work. He who is not responsible for his work is not free.—Eric Gill, in "Art Nonsense."

To build a bridge, to discover and trace a law of nature, compose a book or a symphony, each is a great and difficult task, but to create a family, to keep it warm, to uphold it in spite of every obstacle, that, too, is a work of art, more difficult and more disappointing than any other.—Georges Duhamel, in "The Pasquier Chronicles."

Modern Society ignores the individual. It takes account only of human beings. It believes in the reality of the Universals and treats men as abstractions. The confusion of the concepts of individual and of human being has led industrial civilization to a fundamental error, the standardization of men. If we were all identical we could be reared and made to live and work in great herds, like cattle. But each one has his own personality, and cannot be treated like a symbol.—Dr. Alexis Carrel in "Man the Unknown."

The downfall of the great mediaeval synthesis destroyed the inner unity of European thought. It was a victory for physical science, which was emancipated from the dead hand of the Aristotelian cosmology, and left free to enter into a new heritage. But it was a defeat for philosophy, which now lost its former undisputed intellectual hegemony, and became an outcast, with no sure foothold in the world of reality. Like a discredited political leader, it was continually offering its service as a mediator between the opposing parties, only to be disavowed by both sides, and left to bear the responsibility for their blunders.—Christopher Dawson, in "Religion and Progress."

WIDE VARIETY OF TOPICS

Lengthy Meetings of N.Z.U.S.A.

EXCELLENT WORK OF CENTRAL EXECUTIVE

The 1938 meeting of delegates has been unique in the history of N.Z.U.S.A. More subjects than ever before were discussed, and an amazing amount of work was accomplished. The meetings extended over a period of about fifteen hours, a large part of which was absorbed by a consideration of the extremely lengthy annual report and later the revised constitution. The fact that such a large volume of work was dealt with in the time is a credit to the tactful handling of the meeting by the chairman, Mr. A. P. Blair (A.U.C.). One felt occasionally that time was wasted on petty indifference of opinion but perhaps that was due to the Chairman's anxiety to be perfectly fair to everybody.

From the journalistic point of view the Conference was not particularly satisfactory, because it was impossible to find anything of outstanding importance. But the true value of the Association and the work it is doing may be found in the Annual Report which is a remarkable tribute to the industry of the Executive at Headquarters under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. R. S. V. Simpson (Chairman at Headquarters for the past year) and Mr. F. D. Christensen (Secretary).

SPEAKING CONTESTS

The triennial oratory contest for the Bledisloe Medal which is due to be held in Auckland this year, was discussed at length. Arrangements for the contest, in which two entrants from each college deliver orations, are well in hand, and may include broadcasting.

C.U.C., however, were apprehensive of the financial risk involved, and went so far as to maintain that the financial responsibility for Joynt Scroll should be taken from N.Z.U.S.A. They felt that the payment of so much as one third of travelling expenses by N.Z.U.S.A. was spoon-feeding.

Largely owing to C.U.C.'s agitations, the amount payable to Bledisloe Medal candidates by N.Z.U.S.A. was reduced to one quarter.

Incidentally, the rules governing Joynt Scroll came under yet another revision (this is a hardy annual).

HEADQUARTERS

With the establishment of permanent headquarters in Wellington, N.Z.U.S.A. has been able to develop along many lines.

Publicity has been improved, an information bureau has been established, and all activities can be co-ordinated.

VETERINARY COURSE

Massey College moved that the Senate be approached to ask that a course in veterinary surgery should be established. The idea was well received by the meeting and the usual sub-committee set up. But it is doubtful whether the demand for such a course is sufficient to justify the establishment of a school. May it not go the way of the old Forestry Course?

TRAVELLING EXPENSES

It seems quite possible that tangible results may come from the N.Z.U.S.A.'s attempts to gain reductions in railway and steamer fares for bona fide students. A letter from Mr. D. G. Sullivan, Minister for Railways was non-committal but encouraging. But the shipping companies will be a hard nut to crack.

STUDENT OPINION

A suggestion that a questionnaire be taken among students to find out their views in political affairs, was not favoured by the meeting. It was considered that the peace Ballot of a few years ago had not been a success. However, "under exceptional circumstances," the scheme may be proceeded with.

STUDENT CONGRESSES

N.Z.U.S.A. consider that the time is ripe for the inauguration of Annual Student Congresses, where social and other questions can be formally and informally discussed by students. However, the matter has been postponed for a year. It is hoped that the postponement is not indefinite.

A conference with the National Union of Australian Students may also be held in the near future. Only financial reasons prevent this proposal from being immediately proceeded with.

FINANCE

Many schemes have had to be held over because of lack of funds, but the new constitution which was adopted provides for an in-

creased levy from the Colleges. This should allow for a definite expansion of N.Z.U.S.A. activities, and the maintenance of its progress.

PRESIDENCY

The principle was re-affirmed that the president of the N.Z.U.S.A. should be the best man available in the whole University. A motion that the office should have to rotate was lost.

Mr. A. P. Blair, of A.U.C., who showed great ability as President last year, was re-elected. "Craccum" extends to him its warmest congratulations.

PRESIDENCY OF COLLEGE CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. COCKER

The Presidency of the College Council left vacant as a result of the death of the late Mr. Mahon came under review at a recent meeting of the Council, and Mr. William Hollis Cocker, B.A., LL.B., was elected to fill the position. Mr. Cocker has been a member of the Council since 1933 when he was elected as a Graduates' Representative. A member of the legal firm of Messrs. Hesketh, Richmond, Adams and Cocker he has taken a prominent part in matters of education and has been closely associated with the W.E.A.

The new President has always been a keen supporter of freedom of speech in the University and it is pleasing to the students that their rights in this respect will no doubt be jealously conserved. "Craccum" would like to take this opportunity of extending to Mr. Cocker its heartiest congratulations on his appointment.

RULES ARE CHANGED

IMPORTANT DECISIONS OF TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE

STANDARDISATION OF N.Z.U. BLUES

This question was brought up last Easter for deliberation during the year, and further consideration by the 1937-38 Committee. After thrashing the matter out carefully it was decided that it would be impossible to reach any satisfactory method of standardisation in such sports as Athletics, which rest so much on track and weather conditions. The matter was therefore dropped, and moreover, the standard score of 120 for the shooting blues was scrapped. The four highest scores in future to receive a "blue."

HASLAM SHIELD

After consideration of conditions and performances this year it was decided to raise the number of shooting teams to six and one emergency, only six to shoot.

CANTERBURY AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

In order to make the position of Lincoln College representation in the C.U.C. team quite definite, and in line with that of Massey, a clause was inserted in the revised constitution that for all purposes of the Tournament, Lincoln College students should rank as students of C.U.C.

STUDENTS SAY FAREWELL

PRESENTATION TO PROF. R. M. ALGIE

The Men's Common Room was crowded last Friday night when the Students at A.U.C. gathered to say "Farewell" to Professor R. M. Algie. After nearly thirty years of close association with the College, first as a student and later as a member of the teaching staff, he resigned from the Chair of Law in February last to become Dominion Organiser for the newly-formed Freedom Association.

His popularity among all sections of the student body, and the recognition of his untiring efforts to further the interests of all the students was evidenced by the enthusiastic hahas of the Hongi Club, by the remarks of the President, Mr. Halstead and the Lady Vice-President, Miss Paterson, and by the very pronounced feeling of goodwill among the students. In the opinion of the Editor, the Hongi Club excelled themselves on this occasion and succeeded well in conveying to the Professor per medium of their really well-performed hahas the happy feelings of everybody present.

After referring to the valuable work which Professor Algie had performed while at A.U.C., and expressing the hope that his connection with the College had not been completely severed, Mr. Halstead, on behalf of the Students' Association, presented him with a greenstone paperweight surmounted by a silver kiwi and the College Coat-of-Arms. Miss Paterson spoke on behalf of the Women Students, and Mr. Kenrick presented him with the badge of the Hongis. The Professor, in reply, expressed his thanks to the students and assured them that so long as he was in Auckland he would always do his best to help them.

The proceedings closed with the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and three rousing cheers.

I ATTENDED A REVUE REHEARSAL

WHY IS REID STILL SANE?

For the first time in my life I wish I were a surrealist. Only a surrealist could convey in its entirety the general emotional effect of a Revue rehearsal, the feeling that with every second another nerve cell which \$5,000 million dollars couldn't buy is going phut! like that.

People begin to sing. The producer yells "Quiet!" at intervals, but the people go on singing. You know it is singing, not screaming, because sometimes you hear some words. This gets worse and worse until the whole cast goes nuts. Women rush round—round screaming and the men laugh insanely and pursue each other across the stage while knives hurtle through the darkness to stick quivering in tables. At this point the producer goes nuts and starts to murmur something about Blotto.

The cast goes on screaming. When the tumult dies down Mr. Reid gets a chance to yell "Quiet!" He seems to like doing this, but as the night wears on he substitutes "Give to Mr. — the attention you usually give to me."

By 10.30 all present are half asleep, except Mr. Hodder who is quite asleep and adds to the uproar until someone hits him hard on the head.

By 12.30 everybody is quite asleep.

At 1.30 a.m. a jolly evening is concluded with the singing of the Chicago Lullaby.

And so, as the grey dawn breaks over the sparkling Waitemata, with a frog in our throat and a pain in our head, we say "Good-bye" to Revue Rehearsals, and look forward with a laugh on our lips and a sinking feeling in our stomachs to to-morrow—the glorious first night of Revue 1938.

TOURNAMENT MEMORIES

Two pugnacious gentlemen deciding a bout of fisticuffs with all and sundry on a certain Moonlight Excursion.

Messrs. Clouston, Hogben, Cummins, Reid and Smith performing folk-dances on Mercer Station at 5.30 a.m. on Good Friday morning.

John Reid practising Yoga in the same place at 5.20 a.m.

Laurence Hogben rushing hither and yon with a mad look in one eye and a murderous gleam in the other.

Mr. John Alexander explaining carefully to a policeman why he tried to jump a train.

N.Z.U. PRESS BUREAU Annual Conference in Retrospect

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME CO-OPERATION WITH N.Z.U.S.A.

During the Easter Tournament in Auckland, the annual conference of the N.Z.U. Press Bureau, attended by delegates from the four college periodicals, was held and lasted through several sessions. A great part of the time of the conference was devoted to a discussion of the constitution of the Bureau which has been considerably enlarged. Various schemes for the successful co-operation of the four colleges regarding prompt exchanges and the reporting of events interesting to the colleges, were brought forward and in retrospect the Conference appears to have done much useful work.

Perhaps the most important feature of the meetings was the success of a deputation which waited upon N.Z.U.S.A. in order to discover a satisfactory scheme for the co-operation of the two bodies. One of the suggestions of N.Z.U.S.A. in its Annual Report had been the production of a National Magazine. The Bureau considered the proposal and brought forward a suggestion for the organisation of such a magazine but unsympathetic reception by N.Z.U.S.A. of its own brain-child threatened to create bad feeling between the two bodies. The Bureau itself had felt doubtful that N.Z.U.S.A. would consent to finance the scheme but felt amazed that the latter body should blame it for bringing the idea forward in view of the fact that N.Z.U.S.A. had been responsible. However a touching reconciliation resulted and what is more, at the suggestion of Messrs. Burnett and Quennell (Otago delegates to N.Z.U.S.A.), a measure of financial support will be accorded the Bureau and the relative positions of the two bodies has at last been satisfactorily determined.

VALUABLE CONTACTS

All four papers should benefit greatly from the personal contacts made by the Editors (all four of whom were present). And it is pleasant to recall the friendly nature of all the meetings even when controversial matters were under discussion. The threatened dispute between "Salient" and "Craccum" finally ended by "Salient" graciously drinking down two or three columns of "Craccum's" best Waitemata.

Full privileges for reporters at Tournament were formally granted by the Tournament Committee on application of the Bureau. The Bureau is inaugurating an Overseas News Service, by keeping in touch with ex-students going overseas, and asking them to forward to the Bureau any interesting experiences. These accounts will be made available in all college papers.

The headquarters of the Bureau will be in Dunedin for the coming year. Mr. W. R. Geddes (Editor of the "Critic") was elected Chairman, and Mr. J. N. Findlay, Secretary-Treasurer.

INTERESTING COMPARISON ANALYSIS OF "CRACCUM" CRITICS CRACK LOUDLY BUT EDITOR SAYS "NO!"

We are receiving such lots of criticism just now, from people who have either had their toes slightly trampled on, or perhaps from people who are simply a little bit livery, that the following facts give us a certain amount of pleasure.

"CANTA," the Canterbury College magazine, contained about 8730 words in a recent issue; "SALIENT," V.U.C., filled its columns with 9,056 words; "CRITIC," Otago University, had 9,108 words; but your own very much vilified "CRACCUM," contained an average of 27,388 words in every issue.

To the people who want more articles of a serious nature the Editor would suggest that they work out in the seclusion of their own rooms how much more of this type of reading "Craccum" gives them than the Southern papers. To the people who feel that we are not using enough space on matters of a light-hearted or social nature he would offer the same advice. To the very clever people who would cynically remark that quality and not quantity is the true test, he would, after politely suggesting that they boil their heads, ask them to come along to the University on almost any night in the week and help the hard-working members of his staff who help to find these 27,388 words every fortnight. He would ask them to contribute anything which they consider of a quality, equal to or better than the present copy, and instead of forwarding long-winded and in many cases mis-spelt complaints, help with their encouragement to make this an even better paper.

It is not an easy matter to obtain material enough to fill a space equal to about one-third of an ordinary novel. It is earnestly hoped that every student will give "Craccum" a push along and realise that the paper belongs to the students and that the staff has not sworn an oath to carry on some time-honoured feud with the very people who own the paper.

CONGRATULATIONS

An announcement of considerable interest to past and present students of A.U.C. and also to many in the Southern Colleges appeared in the N.Z. Herald on Saturday morning last. Miss Shona Frasser Paterson, Lady Vice-President of the Students' Association at A.U.C., and Mr. Archibald I Patrick Blair, President of the New Zealand University Students' Association and a past President of A.U.C., have announced their engagement. The Editor and the staff of "Craccum" are delighted that this journal can record an event of such pleasurable importance and offer to Shona and Pat their congratulations and very best wishes.

As journalists of a sort, the outside world would expect us to regard the engagement of two such popular members of the student body, and ones who occupy important executive positions, as a "scoop," but we are all so very pleased and we feel so certain that they are ideally suited, that even the possibility of a big "human story" is lost in our anxiety to say "bless you both."

WELCOME INNOVATION AN UNDERGRAD. SUPPER

Nothing very original has happened socially this year at A.U.C.—we have done nothing but sleep. Perhaps!

Anyway, here is something else to tempt your jaded appetite. Each year, dear freshers, things begin to happen on the second Wednesday before, end of term. That is, Revue dress rehearsal (usually without lights, make-up, dress, or half the cast). This is rapidly followed by procession and coffee evening, five nights of Revue, and Grad. Ball. Usually however, the Thursday between end of Revue and Grad. Ball, has been vacant for convalescing.

But this year! BUT THIS YEAR! There is going to be a supper in the Women's Common Room especially for those who are about to leave the bliss of studentship and who are about to graduate, and also for those who are still numbered amongst these best and truest. It is, we are told, to cost only one shilling, and is to be followed by dancing in the men's common room. And it is to be called "Undergraduate supper."

Heaps of Laughter HIGHLIGHTS OF REVUE THIS YEAR'S MAMMOTH SHOW

"Yes, last year's Revue was a knock-out. But Revue 1938 goes one better. It has everything—stupendous settings, glamorous girls, cunning costumes—all the things you didn't see enough of in the Marcus Show. Yes, it's the hottest hit since Mary Pickford became Public Sweetheart No. 1 in 1100 A.D."

All this poured forth in an inspired flow from the life of John F. Martin, veterinary stage-manager of Revue, when, as Craccum's ace reporter, interviewed him last night. "Yes," he continued, the Carnival Committee is doing things in a big way this year—no more single-string curtains or butter-box sets—no more digging for dress-suits in the Dramatic Club's lousy locker. Our dancing girls are going to have frocks that fit—and how!"

"About stage settings, Mr. Martin," I hurriedly interrupted. "Is it true that Mr. Fisher, of the Elam School of Art is designing the scenery?"

"Well, he was pathetically seen to be associated with Revue, but we felt that our own Mr. Geoff. Hole is a far more suitable person to be entrusted with this important job. With a capable team of architects he has been on the job for the last two days."

"I hear you are having great difficulty in finding the 2659 necessary properties, Mr. Martin."

"Well, I've spent the last three months touring N.Z. to trail them down."

"Is that what you use your Black Maria for, Mr. Martin?"

"Yes, I find it gives me a certain advantage in dealing with tough customers. I had rather an unpleasant experience when I tried to borrow a lynching rope for "The Plight of the Western Bars." The fellow naturally wanted to demonstrate it. I got it in the end by cracking him over the head with a bottle."

"Is that what you keep all those bottles in the van for, Mr. Martin?"

Here Mr. Martin was suddenly called away, so I am obliged to give you my own views on Revue. (For accurate information see Carnival Book).

PROLETARIAN PROBLEMS takes the place of last year's Opening Chorus—a good thing, too! Almost an operetta, featuring the WORKERS, the Government, the Opposition, the Profs. and the Students (with wings). The tunes make it worth while, quite apart from the fact that the words can sometimes be distinguished.

THE PRESS GANG. A sermon on the Newspaper racket. Good opportunities for characterisation well taken by Avenal Holcombe and Helen MacCormick. And a lot of good laughs.

THE CRIMSON SURCINGLE. A horrible play. Quite compositre-shattering. Remarkable stage effects (blood, corpses, knives) and gore-breezing laughter from Charles Fleming as Karloff. One of John Reid's best efforts.

LADY PRECIOUS SCREEN. Complete with Property Man—played by Van Hodder. Succeeds in being "excruciating stomach-holding." Definitely a high-light.

Interview with COUNT POPEYE VON KLUCKNOW. Remember Lean Fatten last year? Well, this is even better. Starring G. L. Hogben.

AIN'T LIFE GLAND. An interpretation of Wellsian philosophy. Has many of the elements that made Asbestos such a knock-out.

THE BLUSSIAN BALLET. Last year's ballet lasted 4½ minutes. This year it lasts 14½ and it isn't ½ a minute too long. The delicate love story of Ale Phanta and Morning-After (interpreted by Sidnera Gascarra and Ale Giffinski) winds its languorous way through a swarm of Nautch Girls, slaves, eunuchs, calphs, Nautch Girls, etc.

SEND US, O LORD. A LITTLE WAR. A surprise item.

THE PLIGHT OF THE WESTERN BARS. With an all-star cast—the cast that made "Hearts of Cope" last year—Van, Helen, David, Giffie. One long laugh. (This is probably the best thing I've ever written.)—John Reid.

And this isn't the lot. Three interludes, a special Hawaiian number, and the Paul Ohnson Choir (corresponding to last year's Pills Bros.) complete a programme which is outstanding in every respect.

THE OPEN FORUM

CURRENT STUDENT OPINION

(CONDUCTED BY DON JOHN.)

(Students are cordially invited to air their views on each and every subject in "The Open Forum." All points of view will be accepted, but must not be taken by readers to be the opinion of "Craccum" or of the University, but of individuals. Articles should be as brief as possible, and addressed to "Don John.")

Germany's War on God :: Mr. Schmidt Attacked

Dear Don John,—

In view of "Craccum's" sane outlook on current problems, it is surprising to find one of your reporters interviewing the avowed advocate of an ideology that is repugnant to the vast majority of your readers. It is interesting to hear different points of view, but why devote a whole page to the opinions "of a typical German," who in this case expresses himself with "ease and clarity"—of course, what else would you expect of the "Nordic ideal, six feet five inches tall, with broad shoulders, intelligent face, and a flow of perfect English." This last sentence is no doubt due to the "lordly weed" and "luxurious chair." Select private ballot boxes, plush lined and lounge attached, was the way Joe Stalin got his 100 per cent. victory in the last elections, held under that wonderful New Constitution. But Hitler's advocates stick to cigars and arm-chairs! That is, in those countries that Germany has no quarrel with, and here, of course, we must remember that Herr Schmidt wants us "to understand that Germany has no quarrel with any country!" Indeed! What about Russia, Czechoslovakia and Austria? Here again, Herr Schmidt tells us through your interviewer that Austria had "always desired union with Germany"—jah, but what Germany? Certainly not Hitler's.

However, I am content to let Herr Schmidt have all his say about Nazi economics, their demands for colonies, revision of treaties, etc., but he spoke pure bunk on the religious question. There is no need to bother with his cheap gibe about religious form—that fits in with the Kultur that Belgium experienced from 1914-18, but Schmidt was deliberately prevaricating when he said that there was no religious problem in Germany, and that there was complete freedom of conscience. Let's get a look at the other side.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The observations made by Mr. Schmidt on German affairs are obviously of the propagandist type which is employed by the Nazi Government and which the same Government extracts from its official representatives everywhere. Mr. Schmidt dare not speak in any other vein. The statements made by Germany for outside consumption have nothing in common with German deeds. The fact is that a most diabolical form of war upon Christianity is in being in Germany, and the fact that it is largely underground, or camouflaged does not make it any the less thorough. Mr. Schmidt says that save for the Catholics and a few extreme Protestants, Germans as a whole do not care much for religious form. All manner of restriction and suppression, sometimes openly, often indirectly, is being imposed upon the practice of religion. Gradually but implacably religious rights are destroyed, religious functions are made impracticable. Clergy are imprisoned on trivial pretexts, religious journals are forced to publish Nazi anti-religious propaganda with the alternative of being summarily suppressed. Christian religion is everywhere met by a hostility, a systematic process of discrimination that finds its way into every sphere and aspect of life. Religious schools are nearly all closed down. In Bavaria a heroic struggle is being put up by Catholics in the endeavour to retain at least the secondary and pre-University schools.

INTOLERABLE PRESSURE.

Most intolerable pressure is brought upon young people and upon their parents in order to force Christian youth into the Hitler pagan youth organisations. Parents are deprived of the recognised relief from taxation if their sons are not linked up with the Hitler Jugend or

attending schools approved by the Nazis. Previously any boy, whether Catholic or not, was free to attend a university after successfully passing a leaving examination at school. But now a permit is required. And permits are granted almost exclusively to boys who were members of the Hitler Jugend.

This means that a Catholic boy who has kept out of the Hitler Youth has practically no chance of going to a university. He is, therefore, debarred from the professions of Medicine, Law, Philosophy, Engineering, Architecture, Chemistry, Physics and Teaching in all its branches. And he can obtain no situation in any of the State services, neither in the Railway nor the Post Office, nor anything else. His prospects are ruined. Yet if he joins the Hitler Youth when a boy, he has as much chance as anyone else.

NATIONALIST-SOCIALIST "RELIGION."

What an appalling temptation for the boy and for his father! But, you may ask, why "appalling?" The answer is in the tone of the Hitler Youth organisations. To quote one phase: Lectures are given by "group-leaders," and the character of the addresses may be gauged from the following extracts taken from lectures actually given:—

"National Socialism is not a mere political philosophy, but a religion—the new and only true religion born of Blood and Soil, Nordic spirit, and Aryan soul. Existing religions, Catholic and Protestant, must be stamped out as quickly as possible.

"Paragraph 24 of the Party Programme (the recognition of the Christian religion) is nothing more than a bait to allay the suspicions of the clergy and gain us recruits. Only a perfect idiot attaches any importance to it or to the Concordat with Rome. Nazism and Christianity are enemies to the death; churches must be rooted out because they weaken the power of the State. The parents are but representatives of the State, and can be left in possession of the child only on condition that they guarantee him a National-Socialist (that is, Nazi pagan) education. If they will not do this, the State has the power to remove the child."

NAZISM AND THE CHURCH.

The true character of the Nazi attitude towards the Church is revealed not so much by the details of the persecution that leak out. It is to be better understood in the pronouncements of German leaders, as in the formal proclamation issued by General Goering in July, 1935. "The Church," says the genial Goering ("may neither invoke God against this (Nazi) State—an enormity we experience every Sunday in overt and veiled forms—nor organise its own political forces under the threadbare pretexts that it must defend itself against dangers threatening from the State."

What does that mean? It simply means that the Church must not continue to claim her spiritual and material rights if they do not subserve the Nazi pagan movement. The clergy are to place themselves unreservedly behind the State. Only on this condition can National Socialism entrust the Catholic priests any religious co-operation in the education of the young.

Goering's reference to the Church's "political forces" is further elucidated in the order which his proclamation issued to every local authority: to take ruthless action against priests who abuse or misuse their clerical position for political purposes." But since many Nazi doctrines are pagan in their essence, and thus incompatible with the Catholic faith, it is difficult for a priest to preach a sermon which does not lay him open to a charge of political opposition and to consequent arrest.

Ben Shakelowson

THIS MAD WORLD

Arts students will doubtless be interested to learn that the idea that Marlowe and Shakespeare were the same person is the first principle of the Thringeneutical Society, which has its headquarters at Hatton, near Warwick. Thringeneuticians also claim that Marlowe, Shakespeare and Jonson were one and the same person, whom they have designated William Christopher Ben Shakelowson. They have proved the death of Marlowe and the publication of Venus and Adonis to be a case of post hoc ergo propter hoc. Their publication "Seventy-three Years," derived from the dates of Marlowe's and Shakespeare's birth in 1564 and Jonson's death in 1637, claims to have full evidence for this astounding theory. One of the pieces of evidence cited is

"... Shake, spear of darkness! Of what kin art thou?"

"John is my father, his true son am I."

—(The Alchemist).

The Thringeneutical Society takes a firm stand against all Shakelowson heresies such as Miss Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare" and welcomes new members "without fees or subscriptions but with a true love of literature."

This society is perfectly genuine. A description of it is contained in "John O' London's Weekly," Nov. 19, 1937.

Rumour has it that an opposition society is being started by Professor Sewell, the George Noel James Shavowardarrie Society which firmly believes that Shaw, Coward and Barrie are the same person who is really Edgar Wallace, who is not dead, but in hiding under the name of Ezra Pound.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY?

The distinctive Nazi outlook on religion has been fairly well epitomised in a statement made by Dr. Ley, the Labour Front Leader: "The Nazi Party," he declares, "lays a totalitarian claim to the soul of the German people. We cannot and will not tolerate that another party or world outlook should reign in Germany... Protestant or Catholic is all one to us... We will give no peace until the last German who is decent has become a National Socialist." The Germans who are not decent, are, presumably, those unfortunates who are not of Nordic or at least Aryan blood, such as the Jews.

Those statements make it easy to understand why the Concordat was violated; why priests and religious are imprisoned; why Catholic newspapers are closed down on the slightest excuse; why Catholic Youth camps are systematically wrecked by organised gangs of Hitler Youth; why, in fine, Mr. Schmidt's plausible references to religious liberty are an insult to the intelligence of any educated man.

SLICK PROPAGANDA.

The "Keep It Quiet" policy no longer prevails in Germany. Doesn't it? Then why with stories about immorality, etc., amongst clergy, is not the revelation made that Horst Wessel, who was killed in a brawl with Communists (and therefore a Nazi martyr) was a man of so immoral a life that his "profession," even if I were to state it, would not be printed. Yes, keep that quiet—it might be a blow too heavy even for a broadshouldered, six-foot five Nordic!

One does not realise that he must talk to the order of his German bosses. But that is no reason why we should think according to the slick propaganda put out by Goebbels, Goering and the rest of the Nazi bunch.

—J.G.W.

A.U.C. REPRESENTATIVES.
A.U.C. REPRESENTATIVES.
A.U.C. REPRESENTATIVES.

BLEDISLOE TRIALS.
BLEDISLOE TRIALS.
BLEDISLOE TRIALS.

COLLEGE HALL, MAY 25.
COLLEGE HALL, MAY 25.
COLLEGE HALL, MAY 25.

The Bookshelf

REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

(By Malvolio)

A little book which demands the closest attention from everyone interested in the present terrible conflict in the Far East and, in particular from those who persist in interpreting the trouble in terms of modern "ideologies," is "I Speak for the Chinese," by Carl Crow. The author, whose "200 Million Customers" was so popular in 1937, has for over 25 years known China and Japan as few Englishmen have had the opportunity to know them. He makes it abundantly clear that the present assault of Japan on China is but part of a continuous policy which began at least as far back as 1894, which was consolidated in 1915, when, with excellent diplomacy, she presented the "Twenty-one Demands" at a time when the West was scarcely in a position to give them full attention, and that the vital question for the world is "After China, what?" Mr. Crow states that Japan regards herself in the light of Shinto, as the destined world-ruler. Once master of China she would control about one-third of the world's population. But, Mr. Crow points out, to hold Hong-Kong, she must take Singapore, and the Philippines,—and so, if we follow the Japanese justification for conquest and expansion, we find ourselves in a series of vicious consequences of which there can be no logical end." A well-written book, which, in conjunction with Professor O'Connor's "Menace of Japan," builds up a damning case against Japan.

"I Speak for the Chinese," by Carl Crow. (Hamish Hamilton).

* * * *

Miss Ngaio Marsh, a New Zealander, stands very high in the estimation of all those who enjoy a well-written and cleverly constructed detective story. Her charming detective, Alleyne, and his Watson, Nigel Bathgate, are singularly pleasant people without the irritating mannerisms common to most sleuths of fiction. In her latest novel "Artists in Crime," Miss Marsh presents these two in a setting of Bohemian life. A rather poisonous artist's model, Sonia Gluck, is murdered while posing for a curious assembly of artists and would-be artists in the school of Agatha Troy. Investigation by Alleyne leads to the disclosure of several interesting cross-currents sometimes not altogether savoury, as one would expect from artists in fiction, and to a quite unexpected denouement. Miss Marsh has an eye for detail, and presents an interesting gallery of assorted characters in an unusual setting. At the end of "Artists in Crime," however, it looks as if poor Alleyne is going to suffer the same terrible fate as Lord Peter Wimsey has recently endured.

"Artists in Crime," by Ngaio Marsh.

* * * *

The most shadowy pretender in history, The False Nero, provides the central character for Herr Lion Feuchtwanger's latest novel. He has allowed his remarkable imagination free play, and created an astonishingly convincing piece of reconstruction. Terence, the potter, the Emperor's double, suddenly emerges as the tyrant who is supposed to have died thirteen years before, and is, with his histrionism and megalomania, a grotesque yet real character. Well drawn, too, are Varro the cynical ex-Senator, who uses the potter for his own ends, and the host of rogues, fools and officials who reap their embarrassment or profit from an extraordinary situation. The whole tragi-comedy of intrigue and folly is presented with the strong precision which is Herr Feuchtwanger's special virtue. The Roman world, cultured and brutal, is recreated; and the reader is, despite himself, almost convinced that he is reading real history. For here, as in "Jew Suss" and "Success," Leon Feuchtwanger's art is objective, dispassionate and self-sufficient.

"The False Nero," by Leon Feuchtwanger. (Hutchinson).

In the Student Mind

VIEWS FROM OTHER COLLEGES

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Clearly it is to our interest that the democratic State should defend the liberty of learning even against the students and against the University professors: if the University alone is not capable of defending the liberty of the professors, then it is the State that should do it. University liberty is not an eternal unassailable principle. Learning must win for itself the respect of public opinion and scholars must always bring new proof that their independence is of value for cultural and scientific progress. Otherwise not even a democratic government need care for the freedom of the University.

—(Professor J. L. Hromadka of Prague, in "The Student Voice.")

"NOISY LOT OF KIDS"

Don't imagine you're the discoverers of the persecution pose. Your tactics at present consist of flying in everyone's faces and being thoroughly objectionable and aggressive. That makes you feel very tough, of course. But when you get deservedly squashed, don't make a squeal about it. All this talk about freedom of speech and student apathy and presidential prejudice is sheer twaddle. You're not the oppressed martyrs of a just and righteous cause. You're a noisy lot of kids who need to go out and do a day's hard work now and then to sweat off some of your surplus energy, and to learn, incidentally, the virtues of that subtle poison of so-called experience which you are so afraid to imbibe.

—(Omar addresses the Radical Club in "Canta," Canterbury University College.)

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

The Italian habit of shaking hands with gloves on nearly made a breach between Mussolini and Hitler during the recent famous visit of the former to Berlin. Hitler always removed his glove—Mussolini never. The Fuehrer then took a mean revenge. Knowing how sensitive Mussolini is about his bald head, Hitler began removing his cap whenever possible in public, compelling Il Duce to do likewise. Honours were thus even, although Mussolini meant no discourtesy—just followed regular habit.

—(From "Semper Floreat," University of Queensland.)

MODERN SCULPTURE

If we are to examine the works and do justice to the men who braved the pioneering days, we must examine the meaning of this new sculpture. Sculpture must be dissociated from its use in architecture as ornament, and must be considered only as the art of fashioning forms possessing a three-dimensional meaning, the establishment of which requires a system of simple forms. After finding these in the sphere, the cube and the cylinder, the artists set out to fashion statues which would be understood in the same way that the sphere, the cube and the cylinder are understood. They realised that this must be the meaning of essential sculpture, and in the early stages, their studies were rigorously confined to this scheme. Their ideal of beauty was Platonic—the eternal beauty of the geometrical figures.

—(J. C. Liddy on "Sculpture," Melbourne University Magazine.)

STUDENTS IN THE CHINESE STRUGGLE

Before the present war, Chinese students lived for their work, and, during the vacation, used to go back to their villages and, without thought of monetary reward, try to educate the people among whom they had grown up. War has meant a change in this programme, and, although students and graduates are not at present encouraged to join the fighting service, they have turned their energies to studies which may be of service to their country in the present need. War work is at a premium. Scientists have directed their minds to the discovery of new gas combinations; engineers are more interested in steel concrete pill-boxes and in driving and repairing army trucks; while medical students are being hastily trained in surgery. One half of China's students are now mobilised, and are busy researching, talking and helping their Government in various ways. They are also being trained at the Central Military Officers' Academy in case of need.

—(From an address delivered by Mrs. Fabian Chow, of the Shanghai Women's Club, to Adelaide students. Reported in "On Dit.")

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS"

THE SOCIAL ROUND

By "GIPSY"

Nancy Coates has set many hearts on fire, and will probably continue to do so, but at the Ball she succeeded in setting herself on fire. All the men around had to go into a huddle there and then, to put her out.

* * * *

Jimmy Waygood, you are a naughty little boy; it is high time you did a spot of work. We are told that you are one of the bright sparks at the Training College Brigade and attend everything, except lectures.

* * * *

Otago Reps. are famous for their novel exterior decorations. One of them was seen parading down Queen Street after the drinking horn with a bewitching belt of beer handles tastefully draped round his portly middle.

* * * *

Bill Butcher, 100 per cent. He-Man, rippling muscles and all, danced with a different girl each dance on the 19th, and had his photo taken with each one by the candid camera man. But he was singularly unselfish and gave the cards away to each respective girl.

* * * *

Who was the delegate from V.U.C. who felt that his reputation was so effectively ruined after tournament that he could not return and face Wellington with the others? He sneaked off by himself in a service car to Rotorua, travelling by easy stages—very easy after Glen-dowie—homewards.

Bobbie Burnett, O.U., went back to childhood on Monday evening in the Green Parrot. The poor boy was so sleepy that his companions had to prop him up and take it in turns to feed him with a spoon.

* * * *

Nobody was allowed to land at the moonlight picnic, but most of the men were glad to reach home in one piece, because Mory McHugh was granting favours and offering to fight anyone who cared to fight him. By-standers fell away smiling wanly.

* * * *

Edna de Marr had a gorgeous time with the streamers at the Ball. There she was up in the gallery, with a glint of mischief in her eye, scintillating sequin cap slightly askew and cavaliers and streamers dotted about and wound round her neck indiscriminately.

* * * *

If Jock Callan looks a little hashed around the chin, it is because one of the guests at his tournament house party insisted on shaving him at four o'clock in the morning. And when the deed was done they discovered he was using a razor without any blade.

* * * *

There must be something between June Hilary and Hec. Orchiston. They sit in the library day after day, never looking at each other—as good as gold; but I noticed Hec's most prized possession, his wrist watch, on June's table to-day, and the air was electric.

Shortland Dairy

Just Round Corner, Past Grand Hotel.

The Only Store close to Varsity which Provides

**FIRST CLASS MILK SHAKES
AND ICE CREAM**

Milk Delivered Daily.

We Aim to Please.



Yes — we do drink tea at the Bottlery

Visitors to our office round about 10.30 a.m. frequently 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.

Genial
TIMARU

THE FRIENDLIEST DRINK IN THE WORLD

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OLD GIRLS’ NOTES AND OTHER OUTPOURINGS

(By AUNT DORA)

A day or two after I wrote the par on Julia Rennie for the last issue of “Craccum,” notice of her engagement appeared. Good luck.

* * * *

Somewhat belated good wishes to Miss Bourne. This subject has already been treated in “Craccum,” but I cannot let this opportunity pass of felicitating one who has been such a good friend to many of us.

* * * *

I didn’t get back from my holiday till fairly late in Easter, and seem to have missed most of the brightest and gayest parts of the festival. I did, however, run into Jack Martin and his truck one night and helped sink a few handles.

* * * *

My congratulations to the Auckland Drinking Team on securing the only trophy for Varsity. I am informed that our success was largely due to the assistance of the architects I have always wondered what they do upstairs at all hours of the night. Now I know—practice.

* * * *

During Easter I met Dr. Graham MacDiarmid, who was one of the supporters of the late lamented “Phoenix” in 1932. Graham is patching up the sick and injured in and around Putaruru. He told me that his brother, Stuart, who was on the Exec. in 1933, is an engineer in the B.T.H. works at Rugby.

* * * *

I noticed that the Tournament Committee have taken to the collection-box disease. I was deeply touched to the extent of thruppence at the Athletic Sports. Assuming that this is a desirable way of raising funds, it would appear that this was an occasion when the Hongi Club might have been of use. But no, the bulk of the work was done by the Haeremai Club, who are experts at entertainment, and the Hongis only succeeded in increasing their reputation for making a hash of things.

* * * *

I have the honour to announce (if you don’t already know) that Shona (for full name please see College Records) Paterson and Archibald Patrick Blair have taken certain preliminary steps towards committing matrimony. The alliance of two such notorious college personalities (what a word) is particularly pleasing, and I feel sure that hundreds of past and present students will join me in wishing them every future happiness.

* * * *

By the way, my apologies to Shona for including her in the Old Girls Column, but she must realise that if she associates with young Blair, she must expect to be dragged into all sorts of strange places.

* * * *

Many years ago my poor old mother said to me: “My dear, this is a hard life, and we have to earn our living somehow. I am not proud and I could bear you being a bookie or a factory hand or a University lecturer, but for the sake of the honour of your name keep away from law and journalism.” I have broken one of these commandments, and if I don’t watch the law of libel, I suppose I stand a chance of breaking the other. What a life.

CARNIVAL BOOK, 1938

As is customary in University Revues, A.U.C. is bringing out a special souvenir programme incorporating the actual revue items in approximate order of occurrence and a certain amount of pseudo-humorous “dope.” From the very small beginnings of 1936 when an exceptionally tiny production was all we could offer the public, Carnival Book has grown to something to be proud of, easily equalling similar programmes of other New Zealand colleges. This year of grace and astounding achievement it should prove the best for several past revues. It has a more than usually large and varied selection both of blocks and of actual written material. The cover (and Auckland is justifiably proud of its covers) is of outstanding merit. It is a design in red and white lettering on a blue background. The artist was Mr. N. Derbie. Altogether a good shilling’s worth.

"Salient" Replies to "Craccum" "Condemned out of Our Own Mouths"

("Craccum" has received the following letter from the Editor of "Salient," Wellington, and is pleased to give it full publicity. Apart from the questions at issue, we appreciate the courtesy of "Salient" in accepting our invitation to reply.—Ed.)

Wellington,
22nd April, 1938

Sir,—

We wish to convey our appreciation of the generous space you have devoted to criticism of opinions expressed in the Spanish Number of "Salient." After the splendid time your people gave us at Tournament, it is not easy to have to write such a letter as this; but we feel it necessary to reply to some of the numerous misconceptions raised in your editorial two issues past, which bore the ambiguous title "Subversive Propaganda." The letters of your two anonymous correspondents on the subjects of "Undesirable Propaganda" and "Impartiality," were so full of unsupported assertions and partisanship that they stand condemned out of their own mouths and need no reply.

Mr. Hogben has given us assistance and brought to light information on "Craccum's" statement of its own policy and position which will take some answering. May we now add to this a statement of our case?

Let us take the most important sentence, from "Salient's" point of view, in your editorial: "It is therefore deplorable that such a misrepresentation of facts as appeared in a recent "Salient" should be allowed to appear as the opinion of the majority of students, a view which would naturally be held by anyone looking upon it as the official University publication."

In the first place, sir, it would have been best from your own point of view to support this assertion of misrepresentation with examples. We wonder why this was not done?

As far as the extent to which "Salient" expressed the views of the majority of students at this College, we suggest that it is a matter upon which lack of contact with V.U.C. scarcely qualifies you to give an opinion, much less make assertions such as those you have made.

Had you consulted the article "Weathercock" in our first issue, you would have seen that student political opinion at Victoria and student political opinion as represented in "Craccum" are, praise be, two very different things. Now that you have met some of us during Easter, you are no doubt coming somewhat belatedly to the same conclusion.

It is asserted that "Salient" "is being used by a minority for the purposes of flagrant propaganda." Let us state clearly that we have received many expressions of approval of the line we have taken, and very few expressions of disapproval. These have come from many different sources. Some of them have been sent to us in letters, all of which have been filed. Anyone wishing to see these letters is welcome to do so. The files contain only two adverse opinions.

More important than this, however, is the fact that we have continually asked for contributions from all students, and have decided whether articles shall be published or not solely on the basis of literary merit. The expressions of opinion you have read, indicate, and will continue to indicate accurately, the opinions of those students who have responded to our frequent requests.

We have made it clear that each article is only an individual opinion. Every article in the issue which you claim the doubtful right to complain of bears the initials of the author. Students at this College know who wrote the articles and what importance to attach to them. That, sir, is a privilege students at A.U.C. might be glad to have.

You have done us the honour to state that only one side of the Spanish War was stressed. Is there another side? The whole editorial was a plea for the observance of law and order, for the right of a properly elected Parliament to govern. By what strange mental process can such a plea be possibly represented by a genuinely "impartial" person as "Subversive Propaganda?"

But that is not all. Immediately after the Spanish Number was published, one of our staff sent a copy to Mr. Cross, a gentleman

who has spent some time serving with General Franco and the leading Franco apologist in New Zealand, together with a request that Mr. Cross should either write something for us which would be published uncensored (a custom we have at V.U.C.) or that he might be kind enough to grant us an interview. Mr. Cross replied that he could not see his way clear to write or to be interviewed. He was good enough to correct our spelling of several names of Spanish towns in the margin of the paper. We realised of course that to publish anything we received from Mr. Cross might have laid us open to a genuine charge of using "Salient" for the publication of the views of a minority, for the dissemination of subversive propaganda, and so on; but we were willing to do this, as we knew there were some people who would say it was only fair to do so.

The concluding self-congratulatory sentences prescribing the perfect (i.e. "Craccum") formula for a College paper are surely unique in the realm of journalism. "Craccum's" policy is "to have no violent tendencies in any direction." Good. Neither has a corpse.

You say it is hardly your place to comment upon the policy adopted by a sister University. Come, come, Mr. Editor! Surely you do not realise your powers? Still, far be it from us to disagree. For who knows—we may one day wish to avail ourselves of the precedent you have so gallantly established.

An English philosopher told the world that "Society can overlook murder, adultery, or swindling; it never forgives the preaching of a new gospel." How true "Craccum" has shown this to be!

Still, as Goethe said, "We know we're moving when we hear the dogs barking."

We have the honour to be, sir,

The Staff,

"SALIENT."

NOTICE.

All people of a literary frame of mind are asked to contribute to this year's "KIWI." The Publications Committee is anxious to have "Kiwi" on sale well before the end of next term, and would advise contributors that their work should be submitted as soon as possible. Cash prizes are being awarded for the best entries in each of the following sections:

- i Serious prose
- ii Serious verse
- iii Humorous prose
- iv Humorous verse

GRADUATION BALL GRADUATION BALL

To be held in the College
Hall and the Library after
the Capping Ceremony.

Super-Rhythmic Dance Band
Epicurean Supper Arrangements
Gorgeously Attractive Girls
And Lots of Fun and Games

YOU MUST COME

Friday, 13th May—Dancing 10.30 p.m.
until the dreamy hour of 3 a.m.

THE SUPER BALL OF THE 'VARSITY YEAR

THOUGHTS FOR PROCESSION

A.U.C. AND THE PUBLIC

Well, well! So procession day has come again has it. But, this year it looks like being an expression—not of the pent-up carnival spirit in our internal selves, but of our post-tournament hangover. However, the financial reaction of the Auckland public alone will tell.

Way back in '35 there wasn't any process—nor any Revue—nor anything like it. Consequently I passed four units.

Then in 1936 we had a Carnival. The procession and the Revue were both in aid of charity that year, and they looked it. Still, for sheer spontaneity of enjoyment 1936 must be a hard year to beat.

1937—Much preparation, and both play and parade exactly what they should be. Profits—£180 to charity (procession) and £100 to A.U.C.S.A. (Revue).

1938—No preparations and ?

You will therefore see, dear reader, that over the last two years alone our Students' Association has donated approximately £200 to charitable organisations. Now our Association was founded in 1892, and has been holding revues and processions ever since (with lamentable but short interruptions). And each time its labours have not been for itself alone, but for the financial gain of somebody's health camp or somebody else's memorial fund. And over the same time, just how much money has been willingly given to us or to the university ostensibly for our benefit? It would be interesting to reckon how the balance stands. Have we done more for an unnoticed public than an uninterested public have done for impoverished us? Some day the poor mutt who is branded "Records" may spend weeks finding this out. No one will thank him.

JUNIOR ORATORY CONTEST

Auckland is at last becoming oratory-conscious. The contest for the Bledisloe Medal for Oratory is being held in Auckland at the beginning of June. This event, held every three years, is keenly contested by representatives from each University. The Debating Club began its loingirding by holding a Junior Oratory contest last Wednesday night, the winners being eligible for the Senior Contest from which Bledisloe Medal representatives are chosen.

There was a gratifying number of entries, many from students who have never before taken part in the club's activities. With its widening appeal the club should have a fund of new material to draw upon.

The speakers chose a refreshing variety of historical persons (from Edward of England to Charles Wesley) but their outbursts resembled Stage I history lecturers rather than impassioned orations.

MR. WARNER spoke on Edward of England. He apparently had a warm fellow feeling for his subject and managed to glide over any doubtful episodes with impeccable propriety.

MISS RICHARDS delivered an address on Augustus Caesar. She failed to put warmth into her subject. Miss Richards likes tall men, and (as she explained) Augustus was 5' 7" tall.

MISS MORRELL spoke on Cardinal Richelieu. Her matter was exceptionally good and she spoke with conviction.

MR. DUNDEE waxed fairly eloquent about Gladstone (though he didn't mention what he did in 1886 or bags). His manner was a trifle hesitant and he failed to reach his hearers (at least the judge complained that he couldn't hear).

MR. WATSON spoke of Charles Wesley and was responsible for the only light touches of the evening (intentional and otherwise).

MISS GRIFFIN showed touches of the true orator. Her subject was Lawrence of Arabia and she succeeded in transmitting some of her girlish enthusiasm to an audience lulled to lethargy by the monotony of previous speakers. Her material, however, was not so well arranged as that of previous speakers.

The judge, Professor Anderson, gave some brief but helpful comments, stressing the essential difference between debating and oratory and the necessity for complete audibility. Miss Dorothea Morrell was placed first, thus winning the silver mug presented for Junior Oratory at the end of last year and won last Wednesday for the first time. Miss Griffin was placed second, and Mr. Warner third.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(A letter has been received from "Johann." It will be published only if "Craccum's" little friend forwards his or her name to me.—Ed.)

FILM CRITICISMS

Dear Sir,—

Dear me, I do seem to have landed myself in hot water, don't I? Here I am being pilloried by Manfil and Mr. Smith. However, it is not my purpose to be as scornful of them as they were of me. When I wrote about "Victoria the Great" I wanted to overcome the apparent apathy with which Manfil's column was received. That done we can get down to business.

Perhaps my criticism was a little harsh and it seems to have back-fired a bit. However, I would like to thank Manfil and Mr. Smith for taking it so seriously. It was very generous of them.

If we are to descend to personalities and bandy quotations from "As You Like It," then I would refer him to Celia's lines: "... thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons."

Did I attribute Miss Lejeune's criticism of "Victoria the Great" to Manfil? Such was not my intention and if I did I apologise — no wonder he is incensed. But by taking it under his wing he gave the impression (possibly unintentionally) of subscribing to the views it expressed.

I did not say that "Victoria the Great" was bad because I disliked it but that I disliked it because it was bad.

My phrases "the technique and worth of the film" and "the highest standards of criticism" were not, as Manfil apparently thinks, written with the intention of blinding him with science.

I mentioned "Don Quixote"—it is the best film I have seen and I say without hesitation that it is the best film that has been to New Zealand. That is my standard. For "the technique and worth of the film" I cited Paul Rotha and Rudolf Arnheim. To presume to criticise seriously any film without having read either of these men or someone like them (e.g. John Grierson) is foolish.

I disagree emphatically with Manfil's scheme that a film should be judged by its own standards. To do this we must readjust our standards for every film we see. Obviously this is nonsensical. I am sure Manfil cannot mean what he has said.

Manfil does not deny that "Victoria the Great" was a sentimental plaster. If he chooses to like the make-up and sets I will not deny his pleasure although I feel that this part of a film should be so good as to be unobtrusive.

He asks, "How else could an historical film embracing fifty years be presented?" I should say by filming a well-directed version of the main events of the period and leaving the public to form its own judgment. If the public is incapable of forming an intelligent judgment, is that any reason why it should be pandered and imposed upon?

Manfil's excuse for copying out the critiques of overseas reviewers is rather feeble. He says, "In many cases I have to write about a film before I have seen it." He has no right to do so—why not just give the quotations and then the only fault which can be ascribed to him is his choice of reviewer.

As a practical suggestion (see Mr. Smith's letter), I would propose that the opinions of more than one decent film critic be given—preferably someone like James Agate—to balance Miss Lejeune's naivities.

I like Manfil's aims if not his rather contradictory methods. I agree that "Victoria the Great" was worth going to see—it was most things that a good film is not. Need I point out that "a historical film embracing fifty years" which stresses the characters rather than their importance in the sequence of history adds nothing.

Just because a few million people like a thing, is it good? Millions like "There's a Rainbow on the River" and is that good? No, Manfil, that line doesn't work.

As for Mr. Smith's riposte, I have only this to say: Manfil in quoting The Observer obviously agrees with the extract.

Mr. Smith would do well to read what he wrongly calls "divers books on film technique" as well as one on English Grammar. I agree with him in this—that the New York Times is one better than The Observer—at least it is alive.

TOUCHSTONE.

LIBERTY IN RUSSIA.

Dear Sir,—Having read with interest your review in the last "Craccum" of Dr. Ivan Solonevich's exposure of Sovietism, I would like to draw your attention and that of your readers to a short paragraph which happened to catch my eye a day or two ago in "The London Tablet," February 12, 1938, page 207. The extract, which heads a review of "Russia in Chains," commences as follows: "The author of this book, Dr. Solonevich, was the victim, on February 3, in Sofia, of an attempt on his life. A bomb was delivered to his house in a parcel and upon exploding, killed his wife and secretary." In view of what Dr. Solonevich says in his book about the Soviet's fear of his informed criticisms, I think this horrible extract most significant. I find it extremely difficult to square up the use of such inhuman and diabolical methods of silencing opposition with the Red catch-cry of "Liberty!" If discontent in Russia is as widespread as Solonevich claims, this would explain the present "purgings" and the terrible attack on himself, and would seem to indicate the first signs of the old Terror reviving.

In conclusion, I would like to congratulate "Craccum" on featuring a book review column. The books are as a rule well-chosen and "hot from the press," but I would like to see less fiction and more non-fictional works reviewed. I would also suggest that popular books on scientific and arts subjects, such as Hogben's "Mathematics for the Million" be brought to the attention of students.

—D. P. KALAUGHER.

POOR OLD "CRACCUM"

Dear Sir,—

I have recently read for the first time a copy of "Craccum," and one thing about it stood out among all those which surprised me. It was the apparent unanimity of all the students in the university. Apparently there is not one who does not cling with the tenacity of a previous age to the good old doctrine of the good old middle course. Apparently every student shudders at the thought of advance, turns pale at the mention of a new idea.

Yet I have attended several discussions which seem to prove that this is untrue. Some people appeared even to desire progress.

There is something wrong. Why should a paper which frequently styles itself representative of student opinion be so obviously and consistently biased in one, and to some the wrong, direction. Do some people who have no objection to stating their views at a discussion, become overcome with bashfulness when faced by a pen and paper? There is no need for that. What is necessary is for everyone whose views differ from those of "Craccum" to get up and say so. Dissent won't hurt the paper, but apathy will.

Perhaps the editors have not realised that jokes and gossip of an exceedingly jejune nature will sometime fail to disguise the fact that "Craccum" is in one of the most critical situations of a paper's life; at the moment it is touch and go whether it is going to fall through sheer boredom and boringness.

Is it impossible for the students to do something? Have they entirely forgotten how to express their opinions, whatever they are, so as to provoke a little discussion? A campaign ought to be started, a "State your own opinion" week, anything, as long as it rouses "Craccum" out of the depths of banality to which it has fallen, so that one may reasonably hope to find in the paper of one of New Zealand's most important colleges something other than jokes and gossip which make the average adult writhe to read.

Yours, etc.,

E. RICHARDS.

THE "SALIENT" EDITORIAL

Dear Sir,—

Mr. Hogben's letter in your April 14th issue has considerably surprised me, for the shallowness of his views is disturbing in the holder of a Rhodes Scholarship.

The complaints of Mr. Hogben are many and varied, but at the outset I deny that the editorial in question showed "general intolerance and denial of the rights of freedom of speech" or that it contained "half-truths and sly insinuations." The editorial was certainly anti-Communist, but this is not to be partial, for Communism is an alien growth within the community, a movement destructive of the social order and all true liberty. As such

Communism can no more make a claim to liberty of speech or to tolerance than could a burglars' society—both being anti-social they can have no rights and call only for suppression.

"Craccum" very well indicated the nature of permissible organisations desiring social change when it described their schemes for social betterment as "reasonable solutions profounded within the present fabric of our traditional heritage." Mr. Hogben, in asserting that the editorial is "anti-leftist," evidently but puzzlingly preferring this gentler locution to "anti-Communist," has no grounds for complaint.

With many of his other points I am most dissatisfied. His charge that "Craccum" contained a "vicious insinuation throughout your editorial that 'Salient' does not publish anti-left matter submitted" I have been unable to justify by a careful reading of the editorial itself. "Craccum's" regret that younger students should be subjected to propaganda is met by Mr. Hogben with the silly remarks that it will drive them "out of their political indifference" and that "if they have any gump-tion they can refute untruths." Again, the statement, "Not being a Communist myself, I am not competent to answer your attack on them," is very foolish. After all, Mr. Hogben is now an adult and as a University graduate should know enough of Communist theory and its practical application in Russia to have formed a judgment on the question.

I regard it as a matter of some importance and no little regret that one who will shortly represent Auckland and New Zealand at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar should write so injudicious and intemperate a letter and make himself appear as in sympathy with those who advocate a system cradled in the doctrine of class-war, established in revolution, and maintained by terror.

"GRID."

Dear Sir,—

Being largely in sympathy with your editorial regarding "Salient" I would like to take issue with Mr. G. L. Hogben. The leftists have long been in need of an intellectual purgative, and judging by the overflow of bile which Mr. Hogben contributed to your columns you administered a very effective pill. A few more, however, would not go amiss. The output of Leftists generally indicates a costive cerebellum and in the interests of mental health they need a course of medicine. A little plain talk might be of assistance, and it is well within the province of your paper to provide it. The trouble is, of course, that they don't like medicine. They much prefer dope and needless to say they get it, the Left Book Club purveying an effective opium for the people. The result is obvious. The younger ones see visions and the elders scheme schemes in the attempt to make the world safe for zeros to live in. I see no reason, however, to support this universal negation of human values, which is why I think your editorial was to the point. Incidentally, the Hogben howl about free speech is so much hooey because nothing denies it more effectively than Communism in practice. I take it he knows a little about conditions in Russia, or is he also a member of the Left Book Club?

With regard to propaganda and its abuses, Mr. Hogben, apparently, is not concerned. The man-with-the-megaphone ideal appeals to him, and so, for that matter, does it appeal to me, always provided that the man is speaking the truth. I have no objection to the man with a megaphone: what I object to is the man with a phoney mag. That accounts for my attitude towards the Left, and their more vociferous but less intelligent partisans. It also accounts for my attitude towards "Salient." The issue on Spain, for example, shows a flagrant disregard for facts. On the grounds of intellectual dishonesty, therefore, it stands indicted. Is Mr. Hogben prepared to defend that charge or not? And on the same grounds can he indict the editor of Craccum and can he furnish anything to substantiate his case. After all that is the real question at issue. It is not a question of whether intellectuals are partisan or non-partisan, biased or unbiased but of whether, when dealing with public questions, they distort facts or suppress the truth. "Craccum's" editorial, as I took it, was a plea for intellectual honesty in University papers, and in connection with "Salient" the plea was more than justified. Where, in that respect, does Mr. Hogben stand?

"DIAZ."

COMMUNISTS IN SPAIN

Dear Sir,—

I am writing to protest against the biased accounts in "Craccum," of my address in the Men's Common Room on March 14th.

1. You say—"his description of the joy with which the members of the Brigade welcomed a supply of rifles from Moscow was excellent."

I stated that in the early days of February, a supply of arms came through to the Government from Mexico; and that the Mexican Government had said from the beginning of the war in Spain they would at all times support the legally elected Government in Spain, and that this was purely a financial transaction.

2. You say—"pressed by a member of the audience, Mr. Patterson admitted that the Communists had taken the lead in the Government forces, and they were the driving force behind Franco's opponents."

I stated that at the beginning of the war the Communists were the smallest of seventeen political parties, and it was they who demanded that the other political parties should drop their political differences and put the winning of the war before everything else.

I stated that the Communist Party issued manifestoes which were so constructive and progressive, that shortly afterwards, they were made into laws; and that the advocates of Communism not only expounded their political beliefs, but took rifles, and went into the front line. I also stated that to-day the Communist Party has lost a great number of their leaders on the battlefield, and that on account of this they, as a party, had risen very high in the regard of the people, and yet for the time being had refused to take new members into the party.

3. You say—"and Mr. Cotterall, not without a struggle was able to make a good point against the Badajoz 'massacre' propaganda." Mr. Cotterall tried to get me to give an opinion on the Badajoz report, the denial by Mr. Reynolds Packard, United Press Correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune," that he ever sent the report.

I refused to enter into discussion, stating very definitely that I knew nothing about it, but was only speaking of what I had seen myself. Mr. Cotterall, with various questions, tried to take me into quotations. I strongly refused to do so, stating that I would only speak of my experience.

And yet you say that Mr. Cotterall made a good point.

You also state, in reply to the vote of thanks that I said I welcomed every opportunity to give the message of "the people of Spain" to interested groups.

I said at the conclusion of the meeting that as the opposing group were apparently satisfied, I was prepared to meet them at any time or place alone, with any supporters they care to bring along. I have since read reports from both sides on the Badajoz "massacre," and will now challenge Mr. Cotterall to a discussion or debate. T. PATTERSON.

Dear Sir,—

Though this is almost a matter of history now, I am anxious to lighten Gertie's darkness.

Mr. Patterson speaks Italian, but he speaks Spanish better—very well. The two languages are so much alike that most of the Italians he met in Spain spoke Spanish.

Mr. Patterson was not evading the question. He is slightly deaf as a result of war injuries.

VAARIE McBRIDE.

"A PUBLIC DUTY!"

Dear Sir,—

I would not have bothered you with a letter about the report of my debate with Dr. Ryan (appearing in your second issue) had it not since become apparent that that sort of thing was part of your general policy. Now, however, that "Craccum" is fairly launched on a systematic campaign against anything that can be regarded as faintly liberal, it becomes something of a public duty to point out how it secures its effects.

I shall not insist on your reporter's ignorance—in calling me a Pragmatist; nor on his partiality in selecting Mr. Reid as the hero of the discussion.

I do insist on the confusion of comment—unsupported comment—with fact, that pervaded the whole report. And, as an example, I offer the following: "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."

R. P. ANSCHUTZ.

Pearls & Pebbles

(By CALIBAAN)

UNCLE ZAHAROFF'S NURSERY RHYMES

1. **LITTLE MISS MUFFET**
Little Miss Muffet
Hid under a tuffet
As the Junkers flew over one day,
But a shell (made by Schneider)
Exploded beside her,
And blew poor Miss Muffet away.
2. **PROFESSOR VAN HÖRNER**
Professor Van Hörner,
Stood in his lab. corner,
And waved a large vial with a cry,
"My gas is explosive,
Germ-laden, corrosive!
What a good little chemist am I!"
3. **BAA, BAA, BLACKSHIRT**
"Baa, Baa, Blackshirt, what is your aim?"
"To teach the little Fascist boys a jolly
sort of game,
To kill off the Catholics and kill off the
Jews,
And trample on your liberties with dirty
Fascist shoes."
4. **RIDE A SMALL HORSE**
Ride a small horse,
To a little white cross,
And see an old lady with hands worn and
coarse,
Who wrings her poor fingers,
And prays o'er her son,
And she shall have sorrow till sorrow is
done.
5. **RATATAT, RATATAT**
Ratata, Ratatat,
Gunner's man,
Blow off the limbs as fast as you can,
Maim 'em and break 'em and mark 'em
with glee,
And pile up the profits for Maxims and
me.
6. **LITTLE BOY BLUE**
"Little Boy Blue, your war trumpet blow,
Strike fear in the hearts of the ravaging
foe"
"Where's the young lad whose note valour
shows?"
— "We've a leg of him n here, and the rest
is—God knows."
7. **THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN**
There was an old woman who lived in a
slum,
She had so many children, all starving
and glum,
Because her great nation, with wonder-
ful sense
Was spending her cash, not on bread, but
"defence."
8. **THREE BLIND MEN**
Three blind men,
See how they creep,
They all went off to the war at a run,
To a mighty fine fight with a nice little
gun,
But a grenade exploded and settled their
fun.
Three Blind Men.
9. **LITTLE MISS PEEP**
Little Miss Peep
Has lost much sleep,
Her lover's fair skull has been fractured.
By a bomb and his head
Once black was made red
By Stein's Shrapnel (the best manufac-
tured).
10. **HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE**
Hey, diddle, diddle,
Oh solve me this riddle.
The flower of our youth go to war.
The profiteer gloats to see them go,
And they die in their millions—what for?
11. **WHO KILLED MY SON?**
"Who killed my son?"
"I" said the gun,
It was rather fun,
I killed your son."
"Who made him fight?"
"I," said the Knight,
"For God and for R Right,
I made him fight."
"For whom did he die?"
"I" said the sly
Arms profiteer, "why
For me did he die."
"On whom lies the blame?"
"Not on England, for shame
He just played the game,
Why no one's to blame."

ON THE CURRENT SCREEN

WHAT—AND WHAT NOT—TO SEE

(Conducted by "MANFIL.")

There is no getting away from it—good pictures are scarce in Queen Street at the moment. The best is still the Deanna Durbin show at the Regent, a Cinderella story, but quite well done. The Grace Moore show at the Embassy is tolerable only for its singing. If there are any good films in the immediate vicinity, I haven't heard of them. This, at any rate, is a good omen for the carnival revue.

"HITTING A NEW HIGH" (Plaza showing). "During its production, this film was known as 'It Never Happened Before.' We wish RKO Radio hadn't changed the title, for now we cannot express the devout hope it would never happen again. What we have here is the reductio ad absurdum of the needed operative formula, or a plot balloon so punctured by the hypodermics of whimsy that it is difficult to tell whether its tonal net is one of escaping hot air or hot arias. The sum, in either case, is artistic deflation. On the ariatic side, Miss Pons is, as usual, a miniature tower of strength; her singing is lovely. But on the aeratic side this film effortlessly reaches a new low."—The "New York Times."

"DOUBLE WEDDING" (St. James', coming). "This film doesn't make sense for a single instant, and isn't meant to. It is really custard pie slapstick in a luxury setting, rather as if the guests at Claridges began to hurl cocktail sausages at one another.

Mr. Powell and Miss Loy, who have been happily married on the screen for years, and were beginning to settle down to parental responsibilities in the last picture we saw them in, are back again in the initial stages of Hollywood love—word-slinging and face-slapping. Miss Loy, a brisk business woman, smacks Mr. Powell on the head with anything handy, and Mr. Powell, in pyjamas, fur coat, and beret, slings Miss Loy through the door in a manner unusual in gentlemen.

It is all rather confusing to their admirers, and there's a faint, a very faint suggestion of grown-ups dressing up and playing a rowdy game to amuse the children. If you're set on being entertained at any cost, though, you may find it good, rough fun."—The Observer, London.

"THE BUCCANEER" (Regent, coming). "Cecil Blount De Mille, professor demeritus of history at Hollywood-by-the-sea, has inched nearer the truth in 'The Buccaneer' than he has ever come before. It must have been a frightening experience, this meeting of comparative strangers at the bier of Jean Lafitte, and it is small wonder that it made Mr. De Mille self-conscious. His unease has communicated itself to the cast, has slightly overshadowed the entire production. There is a noticeable air of restraint in the new film which is contrary to the DeMille philosophy of picture-making. There is some small attempt at humour, at characterisation, and the merest suggestion of intimacy. These are almost enough to impel us to shout that the DeMille has come. . . . We had hoped for a better performance from Mr. March. His work lacks virility, tempts us to write that March comes in like a lion, goes out like a ham. . . . Mr. DeMille uses a large canvas, employs vivid blobs of colour and swift streaks of action, and has practically no sense of characterisation."—The "New York Times."

"LOVERS AND LUGGERS" (Coming). It has become traditional in Australia to claim for each new picture produced there that it is the best yet made in the country. This film was no exception, getting nearly a column of praise from the "Sydney Morning Herald." From this it would appear that the picture is at least tolerable.

"HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES" (Coming). In spite of obvious defects, this film is reasonably exciting entertainment. It has been judged quite the best spy picture since "The Thirty Nine Steps."

"SECOND HONEYMOON" (Civic, showing).—Taken from a Red Book magazine story, this film falls where "The Awful Truth" succeeded. Redeeming features to some extent and the performances of Stuart Erwin, as a ponderously pathetic valet, and of Marjorie Weaver.

No One Could Do More Game Displays by Student Boxers

LAURELS TO OTAGO : A.U.C. RUNNERS-UP

Old Pherdinand Phight Phan, that impatient party who occupies the stalls and "bleachers"; who is the mercury in the box office barometer; who steadfastly believes referees to be merely interlopers who should be kicked to death; was not in his vociferous, peanut-crackling thousands at the N.Z. University Boxing Championships on Easter Saturday; though the bright—nay starry—fistic entertainment warranted it.

The standard, upon the whole, was quite a good one; and what the gladiators lacked in actual campaign experience they made up in large doses of man's inhumanity to man.

To the Otago representatives must go the laurels for the best style of the tournament. A straight left that actually was straight; and a right hand that was educated to the fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points comprised their quite effective armament.

Victoria preferred to act on the principle of "charge for the guns," he said. Sometimes aggression is magnificent; but it is not war. Canterbury was the flotsam and jetsam on the turbulent seas of Fistians. No very clear idea of the finer points of the glove game interfered with their outstanding gameness; and the Aucklanders—due to individual trainers—fought mostly as individuals and not as members of a team.

Outstanding brawlers were McHugh and Barry, in the heavy classes, of A.U.C., Parr of Otago and Turner of A.U.C. in the bantams; Coveney, of Victoria, in the featherweights; and Rutherford, middleweight, of Otago. The Scientific Medal must have been a close thing.

DESCRIPTION OF FIGHTS

A brief ringside description of the bouts as they went their own sweet wallop way comes straight from my note-book.

Heavyweight.—McHugh (A.U.C.) 13.4, v. Trott (Otago) 12.4. Two straight lefts to the jaw and a hard right to the same target was sufficient measure for the luckless Otagoan. Out, Out, brief candle! T.K.O. 1st. round.

Middleweight.—Arnott (Victoria) 10.8, v. McDonald (A.U.C.) 10.5. Sheer aggressiveness earned Arnott a narrow verdict. McDonald employed effective uppercuts too late in the fight to make up.

Bantamweight.—Armstrong (Victoria) 8.10, v. Turner (A.U.C.) 8.8. Turner knew too much for his game opponent.

Bantamweight.—Parr (Otago) 8.9, v. Williamson (Canterbury) 8.8. Parr too fast for Williamson, K.O. second round.

Featherweight.—McGeorge (Otago) 8.13, v. Brown (A.U.C.) 8.13. This, citizens, was a fight from fightville. Give till it hurts, was the gentlemen's motto. Brown a narrow winner.

Featherweight.—Coveney (Victoria) 9.3, v. Blake (Canterbury) 9.2. The Victorian outclassed Blake, who kept throwing them till the finish.

Lightweight.—Adams (Otago) 9.13 v. Willis (A.U.C.) 9.13. The very fact of Willis being at least nine pounds under his normal fighting weight deprived A.U.C. of a possible titleholder. Making weight is a serious and can be a ruinous business. Adams too strong. (And were there four rounds?)

Lightweight.—Trillo (Victoria) 9.13, v. Nicholson (Canterbury) 9.7. A great joust, my masters; with Trillo emerging victorious after an extra round.

Welterweight.—McFadzen (Otago) 10.3, v. Pemberton (Canterbury) 10.4. McFadzen on a T.K.O. Too strong.

Light-heavyweight.—Stringer (Otago) 11.12, v. Fraser (Victoria) 11.8. The boys with bulging biceps made it willing.

Middleweight.—Rutherford (Otago) 11.4, v. Amies (Canterbury) 10.10. Otago too good. T.K.O. 2nd. round.

Light-heavyweight.—Barry (A.U.C.) 11.12, v. Dobson (Canterbury) 11.5. Auckland deadly nightshade to Dobson. Barry the winnah.

Arnott, of Victoria, defaulted to Milligan, of A.U.C. in the middleweight.

THE FINALS

Howling hakas and wailing war-cries hailed the finalists appearing in the evening. There was blood on the moon; and the enthusiastic

gladiators got as busy as a drunk in a revolving door.

Bantamweight.—Parr (Otago) 8.9, v. Turner (A.U.C.) 8.8. Turner forced the fighting early, firing away with both hands. Parr drifted before the storm, sniping coolly with snappy left jabs. Parr took the honours in the second canto. Turner came out for the third strongly, using a hard left rip and the fourth round saw him still forcing the battle with hard left and right punches, which Parr traded for others of his own fistic persuasion. A great fight with Otago victor.

Featherweight.—Brown (A.U.C.) 8.13 v. Coveney (V.U.C.) 9.3. Brown came right up to the muzzle of the guns; but it needed more than courage to stop the snappy punching man from Victoria College. Game, but outclassed.

Lightweight.—Adams (Otago) won by default from Trillo (Victoria), who retired with an injured hand.

Welterweight.—Arnott (Victoria) 10.8, v. McFadzen (Otago) 10.3. Bobbing under tidal waves of torrid right hand punches, the Otagoan sniped away with lefts to the head. Arnott fought hard for the body; but his storm-trooping right hand inclined to slap. McFadzen rode the tide of assault with fast scoring left and right hand straight punches timed well. The Victorian's reckless barrage of two-handed blows was countered by the Otagoan's well-directed left jabs. A good rousing fight; with not very much to choose between them. McFadzen the winnah!

Middleweight.—Rutherford (Otago) 11.4, v. Milligan (A.U.C.) 11.1. With fast, vicious blows Rutherford early established a supremacy that never was in doubt. Milligan relied too much upon a defensive guerilla warfare; and was definitely outclassed. A solid right hook to the jaw was the sleeping draught.

Light-heavyweight.—Barry (A.U.C.) 11.12, v. Stringer (Otago) 11.12. Relying mainly upon a countering straight left and right, Stringer's main line of defence was very definitely penetrated by Barry's bouncing right dream tablets. Stringer went to the canvas twice under heavy punishment; and the referee stopped the fight. T.K.O.

Heavyweight.—McHugh (A.U.C.) 13.4, v. Gaudin (Canterbury) 13.4. There was no doubt about this. In the role of an Aunt Sally Canterbury's game representative absorbed terrific punishment, slipping into protective clinches; in which McHugh hammered lustily away at the body. A hard series of right hand punches in the fourth caused the referee to intervene. Gaudin showed amazing toughness.

Many were called but few were chosen. The losers, in losing, upheld the best traditions of the Game; and went down with colours flying. No one could do more. —CESTUS.

HELLO MR. STORK SOCCER CLUB FOR A.U.C.

The A.U.C. Soccer Club has made an auspicious opening and it should not be long before it builds up strength enough to rank as one of the major Varsity sports clubs. At present the club is fielding only one team in the third open grade. In their first match with Chelsea they were narrowly beaten 2-1. The committee is a vigorous one and players are keen. Prospects are bright for the future of this, the youngest of our sports clubs.

The chief club officials are as follows:—
President: Mr. L. O. Desborough; Club Captain: Mr. D. Munro; Secretary-Treasurer: Mr. Williams; Delegate to A.F.A.: Mr. A. L. Leith; Committee: Messrs. Amos, Leith, Munro and Williams.

The Editor Comments We Collect the Spoon

Another Tournament has come and gone and A.U.C. is left a sadder and a wiser College. Once again the wooden spoon is ours and our only compensation is that it was a much closer thing than last year. A couple of points either way—a victory to Turner in the boxing, say, or just two more goals in the basketball match with V.U.C. would have made all the difference.

To the winners of the Tournament Shield, V.U.C., we offer our heartiest congratulations. They brought a strong, well-balanced team which scored points in every event except swimming and won no fewer than four trophies—the Tennis Cup, the Hebblerly Shield (rowing), Basketball Shield, and the Haslam Shield (shooting). V.U.C. undoubtedly provided the surprise of Tournament, and the way in which they lifted the Shield off C.U.C. by a margin of ten clear points left nothing to be desired. C.U.C. found to their cost that the standards in tennis and boxing had risen considerably, and though they were fielding practically the same teams as last year they were well beaten in each case.

Competition in most events was keen—much more so than last year. This was especially so in the athletics, where the relay provided a really thrilling though most unfortunate conclusion to a great day. The swimming was much closer than last year, there was a fine finish to the rowing, and the basketball match between A.U.C. and V.U.C. was a memorable one indeed. Nor was A.U.C. disgraced. One of the most welcome features of our showing is that there is plenty of young talent coming on, and we can look forward to next year even at this distance with a certain amount of optimism. Finally hear what welcome words "Canta," official organ of the C.U.C. Students' Association, has for us: "The hospitality of Auckland can only be described as magnificent. Billeting, entertainment, organisation all reflected credit on the work of the A.U.C. students. Thank you, Auckland; you showed us a thing or two."

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, 7th. May:—

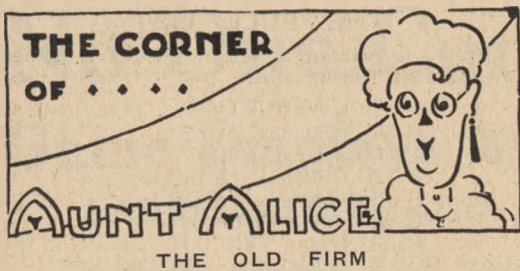
First Matches for Junior
Rugby Grades.

Opening of Hockey Season.

Saturday, 14th. May:—

Better Half of Graduation Ball.
Grade Matches for Varsity
Rugby, Hockey, and Soccer
Teams.

All those with literary aspirations are urged to write for the Olla Podnda in the Second Term.



Dear Aunt Alice,—

I have a daughter who attends College and she has a young man who attends her even to the extent of accompanying her home about every third evening, having done which he remains talking on the front doorstep until a most interminable hour in the morning, thereby keeping me very effectively awake. Now I have nothing in particular against him except the unfortunate habit referred to above; and if he would shift even by midnight I would be quite happy. So if you can suggest any scheme whereby this can be done, I would be very grateful indeed.

"HARASSED MOTHER."

Answer: I assure you that you have my deepest sympathy and believe me no one is more appreciative of your plight than I. If you are of a mechanical turn of mind I suggest that you concoct an arrangement whereby a gramophone could softly but insistently play "Home, Sweet Home," at quarter-hour intervals from 11.30 onwards. Or if you could entice him to supper—and I gather this wouldn't take much doing—you could introduce a strong dose of Epsom Salts into his coffee, say. It would be good for him, too. Failing this, you will have to resort to sterner measures, such as turning the garden hose on him at a judicious moment, leaving a sand-bag above the door (only that might collect your daughter, of course), or at a very last resort you could set fire to the house. But before you are driven to such a length, write me again, won't you.

AUNT ALICE.

* * *

Dear Old Aunt Alice,—

We are at present on board the—hic—Duchess, which in my opinion is behaving very badly, and my friend George and I are having a cortrib—a contrav—an argument as to whether there are more stations between the—shorry that's another one—as to how many bottles have been thrown overboard since we left the—hic—wharf. Now, he says 763, but I say 586, and I think (this is confidential, Aunt Alice—just between you and me) that he is not in a fit condition to count up to seven hundred and—and—whatever he said, but he says that I missed over a hundred when I was attending to the keg up in the bow (how attentative I was). Anyway, we have decided to leave it to you and so he is dic—dic—dicTATING this to me in phonetics while I write it down on a brown paper parcel which I found—hic—handy.

ANDREW.

P.S.—If I win I get a large bottle of orange gin which I will bring up to the library at

6.15 next Friday. Good old Andy.

Reply: My disgust at being called upon to settle a drunken dispute is by no means diminished by the clumsiness of your attempts at bribery (the emphasis, please note, is on the "clumsiness"). Personally, I was too busily engaged otherwise to worry about counting bottles. But it should be easy enough to work out. Find out from the captain how deep the ship was after everything was on board. Then using the principle of Archimedes calculate the additional weight, allowing for the number of people if necessary (but I doubt it.) Work out the volume in cubic feet, convert into gallons, pour into bottles, throw the bottles overboard and there you are. Easy.

AUNT ALICE.

* * *

Dear Auntie Alice,—

My letter this time is to complain of the awful treatment of students at A.U.C. The other night I met my soul-mate and we went outside for a, some fresh air, and we wanted to sit down. Will you believe it, Auntie Alice, that there were, and are no seats of any description in the grounds of the respected college. The grass was wet and I have an awful cold in the head.

Also the behaviour of some awful men in the Common Room—I blush as I write, even about them. I went there the other night to play ping pong and some beast started playing the piano. He was a Hongi by the look (smell) of him. The horrid, vulgar songs and ditties those men sang made me wish I were a girl, because I know that none of the young ladies would swear or tell rude stories. My mother said that I was to report it to the chairman of the Professorial Board and to have the nasty men expelled from College. So I am writing to you, dear Aunt Alice, to expose the danger (sic A.A.) in our midst gnawing at our vitals as it were, and I trust and hope for the sake of the College that all decent members take suitable action.

Affectionately yours,

MORTIMER QUEEN.

Dear Mortimer,—

You got me wrong. First, I am NOT the chairman of the Professorial Board and I really fail to see how you could have confused us. The differences are after all quite patent—for example, he wears trousers, smokes a pipe and is inclined to baldness; I—ahem—have a full head of hair and don't smoke at all. Second, it is no good exposing things to or registering complaints with me; I am here to answer the queries of the love-lorn, the thirsty and the miscellaneous. I cannot answer questions which you have not asked. I may say that this applies to several other recent contributors.

AUNT ALICE.

* * *

Dear Aunt Alice,—

I opened my last "Craccum" and as is my custom hastily glanced through it from cover to cover in search of your column. It eluded me. I looked again, hoping against

hope, but with ever-mounting suspicion in my mind. Surely, Aunt Alice, had not failed her public at last. But alas, she had. Rumours were rife. You were training with the eight (though now you would have got on with all these rough men, I'm sure I don't know); you were putting in some solid practice for the Drinking Horn; you had found your dog, the loss of which you were de-moaning in the last issue, and had gone out on a protracted spree in consequence. Whatever it was you must let us know, and please, PLEASE, Aunt Alice, don't do it again.

ELISABETH.

Dear Elisabeth,—

Your tender solicitude for my welfare has touched me more than I care to say. I am deeply appreciative of your inquiries on my behalf, but I do wish you would not be so damned inquisitive. Since the institution of this column I have been so bombarded with inquiries, in many cases concerning my most intimate personal affairs, that I feel I live my life in a glare of publicity—just like a num star. But to get on to the subject, I thought that my reputation would have given rise to more creditable rumours than those apparently in circulation. As for the eight—the only time I ever have a row is when a student tries to get out of paying a fine (mean, isn't it?—Ed.) But if you must know the truth, with two weddings coming off almost simultaneously, the female staff of the College have been all of a flutter and I personally have been very busy doing a spot of sewing.

AUNT ALICE.

DRAMATIC CLUB SUCCESS SHAW AND REID

Another very enjoyable play-reading was held by the Dramatic Club, in the Men's Common Room on the evening of Thursday, April 28. The play chosen was George Bernard Shaw's "Candida," and the convener, Joyce Burnet aptly choose her cast to fit the characters in the play. (A certain Mr. Reid will probably object to the preceding statement, he having with great skill, force and enjoyment, the part of a gentleman who was a bit of a humbug, but it is to be hoped that he is too busy with his Revue to read it).

The title-role was read by Faith Johnson, who gave a very creditable rendering of it. Grahame Tudhope made an excellent poet, while 'Van Hodder was his usual priceless self in a comic part. Murray Speight and Linley Walker also read very well in their respective characters.

The evening was much appreciated by the encouragingly large audience, and the Dramatic Club hopes to hold many more readings next term.

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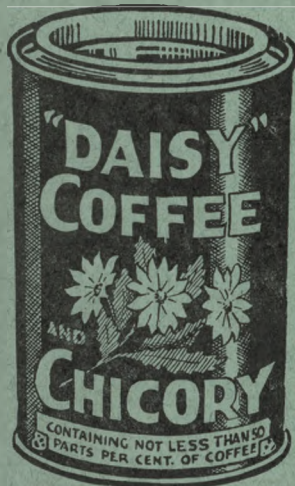
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