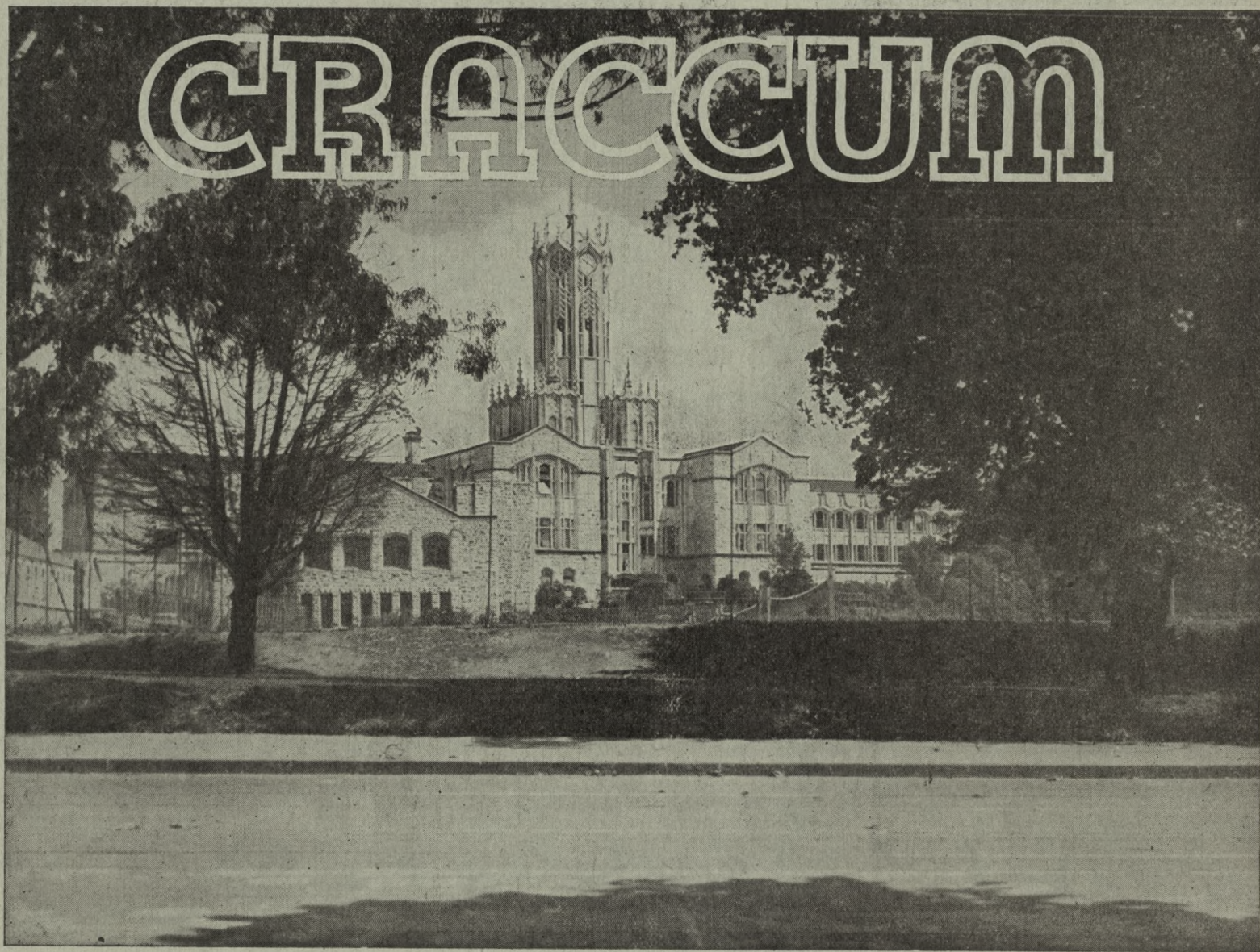


Registered at G.P.O. Wellington, for
transmission through the post as a
newspaper.



Vol 12—No. 9.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1938.

Price: THREEPENCE.

★ Highlights of this Issue . . .

LAW STUDENTS' MOCK COURT

KIPNIS INTERVIEWED

THE 'VARSITIES AND WAR

THRILLING NEW SERIAL

INTER-COLLEGE RUGBY

SEX EQUALITY AT STAKE

STUD. ASSN. ELECTIONS

Official Organ of the Auckland University College Students' Association

Always Get It At . . .

CATES and CATES

THE COMPLETE STORE FOR
THE MODERN FLATTER

Every Student Requirement Satisfied

WE SELL ONLY
HIGH-CLASS GROCERIES
CONFECTIONERY
CIGARETTES
DELIVERY EVERY DAY



COME TO CATES FOR SERVICE
(Opposite Northern Club, Princes St.)



NEW ZEALAND'S LARGEST
DEPARTMENT STORE.

SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK

— that is The FARMERS'
Guarantee to everyone

THIS simply means that if you are not pleased with anything you buy from us, we will take it back and refund your money in full. Purchase all your needs **WITH CONFIDENCE** at The Farmers', knowing that you are fully covered on every single item, be it Furniture, Radio, Hardware, Jewellery, Crockery, Drapery, Clothing, Mercery, Footwear, Sports Accessories, Leather or Canvas Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Produce, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods or Toys. If you have not visited **THE FARMERS'** recently, come and see the wonderful improvements we have made on all floors.

FARMERS' TRADING CO. LTD.

HOBSON ST.,
AUCKLAND.

TOPICAL TOUCHES

The caveman did not know what real love was, states a psychologist. Well, he had a very rough idea.

According to a scientific note, rubber often becomes fatigued. That, of course, is why it stretches.

Official circles point out that Terms will soon be here. The news seems to leak out earlier every year.

An architect is said to be seeing everything upside down after the Studio Stampede. This paragraph is inserted for his especial benefit.

A keen member of the Field Club says that a hedgehog will defeat any animal that attempts to attack it. It usually wins on points.

The Government are now so accustomed to adverse criticism that they are able to meet it with equanimity. But not, of course, with resignation.

Benzolsulphoncinud is said to be 500 times sweeter than honey. Against this must be set the fact that it hasn't quite so many rhymes to it.

From the Executive Room comes a prayer for a typewriter that will make a non-committal wiggle when you aren't sure of the spelling.

A medical writer declares that fresh butter is the best remedy for lumbago. So give yourself a pat on the back.

In broad daylight a man entered a Queen Street office and stole a clock. By some amazing mischance, members of the staff were not watching it.

"Wasp't it G. B. Shaw who said that all clever men have bad memories?" asks a gossip writer. We don't remember.

A psychologist says many men disappear because they just feel they are not wanted, and some because they just know they are.

"Take off your clothes, lie down in a hot bath, and what do you hear?" asks a doctor. The telephone bell starting to ring in the hall.

A writer asks how many people know where their appendix is. Certainly very few of those who have had it removed.

Lecturing in Ethics recently, Prof. Anderson said, "Who would support the principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul?" Well, Paul might vote for it for one.

The painter of old would simply laugh at the modern school of Surrealists, says an essayist. The Old Masters would probably call them the Young Messrs.

In a recent competition, the violin was adjudged the most popular musical instrument, with the cornet second. The drum, of course was beaten hollow.

A writer in a woman's journal remarks that even the most insignificant object about a house ought to have its definite use. Even if it is merely the writing of cheques.

The other day Professor Anderson was understood to say that life is not all beer and skittles. The mystery surrounding our Scotsman deepens!

A golfer who never tired of telling his fellow-members all about the time he holed in one, has just left an Auckland Club. It is said they miss the patter of his little feat.

A waiter has admitted making a steady income by betting. Presumably, when he gets a tip from somebody he waits till he gets a tip from somebody, and then puts the tip from somebody on the tip from somebody—and then waits.

Craccum

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

General Editor:
A. O. WOODHOUSE
Sub-Editors:
J. C. REID, W. J. B. OWEN
Sports Editor: Chief Reporter:
S. C. B. GASCOIGNE, D. T. CLOUSTON
Secretary: Circulation:
MARIE BEST, AVENAL HOLCOMBE
Business Manager:
A. P. POSTLEWAITE

VOL. 12—No 9.

JULY 28, 1938.

S. C. B. Gascoigne, M.Sc.

In this issue we say "good-bye" to Mr. S. C. B. Gascoigne, M.Sc., sports editor for "Craccum," Aunt Alice in private life, holder of more scholarships than space will record, an enthusiastic footballer and oarsman, past member of the Students' Executive, and one of the kindest-hearted and most generous men that the Editor of this little journal has ever been privileged to meet. His influence on "Craccum" during the past few years has been profound, and his energy and support during 1938 has been given with untiring care.

Gascoigne is one of the members of this College who will not easily be forgotten. For six years he has been building up a record, both of scholarship and of loyalty, which has become almost a tradition. We, who know him, are delighted that his exceptional talents may be given an opportunity to raise the honour of New Zealand graduates in the physical laboratories of England; and at the same time we are deeply sorry that he is leaving us. His future career will be followed by the members of the Auckland University College with the greatest interest. We wish him good fortune and God-speed.

The Licensing Law

A University periodical is not the most appropriate medium for a suggestion with regard to the licensing laws. But as students, we are entitled at least to consider an aspect of the matter which does not seem to have occurred to many people.

It requires little observation to know that "after-hours" trading in hotels is an extensive and profitable business. And the very fact that it is so wide-spread and seems to outrage so little the public conscience tends to throw the law into disrepute. As students, we are aware of the evils that can become associated with alcohol! But many of us must realise that the measures imposed by legislation are ineffective and the object of wide-spread derision.

A suggestion that might be worthy of investigation is that the whole system of licensing be amended to provide for bars that are not shrouded in the furtive atmosphere of concealment which exists at present. If hygienic and well-conducted bars, open to the public view, were introduced, and if the seclusion of the present ones was removed, surely their atmosphere would be unmeasurably improved. The scheme operates most successfully in England, where, in addition, the closing hour is very much later than in this country.

It is disgraceful that a law should remain on the statute book which is openly flouted by large numbers of people. And it is to be regretted that a feeling has grown up in New Zealand which regards the purchasing of alcoholic liquors as a matter for semi-secrecy and seclusion. It is very possible that this factor is responsible for so much of the evil that occurs.

POINTS OF VIEW

In every parting there is an image of death.
—George Eliot.

Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature.
—Emerson.

Hollywood is the home of yes-men and acqui-yes girls.
—Dorothy Parker.

I thank God I don't wish for anything that I could not pray for aloud.
—Le Sage.

A man is in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek.
—Dr. Johnson.

Little minds mistake little objects for great ones, and lavish upon the former that time and devotion which only the latter deserve.
—Lord Chesterfield.

There is more simplicity in the man who eats caviare on impulse, than in the man who eats breakfast food on principle.
—G. K. Chesterton.

When Torquemada
Found a cat in the larder,
He relinquished it without a qualm
To the Secular Arm.
—E. C. Bentley.

The greatest and noblest pleasure which men can have in this world is to discover new truths; and the next is to shake off old prejudices.
—Frederick the Great.

It is only those who are nervous of their facts or their faith who dare not find a source of fun in them.—Ivor Brown in "I Commit to the Flames."

Most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.—Professor J. H. Robinson in "The Mind in the Making."

The beautiful is useful also, its highest use lying in its power to lift man to worlds where he may see within, above, and beyond all that appears, the infinite wisdom and love of God.
—Bishop Spalding.

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.
—Hazlitt.

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.
—Francis Bacon.

If it is illicit for a christian to appeal to his conviction that God would use miracles to provide credentials for the incarnation, it is no less illicit for the sceptic to appeal to his private conviction that miracles do not occur.
—Arnold Lunn in "Now I See."

Means determine ends; and must be like the ends proposed. Means intrinsically different from the ends proposed achieve ends like themselves, not like those they were meant to achieve. Violence and war will produce a peace and a social organization having the potentialities of more violence and war.
—Aldous Huxley in "Eyeless in Gaza."

"Noel Coward wrote *Cavalcade*, not the audience. It is he who is responsible for one of the most inanely sentimental pieces of tripe ever conceived by thinking man, composed of the whole gamut of cheap stage tricks without an intelligent line, an honest sentiment or an unaffected scene to relieve its sordid tinsel."—(Samuel Baron in "The Late Mr. Coward.")

LAW STUDENTS MAKE MERRY

Brilliant Success of Mock Court

Outstanding Talent of Legal Dark Horse

J. E. Moodie a Find: Will He Write for Revue?

A most entertaining and delightful production, filled with humour and bubbling over with the subtle fun-making of Mr. J. E. Moodie's witty pen, the Law Students' Mock Court proved a triumph of energy and enthusiasm. Mr. Moodie's outstanding ability as an author of light-hearted comedy has come into the limelight with a rush, and no doubt every effort will be made to harness his talents to Students' Association productions for future years.

The production took the form of a breach of promise action, and though the plot was a slender one, its absurdity aroused great amusement. The most notable feature of the whole script, however, was the introduction of countless numbers of brilliant puns. Mr. Moodie achieved most of his effects in this direction and unmercifully punished (Mr. Moodie's influence, dear reader) the mannerisms of senior counsel and judge.

THE CAST

The part of the judge was played by Mr. C. P. Hutchinson. He did very well, particularly when speaking of the gentle influence of Miss Angela Angel (Miss Valerie Anderson) who had captured his judicial heart. Angela was the object of the defendant's attentions, and the reason for the breach of promise action brought by Miss Beanna Bonnet. Angela swung a shapely leg very prettily, treated the judge with a good deal of consideration and horrified Mr. H. J. Butler (lecturer in Trusts), by winking broadly in his direction; but we are sure it was meant for "Craccum's" reporter, who was sitting immediately behind him. (Reporting isn't a dull game all the time.) One received the impression that Miss Angela Angel wasn't so dumb as she said, but her part was well played, and "Craccum" enjoyed the wink!

THE COUNSEL

The respective counsels, Mr. J. T. Moodie, for the plaintiff, and Mr. E. D. Morgan, for the defendant, performed a prodigious task most successfully. The great burden of the play fell on their shoulders, and they were both most impressive and most amusing.

Mr. Moodie stormed and bullied and flew on his "eagle" to heights of oratorical bombardment, while Mr. Morgan was cynical, more reasoned and ingenious (he discovered six defences to the action).

SOPHISTICATED PLAINTIFF

Miss Beanna Bonnet (G. D. Speight) was the plaintiff, and successfully convinced the audience of her sophistication and gold-digging qualities. She, too, managed a pretty leg with discriminating tact. Mr. Speight handled a difficult part with success.

Mr. Peter Worsp, as an Irish detective, aroused many laughs by his loquacity and national pride (Mr. Worsp was well cast for this part). Mr. Lewis looked almost benign as a Doctor of Divinity. He had a song to sing, and enthusiastically commenced on the right note. Mr. Lewis' entrance to the witness box was the most amusing of all the witnesses.

THE DEFENDANT

Mr. Graham Tudhope's portrayal of the brainless and amorous defendant, Bobby Bung, was a masterpiece. Once or twice he became a little too determined in the witness box, but on the whole carried off the role of a rather insane and love-sick youth in a most amusing manner. He had opportunities to act and he seized them with both hands.

Mr. Hursthouse did his best as Aunt Alice. But "Craccum" felt that she should have been a gentle old lady with a few grey curls (in the manner of the illustration which appears at the top of her column).

The Court Usher (Mr. K. D. McRae), had one of the best singing voices in the production. He and Mr. Moodie allowed Mr. Reporter to sit in comfort during their songs. Most of the others caused a little uneasy shuffling at times.

COUNSEL'S CLERKS

The two Counsel's Clerks were Messrs. G. L. Hesketh and F. M. Wilson, who were wise enough to rely largely on the script during their parts and leave the acting to others. For this reason they filled their parts well and produced, in their opening, a pleasant air of anticipation among the audience.

The remaining parts were filled as follows.

Reporters: Misses Hewitson, Urquhart and Webb, and Messrs. Fleming, Johnston, Esterman and Shaw.

Cops: Messrs. Neumegen, Overton and Sutherland.

Registrar: Mr. L. S. Greendale.

Mr. John Reid was the producer and gave the play the care and enthusiasm which is so typical of all he does.

One small fault with the production was the fact that it reached three climaxes at the end, and so seemed to the audience, to have ended on three separate occasions.

Apart from this, "Craccum" has nothing but praise for a splendid production. The initiative of the law students, nearly all part-timers, could well be followed by other faculties. We trust that this Mock Court may be the first of a series.

MUSIC FOR THE MASSES

A.U.C. GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

On Wednesday, August 3rd, the second recital of the newly-formed A.U.C. Gramophone Society will be given in the College Hall at 8 p.m. after the Music Club Meeting. All students who are interested in hearing really good music and who have not the chance of hearing what they want over the radio, will no doubt appreciate fully this opportunity of being introduced to first-class works, by medium of the Carnegie Gramophone.

The Gramophone Society is a live body keenly interested in providing the best available music to gramophiles, and they intend to do one major work at each recital, a whole symphony, for example, in addition to several smaller pieces. All students who are interested in music are exhorted to attend this recital and bring their friends.

Don't forget the date—August 3rd. And it's free!

NEW SPORTS' EDITOR

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. E. D. Morgan, LL.B., to succeed Mr. Gascoigne as Sporting Editor. Mr. Morgan's journalistic ability is well-known, and his experience will be a great help to "Craccum." He will take over the duties connected with the position as from to-morrow.

THE 1938 "KIWI"

The work associated with the production of "Kiwi" is progressing gradually, but a selection of all the material to be used has not yet been finalised. It is expected that the magazine will be available in the first week of the coming term, and promises to be of an exceptionally high standard. Prospective subscribers may hand their names in to Miss Holcombe.

GIANT "CRACCUM" QUIZ

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION

This year "Craccum" has made an earnest endeavour to cater for as wide a variety of students as possible. There have been many students in past years who have expressed disgust at the tittle-tattle, College gossip, and schoolboy humour which was once the principle feature of our paper. There have also been many students who have welcomed these things as a relief from the more serious business of study. This year, we have endeavoured to provide for both sections. Several features of a more serious nature, designed to appeal to those students who look for meat in their reading, have been made possible by the enlarged size of "Craccum," while the lighter side of things has been cared for as well. The large circulation of "Craccum" this year, which is double that of any previous year, shows that this new policy has met with approval amongst many students.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

However, we are still conscious that there is room for considerable improvement in the paper, and it is your duty to make known to the staff how you feel "Craccum" could be improved. It is with the object of sounding student feeling on this point and ascertaining which features are popular and which are not that a questionnaire form is being issued with this "Craccum." You are earnestly requested to fill in this form, which asks for your opinion as to the standard of various features and for constructive criticism on the paper as a whole. Destructive criticism also is welcomed, but as we are as capable of that as you, your helpful comments, as to what you want, which you alone can supply, is wanted even more urgently.

We cannot give you a "Craccum" you want unless we know what you want.

GIVE US THE WORKS.

You are therefore exhorted wholeheartedly to assist your editorial staff by filling in the enclosed quiz form, if you have not already done so, and depositing it immediately in the "Craccum" box. (For the benefit of those who don't know, this box is located under the large letter-rack outside the Men's Common-Room). It is only in this manner that we will be able to improve our paper, and your comments will determine the form and policy of "Craccum" for the coming year.

A final word. Don't tell us our correspondence column is weak. YOU write that. It would probably be worse if we did. The remedy is to write letters to us—even abuse is welcomed.

But, fill in your Questionnaire Now!



GRAMOPHONE RECITALS PROGRAMME FOR WEEK

FRIDAY, JULY 29th at 5.30:

Music by Brahms.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1st at 12 (Noon):

Concerto for two violins.
Bach

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd Noon:

Debussy—String Quartet.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5 at 5.30:

Music and Nationalism.

Dvorak—Bohemia.

Tschaikowsky—Russia.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8th:

MOZART—G Minor Symphony.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th:

Tschaikowsky—Violin Concerto.

ALEXANDER KIPNIS TALKS

[We reprint hereunder the result of an interview which a member of the "Salient" staff (Wellington) had with Mr. Alexander Kipnis, the world famous basso. Many students no doubt listened to his admirable concerts, and this fact gives an added interest to this most interesting article.—Ed.]

Alexander Kipnis, faintly heralded and almost unsung, probably the finest basso of the day in grand opera, recently arrived unostentatiously in Wellington. At his recitals he further enhanced his reputation. He was truly magnificent, with his rich deep Russian basso and dynamic personality—such stage presence! His name is now on the lips of all music lovers. For their interest "Salient" offers an interview with a great artist, traveller and philosopher.

"People usually ask me to describe Naples with its blue sky, or to speak in raptures of people I have met. But to 'students' of your University I would pass on some humorous accounts of my singing career, or perhaps discuss ideas as they come to mind," said Mr. Kipnis.

"Salient" took the opportunity of an encouraging beginning to tackle him on the subject of Modern Russia.

MUSIC UNDER STALIN

"Although I was born in S. Russia I left at an early age, joining a touring opera company. To-day in Russia, student youth are given great encouragement to study music and singing. They receive splendid musical guidance and get their big opportunity at special State recitals—witnessed by outstanding artists and musicians. A student who reveals outstanding talent as well as a genius for interpretation and expression, may receive the title of 'Free Artist'—one of the highest honours that is conferred in Russia. An artist so honoured is privileged to do certain things and commands great respect from the mass of the people."

"You have toured Europe and attended many Festivals. Could you give some comment on them?" asked "Salient."

"Yes. It is a wonderful experience to be at one of these musical festivals," continued Alexander Kipnis. "I have been associated with many artists. May I mention some? Emmanuel List, Gigli, Lotte Lehman; and conductors—Toscanini, Muck, R. Strauss and Siegfried Wagner. I have a special attachment for Bayreuth. There one will find the old theatre built by the great Wagner. His handwriting on the door has been preserved through the years. It reads: 'Tonight, after general rehearsal, you please come into my house.' Yes, in every nook and corner I have felt the spirit of Wagner."

IN THE UNIVERSITIES

"What impressions have you gained of musical taste shown by students in various countries?"

"In the older countries such as Italy, France, Germany, children have the incentive to pass on a fine tradition of song and music. Shall I say theirs is a rich inheritance? In younger countries like America, Australia and your own very beautiful land, I find the younger generation eagerly seeking to make acquaintance with the arts. The love and devotion for fine art is there—there is no doubt. I was tremendously impressed with the keenness and sincerity of students at American Universities. They desire only the best and finest—in their own words they demand something Bigger and Brighter. They sponsor special recitals for younger high school students. I remember well singing to a tremendous gathering of young scholars. Firstly, I selected several traditional folk-songs of Russia, and in singing them I endeavoured to paint a vivid picture of Russian history, to recall how the oppressed masses expressed their varying emotions in song in their search for enlightenment, beauty and happiness."

His voice had become soft and appealing, his eyes were closed, yes, dreaming perhaps.

Mr. Kipnis will always appeal as a charming personality—with his keen sense of humour and priceless stock of humorous incidences. Let him illustrate.

A BARREN BARON!

"No doubt you associate Chicago with gangsters. For me, however, the name brings back happy memories. As a member of the Wagnerian Opera Company I was to appear on this particular evening as Baron Ochs in R. Strauss' 'Der Rosenkavalier,' described by critics as a comedy with music. During the

first presentation I fooled a critical audience with unrehearsed burlesque. Baron Ochs, a rude boor of a nobleman, has sent one Octavian carrying the conventional offering of a silver rose to the young daughter of a vulgar plebeian. Octavian, however, falls in love with her and fights a duel with Baron Ochs, who, although slightly wounded, dances about frantically, presenting a ridiculous figure—truly a buffoon.

"I realised that there was no response to my antics, no shrieks of delight from a silent audience. The thought of failure flashed through my troubled mind, when suddenly a tremendous burst of cheering and shouting filled the great hall. The seams in the gaudy trousers of my magnificent costume had parted under the strain! There was I, a truly ludicrous buffoon—Baron Ochs! A scene irresistible to the audience's sense of humour. They screamed with delight, laughed and laughed until they ached. I managed to complete the scene, dancing impressive waltzes with a pillow while the house was in an uproar. Yes, the opera season was an undreamed-of success."

MUSIC UNDER HITLER

"You have travelled a great deal in Europe. Germany and Austria especially. What is the reaction among artists towards the recent purging of German music?"

"The musical festival at Salzburg, with its glorious tradition, will no longer attract the great musicians and singers of to-day. The historic Music Halls will resound to a different type of music—synthetic and grotesque Fascism!"

No more will the great Toscanini appear in any country under a Fascist regime. In giving a lead to fellow artists, Toscanini has exclaimed, 'A true artist cannot serve two masters. Art cannot play second fiddle to any political domination. We who profess to be artists cherish an ideal—to enrich the peoples of this world through the medium of the highest and noblest in artistic expression.'"

—R.P.

PAY FOR YOURSELF

SEX EQUALITY ON THE "SPOT"

ENTHUSIASTIC START
(From "Farrago," Melbourne.)

A general meeting of students was called to put the "pay-for-yourself" movement on an established footing. The chair was taken by Mr. Wm. Hunt, who, after having denied any personal views on the matter, explained that the idea had originated within the past week among a few students, who thought it would appeal to a large section of the student body.

Mr. John Liddy, one of the scheme's promoters, explained that the object in the minds of the organizers was a society of University men and women, the men pledged not to pay the expenses of any University women at any University function, and the women pledged not to be so paid for. Women members were to have the right to invite the men to University functions on the terms indicated.

The present system, said Mr. Liddy, under which the men bore all the expenses, meant, in effect, that the parents of one set (the males) of University students paid for the pleasures of the other set (the females; quite so).

University women, while "anxious to taste the sweets of sex-equality, were quite unprepared to taste the bitters." (Loud applause and cries of dissent). A system such as that proposed, it was suggested, would make the attendance of University functions less of a struggle for the men, and increase the success of the functions themselves.

With the last statement Mr. H. Smith was in

Important Notice STUD. ASSN. ELECTIONS INTERVIEWS WITH "CRACCUM"

CANDIDATES PAY HEED

The next issue of "Craccum" will probably be the Election Issue. It will be issued on Thursday, 4th August, and will contain the names and qualifications of all candidates for election to the Students' Association Executive.

Prospective candidates should leave a note in the Executive Room addressed to Mr. A. O. Woodhouse, who will advise each person of a time of appointment for interview. This interview will take place not later than Tuesday 2nd, at 1 p.m. All requests for interviews must arrive at the Executive Room on or before Monday, August 1st next; otherwise candidates will lose their privilege of a statement in "Craccum" as the paper will have gone to press. Watch the Students' notice-board for any further information.

SELF GOVERNMENT YANKS CAN'T TAKE IT

As a result of the overloading of student life in America several colleges have recently passed amendments governing and limiting participation in extra-curricular activities.

Students in some American colleges are beginning to think they have bitten off more than they can chew, for after years of battling for self-government, and the right of each student to participate to an unlimited extent in extra-curricular activities, they are left with a lot of hard work and heavy responsibility. In order to control so many phases of student life as they do, student officials find themselves condemned to putting in a great deal of time at their desks. Editors of college papers are faced with getting an education and conducting a business enterprise at the same time; the fact that they are often salaried officials is proof enough that the work is no longer so much an honour as a task.

strong disagreement. Adding up the expenses of the tickets, fares and sundries necessary for a night's entertainment, and dividing by two, one obtained some such answer as 11/10½, and what hope, as Mr. Smith inquired, have love and romance of thriving in an atmosphere fraught with petty consideration of adjustments of 11/10½?

It was then suggested by Mr. Jonas that the proposed system, under which each person found his or her own expenses, would be far more satisfactory than the system under which the man found all the required money, and then borrowed from his friends for the next fortnight. (Applause, mainly from the speaker's intimates).

On the one hand, it was urged that the proposed system worked eminently well in the University of Queensland; on the other that women were not slow to return hospitality in different ways in any case.

A provisional committee was appointed to draw up suggestions for a constitution. Its report is eagerly awaited.

CHINESE RELIEF A.U.C. LAGGING BEHIND

It seems that northern parsimony is not restricted to the Auckland non-Varsity public: A.U.C. has it rather badly too.

After which explosive opening, we shall begin at the beginning and work gently and sorrowfully to the end. The tale is about a country, a war, a student, and a penny. You see, gentle but un-gentle reader, there are approximately one hundred and three schools and Universities in China suffering from the effects of bombing.

In addition, there are approximately 70,000 students homeless, bookless, professorless and foodless. The estimated damage is (again approximately) £5,000,000: plus untold and immeasurable human suffering.

In spite of advertising, propaganda, and tears of impotent rage on the part of the committee, there are still some students at this college who apparently (1) do not know there is a war in China; (2) do not know there is an appeal on foot for the students of the New Zealand University to help the students of China; (3) do know, but do not care.

The first two possibilities seem pretty unlikely—we are reluctantly forced to say that the student public of Auckland just do not care about helping financially their fellow-students at present experiencing all the horrors of Japanese military aggression.

Even if the superior blandishments of Aunt Alice do call to you, please read and digest the following quotation from the C.U.C. anti-Japan pamphlet:

"WHY JAPANESE MILITARISM FIGHTS EDUCATION:

One of the objectives of Japan's war on China is to destroy her culture and education.

The Chinese Government has been making heroic efforts to develop a modern nation on the principles of freedom and democracy. It has pursued parallel policies of enlightened education and material reconstruction. These have been watched by Japan with fear and antagonism, for, like all militarist regimes, Japan aims at the destruction of freedom of thought. The militarist rulers of Japan see in a unified and educated China a dangerous rival, since education is the basis of Chinese unity. China, united and modernised, could never be dominated by Japan. So the Japanese Commanders set out to destroy Universities and Schools, and to hunt down intellectuals in China."

And now look at the comparative table, showing how New Zealand's Universities have responded to date:

C.U.C.	£130
O.U.	£98
V.U.C.	£7
A.U.C.	approx. £15

Well! Will that make you think? And, more important, will it make you willing to make some contribution (to members of the committee, or per the box in the Cafeteria) to the fund?

If it makes you do none of these things, will it at least make you support the Coffee Evening on Friday night, the profit from which is going to the cause?

We hope so.

'VARSITY CLOISTERS ARE WINDOWED

Things are happening—we've been glassed in. An unusual occurrence, we venture to say, unless one happens to be an architect: but then, they have a tradition. But to get back, one side of our cloisters—catalysts in many a matrimonial action—is very resplendently windowed and doored. Just what provoked the Council to gird up its financial loins in this respect is doubtful, several persons claiming credit.

For instance,, D'Arcy Walker informs us that the Stud. Ass. (legendary animal) practically forced the issue by staging three separate drownings on a wet Friday.

Again, Mrs. Odd claims that the glassing was done at her express wish, so that the hot draughts of summer could not have any heating effect on her coffee. (This is a funny story.)

On the other hand, "Craccum" favours the suggestion that the entire job was financed and instigated by Mr. Gifkins to prevent his catching cold at College dances.

In any case, we are all very grateful and suitably impressed, but—will the wind blow the same way all the time?

AUSTRALIANS CAN EAT BELLY STRETCHING MARATHON ACROSS TASMAN

(From "Farrago," Melbourne.)

We've heard of pole-sitting contests, marathon dancing, tricycle rides to Sydney, but the man who could eat 21 courses in less than an hour is something new to us. Fittingly enough, the feat was carried out by two Sheffield University medical students in the search for scientific knowledge. It was reported in the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph." We give a summary of the story, as told in the "Telegraph," below.

It was done on a wager with another student to test the theory that the "involuntary muscle has limited distension per unit of time." The meal was not quite finished when the time limit was reached. What proved their master was a pound of marmalade and a large portion of parkin (whatever that may be). However, the theory had been proved.

The formal agreement included the following terms:—

"An agreement between Joseph H. Blaskey, Richard L. Stewart and Ewart H. Jones this Tuesday, May 31, 1938.

"That the said E. H. Jones shall pay to the former J. H. Blaskey and R. L. Stewart the sum of 5/6 each upon the consumption of the following articles of food. The consumption of the articles of food to be completed in three-quarters of an hour from commencement. Each competitor to eat only his own quota of food."

The food included milk, mineral waters, one hot meat pie, several mince pies, biscuits, jams, fruit salad, Oxo and Bovril.

A table for six had been prepared in the dining hall and the table was so full of food that not a square inch of table could be seen.

SOUTH AFRICAN STUDENTS SHOW THE WAY

(Press Bureau News Special)

An interesting and recent development in South African Universities has been the extension of the activities of the various University Departments of Social Science.

Students in the Social Science faculty are doing excellent work throughout the country in investigating and studying at first hand some of the most complicated and urgent social problems as part of their practical work.

What many observers of our New Zealand University deprecate is the fact that our students tend to isolate themselves in their University centre, and cut themselves adrift from the perhaps more practical, more realistic outer world.

That our Sociology and and Political Science Students should link the Universities with what might be the harsh realities, but nevertheless existing realities, cannot be denied.

As such, their work would be highly commendable, not only in the interests of the University, but in the greater interests or with the greater ideal of building up a healthier, a happier, and a saner Dominion.

"THE INTENSIVE COURSE" TIME TO CHANGE

(Press Bureau Special Service)

After three years' trial, Hiram College, in Ohio, U.S.A., has definitely established the "intensive course" plan, under which students concentrate on one subject for nine weeks and then take up another, instead of the usual method of dividing their time among four or five subjects simultaneously—a rush from 50 minutes of Plato to 50 minutes in chemistry, then 50 minutes in Spanish, etc. The objective of the new plan was more unified and thorough work; and evaluation of the experiment shows that both faculty and students like the greater flexibility of time permitted by the method, the greater unification of effort, increased time for individual conferences and release from the hysteria of examination week with five "finals."

N.U.S. SCHEME BRITISH MEDICAL STUDENTS

Medical students in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, recently formed a national organisation representing most of the medical students in these four countries, with the welfare of medical students as its principal aim.

The decision to form a central committee was taken following a recommendation by the 1937 Congress of the National Union of Students of England and Wales, suggesting the formation of Faculty Committees within the N.U.S.

At this Congress, held at Southampton in April last year, a sub-committee of medical students investigated the subject of graduate employment from the viewpoint of the medical student. A national medical students' committee was suggested. Each medical society in Great Britain was invited to send two representatives to a conference to discuss the proposal.

LIVERPOOL INTEREST

The Liverpool Medical Students' Society were hosts at a conference of 30 delegates, representing 14 medical societies, in July. Besides the business under consideration, the conference included clinical demonstrations and operations in the Liverpool Infirmary, and visits to nearby laboratories and institutes.

With the enthusiastic support of the Scottish N.U.S., and the Irish Students' Association, a committee was formed representative of the medical student societies of Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Dublin, Durham, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Middlesex, Royal Free Hospital, London, Sheffield, and St. Andrew's. The committee meets in London once a term. The London medical schools have been slowest to take an interest, but seven of them recently expressed their support of the committee.

No membership fee is levied on the medical societies which are directly or indirectly (through an S.R.C. or Union) affiliated with the N.U.S., except a fee to cover two delegates to an annual conference.

TEACHERS, ENGINEERS, TOO.

Most Continental countries already had a medical section of their national unions of students. The Confederation Internationale des Etudiants has for long had a permanent Commission, divided into the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Journalism, Art, Film, and Technical Studies. The N.U.S. in England is now receiving suggestions for Engineering and Education Committees like that of the medical students.

The N.U.S. Medical Committee is slowly collecting information concerning medical schools, medical societies, tours at home and abroad for medicals, medical magazines, and similar matters. Progress reports are circulated to all medical societies, and the editors of medical student publications. Assisted by the N.U.S. Travel Department, the committee organised an Easter tour (April 16-28) to Sweden, including the leading clinics of Gothenburg, Stockholm and Uppsala.

SEEING EUROPE'S CENTRES

"It is fascinating," says the report in "The New University" (monthly N.U.S. magazine), "to be able to see hospitals in other teaching centres, to watch the leading physicians and surgeons at work, and to study comparative technique." Many inter-school visits have already been arranged. Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield have an annual meeting, each school in turn receiving 80-100 final year students from sister schools. Cheap travel rates secured by the N.U.S., and recommended lodgings, reduce the expenses.

The committee is building up a collection of cinematographical films of surgical operations, of the action of drugs, and of the results of treatment. Many honoraries have generously offered copies of their films, and manufacturers are being approached.

The second Annual Conference of the Medical Section of the N.U.S., set down for July 18-21 in London, will discuss "The Training of the Doctor," assisted by leading authorities on medical education.

"UP, THE WASTERS !!"

or

"AFRICAN ECSTASY"

(By Mukfa Moruns)

Our Mighty Serial of British Pluck, British Courage, and British Beauty.

CHAPTER ONE CONFLICT.

The wind whistled around the corners of Snaggletooth Castle like a demented milkman. Gigantic globules of snow lashed the latticed windows with the tempestuous abandon of a revivalist preacher. Huge sheets of rain crashed tumultuously down like Niagras through titanic nozzles. A storm was raging.

"Within, round a bridge-table, sat Cuthbert Featherstoneleighboughton, tall, bronzed, with flaming red hair, a dare-devil light in his flashing eyes, a lantern-jaw, and an annual income of £20,000. Facing him was Deveril Peewit, olive-skinned and handsome, with sneering lips curling like cobras above his neat imperial. And by his side, melting in an exquisite frock of orange pekoe and green turrett, coyed Euthenasia Snaggletooth, the toast of twenty counties, fifteen shires, and nine parishes, the best-bred girl in Wessex, with more dough than it is decent to mention.

For a while no sound broke the calm silence of the English night save the wailing of the tempest without, the rattle of the hail on the roof, the ticking of the 16 clocks on the mantle-shelf, the mating calls of the rats in the wainscoting, the merry laughter of the servants roystering in the kitchen, and the snoring of the aged Lady Snaggletooth before the blazing fire. Suddenly the stillness was shattered into a million fragments which littered the floor of the mammoth drawing room. A man's voice was calling, calling in an anguished wail, calling.....

Lady Snaggletooth awoke with a start. "Did someone call?" she asked.

"Yes," said Cuthbert, frantically signalling to Euthenasia "Two spades."

Deveril clenched his teeth. The handsome hound! He could not get away with this. Never let it be said that he, Deveril Peewit, had conceded an inch of bridge-table to a rival. "Three Hearts," he husked, his dark eyes flashing hate.

Cuthbert steeled his iron nerve. The man was mad! For a moment their wills met across the green battlefield, held, tightened, grappled, strained, struggled, fought, entwined, tottered. Giant drops of sweat, perspiration, shone on Cuthbert's marble forehead.

"Four Spades," he cried, and smiled full into the adoring eyes of Euthenasia.

"Pass," throatied Peewit, with a silent oath and the game proceeded.

Outside the storm raged.

It was now ten o'clock.

Cuthbert had lost. With his jaw taut and his upper lip stiff as a board, he rose, flung his scarf round his shoulder, and bowed to Euthenasia. He moved towards the door.

"You must not go yet," oiled Deveril, carelessly, tearing the pack of cards in four and dropping them into the family spittoon.

Cuthbert froze into a pillar of British ice. His eyes flashed.

"What care I," he tensed, "for a little rain." With a careless gesture he made for the tempest. "It is not that," leered Deveril, "You owe me threepence on the last rubber."

Euthenasia giggled and the cuckoo-clock cockled its melancholy call. With a magnificent movement, Cuthbert dived into his pocket and flung a battered sixpence on the hearth-rug.

"Keep the change," he cragged and strode hatless into the raging elements.

Half-an-hour later he was still striding down the slopes of Snaggletooth Hill, soaked to the skin, as he had forgotten his coat, with a broken and forgotten suspender trailing behind him, but with his head held high and the light of triumph in his eyes.

Of course he caught pneumonia and spent the next day in bed.

CHAPTER TWO. VINDICATION!

Two days' later the sun shone manfully on the flowing locks of Cuthbert Featherstoneetc as he ploughed through six feet of snow towards Snaggletooth Castle. A wisp of red flannel encircled his magnificent Adam's apple and he was carelessly attired in a worn suit of tweed. His breath made little puffs of

THE ANIMALS AND THEIR KING

The animals having met in concourse to decide who should be King over them, some proposed the lion for his theatrical manner and great wig, which would impose awe, the chief ingredient of sovereignty. Others preferred the fox, whose habit of doubling and twisting and general sly cunning marked him for public life. A large party supported the skunk, a still larger one of the great three-toed sloth of the Andes, conceived to be free from all tendency to tyranny. At the end of the debate a jackass, prominent for the vigour of his voice and the representative quality, moved a resolution that there should be no King at all, but that every animal should do in future what he felt inclined, everywhere and at all times. This proposition was carried by acclamation. Whereupon the boa-constrictor swallowed the goat, the hounds set upon the fox and tore him to pieces, the lion accounted for no less than three antelopes before falling into a siesta, the cats ate the rats and mice, and these inoculated many with the plague.

Moral:—Government of the people, for the people, but (above all) by the people.

—(Aunt Aesop's Fables No. 11, by Hilaire Belloc.)

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

In order that the recent questionnaire issued in connection with "Craccum" may be representative, all students are asked to complete their forms and forward same to the Editor at the earliest opportunity. A box situated outside the Men's Common Room can be used to deposit the forms. Any persons requiring forms may obtain them from Miss Avenal Holcombe or Miss Best.

steam in the air before him, like the smoke from a toy train. Nature is wonderful.

Suddenly from out the thicket before him, flashed two magnificent bayrum horses; riding carelessly on one was the sinister Deveril Peewit, his left foot guiding the reins, as he carelessly rolled a cigarette. On the other, shayed the divine Euthenasia, her three-inch eyelashes brushing the morning dew from her apricot cheeks.

Cuthbert braced himself to say, "Good morning," but when he opened his mouth no words came. It was not that he could not speak English, as he had been to Eton and was not yet in parliament, but his chill had reft him of his organ-notes. Dumb, he stood before them.

"Extraordinary, is it not," smoothed Deveril, as they rode past, "how many tramps one meets in the country?" Euthenasia tittered delightfully, and they cantered away.

Cuthbert fobbed with impotent rage. At that moment the iron entered into his heart, or rather was about to, but deciding such things were not cricket, he replaced the penknife in his pocket, and formed a mighty resolve. He would go away, for only thus would Euthenasia realise her aching want for him!!

He entered the towering pile and made for Lady Snaggletooth. "I am going away," he whispered.

"Good-bye," said Lady Snaggletooth.

"But you do not understand," he glumped.

"I am going away—away—far, far away."

"I heard you the first time," she drawled.

"Immediately, I trust. Where?"

Where? He did not know. Then suddenly he caught sight of the picture of the late Lord Snaggletooth above the mantelpiece. He had it. Monkeys. Africa!

"Africa!" he husked, and strode into the snow.

Two hours later, Cuthbert leaned over the rail of the "Supercolossal" and gazed ahead of him where lay the Great Adventure. His old school war-cry welled to his lips and he breathed it reverently. "Up, the Wasters!" What, apart from the sea, lay before him? Time, and a great novelist alone could tell.

A drop of water from the deck splashed down his neck. He tensed. Things were already starting to happen!

(To be continued.)

(What perils lie before our dauntless hero? Will he achieve his object? What of Euthenasia? Do you believe in it? What sinister plots has Deveril up his pullover? Read next week's unbelievable episode!!!)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—

Through the columns of your journal I should like to congratulate the Law Students' Society on its recent production. I refer, of course, to the Mock Court held in the College Hall. I must say that the whole performance was a most ambitious and meritorious effort, and talent hitherto undiscovered was undoubtedly revealed.

From an entertainment point of view the Mock Court had little to be desired. The introduction of music relieved, in a most tasteful manner, any little monotony which may have arisen, while the subtleness of Counsels' speeches kept one in convulsions of mirth throughout the play. Probably the most outstanding feature of the whole thing was that, in spite of the ridiculousness and hilarity of proceedings, a very realistic and legal atmosphere was maintained right from prelude to finale.

In closing I should like to say that this is one of the best productions I have ever seen at Varsity, and the fact that the play came from the pen of a Law Student of the College, Mr. J. E. Moodie, makes it even more praiseworthy.

Yours faithfully,
MILTON G. MABEE.

VARSITY DANCES

Dear Sir,

A most plaintive statement has appeared in your columns regarding financial losses involved through lack of attendances at such Varsity functions as balls and socials. You point out most clearly that the societies and clubs so concerned, go to most exacting ends about catering, decorations, invitations, etc., and then find themselves financially at a loss.

May I suggest that those people use some common sense in their deliberations re the arrangements, and make their first reform the cutting down of charges for admission to less pretentious heights. Obviously the present scale of charges to these functions is far above the pocket of the average part-time student (of which the Varsity mainly consists), and thus it is responsible in a large measure for the poor attendances complained about.

I would like to know how he (or she for that matter), who has many necessities to provide for out of his meagre salary, can be expected to attend such affairs when prices range from as high as 15/- to 5/6 for an ordinary fancy dress dance. (Incidentally few of the more fashionable balls held in the city during the winter are more expensive.)

This scale, then, introduces formality as regards dressing (which is an added expense). With such conditions obtaining, the searcher after pleasure, is faced with a expenditure ranging up to two pounds (£2) per night's entertainment. With Balls and Formal Dances occurring as often as once a fortnight, to attend all would be a very heavy expense. It is no wonder therefore, that, attendances are not up to expectations or hopes.

The remedy is to reduce prices down to 1/6 (or 2/- absolute maximum) and I am sure that many people would patronize these Varsity dances, who would be among the missing at the present more expensive "turn outs." To the best of my memory only one dance at this price has been held this year, and surely that is a reflexion on the social committee's organisation. Those who say that these cheaper prices would mean a greater loss and even poorer attendances need only to remind themselves of the success of "Coffee-evenings," which also proves that Varsity students will support a cheap sociable dance.

Another thing that is entirely contrary to the social success of functions is the insistence that each person brings his partner along, and the idea that arriving solus to a dance is a social crime. Apparently this is in the mind of social committees when announcements are posted bearing such charges as "4/6 single, 5/6 double," which is nearly the same as saying "Don't come unless you can bring a partner with you." Nothing more "cliquey" could be devised, and the people present seem to congregate in definite "cliques," which is definitely unnecessary.

Hoping that such reforms as are necessary, will be instituted for the Varsity's own benefit.

Yours, etc.,

PART TIMER.

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS"

THE SOCIAL ROUND

By "GIPSY"

Basil Monckton turned on a first-rate party the other night. We have been told that the Electoral Office is to be worried by an application for enrolment. Good luck to you Basil, and best wishes.

To think of Jocelyn Hesketh basking in tropical suns while we are wandering about in puddles, is too much. For the benefit of those who don't know, she went away for the Maunganui Islands Cruise. However, at least she will have a stack of work to come back to next Friday—and certainly plenty of puddles.

Seen at the Sci-Soc. Coffee Evening, Frank Newhook fresh from a dancing course at Miss Johnston's. A positive parcel of new steps; apparently the only partner he could find who was good enough to follow him was Kathleen Elliot. Or maybe he didn't give the others a chance.

All the he-men at the College are going down with measles. Poor Finklestein had to give up his part in the Law Students' Mock Court; John Moodie made a wonderful stand-in considering that he had only a week at rehearsals (he is the author by the way). Alan Gifkins has also got the disease, but all he is giving up is the daily poker in the Common Room. However, that entails a certain sacrifice. Both unfortunates have our sympathy and we shall hope to see them about again soon.

Peter Potts went down to see a friend off to Australia the other day, and just as the ship was due to sail he apparently caught sight of one of the less hoary stewardesses and decided to go along too. He went and didn't tell anyone until they were considering dragging the harbour for the body. Life is full of ups and downs and Peter's nature seems to be, too.

I have been trying for a long time to get some really startling news about the Denise Holmes, Maureen Hickey, Carroll sisters crowd, but I just can't get to know anything gossipy about them. Either they are very, very good, or very, very careful. Denise is off to the Chateau with the Varsity party. Maureen has her truly lovely raven hair done in a different style every day, and the Carroll sisters

—well, they just come and go like the rest of us.

Allenby Stanton has had a great injustice done to him. Last week we hailed Trevor Daniell as the all-powerful secretary of the Tramping Club, but apparently it is Allenby and not Trevor at all. We are sorry, Mr. Daniell for saying you are what you are not, and we are sorry Mr. Stanton for not saying what you are.

Charles Wrigley was had up for causing a disturbance in the Library. The trouble is that his poor old brain-box is so choc-a-block with Philosophy and other things that he simply cannot concentrate on where he is going. With result that he barged into several chairs and fell up the iron staircase, claspings Annette Every's slick little ankles. Maybe it is not philosophy Charlie, but a wee trouble prevalent in the Spring; you are a few months early unless it's a hangover from last summer.

This is stale unfortunately because I see Bernard Cox has become once more his handsome, golden self and shaved off his hirsute; but before the deed was done it amused me to notice him in the Library—working—in an overcoat, a scarf, and a moustache, sitting on a heater. Now, surely—the scarf, yes, but not the scarf and the Mo; good heavens you would roast; ask Van Hodder, he got so hot with both (or things got so hot for him) that he decided in favour of the scarf and banished the Mo; incidentally he is the proud owner of a super new blue hat; the tram conductors just can't resist it (take that as you like, Van!).

In just the same fashion that the war-time observation blimps grew into the giant Zeppelins of Naziism, so the supper remnants from the W.H.C.'s twenty-first birthday party gradually expanded over the week-end, until, filled with pride and forced growth, they took a dignified, if undeserved place on the menu. I.e., viz., (etc.) there were evidently too many "cheerios" on Friday night, hence sausages figured largely on the Monday night menu. Large profits are expected by Mr. Postlewaite from the Dining Hall Account.

board including the Chief Justice ex-officio, and (of all people) the Archbishop of Canterbury, has a semi-official air which, said professor Sewell, impresses the foreigner and the ignorant.

SILENT CENSORSHIP

Professor Sewell pointed out that the Press is subject to a constant silent censorship due to the fact that its owners, generally, have a bit of money and want to keep it and oppose any changes in the status quo which might affect their cash.

Dealing more specifically with the newspapers of New Zealand, Professor Sewell said that the editorials were unimportant, because unread—we thought that here as elsewhere considering the way he has been treated, Professor Sewell was very restrained. He stated that the besetting sins of our papers were, not the actual reporting, but the headlines twisting the report, e.g., N.Z.'s credit; doubts in London, is above a summary of an almost wholly favourable report on the Budget with a small note about the difficulties of conversion. He also dealt with twisted headlines and the way the public was kept in ignorance of foreign and English news by discreet omissions from the cable news.

The dangers to freedom are:—Sub-editing, sensationalism, and the silent censorship of the capitalistic ownership and of the advertisers—this was brought out in the discussion by Mr. McNeill and others. Professor Sewell put up two possible schemes, both of which he himself obviously did not think possible, and which were pulled to bits later.

Professor Sewell summarized the discussion by stating that both censorship and freedom are desirable, but have disadvantages, and that freedom of the Press is meaningless in a capitalistic society.

OTAGO MALES GET WICKED SLAM

"EVE" DAMNS "INTOLERABLE CONCEIT"

As a journalistic effort, the following letter, which appeared recently in the "Critic" (O.U.), is a mass of "biff." As a "kick in the pants" to the smug male it has rarely been equalled in New Zealand. Let the reader criticise for himself; the girls will be too much in agreement to criticise!

A girl hasn't got a chance. Beneath that dull exterior and circular back of hers there beats a heart as tender as a newborn babe. I believe we would be capable of respecting our male colleagues if only they would dress a little neater, if they were a little less smug, if they weren't oh so smart and amateurish blase, if the sun didn't rise on their hangovers, and set on their own intolerable conceit. It's embarrassing for any girl to be in such company. That is why we prefer non-University men.

Dear Mr. Editor, would you like our frank unbiased opinion of University men? In ordinary circumstances we refrain from personal comment even under the battery of the "Critic's" never-failing supply of wise-cracks at our expense. Many of those remarks are in poor taste and manifestly unjust. We can prove that the monotonous propensity to grading us off to the public as (a) dumb, (b) very dumb, (c) deaf-mute, is nothing but the effect on us through long years of a tedious association with University men.

Ask any woman, and she will tell you that Arts are bespectacled, earnest, and dull. They carry bags. They are a seedy crew; Dentals are back-slapping, rowdy and grubby-minded; Law has the doubtful advantage of being a more or less unknown quantity with possibilities; Miners are rough fellows who wear themselves out on their front-door steps; Science are out-at-elbow and socially extinct; Meds. are the cream of the jest.

They are a race apart. They reek of the Old School Tie in certain institutions where there are facilities for sentimentality. They are painfully conscious of their proximity to the corpse, and the indisputably seamy side of life. They are snobbish for why, but for their folks came out on the William Brown. They constitute the social element for the only reason that their ego is Bigger, Better and Bouncier than anyone else's. They think (we flatter them to say they think) that merely their smile, asinine or otherwise, will be a killing-sweet for any girl. These facial contortions are the nearest they will ever get to amiability, for no woman can stand up to the crashing boredom of a Medical man's talk. Between platitudes on the amount of liquor consumable per night, pints per minute, to dubious jokes from the lecture room, they cover up the gaps in their intelligence by smirks and bursts of laughter and lady-killer leers. We charge you, Medicals, for being completely without a sense of values, cramped in your own narrow minds, up-country lads with no wider interests, in polite society gauche and dumb, disdainful of anything intellectual, or even intelligent, beyond hope, ignorant that a certain spirit of culture is desirable and necessary, and with manners that your mothers would smack you for.

Whichever way you look at it, the result is the same. We can line all the University men up, this way and that, we can docket, label, grade and scale them any way you please—tried by whatever standards they will never give us the satisfaction of being able to talk up to them even for five consecutive minutes.

I am, etc.,
—"EVE."

SMILES FROM HERE AND THERE

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree, "For," said he, "It's enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle, D.D."

* * * *

Do you know why they had to discontinue all the Roman holidays?

The lions were eating up all the prophets.

FREEDOM AND THE PRESS

PROFESSOR SEWELL'S VIEWS

HAVE REPORTERS GOT SOULS?

The "ought-to-be-but-isn't" most important club in A.U.C.—you guessed it—the Free Discussion Club, held its annual general meeting in the Men's Common Room last Friday. About twenty or thirty were present and they found from among themselves (with some difficulty) six committee members. The real business then commenced—Professor Sewell on the "Freedom of the Press."

Those who have heard other speakers on the subject of freedom must have been struck with the contrast between other treatments and that of Professor Sewell.

He divided newspapers into three approximate groupings:

1. The newspapers controlled by an individual, e.g., Rothermere, Beaverbrook.
2. The newspapers controlled by a small group, e.g., "The Times."
3. The newspapers controlled by a large group, e.g., "Reynolds," the mouthpiece of the English co-operative movement, or in New Zealand, "The Standard."

Professor Sewell stated that in his opinion, the "Times" had a greater influence than other newspapers with a two million circulation.

The first group (of individual controlled papers) rather cheapens its appeal and incidentally serves to degrade public taste. It is subject to no discipline save its owner's whim. But the "Times," with a controlling

WILL YOU FIGHT?

The Student and War

Pearls & Pebbles

(By CALIBAN)

War and war-talk is in the air. It is an even chance that before many moons have passed, the nations of the world will once more be at each other's throats. You, as students, are supposed to be among the most informed and intelligent people in the community. What is your attitude to war? Would you fight? Or would you refuse to bear arms, no matter what the cause?

Students have always set their faces against war, and have been prone to pacifist action. In the last week of 1937, the second World Youth Conference was held at Vassar College, New York. The attitude of most delegates seems to have been pacifist—"no matter what the circumstances, we will not fight." It is worth remembering that some two million German socialists and students took this oath before the Great War. What became of them after 1914?

Last year, members of the Oxford University Union passed the famous resolution not to fight for king and country. It is said that this was not representative of University opinion. However, Government leaders, particularly those who are responsible for Britain's defence, are worried more than a little; it is from the class of educated young men that the country draws its junior officers.

WILL THEY FIGHT?

Particularly strong is the anti-war, to some extent pacifist, sentiment of American students. A nation-wide "peace strike" of students was held last year. Canadian, South African and Australian student opinion, though much less vocal and clearly defined, has a pacifist tinge.

Students, then, are united in hatred of war, but indefinite as regards a policy for combating it. Recently, however, the wind has changed. Pacifism has never been completely acceptable. Several international youth organisations have rejected it—the Student Christian Movement, for example. To quote the "Student Forum" on "Positive Pacifism," "it is all very well to say that martyrdom is the Christian answer to militarism; when all true Christians have been martyred, are you any better off?" The National Union of American Students rejected the resolutions of the World Conference, preferring a policy of economic sanctions against aggressors—obviously but a step short of military sanctions.

"VESTED INTEREST" AGAIN

This changing attitude reflects the changing motives of war. Behind previous wars has always been the much-blamed, but very real "vested interest," using National Honour and the Flag to prick its dupes on to the battle-

fields. Many perceived this, and a few had the sublime courage to stand aside from the mob, to harden their hearts against the old catch-words, and to refuse to fight. They knew that nothing of real importance was at stake; perhaps their method held possibilities of success.

But all that has changed. Now, war is fought over ideals. Elements of the new order can be detected in the Great War. The position, of course, will never completely crystallize. There are complications; but the fundamental fact is that there are two incompatible philosophies of life, and the world is too small to hold both. We will be fighting, not for the Flag, or the British Empire, but for our way of life.

SOCIALISTS, PLEASE NOTE

It follows that Karl Marx is out of date. His theory of war as inherent in the structure of Capitalism is now invalid. Emphasis has shifted from the struggle of Labour against Capital to that of Democracy against Fascism, and Communism. Greatly significant is the fact that British labour is clamouring for a firm stand against the totalitarian powers, while the Conservatives want peace and quiet. A few years ago the reverse was the case.

Hence the change in the student attitude. The issues have clarified. Pacifism has become irrelevant. Although hating war, ardently desiring peace, students will fight, because they are fighting for their liberty.

INTERNATIONAL OUTLOOK

The fact that the next war will be the first war of peoples, as opposed to wars of governments, will make it unimaginably destructive and bitter. Nothing can be done now; events are moving too quickly, the issues have become too vast. Man's control over his social organisation is apparently so slight, that the only means of progressing is to shatter the whole structure, and hope that something better will shape itself from the fragments. The close of the last war suggests that the next will end in an orgy of revolutions, out of which may come a saner society.

The only sure foundation of universal peace is the growth of an international outlook. Students must preserve and encourage the germs of internationalism, for it will be the task of youth to build from chaos a better world.

—HONI SOIT.

South African Students Speak TO COMBAT FASCISM

[The following appeared as an editorial in the official organ of the students at the University of Cape Town—the "U.C. Tattle." It is extremely interesting as exhibiting the opinions of students in South Africa with regard to war and pacifism. Do you agree?]

In 1933 the Oxford Union decided that they would not fight for King and Country under any circumstances whatsoever, and University after University, throughout the British Empire, endorsed Oxford's resolution.

Pacifism became the password in Universities in the democratic countries of the world.

Like a rising tide the pacifist movement surged onward. Unfortunately this movement, allowed to grow unchecked in the democracies, was immediately stamped out under the Fascist regime in Italy and Germany.

Whilst we, the Universities of the Empire, were blindly enslaved by pacifism, our intellectual student friends were similarly enslaved. But not to pacifism!

And that is where we have been hopelessly misguided. In the midst of the gigantic rearmament programmes of the Fascist countries we have continuously declared that we,

the democracies, would not fight even if we were attacked.

We have said, let us compromise with the demands of the Fascist countries. They will then give us assurances of peace. We have seen how their assurances, their treaties, their promises have been discarded, scrapped, declared null and void to suit their own purposes.

We have lived for five years in the vain hope that the Pacifist movement would completely encircle the world and avert another war.

Two months ago the University of Cape Town admitted their mistake of 1933 and declared their readiness to fight for King and Country.

The Oxford Union, last month, reversed its decision of 1933. They declared that "they would join an alliance of democratic powers to combat the rising menace of Fascism."

For five years we have been lulled into a false sense of security by the evangelists of pacifism.

To-day we must realise where salvation lies and we must prepare for the worst.

We are five years behind!

man proud man

of all the creatures on the earth to which the early slime gave birth the most conceited in the plan is that revolting nightmare man you'll find that though he is a sport the millionaire will not consort with dirty joe nor is the queen prepared to dine with maggie green but on one point they all agree and that's whatever man may be dictator jockey king or clerk count barman beggar policeman's nark whatever be his social station man is the lord of all creation

such shocking vanity you'll own is proper to mankind alone the insect world you'd never find with those fantastic thoughts in mind

can you conceive the busy bee engrossed in domesticity doffing his cap and turning pale each time he buzzes past a male he thinks if he thinks anything here's something rather good to sting i

scarcely think that man the lord is by the microbe world adored each bacillus is quite agreed hes just a marsh wherein to breed i doubt extremely much if fleas at night drop on their little knees beside their tiny beds and pray that man will guard them through the day i rather fancy mans appeal to fleas is just another meal and kings taste very much the same as tramps or any lesser game

how strange to see this creature man build towering mansions great in span to house in comfort rats and mice bugs spiders centipedes and lice and keep in luxury and style a billion ants how flies must smile when foaming humans raging wheel to drive them from their ample meal to greener fields and pastures near and how the agile ant must sneer at hearing human loafers say how hard they worked the other day who blames the ant who thumps his chest and says to hell with slothful rest

no sir i fear i oft have said it vain boasting does you little credit it took you years and many brains to build you little aeroplanes to do midst insects raucous mirth what tiny gnats can do from birth you havent yet with all your cant a social scheme to beat the ant have you the shrewdness of the mouse or can you jump as jumps the louse

vain man bear your defects in mind you lag a million years behind your brain is filled with war and hate the cares of keeping up the state the lust for gain the urge of cash the busy worlds discordant clash you lack the insects balanced view you lack his sense of humour too that sense which stings and whips the skins of pharaohs touts of celts and finns for though you lord it in your sphere and keep your social level here you are reduced to common terms by insects haughty man and worms.

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.")

CAPITALISM IS DOOMED

WHAT IS OUR DUTY?

Is there anyone to-day who is unaware of the momentous crisis in human history that is upon us? Christians especially are keenly sensitive to the great forces tending to crush out religion, and also to the many beginnings of a new life in Christ germinating among all their co-religionists. Do they all realize, however, that the whole Capitalistic system is doomed, and that it must go if there is to be anything like a Christian revival? Can any intelligent person doubt it? Whether the sequel to Capitalism will be Christian or unchristian is not so evident. That depends almost entirely on the Christians themselves.

OPEN REPUDIATION

The open repudiation of Capitalism may sound shocking to even well-meaning Christians. But its truth or falsity is decided only by seeing what present-day Capitalism really is. Unless that is determined there will be much nonsense talked by those who identify it either with private property or with technological mass production.

Hilaire Belloc, whose views on Capitalism are well-known (see "The Servile State," "The Church and Private Property," etc.) recently repeated his definition of Capitalism as follows: "We mean by Capitalism a system under which wealth is produced by a mass of citizens, politically free, but dispossessed, and these working for the profit of a few smaller number of effective owners and controllers of the means of production." (G. K's Weekly, Dec. 2, 1937.)

THE END OF CAPITALISM

Using Belloc's definition as a basis, then, we can proceed to see why modern Capitalism is doomed. It should be obvious that the principal cause for its failure is its inability to attain the social ends proper to any good economic system and likewise the higher ends of any social system. In this manner. First, Economically, Capitalism calls for an unbalanced and unbalancing distribution of the gross returns of its enterprises. Capitalist activity can actually flourish only through an increase of purchasing power among the mass of the people, whereas the dynamism of Capitalism depends upon the ever-increasing accumulation of capital in the hands of the few. Capital has thus perfected many labour-saving devices which has further lowered the purchasing power of the people.

SPIRITUAL STARVATION

Secondly, Capitalism is linked up with a financial structure organized to supply means of investment and only those, whereas the great need in an age of potential plenty is a system that can supply greater purchasing power.

Thirdly, Capitalism has reduced thousands to a state of chronic malnutrition, and even of starvation.

Fourthly, Capitalism has starved the souls of millions, including those it has enriched materially. To-day the labouring classes have come to a common consciousness of spiritual starvation as human beings. They cannot be satisfied by any amount of material goods alone. They are not dogs or cows.

DEBASING OF CULTURE

Fifthly, Capitalism has ceased to be the promoter even of the best possible material and social progress. Because of the high-powered investment in gigantic centralized machinery, it cannot afford to keep pace with new inventions for human good insofar as these mean the replacing of machinery long before the expected profit has been made from it.

Sixthly, Capitalism has prostituted culture to the seeking after material gain. It has commercialized our legitimate stage, still more

the cinema and popular literature, often appealing, as through Hollywood and the burlesque shows, to man's lowest animal instincts for its greater economic returns. Few of our newspapers are purveyors of the truth, being for the most part Capitalistic enterprises for greater profit, public lie and scandal sheets.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY

Just because Capitalism has decayed them, Christians must look not backward but forward. They must not be merely "anti" something, least of all simply anti-Communist, as few intelligent people to-day can arouse any enthusiasm over the corpse of Marxism. Christians must be "pro" something. Certainly without being that, they cannot be the vanguard of a regenerated social order.

But pro what? That is the most difficult of all questions. Who can look into the future and determine the right technical structure of a Christian order. The Churches can do little save point out fundamental principles of Christian social reconstruction and leave the rest to time and us. In the meantime there are various movements under way which have two points in common. (1) They are opposed alike to Capitalism, Communism and Fascism. (2) Their principles and aims are in harmony with the Christian ideal of life. The principal movements are the co-operative movement of Canada, etc.; the Christian corporative order of Portugal; the personalist movement of the Amis d'Esprit in Europe, and the distributist-agrarian movement of England and America. A Christian can support any of these movements without having to believe that it is a complete programme for a new social order. But he cannot refuse to support at least one of them without being guilty of neglecting his social duty and of allowing Capitalism to breed from its decadence either communistic collectivism or totalitarian Fascism.

—H.M.V.

References:—The Commonweal, April 29, 1938, Belloc's "Servile State," Christopher Hollis "Breakdown of Money," Strachey's "Communist Struggle for Power," Upton Sinclair's "Mammonart," Shaw's "Intelligent Women's Guide," Christopher Dawson's "Religion and the Modern State," Joseph Huxley "Christian Social Manifesto."

FORGOTTEN BOOKS

The interests of real literature would be better served perhaps if the supply of our books could fail utterly for a period of about ten years, thus giving most of us time to make acquaintance with some of those excellent works which are forgotten each publishing season. Our salvation lies in the refusal to be hurried with the crowd, to shun the mob of commercial writers and drink from deeper wells. To escape from the ceaseless whirl of the life that eddies and swirls about us to the deep serenity of the great souls of better centuries is like withdrawing from the dusty traffic of the roadside to the solemn quietude of a cool, silent church, where we may learn to possess our souls in peace.—Brigid Redmond, in "The Irish Monthly."

A high-brow musical lady,
Gave a high-brow musical tea;
"What's Godonov for them," she said,
"Is good enough for me."

—Beachcomber.

Men never make passes
At girls wearing glasses.

—Dorothy Parker.

The Bookshelf

REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

(By Malvolio)

Mr. Douglas Jerrold has been called by Wyndham Lewis "the brains of the Right," and few readers of his logical, calm and sane autobiography "Georgian Adventure" would deny his right to that title. There is a sanity and a balance about Mr. Jerrold's writings which are rarely found in modern discussions of social and political matters, and in his latest book "The Necessity of Freedom," he elaborates clearly the questions of the day which he merely sketched against the background of his Reminiscences. Believing as he does, that we are living at the height of a world crisis, he sets out to define "the appropriate canons of judgment for a Christian called on to reach practical conclusions on contemporary politics."

In 16 chapters, he presents the case for Christianity in its relation with Secularism, Democracy, Fascism, Peace and War, and the League of Nations. He examines and demolishes the three most popular arguments against the preservation or restoration of a Christian social order—that it has failed, that it represents only a brief period in an evolutionary process, and that revolutionary Socialism is capable of building, a new social order. His remarks on Russian Socialism are interesting. He believes that the violence of the reactionary creed in the U.S.S.R. is increasingly antagonising world opinion, but that only disadvantage would accrue from a collapse of the present regime. The more Russia progresses economically, the more will its people insist on securing the rights and privileges of self-governing citizens. Freedom of religion is one such privilege. He wisely refuses to make a detailed prophecy of the future, but he is convinced that the struggle for supremacy of ideals will reach its climax within our own lifetime, and that the issue of it will be decisive in Europe for several generations. A scholarly and profound book.

"The Necessity of Freedom," by Douglas Jerrold—Steed and Ward.

Deprived of sight, speech and hearing in infancy, Helen Keller is separated from the world around her by walls of silence and darkness. She has never heard the sound of a human voice, yet she now speaks several languages and has made a translation of the Odes of Horace. She took her B.A. degree at Harvard University, and by her own efforts she has raised over a quarter of a million pounds for the blind. To Helen Keller vibrations are like living speech. Chaliapin sang folk songs to her with his arm encircling her so that she could feel the pulsing waves of sound. By touching Heifetz's violin as he plays, she can enjoy his music. Her zest for life is amazing. She rides on horseback, is an expert swimmer, and likes to travel by air. When Helen Keller was seven years old, a young woman named Anne Sullivan dedicated herself to the task of helping her, and the Helen of to-day is a living monument to her teacher's genius. The link between them was broken in 1936 by Anne Sullivan's death.

In "Helen Keller's Journal," Helen Keller has poured out her heart, describing her most intimate thoughts and feelings. It is a record of a dauntless struggle against unbelievable odds, and the conquest of physical deficiencies by a noble spirit. She gives the details of her daily life, and shows the many-coloured stream of her consciousness, and her vivid reactions to people and things. She has met scores of famous men and women, kings, queens and commoners, and records her impressions of them all. This Journal reveals this wonderful woman's spirit fearlessly and truthfully, and brings into intimate focus one of the unique personalities of our time.

"Helen Keller's Journal," by Helen Keller.
—Michael Joseph.

A hairy-kneed native of Alderney,
With hot tea did once badly scald a knee;
You'll easily see,
Which knee was the knee,
He scalded with tea—it's the balder knee.
—Langford Reed.

ON THE CURRENT SCREEN

What—And What Not—To See

(Conducted by "Manfil.")

All the films at present showing of any importance were mentioned in the previous issue, but a few brief comments may be in order. Having successfully presented "Dead End," the Embassy is following with another fine picture called "Of Human Hearts," which I suggest everybody interested in better pictures might well see. The ending is bad, but there is more than enough of merit about the film to make it the best of the new releases and one of the better shows of 1938.

If you can survive assaults on your eardrums through noise and several uncomfortable moments of hysteria provided by Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, of all people, "Test Pilot," at St. James' has much to commend it. "Romance for Three," at the Regent, is another neat little comedy, similar in its casting and methods to "Beg, Borrow or Steal." It deserves some success.

The mighty Civic has induced the Auck and public to support "The Baroness and the Butler" to the extent of a fortnight, which is about 13½ days more than the show deserved. Goodness knows what will be the fate of "The Goldwyn Follies," the next colossal attraction, which has a little that is good and more that is very, very bad.

"BIG CITY" (Regent, coming).—In this film you will be invited to pay for the privilege of seeing last year's Academy Award winners Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy appear together. The advertisements will lead you to expect such great things that there would be some excuse for you if seeing these two stars together for the first time made you fervently wish it to be the last as well. The film is scarcely as bad as that—it has a glorious climax in a screen fight that is in the best keystone tradition—but it is nowhere near the standard of earlier films graced by the talents of Miss Rainer and Mr. Tracy.

"TEST PILOT" (St. James, showing).—"A test pilot is employed to experiment with new aeroplanes, flying them at all heights and speeds. We are consequently treated to a succession of frightful hazards, culminating in the fall of an enormous bomber from a height of 30,000ft. As is usual in American fiction, where every one is supposed to be tough, inarticulate, and cynical there is hardly a moment when at least one of the characters is not in a state of violent and valuable hysteria. Mr. Clark Gable admirably describes the state of nervous tension in which the pilot lives. His wife (Miss Myrna Loy), alternates between forced cheerfulness and hopeless despair, occasionally expressed with distressing sentimentality, and the pilot's mechanic and friend (Mr. Spencer Tracy) is hardly more calm and certainly not less anxious than she. But the flying scenes are so well photographed and the danger is so convincingly represented that all this crude and violent emotionalism seems entirely suitable. At the end of the film the audience is left in a shattered condition. The film is an experience, but to some tastes hardly an entertainment."—The Times, London.

"ROSALIE" (St. James, coming).—"Rosalie," set in America and a mythical kingdom called Romanza, was originally a musical stage show of Florence Ziegfeld's.

It has been brought up to date with new tunes by Cole Porter, with Eleanor Powell in Marilyn Miller's role as Princess of Romanza, and Nelson Eddy as the West Point cadet and all-American football hero who loves her.

Its prime asset is size, closely seconded by quantity. In the big scene of carnival in Romanza, where Ziegfeld had eighty players and a ballet of forty, the screen has 4,000 players and a ballet of 200. (Why stop at 200?) Each player in the scene, we are told, is 'doing something; dancing, singing, love-making, or just celebrating.' Packed close into a frame of celluloid approximately one inch by an inch and a quarter, they put you in mind—if you have the sort of mind I have—of cheese mites under a microscope.

There are bigger and better fountains in this scene. More and brighter stars in the sky. Bigger and higher drums for Princess Rosalie

to dance on.

There are also, throughout the picture, bigger and better teeth."—C. A. Lejeune in "The Observer," London.

"OF HUMAN HEARTS" (Embassy showing).—"Mr. Clarence Brown is a director with a wide sympathy for those who discipline themselves to work for the causes in which they believe. Here there is a pastor with a highly developed sense of duty who sacrifices a good living for an obscure parish in an Ohio village. His wife can understand his motives, but his son is too young to recognize the force of the idealism which compelled his father to take the step he did. The father's discipline is never coldly unsympathetic, yet the barrier between them widens as the boy grows up. He sees in his father's religious preoccupation an indifference to the comfort of his mother, but in his passion to become a doctor the son exhibits the very failing for which he criticized his father. He never gives a thought to the means by which his mother raises the money he needs for his degree. A person less absorbed in a cause might have known that his mother, now a widow, would have sold her wedding ring. The American scene of the days just before the Civil War is a perfect setting for Mr. Brown's love of detail and atmosphere. Mr. Walter Huston is no mere fanatic as the father; he is a man to whom no work is too arduous, no task too mean, and he keeps his mind on the right side of bigotry. With a phrase and a simple gesture the character is established. Mr. James Stewart, as the son, is sensitive yet obstinate with all the idealism of youth, and Miss Beulah Bondi, as the mother, suggests a woman born to understand the vagaries of two men, both servers of humanity as a whole yet unable to understand each other."—The Times, London.

"THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES" (Civic coming).—"A very, very expensive picture, with lots of class, relating, in the most refined Technicolor, a story of the glowing life of a Hollywood film producer. It manages to embrace in two short hours a water ballet, an operatic gem from 'Traviata,' radio's most famous ventriloquist's dummy, Charley McCarthy, 'Romeo and Juliet' in dance form, the Ritz Brothers, a Venetian song-scena, four numbers by George Gershwin, Mr. Menjou, choreography by Balanchine, settings from Chirico, love in a hamburger wagon, an innocent called Miss Humanity, a small zoo, the young Scandinavian-Russian dancer, Vera Zorina (Zorina, by the way, is quite delightful), and Goldwyn, Goldwyn, all the way."—C. A. Lejeune in "The Observer," London.

"WIDE OPEN FACES" (Majestic showing).—"Another personally conducted tour of Joe E. Brown's expansive phiz, touching upon the various points of interest not once but several times, is the most recommendable feature of 'Wide Open Faces,' his latest exhibition. And, indeed, it must be said with respect to that phenomenal terrain that the sight-seers seem never to tire of viewing it, no matter what the conveyance may be.

"A perceptible technique has been developed by Joe's cinematic handlers over the years. The less there is of substance in his pictures, the closer and more often do they truck the cameras up under his nose. As a consequence, a large part of 'Wide Open Faces' is played within slapping distance of him, and at that limited range he pulls all the stops on his odd and highly flexible pan. Emotion runs riot on that face, but keeps within familiar bounds. Joe has already done practically everything that he can with the material at his disposal.

"As for 'Wide Open Faces,' it is nothing to get excited about, no matter how hard it strains to make you. Joe simply fills another of his characteristic roles—a small-town soda jerker this time, who achieves wide notoriety because he was involved in the capture of a bank robber. All of gangland then descends upon him, suspecting that he has the missing loot. Joe's gullible innocence when confronted by the host of hardened mugs leads to a great misunderstanding with the little lady he has come to love. But it all turns out

"LAND'S END" PICTURES

On "our harbour" at the present moment is a yacht. "Land's End" by name—and the skipper of same, South African by nationality, wanderer by profession, instinct, and preference, is, amongst his other claims to fame, a friend of the Hongi Club: hence (joke coming) a friend of the University.

He is an enthusiastic photographer of the movie variety, and has accumulated, in the course of his wanderings, some 2,000 feet of film dealing with all aspects of the countries he has visited. This film, at the instigation of Mr. Norman Stac (at present measly) and the Hongi Club, the captain is going to show in the College Hall, accompanying it with a very personal and breezy commentary.

The admission price is only ninepence, and all the proceeds will go to the Chinese University Student Relief Fund. So that makes an additional attractive reason for attending.

ucky at the end of an old-time Keystone comedy chase and Joe is the usual national hero.

"In a welter of uninspired dialogue and stock situations Joe has his face at least to keep him from going under. The other actors, not being so endowed, take the rap—among them Jane Wyman, Alison Skipworth and the late Lyda Roberti. Anyhow, they deserve thanks for trying." The "New York Times."

"THE CRIME OF DR. HALLET" (Majestic showing).—"Now that there is no more red fever down in Sumatra, thanks to Dr. Ralph Bellamy and his sacrificial young assistant, Dr. John King, the story of how the scourge was finally stamped out can be told and is, with a great deal of mephitic atmosphere and brow-mopping, in 'The Crime of Dr. Hallet.' The drama of medical research in a tropical hell is not exactly an untitled field, but there must be something eternal in it, since the present exhibit, even at the moment when Josephine Hutchinson enters, as a laboratory assistant, to complicate the hitherto purely scientific proceedings, manages to be theatrically plausible, if never actually exciting. The fever never quite communicates itself to the audience.

"Not that it isn't a highly contagious fever, either. Until it came along, in fact, we were not aware that there exists a sort of chromatic scale of fevers; not only yellow, that is, but presumably also (if we admit the incumbent red) green fever, blue fever, and so on, down to the pale and pathologically decadent pastel shades of mauve, pistachio, et cetera. We hope the trend isn't carried that far, but it is well, it seems to us, to sound a warning note. Aside from these random and admittedly general observations, we are happy to welcome Mr. S. Sylvan Simon (already one of our favourite names) into the ranks of our favourite Class B directors. As for the cast, we liked everybody in it, particularly Junior, the immune simian, whose blood was the basis for the climatic serum."—The "New York Times."

"I MET MY LOVE AGAIN" (Strand, showing).—"Bewitching in static repose, but pulling the queerest faces under emotional stress, Joan Bennett lost my sympathy at the outset by eloping with a worthless philanderer, who soon got killed at a Paris party, leaving her a widow with a typical American screen child.

Back in her New England home, she hankers for the young professor she jilted. He is being chased by a shameless pupil, and the ditherings of jealousy and reticence make a very artificial and unedifying story, which was hardly worth doing."—P.L.M. in "The Daily Herald," London.

SHELTER

Creep low to the earth,
Shelter thee in brown folds—sleep.
Lowly thy heart,
Rest in the low place,
Low to the sheltering earth
Lay thy face.
Closer thou canst not be
Tho' his name be rest—
Creep to thy home at last,
Ended thy quest.

—Barbara Dent.

INTER-COLLEGE RUGBY

Massey Beat Auckland in the Mud

Seniors Unbeaten in the "B" Section

Most of the football news this issue is devoted to accounts of inter-college matches. The series is now complete and we can expect almost daily the announcement of North and South Island teams. The Club is now doing better, and the seniors are so far undefeated in the "B" division—as we should hope—while the lower grade teams are all winning their fair share of matches. In particular, the Saturday before last, saw the five College teams secure four wins and a draw, form which we hope will be maintained.

MASSEY DEFEATS AUCKLAND

The following team represented A.U.C. against Massey College in the annual match for the Japanese Rose Bowl:—Paterson, Kirkland, Gyllies, Hayman, Gilmore, Hamilton, Edwards, Prendergast, Drake, Armitage, Davidson, Pyatt, Morgan, Hodge, Caldwell.

Except that rain was not continuous, the conditions could not have been worse for the rugby match. The ground was heavy and the surface was treacherous, and, to make matters worse, there were occasional showers which kept the ball in a very slippery state.

Some of Massey College's passing rushes were of the highest standard, the backs and forwards combining in rushes in which the ball travelled across the field and back again. Their backing up was excellent, and, wherever the pass was sent, there was always a man at hand to take it. It was only the sound tackling of A.U.C. which kept the score down.

The A.U.C. forwards outplayed Massey in the tight—winning possession from over eighty per cent. of the scrums. A.U.C.'s backs however, were unable to make much headway.

The Run of the Play

Massey played with a southerly gale behind them in the first spell, and scored first when McKee crossed on the corner after a scramble.

Auckland very nearly equalised a few moments later, when Edwards dive passed to Gilmore who cut through and handed on to Paterson, the full-back, who transferred to Kirkland but he was grassed right on the corner. Guild, the Massey centre, capped off a sweeping back rush with another unconverted try, and just before half-time, Mitchell scored. Massey's third try thus making the score at half-time.

Massey	9
Auckland	0

A.U.C. had Massey hemmed in their twenty-five for most of the second spell, and went close to scoring on several occasions. A few minutes before time, Auckland staged one of the most thrilling movements in the match. Gaining possession in his own twenty-five, Davidson raced through to the Massey twenty-five. Threatened on both sides, he sent a high pass to Drake, but the latter was tackled a couple of yards from the line. Close to time, however, a short punt caught Massey College at sixes and sevens, and, before they rallied, Drake had scored right by the posts.

There was still time for another score, and the Massey forwards were away in a brilliant rush, Terry scoring in a handy position. The kick failed and the game ended.

Massey	12
Auckland	3

A NARROW WIN

In the annual match against Massey College, Victoria scored a rather lucky win, 13—11. As a spectacle, the game was nothing to enthuse over. Combined back play was lacking for the greater part of the game, Victoria providing what little there was.

McVeagh played a very good game at full-back, fielding and kicking well. His defence was very sound, and he had a lot of rush-stopping to do in the second spell. Eastwood used his speed and strong running to gain big stretches of ground, but was rather starved of opportunities. Tricklebank did some good line-kicking and made several good bursts on attack. He was, however, inclined to attempt too much on his own, a mistake with two fast wingers like Eastwood and Harpur outside him.

Harpur provided the highlight of the game by intercepting when Massey were attacking hotly and racing the full length of the field to score. The inside backs were very subdued,

but this was probably due to the very slow heeling from the scrum. Bridges hooked very well, but after securing possession the forwards allowed the ball to hang in the back of the scrum. When it was heeled, the opposing loose forwards gave the inside backs no option but to pass the ball on quickly.

The forwards played with plenty of dash, but were rather over-shadowed in the second spell by the vigorous Massey vanguard. McNicol, Russell and Blacker were in everything, and Corkill played a lively game in the loose. In the Massey forwards Terry played a good all-round game, and Thurston (ex Victoria) was prominent in the loose play. Campbell, the Massey full-back, was very cool and steady, and his line-kicking was good.

CANTERBURY v OTAGO

A few weeks ago the C.U.C. senior fifteen, whose showing this year has been almost on a par with A.U.C.'s, surprised by holding Otago to a draw. The following account is from "Canta."

The handling of the backs on both sides in the Otago match was surprisingly good, and more points would have been scored had it not been for the difficulty of maintaining a foothold. C.U.C. had the advantage of the game in the second half, after O.U. had made the most of the wind and rain in the earlier stages.

The C.U.C. backs saw little of the ball till the last ten minutes of the match, as the O.U. pack gained the ball consistently from the scrums. Baillie played a useful game at half-back, and Donnelly adapted himself well to the conditions in his role as first five-eighths, using the short kick to advantage. Fountain and Dickenson ran well at second five eighths and centre.

Playing with vim and dash in the loose, the forwards all gave good exhibitions. Lake, who scored the three points, Walter and Martin were perhaps most effective in the loose, while Wilson worked solidly in the tight.

CLUB NOTES—CHIEFLY 2A

Saturday, the 16th July, saw all five 'Varsity teams come through without a loss. It is a very long time since this occurred, but it just goes to show that there is material in the lower grades which is very promising. The chief fault with 'Varsity teams in the lower grades at all events, is that they are rarely fit. Nor is this to be wondered at, when training is so very intermittent. No team can win consistently unless every one of its members is fighting fit. Blandford Park possibly scares some people away. Conditions may be rather unpleasant down there, but by no stretch of the imagination can they be said to make training impossible. A few stalwarts turn out every Thursday night, but the great majority of the members never put in an appearance at practice. This is a pity to say the least, for 'Varsity will not improve the standard of their Rugby until all hands are willing to evidence kenness and to keep fit.

The junior teams are doing very well indeed. 2A, in the last four games played, have had a win, two draws, and a loss. The forwards of this team played a great game against Tech., Sutherland, Stacey and Cawkwell, being especially prominent. One feature which needs to improve, however, is the backing up of the forwards. Time and again, a man will break away, and finding himself in trouble, have no one to pass to. In the game against Tech., Crozier played half, and distinguished himself by an extremely sound display. This player is perhaps the most versatile in the club, as he is a first-

NEW EIGHT FOR OARSMEN?

WINTER ROWING ACTIVITIES

Scenes of activity are now in evidence at the Rowing Club's boatshed every week-end, as the club prepares for the next season's regattas. The two practice fours and the racing four purchased last season are being completely overhauled, and re-varnished. Even the old "Marama" has been considerably reconditioned. The club anticipates an increased membership this season, and in order to provide more facilities for training novices and regatta crews, has purchased two very good practice fours from another Auckland club. With five fours in the shed, the Rowing Club can guarantee that all prospective oarsmen coming down to the boatshed are assured of a row.

It was their intention to have a new four built for this season's rowing, but it was found that no New Zealand boat builders were in a position to accept fresh orders until well after the season has commenced, but the club was fortunate in being able to obtain two first-class boats in Auckland.

The greatest disappointment experienced by the club last season, was the failure of the 'Varsity eight to stand the test in the N.Z.U. Tournament. It has been realised that our only hope of regaining the Heberly Shield next Easter, is the acquisition of a new eight. Now that the club possesses five fours it feels free to turn all its attention to the purchase of a new eight. Steps have been taken to ascertain prices and general specifications from the best Australian boat builders and if the necessary finance can be arranged, there is every prospect that the 'Varsity eight in their new boat will be well to the fore in the Auckland regattas, and with the keenness displayed by club members last season, A.U.C. will be first past the post in the N.Z.U. race.

But the success of the club depends on the support accorded it by the students of the College. Several of the more prominent members of the club are leaving Auckland, and there are at least three or four seats to fill in the eight. If new members will come down to the sheds on Sunday morning, they will be given the full services of the club's coaches, and if any promise is shown, they can be assured of seats in regatta crews and the possibility of a seat in the 'Varsity eight with the prospect of an A.U.C. or even a N.Z.U. blue.

So all you men about 'Varsity who have any surplus or accumulated energy, even if you have never seen a boat or the sea before, come down to the shed next Sunday morning about 10.30 and we will be only too pleased to take you out and demonstrate a few of the finer points of the game. If you want any further information on the subject, leave a note in the rack for Jack Fairbrother and you can be certain of a reply by return mail.

Ray Wilson who plays in the front row of the Australian scrum, and who is captain of the side, is a student of Queensland University, where he has been prominent athletically in other games besides rugby.

class hooker, as well as playing half. The game against Waitemata was hard and fast all the way. 'Varsity had the worst of the first half, but in the second did everything but score. The game ended with no score. Bill Mackie made some good openings, but hard tackling by Waitemata brought to nought all the moves of our backline. The line out play of our outsize forward, S. W. White, was a feature of this match. Hesketh played at half, and gave good passes, but Cornes at first five-eighths is inclined to hold on too long to the ball, and also to overdo the stab kick. With a speedy three-quarter line outside him, it is futile to attempt anything in the way of individual tactics except very occasionally.

Against Suburbs, the team had a good win, 30—8. The backs functioned rather better, with Crozier, in spite of an injured arm, playing a sound and plucky game at half. Bill Mackie scored two tries, and showed a good eye for an opening. Stacey and Overton played excellent games in the forwards, as did George Cawkwell, and D'Arcy Walker's hooking was uniformly good.

HARRIER NOTES

WILSON A COMING STAR

This year's epic, the Onehunga Road Race, was followed by the acceptance of the club to run with our strongest opposition, the Lynndale Club, over a course similar to the one followed last year. The day was a most enjoyable one, in fact the best and most appreciated of runs held this season. Lynndale "didn't spare the horses" in their cordiality towards us, and after the run, the ladies' committee showed our boys just what it is that makes the Lynndale boys move when they get near home . . . a sumptuous afternoon tea. As to the run, the combined clubs split into three packs, and during the afternoon, the medium overtook the slow, and the fast pack didn't quite make up on the medium. Stephenson, Tweedie and Collins, dropped back from the medium and came along as fast pack men, as the run to within two miles from home was interspersed with many rests, which certainly do help a long way in creating a team spirit. Les Barker, Arthur Coombes and Graham Kofoed were our representatives in the fast pack and were well to the fore. Clem Green, apparently running well, led home the field, being chased by Nelson and Kinsella. Another surprise of the year is the arrival of an old C.U.C. man Bruce Wilson, who is surely destined to be one of our leading men in the sport, as demonstrated by the fact that this invitation run was Bruce's first, and he accredited himself well by keeping to the front in the medium pack most of the course. Of the slow pack men, Dunlevey, a very keen harrier, though he seems to make heavy going of it, Butcher, Lynds, N. Mackenzie performed creditably.

The real test of a club's strength, is a race which embraces a good percentage of the club's runners and such an opportunity is afforded in the ten-men teams' race in which all clubs take part. The first ten men count towards the club's score.

"Craccum" is proud to announce that such a young club such as 'Varsity, is very nearly at the top of the Harrier ladder, that position being filled, as in the last six seasons, by the Lynndale Club. Their score was 211 to 'Varsity's 250. Hamilton, with 180 points, was in third position. Our men ran well on the whole, but we can't help being disappointed in Kofoed and Collins, who after their splendid efforts in the Onehunga Road Race, weren't well up in the 'Varsity men. There was a record entry for the race, namely two hundred and twenty five, and of our men the placings were:—Ted Stephenson (10), Coombes (12), Nelson (19), Kofoed (21), Barker (22), Wilson (24), Ball (28), Tweedie (29), Kinsella (42), Collins (43). Of runners mentioned, our old star Ted Stephenson, did well, and Coombes and Nelson made fine efforts; Bruce Wilson in his second run has turned out a real find.

VIVE LA FRANCE

"The French captain would not hear of tossing. We were the honoured visitors, and therefore it was their pleasure to allow us to choose which way we should play, and also have the right to kick off. Of course we returned the compliment by choosing to play against the wind and rain. The French would dump us well and truly and then, with typical politeness, help us to our feet again."—W. J. Wallace.

RUGBY HISTORY

"Our chaps all came racing up and shook Bob Deans warmly by the hand, congratulating him and patting him on the back. But here again Bob made another mistake. He got up off the ball and Owen, the Welsh half, picked it up and put it back about six inches in front of the line. The referee had been left standing by the movement, and when he came slipping and sliding up from about 30 yards back, Owen said: 'He forced the ball here,' and pointed to the place where the ball then was. We, of course, were amazed, and protested strongly against this unsportsmanlike statement, and in the end the referee awarded a five yards scrum."—W. J. Wallace, 1905 All Black.

Table Tennis Tournaments

Inter-Faculty Competition in Progress

Good Entries for Club Championships

The tour of the Hungarian champions has given us a stimulated interest in, and a new conception of the game as it should be played. It has differentiated between the old pat-ball game of ping-pong, despised as unworthy of recognition as a sport, and the fast, accurate and scientific game, Table-Tennis.

There has lately been a move to promote increased interest in this game among the students of our College. I think I am safe in saying that this move has met with some success. A club has recently been formed, which is endeavouring to offer every facility to all students who wish to increase their proficiency at the game. Also, a series of Inter-faculty matches has been arranged, and these so far have been very successful. Speculation as to the winning team is varied, and although Prendy declares his style to be very similar to that of Bama, Science A are by no means invincible.

Inter-Faculty Matches

At the moment, Commerce leads with 6 points to their credit, having played 3 rounds and won each time. Lynds and Smith, their top men, will be a very difficult combination to beat. Lynds with his open attacking game, drives strongly on either back or fore-hand, and his placing is excellent. Smith's spin game is calculated to get even the most proficient opponent into difficulties.

Science A, and Engineers A, have each won the 2 rounds which they have played, each having a bye in one of the three.

Science with Prendergast, Ryalls, Martin and Dil, are a formidable and consistent team, while Engineers with Lee, Devereaux, Budge and Bray, are always likely to provide strong opposition.

Law has only played one match so far, and it is difficult to predict their achievements.

Arts, although three times defeated, is not lacking in tenacity.

The B teams, Science and Engineers, although not up to the consistent standard of the A's, have their moments of individual brilliance.

The Club Champs.

The close proximity of the club champs, has inspired speculation as to the probable trophy winners. Entries are good and still increasing, and there is every indication of a successful contest.

Dr. Bullen, the present holder of top position on the ladder, is however, not universally accepted as prospective champ. In fact, many contestants have filed a petition objecting to his participation, on the grounds that his knowledge of elasticity and relative velocity gives him an unfair advantage.

Many little difficulties have arisen. For instance, Roy Lynds has plaintively asked us to lower the height of the tables so that his diminutive stature will not prevent him seeing over the edge.

If Lee and Ryalls continue to play their usual game we will have to knock out one of the walls to give them enough run back. One or the other is always skipping about like a young calf.

The raucous cry of "No luck" echoes through the building, and everyone is shocked to realise that "Prendy" has missed one of those prostrating drives of his. However, this doesn't happen often of course, and even Horrocks, the man who always gets everything back—well, nearly always—even he will have to look to his laurels.

But beneath this hilarity, there is tragic despair gnawing at my vitals, the invincible Fink, whom we have loved as a brother, may not be with us for the Champs. He, unhappy dog, has measles. We weep for thee, my brother Fink.

However, we must think of the living. The standard throughout the contest should be very

high, and some interesting matches should be witnessed. In fact if Tomlinson puts much more backspin on those cunning returns of his, he will be able to play an exhibition match with himself.

The women also should provide some interesting matches, and if Betty Skipper is in usual form, she will be very difficult to beat.

The whole tournament should provide interest, exercise, and enjoyment for all, and we hope that this excellent game will develop in this College and elsewhere as it deserves.

ROWING CLUB SMOKE CONCERT

On Saturday, 16th July, the Common Room was the venue of the most successful Smoko ever held at A.U.C. Essentially a private show, limited to members and prospective members of the club, only about 35 men were present. All unnecessary speeches were omitted and the toasts condensed to one, so the boys were able to sit back and put in some steady work for two or three hours.

L. E. Brooker held down the chair, and Mr. Desborough on his right and Mr. E. W. Henderson on his left, were an able bodyguard, and held their own throughout the evening. The entertainment offered between meals was of the highest quality. Frankie Bauno dashed off some lightning but libellous caricatures of the leading lights of the club, and with his boy friend from Australia gave unaccompanied renderings of Aussie Hobo Songs.

Gassy and Godfrey, assisted by a conjurer who turned out to be a sewing machine, performed some remarkable tricks with a pack of cards, half a dozen eggs and a ball of string, while Archie Russel and "Bronk" endeavoured to beat each other past the post in an entrancing duet. Several other impromptu items were given during the evening, and the gathering concluded with the singing of The National Anthem, "Auld Lang Syne," "The Red Flag," and "The Old Beer Bottle."

RIFLE CLUB NOTES

The first of the winter practices of the Rifle Club was held at Penrose range on the afternoon of Saturday, July 9th.

A fair number of members turned up, and it is hoped that more will make the effort, as it is the intention of the club to enter teams, chosen from scores and attendances at these practices, in various competitions during the latter part of the year.

Conditions were ideal, and some good shooting resulted. The rifles were first shot in at 25 yards, and the party then moved to the 200 yard range where a full practice, possible 125, was fired.

The four best scorers were as follows:—

Arkinstall, 25, 40, 44—109.

Boaden, 23, 40, 40—103.

Sparks, 24, 45, 38—107.

Taylor, 23, 45, 35—103.

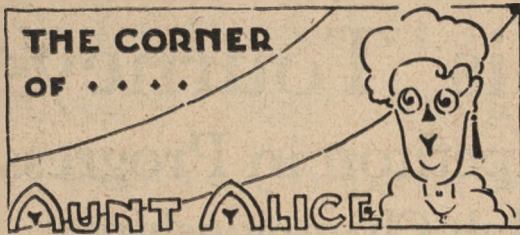
The shoot was voted one of the most pleasant conducted by the club, and all members were eager for more like it. All members and intending members are welcome.

Yesterday the V.U.C. Senior fifteen played C.U.C. at Athletic Park, Wellington. The results are not yet to hand. V.U.C. anticipate that they will be able to field their strongest side for the first time in an inter-college game this season, in which case they will be hard to beat.

A state of intoxication is when you feel sophisticated and can't pronounce it.

A girl who is bespectacled,
Don't even get her nectacted;
But safety-pins and bassinets,
Await the girl who fascinates.

—Ogden Nash.



Dear Aunt Alice,

Things are tough. Since your last issue I have been having one hell of a bad time. Inconvenience—you've got no idea. I don't dare to leave my bag around the corridors, for if I do my books just naturally seem to disappear, to be returned at various subsequent times by all sorts of young women, embarrassed, brazen or just pokerfaced. Even worse, I have practically had to give up going to the cafe because coffee seems to descend on me from all directions. It is so bad for my clothes, and although I have received a couple of new ties out of it it's not good enough. How can I stop this, Aunt Alice?

—HENRY.

Reply: You can either attack the trouble at the root where it is clearly a super-abundance of sex-appeal, or just adopt more or less expedient measures and I cannot help thinking that in your case the latter will be the better way. You will just have to exercise a little ingenuity—something on these lines might appeal: Catch a mouse, tame it and keep it in your bag when you are about the College; that will cure the book trouble. As regards the caf. I think that all you will be able to do is to wear an oil-skin and sou'-wester whenever you are eating there. Unorthodox, but then so is the complaint.

—AUNT ALICE.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

A lady friend of mine is very keen on theatricals and fancy dress, and I was not surprised when she roped me into a party for the Studio Stampede, emphasising very forcibly the fact that I was to make a real job of my get-up with plenty of attention to detail and so on. So I said will it be all right if I go as a tramp and she said yes, that will suit you almost too well, and I said right, but as you will see it wasn't. I started paying attention to detail on Thursday night when I slept under the hedge in father's gardening clothes, left them on all day Friday and slept in the same place Friday night. By Saturday night, with a three days' growth and a genuine ring of grime around my neck I looked good—so good that the tram conductor made me pay before he would let me on board, and even the architects weren't going to let me in for a while. And when they did I rather wished they hadn't because I was a complete and utter frost, and in the eyes of the lady concerned I appear to be lower than the lowest creeping thing. And that, Aunt Alice, is the trouble. How do I regain my former position?

—SIMON.

Reply: You're in a tough spot, Simon, and I wish I could have seen you before the Stampede. However, the damage is done, and I think your best way out is to ask her out to another fancy-dress ball, but go as Lorenzo the Magnificent, or Gary Cooper, this time. And if you take as much trouble again I think you will be reinstated all right.

—AUNT ALICE.

* * * *

Dear Auntie Alice,

I'm not in love, but I have a complaint to make all the same. To begin with. It seems to me that the staff of this College have just about mastered the art of wise cracking invective—and why? Because they have an insuperable advantage over the students. The whole being the very essence, the—er—stuff (if I may say, so!) Of this epicurean ant lies in its interchangeableness. To savour its sweet stinging excellence to the full you must be able to say "We ping-ponged brickbats."

But what actually happens? This, Aunt Alice dearie, though your best friends mightn't tell you, only this—at every turn the student is thwarted! The staff have all the fun. The students write the essays. The staff criticize them. I say, why not reverse the process? Let the staff write the essays and the students criticise them. (Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Oh Boy!) That is just an epoch-making suggestion (I'm full of them!) I am coming to my complaint.

Aunt Alice; on the back of my latest returned essay there is a professional paragraph. It begins with a few well-chosen and admirably placed words of abuse; it warms up, becomes interesting, and then—alas, alack and well away—becomes indecipherable!

Many a long anxious hour, Aunt Alice, driven on by my questing mind, tortured by my burning desire for knowledge (which some call curiosity)—and you as a woman will understand my agony! I have perused and puzzled over those hieroglyphics. Mr. Ardern, himself, couldn't have paid more loving attention to his horrible Anglo-Saxon characters than have I to the back of that essay. But it remains an unsolved and most irritating mystery. Now AA, there is some feeble satisfaction to be wrung out of readable abuse—one can, at least, while away the time thinking up answers (I've thought up some corks!) But to know that you're getting some red hot tomatoes fired at you and not to be able to see them, is, I think you will agree Auntie, more than any normal woman can bear.

What shall I do, Aunt of my coeur?

—S.O.S.

WINNIE THE WAILER, XXX.

Reply: My Winifred, not having the manuscript at my elbow, I really cannot help you much personally, and anyway, I am probably no better at hieroglyphics (you will observe that I consulted a dictionary for this) than you. The best thing I can advise you to do is to send it in to our linotype man; he can read anything from the palm of your hand to the top of your head.

—AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

A good while ago I happened to meet a young lady whose hand was sought far and wide by a large and miscellaneous band which included some of the best known as well as some of the humblest of our students, a band which after a very short period of her acquaintance I was only to eager to join. To my unbounded gratification, the time came when the lady in question decided to confer her attentions upon me; this she made so much more evident to my rivals than to myself, that while I was still questioning the reality of my good fortune, I found that they had already recognised it by abandoning to me a field in which they saw no prospect of further advancement. And so my happiness should be complete. But there still lingers within my heart a last churlish doubt; were it a lesser one I would be less ready to confess it. Can it be that the monopoly which I enjoy of the lady's attentions is due not so much to my own constancy, as to a fading of those former charms which my prejudiced eye is unable to perceive; that is to say, is she mine because I am lucky or because no one else wants her? Could you but settle my doubts I would be unfoignedly grateful, and yet not perhaps in the way you might imagine, for though I would have her at any price, it's this damned uncertainty which is getting my goat.

—ATREUS.

REPLY: Fortunate indeed is the man who suffers as you suffer, whose only grounds for complaint are yours. Is it that not being a prey to present jealousy you would become so? Because she is desirable to you would you have her so in the eyes of other men? And so I could go on for about seven hundred words if the Editor or my somewhat slender resources could stand the strain. Meanwhile, I would limit my remarks to the following, namely, what the hell are you worrying about? Of course if you really want to find out you can always go out with someone else for a while and see what happens. But your motives in so doing are going to be hard to explain.

—AUNT ALICE.

BASKETBALL

V.U.C. v. T.T.C.

The following item from "Salient," the V.U.C. student paper, should be of interest to both the College and T.C. basketball players.

"For the first time this year, Victoria College met the Training College Senior team, and the result was a close shave for the greens. Defaulting the first round seems to have spurred T.C. on to play their outstanding game of the season. In view of their Tournament game against Auckland early in August we can only be congratulatory to the pedagogues and hope that they play right up to Saturday's form.

"Victoria was right after the coveted score of 40 goals in 40 minutes and managed to score 19 of them in the first spell. But the blues scored 14 goals in the same time. This is almost an unprecedented rate of scoring. The combination in both forward thirds was extraordinary, leaving the defence standing in both cases. This is the hardest tussle Victoria's defence have had this year. They did not come out of it as well as they might. The V.U.C. Tournament forward, June Withers, who captains T.C., inspired her girls with rapidity of movement and accuracy of shooting. The resulting percentage of shots was actually higher than ours.

EVEN SECOND SPELL

"With only a five-goal lead Victoria tore into things in the second spell, but found T.C. more than a match for them. The lead was reduced to three when the greater experience and accuracy of the green forwards asserted itself. The final score was 34—29—63 goals in 40 minutes, a real indication of the speed of the game.

"In neither the centre nor the defence third did V.U.C. function as smoothly as they have usually done this year. Probably they have had a little too much basketball and a rest will do no harm. Joan Bythell in defence and Rosamund Drummond in the centre helped matters considerably by playing their best games this year. The great improvement in the former player is stiffening up our defence work, which will have to be right at the top of its form for the hard games in August."

MOTORISTS . . .

IS YOUR CRANK CASE CRAZY ?

FLETCHER & MADDOCKS Ltd.

Cr. Manukau Rd. and King George Ave.

EPSOM

Phone 28-016

EPSOM

Specialists in
Car Care

Our Oil for
Ailing Engines

An Extra Smile with Every Gallon

KEALYS

The Popular Lending Library



Subscriptions from 4/-
per quarter.

Fiction, General
Literature and
Magazines.

Catalogues and Information Supplied on Request

Note Address—**SHORTLAND STREET,**
Opp. Star Office

THE UNIVERSITY COACHING COLLEGE

22 FERRY BUILDING - - AUCKLAND

The College specialises in Personal Tuition (Day and Evening Classes) for University Entrance and Degree Subjects. Coaching by Correspondence is also given for University Entrance, and certain University subjects.

The following personal tuition courses, conducted by experienced tutors, will be of special value to University Students:

Phonetics

Greek

Botany for Medical Intermediate and Pharmacy B.

Pass Degree Mathematics.

The Principal will be pleased to advise students, or Prospectus will be forwarded on request.

D. W. FAIGAN, M.A.

(Honours in English and French.)

PRINCIPAL.

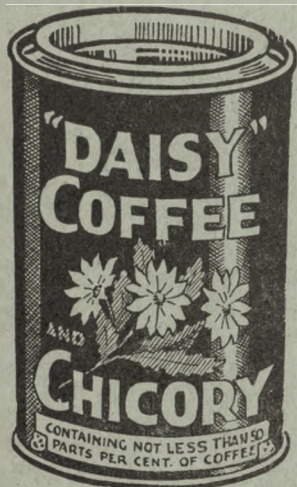
Phone 44-271

USE

"DAISY" PURE COFFEE

or

"DAISY" COFFEE AND CHICORY



Finest Teas and Coffee are always available. You can obtain any kind desired, including Dargelling, Assam and China Teas—Mocha, Costa Rica and all fine grade Coffee — Largest assortment and highest grade Coffee in N.Z.

S. L. P. RIMMER LTD.

Phone 40-543

Manufacturers of "Daisy" Peanut Butter, Coffee Essence, Jelly Crystals, Teas and Coffees.

Don't Forget

Executive Elections!

You Want GOWNS

Here you are!

GOOD WORKMANSHIP & BEST MATERIALS.

Undergraduates' Gowns ..	£2 5 0
Bachelor Degree Gowns ..	£2 17 6
Master Degree Gowns ..	£3 5 0
Hoods of all Descriptions	£2 0 0
Trenchers	£1 1 0

WE ALSO MAKE

Ladies' Costumes, £6/10/- to	£8 10 0
Ladies' Cloaks, etc. £6 to	£8 0 0
Gentlemen's Dress Suits ..	£10 0 0
Gentlemen's Dinner Suits	£8 10 0
Best Serge or Worsted Suits	£8 0 0

Your Own Material Made Up at Very Reasonable Prices.

T.W. HUTTON

MANUFACTURING TAILOR,
18 LOWER VINCENT STREET
Just Behind St. Matthew's Church.

TELEPHONE 45-745

EST. 1909

Auckland Catholic Library

ROOM 403, FOURTH FLOOR,
N.Z. INSURANCE CO. BUILDING, QUEEN ST.
(Immediately behind the large Clock)

A large and comprehensive selection of the best modern fiction, works of history, sociology, science, economics, polemics, books of travel, memoirs, biographies, and other general literature is now available to the general public at the above address.

Only the latest and best books are included in the library stocks which are being continually enlarged.

A book qualifies for inclusion in the Catholic Library, not by the viewpoint or the religion of its author, but by its literary quality, its moral tone, and its sanity of outlook.

University students in particular are cordially invited to inspect the library.

A reading room of the latest periodicals is open in conjunction with the library.

SUBSCRIPTION: 2/6 per year and 2d. per book
or 10/- per year for one book changed at will.
Additional books 2d. each



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

Bottled with loving care by John Reid & Co. Ltd. Anzac Avenue, Auckland. TA164-168

Copyright