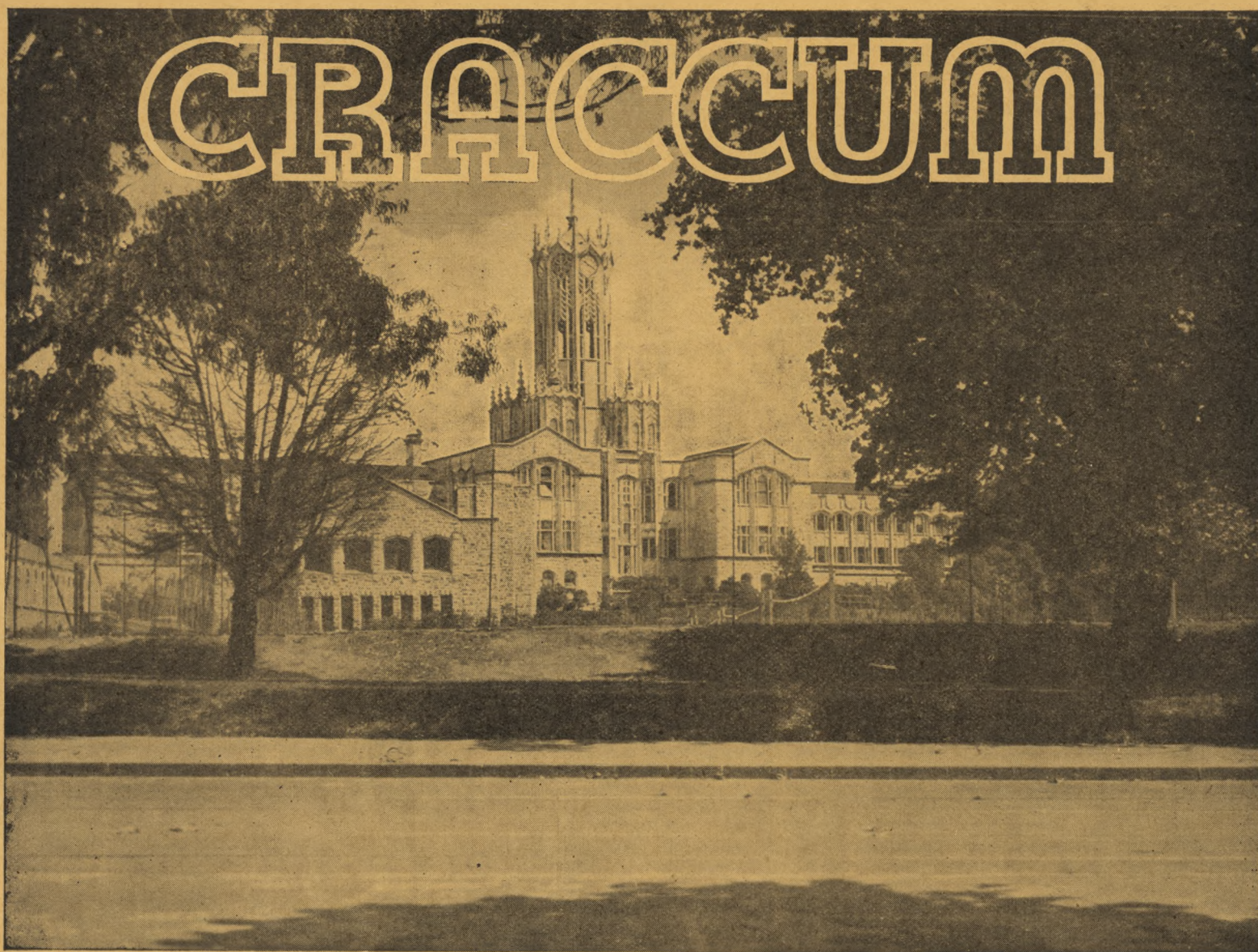


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## ★ Highlights of this Issue

BISHOP ROSS AND JAPAN

RED FLAG OVER TOKYO

ROWING CLUB HISTORY

LIFE STORIES OF WALKER & CO.

"UP, THE WASTERS"—(Serial)

DEBATING AT OXFORD

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Official Organ of the Auckland University College Students' Association

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## A SIMPLE STORY—II

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a wild young man named Hilary Hamlet Brown who spent all his time in Smoking and Drinking and driving Fast Young Women about in a shiny sports model car that cost goodness knows how much (and even then it wasn't all paid for) and he never bothered to swot for his exams or anything and his Aunt Matilda used to say he would be the death of her but he never was which was rather a pity in one way because she had a good deal of money. Well one day while he was carelessly tossing off jelly and cream after jelly and cream in the College Cafe his eye fell upon the gentle features of Mildred Bloggs and he knew right away that she was the Only Woman in the world for him and it made him feel quite queer in the stomach for a bit so that he had to hurry away and drink some brandy. Well of course he came straight back and proposed but Mildred whose mother was a life member of the Temperance Union said lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine so then he made a solemn promise to give up all his godless ways if she would only consent and after a bit she gave in and said all right she would and he was as good as his word because from that day he became a Changed Man. Well of course Hilary was all for getting married on the spot but Mildred said no not until we've got some furniture and things and then it came to Hilary with a pang of shame that practically all his money was spent on account of his riotous living and probably they wouldn't have been able to get married for months and months if it hadn't been for Mildred remembering about GEORGE COURT'S WINTER SALE and being able to buy carpets and curtains and table cloths and satin for undies and things all at about HALF THE AMOUNT she'd expected. So in the end it all turned out for the best and they furnished a flat quite cheaply and whenever their friends admired their Suzy Cooper tea set or their real Irish linen supper cloths they always said yes we got that at GEORGE COURT'S SALE IN KARANGAHAPE ROAD and they got to feeling quite sentimental about the whole thing.



## TOPICAL TOUCHES

Why did the burglar run like a hare? Because he didn't want to be juggled.

Bright remark in a debate: Capitalism ran wild in America and they haven't caught it yet.

Child's comparison: Good—better—swell. The suggested corollary is: Bad—worse—lousy.

Cigarettes smoked in New Zealand last year averaged 458 for every man, woman and child of the population. Too many for a child, in our opinion.

It isn't wrong, says Norman Stace, to take a girl out and not spend money on her. But it's very, very difficult.

A linguist asserts that the ordinary Frenchman does not speak correct French. The British tourist knew this ages ago.

Even the caveman, it is suggested, felt the discomfort of spring cleaning. And then of course he would make use of his club.

In the old dwelling days, an affair of honour could be settled in a matter of five minutes. And a couple of seconds.

"What is an easy way to make sheep wash?" asks a farmer. We can only suggest appealing to their finer feelings.

No man has the courage to cut a woman dead, says a Training College belle. What about Bluebeard?

"Youth calls to youth" reads a headline in a weekly journal. Indeed it does—on the Common Room telephone when there's a queue waiting.

Letter to a schoolmaster: "Please excuse John from school to-day, as father is ill and the pig has got to be fed." That's the worst of these invalids.

A bishop said that among these enterprises which depend for success on implicit faith are love and democracy. And, we might add, Mrs. Odd's Scotch broth.

A squeaking noise from under a car should warn you something is wrong. But as Miss Paterson says, it might only be a pedestrian, after all.

Professor Rutherford's leading a movement for better and brighter corrections. A nicely drawn "puff-puff," all in red pencil, appeals on the best papers!

You can always test the composition of a chair by sitting on it, according to one of our brighter members. The proof of the padding is in the seating.

It has been noticed that many young women are refusing seats offered to them in the trams. They were probably at the Varsity skating party.

Scientists think the sun will last another 15,000,000,000 years. Longer, we should say, judging by the economical way it has been shining during July.

Mr. Segedin declares that since his salary was raised he is a different man. But we doubt whether the income tax collector will be put off with that.

The Hongis have been arguing as to whether a blonde has more admirers than a brunette. They should ask a lady who has had experience in both capacities.

Dr. Anschütz tell us that people who are cooped up alone for any length of time then develop a habit of muttering to themselves. We have frequently noticed this among occupants of telephone boxes.

"Lie flat on the back, with the feet tucked under the wardrobe. Keeping the back straight, raise the legs until they are vertical. Very slowly lower again."—Physical culture lesson. Lift the wardrobe off the face and repeat.

# Craccum

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

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VOL. 12.—No. 11.

AUGUST 11, 1938.

## Executive Elections

This issue of "Craccum" will appear on Election Day. Members of the Association will be required to vote for seven men and three women from an amazing list of thirty-three candidates. We sincerely trust that this duty will be adequately performed, but it is obvious that a large number of the candidates will be unknown to the majority of students.

In one way the imposing list of persons offering themselves for election may be regarded as a healthy sign. But if the Association continues to improve in health the time will soon arrive when a different type of election will have to be held. Perhaps the candidates could be persuaded to appear in the College Hall and make short addresses to the assembled populace. Some scheme to enable students to become acquainted with candidates is becoming increasingly urgent.

## Liab!e For Libel ?

Mr. C. G. Scrimgeour has once again added a fine plume to his head-dress of notoriety. By attacking, in so open and determined a manner, the personal characters of certain individuals he has no doubt eased his chest to a small extent of that pre-election fever which afflicts him triennially to a most unusual degree.

In connection with his outburst last Sunday night we have only two comments to make.

First, the whole tone and purport of the attack was deplorable in a man who has acted as a minister of religion. And one would probably not be far wrong in believing that members of the government and of the Labour Party generally, were not all sympathetically inclined to Mr. Scrimgeour. He has proved himself peculiarly ready to shout his hatred throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand and whatever truth there is in his allegations, he has revenged himself with an extravagance which is appalling.

The other point is this. Mr. Scrimgeour's attack is the second radio vilification of character within a period of three weeks. Both apparently induced by political (and perhaps personal) motives. In the one case the person affected had no means of redress while in the second the law-courts have power to decide whether an injury has been done. The time seems to have arrived when the libel laws of this country should be amended in conjunction with the universal introduction of the radio.

To the most casual observer it is an amazing laxity which permits the publishing of remarks such as those heard on Sunday night, even though they might be true. It is absurd and a positive menace to society to permit a man who may, or may not have been unfairly damaged by some individual, to accuse that individual throughout the whole of the country of a serious type of perjury.

Similarly it appears to us altogether wrong that members of Parliament should launch radio attacks from the floor of the House against individuals who have no right of redress because of Parliamentary privilege.

It is to be hoped that the population of New Zealand will soon have reason to feel proud of its administration of the libel laws. And also of that organisation which Mr. Scrimgeour directs.

## POINTS OF VIEW

Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.—Mark Twain.

The English have an extraordinary ability for flying into a great calm.—Alexander Woolcott.

There are three kinds of liars—liars, damned liars and statistics.—Mark Twain.

A half-truth is like a half-brick. It goes further and does more damage.—Stephen Leacock.

If you desire friends, cultivate those who lack nothing you have and have nothing you lack.—Pen Points.

A man with no address is a vagrant, a man with two addresses is a libertine.—Bernard Shaw.

Alfred de Musset  
Used to call his cat Pusset.  
His accent was affected.  
That was to be expected.

—Maurice Hare.

We, who are as good as you, swear to you, who are not better than we, to accept you as our king and sovereign lord, provided that you observe all our liberties and laws; but if not, then not.—Oath sworn by the subjects of the King of Aragon.

German soldiers who had just torn off their uniforms, or their shoulder-straps sat drinking beer with British Tommies, and they got on famously together. "It must never happen again," they said.—Sir Philip Gibbs in "Across the Frontiers."

Revolutionary dictators are men of no element of greatness, men of no philosophy, no burning humanitarian ideal, nor even an economic programme of any value to their nation nor to the world. Grand and imposing as they look in their flaming uniform and shirts in nationalist colours on marching days, they are almost forgotten the hour a charge is made. . . . George Seldes in "Sawdust Caesar."

The ethics of international politics are precisely those of the gangster, the pirate, the swindler, the bold bad baron. The exemplary citizen can indulge in vicarious criminality, not only on the films, but in the field of international relations. Submissive to his wife, kind to the children, the soul of honesty in business, the good citizen feels a thrill of delight when his country "scores a diplomatic victory," "takes a strong line," "enhances its prestige," "increases its territory"—in other words, when it bluffs, bullies, swindles and steals.—Aldous Huxley in "Ends and Means."

The moment any of us sees that word "Scientific" let him beware. It is a sign-post. It is like one of those big coloured marks they put on roads to warn the motorist that he is approaching the peril of cross-traffic. It is the danger signal bidding us look out for fools. It ought not to be so, with such a word as Science. It is a noble word, for it originates in that pursuit of truth which is the second noblest of man's activities. Only through misuse has it come to mean, in the mouth of the unintelligent, an increasing blind faith, in the mouth of their superiors, a laughing stock.—(Hilaire Belloc in "Conversation With an Angel.")

Opticians shout at us, to tell us that we are going blind; tooth-paste firms, that we are in the grip of pyorrhoea; memory-trainers, that we are in danger of losing our jobs; a categorical imperative that brooks no question tells us we ought to drink more milk, to eat more fruit, and to season the primitive meal with a suitable quantity of mustard. The perplexed consumer is driven to imagine that it is his duty to impair his eyesight so that he may need more spectacles, and to fortify his digestion with even larger doses of patent medicines, lest he fail in his civic obligation of reducing the milk surplus.—(Ronald Knox in "The New Fetishism.")



## "World War Within A Month"

### Western Intervention In Far East

#### Jesuit Bishop Speaks On "New Japan"

A world war within a month followed by the probable destruction of Western civilisation is the practically inevitable result of European intervention in the Far Eastern dispute in the view of the Most Rev. Dr. Ross, S.J., Bishop of Hiroshima, Japan.

A native of Alsace, Dr. Ross has spent 12 years in Japan. His views on the Japanese people formed, as he said, after years of close observation of their life and customs rather than by a deep study of their literature, were conveyed to the Free Discussions' Club in a most illuminative address entitled "The New Japan" last Friday evening. An entertaining speaker, Dr. Ross' examination of the development of modern Japan contained a wealth of general information and colourful detail which held the close attention of his audience until the quite unwelcome call of "Time gentlemen, please" brought the meeting to a close.

Dr. Ross described the rapid rise of Japan to a position ranking with that of the first of the Western nations—during the last half century—a development which he said was unique in the history of the world. Modern Japan dated from a renaissance which began about 1860 and was hastened by the rapidity with which Western ideas were assimilated by a people who are essentially great copyists.

#### Imitative Powers.

Tracing the causes which led to the remarkable imitative powers of the Japanese, Dr. Ross explained the complexity of the Japanese language which in its essentials was similar to Chinese. The education of the Japanese largely consisted of an endeavour to acquire the means of expressing themselves through a cumbersome system of ideographs which to the foreigner desirous of learning the language presented almost insuperable barriers, said Dr. Ross.

This attention to detail which extended over an exceptionally long period of schooling probably to some extent accounted for the fact that the Japanese were not so deeply intellectual as other races not handicapped by the same difficulties. The concentration of so much time and mental energy on acquiring a knowledge of some thousands of these ideographs left little time for the development of the intellectual powers, yet at the same time it sharpened the purely imitative qualities by the close application to detail.

#### Territorial Aspirations.

Of Japan's aspirations in China, Dr. Ross said he did not believe that she had any territorial aspirations. The Japanese were essentially a sub-tropical race and the comparatively small number of colonists settling in Korea and Manchukuo indicated that the climatic conditions were not favourable toward a large scale colonisation. What Japan wanted in China was a market for her goods and raw materials.

"The general outlook in Japan about what they are doing to-day," said Dr. Ross, "is that it is an act of self-preservation against provocation and of safeguarding against Bolshevik Russia. Bolshevism is getting a hold in China, and therefore what the Japanese have every right to fear is that once it is established to any extent there, that propaganda would spread

and find spots in Japan where the social conditions of the labouring classes are much the same as they have always been."

"My personal view, from what I have gathered from living in the country," Dr. Ross added, "is that the Japanese look to China as a supplement of themselves."

Japanese intentions toward the northern territories of Australia were summed up by Dr. Ross in the assertion, "the Japanese are not blind." He had never found any evidence of definite intentions in this respect, but the Japanese were not blind to the fact that there were huge tracts of unoccupied territory in northern Australia which could never be populated by the "white man." Being themselves a sub-tropical race with a population of 70,000,000, crammed into an area much the size of New Zealand and increasing by over a million a year, the Japanese could not fail to have their eyes open.

## Boaden Successful

### DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB.

Owing to rain the second practice of the winter season was postponed to July 30th, when it was held under adverse conditions. A gusty cross wind and rain troubled the riflemen, but some of the old hands fired some good practices, while the newcomers put up very creditable performances.

The attendance was encouragingly improved and would have been better still had conditions been more pleasant. A few rounds were fired at 25 yards to sight the rifles, and the party then moved over to 300, where a short practice, 7 slow—35, 5 snap—25, 10 rapid—50—110, was fired. Three hundred is regarded as being one of the most difficult ranges under good conditions, and was a severe test for some of the newcomers, who had not shot on the long ranges before, but they scored very well, and with practice should be able to more than hold their own.

The four highest scores were as follows:—

|         | Total.        |
|---------|---------------|
| Boaden  | 26 15 38 — 79 |
| Newbold | 11 15 28 — 54 |
| Sparks  | 24 20 21 — 65 |
| Taylor  | 27 20 27 — 74 |

The next practice is scheduled for August 6th, and in the event of bad weather will be postponed till August 13th. Practices will be held during vacation on every Saturday afternoon at usual time, i.e., on August 20th, 27th, September 3rd, at 2 p.m., catching 1.20 p.m. train from Auckland.

### ODD MORONS ?

When appealed to by a student to bear out his statement that Miss and Miss — were morons, Mrs. Odd was heard to say, with a far away look in her eyes—"I don't care, as long as they pay for it while they are in here." Don't we all?

## RED FLAG OVER TOKYO

### Unofficial Boycott : Opposition to Militarism

(Press Bureau News Special)

There can no longer be any speculation as to the success of the boycott of Japanese goods. Imports into America which is one of Japan's largest customers, have recently fallen as a direct result of the boycott by 52 per cent; Woolworth's no longer stock these goods; and many factories previously making stockings from Japanese silk have transferred their attention to lisle and rayon—which are found to be equally profitable. The effects on Japanese economy are already being felt. Japan is particularly vulnerable. Even official Japanese sources estimate that imported raw materials at present in Japan will last no longer than six months.

Japan is not in possession of any foreign deposits which she could use abroad for purchase of war materials. Japan's gold reserves are very small and they were, in fact, largely used up in the period of preparation for the present war. Consequently Japan's overseas trade is vital to her in the present war.

In spite of severe handicaps and at great personal danger a section of the Japanese people has shown great courage in demonstrating their opposition to the policy of the militarist clique which is waging this war on China. In just three years, 1931-34 there were 24,000 people arrested. In addition to workers they include judges, professors, sons and daughters of generals, peers and millionaire families.

#### CENTRES OF UNREST

The universities are centres of unrest. Just prior to the war eight hundred Tokyo students demonstrated in protest at the impending imperialist war on China. The Red Flag flew above another crowd of university students, hundreds of them desperately poor and utterly dependent upon collegiate success for future careers, who sacrifice their hopes for the sake of what they feel to be an ideal. It must be remembered that Japan is not a democratic country and the common people had no say in the policy of their Government.

The Japanese people are certainly suffering from the war and it has been argued that this suffering will increase as the boycott becomes effective. Surely nothing will cause more suffering than prolonged warfare, in a country so

weak economically that superhuman sacrifices will be necessary on the part of the people. The boycott as a strong factor in shortening the war, will bring greater relief.

#### JAPANESE EMBITTERED

It has also been said that the Japanese people will be embittered towards other nations as a result and that we should make an appeal to them on humanitarian grounds rather than take drastic action. It would be most unfair to make such an appeal to the people as a whole who are not responsible for the war and it is hardly likely that words would have any effect on the hardened militarists; who have been deaf to the appeals of their own people (demonstrations, etc.). The idea of such an appeal having any effect is ludicrous. Indeed their answer to date has been to state that they will continue to bomb open towns (women and children) with even greater vigour until the Chinese realise that it is futile to resist.

The effect on trade between Japan and New Zealand has been quoted as a further argument against the boycott. If there are people who still feel that bales of wool are more important than human lives we may appeal to the materialist in them by pointing out that Japan's wool from Manchuria (largely produced from sheep obtained from Australia and New Zealand) is now nearly adequate to supply all her needs. Obviously trade between New Zealand and Japan is doomed in any case. Are we New Zealanders going to do our bit toward ending futile slaughter of human beings?

### TABLE TENNIS AT V.U.C.

A Table Tennis Championship Tournament is now in progress at V.U.C. There are five events consisting of Ladies' Singles and Doubles, Men's Singles and Doubles, and Combined Doubles. Good entries have been received for all events, and the games are being keenly contested.

A Table Tennis Ladder is to be started immediately, and the committee hope that this will give them some idea of the respective merits of the players.

A match against Training College has been arranged, and will be played early in the Third Term, two or three teams from each College competing.

The V.U.C. players are very keen, and both tables are in use every night during the week, and quite often in the week-ends.

Poetry is not what a poet creates. It is what creates poets.—Don Marquis.



## THE NEW BROOM TALKS BOY PRESIDENT'S LIFE HISTORY

Life histories are apt to be much the same the world over, unless we take into consideration the metamorphoses of gnats or woodlice, as compared with those of studious presidents. But that of Walker, the Boy President, is different. Very different.

Note: The character in the following is entirely fictitious, and bears no resemblance to any living person.

Born—with the rare boon of youth—amid the sylvan dales of the Manawatu cow district, Darcy was from the first a "different" child. As early as the age of four, he was known to have scowled at the cameraman during the taking of a family group. We have it on good authority also that he just couldn't keep his rompers clean. However, these are but trifles.

His academic record, from the time he was dux of his primary school, is a thing of monumental proportions and almost tempts "Craccum's" reporter to become overawed and serious, thus going contrary to the wishes of both the gentleman who filled in a questionnaire. So we will resist the temptation.

Among other things, Darcy was:

- Dux of his High School (Palmerston North Boys' High School) in 1934;
- Winner of a Junior University Schol. which took him to A.U.C. in 1935;
- After an unbroken record of first classes, he graduated B.Sc., in 1938, winner of the Senior Scholarship in Physics and the Sir Geo. Grey Scholarship.
- Was one of Auckland's Rhodes Nominees last year, when he came very close (we understand) to the two men actually chosen.
- Is at present doing Honours in Maths. and Physics.

Now, doesn't that just stagger you?

On the administrative side, things began to happen way back in P.1 (or 2) when one D. Walker was always 100 per cent in the two-times table. With such a beginning no one could possibly slack on the job, and the gradus honorum progressed through the inevitable steps of High School prefect, member of the House Committee, Secretary of the Students' Association, to the culminating point of President of A.U.C.S.A. And if his prefectorial efficiency bore any faint resemblance to his skill at being secretary of the Students' Association, we would have hated to be a third former under him. (This was meant to be a compliment. Funny.)

On the sporting side, Darcy is equally representative of all schools of thought from two-up to chess. This also began in the early days—P.N.B.H.S. 2nd XV and other cabalistic expressions appearing here. This season he has been playing 2A football for 'Varsity. His tennis, however, which showed a certain dynamic energy in 1934, has given place to a spot of rowing and research on ultra-violet.

So much for the chrysalis to presidential butterfly type of life history.

It is interesting to note that Darcy is President as a result of winning the first election held since Crawley defeated Rushworth in 1933. Also, he is the youngest man ever to have been president of A.U.C.S.A.

His heart—so he assures us—is entirely submerged (dangerous word) in College expansion along sane and practical lines.

In addition, he assured the unfortunate reporter that whatever he wrote would be wrong, and that he, Darcy, was in a low mental state, and was feeling positively moronic.

### Personal.

He can't keep his hair in order, he smokes a pipe (and Mr. Clouston's cigarettes), originated the Undergrad. supper, pulled the Science dinner out of the mire, ran a Ping-Pong tournament in 1936, believes in the Hongi Club (don't ask me why), and used to ride 10 miles to school.

We hope that's about all.

## ANNUAL MEETING ANNUAL MEETING ANNUAL MEETING

ROOM 19  
ROOM 19  
ROOM 19

8 p.m. TO-NIGHT  
8 p.m. TO-NIGHT  
8 p.m. TO-NIGHT

## CHERIE SHIRLEY DARCY'S NEW VICE

Another school prefect makes good—this time a she with the refreshing backing of an Auckland birthplace: to wit, Epsom. The school, however, was Takapuna Grammar, the stronghold of co-education. (Ha! Ha!)

Shirley Entrican, the new woman vice-president may be distinguished by her general aristocratic demeanour and by her being the unfortunate butt of Woodhouse's crude puns ("Surely said Shirley shyly .... but that's enough of that!").

Way back in primary school days Shirley learned eurhythmics with Shona (late Vice), which led her naturally to the School Championship at Drill at T.G.S. She also went all athletic on the Hockey field to the tune of representing A.U.C. in 1934 and 1935. In addition she was a member of the Women's Cricket Club Committee of 1934 which did almost everything but play cricket.

In 1935 she joined the Women's House Committee—that august body—and ran rapidly through the gamut of quaestor, aedile, praetor and consul as represented in our degenerate days by Flowers, Pounds, Locker Maintenance, and Periodicals. Ave! She ran the Book-stall this year in an enormously efficient manner, and was the gentle voice of understanding which told you the pubs. closed at six sharp when you rang Information during Tournament. Also, it was Shirley who was "Exhibit B" in the 1938 Revue. "One of my finest girls," said Producer Reid.

On fine days, and in the dark, you can distinguish her by her lip-stick—it is Michel NOT Savage,—and on wet days by her red cellophane rain-coat and sea-boots.

We understand that an umbrella of similar shade is to be added for vice-presidential dignity.

### MAINLY PERSONAL

Believes in co-education and combined House Committee meetings. Has a tidy mind, and a fear of the measles. Wears tailored longs on Sundays (this is a Continental habit). Has gone the way of all flesh and joined a Business College. In fact she altogether is rather nice.

## THE NEW SECRETARY

And now for the unfortunate bloke who does all the work—Charles Frederick Corne. "Just another moron who doesn't know what's in store for him," as Mr. Walker succinctly remarked.

Chas. comes from Napier Boys' High School—incidentally, he was also born at an early age—and left the cactus some years ago to learn the ancient and honourable art of fowl-house construction on the cantilever principle (periphrasis for Architecture).

His main claims to fame include an absolutely genuine Adonis three-quarter face and a husky drawl—also some years administrative experience on committees around A.U.C.

Chas. served on the Social Committee 1936, 1937, the Architectural Society's Executive, and (let us whisper it) on Procession's Committee 1938. It was on this overworked, despondent, but finally triumphant body that Mr. Corne gained enough secretarial experience to see him through five or six Students' Executives. And it was for this committee that he produced the far-famed report.

Altogether an efficient and charming sort of bloke who should prove one of A.U.C.S.A.'s most successful secretaries—which is saying something.

## LAND'S END

There were a large number of women in the hall last Tuesday night—and did they get their 9d worth? Mr. Norman Stace, president of the Hongi club with well-brushed hair and an attractive lisp introduced Captain Jeffries. Then the lights went out.

Mr. Brone Maurice Brown stepped into the breach with his proposal to show a film called "How Auckland Lost the Boat Race in 1937." This apparently comes under Brone's portfolio of A.U.C. Publicity Officer.

But the great moment had now come. Delicious shivers went down every female spine as Capt. Jeffries showed foot after foot (2000 in all) of stalwart bronzed South African young manhood (except for 1000 feet of undulating hypnotic Tahitian womanhood illuminated by personal comments which Mrs. Jeffries (nee Desiree Hansen) has doubtless had retailed to her.

A memorable evening—giving us a glorious glimpse of that distant life where men are men and women are glad of it.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING POS'S FINANCIAL APPEAL.

Have you seen the balance-sheet for the 1938 Student Association Year? Thanks to the infatigable efforts of our Pos, we have emerged with the astounding credit balance of £1/7/6. (This includes the record profit of 10/- from the Odd Eating House).

This credit balance of ours represents a policy of continuous self-denial and rigid economy on the part of your Executive. A motion of Mr. Woodhouse's that one bottle of sparkling cider be purchased for the Executive dinner was ruled out of order by Mr. Halstead. Mr. Clouston's gown has moth-holes in it. Miss Paterson is reduced to using revue make-up.

Students of A.U.C., this ghastly state of affairs must cease. We must have more money if we are to carry on the splendid programme beginning this year. Can you let Blandford Park, the Playground of the Pacific (though slightly dryer) be trampled beneath the hob-nailed boots of bailiffs? Can you let our policy of University expansion sink once more into the shrine of the subconscious? Are you content to let your University degenerate to the level of a night school without even a night-club spirit?

Your Executive needs your support. The Annual General Meeting is being held to-night, Room 19, at 8 p.m. Come along and bring your friends. (Tear gas and flour are definitely barred but the Executive women don't mind having bouquets hurled at them).

Mr. Postlewaite will propose a motion that the Students' Association fee be revised to 25/- (and he ought to know). Even then our fee will be the lowest in New Zealand.

From certain quarters of our student body we already hear yells of protest—but they are biting the hand that feeds them. This year our affiliated societies have felt the pinch of penury. An increase in the Students' Association fee is a necessity in order that larger grants may be made. It is this economic pressure which is partly responsible for the cramping of our extra-curricular activities.

This year 33 members of the Association are being public-spirited enough to stand for office (a record!). Can we find double that number to attend the most epoch-making G.M. since Eileen Johnson addressed Jack Alexander as "Little Daisy?"

Grand Entertainment!

Room 19, 8 p.m. To-night.

And a Coffee Evening after!

## A BALLAD OF WOE

Hearken Muse! and pity him,

This poor outcast of fate;

The tears course down my furrowed cheeks,

At the tale I must relate.—

Yeah, 'twas on that solemn hour

When lectures must begin,

A youth glanced up, his pulses beat

As a maid came tripping in.

The learned words fell on deaf ears,

His mind was far away;

What was this strange phenomenon

That led his thoughts astray?

A damsel fair with one coy glance

His deepest passion loos'd,

But they couldn't speak together

For they'd not been introduced.

Oh Venus! in thy vast domains

Was e'er there one so cute?

She had more magic in her eye

Than Orpheus in his lute.

This lad was quite disconsolate,

Fate surely bore him malice.

How could he introduce himself?

He'd find out from Aunt Alice!

On Thursday next with eager eye,

His hopes with joy he crown'd;

There was an answer to his plea

And this is what he found:

"My poor dear sap, you've fallen in!

I know the gal you mean,

She wears a wig and a wooden leg,

Her eyes aren't blue, they're green!"

The youth with thunder on his brow,

Waylay'd the maid next day,

Confronted her with evidence,

What had she got to say?

"O viper black, your smiling eyes

Had charmed away my soul,

Aunt Alice gives me good advice,

I'm going to leave you cold!"

The maid said "Big boy, get this straight,

I'm gladly rid of you,

I asked Aunt Alice for advice,

And she told me the same thing too!"

So listen all, a moral deep,

I'll presently impart:

Take not a spinster's bad advice,

Just listen to your heart.

—Boccaccio.



## A STUDENT UTOPIA EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

The student's Green Pastures have been discovered; Shangri-la, the land of No Exams., is found at last, Bennington College is its name—a group of simple buildings in the foothills of the Vermont Mountains, U.S.A. Here is the final word in the eternal controversy that rages between the New Educationalists and the Traditionalists; for Bennington is an experiment in progressive education which works.

Two-thirds of Bennington students graduate in the creative arts, which are taught according to the most modern standards. Degrees are given in journalism, painting, sculpture, photography, choreography, drama, child-psychology, and even dress-designing. Except for a small number of men taking the drama courses, the enrolment is entirely female. This, of course, is not unusual; what makes Bennington unique is its approach to this business of learning.

Bennington concentrates on the individual; it helps each student to develop his technique of living. All the machinery of mass production in education has been discarded. There are no exams, no set lectures, no curfews, and no credits. Courses cannot be taken in a stipulated time; when a student has satisfied the responsible tutors that she had gained a practicable technique, then only does she achieve her degree.

Bennington students come and go as they please. Traditions of the type that breed conventionalised thought are held in abhorrence. Academic dress usually takes the form of overalls and a plaid skirt. Formality does not exist. Most of the lecture classes are held in parlours with the students grouped around the professor; some relax in soft chairs or sofas, others recline on the floor. Some of the girls may knit; occasionally they may jot down a note or two.

### PRACTICAL LEARNING

Even the buildings are informal. The students share bungalows, and do most of the housework. They make their own beds, maid service being allowed them only once a week. The common building houses the dining rooms, common rooms, theatre, hospital, post office and co-operative stores. The latter is run by the students, and sells cigarettes, confectionery and a host of other student necessities. On the same building is a nursery school for children of the staff and townspeople, which is used in the study of child psychology, a popular subject at Bennington.

In one thing particularly Bennington education is unique—its emphasis on the practical application of learning. For two months in summer, and two in winter, the students emerge from isolation; go to the cities. Some work on newspapers, in theatres, in social service bureaus. Some haunt museums and concert halls. Their job is to apply techniques learned at Bennington to the business of living.

### BENNINGTON WORKS

You can't dismiss Bennington as "just another stunt." Experiments in education have unfortunately fallen into disrepute. Too many cranks have tried their hand at it. Attempts to put into practice the educational theories of Rousseau and the early socialists blighted the lives of many late-Victorian children. H. G. Wells, in "Joan and Peter," describes one of these weird establishments—white-smocked children being led "back to nature," and urged to do exactly as they please. But Bennington is run on scientific, common-sense lines. And it has an answer which squashes any criticism, any objection; it works!

The College is a mere five years old, but already its name is a byword in the United States for progressive education. The fact that the Bennington girl has to rely upon her own initiative to succeed, and not upon the accumulation of an assortment of disconnected facts and theories, marks her, as a well-known American educationalist comments, "with an earnestness and a mature enthusiasm rare in

U.S. colleges."

When one considers an educational system like Bennington, our own university education seems futile. We swallow as much as we can of the hogswill of facts poured out for us, and toss them up at exams. We are classified according to our regurgitative powers, labelled with a degree, and sent forth into the world—most of us less fitted for it than when we entered the University. . . . We have not been allowed to assimilate the facts and theories thrown at us, to discover their relation to the part we shall play in the world, to fit them, into our own personal scheme of things. The accumulation of facts is no more than a preliminary to education, and by itself is an utter waste of energy. Yet we concern ourselves entirely with the preliminary, and let the whole purpose of education go hang—the acquiring of a technique of living.

### OUR PRESENT SYSTEM

Learning should be a glorious adventure, a transforming experience, instead of the deadly grind it is. Lecturers who have been taught everything but their main business—how to teach; professors droning out the same awful, uninspired notes year in and year out . . . If all degrees were abolished tomorrow, how many of us would stay? Very few; there would be no other reason for our remaining.

I do not propose to detail the various changes which could be made in our present system. The difficulties would be tremendous. But we forget these discouragements when we know that we could have a better system; one which cannot be derided as theoretical and Utopian; for it has been put into practice, and has worked. In successful experiments like Bennington there is an inspiring vision of what might be.

—HONI SOIT.



## 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

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# "Up, The Wasters ! !" or "African Ecstasy"

(By Mukfa Moruns)

Our Searing, Burning, Blistering, Scorching, Fuming, Palpitating, Thrilling, Gripping Serial. WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Cuthbert Featherstoneleighoughton, in love with Euthenasia Snaggleteeth, has for rival Deveril Peewit, a rank outsider. To win his spurs Cuthbert goes to gloomiest Africa, and after incredible adventures in M'Bombabooland, is captured by a band of savages).

Now Read On, Commencing Here:—

## CHAPTER V.

### SAVED!

It was late afternoon before Cuthbert recovered those fragments of intelligence which in total formed his consciousness. A hush as pregnant as that which quivers in the air when the congregation sees that the back of their parson's cassock is tucked into his golf-bags hung like a side of lamb over the throbbing breast of the Nukapinni forest. Save for the hum of a lonely cretin-bird splashed like a dropped egg against the surging blue of the apparently limitless sky, and the faint wail of a cannibal chief suffering gastronomic agonies after the ill-advised consumption of an ingenu from a talkie company, no sound made a ripple on the placid bosom of the tropical silence. Cuthbert struggled feebly, only to find that his arms were lashed to his sides, and that he was tied to a cold flat slab. He looked around. Row after row of hideous, grinning faces leered into his tanned cheeks. The Annual Sacrifice was the big social event of M'Bombabooland and blacks from as far as Poona, attired in their best hulahulas had thronged to the great Sacrificial Stone. Cautiously shifting his eyes, Cuthbert saw standing over him a corpulent monstrously attired in a white top hat, a starched shirt and a pair of gum boots, clutching a battered and rusted razor in his left hand.

Cuthbert clenched his teeth, and his jaw shot out at an angle of 90 degrees. "Strike," he throat, "Strike."

The witch doctor smiled. "It is over," he toothed.

"Over?" boggled Cuthbert. "Have I been hitherto deceived as to the inconvenience of d'sembowelling?"

"Fear not," chested the black. "We have merely shaved you." And he slashed away the bonds with his tonsorial weapon.

Cuthbert fingered his chin. It was as smooth as the tongue of an electioneering politician. He looked around. The crowd had melted away.

"Why have you spared me?" he husked.

"I, Bollabulla, tell you this. In your delirium you called on the name of one who is loved by our people. For his sake I spared you."

"Who, then, is this god-like being, O wise man?" breathed Cuthbert.

"He is called by our people Mahutuwalla. His real name may not be spoken."

"But —" cried Cuthbert. There was a flash of blue smoke, and he found himself alone.

The medicine-man had vanished, leaving only a faint smell of decaying leopard meat hovering delicately in the living air.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RETURN!

It is three years later. Again the wind plays insane symphonies round the crumbling chimney pots of Snaggleteeth Castle. Stray sheep bleat cynically in the flailing snow. The rain falls in sheets on the bed of the Persey and blankets the hills in a rugged haze. Inside the castle, the beautiful Euthenasia melts gently in a wicker chair, hurling occasional cloying glances at the handsome Deveril Peewit who pauses only from his game of patience to shake the accumulated moisture from the ends of his moustache. The decrepit Lady Snaggleteeth snores before the fire. All is still. . . . An hour passes. All is still. . . . still.

But stay! The door is wrenched almost from its hinges. Lady Snaggleteeth awakes with a start and shouts "Amen." A tanned and tattered Adonis stalks into the room, tossing the clotted snow from his matted beard, and casting a bale of tiger skins carelessly to the floor.

"Good evening," he booms. "I have just arrived from Africa. Plane crashed a mile away, and I had to walk."

"Good," coos Peewit. "We needed a fourth."

Cuthbert, for it was none other, sneered gently. With a huge paw, he scooped Euthenasia from her chair and crushed her against his surging bosom. "I have won my lady," he tensed.

Euthenasia writhed as pieces of snow and tropical vegetation dropped from Cuthbert's hair and beard down her bare back.

"Ho?" iced Peewit, carelessly plucking the fringe from the tablecloth. "And what particular qualification have you gained?"

Cuthbert grasped Euthenasia tighter. He glared at Peewit and a large mirror which stood in the orbit of his eyes, crashed unheeded to the floor.

"I have faced incredible perils in M'Bombabooland," he steered. "Elephants, Savages, Crocodiles."

"Summer styles?" quavered the dilapidated Lady Snaggleteeth. "Disgusting."

Cuthbert coughed, "I was captured by blacks and almost sacrificed. Then, while the logs crackled in the fireplace, he plunged head first into a recital of his adventures, Euthenasia meanwhile, writhing uncomfortably on his thorn-speckled shirt.

When, close to dawn, Cuthbert's tale was done, he gazed at his rival.

"Beat that, you boulder," he husked distinctly.

"Well, well," voiced Peewit, burying his nose in a wine glass. "I am glad old Pootatu still remembers me."

"What!" roared Cuthbert. "You cad. Are you trying to insinuate that you have been in M'Bombabooland?"

"Mahutuwalla," purred Peewit through a lungful of Burgundy, "is M'Bombaboose for Peewit."

An owl hooted sardonically in a distant ruin. The only other sounds that broke the stillness were the crashes made by Euthenasia as Cuthbert dropped her to the floor and slumped senseless beside her.

## CHAPTER VII.

### UP, THE WASTERS!

Cuthbert Featherstoneete leaned over the end-rail of the "Monstrous," and watched the waves dancing surrealist routines on the curving paunch of the indolent Atlantic. He, and the ship, were bound for Iceland. After the degrading scene in Snaggleteeth Castle, the Code demanded it. It was The Only Way Out For a Gentleman! He heaved a sigh and turned around. His jaw fell.

"You!" he burpled. "You. Why—"

Peewit, for it was none other, smiled. "I saw you sneak away," he oiled, "and I thought we'd make up a party. The wanderlust is on me, lad." He patted the elephant gun slung round his neck. "A few polar bears will be a change from eternal elephants."

"But Euthenasia —?" gulped Cuthbert.

"The girl annoys me," crooned Peewit. "She is a moron. I only stayed on because it was free and the food was good."

Cuthbert staggered. "Up, the Wasters!" he throbbed, his old school cry soothing his ruffled nerves.

Peewit stiffened. "What was that?" he quivered. "The Wasters? My Lord. Not — Are you an old Parsleyan, too?" He peered at Cuthbert. "Well, I'll be —. "Bugs" Featherstoneleighoughton!!"

Cuthbert gulped. It came in a flash.

"Stinker' Peewit," he shouted. "And I never knew you."

They fell on each other's bosom.

"Have a whisky with me," whooped Peewit, disentangling his imperial from Cuthbert's beard. Many another Englishman would have flinched, but Cuthbert was made of sterner stuff.

"Lead me to it," he cragged, and, arm in arm, they stalked down the deck, shouting the old Parsleyan song so loudly that the ship's siren was muted by comparison to a lilliputian whimper.

In Snaggleteeth Castle, Euthenasia was penning a letter to Lord Canardly of Brisket, Womps. "I have got rid of those two terrible bores at last," she scribbled. "Are you free on Sunday?"

The luxury liner "Monstrous" ploughed her way through the inky wastes of the ocean on her way to Iceland. Only the faint mew of a dyspeptic sea-gull burst the calm silence of the brooding night. Six stewards tucked the helpless but smiling forms of two old Parsleyans into their bunks. In their sleep, their lips framed those pregnant words "Up, the Wasters!!"

The public school spirit, with but nominal aid from White Horse, had won through!

—The End.—

# Pearls & Pebbles

(By CALIBAN)

## COULD WE STAGGER ALONG WITHOUT CRIME?

We are told it's not done to shoot someone and run,

Or elope with the wife of your brother, And they say that it's low if one evening you go

Taking pot-shots at somebody's mother. We're informed that it's bad to behave like a cad

Having blackmail as sole occupation, But we wiser ones know things must sometimes be so,

For crime is the life of our nation.

Could we stagger along without crime?

Could we manage at all without vice?

How would things go if the people we know

Were always quite moral and nice?

Can you imagine Bob Semple's sad fate If every New Zealander worked on the straight?

And there be fewer cliches for M.J. to drone

If everyone's business were only his own.

Oh what would become of the crowd

Of Women's Committees. Their laurels

Would fade if they weren't allowed

To rave twice a week on our morals,

We'd hardly survive without crime!

An author may shock if he chooses to mock

At the platitudes purred by a parson,

But his public he'll win if he feds 'em on sin,

And murder, and horrors, and arson.

Though actors may rage when their piece on the stage,

Too deep, does in apathy smother,

The populace looks for its sinners and crooks, And loves them as brother to brother.

Could we manage to live without sin?

Could the nation progress without crime?

A passport to hell rings the popular bell

And the crook gets the votes every time.

How could we manage our country to rule

If every M.P. was a lily-white jewel?

And how would the Customs Depart, earn

its pay,

If magazines all were as pure as the day?

What would our Radio do,

If we didn't have rackets to run?

I think each official would speedily dish all

His jobs and run loose with a gun.

We could hardly get on without crime!

And think of the sin, and the odour of gin,

That our dance-halls conceal from good folk.

Remove it to-day, and you'd find right away

That the pubs and the dance-halls go broke.

Think of magistrates, too, and the heroes in blue,

Who command our respectful affection,

Why, if people abode by the Criminal Code,

There'd be no need for any detection.

Where would we be without vice?

We'd wither and fall without crime,

If we were on the level we'd go to the devil,

Our land would decay in its prime.

There'd be little to do for Church Synods, I

fear,

If they couldn't protest against gambling and

beer.

And I pity the fellows who write to the pap-

ers,

If Communists suddenly cut out their capers,

What would become of our Censor?

If all motion pictures were "U."?

I may be quite wrong, but I think before long,

He'd be taking up blackmailing, too.

Yes, we'd go to the dogs without crime.

## GLEMYSSE THROUGH THE MISZT

Said a structural worker named Wemyss.

"Here's a dangerous building, it semys,

With a couple of dolts

Tossing rivets and bolts,

And a beacon on top throwing bemys!"

They said he had studied with Liszt—

This guy with the oversized fiszt—

Was he out of luck

One night when he struck

At the keyboard and found he had miszt!



## The Bookshelf

### REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

(By Malvolio)

Many books have been written recently on the situation in the Far East, some good, some bad, some indifferent and a large number by journalists, which defy classification. An outstanding exception to the uniform triviality of the last section is "The Far East Comes Nearer," by Hessel Tiltman. It is primarily the work of a reporter, but a reporter with insight as well as sight, whose work is singularly free from prejudice and provincialism. Mr. Tiltman is writing on a subject he knows at first hand, and his discussion of the vital changes taking place in the Far East is of great value in clarifying thought on the conflict being waged in Asia. His book is not merely a presentation of theories, but contains evidence gathered in Japan, Manchukuo, and China, from judges, generals, labourers and traders, to prove the validity of his questions raised by the Japanese advance, and with candour and sympathy, demolishes many of the current misconceptions of Japanese policy and working conditions.

He sees cities and fields differing from those he knows, strange buildings, dress and customs. He asks questions, listens to casual conversation and formal addresses, watches trade, education and family life. He reads records of the past and hopes of the future until he can feel one with the country that has come under his ken. Then, in his book, East and West seem to draw one step nearer to the meeting-place which seems so far away to those who do not know Japan and China as he does. A thoughtful reading of this book takes the place of a well-ordered and calculated visit to China and Japan, and on the whole, the reader, seeing them through the trained eyes of Mr. Tiltman, will be a more enlightened man than would be the average traveller. This book can be heartily recommended especially to International Relations' Clubs and all who desire a sympathetic non-partisan survey of the Far East and who believe that the gap between East and West is not as wide as contemporary papers and Mr. Kipling would have us believe.

"The Far East Comes Nearer," by Hessel Tiltman.—J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Elysian Fields," by Salvador de Madariaga is an unusual little book, consisting of a conversation after death between Goethe, Voltaire, Mary Queen of Scots, Napoleon, Karl Marx and Washington, concerning some of our modern problems. Like all Dr. de Madariaga's works, it is witty, charming and sound. In the conversation, he succeeds not only in expressing a good deal of political opinion, but also in bringing out the characters of the protagonists—Voltaire, incisive but spiteful, Goethe dignified, Marx bigoted and apocalyptic, Mary Queen of Scots a woman in the fullest sense. Dr. de Madariaga develops an interesting thesis, the resemblance between the ferocious Christian puritanism of John Knox and the ferocious social puritanism of Marx. The conflict of interests of culture with the mechanical estimate of the classless society is the essential theme. Marx is the fanatical enemy of the humanists, Goethe and Washington are the champions of humanism, and express the author's own views most clearly. Dr. de Madariaga deplores man's folly and fanaticism, yet trusts the human intellect to conquer and stabilise the world. He is essentially a humanist, and that is perhaps why there is much that is unsatisfactory structurally in "Elysian Fields." To-day it seems clear that humanism lived on an accumulation of spiritual capital in the form of religion, respect, and order and that this capital is nearly exhausted. Another method is required and another belief. Madariaga is in an anomalous position—he is living in a moment of history which can only return by means of traditional restrictions which he cannot accept. However, the little book is unique, absorbing and should provoke considerable discussion.

"Elysian Fields," by Salvador de Madariaga.—Allen and Unwin.

### BOOKS RECOMMENDED

"The Beast Must Die," by Nicholas Blake.—"Nicholas Blake" is Cecil Day-Lewis, Communist poet. His detective novels, of which this is the latest and best, have a wider appeal than his poetry, a fact which is not entirely due to the ignorance of the masses.

## ON THE CURRENT SCREEN

### 'Punk' Programmes Swung on Auckland Fans

(Conducted by "Manfil.")

Whether or not it is a fortunate coincidence, I cannot say, but there is little to enthuse about in the quality of the films scheduled for release during the vacation. The best is definitely Alexander Korda's "The Drum" (also known as "Mutiny in the Mountains"), which is due at the Civic at an early date.

The Civic's next change after "Bringing Up Baby," is a perversion of "Kidnapped," perpetrated jointly by Darryl Zanuck, Warner Baxter, Freddie Bartholomew, and a team of script writers who set about improving Robert Louis Stevenson. With the Hollywood flair for novelty the boys have introduced an ex-manicurist, Arlene Whelan, as the heroine. Stevenson did not need a heroine to make his story a success; anyone inveigled into seeing the picture is likely to reflect sadly that the picture never looked like being a success from the start.

I have already mentioned "Rosalie," at St. James', and indicated it is not so good as it ought to be; of even less merit is "Mannequin," the following picture, which seems likely to confound those who claim Spencer Tracy has never appeared in a bad picture. But it is probably not his fault.

There are four films due for early release that are of decided merit; I hope to say more about them and merely mention them now in case they are shown before the next issue. They are: "There's Always a Woman," "The Challenge," "Bank Holiday," and "Housemaster." The last three, incidentally, are English.

"Merrily We Live." (Embassy, coming).—Spins a yarn as merry as it is unimportant about a delightful diffuse matron (Billie Burke) whose hobby is putting tramps back on their feet. When unshaven, wayfaring author Brian Aherne wants to use her telephone, her uplifting eye lights up. First thing wayfarer Aherne knows he has become the family's handsome, clean-shaven chauffeur; next thing he knows, the roving eye of Daughter Constance Bennett has lit up, too, and he becomes the centre of as stormy a family ruckus as ever squalled. Before its capricious hour-and-a-half is over, "Merrily We Live" whisks up a first-rate caste (Alan Mowbray, Clarence Klob, Bonita Granville, Patsy Kelly), deposits them in a neat row leading straight to its sure-fire climax.

That the gay course of "Merrily We Live" is always breezy but never aimless is due partly to its Morrie Ryskind-Eric Hatch ("My Man Godfrey") pattern, more particularly to the craft of Director Norman McLeod, whose technique of making every character seem important in neatly overlapped situations makes for speedy clinker-built comedy. A minister's son, handsome, six-foot, 39-year-old Norman McLeod, left Oxford to become a World War aviator, left Europe to become an assistant-director on Christie comedies. In Hollywood he drew cartoons (as decorations for subtitles), became so proficient with his wiry, single-line caricatures that Dole Pineapple Co. pays him well for the right to use them. In directing he uses his pencil sketches to show the actors what he wants.

Having directed comedy teams like Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles and the Marx Brothers, last year in "Topper," Director McLeod tried his hand at making a comedienne out of Glamour Girl Constance Bennett, who came to him with a reputation for temperament. Said Director McLeod: "We've got a good cast, a swell crew and a good story. If anybody gets out of line, it will be you." Actress Bennett: "What do you do about people who get out of line?" Director McLeod: "I give 'em a good swift kick right where they need it." "Topper," which turned out to be as funny as one of McLeod's sketches, had all its lines in place.—"Times."

"That Certain Woman" (Embassy, coming).—"Miss Bette Davis establishes at the outset the fact that Mary Donnell has gifts of mind as well as of heart, a fact for which one is exceedingly grateful. Had it been otherwise and Mary been shown as just another of those film heroines, all mother-love and self-sacrifice, 'That Certain Woman' would have been tedious in the extreme, but as it is Miss Davis's acting elbows the unimportant story off the screen and keeps the character of Mary firmly in the foreground. Mary is the widow of a gangster, who was shot in the St. Valentine's Day massacre, but she has put her past behind her, calls herself Miss Donnell and gets a job as private secretary to a rich lawyer (Mr. Ian Hunter). The important thing is that, as Miss Davis presents her, Mary is the sort of girl who could train her-

self to be an extremely valuable private secretary. She has breeding as well as brains, application, common-sense, and abundant self control, and although the story increases in banality as it goes on, Mary refuses to sink to its depths. She marries a young man (Mr. Henry Fonda) who disgracefully surrenders to his bully of a millionaire father (Mr. Donald Crisp) on the night of their wedding, the divorce goes through, and, unknown to the husband, Mary has a child. The welter of mother-love and self-sacrifice now comes in to its own with a vengeance, but Miss Davis survives it all, even the happy ending, and keeps Mary miraculously uncontaminated, a person we know and respect, even though we meet her in an artificial and second-rate setting."—The Times, London.

"Mannequin" (St. James', coming).—"Polished production partly saves this orgy of sentimental sordidness, but complete sympathy for any character is difficult. Miss Crawford plays a tenement-dwelling factory girl who is boldly desired by Mr. Tracy, playing a genial harbour magnate. She weds a lazy, worthless boxer, but leaves him for Tracy, and is divorced. Then follows a vulgar European honeymoon and a return to find ex-husband on the quay. How he can blackmail her, or why she should want to walk out on a man she married for escape but has grown to love, I completely failed to gather. I had the greatest contempt for everybody in this artificial chromium-plated novelette, and regretted the waste of Mr. Tracy especially. Acting is good, considering the insincerity of the story. Alan Curtis, as the callous first husband, does excellently. There are good cabaret and dress-parade interludes. This picture has a low moral tone. I have laid it down before, and I lay it down again, that a film story must have at least one principal character worthy of admiration."—The Daily Herald.

"The Drum," (also known as "Mutiny in the Mountains," Civic, coming).—"The Drum" is an ideal film for any theatre to show in the school holiday season; a simple-hearted, lusty adventure tale of revolt on the North-West Frontier, with all the matey but good qualities of a good Scout show. It should be very popular.

"The film was specially written by A. E. W. Mason for Sabu, a young Indian star of 'Elephant Boy.' He appears as a native prince who secures his own heritage, and incidentally saves the lives of a British regiment, by grasping, out of sheer youthful admiration, the protective hand of Whitehall and the local Residency.

"Sabu, at fourteen, is almost a man. His face still keeps the round contours of childhood, but his thought and style have grown beyond anything the Western world of boyhood can encompass. In a little time he should be the perfect hero of Mason's "Broken Road." He is sensible and intelligent, a quick study, and, if stupid applause doesn't turn his head, he will be a very good actor one of these days. In the meantime his wide smile and excellent

(Continued on Page 9.)



## The Genius of Katherine Mansfield

### AN AUTHORITY GIVES HIS VIEWPOINT

#### Interesting Literary Club Meeting

Undoubtedly one of the highlights of the year's activities, the Literary Club's meeting on Tuesday evening, attracted a good audience, in spite of two powerful counter-attractions. The meeting took the form of an address by Mr. G. N. Morris, of Whangarei, on "Katherine Mansfield." Mr. Morris has probably the finest collection of works by this author in the world, and his address demonstrated the fullness and depth with which he has investigated his subject.

Mr. Morris confessed to having the collector's itch with regard to the works of Katherine Mansfield. He had been asked, he said, "Was she worth it?" The fact that she was a New Zealander, and a universally recognised artist of merit seemed to him sufficient warrant for his collection. Her works had been translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Polish, Czech, and Japanese. "There may be more," said Mr. Morris, "of which I do not know."

The French lay especial claim to Miss Mansfield partly because she spent so much time in their country, partly because she is buried in French soil, partly because in her family name, Beauchamp, they see remote French ancestry. In France "Bliss" in translation has reached 15 editions, the Journal 16, "The Garden Party" 21; and French critics show perhaps the greatest understanding of her works.

#### A UNIQUE COLLECTION.

Mr. Morris then outlined the main headings of his collection, which covers every possible aspect of her life, works, and criticism of the latter. He quoted books in which Katherine Mansfield has been criticised, and gave instances where she figured in fiction.

Dealing with her life, Mr. Morris expressed disagreement with the Mantz biography on several matters. Not only, he said, was it in bad taste on some points, but, apart from mistakes in Maori names and so on, in some instances definite misrepresentation of facts had taken place. Various aspects of the life of the writer which were not generally known, were then dealt with by Mr. Morris, such as her first marriage which lasted from 1909-1915. This first husband was a musician, and the original of her character, Mr. Reginald Peacock. Another interesting point was her friendship with Francis Carter, which Mr. Morris thought explained a hitherto obscure passage in her journal.

#### LITERARY TECHNIQUE.

The speaker then considered some of her stories individually. "Prelude," he said, was often adjudged her masterpiece, and he quoted both French and English criticism on this story, which he compared to an elegy. The story called "Je ne Parle pas Français" was shown to be taken from her own life. She herself was "Mouse" in it. Most of Kath-

erine Mansfield's characters came from life. The daughters of the late Colonel, the Burnells, the man without a temperament. Fenella, were all taken from originals in real life.

Although "Bliss" was considered one of her best stories, Mr. Morris disagreed with this view. It was, he said, slick and O. Henryish. But it was without that subtlety which is so much a feature of Miss Mansfield's writings. Mr. Morris criticised on different grounds "Miss Bill." Here, he said, the defect was that the boy and girl had been, as it were, dragged in to provide the climax for the story. It was not sufficiently inevitable. The same applied to "Mr. and Mrs. Dove." Here the doves had been brought in for a rather similar object.

Regarding Katherine Mansfield's poetry, Mr. Morris did not class it as high as her prose. There was only one poem, in his opinion, which was really good, and he read this to the meeting. He then gave some illuminating side-lights on the later life of the writer.

Animated discussion followed the address. Katherine Mansfield was attacked and defended by different members of the audience, and Mr. Morris revealed several further interesting points on our great national writer (revealing incidentally that he classed Prof. Sewell's as the most able criticism of her works—good old A.U.C.!) Mr. Day, Secretary of the Literary Club, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Morris, which was enthusiastically accorded by those present.

## STOP PRESS

#### LAW GAME.

In the Law Challenge match against A.U.C. yesterday afternoon, A.U.C. were unable to field a full team. Thus Law won by default.

The happy Law students gave some of their men to the other side, and a scratch game was held. This resulted in a win for The Rest by 12-3.

#### VOTING TO-DAY

This morning voting has been quite heavy, and indications are that this election will set a record poll. When we interviewed the Returning Officer at 8.45 a.m., he said: "Fancy having to get up at this hour!" The next moment six students rushed in and clamoured for their voting papers. What a life!

## At Training College

There was a group of Training College students once, who were, of course, skipping lectures, smoking, and doing a financial moan. There were five in the group, and their physical and mental defects were varied. Yet one thing was common—all were in that chronic state of impecuniosity which is the lot and destiny of all who join the flocks of the Good D.M.R. Shepherd. Inevitably, the conversation drifted away from ideologies and Prof. Sewell's Anthony Eden hat, and approached the burning question of Ways and Means.

Not the sort that kept David Clouston out of bed at Tournament, but the kind that keeps wolves from doors.

One volunteered the information that the hocking value of a dinner-suit had dropped 15 per cent., another bemoaned the fact that his bookshelves had transferred themselves to Kealy's. A third had to walk to College on fine days and have influenza on wet days—no tramfare or soles.

But the largest person present had a grievance—"the St. John Ambulance people have cut out payment for blood transfusions. We looked uncomprehendingly.

"Gurr!" said the distributor of corpuscles, "two guineas a time! I couldn't carry on without it."

Ah, well.

The only occasion when Comte  
Is known to have romped  
Was when the multitude roared "Vive  
La Philosophie Positive!"

—E. C. BENTLEY.

\* \* \* \*

Probably a good deal of superciliousness,  
Is based on biliousness;  
Somehow, people seem to be as proud as  
peacocks,  
Of any infirmity, be it hives or dementia  
præcox.

—Ogden Nash.

\* \* \* \*

Lady: I want a nice book for a patient.  
Bookseller: Something religious?  
Lady: Er—No. He's convalescent.

\* \* \* \*

"Barman, this beer is muddy."  
"Sir, you're mistaken. The glass is dirty."

\* \* \* \*

Slapstick Director: Hey, hold that for a second.  
Actor: I'm sorry. The pie is cast.

\* \* \* \*

He was only sixteen, yet he had Pink Razor Blades.

(Continued from Page 8.)

manners will win him good friends wherever 'The Drum' is exhibited.

"Zoltan Korda, who directed the picture, has done his work with the same kind of large delight in broad effects and simple causes that he showed in 'Sanders of the River.' There is nothing fancy about 'The Drum,' except, perhaps the Technicolour dancing girls and the Technicolour whisky. It has no subtleties, but it is ardent and adventurous, enormously British, and persistently youthful. It moves with increasing momentum, and has one of the best suspense climaxes that I remember in British pictures, with hidden machine-guns trained on the guests at a feast, and the gunners only waiting the drum signal to fire them. In the nick of time Sabu, on a white horse, gallops up and beats out his own secret warning tottoo, thus saving the regiment, securing his throne, delighting the audience, and upholding the pride of the women who marry the men who carry the flag to the far outposts of Empire."—The Observer, London,

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## DEBATING AT OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNION

In 1823, at the dawn of an era of unprecedented legislative activity, a body of men, eager to provide a permanent society for the discussion of political problems, founded the United Debating Society. This society languished, and on its decayed carcass the Oxford Union was built. Almost from its inception the Union came under the spell of one of its greatest members, William Gladstone. The presidency of this man resulted in an entirely new feeling in the Union, and he infused into it the sincerity of his religious convictions; and the Union realised that, like Bolingbroke, he was destined to rise amidst the breathless anticipation of senates and sit down amid reiterated bursts of applause.

From then to now, apart from the Parliaments of Westminster, the Union has played a more important part in the Political life of the nation than any similar society. There is scarcely an important orator in the British Empire who has not spoken to it; indeed, there are very few English statesmen who as undergraduates did not make a name for themselves at the Union. Three of its ex-presidents have become Prime Ministers: Gladstone, Salisbury, and Asquith. Its honour rolls bear names such as Curzon, Milner, Belloc, Simon, and Birkenhead.

### UNION PROCEDURE.

The Union has elaborate clubrooms, a hall modelled on the House of Commons, and a library of 80,000 volumes. Lord Birkenhead, in the Life of his father, gives a good idea of the atmosphere of the Union on the night of an important debate. On a Thursday evening of a great debate, in term time, the buildings shed their gloom and the Union becomes a place of enchantment and romance: the packed benches and galleries, the pale faces of some of the speakers, the atmosphere of expectancy, of buried ambitions and thrilling successes—these offer the nearest parallel to the excitement of the House of Commons.

The names of the first six speakers, among whom there might be a Minister of the Crown, or some well-known orator, are placed on the paper. After they have spoken, the debate is thrown open to the house: those who wish to speak pass a note to the president. It is usually late in the evening before they speak, and by this time the house, except for the few who stay on to speak themselves, is practically empty. The president, however, makes a note of any promising speakers to ensure that at the next debate they will be called on earlier.

### ORATORICAL STYLES.

The weekly meetings are run with great formality, and a maiden speech in the Union is quite an ordeal. The subjects debated are for the most part political. Here are some of the subjects that were recently debated by the Union: "That the law is an ass," "That this house sees little hope for the future in the Labour and Conservative parties," and "That the cinema is the greatest enemy of culture to-day."

Before concluding, it would be well to note the style of speaking adopted at the Union. It is a witty, epigrammatic presentation of clever and original ideas! It is the style of oratory which was used with such success by Disraeli, and it has become justly famous.

Debating at this University needs improvement, and it is only by modelling our debates on such an institution as the Oxford Union that we can improve.

The necessity for good speaking is a pressing one in these days of perpetual controversy and it would seem that only such a body as the Oxford Union can provide the correct training for our students. Every student interested in speaking and debating should investigate the possibilities of an A.U.C. Union and thus materially assist the raising of the debating standard of our college.

AFTER THE ANNUAL MEETING  
AFTER THE ANNUAL MEETING  
AFTER THE ANNUAL MEETING

COFFEE EVENING  
COFFEE EVENING  
COFFEE EVENING

DON'T FORGET  
DON'T FORGET  
DON'T FORGET



SURE I'M A STOODENT! AND SURE I'LL VOTE AT THAT THAR STOODENTS' ELECTION!

## PHONEY COMPANY MEETS COMMERCE STUDENTS HAVE THEIR FUN

The A.U.C. Commerce Students' Society held a Mock Company Meeting at the College on Wednesday night, 3rd August, 1938. The proceedings took the form of the Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the Waitakerei Breweries Limited (Registered under the Companies Act 1908 with our Articles of Association). (No connection with Titirangi Waterworks Limited).

The part of the Chairman of Directors, Sir O. Mutch-Malined, was very successfully taken by Mr. D. E. Stacey, an Auckland business man who kindly lent his services for the evening. The part of the other Director, Mr. D. Funct, was taken by Mr. W. N. Mackie, while Mr. J. C. Stacey acted as the Secretary, Mr. I. A. M. Tooshruide. Lord Neverthere, the Managing Director, was not present, as he found it necessary for health reasons to reside abroad, and now on an eminent English counsel's advice, had a modest residence on the Dart Moors.

### SECRETARY RESIGNS

The Chairman reported that during the year the late Secretary had resigned with great disadvantage to the company, and had since been untraceable. One of the Directors, Mr. I. A. M. Tooshruide, had, however, filled the vacancy, and it was undoubtedly due to his enormous knowledge and his specialised confessions that the accounts showed such a satisfactory position. Continuing, Sir O. Mutch-Malined stated that the ensuing year would prove the acme of their achievements to date, as many years ago it had been forecasted that the trend of business would then reach its zenith owing to the sun spots being in the most favourable position for generations.

The Chairman of Directors continued to impress the shareholders by saying how gratifying it was to see that the sales of the Company's chief asset, Aqua-au-Lait (pronounced a-qu-a-o-lay) continued to increase. During the year, due to the Company's inability to secure adequate supplies of lait, the aqua content of the product was increased somewhat, but as customers had apparently not noticed the change, it would be permanent.

### IRATE SHAREHOLDERS

After further profound discourse on the part of the Directors and Secretary, the meeting was thrown open for general discussion. The shareholders questioned both the accounts as a whole and the component parts thereof. The debate between the shareholders and the Directors raged for some time, and finally Mr. M. G. Mabee, a particularly

irate shareholder, moved the following motion:—

"That in view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the accounts, of the evasions of the Directors and Secretary, of the general unsatisfactory position, and also the fact that the Directors failed to have large supplies of Aqua-au-Lait on hand for this meeting, a vote of absolute no-confidence be recorded against the present Directors and a new Directorate be appointed."

The motion was carried by the general body of shareholders, the Directors dissenting. The meeting closed amidst uproar.

Fifty students leave for the Chateau, National Park, to-morrow afternoon. If they have such a good time as the party which went down last year they will come back filled with happiness and never-ending accounts of "how Miss X kissed the waiter at the top of the stairs," etc., etc.

"Craccum" wishes the party a happy holiday and hopes that everything will go with a "biff."

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## TOURNAMENT ECHO!

The hockey tournament has not been in vain after all. A few days ago the first Dunedin letter, blatantly displaying its postmark, and addressed with the audacious flourishes of a masculine hand, appeared in the Women's Common Room. The whole of the Women's Hockey Team descended upon it with gusto, but also for most of them. It was addressed exclusively to J— McG—h—e, and whilst all the other females wavered between a delicate lettuce and a beautiful bottle green, according to their degrees of energy, she opened her letter, uttering squeaks of joy and annoying little chuckles of mirth.

Never mind, there's always hope that there will be one for you to-morrow, and if the sender is as nice as Jean so enthusiastically described her correspondent, you will not have to bother to attend another Coffee Evening at A.U.C., but just save up your pennies for a return trip to Dunedin next year.

—SUSAN.

## CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

## AMERICA AND SOUTH AFRICA

(PER N.Z.U. PRESS BUREAU)

From America and South Africa, letters have come to the N.Z.U.S.A. seeking to establish correspondence between students in New Zealand, and students in their countries.

The first letter is from the Hobby Guild of America.

"The Hobby Guild of America, composed of individuals of many hobbies and as many interests, has been actively functioning in this country for many years and now includes an extensive and enthusiastic membership.

Many of our constituents have requested that we inaugurate an International Correspondence Exchange to make possible the interchange of ideas on hobbies as well as on questions of economic significance.

We shall welcome your assistance in the organization of such an international hobby and economic forum. Members of your institution who wish to correspond with individuals in the United States may now register their names with our organization, together with an account of their hobbies and diverse leisure-time pursuits. In the near future they will receive correspondence from members of The Hobby Guild of America.

We trust that this effort will in some measure realize better understanding between a large group of individuals and tend to knit the human race into an international brotherhood through mutual interest in constructive pursuits."

The Guild offers many facilities for students interested in various Hobbies. The advisory board includes among others such authorities as Dr. Franz Boas, Frank Buck, Robert Ripley, Tony Sarg, John Sloan, Dr. Sigmund Spaeth. With the assistance of this board advice is given on superior hobby supplies of all kinds and the idea is to effect economy for members so that they can go on with the enjoyment of their hobbies with a minimum of cost.

The address of the Hobby Guild of America is 11 West 42nd Street, New York. If you are interested, write indicating your preferred leisure-time interests and activities. You are then enrolled into membership and you receive literature about your particular hobby, and there is put at your disposal certain services which all hobbyists will appreciate.

## LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA

The secretary of the Magazine and Correspondence Exchange department of the National Union of South African Students writes: "Students of South African universities have been showing a great interest in the affairs of their fellow-students in New Zealand, and are anxious to arrange for an interchange of University magazines and papers as well as an interchange of correspondence between the students of New Zealand and the Universities in this country. We think this an extremely worthwhile scheme, and will therefore welcome a list of names and addresses of students who would like to correspond with their fellow South Africans. It would facilitate matters if they stated their full names, addresses, the sex, age, and faculty of the correspondents desired."

If students interested will forward these details to the Secretary N.Z.U. Press Bureau, University of Otago, Dunedin, N.Z., we will see that they are sent on to the proper authorities in South Africa.

THE OPEN FORUM  
CURRENT STUDENT OPINION

(CONDUCTED BY DON JOHN.)

## LIBERAL EDUCATION TO-DAY

## Obstacles To Development

A few generations ago, acquiring a liberal education meant toiling patiently along a few well-trod roads to knowledge. Only a small portion of the community travelled thereon, and a liberal education was usually confined to the comparative few.

A liberal education in the modern state is an altogether different thing. Our educational horizon has expanded so rapidly in the last half century that it is doubtful if we realize what a great range of mental activity the term "a liberal education" now includes within its circumference. The most important thing is that such an education has been brought within the reach of all who are component to profit by it, whatever their station in life. This enlargement of the educational horizon means that mentally we are living in a new world. Modern education is in a sense iconoclastic and revolutionary as well as creative. Not only does it demand facilities for providing youth with a varied intellectual equipment but it is rapidly increasing its demands for facilities providing vocational guidance and training. It is evident that the modern state has advanced far beyond the teaching of Plato, "that the labouring classes must be kept in ignorance, for knowledge is unnecessary for them for the work they have to do."

## CULTURE AND USE

In no age more than to-day, has knowledge been put to such extensive use in securing the mastery of man over nature and developing the industries of the world. This application of knowledge to physical phenomena has added so many technical courses of study to the curricula of secondary schools and universities in England and America that they often seem like training schools rather than centres of culture in the older sense of the word. One of the greatest problems of American University Education, in particular, is to harmonize its "useful" and "cultural" elements by emphasising that there is "use" in cultural elements and by fostering imagination in the useful elements.

## "WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?"

It is evident, then, that the question, "What does a modern liberal education involve?" is quite comprehensive. A famous educationalist recently expressed his opinion on the subject as follows: "I believe that a liberal education should be given under conditions favourable to health and that includes not only the school but the home; that the body should be trained by systematic exercise, attention being paid to health and food; that the eye should be trained to see and the ear to hear with sure discrimination, that the senses of the body should be awakened; that the pupils' hands should be trained to skilful use in handicraft, that their will should be kindled by the ideal and hardened by discipline which enjoins self-control."

The implications of this statement involve a staggering result in the various stages of elementary, secondary and higher education. It entails tremendous equipment in both instructors and buildings, with a need for constant expansion and enlargement and the provision of huge sums of money for its maintenance.

## THE PROBLEM OF COSTS

This is not the only problem modern education must face on the Continent and in America. There are the problems of the unification of new knowledge, of its assimilation, of its relation to ultimate values of moral and spiritual development. In democratic states, however, the actual cost of education has become the chief problem for statesmen. Signs that its vital urgency is appreciated, are found in the work of important commissions, both in England and the U.S.A. These commissions started the "costing" of education in an attempt to find out what the provision of a liberal education in annual maintenance and capital outlay on secondary schools and

Universities really means. In England, the Geddes Committee was responsible for this work, and in the United States Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation issued an important report of their work on this subject. Dr. Pritchett indicates the immensity of the problem when he says that the expenditure for secondary schools and universities has risen from 140 millions in 1890 to 1,000 millions in recent years. The problem is further complicated when it is realised that in most American Universities, the fees of students provide less than 40 per cent. of the annual cost of university work. The need for increased endowment to cover the difference between student income and cost of maintenance would seem then to be almost as pressing as it is in New Zealand, where universities are hopelessly understaffed, ludicrously under-equipped, and out-of-date in method. There is a difference, however, and that is that in America the public and the government have been made to realize the plight of the universities by ceaseless propaganda, whereas in New Zealand, the average person's attitude to the Universities is either one of contempt or one of ignorance.

## IS THERE A SOLUTION

This article is not intended to suggest a solution to this tremendous problem of cost, but to stimulate thought on it. It should be the duty of every student to investigate the position of his University, and to endeavour both during and after his University career to bring to the attention of the general public the immediate necessity for financial endowment of all our Universities. We do not yet seem to have developed amongst University graduates and under-graduates, that consciousness of their obligations in this regard that prevails in the United States. Until this is done, and until the value of the Universities as developers of the useful qualities of man is realised fully by the community, the progress of liberal education in this land will be retarded, and the Universities of New Zealand will remain ad infinitum in the same unenviable position as they are in to-day. The students by their conduct and their action propaganda, can do much more perhaps than they realise to alleviate the position, and for the benefit of the future of liberal education in this country, they should give thought to the problems facing educational development to-day in every country, but especially in New Zealand.

—T.G.E.

THE YEAR ENDS  
ALL ABOUT REPORTS

Now that elections are here, the executive room has become like a factory—a large industrial plant turning out annual reports. There is an art in writing these, because:

- (1) All records are generally lost.
- (2) No previous report can be found to serve as a basis.
- (3) If it is, some fool always forgets to change some integral part of the doings.

(e.g., John Reid's Carnival Report contained touching references to "The Goat's Train" and "1926," etc.)

- (4) As a vehicle of self-expression, an annual report is apt to be a bit disappointing.

Nevertheless, "stout work is being done" (Cliche, ha! ha!). Mr. Walker's effort at a Studass Annual Report is claimed by reputable authorities to be, in its own small way, a classic. It will probably be "New Zealand Literature" in a couple of hundred years.

But best of all (and Craccum quite seriously congratulates the author), is Mr. Chas. Corne's 1938 Procession Committee Report. This secretarial triumph ran into lord knows how many closely-written foolscap pages. In fact it looked like a record of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.



## 2A has PROMISING MATERIAL Notes On The Players

### Cawkwell Wears Kicking Boots

In its last two games, 2A met the two strongest teams in its section—Grammar Colts and Ponsonby. The game against Grammar was a fast and interesting one all the way, with loose forward play predominating. Grammar had a better balanced scrum than did Varsity and consequently obtained the ball from the majority of the set scrums.

Crozier was by no means outhooked, however, and got a share of the ball. Robertson began at first five-eighth, with Hesketh at half, but these positions were later reversed. Robertson played fairly well at half, though his passes were rather wild. The inside backs once again overdid the stab kick, and the three-quarter line consequently rarely had a chance to get going.

The forwards began poorly, and allowed themselves to be hustled by the shock tactics which Grammar turned on. Tom Overton went off with a nasty knock on the leg, but in the second spell Varsity turned it on, and eventually ran out winners by 12 points to 8. In the forwards, White was again prominent in the line-out.

Cawkwell also shone here, while in the loose Stacey and Sutherland hunted well. Crozier hooked exceedingly well under the circumstances, and his defensive work and backing up could be imitated profitably by other forwards. A feature of the game was Cawkwell's fine goal kicking. George kicked three goals altogether (and incidentally found himself in the money).

#### Several Injuries.

Against Ponsonby the team were most unfortunate in the matter of injuries and Don Sutherland suffered slight concussion and had to go off. Eric Cornes almost bled to death (or appeared to be doing so) from a blood nose, and Bunny McVeagh also went off. The fast Ponsonby backs were Varsity's worry. The main trouble was slowness in breaking up amongst the forwards, and slowness in getting up on the opposing man, amongst the backs.

In spite of the fact that the pack was changed three times in the course of the game, Varsity showed a slight superiority in set scrums. This advantage was nullified however, by the poor passes which Robertson sent out, and the tactics of the inside backs. Not once did the three-quarter line get a chance to get moving. Time and again Varsity would hook the ball, and the five-eighths would run into trouble, or give the other side possession of the ball by kicking. These tactics have been the chief reason for 2A's defeats this season, and as long as they continue to be used, success will not be achieved.

Shaw at fullback played soundly; Bill Mackie at centre marked Coughlan well, and let him get away with nothing. Among the forwards White was, as usual, his ponderous self in the line-outs, and did sterling work in the tight. Stacey and Overton did well in the loose, and Cawkwell showed good anticipation in backing up. Jack Hooper was a hard worker, Crozier brought off some spectacular tackles.

#### Sturdy Forwards.

Ponsonby won by 16 points to 6, but the score hardly indicates the play. The Varsity forwards more than held their own, but the Ponsonby backs were not sufficiently well marked, and the futile tactics of our inside backs could produce no other result.

The match between Colts and 2A is eagerly awaited. It should be a sterling encounter. If 2A will throw the ball about, they should have an excellent chance of downing the Colts. It is to be hoped that the match will be arranged before the season ends.

### IMPROVED FORM OF THIRD INTERMEDIATES

The Third Intermediate team in its last few matches has shown greatly improved form and remarkable enthusiasm on the part of the players. Nearly a full team turns out to practice every Tuesday night.

The forwards, thanks to solid scrummaging and good line-out play, particularly by J. Bartum (captain), Baxton, McManemin and Leslie, although faced with heavier and bigger packs have come through with colours flying. Sharma, Lowe, Becroft and especially Maxwell and Carroll work hard in the tight while Norbern and Esterman play consistently good games in the loose.

The back line has functioned very smoothly of late, Lees and Deoki being dangerous scor-

ing backs when in possession. Salas is a sure and safe fullback while sound defence characterises McIntosh and Whelan. Aickin plays a clever game at first five-eighth, while Alexander, the halfback, saves the side time and again by going down on the ball in the face of forward rushes and by solid tackling. Unfortunately amongst the backs there is a disinclination to go down on the ball but the tackling for the most part is good. Wilson, Barrett, Kemble and Williamson have been unlucky not to play more games.

Although the team has only won twice, it has hardly ever been more than narrowly defeated. Ably coached by Angus Stewart and Jack Gregory, the team, however, misses Bob Wallace, but wishes him all the best for the future, and look forward to more pleasant games.

### INTER-ISLAND GAME

The North Island team to play South on the 27th contains a fair selection of Aucklanders: Martin, Hayman and Edwards in the backs; Drake, Lange and Foreman in the forwards. It is a little disappointing that the four possible front row forwards are all Victorians: Harry Hodge deserved a place for his hooking against Victoria, and especially his 90 per cent average against Massey. In addition to the six present Aucklanders selected, Bob Thomas of V.U.C., C. H. Terry of Massey, and Tom Trott of O.U. were once A.U.C. forwards.

### RESULTS OF INTER-UNIVERSITY RUGBY

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| At Auckland, A.U.C. beat V.U.C.        | 20—16 |
| At Palmerston North V.U.C. beat Massey | 13—11 |
| At Palmerston North Massey beat A.U.C. | 12—3  |
| At Christchurch C.U.C. drew with O.U.  | 3—3   |
| At Wellington V.U.C. beat C.U.C.       | 27—6  |

These curious results show the home team's great advantage playing a hotch potch of Juniors and Seniors in the visiting team. While not giving a true comparison of inter-Varsity standards, the trips give a first chance in big football to such promising juniors as Pyatt, who shone in the game against Massey College at Palmerston North, and was later called on for the first match in the Pennant Competition.

### INTER-FACULTY FOOTBALL CHALLENGE

The Law Society, which for business reasons does not enter a team in inter-Faculty competitions, challenged the inter-Faculty players to a game at Blandford Park yesterday.

When "Craccum" went to Press, the majesty of the law was to be represented by four seniors: Lange, Cooney, Macrae and Morgan; six from 2A and the Colts: Overton, Sutherland, Willoughby, Hesketh, Miller and Cutler; two from the Thirds: Sharma and Deoki. Other probable players were Tudhope, Johnston, and Schollum.

The rest of Varsity was to field the Marist senior players, Hardy, McHugh and Carroll; Varsity 2A men, Day, Prendergast, possibly the Registrar, L. O. Desborough, and the senior A. Captain L. S. Drake.

Translation of "Fiat Justitiam sine die" the slogan at the bottom of the law challenge composed by Pat Schollum is literally "Let justice be done without a day being appointed."

### ROWING CLUB RECORDS ANNALS OF A GO-AHEAD SPORTS BODY

Browsing through the ancient history of the Varsity Rowing Club, probably the most alive sports body at A.U.C., reveals some interesting points.

In 1930 appears a motion of congratulation to A. G. Ross on his selection for the New Zealand crew in the Empire Games held in Canada; and another motion of thanks to L. E. Brooker who was chiefly responsible for the introduction of University rowing in New Zealand. "Brooker," who was also once selected for a N.Z. Empire Games crew, now spends a good deal of time coaching A.U.C. fours.

From 1930 to 1933 appear comments on the proposed visit of an Australian University Rowing Crew; a visit which to date has not materialised. This is an idea the Rowing Club could well take up again; and visits might be exchanged.

In 1931 the chief subject was the equipment of the club. Oars were bought from Geo. Towns of Australia, and singlets and badges came up for consideration.

#### Exclusion From Tournament.

In 1932 appears the surprising motion of Jack Hunn, "that rowing be excluded from the inter-University Tournament," a motion defeated by only 14 votes to 11. The strict eligibility conditions of tournament were causing the clubs some difficulty. It is amusing to note that in 1933, V.U.C. wrote to the club requesting it to join in a recommendation that the strict eligibility rules be waived. The committee replied with common sense that rowing was now for better or worse a tournament event; and therefore they could not recommend waiving the rules.

1932 was the first year in which the celebrated and now successful debenture scheme appeared. Jack Hunn pointed out that 15 debentures of £100 each would raise ample funds for a shed and equipment. The same year an eight was borrowed from the A.R.A. with a guarantee clause from the club and the Students' Association. Next year it was the club which lent its oars to the A.R.A. under similar conditions.

#### Its Own Boat.

In 1934 the club owned an eight, a fast boat, which it vested in trustees. First appointed were Rocke O'Shea, Professor Algie and the President of the Students' Association. Next year the club, which was then largely composed of Waitemata members, was approached several times by the Waitemata Boating Club for the loan of its eight. At first refused, the request was later granted on conditions.

Club colours were much debated in 1935. Registered as "heraldic blue" they were very similar to the light blue of North Shore. Colours cropped up again in the same year, and finally in 1936 when they were registered as "azure blue with a white yoke."

In the same year the Auckland Harbour Board offered the club a site for the new shed next to the Blind Club; the offer was accepted, and Ted Henderson started his campaign to sell the club's debentures. It was last year of course that L. E. Brooker was instructed to proceed with the erection of a rowing shed at a cost of £300; a triumph for the Varsity Club 8 years after its foundation.

That year Professor Algie was made sole trustee of the Eight, which was nearing the end of its adventurous career as a racing shell.

Most interesting motions of 1938 dealt with the donations of two cups by club members for trial fours and the best member; and the length of the Varsity boat race. It was decided that the committee preferred either a three-mile course or the shorter Olympic distance.

A motion was also carried that no intoxicating liquor be permitted in the club house. "Craccum" refuses to point out the moral.

The N.Z.U. Rugby team already has a provincial fixture arranged—a game against Waikato with expenses paid has been guaranteed, and negotiations for a game with Auckland are in progress. A victory would mean a chance of future international fixtures, such as Oxford and Cambridge play against teams touring in England, and Stellenbosch in South Africa. Since the War, very many All Black sides have had University players—Caughy, Bush, Watt and Berghan are recent examples. An N.Z.U. side would be an almost complete galaxy of provincial reps.



## Harrier Champs Marred by Mistake Kofoed and Coombes First Home

On the Saturday following the ten-men teams' race in which 'Varsity acquitted itself very well indeed, a run was held from the Mt. Albert Grammar School. The weather on the day was filthy and it was this factor which was responsible for a small club attendance.

The course from the school followed round the north side of Mt. Albert and across country to Mt. Roskill on which stage of the run the boys had various unenviable wallows in the slush. After climbing Mt. Roskill, the runners had road work, with the trail leading back towards the New North Road and home. The only individual talent was shown by Wilson, Ted Collins apparently having a relapse after the ten-men teams' race.

### Fast Pack's Error.

The run from Takapuna Grammar the following Saturday was better attended in spite of very lowering weather. Three packs were the order of the day (though we might add the fast pack must have become tired for they "cut off" a mile and a half of the course though they say it was done inadvertently). Dunlevey led the slow pack very efficiently—so efficiently that he counted his men as they emerged through tight places in single file—and brought them home just as the mediums were overtaking the rearguard.

Malcolm Mackenzie was running well, as were Bill Lang and Lynds. The medium pack in charge of Clem. Green found, as did everybody else, that the course round the Belmont and Eastern Takapuna districts was admirably suited for paddling parties with a little mud thrown into the mixture. Bill Harden and Arthur Kinsella were running well and they overtook the slow pack. Our fast friends led at the start.

Ted Stephenson had a willy-nilly run with Wilson and Kofoed to the fore. Les. Barker and Alan Ball were well in support. The lady supporters were cordially thanked for supplying afternoon tea.

### Fiasco.

The run last Saturday was, to put it frankly, a fiasco, as it was intended to be the inter-Faculty race, the club champ and the race from which A.U.C.'s probable rep. team would be picked. Unfortunately the trail was apparently not understood by the leaders on coming

to the second lap, as well as earlier in the race when they were recalled on several occasions to the correct course, with the result that the leading bunch cut short the course while the next crowd followed through the whole distance. It was decided in a meeting of all members that the event should be re-run this coming Saturday on a course to be decided. Unfortunately Ted Stephenson has been handicapped by the measles and Ted Collins was under doctor's orders. Had they been running the placings would have been more interesting; also A.U.C. is disappointed not to be able to use their talent in the N.Z.U. champs. in Dunedin. Graham Kofoed and Arthur Coombes were first home closely followed by Bruce Wilson, Alan Ball, Les Barker, Terry Nelson, Bill Harden, and Arthur Kinsella with Clem Green further back bringing up the rear of the faster batch.

Les Tweedie who led the men who went the "right way" is well under his last year's form as is also Joe Tyson, who should be doing better. L. White is well in the lead in points for the sprint races on which the Kohn Cup is awarded. Arthur Coombes has every chance of winning the Provincial Junior Champ. this Saturday.

Harrier veterans will remember a similar run in 1934 when Clive Haszard, the only one to follow the right course, won by nearly a mile. The rest of the club took the wrong turning and added several hundred yards to the course. Run a second time, the race was won again by the small but speedy A.U.C. star.

## MEMBERSHIP FLUCTUATES HOCKEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES GIRLS SLIP IN CHAMPS.

This year has seen a very unfortunate season for the 'Varsity Ladies Hockey Club. Holding a very high place in last year's championship honours, the senior team has gradually slipped down the ladder with only one win to its credit. A substantial increase in membership led the club to venture three teams in the Senior, Intermediate, and Junior, but owing to illnesses seldom has each team fielded its full complement.

The seniors can boast only three members who have played in every match and good team understanding and combination are impossible under such conditions. Pat Shirtcliffe is to be congratulated on gaining provincial honours and Corienne Hall on playing consistently good hockey throughout the season. The promising newcomer, June Bilkie, who played in the N.Z.U. team at Dunedin will be a welcome addition to the senior ranks.

### The Intermediates.

The intermediate team has made a fine effort to maintain its membership and a good standard of hockey. Several players, among whom Quona Turner and Patsy Robertson are outstanding, have ably filled vacancies in the senior team.

The juniors possess some very keen members but here, as in all the teams, there is much room for improvement. The need for coaching cannot be too adequately emphasised. The visit of the English ladies' hockey team which has just been concluded has given a stimulus to this sport and 'Varsity students are urged to join the Hockey Club now.

## BRILLIANT BASKETBALL BLUES

### 5 AUCKLAND REPS.

### N.Z. TEAM IN AUSTRALIA

Since the last account appeared in "Craccum" the club is very pleased to be able to say that the earlier good fortune has continued. We have now completed the first round of the series and the "Blues" team has brought honour to the College by finishing unbeaten at the head of the championship list.

We had two rather hard games at the end of the round against Training College and Surrey Hills. After an even game we managed to come out over Training College with a few goals to spare. In the Surrey Hills match which is the most strenuous we have played we were very fortunate to win; in fact, it is considered that Surrey Hills had the better part of the game.

Unfortunately Mary Martin was suffering from a sprained ankle and was not available. We filled in with a defense player, and moved Molly Carey to Mary's place in the centre. The ball kept going from end to end of the court with the teams scoring alternately. We managed to gain the lead however when our forwards showed a couple of very nice movements each resulting in a goal. When the final bell rang both teams were again even but 'Varsity had the ball and Meg. Matangi managed to shoot another goal before the ball became dead.

### The Second Round.

We have now played two games in the second round and trust that this round will continue as enjoyable as the first. Since our last report the Auckland Representative team has been finally chosen and we are pleased to say that our club is exceedingly well represented, there being five 'Varsity players among the twelve. These are Valerie Wyatt, who is captaining the team, Hilda Thompson, Molly Carey, Meg. Everton and Lois Stanton. The club offers its congratulations to these people and wish the team every success at Timaru.

In the last two matches we have very much missed Meg. Matangi and Mary Martin. These two fortunate players are now in Australia representing New Zealand at the Australian Inter-State Championship being played at Victoria.

The "Whites" team has had two or three wins recently. This is very satisfying and reflects a better developed combination. In their match against Surrey Hills the team played with spirit and put up a great showing. Although the "Colts" have not yet managed a win the results have been much closer, and these narrow margins are encouraging the team to greater efforts each week.

## ALL SORTS OF SPORT 'Varsity Yachtsmen and Sailing Club ?

Comment on Jim Kirkland's dribbling by another senior: "I think he's got a nice approach."

\* \* \* \*

The V.U.C. 3rd. grade hockey team is expected to win the Dixon Cup for the most improved team of the year.

\* \* \* \*

Prior to the 3rd. Cricket Test it was rumoured that Gibbs, the Cambridge University wicket-keeper might take the place of Ames, who was unwell in the English XI.

\* \* \* \*

The A.U.C. Senior XV. is to play Combined Services at Blandford Park, probably this month. Army, Air Force, Achilles and Leander should field a strong team, including Marine Webb, former English international, and Roger Anderson, who played for North Island last year.

\* \* \* \*

At Oxford there is an official University Sailing Club, which owns several sailing dinghies, and holds races throughout the season. The idea was followed in some of the American Universities and could easily be taken up here. Yachtsmen at 'Varsity include Trevor Johnston, long-distance champ., who sails his 35-footer with fellow law students, Amies and Amodeo; Morrie Daniels; "Brownie" Browning, of Senior A who sails on the 22-footer "Valkyrie," Paddy Fenton, Jack Fairbrother and Peter Garry who sometimes appear in the crew of "Windward," and Don Algie, stroke of the Eight, who hauls a mean halliard on the C class "Revel." Tennant Fenton, erstwhile law student, has lately invested in a B class boat and a wide proud smile.

On July 23rd., Oxford and Cambridge held an athletic tournament at London against Princeton and Cornell. The American universities won by 9 events to 3.

\* \* \* \*

To raise money for a film projector, Melbourne University students are running an "alley" tournament. Chinese Student Relief please copy.

\* \* \* \*

Clem Green is not the only bearded University athlete in existence. A plaintive note from last month's "Cape Argus" describes the rash of beards and whiskers which has broken out at Witwatersrand University. Even some of the Rugby players are now being mistaken for professors on account of their downishly disguised chins!

\* \* \* \*

According to the "Sports Post," the skipper of the Rand University team was last month asked by a referee to curb the spirit of his men. He refused to do so unless the opposing captain was asked to do the same, quoting Nel's refusal in similar circumstances in the Springbok-Hawke's Bay match last year. The President of the Transvaal Union censured his attitude.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor Berghan, star All Black five-eighth, played in our inter-faculty competitions in 1935, and on a couple of occasions for Senior B. A friend of his, glancing through the selections for the N.Z.U. team to tour Japan, said "Why didn't you train this year? You'd have got in that team." "It's just as well I didn't," answered Berghan, "it would have meant missing the hay-making."



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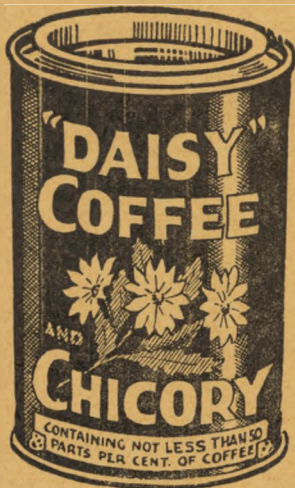
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