

CRACCUM

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Where English Students Stand UNITED FRONT AGAINST FASCISM NEW LAW PROFESSOR'S IMPRESSIONS

"That this house in no circumstances will fight for King and Country" was the tenor of a very significant resolution passed by the Oxford Union several years ago. To-day, that attitude is no longer characteristic of the main body of student opinion in England according to Auckland's distinguished Professor of Law, Dr. Julius Stone, who arrived in Auckland to take up his new appointment on Friday last.

When Europe came to the brink of another world war last year, there were no unpatriotic demonstrations by English students, said Dr. Stone. Students fell in with the main body of public opinion and supported the Government at the time of the crisis. After Munich, however, came a general feeling of disillusionment and that disillusionment to a large extent still persisted.

AID FOR REFUGEES

As everywhere, student opinion in England was by no means unanimous. There was always a rather strong Conservative body centred about the Officers Training Corps, Dr. Stone commented. The general body of student opinion at his late University, Leeds, however, had shown itself very sympathetic toward refugee problems—a fact which could be taken as an indication of its general outlook. The Union (the counterpart of the Oxford Union), had co-operated very closely in all efforts to provide relief for refugees in Spain, China and Central Europe.

Dr. Stone was particularly struck with the manner in which the student body had dealt with the problem of providing assistance for refugees from Germany. The students themselves, he said, had organised a scheme whereby they taxed themselves each week over a period of months. The scheme was quite voluntary, but had been attended with marked success.

"On the whole, the student body is entirely united in its hatred of what we compendiously term Fascism," said Dr. Stone. "I don't think there can be any doubt about that, and I don't think it is at all surprising."

English students too, had become considerably more politically-minded during the past two years, Dr. Stone commented. He did not consider, however, that this tendency had manifested itself in the support of any of the regular political channels. On the whole, the students were extremely dissatisfied with all political parties.

DISSATISFACTION, GENERAL

This dissatisfaction was by no means confined to the general body of student opinion. It was fairly general, the Professor added. The so-called "United Front" movement, led by Sir Stafford Cripps, and the attempt at secession by a section of the Conservative Party were both manifestations of this same dissatisfaction.

The three opposition parties had realised that the issues they were called upon to face to-day, cut across all parties. To each the so-called totalitarian state was equally dangerous. There was an urgent necessity for unity.

The movement led by Mr. Anthony Eden, following his resignation, could be taken as another indication of the general dissatisfaction and the realisation of the necessity for national unity.

There was, however, a separate movement for the formation of a united front of Liberal, Labour and Communist Parties, and their general approach was that the Conservative Party and its policy were totally inadequate to meet the present emergency. It was realised also, that there was no substantial hope of turning out the Conservative Government so long as division persisted among the opposition parties. There had since been a division, and the Official Labour Party has now condemned the movement as heresy.

A COMMENDABLE IDEA?

"With adequate leadership, which I must say I don't think exists at this moment, I think the movement could absorb those people who think that society exists for the provision of a decent human life for its members," said Dr. Stone. Unfortunately, the movement had not met with the support of the intellectual classes who subscribed to this belief. There was no respect for Sir Stafford Cripps as a leader among these people, and there was also the conflict of loyalties to old party interests which divided their support.

"Apart altogether from my own views, I think, ideally it would be an admirable thing," the Professor concluded. "It is a great weakness that there is not a strong Opposition Party in Britain. The Government has such

WHERE LAW COSTS MONEY

Law students at Auckland University College have much to be thankful for, according to the new Professor of Law, Dr. Julius Stone, who commenced lectures this week. At Leeds, where probably the majority of law students were "part-timers," there were no morning or evening classes for them to attend before or after work. All the lectures were concentrated into two full days a week, which meant they were able to give full time uninterruptedly to their lectures. The "articled clerk" system was still in operation in England, however, and before qualifying as solicitors, all law students were required to spend a period of from three to five years as articled clerks. During this time they received no salary and a heavy premium—often in the vicinity of £300—was required for the privilege of being articled to a firm of solicitors. This, of course, applied only to solicitors and not to barristers, the two professions being kept separate in England.

an overwhelming majority, that there is no effective opposition, and the democratic system has not worked at its best when there has been an overwhelming majority in power."

Dr. Stone added that the Conservative Party was particularly powerful, and had succeeded in crushing all signs of revolt. The mere fact that there was tremendous dissatisfaction, should not be taken to mean that it was electorally weak.

The Prime Minister's Message MR. SAVAGE ON EDUCATION

N.Z.U. Press Bureau Special Service.

I appreciate the opportunity of contributing a message to the student journals.

Although it is the privilege of age to give advice, it is the prerogative of youth not to heed it, so I shall be content with offering a sincere message of goodwill to those students who are entering upon a University course. Their youthfulness and opportunity are to be envied, and if they could have my experience they would know the importance of making the most of the splendid chances that have come their way.

The imperfections which mar society to-day will be removed by the development of better institutions and by a clearer social outlook on the part of individuals. University trained men and women have greater opportunities than most of acquiring the knowledge and habits of thought which make for leadership in the broadest sense of the term.

May I say with the best good-will that, unfortunately, the possession of high academic degrees is not always accompanied by a well-developed social conscience or even breadth of mind. Education sometimes appears to be very narrow. I have known many intelligent people who have had no University training at all, and yet have been worth knowing, and I have met others whose great cleverness and learning were only equalled by their cocksure ignorance of the things that matter.

I cannot imagine any greater quality in man or woman than that of a broad mind always open to new ideas. With that, of course, must go understanding and exact knowledge. It ought to be reasonable to say that these qualities should be acquired with greater facility by those who have undergone a University training.

The Government's policy in respect of education is simple and clear enough to be understood even by professors who have become politically-minded. We aim at making New Zealand a competent nation in all arts and crafts instead of keeping it in part a remote farm of the United Kingdom and using the remainder as an emporium of overseas manufactures.

Development means a full use of all the talents of the people.

We are trying to build in this country a better form of society, and we need the help of highly-trained and educated men and women. I would like to close this message, therefore, with the appeal that students should equip themselves to the fullest extent for the great tasks that will be theirs in the years ahead.

M. J. SAVAGE, Prime Minister.

Field Club Frolics

FUN AND GAMES AT BARRIER CAMP

And so another very enjoyable Field Club Camp has passed. Held at the Great Barrier, it was attended by 24 keen members. Did someone say the numbers were about even? However we were ably chaperoned by Dr. Briggs, who had his spaniel Honi to give him support—both the best of sports.

The trip began at 4.30 a.m. on December 10th, and as dawn broke the little scow, Lady Gwen, pulled out from Hobson Wharf. The voyage down to the Barrier went smoothly by, on a calm sea, and with a good following wind, so that we made Whangapara Harbour at 1.15 p.m.

CAMP PITCHED

Camp was pitched in a delightful little bay with a grassy flat, a stream and a background of bush. We owe our sincere thanks to the Kauri Timber Company for their kind permission to camp on their property, and also for the loan of the "dinghy"—a huge flat-bottomed punt which held nearly the whole party—luckily J. B. and J. D. stayed on shore! On the night of our arrival we had to decline an invitation to a local "hop"—partly on account of fatigue and laziness, and also because Laurie and Eric refused to dance to anything but music played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

DINING-ROOM IMPORTANT

Sunday was an easy day—consolidating our camp, erecting a furnished dining room and exploring the surrounding bush. Next morning we tramped inland up the "tramlines" to the K.T.Co's bush workings where we watched operations. Talking of tramlines—have you ever tried walking (seeing that there was nowhere else to walk) along sleepers that are too close for comfort and yet too wide apart for one stride (unless it be one of Bill's strides.) On the way to the bush workings we watched a demonstration in our honour, by New Zealand's best Maori tree climber. With spiked boots and hooks in hand he "walks" up a tree with as much ease and nonchalance as we would walk down Queen St. At the top he slings a rope over a branch, fastens on a broad seat and gradually descends, chipping off gum into a bag as he goes, swinging out to the ends of branches or out around and down, to pull up with a stop as his spiked boot finds a branch to act as support. It looked too easy.

CROSS COUNTRY TRAMP

Our trip next day lay across the island by "road" to Kaitoke Beach. Although the day dawned fine, rain set in before very long and we tramped along to a bleak barren area of sand hills. We gave up the idea of exploring the beach and made for the aerodrome in the hope of being able to find water and boil a billy. At the P.W.D. camp close by, the surveyor in charge gave us hot water and shelter while we ate our lunch. Thanks be to Bob Semple! And so homewards in better weather, past the old ore batteries, relics of the gold mining days on the island. That night, a keen party went fishing in the "barge"—we promised the rest, that there would be fish for breakfast. Dr. Briggs was the most successful fisherman—he recorded one bite—or was it his sinker dragging on the bottom?

Wednesday, dawning fine, the majority of the party tramped across to Port Fitzroy. Our way lay up the tramlines and then along a scantily-blazed bush track.

ALL NIGHT BIVOUAC

In the bay before Warren's we pitched camp by the simple expedient of crawling into sleeping bags, etc. (after a meal of course) around a blazing camp fire under some tall manuka trees. On the way over, during the day, some of the party collected some very good orchid specimens, one species of which is unknown at the museum and may turn out to be a new species. Next morning Ted C. refused to accept the responsibility for the thunderous noise he was accused of making while he snored, and passed the blame on to June who tried to excuse herself by asserting that Peg had her foot across her (June's) neck all night. Peg says it was the mosquitoes. However, I think it was Charlie's sox.

A BIT OF MOUNTAINEERING

In the morning the more energetic souls looked longingly towards Mt. Hobson but time would not permit of the ascent, so we had to be content with a stroll over to Warren's Bay. The homeward trip was uneventful. A perfect week was capped by the ascent, by a few, of Whitecliffs Range, an aptly named rhyolite bluff rising above Whangapara Harbour. The "Lady Gwen" had arrived that day, so we packed most of our gear that night, planned an early start on Saturday morning.

However, a small gale rose in the night, with the result that we almost had to spend another few days in port. Eventually, though, we persuaded the skipper that we would rather be sick and get to Auckland on schedule, and so we set off. Full mention of the voyage home would bring back many unpleasant memories of cold rain and hail, that came through under the large tarpaulin, and of the pitching and tossing that caused a few regrets over lost breakfasts. Suffice it to say that after a journey lasting 16½ hours, and taking us round the bottom end of Waiheke, we tied up at the wharf at almost midnight—only just on schedule! Have you heard the story of the four unshaven, grimy roughnecks who visited a hamburger bar shortly afterwards and were almost arrested in the interests of public safety

THE CURE

You'll to the psychiatrist?
Your little psyche's queer?
You need, I think, to see a good
Psmackbottomist, my dear.

—A. E. Johnson.

OBITUARY

Since our last issue, the college has suffered the loss of two of its most promising students. Just after the end of term last year the death of Desmond H. Lewis came as a great shock to all who knew him. Desmond was completing his law degree last year, and was a most strenuous and whole-hearted worker in many branches of student activities. The Debating Club and the Law Students' Society were the organisations upon which most of his energies were concentrated, and all who were associated with him on these bodies will testify to the unflagging energy and unselfishness with which he devoted his time to the advancement of their interests. As he was a fluent speaker and a brilliant student, an outstanding career at the bar had been predicted for him. His fellow students and all who knew him regret deeply the passing of such a sterling personality, and sympathise with his sorrowing parents.

A day after college assembled after the long vacation, news came of the death in hospital of another well known and popular student, Jack Fairbrother. All were shocked and grieved to hear of the passing of one whose happy nature had made for him many friends. Both in sport and in student activities Jack was an active worker. He was secretary of the Rowing Club, cox of the college eight, and in cricket also he was prominent. He had served a term on the Students' Executive, where his whole-hearted co-operation made him a very valuable member. Jack was a fully qualified architect, and was employed in the designing department of the P.W.D. The loss of such a fine type of student is a heavy one and the sympathy of everyone will go out to his parents in their time of grief.

It is with sad hearts that we begin a new college year, knowing that two fellow students, whose efforts to enrich our college life were so successful, whose faces and whose ways were so familiar to us, have passed for ever from our midst.

Miss Fowler Debunks Democracy

REID'S FERVENT ORATORY

Most moral, most fervent (especially John Reid) was the Debating on Wednesday, March 8 on the subject: "That the modern world must choose between Fascism and Communism." Despite a lyrical outburst on the beauties of England by Harold Day followed by a Standard III History lesson, and the awful effect of a Left Book Club publication brandished in Dorothy Fowler's left hand, the negative (John Reid and Norman Angus) were adjudged by Mr. E. M. Blaiklock the winners by a substantial margin of points. Generally, the speaking was good, though the difficulties of the subject were responsible for a good bit of irrelevant matter.

REID'S SOLUTION FOR WORLD ILLS

Mr. Day opened the case for the Affirmative by pointing out from his history lesson that Society was in no way static and that it now had to make the choice between concentrating power in the hands of a few, and sharing it out among all members of Society; there was no other alternative. Up onto the platform sprang John Reid to point out that the choice between Fascism and Communism was in reality "Hobson's Choice"; both systems were essentially dictatorships politically and economically and both, in practice, with their materialistic philosophies produced an intolerable position, the negation of individuality. He then pointed out that there was a middle course. Christian Democracy, as yet untried, which could satisfactorily solve the world's problems. A mighty glow of metaphors followed from Miss Fowler, from which the point crystallised that Democracy most definitely has been tried and found to be an impossible system incapable of further expansion. ("Words, words, words," echoed someone in the audience at the conclusion of the Affirmative's case.)

ANGUS' FURROWED BROW

Mr. Angus, with righteous indignation written between the lines of his furrowed brow, strongly criticised the affirmative and asked where was the imperativeness of the situation; a middle course, the Democracy outlined by Mr. Reid was a very real alternative to Fascism and Communism. Mr. Reid then summed up for the negative in a fiery oration, followed by Mr. Day in a considerably better speech than his opening of his case. Mr. Blaiklock then delivered his judgment, made, he said, in accordance with a system of judging Greek Goddesses (by matter, manner and method), and adjudged Messrs. Reid and Angus the undoubted victors.

A brisk discussion followed, which covered Russia, democracy, education, semantics and Francis Drake. Miss Fowler had some hard words to say in reply to Mr. Day's remark that Frances Drake and his Elizabethan confederates were piratical blackguards, while Mr. Reid quoted extensively from Stuart Chase, and Ogden and Richards to prove his point that "education" and "fascism" had thousands of different connotations.

Mr. Denis Gully, in the chair, brought the meeting to a close with some difficulty, and Mr. Blaiklock was thanked for his competent adjudication.

TOPICAL TOUCHES

Song for Sunbathers—John's Brown Body.

Someone wants to know if one can stop a morepork hooting at night. Well, one can have a shot at it.

Indoor bulbs are blooming well this year, says an expert. Blooming well what?

A literary critic states there are two Zolas. So presumably Gorgin has a younger brother.

"Just cut up the tripe into convenient lengths," says Aunt Daisy. This is known as serial publication.

Mr. Algie declares that Gaelic, in spite of efforts to revive it, is really a dead language. Alas, poor Doric!

Mosquitoes can live for six weeks without food. The trouble is, they don't.

America used to be the land for jobs, but now there always seems to be a situation in Europe.

I have observed that when people are contemptuous of poverty, it is always the poverty of other people.
—Neil Carrothers.

I have flown high and jumped many times in parachutes. I saw no God and no angels.
—Soviet Parachute Jumper.

In a recent interview Mr. John Reid stated that a newly-married wife is bound to make mistakes—and her husband is virtually bound to eat them.

"How could a man swindle people who trusted him?" asks an undergrad. We refuse to advise him; he must just find out for himself.

Much too frequently, motorists consider that pedestrians are beneath them. And much too frequently, of course, they are.

Quite a number of people worry about nothing at all, says a psychologist. Especially if it happens to be in the bank.

If all the silk stockings bought during sale week were placed end to end—we should still choose the ones with flaws in them.

New potatoes are plentiful, but they lack size, complains Mrs. Odd. Well, we must just be thankful for small murphies.

Things are cheaper now than they have been for half a century, according to an expert. You get morphia money.

A centenarian attributes his long life to the possession of a keen sense of humour. Of course, he who laughs lasts.

It was recently pleaded in defence of a vagrant that the man was carrying a bag pipes, but made no attempt to play them. Other pipers please copy.

An N.U.C. chemist claims that by adding synthetic alcohol they can make water wetter. An even simpler method is to leave it out in the rain all night.

When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have him around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.

—Mark Twain.

Craccum

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AVE

It is an unfortunate custom for the Editor of "Craccum," at the beginning of each University year to overwhelm the already bewildered fresher with gratuitous advice as to his or her future conduct in these hallowed precincts of learning. In a spirit of magnanimity, however, the Editor this year is content to let the torrent of advice from the chairman of the Professorial Board and the president of the Students' Association flow unswelled upon the dazed heads of the new students, adding only that in a month or two when the strange feeling has worn off, the significance of what they have said will gradually become apparent. Loyalty to the College, the sacred trust of furthering the interests of learning, the necessity for living College life to the full, "the supremacy of the human mind," all these things as yet mean little to freshers. The fact that they mean little to so many old students, and indeed, to so many non-students, should not prevent the fresher from thinking that there is a grain of truth somewhere to be found in them, as indeed there may be. However, the important thing is this. When freshers have settled down into University life, and left the Secondary-school atmosphere happily behind, they should enter with all their hearts into University activities, academic, cultural, social and sporting (the terms are usually antithetical), and then all things will be added unto them.

The habit of regarding the Auckland University College as a training-ground for white-collar workers, or as a super-Technical College, is fortunately dying fast, and with it, too, the idea that men and women can receive a University education if they give themselves wholly to study, and remain in arrogant ivory towers apart from sports clubs, cultural society meetings, and common room wrangles. These things are the blood in the scholastic veins and should any fresher be bewildered by the noble injunctions hurled so remorselessly at him from above, his active participation in College activities will make their meaning explicit to him sooner than anything else could.

Freshers should remember that their years at the University are precious years, never to be recaptured. And that, if they cease worrying about what they are expected to do, and plunge enthusiastically into everything they can, study included, perhaps at the end of their course, the high-sounding phrases that greeted their entrance, may contain some shade of meaning for them.

"CRACCUM"

This year, "Craccum," not for the first time, appears in a new guise. The papers of 1937 and 1938 were, at least in size, magnificent, and second to none in Australasia. Alas, all good (and bad) things come to an end, and the Students' Association has this year decided, that, in view of the huge losses in past years and increased printing costs, "Craccum" this year will be a slightly humbler size and closer to the effusions of other Dominion Universities. It is hoped, however, that what "Craccum" has lost in size and weight, which is really little, it will gain in vitality and snap, and that the tradition of previous years will be worthily maintained. All students, old and new, are urged to support the new "Craccum," and by their support to secure the continuation of that indispensable unit of College life and thought.

POINTS OF VIEW

Sports and politics are similar—save that there are rules in athletics.
—Rush Holt.

A book entitled "Man, the Master," has been published recently. Fiction, of course.

—Troy Record.

I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with a lot of pleasure.

—Clarence Darrow

Hip, Hip!

Everyone cheers,

Beverley Nichols

Just sat on the shears.

—L. H. Mencken.

The uneducated man is the slave of phrases and words. He does not think far enough to get at realities. The educated man won't be headed off by worn-out catchwords.

—George A. Birmingham.

What do we condemn in war? Is it the fact that men are killed who all one day must die? Only cowards would bring this accusation against war. What we condemn is the desire to harm, the fury of reprisals, the passion for dominion.

—St. Augustine in "Confessions."

It is well known that advertisers make for the weak spots in human nature as the easiest line of attack, and the main weaknesses to which advertisers appeal are fear, snobbishness, sex, laziness, greed. Do you not recognise there most of the seven deadly sins?

—Douglas Woodruffe in "The Tablet."

There are so many Jerusalems—there is the Russian Jerusalem that has no temple, and Herr Hitler's Jerusalem that has no Jews, and the Jerusalem of the humanitarian reformer that is all suburbs, but these Jerusalems are all at war with one another, and, what is worse, they are all at war with the true Jerusalem, which is the City of God.

—Christopher Dawson in "Religion and the Modern State."

It is a happy thing to know that there is no royal road to poetry. The world should know by this time that one cannot reach Parnassus save by flying thither. Yet from time to time more men go up and either perish in its gullies fluttering excelsior flags or else come down again with full folios and blank countenances.

—Gerard Manley Hopkins in his "Journal."

Hitler's success and indeed his survival as a personal force would not have been possible but for the lethargy and folly of the French and British governments since the war, and especially from 1933 to 1936, for no sincere attempt was made to come to terms with the various moderate governments of Germany which existed upon a parliamentary system.

—Winston Churchill in "Hitler—Hero or Monster."

A Moujik News Agency reports that a party of men, claiming to be the Australian cricket team, arrived at Gibraltar to-day, and were allowed to inspect and make sketches of the fortifications. A high official then pointed out that the Australian cricketers had already visited Gibraltar and were now in England. Subsequent enquiries revealed that this second party consisted of high officers of the German and Italian armed forces, disguised in cricket flannels and carrying bats.

—"Beachcomber," in "A Diet of Thistles."

FRESHERS' BALL

Saturday, the 11th of March, saw the College Hall fairly full of freshers and others, on the occasion of the first social function of the year—Freshers' Ball. A good attendance of freshers eyed each other speculatively, and doubtfully, and quite a gang of older students made a little gentle whoopee. Mr. Reid provided an interlude when he made a speech, which was highly amusing in parts, and altogether hortatory in nature. Mr. Day followed and was even more hortatory than Mr. Reid had been, on the subject of Tournament this time; but he was quite brief really, and with a sigh of relief freshers ganged up and hit the trail for supper. Gate crashers at the freshers' sitting were, following the old custom, either boiled in oil or tarred and feathered.

The Social Committee is to be congratulated on its first venture for the year. We hope that future functions will continue this good beginning.

VITAL STATISTIC

John Reid, it was the general consensus of opinion, had nothing fresh with which to startle A.U.C. He had collected his degrees, smoked his pipe, written and produced his plays, announced his intention of taking control at Training College, and annexed the Presidency of Students' Association. Then, when the College was somnolent with its Christmas hibernation, we learned that John, whom we had celebrated as Bachelor of Arts, was a batchelor no longer. "Craccum," so much of which has been his brainchild, wishes our President and his blushing bride, every happiness.

VERSE TO A SOCIETY LADY

Shall I compare you to the jaguar?
A fit companion for the kind of hagar.

—D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

Pearls and Pebbles

(BY CALIBAN)

Fame

i often think how
cruel is fate that
pushes to a low
estate the worthy brainy
saintly men and raises far
above
their ken the brainless boob
the drooling simp the moron
sap and hopeless
gimp that clasps in unresisting
chains the vital guys with
all the brains and
plasters on the leader page
the loopy louts of screen
and stage of track of football
field and air of cell
and of electric chair that
shrieks the praises how it
grates of demagogues from
fascist states of posing strutting
clowns who roar and strike
the masses dumb with
awe
how the blatant headlines
scream to robert taylor shopgirls
dream to gable cooper have you
seen them with half an ounce
of brain between them bend
knee and head
to lombard faye to shearer
garbo dietrich wray turned
glamour girls from howling
frights by makeup men and
vapour lights adore and
hymn in sheeplike chorus
the brawny wonders ranged
before us see lewis smirk and
bradman smile see with the
man who won the mile the
million anthropoids who
crawl
on football fields to claw
and maul with goggle eyes
revere the skill of al
capone cisco lill of dillinger
on history's path the man
who murdered in a bath the
guy who robbed nine banks
the wizard who slit his wives
and childrens gizzard
these heroes of the modern
masses can lick the
law at being asses and yet
all hallowed is their
name
and every infant chants their
fame gross stalin unwashed
fratricide on party press
praise doth ride herr hitler
gravel-throated thug and
mussolini posing pug are known
from end to end of earth though
id have strangled them at
birth does bertrand russell air
his views on breeding
hogs its
in the news does paunchy self
important wells write tripe
for pansys page it sells i
cant avoid it folks it riles me
when at least
a thousand miles of print is
wasted every day
on eden scrim and such as
they when papers people babes
in arms books hoardings
pamphlets laud the charms of folk
who should if we were sane
be freed from this sad world of
pain i think and feel you will
agree that
lives as hard as it can be when
every boob who likes
to try can catch the stupid
publics eye while my great
genius
deep and tall receives no
word of praise at all.

The baker is entirely free
From dark and latent savagery;
Or else, at least, he takes it out
By pounding slabs of dough about,
And thus—so queer a thing is life—
He never needs to thump his wife.

—D. B. Wyndham Lewis.



THE DEBATING CLUB

ONE GUESS AT THE SUBJECT

1st SPEAKER: "Having regard to the desirability of refuting any possible suggestion that I might fail to recognise the principle of fulfilling my obligations to our internal requirements and commitments, I have much pleasure in inviting you to entertain the suggestion of indulging in some non-solid refreshment, without prejudice of course, to the possibility of my availing myself of a reciprocal offer."

2nd SPEAKER: "With due advertence to the undoubted responsibility involved in my agreeing to give favourable consideration to your suggestion, the spirit of which is unequivocally indicative of the harmonious relations which have uninterruptedly obtained between us, I have much pleasure in placing on record my ready agreement to the arrangement outlined without prejudice to the furthering of this argument. Thank you!"

—"Dublin Opinion."

Eliminating the verbose redundancy, the foregoing could be said succinctly enough by asking, "What about a spot of Timaru?"

Genial
TIMARU

THE FRIENDLIEST DRINK IN THE WORLD

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

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CARNIVAL

What Are You Going to Do?

Every schoolboy knows that Oxford is the place where "debagging" is practised, and that a University anywhere is a place of riots, rags, and reviews: every fresher knows that a University is something more than this, but the ever-present possibility is that he or she will concentrate on the academic side of things to the exclusion of the other.

No one, least of all present perennial seeker after a degree, wishes to urge a student to seek his education *entirely* in the common rooms, but it cannot be too often or too vigorously stressed that by non-participation in the lighter side of student activities, an important part of University life is ignored.

This is all platitude, but will serve to introduce the important topic of Carnival. Carnival in the official week of relaxation and celebration—it begins with the Procession, followed by the presentation of the Revue play, and culminating in the Capping Ceremony and Graduation Ball.

First, the Procession—an admirable outlet for the accumulated "animal spirit" (see J. C. Reid) of the first term; an opportunity for plain buffoonery and Christian charity to go hand in hand through the streets of Auckland without hindrance from the Police. Need we say more? It is definitely every student's privilege and duty to take an active part in this, but please remember that we are not mere fools or mere Christians—we are also the advertising agents of a potentially great and much discussed University College.

Carnival Play

In the Revue play, the best efforts of the Students' Association should be found. The play this year is an example of association atavism—we are trying to emulate the example of our predecessors by producing a full-length play with a meaning in its burlesque. Whether we succeed or not, depends on you. We need fresh acting and musical talent: we need new and willing helpers for scene-making, stage and house management, ticket selling and advertising—in other words, although many will be called and few chosen, we want the willing co-operation of everyone.

Rehearsals will begin soon—details will be notified later, but you can personally contact D. T. Clouston (chairman of Carnival) or his stooge and secretary, A. D. Gifkins, if you are interested. Just one word of warning—the play is not likely to be popular with the authorities, either academic or governmental, but we hope that won't put you off! Just remember the glorious days of "The Bulgarian Bug," "The Goat Train," and others, when Students' Association made £2000 profit on a show.

And remember that we really do need the help of all, including freshers.

AROUND AND ABOUT SOCIAL LIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS

Our lady vice-president, having graduated from Business College, has joined the ranks of those leisured and well-paid workers who may be seen chatting in Queen Street between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. She is secretary to an interesting American, and is very coy when talking of her position.

Dashing Paddy Fenton has proved himself dashing in another direction—he and his brother having zoomed their ways to A licences after about 4 months in the Aviation Reserve.

Ron Bell, too, has left to take up a position in Wellington, but no, girls! there is nothing further in this coincidence, as he became engaged before he left.

Dorothy Leslie is another who has joined the exodus to the south, while Pat Blair and Jack Alexander have both deserted us. Jack is a partner in a lawyer's office in Huntly, while Pat is in his father's office in Gisborne. Between ourselves, Pat will probably be coming up at Easter, but you had better ask Shona for further details!

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THE BOOKSHELF

(By Malvolio)

The name of Madame Genevieve Tabouis will be familiar to all those who read their newspapers with more than average care, and who store away for future rebuttal any sensational news on world affairs. Perhaps the most eagerly quoted of all Left-wing correspondents "Jittery Jane," as the knowing call her, writes for the Paris "Oeuvre" and two important Paris dailies, and the greater part of our information on current events flows from her pen. She has gained a huge reputation in English-speaking countries on the strength of her Penguin book, "Blackmail or War," and her least word is quoted with bated breath by those whose politics are all at one end of the spectrum. That her facts are hardly ever correct, that her "inside information" is gathered from Embassy tea-table tittle-tattle, that her frequent prognostications of imminent war have fallen down with monotonous regularity, do not matter. She gives the Radicals what they want. Result, two hundred thousand Penguins worth of royalties for Jittery Jenny.

GENEVIEVE WRONG AGAIN

Unfortunately for herself and for her reputation, success has gone to Mme. Tabouis' head, and she has just published a history-book, purporting to be a survey of Anglo-French relations from the twelfth century down to the present day, called "Perfidious Albion—Entente Cordiale." For inaccuracy, mis-statement and plain ignorance, this book would be hard to beat. Christopher Hollis, reviewing this remarkable work, says, "According to Mme. Tabouis, an ineffable mark was left on French character by the memory of the Burghers of Calais begging for clemency from a King of England, the aftermath of Agincourt, bloodiest battle of the Middle Ages."—The Battle of Agincourt was in 1415. The episode with the Burghers of Calais was in 1346, and the King of England at that date was not Henry V., but Edward III." After finding seven similar howlers in the first 50 pages, including the wrong year for the American Declaration of Independence, and the belief that the Treaty of Amiens was the Treaty of Antwerp, Mr. Hollis quotes Mme. Tabouis as saying that as a result of England's keeping out of Europe, the French defeated the Turks at Navorino. Navorino, he points out, was the only battle in Europe in which the British did take part in the generation after Waterloo.

HISTORICAL HOWLERS

Mme. Tabouis, after providing scores of similar examples for Cecil Hunt, then proceeds to show what she knows about contemporary affairs. She quotes Chamberlain as saying to the Cabinet on February 29th, 1938, "It would be more opportune to detach Italy from Germany." Unless she were hiding under the table, it is difficult to see what evidence she has for this, especially as there was no February 29th last year. On page 278, she tells us that when Baldwin began the rearmament programme, "the British public, as one man, were behind him." The strong opposition of the Labour Party and its supporters apparently just didn't count. Space forbids further quotations from this authority on world affairs, but, as Christopher Hollis says, "Madame Tabouis has in this book ample opportunity for proving that there is no era of history and no country of the world upon which she is not incompetent to write. We must be grateful to her for giving us the proof, for there can, indeed, be few other living writers who are as ignorant of anything as Madame Tabouis is of everything." Madame Tabouis has produced an excellent sequel to "1066 and All That."

"Perfidious Albion—Entente Cordiale," by Genevieve Tabouis—Thornton Butterworth.

The new president, John Reid, has created a romantic precedent by marrying one of the women students—Joyce Burnet—right at the beginning of his term of office, and thus dashing the hopes of the women on the Exec. The deed was done quietly one morning in early January, and the pair have now set up house in Sandringham. John has dealt us another blow by actually going to Training College! But anyway, T.C. seems to appreciate its fortune for Mr. Shaw gave him a public welcome to the Drama Club, and "hoped that he would give them the benefit of his talents." So you see, John, that there is even more work awaiting you soon!

On The Current Screen

FILMS TO SEE AND MISS BRITISH FILMS TO THE FORE

After a dearth of good films over the holidays with the possible exception of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Disney's long-awaited tour de force, Deanna Durbin's "That Certain Age," and George Formby's best film "It's In The Air," the last couple of weeks have been quite fruitful in entertaining shows. This is explained by the fact that we in Auckland are just receiving the advance guard of the 1939 productions, and preview notices for coming films seem to indicate that the next few months will be heavy with cinematographic ore.

"PYGMALION."—When Shaw was approached by the Americans some seven years ago for the film rights of his plays, he rejected their offers with a curt, "Come back in about ten years' time. You will probably be just about competent to film my plays then." The version of "Pygmalion," at present screening in the city bears out the wisdom of the veteran playwright, for the subtleties and satirical thrusts which shine so gloriously in this unique screenplay would have been ironed out in the cruder infant days of talking films. As it is, "Pygmalion" is a triumph for all concerned—G.B.S. in particular, the actors definitely, the enterprising young producer, Gabriel Pascal, who wormed out the bearded lion's consent, and English pictures in general for their presentation of one of the most outstanding films that have ever been made.

Nothing of Shaw's wit and biting social satire has been lost in the amazingly skilful adaptation. In fact, all save fanatical Shavians agree that it has gained in some respects. The acting, especially that of Leslie Howard, as the hard-hearted phonetics pedant, Professor Higgins, and Wendy Hiller as Eliza Doolittle, is excellent. Despite this, the show is almost stolen by that "victim of middle-class morality," Mr. Doolittle, the dustman, whom Wilfrid Lawson makes a wholly delightful and memorable figure. The writer states dogmatically that Lawson's performance is the best played sup-

porting part he has yet seen in British films, and he carries as a very precious memory the incredibly asthmatical laugh of this inspired creation.

All supporting parts are well handled, and the film as a whole should appeal to high-brows and low-brows alike. The scene at Mrs. Higgins' tea-party is a gem, and the retention of "that awful word" is a tribute to the sanity of English censors. A film to see, re-see and hoard in the archives of one's memory.

"THE CHALLENGE."—This virtually unheralded British film is yet another little masterpiece such as America would never dare produce. Marking a triumphant comeback for Luis Trenker, the famous skier and hero of those fine early talkies, "The Rebel" and "The Doomed Battalion," "The Challenge" is based on the famous Matterhorn ascent that ended in disaster for a brave band of Englishmen. The film sticks closely to fact, and is worth seeing if only for the fact that the sex interest is negligible. But the factor that makes "The Challenge" an outstanding piece of work is the superb, authentic mountain photography which easily equals anything in "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," and is among the most beautiful work of its kind ever to grace the silver screen.

This film is strongly recommended to all who are interested in outstanding photography and documentary films.

"ROOM SERVICE."—I am a fanatical Marxist. Lest I should be immediately howled down by Professor Sewell, I hasten to add that Karl is the only Marx who does **not** interest me. I am one of the pros that large division of filmgoers who relish the unique brand of neo-Frendian comedy dished out by Chico, Harpo and the one and only Graucho. But I must confess I thought "Room Service" a disappointment. It was not Marxian enough. The trouble with it was, I think, that they bought a most successful comedy and squeezed the Brothers into its Procrustean plot. The re-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. ALGIE'S THANKS

Sir,—I desire to convey my very sincere thanks to those students who signed and forwarded to me so splendid a memorial last November. I ask your permission to do this per medium of your columns as it is manifestly impossible for me to thank personally about two hundred signatories. The document is one that I shall always greatly prize. While one would hesitate to individualise any particular signatory, I feel that I cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing my special thanks to Mr. A. P. Blair, President of the New Zealand Students' Association, for his activity in this connection.

D. L. ALGIE.

TOURNAMENT ELIGIBILITY

Dear Sir,—As an interested party, I would be pleased if you would grant me a little space in your columns to make one or two enquiries with regard to tournament eligibility regulations. In my own case, there are one or two factors which make it difficult for me to know whether or not I will be eligible to represent the Varsity at tournament this year. As I am not conversant with the rules governing eligibility, I think it would be a good idea if they could be either printed in "Craccum" or placed in a prominent place on the notice boards, so that I and others in my position could acquaint themselves of the exact rules governing this matter.

I know that it would be possible to obtain the information from either of the Tournament Delegates, Mr. Day or Mr. Henderson, but they have sufficient work to do as it is, and I am not in a position to catch them, save by chance, at the University.

I feel that by following either of the courses I have suggested in bringing eligibility rules before the students you would save the delegates quite a lot of work, besides making the matter clear for me and others in the same position.

GEORGE.

[A copy of the regulations governing eligibility will be posted on the large notice board outside the Common Room.—Editor.]

sult is that the mad trio are cramped and hampered and their comedy lacks the glorious inconsequence and spontaneity of "A Day at the Races," or "Duck Soup." The picture is funny enough, and should please all those who do not like the Marxmen at their maddest, but it misses fire for the devotees. One scene only is in the genuine tradition, the mock funeral. Graucho has never been better, and the film is almost worth seeing for that alone. But I am glad to note that they return to their special brand of insanity in their next film, "A Day at the Circus." I thrill at the mere thought of Harpo, Graucho and Chico loose under the Big Top. "Room Service" is only a breathing space.

"THE LADY VANISHES."—Another worthwhile British film. Excellent direction from Alfred Hitchcock of a spy story that is somehow different. The new star, Michael Redgrave, acts so intelligently that it is difficult to believe he is billed as "a new heart-throb." The photography is good, and the film is full of those clever pieces of direction which made "The Thirty-Nine Steps" so good. The supporting cast is, without exception, excellent. Splendid entertainment.

COMING FILMS

"THE MIKADO."—This first G. & S. to reach the screen will be shortly screened at the Civic. It has been the centre of a fierce controversy in England. Some critics say it is true to the sacred Savoy tradition, others, like "Punch," say that, by throwing sops to the box office morons, it is a ghastly failure. Everyone agrees, however, that Kenny Baker, the American crooner, is a splendid Nanki-Poo, and that the cast and music is uniformly excellent. It should be worth seeing if only to argue about.

"HOUSEMASTER."—A brilliant light comedy from Ian Hay's play. English critics name it as a new "Middle Watch." Otto Kruger gives a performance that compensates for his shabby treatment by American producers, and that talented actress, Renee Ray (the slavey in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back") reveals unexpected depths as a comedy actress.

"TRADE WINDS."—A silly, inconsequential film directed with purblind magnificence by Walter Wagner and wasting Frederic Marsh in another "epic" concerning a chase round the world.

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Impressions Of A Fresher Those Forms!

To the casual observer, there was nothing extraordinary in the appearance and conduct of the rather heated looking youth making his way along Princes Street. But had the observer scrutinized him carefully, he would have seen unmistakable signs of uneasiness underlying the stoical appearance and purposeful air. There was more moisture on the brow, a greater flush suffusing the countenance, than was warranted by the warmth of the day, while the collar, a voluminous affair at least two sizes too big, seemed to call for constant attention to keep it clear from the agitated workings of a considerable Adam's apple. A light of fanaticism shone out of the slightly dilated eyes.

Altogether, these small, but significant facts would lead the interested observer to hazard that all was not well in the mind of the youth. And the observer would be correct in his conjecture. The youth was about to take a momentous step, one which was causing him to call upon his reserve of courage. At the moment he was making for the University College, his business there being to enrol and attain the high honour of being a student in the A.U.C.

TAKING THE PLEDGE

The progress of the youth was halted outside the main doors of the College. For a moment a look of anxiety and doubting crossed his face—but for a moment only. He clutched at his collar and straightened his tie for the last time, thrust back his shoulders with a conscious effort, and with an air which he hoped looked nonchalant, he strolled up the steps and through the door, and was engulfed by the inner gloom. As his eyes became accustomed to the dimmer light, he discerned a crowd of persons milling round a table in the centre of the hall, and as the pounding in his ears died away he became conscious of the sound of many voices babbling and chattering—the voices of the milling crowd mentioned. His first sensation was one of surprise. Why were all these people making all this row in these hallowed precincts? He had always imagined a University to be a place of cloistered silence, where people spoke in whispers, the only sound being the clatter of footsteps on the flagged corridors. This seemed a bit more reassuring anyway, having this crowd around, and knowing that most of them were as new to it as he was himself. The realisation that they were all insignificant freshers gave him more confidence, made him feel rather contemptuous of their hysterical fluttering and babbling—anyone would think this boring business of enrolling at 'Varsity was something to get worked up about.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Feeling thus rather superior and detached he extended his range of vision to take in his surroundings. In a vague sort of way he thought how imposing everything looked, with the pillars and things. The place would make very fine ruins, he thought. Letting his gaze come to earth again he noticed that the table in the hall was importantly placarded "Information Bureau." The youth dimly wondered who it was in the crowd one accosted for information—everyone seemed equally busy spilling ink and crumpling up forms of many colours. He picked his way towards the large notice board that seemed to be another centre of interest. Here he discovered the magnitude of his task. It appeared that there were forms to be filled in and hawked from Professor to Professor to be signed—it seemed to be a kind of glorified autograph-hunt. To finish up with, just to make sure that there was no ill-feeling on either side, one was expected to make a donation of an incredible number of guineas to the institution in the form of fees.

Well, thought our fresher, it's rather an uninteresting way of spending one's valuable time, but I guess I'd better get some of these forms and then fix these Professors. Shouldn't take long. Accordingly, he fought his way to the table, and in a dazed way regarded the piles of multi-coloured forms. Taking a deep breath, the Fresher made a lunge at the variegated pile and extracted a form of every different size, shape, or colour he could see. With surprise he found himself engaging in conversation with an extremely fetching little piece of Fresher, who was also harvesting a sheaf of stationery. In a short time he had

forgotten his superiority complex, and his vocal organs began to function to full capacity, and did their considerable share in swelling the volume of sound reverberating through the cloisters. He became one of the busy crowd and hustled off to "fix the Professors."

THOSE PROFS.

Precisely 2½ hours later, our hero could have been seen staggering from one of the Professor's rooms. With a croak of thanksgiving, he subsided on one of the lower steps of a flight of stairs and mopped a clammy brow. There was no denying that it had been an eventful afternoon. First of all filling in those forms. Gee! weren't the perpetrators of those

forms inquisitive! And hadn't he felt a fool when the first Professor he went to see—the Professor of one of his minor subjects—coldly informed him that he had no business with him—after waiting in the queue for half an hour too! Didn't he feel a wreck after standing around all the afternoon in the various queues! And yet he bore no ill will towards anyone about it, it had really been quite fun. At any rate he had achieved what he set out to do that afternoon, and was now officially a student at A.U.C.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

Some fortnight or so after, our particular Fresher returned for a brief week-end visit to his family circle. Surrounded by an admiring group that evening he is asked by Father what he thinks of 'Varsity. "Oh, not so bad, y'know. Pretty slow, though—enrolling for instance—nearly went to sleep standing up. Some pretty feeble speeches—hakas and so on—meant to cheer us up I s'pose. Lectures rather boring."

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Puritanism and Poetry

A. R. D. FAIRBURN'S INTERESTING TALK

The A.U.C. Literary Club opened its season for 1939 very auspiciously on Tuesday, March 7 with an absorbing and provocative talk by Mr. A. R. D. Fairburn, the well-known Auckland poet and critic on "Puritanism and Poetry." Mr. J. C. Reid was in the chair and introduced Mr. Fairburn to what was, for a function of this nature, a quite sizeable gathering.

Mr. Fairburn began by apologizing for the "suet pudding" quality of his paper, but immediately dispelled any momentary fears of dullness by the cogency and vitality of his opening arguments. He would use the term "Puritanism," he said, in a wider sense than was usual, to indicate that phase in society when, in a time of social and economic crisis, extreme rigidity and control was exercised, as a conservative measure, originally, but shading into reaction, restriction and intolerance.

FASCISM EQUALS PURITANISM

After outlining the pre-war culture of Europe, and sketching in detail the social and political environment in which it flourished, the speaker showed how, after the Great War, capitalist society had collapsed and how chaotic conditions had prevailed in all branches of human activity. As a result, parallel in its repercussions on art and literature to the Puritanism of Cromwell's day, the new Puritanism arose in many countries in the world imposing its restrictions, limitations and corruptions on art, science and literature. This new Puritanism said Mr. Fairburn, goes by the name of Fascism, and apart altogether from its political implications, is a menace and a threat of destruction to the free exercise of the artistic and creative faculty. He discussed at some length the question as to whether or not an artist should ever submit to the prostitution of his talents as a propaganda medium in the hope that he was working towards "something better."

ANARCHISM AND POETRY

The problem of artistic freedom in relation to the present world political situation was then treated in detail, and the speaker quoted extensively from Herbert Read's "Anarchism and Poetry" to illustrate his point about the autonomy of the artistic intelligence. The special problem of the artist in relation to fascist society was discussed, in particular the crushing effect upon creative work of the totalitarian theory.

Mr. Fairburn said further, that in Russia, as in Germany and Italy, the artist was enslaved and artistic freedom discouraged. It would perhaps be expected, he said, that twenty years after the Revolution, some glimmer of hope of the emancipation of literature and the arts would show faintly through the blackness of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, but, unfortunately, that was not so. The artist was

as shackled and the arts as debased as in the early days of the Revolution, and there was as yet no indication that any change was imminent.

ART IN CHAINS

He quoted Herbert Read again to show how disappointment at the non-fulfilment of the glowing promises of the Revolution had driven some of Russia's greatest writers to suicide and madness, and suggested that, on the surface, at anyrate, there was nothing to choose between Communism and Fascism as representatives of the new Puritanism and enslavers of art. He believed, however, that whereas emancipation of the arts was impossible under Fascism, under Communism it might, at least theoretically, be possible.

Mr. Fairburn brought his talk to an end with a discussion of the relationship between literature and the arts, and the social and economic framework of society, and showed how, in order to gain the free exercise of the creative artistic faculty, definite social and economic reforms of a sweeping nature would have to follow upon the repressing and stultifying period of neo-Puritanism.

A lively and lengthy discussion followed, with Mr. Fairburn ably countering numerous objections from the floor, until the continued extinction of the Common Room lights brought the meeting to an end. The chairman thanked Mr. Fairburn for his careful and provocative analysis and assured him of the value the Literary Club had derived from his remarks. A very interesting meeting.

CHANGE OF MIND

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

Last month Oxford Union reversed its decision. They resolved that "they would join an alliance of democratic powers to combat the rising menace of Fascism."

What say you to this, ye evangelists of Pacifism?

N.Z. U.S.A. FIRE INSURANCE SCHEME

The Executive of the New Zealand University Students' Association in Wellington have been negotiating with the State Fire Office and have now made arrangements whereby that office offers special facilities to members for the insurance of their clothing, books, instruments, jewellery and other personal effects against damage or destruction by fire.

At a cost of a few shillings annually you can cover yourself against the risk. The property insured will be covered whilst contained in any Building (excluding a tent) or whilst being conveyed in any vehicle or train in the Dominion of New Zealand.

The success and the continuance of the scheme depends on the number participating therein. Therefore join in with your fellow students and make this insurance scheme a success.

Any further information may be obtained by leaving a note for Miss M. Smeed, c/o Executive Room. Will all those interested please do so?

THE TURTLE

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks,
Which manage to conceal its sex.
I often wonder how the turtle,
In such a fix can be so fertile.

—Ogden Nash.

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MUSIC CLUB'S ORIGINAL SHOW

Freshers and non-freshers alike, had a very pleasant surprise at the first meeting of the Music Club. Professor Hollinrake announced with pardonable pride that several members of the staff had come along to give a concert to members of the Club.

Professor Rutherford started the ball rolling with two songs from "Samson and Delilah." Handel at his most oratorical, demands a good pair of lungs, and we congratulate the professor on his staying power. The "fatherly emotion" which he allowed to creep into the second song was most convincing—we understand he has a personal and quite recent knowledge of such feelings. A good piece of work.

Mr. Chisholm descended from his architectural heights to sing us an Elizabethan lyric about a fickle maid and her equally fickle swain, followed with a plaintive little song "all about a lady who died." Very nice, Mr. Chisholm.

Science was well represented by Professor Burbridge and Professor Worley, who were induced to leave their draughty laboratories for an hour. Professor Worley sang two dramatic Hungarian folk songs—very impressive. Professor Burbridge gave us "Drake's Drum," and "The Little Silver Ring," two old favourites, which were well received.

The honour of the Commerce Faculty was upheld by Professor Belshaw, whose choice also fell on Handel. The beautiful "Where'er You Walk" delighted the audience, and his second song was the less familiar, but equally lovely "Ask If Yon Damask Rose Be Sweet."

Mr. Thompson, well-known to education students, sang "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind" in his own inimitable manner, and then tore into "Kitty, My Love, Will You Marry Me?" Which he "put across" so persuasively that the fairer members of the audience could restrain themselves from accepting his offer.

It was a splendid show, and we must congratulate both the Music Club for its bright idea, and the members of the staff for so capably showing us that Professors, when detached from the lecture system, are human beings who take a real interest in the lighter side of University life. A special word of praise is due to Professor Hollinrake, in whose fertile brain this delightful idea originated, and whose continued enthusiasm for his Music Club makes College life so much more enjoyable than in pre-Music School days.

POST-WAR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENTS

EXTRA-CURRICULAR LECTURES

The newly-constituted Extra-Curricular Activities Committee commenced its initial programme for the 1939 season on Thursday, 9th March, with an address by Professor Belshaw on "Economic and Industrial Developments Since the War." The lecture was the first of a series designed to cover the principal features of present-day social, economic and philosophical changes, under the general title of "The Post-War World," and was delivered in the Women's Common-Room. There was a good muster of students, and the speaker was listened to with a deep and close interest. Professor Belshaw sketched a complete picture of industrial and economic conditions before the war, explaining the chief reasons for the collapse of the social machinery, and outlined the present crisis in these spheres. He explained the breakdown of money, the crumbling of the profit system, the anomalies in the present capitalist economy, and briefly sketched the differing solutions presented at the present time by contrary ideologies.

A brisk and interested discussion resulted in an elucidation of important points implicit in talk, and all indications showed that a quite large proportion of the Professor's thesis had been understood and appreciated by some of those present.

The success of the initial talk augurs well for the remainder of the series. Students are urged to support the new venture which is designed to appeal to all faculties and to materially supplement information culled from lectures. The talks will be held every Thursday evening in the Women's Common Room at 8 p.m., and will include "Education in a Dynamic Society," "Philosophical Developments of the New Age," "Modern Literature," etc. Complete details will be posted each week on the notice-boards.

Athletic Club Hits a New High

JACKPOT SCOOPED AT CHAMPS.

During vacation members of the Athletic Club have been busy getting fit and getting in to regular work in preparation for inter Fac. and Tournament. Evidence of the strength of the club was the spectacular performance on Saturday, 25th February, when for the second year in succession 'Varsity were the champion club of the Auckland province, by a clear margin of over ten points.

CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS

Titles were won by Gillespie in the Javelin, Robertson in the broad jump, Mills in the high jump, and Bowie in the high hurdles. The University team was also successful in the relay race.

The form displayed by members of the club was very encouraging. There were few events in which Varsity men did not figure prominently. The sprints saw Cooney second in his heats, though he did not run in the finals. His run in the 100 was particularly good. Cooney has shown excellent form all the season, and should be well to the fore in the sprints at Inter Fac. His most serious rival will be Jim Cutler. This curly-haired giant is improving with every outing, and over 220 will be hard to beat. Jim found the going too solid on Saturday in the 220, but his chances of success are bright for Easter.

'Varsity has a wealth of talent in middle distance races. Two runners especially, Nugent and d'Arth Weston, have been providing some thrilling finishes round the city, and both ran well to the fore in the half-mile at the champs. Doug. Ball came through with a smashing sprint in this event, but he had too much ground to make up, and finished third. A young runner who has been impressive to date is Garth Turbott, whose style is very pleasant to watch. With a shade more stamina in his finish he will be hitting the tape in the half at Inter Fac.

The mile saw Trevor Johnston and Les Barker run solidly, though neither won a place. Trevor is not in top form yet, but should be in a few weeks. 'Varsity's triumph was in the field events, where three titles were won. Bruce Robertson got his first Provincial Championship in the Broad Jump, with a fine leap of over 22ft. Mills, in Chadwick's absence, annexed the High Jump at the low height of 5ft. 5in. Don Gillespie, although throwing rather below his usual form, took the Javelin title easily.

In the Hurdles, 'Varsity were again prominent. Bowie and Day filled first and second places in the 120 Hurdles, and Bowie was second in the 220 Hurdles. Doug. Ball lost his title in the 440 yards Hurdles, coming second to Joyes. The time, 58s. was much below his best of last year.

Bill de Lisle entered in the Pole Vault, and it is encouraging to see someone in this event, where there are vast possibilities of improvement. Jim Cutler with the hammer, should also do better before the season is over.

INTER FACULTY SPORTS SOON

The Club's performance at the Champs. leads one to hope that Dunedin may see A.U.C. on the Athletic Shield—for the first time in history. The Inter-Faculty sports are on March 22. So let's all get fit, and build an athletic team!

Freshers and others should note that points meetings are held every Wednesday night at the Domain. Come along and run, you'll be surprised how good you are. And—this applies to everyone—more training; and then still more. The time when you start to feel sick of the sight of a running shoe is the time when you're just starting to get really fit.

So, snap out of it, and let's see something!

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Rowers Rearing To Go!

.... But Regattas Not Profitable

The commencement of the 1938-39 season saw the Auckland University College Rowing Club enter the second year of its existence, and well on the road to success. At the beginning of the season the advantages of secondary school rowing were realised with the influx of new members with previous experience. The Club has now a growing financial membership of over 20 keen members, while affairs are in the hands of a capable committee.

PROGRAMME

For a second year we embarked on an ambitious programme, partaking in all regattas, rowing trials and finally preparing a tournament crew. The season marks the entrance of a maiden eight into open competition, and although it did not meet with success, it gave valuable experience to club members.

MEMBERS WANTED

In regatta racing the Club was represented by a maiden eight, open maiden four, light maiden and youths' fours. So far, mediocre success has been achieved, the open maiden four being third at Tauranga, and in the Mason Cup events.

Considering the Club is in its infancy, the results so far obtained, have been reassuring. The main difficulty at present is lack of members, and it is to this end that we voice an urgent appeal to all 'Varsity men, freshers and others. With an increased roll, success is bound to follow.

In trial-four events for Mr. Cup, keen interest has been displayed, and thanks to capable management, extremely close contests have been staged. At present, in the points aggregate, Ockleford leads by one point from 7 other members all in second position, making future contests of a highly interesting nature.

The Club has been particularly fortunate in its coaches, Messrs. Russel, Brooker and Hooper. These men with their experience and enthusiasm have given great assistance to the Club, and by their perseverance, have done invaluable work to further our prospects.

NEW BOATS

The Club plant has been augmented by a practice four and a new set of oars from Australia, while a new B. & B. eight is at present being made. The equipment is now in first-class order and to prevent its falling into disuse we ask for an increased roll. The purchase of a new eight, necessitates a considerable financial burden, but it is felt by all that the end justifies the means. In the undertaking we do ask support of the 'Varsity, mainly in patronising various functions later to be advertised.

THE EIGHT

As regards tournament prospects, far be it for me definitively to prophesy: 12 men have been training assiduously for over a month, and, although the final eight is not yet definite, we are assured of a good, heavy experienced eight. This, coupled with the new racing boat, makes me venture to say "put your money on us for a place."

LOSSES TO CLUB

During the season we have suffered two great losses, one the transfer of L. E. Brooker to another city, the other the tragic death of Jack Fairbrother, our secretary. Both men were ideal Club members, both did all within their power to further our aims and prestige, and to both, we owe a debt of gratitude which it is impossible to repay.

Finally, an urgent appeal is made for new members. We need support, and we need new men to give that aid, for it is upon support from the 'Varsity that we exist. We are anxious for a big increase in membership, and would welcome enquiries concerning our activities.

Joan Howie Tops in Tennis Talent Plentiful This Year

Last year the Tournament Tennis team's record was far from impressive. This year the College hopes for better things. The Tennis Club too, started off the season in November determined to redeem itself at Easter with a result that members practised keenly. Although the new biology block has interfered with the courts, players have turned out regularly, one noticeable feature being the greatly improved 'Varsity entry in the Auckland Handicaps at Christmas and the Championships in January. In the former Joan Hewitson played well to survive several rounds. In the latter matches there was a good sprinkling of 'Varsity players although successes were few.

Mention must be made of the fine play of Joan Howie throughout the season. Her best effort was to reach the final of the ladies' "B" section singles in the Auckland championships. She also reached the quarter-finals in the intermediate combined doubles with Murray Speight. Stevens and MacRae also had successes.

ROTORUA ACTIVITIES

'Varsity tennis players seemed to have some attraction in Rotorua at New Year—among those who besides other things competed in the Rotorua championships, were Joan Howie, Bill Butcher, Hotson and Stevens.

In the inter-club world, 'Varsity form has been patchy. Three teams were entered in the grass court section, A. B. and C. grade.

The A. team started well by drawing with Royal Oak, a strong team. Unfortunately, holidays interfered and the team had to be changed. Against Parnell the opposition was too strong. Joan Howie won well, and N. Thornton played good tennis to take one set and almost the match from J. D. Bull, a ranked Auckland player.

GRADE MATCHES LOST

A similar tale is told against Herne Bay. Our regular players were absent and the usual doubles players had to be brought into the singles. L. H. Stevens played a fine game against Sawyer and was unlucky to lose, 5-6, 6-5, 4-6.

Kath Elliott played well among the girls and is proving a distinct find. She is not afraid to hit the ball and to advance to the net. Her prospects for Tournament are good. Pat Roberts is not playing so well as usual—she has lost some of her confidence, especially in doubles, when she stays too much on the back line.

WHAT ABOUT TOURNAMENT?

All eyes are now on Tournament—the selectors this year have a hard, nay, an unenviable task ahead of them. The ladies, as is their custom, will not present as much difficulty as the men. Stevens, Thornton, Allpress, Turner, MacRae, Devereaux, MacRae, Speight, and several others, are all in the running. Just recently, the selectors have started a series of trials between the above, and results are being watched with interest. MacRae and Prendergast had a marathon, 7-9, 7-5, which indicated how even the players are, how keen the competition is, and how hard the selectors will have to think. Further trials will be held in the coming week.

The College championships will commence on Saturday 11th, and all are urged to compete. Freshers, especially, are urged to enter for the freshers' singles championships, which will be held at the same time as the College championships. Any further information re above, can be obtained from Murray Speight, c/o Executive Room. Notices will be posted.

THE EDITOR COMMENTS

SPORTING PROSPECTS FOR YEAR

This year promises to be a highly successful one for the College in the sporting world. A good start has been made by the Athletic Club, provincial champion Club for the second time running. One hopes that as good a showing is made by the athletic team at Tournament. Tournament this year is at Dunedin, and, while this is not so good from Auckland's point of view, yet it seems fairly certain that strong teams will leave for the south at Easter. The swimming team should be sound and quite strong all round. The tennis team will have benefited from the experience received last year. The rowing eight has been working out solidly for the last month or so. In shooting, several of last year's crack shots are on deck again. Easter will be as strong as ever it would seem.

HARD TRAINING WANTED

What is needed now is stern training by every man or woman who thinks he or she has the ghost of a chance of making a team in any sport for Easter. It is a long way to Dunedin, and unless every member of every team is fighting fit, Auckland's name will be mud in University sport.

WINTER SPORTS

The winter sports are not far away, and prospects look very bright. The football club is endeavouring to procure a shed for training purposes, which will, undoubtedly result in a great improvement. 1939 may see 'Varsity back where they belong—at the head of the senior grade.

The hockey prospects also are encouraging, with a fair percentage of last year's team returning. The new soccer club should do better than ever. The harriers are, many of them, out on the track, and will be ready for anything when winter comes.

Every 'Varsity student should belong to a sports club, and play regularly for his or her college. It is only by practising and indulging in bodily exercise that mental poise and relaxation can be acquired.

SWIMMING CLUB NOTES

RAFFLE RESULTS

Owing to the late Summer, there have been very few swimming carnivals this year, and with most of our members away for the vacation, there have been rather few 'Varsity swimmers competing.

The Club has been unfortunate in losing one of its most promising members in D. C. Lane, who has left us to go to Massey College. Lane, however, will still be eligible to swim for A.U.C. at this year's Tournament, provided his duties will let him get off.

The Coaching classes organised by the club were fairly well patronised, those who took advantage of the reduced rates being quite satisfied with their progress.

The Swimming team which will be sent to Dunedin at Easter, will, the Committee feel sure, be as strong as ever before, as we have several promising lady swimmers besides a few fairly competent men. However, time and the newspapers alone can tell just what the results will be.

A raffle was run by the club in the third term last year, the winning Numbers being:— 1st. 533; 2nd. 1,307.

We offer our congratulations to the prize-winners, our condolences to the rest, and our sincere thanks to all those who helped to make this raffle a success.

DEBATING TOUR OF AUSTRALIA

The New Zealand University Students' Association has been invited to send a debating and lecturing team of two students to Australia under the auspices of the National Union of Australian University Students.

The team will leave New Zealand about the middle of June and return at the end of July. N.Z.U.S.A. will finance the trans-Tasman steamer fares out of the N.Z.U.S.A. debating fund, while the N.U.A.U.S. will pay all travelling accommodation and other reasonably expenses in Australia. It is difficult to estimate the expenses of team-members, but £25 (more or less, depending on the individual concerned) should be sufficient. The members of the team will also act as N.Z.U.S.A. delegates.

Applications are called from students desiring to make the trip. Applicants must set out fully their qualifications and general activities.

Applications must be in the hand of the Secretary, Students' Association, by Thursday, 23rd March, 1939.

CRICKET--Half-Way!

GRADE PROSPECTS ONLY MIDDLING, BUT NORTHERN TOUR WAS A WOW

BY COVER-POINT

With the second round under way in all grades it is possible to make a reasonable forecast of the chances of each of our teams, and to give a short account of their performances to date.

SENIORS.—It was with the usual blaze of glory that the Senior team began the season, and with three matches gone they were coupled with Grafton at the top of the ladder. However, their subsequent fortunes were not so happy, with the result that at the end of the round they were bottom but one. A clear case of University inconsistency! Another win in the second round has removed the team a further place from the bottom, so that they may well finish in fifth position!

BILL LANGE IN FORM.

No-one has done anything consistent with either bat or ball. Matheson heads the batting averages and has compiled two centuries, although his bowling this season has not been so effective as in other years.

Garrard's bowling is most consistent and he has collected several good bags, while Vic Butler has bowled steadily.

It has been particularly pleasing to see the return to form of both Bill Lange and Simmie Haden since the vacation. The latter player has struck that form which we have expected for years, but which has never materialised.

SENIOR B.—The Senior B team has had an exceptionally poor first half of the season. Not one win was obtained during the round, but there was one tie—and then the team was a man short. There is no doubt that the material is there, but failure to seize opportunities at critical moments and a run of sheer bad luck tells the tale.

Since the Christmas vacation the batting has improved tremendously. The best performance of the season was at Papatoetoe when, the opposition having compiled 393, 'Varsity was dismissed only 29 short of that total. Bob Newbold 78 and Mayne Smeeton 96 (out) were responsible for a splendid seventh wicket partnership which added 170 runs.

The team followed this up by securing its first win—an outright—at the expense of Y.M.C.A. Arthur Bell here batted well and like Smeeton was most unfortunate to be dismissed at 93. This team will undoubtedly move up the ladder before the season ends.

SECOND GRADE.—Although they have yet to win a match, the keenness of the Second Grade team is commendable. They are some of the most consistent attenders at practice and they deserve more success than has come their way.

Hemus has been getting runs consistently, while Skipper Pyatt has also got a few.

The palm for keenness must be handed to Senn, Estermann and Tom Bassett.

THE NORTHERN TOUR.—"Cover-Point" is proud to have secured for "Craccum" readers the exclusive story of The Northern Tour, by virtue of persistent third degree methods employed with the Manager and members of the team.

A happy little band embarked at Devonport in the grey dawn of Monday, December 26th, 1938, to launch the initial and epic country tour sponsored by the 'Varsity Cricket Club. I use the word sponsored advisedly, for in spite of much enthusiastic talk in the changing sheds, only six 'Varsity men eventually Lange (captain and manager), Simmie Haden (chauffeur), Bruce Boaden, Bob Newbold, Des found themselves available. They were:—Bill Minogue, and Peter Miller. The balance of the team comprised: Ken (overthrow) Cantlay, George (no-ball) Sage, Ossie Cook, C. Coupe and Bill Barr-Brown.

The first leg of the journey to Maungakamea was accomplished without incident. "Karama" as it is locally known, is a small and intensely cricket-minded farming village perched precariously on a hill-top at the head of a very beautiful valley.

HOSPITABLE INHABITANTS

The people proved immensely hospitable, which fact along with several heavy showers, gave the first match a decidedly wet opening. 'Varsity emerged from the day's play with a 1st innings lead of 100 runs. In the evening at a Ball given in honour of the team, the

music for which was supplied by a veteran piano and rustic fiddle, hospitality again flowed freely. Most of the lads arrived home before cow-time and many kind invitations to assist in the Dairy Industry were reluctantly refused.

At the end of 'Varsity's 2nd innings "Karama" required 200 odd for an outright win. They put up a great fight, but the quality of our bowlers, thus far unlibated, proved too much, and they were all out at 4 p.m. for 120.

BREAKDOWN NO HINDRANCE

A function in the pavilion which included the usual well-chosen words and cheers, ended a happy two days at 'Karama, and the team boarded the cars after many fond farewells. One car had the misfortune to damage its rear axle en route and consequently failed to keep an appointment further north. Great was the anxiety of the Manager that night, and equally great his relief next morning when the Press located the delinquents at Whangarei.

The next match was played at the Keri Keri oval against the Bay of Islands representatives, and resulted in an innings win for the touring team.

VALUABLE SOCIAL CONTACTS MADE

During their stay in the Bay, seven members of the team were billeted at Paihia and four at Keri Keri. Numerous local contacts were made, and in particular one must mention a tall blonde left-hander whose prowess at darts-throwing would have made a monkey out of Cupid. His victim remains transfixed, and it is rumoured that various reunions have occurred in our own city.

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The final match was played against a greatly strengthened Bay team at Kaikohe. 'Varsity again snatched victory right on time and compiled the 65 runs required for the outright win, in less than twenty minutes.

CENTURY BY SAGE

Mention should be made of the very fine century by Sage at Keri Keri. This lad gave a finished exhibition for the first hundred of his career, during his first innings on concrete.

Playboy Boaden (who gave an exhibition Lambeth Walk at Paihia) compiled a hard hit 108 at Kaikohe, and scored easily the most runs on tour. (He sings Cowboy songs rather well, too.)

Tall, dark and quietly confident Des Minogue, apart from enjoying the social delights, found time to hit some nice sixes and bowl some effective body-line.

Club Secretary and wicket-keeper, Pete Miller, resplendent in a new Club Cap, set a high standard in stickwork and capped a successful trip by capturing a valuable wicket, with a well-placed full toss on the leg side at Kaikohe.

ELOQUENT LANGE

All-rounder Bob Newbold performed well in all departments, won a Christmas cake at Russell and tied his affections into knots in various places.

Bill Lange did all that was required of him in great style, both on and off the field. His speeches are his special pride, and he is already preparing for next year. The Club is most grateful to all those people in the north who combined to make the tour such a happy affair.

THE COBRA

This creature fills its mouth with venom,
And walks upon its duodenum.
He who attempts to tease the cobra
Is soon a sadder he, and sobra.

—Ogden Nash.

Football Prospects

This year the Club faces a particularly strenuous season. The Seniors have to regain Senior A status a task of which we are quietly confident. This team will comprise the nucleus of last year's players supplemented by the promotion of promising juniors, and we will be able to field probably the best senior team we have had for several years. Mr. A. A. Lucas the well-known referee and former 'Varsity player, has consented to coach the team this year and will be assisted by Mr. Ron Bush.

We have been fortunate in securing keen men who know the game as junior selectors, and with the enrolment of all playing freshers to supplement those already playing we can look forward to a very successful and enjoyable season in junior football.

VISIT OF BRITISH TEAM

This season also we must prepare for the visit of the British University team next year.

The two annual matches against Victoria and Massey Colleges will be played as usual. We will travel to Wellington and Massey will visit us.

Trips for the various teams will be arranged as the season progresses.

ANNUAL MEETING HELD

Our annual meeting was well attended and the election of officers for the coming season resulted in Professor Sewell being elected President, the other officers being as follows: Club Captain, Mr. D. D. Mulvihill; Secretary, Mr. J. H. Kirkland; Treasurer, Mr. L. S. Drake; Committee, Messrs. L. O. Desborough, D. L. Martin, E. C. Cooney, K. C. Aekins, P. Day, Prendergast, J. Pyatt.

Training.—Shortly, Saturday afternoons will be arranged and advertised for the initial practices. It is essential that all players, particularly new members attend at these practices as it is from the material available that the selectors pick their teams for the commencement of the season.

Night Practices.—Arrangements are being completed for the use of training sheds for night training during the season, and this will be a distinct improvement on last year's outdoor training. Nights will be arranged among the teams later.

Various social functions are held by the club and these will be broached as they occur.

Altogether prospects are bright for a successful season, and we look to all members and students for support in our programme.

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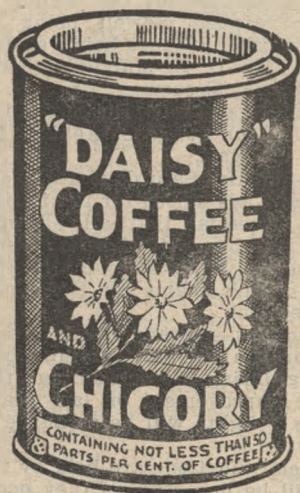
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