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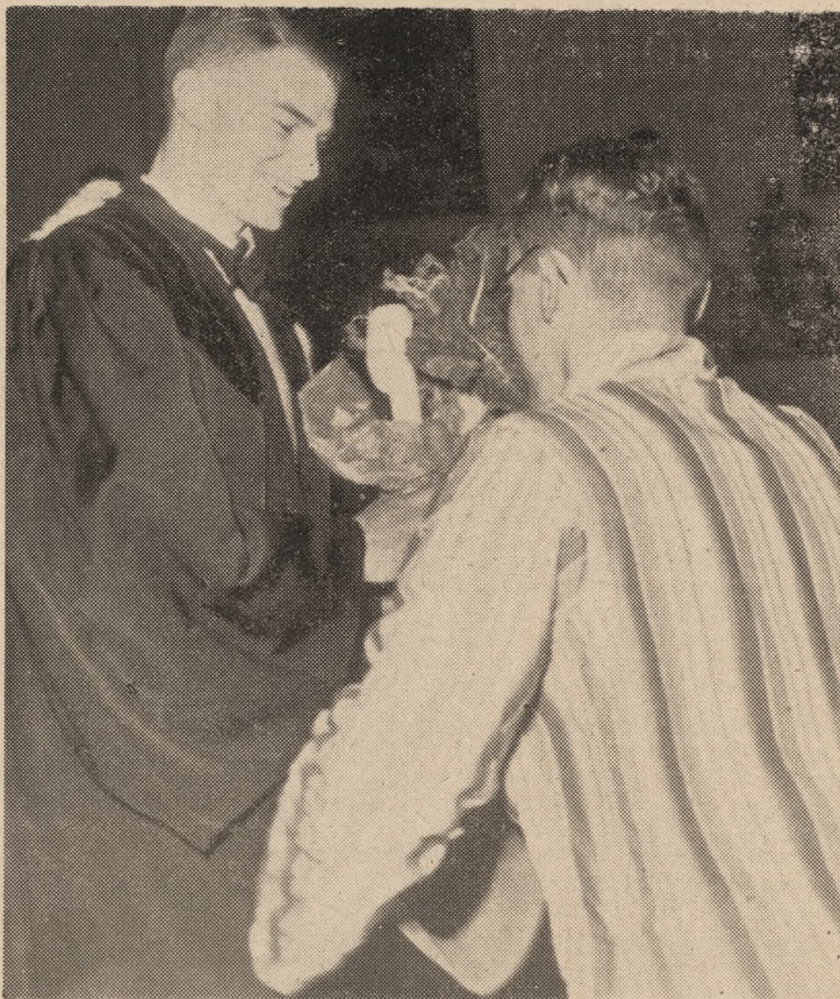
City's Gift To College

STATEMENT BY COLLEGE PRESIDENT

"The recent gift of land to the University by the City Council is a significant event in the history of the College, for it shows that the City has realised its responsibility to education," stated Mr. W. H. Cocker, President of the College, when interviewed by a representative of "Craccum." "The Council has for some time been concerned about the site of the University with a view to future requirements, and it was evident that the Council would have either to look for a site elsewhere or extend the area of the present site. Since the Council was more or less committed to the present site by the present buildings and since it was advisable to have the College fairly close to town, it was decided to approach the City Council concerning the block of land between the University and Alfred St."

"Accordingly the Finance Committee of the City Council had been approached and the position had been laid before it. It was pointed out that in the last 100 years most of the newer English Universities had been established largely through local support. For example, in Exeter, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, the city contributed £5,000 annually to the University, and this example was typical of the attitude of local bodies towards education throughout England. Recently, too, in Melbourne, the City Council had granted £3,000 annual revenue to the University. Apprised of these facts, the Auckland City Council had made its generous gift."

"Actually, the land will not fall into the possession of the University for the next 35 years, but the acquisition of this land will play a large part in the Council's plans for further buildings. This is by far the most generous gift of the City to the University to date, previous gifts being a donation to the School of Engineering and a donation towards the establishment of a lectureship in public administration. The Council is to be congratulated in obtaining this grant from the City Council."



CABBAGE AFTER CAPPING

J. W. Murray, B.A., receiving attention as he left the platform after having his degree conferred on him last month—an unpublished picture appearing by courtesy of The New Zealand Herald.

Maori Conference

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION TAKES A HAND.

While A.U.C. students were on vacation recently, the College itself was a hive of activity in which the Students' Association played an active and prominent part. During the last week of vacation, May 22-27, the College was the venue of a conference of young Maori leaders, to discuss the social, educational and economic questions affecting the Maori race. This conference was the first of its kind, and owed its origin to the initiative and foresight of Professor Belshaw, who was supported in his work of organisation by Mr. A. B. Thompson, and the Students' Association Executive. Delegates to this most important gathering were chosen by Sir Apirihana Ngata from all over the North Island, and comprised representatives from most of the important tribes. In addition to the young Maoris, elders of the tribes and interested Maori welfare workers attended the conference, while Sir Apirihana Ngata, Princess Te Puia Herangi and Mr. Paikaea, M.P., were also present.

The Students' Association was asked to co-operate in this conference, and, realising the great social value of the meeting, threw its weight behind the organisation. Appeals for billets were made by the Association, but, unfortunately, resulted in a very poor response. An appeal for student recorders, however, resulted in the obtaining of a good number of volunteers who were present at all round table discussions for the purpose of voting the points discussed. A football match was arranged for the Wednesday afternoon between the College and the visiting Maoris which resulted in a win for the Maoris, 14-6. The game was a good one, friendly and amusing, and did much to make the visitors feel at home.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL EVENING

The principal feature of the work of the Students' Association in the conference was a social evening, held on the Monday evening, 22nd May, in the College Hall. This function was an informal one, arranged by the Students' Association, and the hall was made comfortable and intimate by a carefully haphazard arrangement of the chairs. Speeches were made by Mr. W. H. Cocker, President of the Council, Mr. J. C. Reid, President of the Students' Association, Professor Sewell, Chairman of the Professorial Board, Sir Apirihana Ngata and Mr. Paikaea. Musical, vocal and humorous items of a very high standard were given by Miss Rachael Mawhinney, Miss Dorothy Bell, Messrs. Ivan Hodder, A. McGoun and Paul Holmes. Quite a large number of College students were present, who mixed with the delegates, and exchanged ideas and points of view with them. The contacts made at this meeting and the atmosphere of understanding and mutual interest made it one of the most valuable functions of the whole conference.

COMPREHENSIVE AGENDA COVERED

Apart from the activities arranged by the Students' Association, the whole week was occupied by discussions in the mornings on Economic Problems, Health Problems, and Educational Problems and by tours of inspection, lectures, etc. The discussions were left completely to the delegates, who gave evidence of a keen and energetic interest in these problems. Addresses by such authorities as Dr. Sutherland, of Canterbury University; Dr. Julius Stone, Dr. Turbott and others gave valuable material for discussion, and there can be little doubt that great benefit will result from the conference.

No resolutions were passed, and no definite schemes propounded. The object of the conference was merely to awake the Maoris to a sense of the gravity of the problems affecting their race, and to give them an opportunity to discuss possible solutions and means of development. The conference will now become, it is hoped, an annual affair, and in the near future, tangible results and definite Maori welfare movements will result from it.

The Students' Association is proud to have had the opportunity of assisting at this initial conference.

Comment on Curriculum

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S CRITICISM

DANGER OF OUTSIDE INFLUENCES

"The outstanding principles governing the present curriculum are specialisation and the 'free elective' system," said Professor Anderson, "but specialisation and free choice are both dangerously vague terms.

"Properly understood the word specialisation refers to a mental operation, that of proceeding from the general to the particular. But it is apt to be interpreted in a sense applicable to material things and processes only, and to involve in practice the absence of anything general from which to particularise at all. It means keeping to a groove all the time."

"The so-called free elective system in the choice of subjects by the students was the world-shaking discovery of that eminent educational crank the late President Eliot of Harvard," the professor continued. "Since he imposed it on that institution it has spread all over the world. As regards the arts degree in New Zealand the sole surviving qualification

The bias given the University curriculum, particularly as regards the arts course, by influences emanating from the schools, and the inherent dangers of such an infiltration, were criticised by Professor W. Anderson, professor of philosophy, in an interview.

upon this system is the compulsory language unit, and even this has been considerably whittled down. The whole movement has been represented as a great measure of liberation for the student, and like most great measures of freedom it has simply meant a change of masters. The student is left to the influence of the secondary schools, of professional bodies, of parents, and the like.

EFFECT ON COURSES

The working of these two principles was particularly serious in its impact on the arts degree when taken, as it largely was, as a qualification for school-teaching, he continued. The course of such candidates was determined first by the initial choice as their speciality of those school subjects in which they had done least badly, and secondly by the advice of teachers whose main conception of university work was a specialist qualification in their own subjects. The student tended to go through his university course with a secondary-school rather than an academic outlook.

"Greater realisation is needed among school authorities that a teacher who has had his mind opened and developed by study to the honours stage of whatever subject has gripped his personality is more likely than another to be able to prepare himself for teaching in any subject," the professor said. "A further practical consideration here is that secondary teachers as well as primary have now to attend Training College, where instruction is available in several subjects that they may have omitted from their university course.

"NEGLECTIBLE QUALIFICATION"

"In line with the existing form of specialisation is the prevalent attitude that only an advanced or honours course is of any value. The tendency is to deprecate work at Stage I, to regard it as mere school work and a negligible qualification. This derogatory estimate seems to me to be further emphasised in the decision of the Senate, soon to be implemented, to do away with the University examination at that stage and leave it to the Colleges. Such an attitude I regard as pernicious. Work at this stage is perhaps the most important and responsible that it falls to the lot of the teaching staff to perform. Further, if work at that stage is not a sufficient grounding for a teacher to profess the subject in school, it has no claim to be regarded as university work at all, and should be replaced by something that is.

"I am convinced that this situation will only deteriorate if any more is done to it by the University of New Zealand. The forces making for false specialisation and for the control of academic standards from the point of view of external interests are becoming increasingly strong in the Senate, where the neo-pedagogical views of Victoria and Canterbury Colleges rule the roost. The one hope of a change lies in the matter being taken up by an independ-

ent institution—a university at Auckland for example."

A measure that might be taken by a College on the present basis was to set up a general course for all students in logic and rhetoric, to be undertaken, as resources permit, by the departments of English and philosophy. One thing that came out in examiners' reports was the growing illiteracy, the falling off in standards of thought and expression, among university students. All that, of course, so-called specialising tendency did less than nothing to correct.

"On some attempt to counteract the foregoing tendencies depends, I am convinced, the question of whether the University and its graduates, are to be reckoned an asset to or a liability upon the community at large," Professor Anderson concluded.

Flea was outstanding. His work was convincing, and his lyrics were audible throughout. G. D. Speight as Simple also acted well, and good performances came from K. Wilson (George), Des. Woods (Barnyard), and others.

CAN-CAN BALLET OUTSTANDING

The most popular part of "Bled-White" without doubt, was the Can-Can Ballet. As in the past, Miss Edith Graham did a splendid piece of work in coaching the beefy ballerinas, and each performance brought the house (and Mr. Leach's) skirt down. The Wishing-Well Ballet was second only in popularity. If any criticism could be offered, it would be aimed at the fact that the second ballet was not an integral part of the play and that some attempt should have been made to relate it to the "story."

MUSIC ESPECIALLY GOOD

The Revue Orchestra has never been better than this year, and Mr. Ivan Whitehead deserves a great big hand, not only for his smooth conducting, but also for the well-chosen and well-arranged overture, entr'actes and incidental music. It is doubtful whether a professional set of musicians could have given better renderings.

With regard to the whole show, as mentioned, before, Act III. was very dull, and a serious let-down after Act II. This might have been improved by making the ending bright, but, alas, it was mournful and flat. A catchy tune here and the spectacle of the whole cast dancing or raising one hand or even smiling in unison might have helped to remove the general impression of dullness. Be that as it may, the box office returns show that the public loved every minute of it, which may show that Barnum was right, and may not.

Mr. Dave Clouston merits a hearty slap on the back for the painstaking and capable job he made of the organisation of the Capping Play this year in the face of difficulties at least as great as those faced by previous producers. The popular success of "Bled-White," and the splendid profit (in the vicinity of £250) more than justifies the daring step of taking the annual Revue to the city, and is proof positive that the audiences built up in 1936-1938 have remained faithful, and will remain so in the future.

Generally speaking, "Bled-White and the Seven Wharfies" may have lacked brilliance, polish, and smoothness, but it was bright, audacious, and enthusiastic and compared more than favourably with the efforts foisted on a gullible public in the "good old days" before the talkies. It is quite probable that the Centennial year will see the annual play back in His Majesty's again.

Revue Reviewed

"BLED-WHITE AND THE SEVEN WHARFIES."

GOOD INDIVIDUAL ACTING:

SCRIPT LACKED POLISH

Among the large audiences that witnessed A.U.C.'s highly-successful Carnival play "Bled-White and the Seven Wharfies," it is certain there was not one person who would have been prepared to nominate the show for the Pulitzer Prize or even the Academy Award. Despite a bright and amusing second act, the show suffered from a relatively uninteresting first act and an almost undesirably bad third act. The play showed obvious signs, even to the uninitiated, of hasty writing, and even hastier production. The chorus work was, as usual, terrible, and the greater part of the cast were in the grip of the 'flu. Considering these major drawbacks, it is all the more credit, then, to Mr. Charles Zambucka, his cast, and his stage-staff that "Bled-White" proved to be one of the most successful and popular productions the students of A.U.C. have ever attempted, that even the most critical were appreciative of the merits of the show, and that the season had to be extended for two nights to satisfy the more belligerent of the Auckland public who had been turned away on previous nights.

There can be no escaping the fact that the script was badly in need of revision, pruning and general doctoring up, but the haste with which the Carnival Play was prepared this year made it impossible. As it was, the plethora of topical allusions, the geying of public figures, the competent acting of the cast, an odd joke or two, and J. E. Moodie's lyrics made "Bled-White and the Seven Wharfies," an entertainment not easy to surpass.

ZAM. GOES TO TOWN

Mr. C. Zambucka had lavished on the production all the tender care of a mother, with the result that the cast brought out every point in the script, and managed to infect the audience with a spirit of gaiety that persisted even through the painful last act. Mr. McGrail's stage settings deserve a special word of praise, especially the Wishing-Well Scene of Act II., and Mr. B. Twomey will be a much-sought stage manager by future Carnival producers.

The most artistic features of the play were the lyrics of Mr. J. E. Moodie. Their brilliant wit, neat rhymes, and topical satire place them beside the great song hits of former A.U.C. days as most memorable achievements. It is rather a pity that the enunciation of the chorus, especially the girls, was so poor that some of the best lines were lost. The most happy renderings were Van Hodder's tongue-twister about the "short Waitemata" and A. MacGoun's "I'll Raise an Awful Stink in the Caucus."

CAPABLE INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

On the whole, the acting was good, especially on the part of the women. Val. Anderson was outstanding as the female Adam, and Edna de Marr made one think of castanets, oranges, Carmen and so on. Jess Hoskins as Georgina gave an excellent imitation of Zasu Pitts, and an anonymous lady member in Act III. stole a scene in masterly fashion. Among the men, Bill Singer was undoubtedly delightful as Aunt Hazy. His incredibly vulgar music-hall voice, and hideous clothes, captured all hearts. However, his part in the script was small, and so he was inclined to bog other people's scenes. Had he had a larger part, especially a long scene in Act III., the show would have benefited and he would not have fallen into the terrible sin of stealing applause.

Ivan Hodder, veteran of "Ohello," "Lady Precious Scream" and other past successes, was as usual excellent in the smallish role of Adam Kelly. Dave Clouston, another old-timer, sank his responsibilities as Chairman of Carnival Committee in the part of Gordan Kelly, and succeeded in getting himself well and truly hated by young and old. Alan Giffins as Snow Savage looked the part, and acted it in that dear doddering way that was so true to life, but was very inaudible at times. However, this may have been due to 'flu, and in any case, did little harm to a sound caricature.

Among the Cabinet, A. MacGoun as Grumpy

(Continued in previous column.)

POINTS OF VIEW

Slimming is the triumph of mind over platter.—Men Only.

Man is like a bicycle. If you don't ride him, he falls.—Bismarck.

Speeches are like babies—easy to conceive, but hard to deliver.—Pat O'Malley.

An expert is a man who decides quickly, and is sometimes right.—Elbert Hubbard.

When some men discharge an obligation, you can hear the report for miles around.—Mark Twain.

All that education does to-day is to develop the memory at the expense of the imagination.—Owen Johnson.

The good old days were the days when the prisoner, and not the sentence, was suspended.—Walter Winchell.

Experience is not what happens to a man. It is what a man does with what happens to him.—Aldous Huxley.

"Dancing is as old as Man," says a writer. Adam, it will be recalled, attributed his downfall to the Big Apple.—"Punch."

Whoever follows Jesus as a guide cannot be anti-Semite. One thing or the other—either Christian or anti-Semite.—President Masaryk.

I do not believe in a fate that falls on men however they act, but I do believe in a fate that falls on them unless they act.—G. K. Chesterton.

If a man thinks he's Caesar and nobody agrees with him, he's sent to an insane asylum. If the masses agree with him, he becomes a dictator.—"San Francisco Argonaut."

Most moderns are akin to the old theologian who said he was entirely open to conviction, but would like to see anybody who could.—Ernest Trueter in "Architects of Ideas."

There are over 2000 years of experience to tell us that the only thing harder than getting a new idea into the military mind is to get an old one out.—Liddell Hara, in "The War in Outline."

The business of a publicist is to tell the truth on important matters and to publish it when it is unpopular and even when it is dangerous. That is his function, and he is not doing his duty unless he fulfils that function.—Hilaire Belloc in "G.K.'s Weekly."

War on a large scale to-day would mean a conflict in which masses of civilians were blotted out in scarcely conceivable conditions of horror. One single bomb filled with modern asphyxiant gas would kill everybody in an area from Regent's Park to the Thames.—Lord Halsbury.

Man is the only animal of which I am thoroughly and cravenly afraid. I have never thought much of the courage of a lion-tamer. Inside the cage, he is at least safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility. In short, no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat.—George Bernard Shaw.

There is a very sinister feature to all the disarmament discussions. I refer to the tremendous power wielded against all the proposals by armament firms. It is no longer safe to keep in private hands the construction of these terrible instruments of death. We must aim at getting rid of this immense instrument in the maintenance of suspicion.—Lord Cecil.

Craccum

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Wednesday, June 7, 1939.

City Council's Gift

During the recent vacation for the students of the Auckland University College, the College Council has been furthering a matter of vital importance to us all. Most students will already be aware of the generous gift which is to be made to us by the City Council as a Centennial gesture; but it is nevertheless fitting that in this, the first issue of "Craccum" since the decision was made, we record our appreciation of what has been done. By the possession of the eight properties with a frontage to Alfred Street and Princes Street, the University will own all the block in which it is situated, with the exception of the portion occupied by Government House; and this enlarged territory is more fitting to an institution which seeks to live up to the ideals set by tradition. The British Universities are centres of research, as well as places where the young men and women of the country may meet in good fellowship, to exchange their views and to absorb the culture of their race. But in this College, research has been hampered by the lack of equipment, and student activities have been restricted owing to the cramped College site. The congestion in the Science department has been notorious, but now that the new Biology block has been opened, that situation has been eased. The Engineering School, however, has claims hardly less pressing, as anyone who cares to view the iron sheds in which it is housed, must agree. Then again the College library and the Arts block are small in comparison to the ever-growing numbers of students. Every year the Freshers admitted rise in numerical strength, and as time passes, the problem of congestion in buildings is bound to become more and more acute. As a matter of fact, if the College Council is not able to provide the money to purchase the lessees interests and commence new buildings in the near future, it will probably find that by the time the present leases expire thirty-five to thirty-seven years hence, the amount of expansion required will be infinitely more than can be achieved upon the ground which will then come into its control. It would appear that at least a further area will be necessary to provide for the accommodation which will be needed long before this period has elapsed.

Yet another cheerful sign of public interest in the College, is the effort by the Court of Convocation to conclude negotiations for the acquisition of a small adjacent property, in which to commence a College Hostel. Our thanks are due to them also.

Once again we commend the College Council for its zeal, and the City for its realisation of our need for expansion.

TOPICAL TOUCHES

At a spelling bee held by one of the radio stations recently it was decided that sodawater was one word. It is, however, perfectly correct to render it with a siphon.

Another Martyr to Science: "Dr. Elizabeth Gunn on School Lunch Diet."

"Ngaio Marsh. Leave. Before the Storm." (Publisher's Advert.)

Just her luck! We got soaked.

"If you reach a time in your life when you feel you cannot hold on any longer, take up a new hobby and you will feel a different person," advises a psychologist. Alternatively, hang up the receiver and try again later on.

"Smart young lady wanted for shoe store, previous experience not necessary, bust must be self confident." A bold front needed.

"Although our girls did not bring back the Stick, they were not disgraced," says the captain of the hockey team referring to the Tournament just held. Next year we must try to find a team which will be disgraced and which will also bring back the Stick.

Making pot pourri needs patience—and, of course, takes thyme.

An architect confesses that he has been forced to pawn all his goods. Pop went the easel.

The clock in the Women's Common Room which last term struck the hour at five minutes past, now strikes the half-hour at seven minutes past. Time marches on!

"Troops took three hours to pass Hitler."—Report of birthday celebrations for the Dictator. Of course if one had the courage to ask him to stand aside.

A Keep-Fit Class has been running for several weeks now, according to a Y.W.C.A. report. Overdoing it, I think.

The noise made by a ping-pong ball is really pang-pung. Mr. Prendergast will continue to call the game table-tennis.

The Canadian Quintuplets recently sang to the world on the radio, but the words were not distinguishable. It seems inevitable that they will drift into the chorus of a 'Varsity Revue.

A swarm of bees entered the Social Security Building in Wellington recently. It would be interesting to know how many of them were stung.

A Society of Manuscript Lovers is to be established in this University. Very few members of the teaching staff are expected to join.

Near Hamilton a motorist broke into a roadside garage, and motorists are wondering how much the poor devil had to hand over.

A 'flu cocktail has been invented, and hot whisky is also recommended as a preventative. There is evidently a determined campaign to popularise the complaint.

"To-day's hint tells you how to keep your hair in first-class order. Cut it out and paste it on a large piece of cardboard and hang it in your bathroom."

Then it won't even need brushing.

"When cooked, bananas become rather tasteless, and if using them it is best to choose recipes which do not involve eating them"—Aunt Daisy. They can then be thrown away when ready to serve.

"A good football team will often win one week or lose the next," says the secretary of the A.U.C. Soccer Club. It could of course overcome this handicap by only playing every other week.

Mr. Owen tells us that Herr Hitler and Mr. Savage being willing, he will not be with us in the third term. Unfortunately, in spite of the wishes of these two gentlemen, the examination system will be.

PROFESSOR KNIGHT INTERVIEWED ON ART

Development of International Architecture

SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES WRITTEN BY K. DOUGLAS.

"I am delighted that we should be sitting here, discussing art in this way: it is very gratifying to find students generally taking an interest in the fine arts entirely on their own initiative."

Thus Professor Knight in an interview.

Among other interesting remarks made by Professor Knight was the statement that he almost invariably read "Craccum" from cover to cover. (I sadly reflected on those many backsliders who either regard the paper as below their notice or depend for their supply of "Craccum" on snooping it from unsuspecting friends.) He was rather disappointed with the absence of a cover this year, and thought that it was a retrograde step. (Editor please note.)

Professor Knight was easy to interview, being pleasant and amiable, and crisp in his statements. He likes to lean back (as some of you may know), in his tip-swivel chair while discoursing and puff at his pipe. It was this tip-swivel chair, by the way, which provided an unexpected highlight to the interview, although it might well have ended in disaster for all concerned. Right in the middle of a particularly involved explanation, one little tip too many sent the chair past its centre of gravity and very nearly deposited its distinguished occupant in an inverted position on to the carpet. A clear understanding of the laws of gravity, however, enabled Professor, by a most decisive action, to retain his seat and his dignity. (I hope he will forgive me for this.)

At the beginning of the interview Professor made clear that he was a specialist in one branch of the fine arts—Architecture—and that his approach to the allied arts of painting and sculpture must of necessity be that of the amateur rather than the professional.

FITNESS FOR PURPOSE

"Professor, in the last issue of 'Craccum' I quoted Baldwin Brown on Architecture, who said inter alia, 'these outward conditions of financial pressure and of the necessity for adhering to a given programme are not of the essence of the matter, and the creative energy of the artist is not deprived by them of its spontaneity and freedom.' Would you care to comment on that statement? Have you not at various times stated in effect that the first requirement of good architecture is 'fitness for purpose'? Does not this imply that the fundamental requirement is a functional one?"

"I should say it depended on point of view," said Professor Knight, "Baldwin Brown is speaking from the point of view of purely a fine art and although architecture is a fine art we must recognise the practical aspect."

"Then, according to Baldwin Brown, Professor, the only part of architecture which could come under the heading of a fine art is the embellishing of the structure after functional needs have been met."

"Let us put it this way. Art is an emotion which may be created in various ways. Obviously it cannot be due to practical mundane causes but nevertheless it may be influenced by them. The quality of being satisfactory for a purpose does itself create a sense of pleasure."

"Might not a perfect work of art be very poor architecture?"

"In a way, yes. It might arouse pleasure but this pleasure would be tempered by regret that the building was not better fitted to its purpose."

"In the last fifty years there have been a number of extraordinary demarches in the practice of the art of painting. I refer particularly to Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and Surrealism. Could you tell me roughly what each of these schools hope to achieve—what their objects are?"

CUBISM AND SURREALISM

"Each school is seeking to achieve only one thing—beauty—which involves enquiries into the fundamental meaning of art. However, very briefly, I should say that Impressionism is an attempt to interpret why any particular picture was painted. Its intention is to focus interest on what appealed to the artist in his creating of that work. Post-Impressionism carries this idea to its limit. Cubism and Surrealism try to express in an abstract form a fundamental expression of beauty."

"But should not beauty be recreated in the mind of the observer?"

"Yes. But Surrealism is limited in this—to possibly a small number of loyal disciples. Admittedly the chief function of a work of art is to provide a means of expression for the artist, but unless his work creates similar emotion in an observer it will die with him."

"Do you consider that any of these schools may have a material effect or influence on the development of art in the future?"

"It is impossible to say, but some good always accrues from any sincere movement in art. I consider it dangerous for students to get attached too strongly to one or other of these groups. To sum up, I would say that the originators of these movements often do very fine work, based on sincerity and truth, but their followers are not infrequently only partially sincere and sometimes mere copyists."

"What do you think of present-day tendencies in sculpture? What have you to say regarding Rodin's work, that portion of Epstein's work based on the grotesque, to sculpture executed with pieces of wire, string and various odds and ends?"

"This sort of sculpture, like painting of a similar type, is a seeking of the abstract, and I think should be judged on its artistic effect."

ART IN CARICATURE

"Might not beauty in art include such emotions as fear, or even horror?"

"Yes. We could say there is art in caricature and that these arts we are considering are unnatural arts—an emphasis on a particular line of thought, but there is little doubt that most satisfaction is obtained from pleasurable impressions."

"A few words about Architecture, Professor. The modern movement in Architecture has firmly established itself in our midst. Do you consider that it has already progressed towards greater refinement, more delicacy, and away from the first crudities exhibited by other architectural periods in their initial stages of development?"

"Unquestionably. I should like to emphasise at this point that I consider any movement must be an expression of truth and that truth must be an expression of mankind in any particular age. Falseness will be detected by posterity and the movement will die."

"Would you regard Corbusier as still being one of the leaders of modern architecture?"

"Yes. I consider also that Dr. Berlage is one of the real founders. His work is based on absolute truth and will survive perhaps when the work of other designers has faded into oblivion."

"Do you believe that there will come a time when all buildings will be erected in this one style, as occurred largely in, say, the Gothic Period? Do you think we shall then have a truly international style?"

"No. There is definitely greater similarity in buildings to-day throughout the world but this is due largely to greater similarity of civilisation and extended facilities of transport. However, there are still national characteristics, climatic influences and so on, which will always remain, but there is undoubtedly a greater general unity. It is possible that unexpected influences may cause a departure from the general trend of development, e.g., if dictatorship became general throughout the world there would be a change in architectural character."

"The influence of Hitler is clearly discernible in Germany to-day, where modern art has been checked and there is a tendency towards the re-creation of monarchical forms. Similarly, in Italy, Mussolini tends to re-create the Roman spirit in architecture. In conclusion I would add that if democracy developed over the entire world there would be a much greater possibility of a truly international architecture eventuating."

I wish, through these columns, to thank Professor Knight very heartily for this interview which altogether occupied nearly an hour of his time. The subject was difficult to cover closely and concisely owing to the very wide

field of art itself and I feel that Professor's efforts to express in a few words the essence of, in many cases, whole books, will be fully appreciated.

FUTURE ARTICLES

Professor Knight suggested that it might be better in future to confine articles to a definite phase of art and this I have decided to do. I intend in next issue to deal with the vital force behind modern architecture and to explain as briefly as possible why we, to-day, have to go without visible roofs on our houses, without decoration on our buildings, why we have to sit on tubular steel chairs and lie on highly efficient but very utilitarian beds.

I regret having to suppress the correspondence section this time but there is simply no space available.

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On The Current Screen

Four good pictures are currently showing in Queen Street, the best collection we have had this year. "You Can't Take It With You" (Civic), the dual Academy Award winner directed by Frank Capra from a script prepared by Robert Riskin based on the Pulitzer prize play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, is a first-class production. "The Citadel" (St. James'), the film version of the best-selling novel by Dr. A. J. Cronin is the finest film to come from Britain this year, according to many critics who did not omit "Pygmalion" from calculations.

Considerable praise has also been given to "Made for Each Other" (Plaza), and "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (Regent) is the fifth pleasing picture in which Deanna Durbin has appeared, which is almost a major Hollywood achievement.

***"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU" (Civic). When the play from which this picture was derived opened in Manhattan in December 1936, critics complained that Playwrights George Kaufman and Moss Hart had failed to equip it with plot, that their eccentric characters were freaks rather than human beings. Translation from the stage to cinema sometimes has extraordinary results. In this case, the result is spectacular proof that the comic exterior of "You Can't Take It With You" concealed not merely plot but superb dramatic conflict, and that its characters, far from being freaks, were really human beings drawn on the heroic scale. Brilliantly explored by Writer Robert Riskin, Director Frank Capra and the season's most astutely chosen cast, these unforeseen potentialities make the Pulitzer Prize-winning play of 1937 into what is easily the No. 1 cinema comedy of 1938.

Most titanic rebel in the group of legendary rebels which "You Can't Take It With You" assembles in the living room of a shabby urban household is Grandpa Vanderhof (Lionel Barrymore), retired for 35 years because he decided one morning that working was no fun. His daughter, Penny Sycamore (Spring Byington), writes plays because someone once delivered a typewriter to the house by mistake; his son-in-law (Samuel Hinds) manufactures fireworks in the basement; his granddaughter, Essie (Ann Miller), studies ballet with a ferociously impecunious Russian (Mischa Auer); and the assorted camp followers of the Vanderhof-Sycamore menage pass their time playing the xylophone, experimenting with false faces and training pet birds. Thus when Alice Sycamore (Jean Arthur), the only member of the family normal enough to work for a living, falls in love with her boss (James Stewart), scion of the fabulously rich and conventional Anthony P. Kirby, it occasions not only a meeting between the two clans but a Homeric clash of creeds.

In the play, the climax of the clash, like all the rest of the action, occurred in the Vanderhof living room, where the Kirbys, arriving the night before they had been invited for dinner, were just in time to be carted off to jail when the fireworks in the basement exploded prematurely. Unimpeded by the restrictions of the stage, the camera follows the party to jail, then into court, then into the newspapers, then into a board meeting at the Kirby bank in a series of scenes which lifts the feud between the Kirbys and the Vanderhofs to the plane of that between the Montagues and Capulets. By the time Grandpa Vanderhof and Banker Kirby (Edward Arnold) eventually symbolise their inevitable meeting of minds by sitting down together to play "Polly-Wolly-Doodle" on harmonicas, their duet affords some of the emotional impact of a Beethoven symphony.

Wholly successful moving pictures are the consequence of a collaboration too complex for analysis. Known for his knack of inventing "business," Director Capra was faced with the supreme test in a play that was already as full of business as a beehive. How thoroughly he passed it can best be judged by the fact that his shrewd cinema editing helps more than anything else to achieve the paradox of making Vanderhof and Sycamores on the screen seem more like flesh and blood than they did on the legitimate stage.—Time.

*"WHITE BANNERS"—The occasional recrudescence of such genuine and unabashed melodrama as this may be merely an unfortunate accident, or, more interestingly, it may be thought that the public really requires at intervals an undiluted dose of its old intoxicant. "No mother," the advertisement of this film informs us, "ever faced a more tragic choice," but this is not strictly true since much the same thing happened in "East Lynne." As always, an enormously improving message is the natural accompaniment of such a plot; the

mother (Miss Fay Bainter), who waits in a menial capacity on her own child, unrecognised in her lowly station, is also responsible for more edifying sentiments than one would have believed possible in any single film. Appearing suddenly and out of a snowstorm on the doorstep of a distracted family, she helps the father to invent refrigerators—Mr. Claude Rains is easy and natural in this part and there is an agreeable scene when he lectures in chemistry to a class of schoolboys—does all the housework, educates the children, and finds time to expound, in season and out of season, the tenets of her rather American religion. The actors are all very capable and make the most of the very refractory material given to them.—The Times, London.

"FOUR'S A CROWD" (Embassy)—The chief character here is a publicity agent (Mr. Errol Flynn), whose business is to whitewash unsatisfactory millionaires, and a close inspection of this interesting profession might well have made an interesting film. It might also have been amusing, but surely by way of satire rather than farce. As it is the whole subject is merely subordinate to the manoeuvres of a pair of interchangeable couples, and is treated with the same inflexible frivolity. Mr. Walter Connolly, as an unpopular millionaire whose only real interest in life is model railways, is responsible for the most entertaining scenes in the film, and in these he is ably supported by his butler (Mr. Hugh Herbert), another railway enthusiast. The jargon and technique of this curious hobby have been carefully studied and the film extracts some real humour from the infantile enthusiasms that it arouses. But the four principal lovers are very much in the foreground and are given, in all conscience, world enough and time. The entertainment they provide is rapid and not without a rather foolish vitality.—The Times, London.

***"THE CITADEL" (St. James')—A. J. Cronin's novel "The Citadel" caused a great stir when it appeared about two years ago. In "The Doctor's Dilemma" Bernard Shaw had already launched a spirited attack on the medical profession. But Shaw is a recognised humorist, and if his onslaught proves too severe the victims console themselves by supposing that he wrote with his tongue in his cheek.

The case is otherwise with Dr. Cronin. "The Citadel" was a biting and an earnest piece of work—a blow at the abuses of medicine, delivered uncompromisingly from within. The great tradition of the profession, as expressed in the Hippocratic oath, Dr. Cronin left unscathed. What he smote hip and thigh was the venality of individual doctors. In one way or another, he claimed, medical practitioners bowed to the prejudices and the vested interests of authority. The humble ones gave pink medicine where none was needed. The more fashionable and enterprising invented ailments for wealthy hypochondriacs.

It did not need Dr. Cronin, of course, to tell the public these things. "The Citadel" would have failed in its purpose had it not been a hotly-written and deeply understanding narrative, as well as a polemic. And the film which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have based on the novel shares that dramatic quality. "The Citadel" takes its place at once among the finest pictures of 1939.

It has been brilliantly acted. Robert Donat has always been remarkable for his ease of manner. Even his most stirring effects he seems to achieve casually, as though not giving conscious thought to them. Yet, if his performance is coldly analysed, every detail is seen to be perfectly in character. And in Andrew Manson he has an aspiring part that is worthy of him. He fills the young doctor with unspoiled idealism, and with a sensitiveness that makes every rebuff into a major hurt.

As a companion piece, the character of Christine, afterwards Mrs. Manson, has a high-

ly unusual charm. Behind the pretty face there lies the primness of a small-town school-mistress. But behind that again there exists a womanly temperament of remarkable warmth and loyalty. The extent to which Rosalind Russell makes one realise those layers of personality is the measure of her great accomplishment as an actress.

Thus, in the hands of Mr. Donat and Miss Russell, the Mansons become a singularly radiant couple. The generosity, the high-mindedness, and the reciprocal affection which grace this marriage communicate themselves to the audience, and form the core of an affecting story.

A splendid supporting cast has been assembled round the principals. Attention focuses naturally on Ralph Richardson as Philip Denny. The actor comes into the play with a reverberating impact, so that one is puzzled to know what to think about him. Gradually the strange character loses its brassy, unscrutable quality and takes on rich line and form. Denny becomes a towering personality.

Then there is Rex Harrison as Dr. Lawford. Last time Mr. Harrison appeared on the screen he was Liberty's wealthy but colourless lover in "St. Martin's Lane." In "The Citadel" he has been perfectly cast. He makes Lawford just the sort of easy-going, cynical, fashionably flippant young man who would have taken an idle fancy to Manson, and would have lured the desperate young idealist into the path of easy money.—Sydney Morning Herald.

POST-WAR LITERATURE

FAIRBURN AND THE MODERNS

"Why is modern literature more and more concerned with Sociology?" began Mr. A. R. D. Fairburn in an extra-curricular activities lecture on the subject of "Post-War Literature." "It seems to me a natural development from the mid-Victorian period down, when literature was not subjected to very close philosophical and sociological scrutiny. We can trace it in its intermediate stage in the drama of Bernard Shaw, and to-day sociology and literature seem to be almost wedded to each other. Literature should be concerned with the whole field of human experience. Yet it is equally bad for literature to be wholly remote from social conditions."

Of the best-known figures of the early post-war days, Chesterton, Belloc, Shaw and Wells, none had had any great significance in literature generally. The real influences had not been apparent. Possibly the greatest had been T. E. Hulme, an essayist and philosopher, who wrote comparatively little. Hulme was a man of very great significance, out of touch with his environment as he was, a militarist, a follower of Bergson's, and a student of Sorel, the French Anarchist. Among his friends had been T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. Of other influences such as the Georgians, Brooke, Housman, Flecker and Yeats, little remained to-day. Unique after the war had been T. S. Eliot, who had been concerned with the whole situation of man, the classic ground of poetry.

The disillusionment of the Post-war world first found expression in Aldous Huxley. To-day he was a pacifist—from the outset he had been a thoroughly defeated man. Aldington, too, was another, thoroughly upset by the war: "All Men are Heroes" showed no development from the savage attack on war-makers of "Death of a Hero," for he had suffered the final defeat. Dr. D. H. Lawrence, though a great artist in power, had also failed: the War had been too much for him.

A very general tendency in modern literature was to be seen in the work of James Joyce, who, though in his early work dealing with the world of public values, in his later work had, like so many poets, retired to a world of esoteric images, to the privacy of the lunatic. He had done this because the world was intolerable for artists.

Ernest Hemingway was a figure of great importance. He was not like Eliot a defeated man. In "To Have and to Have Not," although he still concerned with death and physical violence as in "Farewell to Arms," and "Death in the Afternoon," yet he had new interests. He had further ceased to be a best-seller—a healthy sign. Actually this concern of literary men for their market, though not affecting the better authors, had led to the terrific crop of detective stories—a sign of the popular taste. Trilogies had considerable attraction as commercial commodities.

Evidence of the renewal of life, and vigour were few and slight, and an impending social disaster seemed probable. The vigour and clarity of Auden was a good sign. Yet generally the retreat from an ordered literature seemed to be a progression towards anarchy; there was no measure of stability left.

SHOULD WE FIGHT?

"FORCE MUST ANSWER FORCE"

(This pertinent article is reproduced from "Semper Floreat," Queensland University Students' Paper)

I know it is not fashionable now to fight for anything which is not either Fascism or Communism, having in mind those of us who would be mothers if we were not chary of producing cannon fodder, and those of us who would be fathers if we were not spiritually impotent to produce anything except a loud weeping and gnashing of teeth.

There are, however, two things which are no longer worth anyone's while to fight for—wealth and power. Judging from the results of the last war it seems highly unlikely that a victor will gain either in a future conflict.

Those who are willing to sacrifice a few surplus corpuscles on making the world safe for Communism or Fascism might do well to remember that the issue between them is not nearly so clear-cut as their respective exponents would have us believe. Each, for instance, seems to thrive on a good bitter, racial or class hatred. Both are backed by a spiritual fanaticism which reminds me of the Middle Ages and the wars of religion, and both have never been shy of using force when it is a question of letting someone else's not-quite-so-sacred blood. They both also, at the moment, find an autocracy necessary to preserve them from their compatriots.

I am old fashioned enough to believe Montesquieu was right when he said different types of government were indigenous to different countries. That is not theory, it is a matter of history. I have no objections to any sort of show the Italians or the Russians may care to put on. But whatever comic opera may suit the sombre Slav or the gloomy Teuton, I prefer something a little less theatrical. I do not like their little games of soldiers and conspirators. They are even more boring than cricket.

What I am driving at is that there is only one practical form of government worth fighting to preserve, that form of democracy which will encourage a sturdy independent-minded, freedom-loving individual who believes in the peaceful intent of mankind.

The alternatives before us seem to have been clearly stated by Mr. Eden, when he said we must choose between international justice and the law of the jungle. Not many of us really want to be pacifist sheep among military wolves. They have never been known to engage in lupine invective against mutton as meat. Surely it is worth while, in the last resort, to fight anyone, individual, or State, who wants to set up might as right. I believe Germany and Italy still pin their faith on the shining sword and/or stiletto. We can only answer force by collective force. Perhaps they will understand us if we talk their language.

It is a very dangerous policy which may easily cause an explosion, but every minute lost makes the danger greater still. Let us say now to Germany and Italy, "Thus far and no farther," until they agree to a drastic all round armaments cut. If they still ignore us then I say we should fight while we still can, as General Smuts says, "Not for glory, nor for wealth, nor for honour, but for that freedom which no good man will surrender, but with his own life," and for the re-establishment of the League of Nations."

—W. R. PECHEY.

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THE MODERN MANNER

1. W. H. DAVIES.

I saw a pig
Upon a tree.
I stared at it,
It stared at me.
I said "Oh pig,
I wonder why
You stare?" The beast
Made no reply.
This proves perhaps
Its brain was big.
I thought it stupid
Of the pig.

2. W. B. YEATS.

Down in the mists in the heart of the bog,
Where the ghost of Maeve floats e'er
through the fog,
The Bugaboo dances in flashes of gold,
A horrible sight for a man to behold.
It bellows like furies, its horrible roar
To the hearts of the brave like a heron doth
soar.
'Tis a pity so often it's just—here's the rub—
O'Regan a-singing his way from the pub.

3. C. DAY-LEWIS.

Oh, comrade, bare your bloody teeth,
For you and I the martyr's wreath.
Let fascists sneer and torys cry
The Left Book Club shall never die.
Stand beautifully by the wall,
With fists clenched we'll nobly fall
For only thus, I fear, acclaim
We'll gain, or any lasting fame.

4. T. S. ELIOT.

My limbs are stiff, my back is bent
Like the arch on a Gothic monument,
Bald is my head as a maiden's "No. 1,"
I've bunions on my heel and toe.
I dare not eat a peach at tea,
Such luxuries are not for me,
Yes, Sweeney sure has had his day,
But who the hell cares, anyway?

5. EZRA POUND.

There is quite a lot
To be said
For
The foreign policy
Of England.
You see, though nobody,
Not even the Government,
The Newspapers or
Madame Tabouis
Knows what is it
All about,
Think how neatly
They baffle
Foreign spys.

6. ANY AMERICAN SONG WRITER:

I love yer like it's nobody's business,
Gee, I didn't oughter tell yer,
Ain't you crazy about me, honey,
Sure, er mighty kinder swell, yer
Got me jitterbugging baby,
I ain't gonna take no maybe,
I wanna be loved by my little cutie
Honey, honey, don't get snooty,
I ain't gotta notion what the goshdarned
rizzzen is
But I love yer, I love yer
I love yer like it's nobody's business.

7. THE SURREALISTS:

My love is remarkably
like an empty
beer-barrel, crowned
albeit voluptuously with
A fish-slice studded
with seaweed
and floating, like a
sick potato,
in a green mist on
a Sunday afternoon
through a school
of one-eyed porpoises.

ONE VIEW

Provided I'm not in it,
Any war is just,
If the other side begin it.
Provided I'm not in it
And provided that we win it,
As, of course, we simply must,
Then,
Provided I'm not in it,
Any war is just.
—"The Student," Edinburgh.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL

Sir,
Our city authorities are at present, if they have not already chosen, deliberating the question of a worthy centennial memorial for Auckland. The ideas they have already considered might be right enough in their way, but is that way the best out of what, it appears, is a considerable problem?

Surely, in selecting something to serve as a memorial of a century's progress, they can do better than lay out a park which the great majority of the people may never see, erect a gymnasium centre whose work will be undone by continued living in unhealthy surroundings.

It seems almost obvious to your correspondent that more lasting good would result from a wide drive for slum clearance, and the building of real homes to replace the dingy hovels which now house a good proportion of the city's population.

Economically, of course, this would represent a greater problem than the schemes already mooted. But in the long run something would surely be saved in the maintenance of our public hospital. Deficiency, diseases and nutrition are responsibly held to contribute many cases to a growing list. A centennial building scheme would do something to shorten that list.

COMMON SENSE.

MR. SAVAGE AND NATIONAL CULTURE

Dear Sir.—You may have noticed recently in the daily paper the report of an interview with Mr. Richard Crooks in which he said that the Government had prevented him from taking his earnings in New Zealand out of the country. That it is wrong for a man to take large sums from the public and then leave the country with it I am not concerned with; though I doubt very much whether Mr. Savage would, for example, object to Mr. Nash returning from England with the proceeds of his public performances in the music-halls and other haunts of the proletariat. From a small national point of view it may in principle be wrong for an artist like Crooks to get off with a lot of money; but certainly from the point of view of the general culture of the community the Government's action is disastrous. For surely no good companies or artists are going to visit this Dominion, where they will have to leave behind their earnings, and in none too safe investments.

We cannot hope to have here a national culture if we are going to shut ourselves off from the rest of the world in such matters. It is one of the deficiencies of democracy that the Government cannot take any progressive

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step for the culture of the people without endangering its position as the Government. One of the best things that could happen so far as the culture of this community is concerned would be the founding of a National Theatre to which good companies and artists would come, paid by the government, and yet seen by the public at prices no more and less if possible, than the present cinema prices. That, of course, would be working at a dead loss and the Government would have to make up the loss by some means or other. But, while Social Security is desirable, it is not surely "the summum bonum" of national progress.

—POLL.

PROPAGANDA WORDS

Dear Sir.—The following quotations from Aldous Huxley's "Ends and Means," may be of value to those interested in the exchange of views on "propaganda words" between Mr. Day and Mr. Reid. He says: "Every dictatorship has its own private jargon. The vocabu-

laries are different; but the purpose which they serve is in all cases the same—to legitimate the local despotism, to make a de facto government appear to be a government by divine right. Such jargons are instruments of tyranny as indispensable as police spies and a press censorship. They provide a set of terms in which the maddest policies can be rationalised and the most monstrous crimes abundantly justified. They serve as moulds for a whole people's thoughts and feelings and desires. By means of them the oppressed can be persuaded, not only to tolerate, but actually to worship their insane and criminal oppressors."

Incidentally, that book should give political extremists food for thought.

—MAX.

ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME?

Many of the American State Universities are now larger than Oxford, the Sorbonne or Berlin, and reveal a general average of intelligence but little above that of a home for the feeble-minded.

The graduates of such vast rolling mills of imbecility, setting aside a few lonely fugitives from a better day, are almost completely useless, socially speaking. The years that they might have devoted to mastering trades suitable to their talents were wasted in mendicant idleness. The sum total of their useful knowledge is equal to zero. They have acquired no valuable skills whatsoever, not even the skill to read and learn. Going into industry, they have nothing to offer save a capacity to spell out the simplest English, and a firm conviction that they are above the pains of hard work.

Of such sort are the dummies who subscribe to the Youth Movement, and listen to its mountebank telling them that honest and hard-working people owe them livings. They are easy meat for Communists and other such frauds.

—H. L. Meneken, in "Right Now."

THE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

Once again we farewelled our teams at the Auckland Railway Station with many expressions of hope as to their chances in the Hockey Tournament, which was held at Canterbury University College during the vacation. The men's team however, was narrowly beaten in every match, but the very narrowness of the margin is a tribute to the way in which the men played. The women's team did better, by tying for the cup with C.U.C. and O.U., yet its strength might have led us to hope for even greater achievements. The gaining of five N.Z.U. blues was very satisfactory, and made up for the disappointment that only one of the men's team received this honour. As usual, C.U.C. proved themselves excellent hosts and "a good time was had by all." Further details of the trip and the play appear in the news columns.

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SIX HOCKEY BLUES FOR AUCKLAND

Women Fare Better Than Men

Full Account of Tournament by "Craccum's" Special Representative with Team.

Akarana Hei! To the full-throated strains of the college haka the A.U.C. men's and Women's hockey teams entrained for Christchurch at 3 p.m. on May 22. The members very soon got to know one another, introduced all around by Shona Paterson and Murray Speight and, by Frankton everyone was sparking well.

The party arrived safely in Wellington, where several interesting pastimes were indulged in. On the Wahine we were joined by Massey and Victoria. To Bill Hanson's disappointment, we learned that Victoria was not sending a ladies' team this year.

Old faces we saw again that evening—Jimmie Jervatt of Massey (who did not miss the boat on the way down, anyway), Hec Lawry, and Stan Braithwaite, which reminds me that Pat Shirtcliffe also joined us at Wellington.

We reached Christchurch to learn that we would be playing on grounds as hard as concrete (or almost). The next few days were devoted to what (in the opinion of some, anyway), was the main part of the trip. I am referring, believe it or not, to the hockey matches.

LADIES' MATCHES

Unfortunately the girls drew a stiff match on the day of arrival and were just beaten by Canterbury A., 3-2. All were agreed (Canterbury included) that A.U.C. had the better team (as later matches proved). Unfortunately, however, to most of the girls the goal posts seemed to sway from side to side with the result that shooting was somewhat erratic. Even Clem is prepared to swear that this semblance of swaying was caused by the motion of the boat and that the Canterbury team did not adopt the tactics of the Victorian basketballers last Easter in Dunedin.

On the second day an easier match against Canterbury B gave our girls a chance to develop the combination which stood them in good stead against Otago whom they beat 6-3 in a glorious game on Friday morning. As Otago had beaten Canterbury A, the result was that three teams tied for the championship, Otago, Canterbury and Auckland. It was most unfortunate that our team met Canterbury A, on Wednesday afternoon. If they had met Cant. B. then we would probably have won the shield outright. As it was, the fine play of our girls was reflected in the fact that five of them were awarded Blues, Shona Paterson, Jean McGechie, Dorothy Smith, Pat Shirtcliffe, and Clara Lynch. It is interesting to note that these same five were awarded Blues in 1937.

MEN'S MATCHES

The men's draw was arranged much better from our point of view, the first game v. Canterbury B on Wednesday afternoon, being in the nature of a pipe-opener. A.U.C. won, easing up, 7-3, and the combination displayed therein looked promising for the future. The notable feature of this game was the fine play of those members who were playing in unaccustomed positions in the field. Clem Green very nobly offered to play in goal and his display was a revelation. He donned the pads for the first time in his life and yet he played with the confidence of a veteran, making many fine saves. Perry, on the left wing, played a good game, his centres being responsible for several goals from the stick of Greenback at centre forward. Patterson too, adapted himself well at inside right.

OTAGO GAME

The second game was against Otago, last year's champions, who were at full senior strength. A.U.C. rose to the occasion and every member of the team played splendidly. After a clean, hard game O.U. ran out the winners, 4-3. Yule was outstanding for Auckland and Murray Speight's game that morning probably won him his N.Z. Blue.

THE VICTORIAN DEBACLE

The same afternoon we played V.U.C. with disastrous results, probably due to a reaction from the hard game in the morning. As Otago beat Victoria, 14-2 we should have had little difficulty in disposing of V.U.C., but Victoria struck form and won, 3-2. Hanson, Yule, Greenback and Patterson shone in this game. The fullbacks were steady.

Undoubtedly the team gave by far its best exhibition when it played the strongest team in the tournament, Canterbury A, which contained five Canterbury representatives and seven ex-N.Z.U. Blues. Nothing daunted, our boys played the game of their lives and hustled

Canterbury right off their feet. In the first spell Canterbury only entered our half about twice, being pinned for the most part in their own circle. The halves and backs, playing magnificently, fed the A.U.C. forwards continually, but no scores were registered. Seldom has such poor shooting been seen. Probably it was due to over-eagerness, but at least five goals should have been scored in the first half. Half-time score, however, was 0-0.

Cyril Walter, exceedingly worried, called Canterbury into a huddle and they bucked up a little. A.U.C. still dominated the game in the second half, but missed several open goals. Duffield scored twice for Canterbury, but the A.U.C. backs broke up most of the Canterbury attacks before they could get going. Greenback scored a beautiful goal—a real trimmer, but unfortunately it was the only occasion on which the Canterbury goal boards rattled. True, their goalie was peppered continually, our forwards being able to do everything but shoot straight.

It would be unfair to single out any individuals in this game for every member played magnificently. The combination between backs, halves, and forwards was remarkable. The selector said after the game that if the forwards had made the most of the opportunities showered on them that we would have won by about six goals instead of being beaten 2-1.

In this game the selector might have been justified in selecting Moir as well as Speight, but Sealy Wood's steady play throughout was apparently considered more worthy than Moir's brilliance one day and mediocrity the next.

In the afternoon we played a picnic match against Massey. Clem Green was promoted to centre half, Bruce Herriott, who had been troubled throughout by a weak ankle, did not play in this game. The match was very scrappy and was as the selector said, "hockey at the halt." Everyone returned home sore of shin and blistered in the feet to enjoy a hot bath before the dinner at Coker's and the ball afterwards. The dinner was a wow—ask Clem Green. The A.U.C. haka was one of the highlights and again at the ball in the evening. Highlight it was, but unfortunately, not too popular with the manager when he discovered his nice plush seats being stamped on by our boys' big feet.

Then back to Hagley Park and those concrete grounds (with the black hole of Calcutta for changing, where three N.Z.U. teams did battle with the Canterbury cracks (or crackers (i.e., those who crack). A.U.C. had only one representative in the N.Z.U. Blues.

LIST OF BLUES

Following were awarded blues: J. Moore (Otago), S. Wood (Otago), M. W. Speight (Auckland), N. H. Buchanan (V.U.C.), A. M. Fisher (O.U.), G. Milne (O.U.), G. Hopewell (M.A.C.), H. Lowry (M.A.C.), H. Boniface (C.U.C.), H. J. Aldred (O.U.), E. Prebble (A.U.C.).

The above "A" team faced a strong Canterbury representative side, which contained six New Zealand representatives. In the first half naturally the All Blacks lacked combination. As a result the experienced Canterbury side ran up a lead of 4-1 at half time. In the second half the N.Z.U. players found their feet and held the opposition. The backs and goalie

provided stubborn opposition, while the forwards became more aggressive so that the University side scored two goals to Canterbury's one in the second half.

A.U.C. had two reps in the B team, Perry and Moir and five reps in the C team. Unfortunately some of the C men were not so "keen" with acknowledgements to the G.M.T.G. as the A.U.C. members, so that results were not all they might have been. The goalie (to quote Geoff again) had one ambition in life, which was to kick the ball over the back line for a penalty corner.

The match between N.Z.U. women's team and Canterbury was rather one-sided, the locals being too strong. Still, our five A.U.C. reps., undoubtedly the best members of the side, were not disgraced.

There followed a mighty rush to catch the boat train. All of A.U.C. arrived safely on the Rangatira, but James J. Grevatt and Rennie Walters of Massey, were left lamenting, or didn't they lament at missing the revue practices at Massey on Sunday.

After such a hectic week you would perhaps have thought that everyone would have wanted to sleep on the boat, but not a bit of it. Thanks to the V.U.C. celebrity with the guitar a very jolly community sing was held on deck till about 11 o'clock when a party of "keen" members retired to Clem's cabin. There they re-played the games in detail until about 12.30. Clem produced his menu with its 79 genuine signatures, and were some of those names criticised and called all sorts of unbecoming names? Why! Keen Geoff even wanted a certain one deleted—words followed to and fro, no one was spared; from the Massey "C" grade goalie to the Victorian inside left cum centre forward. Then, finally, the considered opinion of G.M.T.G., who said that despite its small number of wins our team was undoubtedly keen and was never beaten by more than one goal which was indeed a very consistent performance.

On Sunday morning four of the party went up with Massey team and enjoyed their hospitality at Massey College. As for the doings of the others, the less said the better.

RETURN HOME

The trip to Auckland on a train full of semi-intoxicated and Indians with garlic was not without incidents. Ask Clem Green and his be-ringed lady friend.

One bright interlude was the arrival of the "Herald" at Frankton announcing the defeat of St. Luke's by Training College—what a round of cheers! G.U.T.G. immediately called for a huddle to discuss ways and means of trouncing Grammar Old Boys.

COMMENT ON PLAYERS

As reports in Southern papers were so scrappy it seems appropriate to give a brief criticism of the individual players.

S. W. PERRY (left wing)—Stewart played the best hockey of his career this tournament despite the fact that he was playing in an unaccustomed position. In positional play, stopping and centering were very fine and he fully deserved his place in the "B" team.

G. JONES (inside left)—Grif was one of the keenest members of the team. He was playing in his first tournament and was naturally a little nervous and inexperienced. He has the makings of a fine player, however, and the experience gained at tournament should stand him in good stead in club hockey this season.

G. M. GREENBACK (centre forward)—One of the outstanding players in the team. He led the forward line well and scored some clinking goals. His jinky run completely upset most of the opposing backs. His experience in hockey was of great value to the team throughout the trip. His "keenness" was of course never in doubt. Ask Murray Speight.

A. M. PATTERSON (inside right)—Alan was one of the most improved players in the team and never let up in his endeavours to pierce the opposing defence. He made many fine dashes and scored some good goals. Alan's play is developing fast.

G. M. YULE (right wing)—Maurice was again, as in 1938, one of the unluckiest players at Tournament. His form on the right wing was superb as we in Auckland know it always has been. He centred the ball with the regularity of clockwork. His stickwork and timing were perfect. How the selector omitted him from the "A" team is inexplicable. It was most unlucky as it was his last chance for a blue.

(Continued on following Page.)

W. HANSON (right half)—Last year in Dunedin Bili played the game of his life—this year he was little if at all inferior. It was due to the way he fed the wing that Maurice Yule had so many opportunities to make ground for us. He saved several certain goals with his speed at covering up. You could always rely on Bili to be back on defence in a tight corner.

R. B. HERRIOTT (centre half)—Unfortunately, Bruce's ankle which was bad when we left Auckland, suffered several nasty blows early in the tournament. Consequently he could at no time produce the brilliant form which gained him a Blue in 1938. Nevertheless he played solidly and was a tower of strength in the centre.

F. J. NEWHOOK (left half)—Frank who plays full back in club hockey adapted himself very well to the left half position and fully deserved his inclusion in the "C" team. Unfortunately he strained a ligament on Friday and could not play. His stopping and marking of the right wing was very sound. He hit cleanly and fed the wing well.

M. W. SPEIGHT (left back)—Murray played at the top of his form throughout. He was the only Auckland to gain the coveted N.Z.U. Blue.

R. W. MOIR (right back)—Ron was shaky at the start of the tournament but played far better in the succeeding matches and must have gone close to a blue. His combination with Murray against Canterbury A was outstanding. Everything they attempted came off.

T. GREEN (goal)—We have spoken elsewhere of Clem's noble effort in taking on this responsible position. He was worth his weight in gold.

Things we will remember—Clem's suggestion about 2 a.m. on the train down when we stopped for the umpteenth time, that the Railway Department should provide some amusement for passengers at these stopping places in the wilderness, e.g., a scenic railway.

Murray's vain cry urging the team in the V.U.C. match not to be beaten by the blokes from the windy village.

Ron following hard on the heels of—on the trip and asking advice from the girls as to his best line of approach.

Alan P.'s reply to the "C" team captain when told to make contact with the backs.

Pauline helped by a Victoria lad endeavouring to solve that crossword on the Rangitira.

Frank Newhook swallowing whole kidneys on the Wellington Railway Station.

Clem examining a marriage certificate with great keenness on the way back.

Frank snooping round—with his miniature camera on the train obtaining some close ups of Clem.

Coifox coming on for Massey against us and steaming up the line like an express train.

Clem demonstrating his acrobatic ability on the Rangitira and dropping right into the arms of a portly stewardess.

Did you catch what Geoff said to the steward who officiously ticked him off for still being in bed at 7 a.m. on the Rangitira?

John and Jean writing those names on that glass window in Chancery Court on Friday night.

Were Clem and Bruce ejected or did they leave the pictures of their own free will?

THANKS TO ALL

Many more pages could be written of the doings of the happy band—every minute was enjoyable and crammed with fun. It is appropriate to offer here our thanks to those who did so much to ensure the success of the tournament.

To Canterbury College Club for turning on such a splendid time.

To our Canterbury hosts who did everything possible for the boys billeted with them.

To Massey College and L. G. Southon, their sec., in particular, who looked after four of us so well on Sunday.

CONGRATULATIONS

Craccum also offers its congratulations to those eight members of the men's team who were selected for one of the N.Z.U. sides:—

A team.—M. W. Speight.

B team.—R. W. Moir, S. W. Perry.

C team.—G. Greenbank, W. Hanson, A. Paterson, M. Yule.

The above representation shows that the men's club is maintaining its high standard. The women's team of course, was outstanding, containing the five blues mentioned above.

the Harrier Club. Last year a newcomer, he finished the season Club Champion and with major placings in most inter-club events. Continuing on the track, he established Auckland University track records for one and three miles, in the latter event clipping 9 seconds off the old time.

Kinsella is now experienced, and has always been a most capable performer, although erratic in his training. If he settles down this year to taking his work seriously, he will undoubtedly improve the club's prospects. Of the new men, G. Palmer, M. Winiata, F. Moss, L. Gilmore, G. Porter, and A. de Lisle are impressive, but it is perhaps early to comment on their ability.

HARRIER TALENT

LIKELY REPRESENTATIVE TEAM

The Harriers commenced the season at the end of last term with 40 members, despite the fact that pouring rain involved all in the risk of taking cold. Forty members, of whom some fifteen were newcomers! There were a few absentees, possibly deflected to the ranks of lesser sports, but this year the secretary announces that the Harriers' Club contains some sixty active members!

There is probably some truth in the assertion that a season in the Harrier Club will form a solid basis for any other sport, will give one wind and staying power upon which to graft skill and agility for other sports. It is not generally known that the famous matmen, George Walker and Tom Lurich, ran for a local Harrier Club (in the slow pack!); that a well-known back-stroke swimmer, after a season with the harriers, came out in the summer and established new figures for his event; that quite a few men of physical renown do their hardest training (particularly boxers) in the slow or intermediate pack of one or other of the Harrier Clubs!

REPRESENTATIVE TEAM

Most pleasing it is to see G. Koefoed, B. Harden, T. Collins, T. Nelson and E. Stephenson out again with the club. These will probably form the nucleus of the representative team for the N.Z. University Champs. in August at Auckland. Harden is particularly impressive. It is his third season and he is greatly improved. T. Collins, the new club captain, had a season on the track with the distance and middle-distance men, and it should serve him in good stead. He goes particularly well on the road, and anyone who saw him run in the Onehunga-Auckland road race last year, when he moved from 50th place up to 10th, could not fail to be impressed with his performance. A breakdown in health at the end of last season prevented his showing his best form then, but this season he should be at his best.

T. Nelson is a similar case. He came quickly up to form last season, and may well surprise everyone. He is of ideal build, with great reserves of stamina. Most of all, he is very keen.

Koefoed is, of course, the leading light of

(Continued on Preceding Column.)

To-day's Great Drink

WAITEMATA

GOOD TASTE, GOOD HEALTH.

IT'S GOOD FOR YOU

**THE BEER THAT
EVERYBODY
WANTS!**



RUGBY IN FULL SWING

SENIORS INTERMITTENTLY GOOD

The motto of this college is "Ingenis et labore," and even its members who play for the senior Rugby fifteen would do well to remember that any amount of "ingenium" is of little value without a corresponding amount of "labor." Considered individually, the senior rugby side must compare favourably with any other side in its division, and in the representative trial recently held no fewer than five University players took part. Yet the unfortunate fact remains that the team has been defeated in three out of its six matches so far played.

It can only be concluded that, at any rate till before the Otahuhu game, the team was not working as it should. The pack must be as big as any in Auckland, possessing as it does such giants as Reville Thornton, Bill Foreman, Laurie Drake, Bill Lange and Bob Armitage, and yet there has been more than one occasion on which the opposing pack held its own, even conquered. The match with Eden is a notable instance. However, against Otahuhu, the leaders of the second division, the team played splendidly, and thoroughly deserved its win. On that occasion the forwards played with terrific life and the backs, despite the absence of Don Martin, showed far more dash than ever before during this season. Paterson playing in the five-eighths and Bush going on as fullback. The final score was 7-6, the 'Varsity total being made up of a dropped goal by Eric Cornes and a try by Neville Thornton.

It is to be hoped that this match will be the turning point in the team's career this season. There is no chance of the team returning to the first division before next season, but, if the Club can hold its good players together, 'Varsity should be represented once again in the senior first division next year. By the number of players in the Auckland rep. trial it seems fairly certain that playing in the lower grade does not impede any player's chances of selection.

Details of the other matches are more painful than pleasant. The match against Takapuna was a well-fought game, and 'Varsity were unlucky to lose. Takapuna gained the lead by a dropped goal and with great difficulty kept out the repeated thrusts of Cooney and Martin near the end of the game. The match against Northcote was won fairly easily, with the score 24-9. In the absence of Drake and Martin the College Rifles game resulted in a draw; indeed the team has been very unfortunate with injuries and illness. The loss of Gyllies after his promising start, has been followed by attacks of most venomous 'flu germs upon the team's members. The presence of a consistent goal-kicker in the side might have made a different story of the season's performances. Anyhow, the season is yet young and undoubtedly the team will redeem its record during the rest of the season.

COMMENT ON JUNIOR FORM

SECOND GRADE TEAM

PROSPECTS CONSIDERED

So far the 2A team has had three games, two of which they have won by a good score and one lost by a small margin.

In their first game they met a team of Training College students and through good play on the part of nearly all the team they were able to win with a score of 46 points to nil. The score was not a good indication of the game as our chaps had to keep going to hold their line without it being crossed. Training College did not seem to have the knack of handling the wet ball as did our boys.

In this game L. Hesketh must be congratulated on his handling of a wet ball and Pulham and Prentice for their support in backing up. The two wings in Turbott and Day were doing well with the game under the conditions. Turbott is to be commended for his straight and determined running when in possession of the ball. Day would be well advised to do his running down his own side of the field instead of crossing in front of the oncoming forwards. Warner had a sure pair of hands and did all that was asked of him during the game. Bailey played a good game at half, and handled well.

In the forwards the work of the Pyatt brothers was noticeable and with Prendegast, they were always up on the ball.

Some of the forwards showed that they had not taken their football seriously by the fact that they were not quite fit enough to go all out over all the distance. Digger Robertson showed that he was made of the right kind of stuff to take the front row when asked. He played in the backs last year, mostly as half back, and his display as a forward shows what a handy sort he is to have in any team.

SOME FAULTS SHOWN

The second game was with Panmure at Western Springs. This game proved an easier win than the first although the score was lower, being 31-0. In this game McPhee and Mackie took the wings and played well, Turbott having been loaned to the senior fifteen and Day absent with an injury sustained in the first

match. McPhee has the right idea and seems to know where the goal line is when he is given the ball.

One thing which was noticeable in this game was the inclination of some of the backs to play too close up on their own men, leaving the likelihood of the ball being passed behind them. It is far better to knock the ball on than have it dropped behind, thereby giving the other team a great chance of turning defence into attack. Another matter noticed was the fact that the in-passing was tried at the wrong time: this game should not be tried when the opposition backs are backing one another up on the inside.

FORWARDS WORK WELL

The forwards worked well although they did not have much opposition insofar as weight in the pack was concerned. Allan Pyatt had the misfortune to suffer an injury to his hand and will be out of the game for a few Saturdays. His brother Jack also suffered an injury to his foot but with a day or so off he would be right again.

In this game several sure tries went begging on account of the forwards playing too close upon the man in short passing, the ball hitting the body before they could get their hands on it. This is the fault of the man taking the ball and not the man giving the pass. Always remember to allow a foot or so or otherwise the ball will be knocked on before you can get hold of it.

The forwards played a wonderful game and were a better pack. No doubt had they decided to take the ball with them more often the score may have been different. As it was they were unlucky in not getting to the line on more than one occasion. The presence of Tom Overton and Don Sutherland playing their first game of the season and George Cawkwell probably made some difference. Both Tom and Don

(Continued at foot of next column.)

VALE

Three Students go Overseas

One of our less pleasant duties these days is the keeping of the melancholy chronicle of departures—the tally of those who have found both our noble village and the Pacific Paradise too small for their capacities or invidious to their tastes. Latest to join the ranks of those who have fled their old familiar haunts are Harry Willis and Morry Keys, both of whom left by the Awatea during the vacation. Tulsi Sharma also left Auckland in May.

Harry is bound for South Africa, Rhodesia, to be precise, as befits that large and sparsely-settled country. There he is to join the South African Police, an administrative branch of the Colonial Office, whose duties are mainly those of a field intelligence service. The job is one calling for a deal of special training in addition to ability and physical fitness.

The move is just another hegira to Harry, who has already done more than the usual amount of travelling. Born in India, he went to school in England for a number of years, returned to India, and later lived in the United States before coming to New Zealand. He attended King's College here and entered the University in 1937.

In his second year he won the lightweight boxing championship, and the most scientific boxer's award, and represented A.U.C. at Tournament. This year he again won the scientific award and the welter championship and reached the final of the class at Dunedin, losing on points in a fight which many considered he had easily won.

Third intermediate footballers will also remember him as an intermittently tireless worker among the forwards, and a good-humoured exponent of the gentle art of "stoush." His other activities included membership of the Hongi Club, the now defunct Flying Squad, and sporadic concentration on lectures in the science school. Included in the trophies he took with him to Africa was a leopard skin, worn with modesty and brazen assurance in two processions.

Hongi bade him farewell with three well-timed hakas at the boatside, delighting the crowd on wharf and boat with a pleasant send-off.

Morry Keys smiled rather sadly at his friends on the wharf as the boat slid away. Bound for England, where he is to take up a position with an engineering firm in Newcastle, he promises to add another good mark to a solid academic career.

During his stay here he managed to get through a tremendous amount of work on the various committees of which he was a member, and he made many friends. He was a member of the third grade football team.

Tulsi Ram Sharma was the first Fijian-born Indian to be admitted to the Bar in New Zealand. He has returned to his home in Fiji and intends to set up in practice there when he has settled down. Tulse's achievement was something to be proud of, for he had many difficulties in completing his course. Strawberry picking during vacation was one of the ways in which he helped pay for his education.

"Craccum" feels sure it expresses the feelings of students in wishing these three members of the College every success in their future undertakings.

showed signs that they had been playing as they came off the ground pretty well done in, having played at top right through the game.

NEED OF TRAINING.

The backs played well under the circumstances and must be commended on their backing up in defence. One or two would do well to try and anticipate the play a little more. They would save their forwards a lot of running, by taking a kick for the line instead of letting it go into touch behind where they had taken up a position. The fullback is to be credited with some very good line kicking and saving his team a lot of useless running.

Varsity obtained their only points from the boot of George Cawkwell and he was unlucky in not putting the second one over, only being beaten by the strong cross wind that was blowing.

The team wants to do a little more training as it appeared on the day that they were not quite as fit as the Ponsonby team. It is to be hoped that the boys will attend to this without the asking and there is no doubt that they will turn the tables in the next game with Ponsonby under decent conditions.