

CRACCUM

Vol. 13—No. 9.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1939.

PRICE THREEPENCE

CONSCRIPTION CONSIDERED Conundrum For College

If the object of a bright little meeting held unofficially in the College Hall last Monday was to provide a cross-section of University opinion on the conscription issue, it certainly succeeded. But unfortunately what should have been a jolly affair was marred by a distinct uncertainty about what the meeting had decided.

Some sort of amendment was passed, but motions and amendments, and counter motions and counter amendments, mingled with floods of oratory from the stage and body of the hall, had so befogged the audience that the chair itself became confused.

DECISION OBSCURE

The upshot of it was that more than half the audience failed to grasp what had happened. Stripped of side issues, the result was a postponement of decision until such time as a more official meeting was called.

Accurate reporting of the affair would be an impossibility. Opinions flowed forth in such diversity that "Craccum" could be filled with their eloquence.

Every section of 'Varsity thought must have been represented. There were Nationalists, who preached Nationalism and begged the Labourites present to forget party politics, Labour supporters who talked socialism and asked the Nationalists for impartiality, frank pacifists, Empire builders, militarists, earnest young men who were convinced that Christian principles were the only solution, conscientious objectors and even a woman speaker, who spoke more horse sense in two minutes than that of many of the really ardent partisans did in ten.

Names would be out of place. Sufficient it is that a lot of people had a lot to say and the meeting got nowhere.

MR. SKEET'S EFFORTS

Convener was Mr. Trevor Skeet, who posted a notice asking all who favoured conscription to come and discuss the matter in the College Hall. A lot of people didn't favour conscription, but nevertheless they came to discuss the matter.

Mr. Skeet wanted a resolution asking the Government to institute immediate conscription. This met fierce opposition from a large part of the audience. Proceedings were en-

livened by sharp exchange of views between the convener and members of the assembly, who persisted in rude interjection. The chairman assisted by arguing with a speaker who most definitely opposed conscription. Victory in a swift, tactical battle went to the speaker, who queried sarcastically: "Am I being rebuked by the chair or contradicted by a member of the audience?"

WAS IT LEGAL?

Altogether a happy evening? Members of the executive further jammed the issue by questioning the legality of the meeting. Others emphasised that, owing to its unofficial nature, no decision purporting to be an expression of student opinion must go to the Prime Minister.

Mr. Skeet declared that the Government would be pleased to get a resolution favouring conscription. An earnest young Labour supporter produced evidence that it would not.

Anyway, one gathered that from the fuss and pother a gentleman who spoke for some minutes in a series of circumlocutions had succeeded in getting passed a resolution calling a recess until officialdom, in the shape of the Students' Association, sanctioned a meeting. After the meeting the gentleman was rudely and publicly accused by another of the speakers of "jamming the whole thing."

And that's the opinion that a lot of people took away. It's a pity that so many words were spilt without something definite being done.

As stated in the report of the meeting convened by Mr. Skeet, the popular feeling was that no attempt should be made by anyone, however ardent, to gain an impression of University opinion on the subject of military conscription unless the meeting had the sanction of officialdom. Some move was actually made to call a special general meeting to discuss the question, but the President, acting on a motion from the Executive, has since declared the matter ultra vires, hence official decision on the matter is now out of the question.

"Kiwi" Hatched Again

THE LITERARY EVENT OF THE YEAR

Despite war, examinations, petrol restrictions, a Labour Government, and so on, A.U.C.'s annual literary magazine, "Kiwi," will this year be as memorable and as striking as ever. It is due to be on sale at the end of the month, when special corps will be detailed to cope with the crowds clamouring for a copy of the limited edition. Of particular interest to Training College students, law clerks, and other poor brethren will be the news that the price this year has been reduced from 1/6 to 1/-. This does not mean a reduction in quality or quantity of the material printed. On the contrary, the standard of contributions has rarely been higher, but by economising on non-essentials and frills, the Publications Committee has been enabled to produce a splendidly-printed issue of outstanding quality which will worthily uphold the "Kiwi" tradition.

The magazine, which has been edited by J. C. Reid, contains a wide variety of material. There is much verse, serious, pseudo-serious, consciously and unconsciously humorous.

There are short stories, articles on widely-varying topics, such as Psycho-analysis, Flemish art, Surrealism, Pacificism, the doctrine of Progress, and modern drama, records of college activities for the year, and notes on current events. The issue is also noteworthy for its attractive illustrations and end-pieces.

"Kiwi" would not be "Kiwi" without its list of caustic quotations on the graduates of the year, a tradition which dates back to the original numbers of the magazine. This year, the quotations are particularly apt, having been selected with great care and at the expense of much brain-fag and perspiration. Recent graduates are urged to procure a copy and see themselves as others see them—if they can take it.

As only a limited number is being printed, students are advised to place orders with Miss Beverley Williamson, the Circulation Manager, before the end of the month, or to take their place in the queue on the first day of publication, September 29th.

People in the News

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Harry Willis, we understand, claims to have made the fastest tour of Paris on record. With friend, he clambered aboard one of the notorious Parisian taxis, instructed the driver to go like hell—superfluous advice—drew back the sliding roof and, looking like Bodicea armed with a camera, took in the whole of the capital in a whirlwind two hours' trip. Harry was to have joined the Colonial Police in Southern Rhodesia, suddenly changed his mind and decided to intern in Oxford to take a degree. However, recent developments—which shall remain unmentioned—may thwart his plans, and the army may entice him. His one flat foot would prove a handicap.

Burg Owen, who left about three weeks ago for England and Oxford—the realisation of a long-cherished desire—is now somewhere in the Atlantic, which is reported to be infested with German submarines. We can imagine the imperturbable Burg threading his way through mines and what-not with his customary complete and unshatterable calm.

Two others who were caught up in the vortex when far from home and, we presume, security, were Lawrence Hogben and Bob Cotterall. The former, 1938 Rhodes scholar, who is reported to have fallen under the spell of a French demoiselle with all the traditional attributes, was in Russia when war was declared, while Bob had reached Berlin during the course of a European tour.

To come nearer home, the honourable president of the Ancient Order of Hongis, Norm Stace no less, has so far forgotten the Hongi pledge of celibacy as to court the charming Betty Sweetman. In fact so low has the impressionable fellow sunk that it is understood he forsook a gathering of Hongis in favour of the delicious possibilities attendant upon a tea in town with the object of his amorous advances.

Speaking of Paderewski in the Junior Oratory contest, Margot Hogben said: "This young man with a mop of copper-coloured hair and a new technique took the States by storm." And little Audrey, so we understand, laughed.

IS THIS PERSONAL?

A Rattlesnake came home to his brood and said: "My children, gather about and receive your father's last blessing, and see how a Christian dies."

"What ails you, Father?" asked the Small Snakes.

"I have been bitten by the editor of a partisan journal," was the reply, accompanied by the ominous death-rattle.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—1

Dr. Brown (to one Gifkins): How is your dark-room technique, Mr. Gifkins?

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—2

Dismayed consternation of five students returning from the Inter-faculty Hockey who thumbed a ride in, only to find they had picked on a taxi.

FINANCE AND HUMOUR

Students' Association Annual Meeting A Bright Affair

A satisfactory financial report and occasional humour made the annual general meeting of the Students' Association on August 3 a bright affair for the 40-odd students who attended. The retiring President, John Reid, and his executive, made their final official appearances amid a crackle of real applause from those present. A quorum was obtained without the necessity of resorting to press gang tactics.

The proceedings were opened with the presentation of the annual statement of accounts by the business manager, Mr. A. P. Postlewaite, who disclosed that the year's working had concluded with a credit balance of £1/5/9. Other features of the report were the net profit of £235 on the Capping revue, a figure beaten by only two other productions in College history, those of the boom years 1928 and 1929. "The year has been a very difficult one, although a financial success," was Mr. Postlewaite's summing-up.

The meeting brightened perceptibly when Miss Dorothy Fowler introduced her amendment to the blues regulations, providing for the granting of blues to members of debating sides taking part in inter-University debates.

The new President, Mr. D. T. Clouston, objected that blues belonged to sport rather than to activities such as debating. He did not think Miss Fowler would deny that a blazer was hardly the wear for a debater on the public platform. He also said that under the terms of the proposed amendment economic selection would probably eliminate a number of candidates for blues, because of their inability to travel to the debates.

Mr. S. Russell Rice, who presented the report of the procession committee, said that in his opinion blues were more fittingly awarded for participation in "he-man" outdoor sports.

"You think they might as well be awarded for croquet as for debating?" inquired the President.

"Yes," said Mr. Rice, in pleased fashion.

Explaining that the granting of a blue did not confer the right to wear a blazer, Mr. Reid restated the motion for the penultimate time. After amendments to the wording had been completed, it was put to the meeting and the chairman declared it passed before the meeting could get out of hand. In its final form it read:—"That representative blazers should be awarded to representatives at inter-University debating tournaments on the public platform."

Blues for table tennis were urged by Mr. H. T. Prendergast in the form of a further amendment to the constitution.

Mr. Rice was again an objector. "After all, it's a parlour game," he suggested.

Mr. Prendergast vehemently: There are 20,000 people to watch a 'Varsity tournament in the United States.

Mr. Reid: People watch peanut pushing. Will all those in favour of Mr. Prendergast's emotion, motion, please say aye?

The motion was passed.

NEW FACES ON THE EXECUTIVE

The Executive this year has four new faces which enliven the council board and lend some new colour to the discussions which help to while away the time. There are two women and two men, namely, Dorothy Fowler and Pam Duthie, together with Messrs. Newbold and Newhook.

These four possess sterling qualities and will undoubtedly make their presence felt in college affairs. Miss Fowler has been prominent in debating circles for some years, and in 1938 represented the College in the Joynt Scroll Debate at Palmerston North. She was on the Debating Club Committee for two years, and was Senior Oratory Champion in 1938. Miss Fowler has shown herself very capable in her term of office on the women's house committee, and her benign influence will be very welcome on the Executive.

Her companion, the other new woman member, is Miss Pamela Duthie, who has succeeded in being elected in her second year at College. She has had experience on the Women's House Committee and should prove an asset to the Executive, as she is keen on work "pro bono publico."

Bob Newbold and Frank Newhook need no introduction. Bob has done a lot of work this year on various committees—notably the Men's House Committee. With plenty of enthusiasm and a nose that "shall be a glory and a light unto eternity," he should prove a capable and energetic man in his job. Frank Newhook, too, is a man of poisonality. Despite his fair hair and modest spectacles he throws himself into the blackest work and comes out covered with glory. He has worked

well on the Men's House Committee and despite his being an outdoor man, gets through plenty of toil. He denies that he was the original of Aunt Alice's picture in Craccum.

ORATORICAL ORGY CICERO IN THE SHADE

The Senior Oratory Contest, we regret to say, was disappointing both in regard to the number of entrants and the standard of their speeches. Perhaps the present state of unrest may take some of the blame—certainly the ingenious parables to Hitler which appeared at frequent intervals showed what was in the minds of most.

SKREET IN FORM

The first speaker was Mr. T. M. Skeet. Apparently his subject was "Dominion Status." We must congratulate him on having found an unusual topic, but we cannot extend our congratulations to the speech itself. It suffered from vagueness and an excess of sentimental patriotism, and concluded with an eloquent appeal for a state of unity which we all know actually does exist. His delivery was the best we have yet heard from him. It is a small point but we would like to know why he addressed himself exclusively to the gentlemen of the audience!

Miss Ira Ratcliffe took as her subject "Garibaldi and the Thousand." It is a story more the less exciting for having been told so often, and Miss Ratcliffe managed to bring a degree of enthusiasm to her task. She told the tale well, varying the tone of her voice pleasantly and making effective use of contrast. In one rather striking passage she visualised a ghostly arm yof the Black Shirts of to-day marching with Garibaldi's men on the road to Naples. She came nearer to true oratory than any other speaker, though in parts she seemed rather effected and appeared to be reciting and elocuting rather than orating.

Mr. B. T. Smith spoke on the American Aevolution. We were very grateful to him for omitting all reference to Washington and his childhood misdemeanours. His matter was very good, being a lucid and enlightening account of the causes of the revolt. His manner, however, was not sufficiently varied—there was too much of the sober, steadfast or demure in it.

CAWKWELL AND HANNIBAL

Mr. G. Cawkwell launched into a rhapsody on Hannibal and the Second Punic War. The magnificent manner in which he handled his toga—pardon us, gown—and the sonorous roll of his Latin quotations were but outward signs of the classical education which was so prominent throughout his speech. We were rather embarrassed by the way in which he assumed our intimate acquaintance with the details of Hannibal's exploits, but we would not for anything have missed the fun when he was carried away by excitement. It had the makings of a good speech.

Mr. Louis Philips was the judge, and after an excellent criticism of the speakers, announced Miss Ratcliffe the winner.

SMILES OF SIMILES

He sat there, as silent as a man being shaved. His face was as eloquent as a travel-folder, yet not a muscle twitched, not a hair stirred. Presently a small woman, as inquisitive as an X-ray, came up and stared at him where he sat, as still as an image in a niche. She could hardly be called beautiful—in fact, one might say that her face was her chaperone; never would she stand three deep in men. Yet she had something, for within a few minutes they were ping-ponging compliments. Soon he was confiding, "It had come to the point where I had to get a hair-cut or a violin. It was all about a girl, of course. She had as many curves as a scenic railway. But all my efforts were useless—as useless as rain in the ocean. She slipped away as easy as money, and left me, feeling as lonely as a single shoe."

At first she was inclined to act the womanly woman, but changed her mind, and buttoned up the pocket of her sympathy; in no time she made him acknowledge that he was moonlighted into loving her.

They talked until the yawning hours, and then he missed an invaluable opportunity to hold his tongue. "She's a good woman in the worst sense of the word."

Unfortunately at this junction our artist was called away, leaving us crying in the wilderness, like a telephone ringing in an empty room. An Hypothesis incomprehensible. Behaved in a way reprehensible. It used to climb trees. When it wanted to sneeze, Until asked by its friends to be sensible.

Always Get It At

Stan Cass & Co.

Opp. Northern Club, Princes St.

ALL GROCERIES, TOBACCOS,
CIGARETTES & FILMS,
FRUIT & VEGETABLES

Phone Your Orders
We Deliver Free
Phone 44-216

POINTS OF VIEW

EVERY anarchist is a baffled dictator.—Benito Mussolini.

WE call our rich relatives the kin we love to touch.—Eddie Cantor.

ALL political parties die at last of swallowing their own lies.—John Arbuthnot.

HE who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that—John Stuart Mill.

NO folly is more costly than the folly of intolerant idealism.—Stanley Baldwin.

THE Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with revelations.—Oscar Wilde.

PATRIOTISM is the willingness to kill and to be killed for trivial reasons.—Bertrand Russell.

NONE can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but licence.—Milton.

EXPERIENCE is of no ethical value. It is simply the name men give to their mistakes.—Oscar Wilde.

AN idealist is a person who helps other people to be prosperous. Henry Ford.

A CONSERVATIVE is a person who agrees with last century's Liberals.—Argonaut.

A GREAT war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves.—German Proverb.

CICERO, like many of our contemporaries, was, in politics, a moderate of the most violent description.—Anatole France.

DEMOCRACY substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.—G. B. Shaw.

NEVER throw away hastily any old faith, tradition or convention. They may require modification, but they are the result of the experience of many generations.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

REASON is not everything; there is feeling, and what will always give strength to the conviction of a religious man is that the teachings of his faith are in harmony with the natural impulses of his heart, while the belief of the materialist imposes theories repugnant to human nature. Do not good sense and the inmost feeling of each one proclaim individual responsibility? Materialism, on the contrary, rejects it.—Louis Pasteur in "Against Positiveness in Science."

THE Jewish problem is a test case of civilisation. For the test of the civilised mind is tolerance, and magnanimity and a hatred of cruelty to all human beings. If we cannot give protection and security to the Jews within the law, if we allow them to be hunted and degraded like vermin, if we cannot make use of their genius, or bring them within the ordinary rules of our citizenship, then our civilisation is a mockery and deserves to perish.—Sir Phillip Gibbs in "Across the Frontier."

IF scientific civilisation should leave the road that it has followed since the Renaissance and return to the naive observation of the concrete, strange events would immediately take place. Matter would lose its supremacy. Mental activities would become as important as physiological ones. The study of moral, aesthetic and religious functions would appear as indispensable as that of mathematics, physics and chemistry.—Dr. Alexis Carrell in "Man the Unknown."

WHOSE EUROPE IS IT?

Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler were quarrelling as to whose Europe it was.

Muss.: It is mine by right.
Stalin: God gave it to me.
Hitler: I did not.

Craccum

THE OFFICIAL FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION OF THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Editor: P. W. DAY.

Sub-Editors: DOROTHEA MORRELL,
GEORGE CAWKWELL, R. M. SINGER

Chief Reporter: TREVOR O'BRIEN

Circulation: MARY TEWSLEY

Business Manager: A. P. POSTLEWAITE.

Vol 13—No. 9.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27, 1939.

The War

It has come at last, and we are at war. For so long we have expected it that we are not really very surprised. There was really no other way out; and now that things are happening in earnest and the reign of chaos has come on the world again, we are only just beginning to realise that we all are in, whether we like it or not. It is sufficiently obvious that, sooner or later, conscription will come. Until it does come it is the duty of every citizen and every student to proceed with his routine work as far as is possible. The best service we can render our country for the present is to go ahead and pass our exams. In time of crisis it is the custom of the British nation to proceed with studied calm about its daily affairs. There is nothing in the present situation to indicate that any other course of action is for the present necessary.

And when the time for action does come it is with a spirit very different from that of 1914 that we shall act. We have only one thing in common with the feelings our fathers had in those days, and that is a conviction that our cause is the cause of Truth and Equity and that if we forbear to take up arms, then Justice must disappear from the earth.

But unlike our fathers, we have no bitterness or animosity towards the German people. Rather we have a feeling of sympathy for a race whose rulers have consistently misled them and muffled their eyes from the truth. There is no mass hysteria about this war, no blatant propaganda. Some of us may possibly have to die, and probably will die in vain. For no one can really imagine that this war, more than any other will settle anything. The problems it set out to solve will remain unsolved. The peoples it set out to free will return into bondage. The oppression it set out to eradicate will raise its head once more.

It is a pity that the civilisation which has for some 20 years and more been training to make some contribution to the progress of humanity, can find nothing better to do with us than destroy us.

And there is nothing we can do.—P.W.D.

The Student And The War

There is no need for "Craccum" to dwell upon the horrors of a twentieth-century war, for if nothing else, the world has during the last twenty years advanced from a conception of war as a noble, brave thing to an understanding of its terrors, and its uselessness. There is no need, either, to add anything further to the ballyhoo, already widespread, about the ideological, patriotic, or moral significance of the present conflict. All that can be said on that score is that it must, as always, be a matter for the individual conscience to decide, the rights and wrongs of the business, although there must be few who would envy the "absolute" pacifist to-day.

While it is undoubtedly our obligation as citizens to support whatever move our country may make in this conflict, it is not necessary that we should be unanimous on the question of conscription. Despite an element in the college which sees conscription as a desirable measure, there is a majority who believe

(Continued bottom next column.)

TOPICAL TOUCHES

An unfortunate newsprint:
War News in a Few Lies.

To-day there are all too few tunes which have remained honoured and unswung.

THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

If your name is Hickup, you ought to become a glassblower.

Our cry is all for youth. Too many, alas, of our worthy professors have already reached their anecdoteage.

The danger, of course, of a fondness for a place in the sun is that we may get burnt.

Always go to bed with the 'flu, is a doctor's advice. Personally we prefer to go there without it.

A recent Sydney beach carnival included a surf execution by a number of blonde bathing beauties. All fair and above board.

It is stated that only one weather forecast in every ten is completely wrong. It is funny how often we look at that one.

It is simply astonishing the way the bicycle has replaced the horse, remarks a writer. Yes. Yesterday in the Caf. I found a piece of rubber tyre in my sausage.

A large sum of contractors point out that a prominent form of waste is eating too much. Conversely, eating too much brings on a prominent form of waist.

A new kind of invisible ink is on the market. This is the kind that many students use on the second and following sheets of their examination answers.

Believe it or believe it not, praise for Mrs. Odd's cafe comes from a student who says that there he receives a better threepenny meal for a shilling than in any other place in town.

"The bride's younger sister wore a pink dress with veil and coronet to match; the others were in lemonade."—Wellington paper.

It sounds a dullish wedding.

"I squeeze the cotton-wool pad into really boiling water and then, keeping the eyelids firmly closed, I apply it to the eye again until the heat is gone."—Beauty advt.

Thus achieving the hard-boiled look so popular to-day.

(Continued from Editorial Column.)

that "if there were no conscription, there would be no war," and who would regard conscription as a retrograde step nullifying the work for peace carried out with such labour since 1919. Therefore, any move to associate the College with a plea for conscription, a typical manifestation of patriotic fanaticism, should be strongly opposed by all who have not yet lost faith in the possibility of gaining something in the struggle for peace.

Finally, those of us who are moved to participate freely in the war should, as university students, weigh the issues more carefully than the average citizen before taking the final step. We should be clear in our minds what we are fighting for, or what we think we are fighting for, before we decide. Should the motive be unworthy or vague, it were better to grow potatoes for Frenchmen than to rot on a foreign soil for a Communist catch-cry or an Imperialist slogan. Should the motive be sincere and sound, such as a desire to crush totalitarianism or to win a "peace" wherein to fight for peace, our duty is plain. And should the order come, let us respond willingly, but with our motives sounded and the issues clear before us.—J.C.R.

BERNARD SHAW'S NEW PLAY AUTHOR'S NOTE ON CHARLES II.

Mr. Bernard Shaw contributed to the Malvern Festival programme a short note about his new play, "In Good King Charles' Golden Days," which was given its first performance at Malvern, last month. His new play, he says, is not a documented chronicle, neither is it a historical romance.

"The facts of Charles's reign," Mr. Shaw writes, "have been chronicled so often by modern historians of all parties, from the Whig Macaulay to the Jacobite Hilaire Belloc, that there is no novelty left for the Chronicler to put on the stage. As to the romance, it is intolerably stale: the spectacle of a Charles sitting with his arm round Nell Gwynn's waist or Moll Davis on his knee, with the voluptuous termagant Castlemaine raging in the background, has no interest for me, if it ever had for any grown-up person. But when we turn from the sordid facts of Charles's reign, and from his Solomonic polygamy, to what might have happened to him but did not, the situation becomes interesting and fresh.

ISSAAC NEWTON

For instance, Charles II might have met the human prodigy, Isaac Newton. And Newton might have met that prodigy of another sort, George Fox, the founder of the morally mighty Society of Friends, vulgarly called the Quakers. Better again, all three might have met. Now anyone who considers a hundred and fiftieth edition of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" more attractive than Isaac Newton had better avoid my plays: they are not meant for such. And anyone who is more interested in Lady Castlemaine's hips than in Fox's foundation of the great cult of friendship should keep away from theatres and frequent worse places. Still, though the interest of my play lies mainly in the clash of Charles, George, and Isaac, there is some fun in the clash between all three and Nelly, Castlemaine, and the Frenchwoman Louise de Keroualle, whom we call Mme. Carwell. So I bring them all on the stage to relieve the intellectual tension.

THE ETERNAL CLASH

"But there is another clash, which is of enormous importance in view of the hold that professional science has gained on popular credulity since the middle of the nineteenth century. I mean the eternal clash between the artist and the physicist. I have therefore invented a collision between Newton and a personage whom I should like to have called Hogarth; for it was Hogarth who said 'the line of beauty is a curve,' and Newton whose dogma is was that the universe is in principle rectilinear. But Hogarth could not by any magic be fitted into the year 1680, my chosen

date; so I had to fall back on Godfrey Kneller. Kneller certainly had not Hogarth's brains; but I have had to endow him with them to provide Newton with an antagonist. In point of date Kneller just fitted in.

"As to Charles, he adolcesced as a princely cosmopolitan vagabond of curiously mixed blood, and ended as the first King in England whose kingship was purely symbolic, and who was clever enough to know that the work of the regicides could not be undone and that he had to reign by his wits and not by any real power they had left him. Unfortunately, the vulgarity of his reputation as a Solomonic polygamist has not only obscured his political ability but eclipsed the fact that he was the best of husbands. Catherine of Braganza, his wife, has been made to appear a nobody, and Castlemaine, his concubine, almost a great historical figure. When you have seen my play you will not make that very second-rate mistake. . . .

STAGGERING ANACHRONISM

"I have made Newton aware of something wrong with the perihelion of Mercury. Not since Shakespeare made Hector of Troy quote Aristotle has the stage perpetrated a more staggering anachronism. But I find the perihelion of Mercury so irresistible as a stage laugh (like Weston-super-Mare) that I cannot bring myself to sacrifice it. I am actually prepared to defend it as a possibility.

Newton was not only a lightning calculator with a monstrous memory; he was also a most ingenious and dexterous maker of apparatus. He made his own telescope; and when he wanted to look at Mercury without being dazzled by the sun he was quite clever enough to produce an artificial eclipse by putting an obturator into the telescope, though nobody else hit on that simple device until long after. My ignorance in these matters is stupendous; but I refuse to believe that Newton's system did not enable him to locate Mercury theoretically at its nearest point to the sun, and then to find out with his telescope that it was not there, but apparently somewhere else. That is as far as I have gone. I grant you that if I had represented Newton as anticipating Einstein by explaining that Mercury is there all right and that its apparent dislocation is an optical illusion, this would have been a real

anachronism. Happily I refrained. For the flash of prevision in which Newton foresees Einstein's curvilinear universe I make no apology. Newton's first law of motion is pure dogma. So is Hogarth's first law of design."

BETWEEN LECTURES

Ping Pong appears to be the done thing at 'Varsity these days. Trickled into the P.P. room t'other day and there was Ray Lynds (the right answer to any maiden's share!) biffing 'em expertly over the net, and Betty Skipper, tall blonde and beautiful, looking very professional in her white sandshoes and all, her fair brown corrugated with concentration. Other gladsome sights were Prendy wielding a nifty bat, Den Holmes very spry on her pretty pins and Van Hodder, the mad scientist of revue fame.

x x x

Flash! Flash! 'Varsity people seen at John Bentinck Stokes' 21st birthday party at the Metropole recently . . . John himself turning on the old personality plus and making a very cheery host with the assistance of his charming debutante sister, Novali . . . Doug Bradley conducting a believe-it-or-not series about his new baby (says Da Da, Ma Ma and Ha Ha—hasn't cried for six months—good tempered like its father!!) . . . Peggy Buddle looking gay and lovely and beautiful—brunettish in the softest primrose . . . Bruce Oliphant blowing smoke rings and looking very devil-may-care and highwaymanish . . . Pat Words with a silver flower in her hair . . . Mick Hursthouse telling the story of his life—with no cuts—to an hysterical audience (I don't believe the policeman could run very hard, anyway!) . . . Roie Grevatt looking sweet and oldworld in blue taffetas with a high old-fashioned posy in her hair . . . Jervis Kemble making an oration . . . Rosemary Seymour dainty and smiling . . . Peter Buddle beautiful but unbalanced in the Palais Glide . . . Frank Respinger eating steak and eggs with debonair enjoyment.

x x x

I was swotting away in the library as busy as a little bee. I opened my mouth to take a deep breath and a librarian came down on me like a ton of bricks. "No talking in the library, 'puleeise." A picture of injured innocence I turned again to my crossword puzzle. I was trembling on the brink of a neat discovery when raucous feminine voices split the air. They were loud and incessant and maddening. My concentration was shattered, my brain-wave rolled up on to the beach and disappeared; my thinking apparatus sat down solidly and refused to shift. I waited eagerly for the reproving voice of authority, "Silence please," but it did not come and the intruding voices went on and on in a shrill rising crescendo until my nerves were like chewed string.

To-day's Great Drink

WAITEMATA

GOOD TASTE, GOOD HEALTH.

IT'S GOOD FOR YOU

THE BEER THAT
EVERYBODY
WANTS!



WHITHER OUR EDUCATION?

Six Teams Contest Joynt Scroll—Ronald Meek Quotes Auden—Auckland Team Vanquished

Per N.Z.U. Press Bureau

THE annual inter-Varsity debating contest for the Joynt Scroll was held in Allen Hall, Otago University, on Friday, July 21, the subject being "That Education in New Zealand fails to Equip us for Everyday life." Mr. H. E. Moller, President of the O.U.S.A., occupied the chair, and the judges were Dr. D. W. Carmalt Jones, the Rev. W. Allen Stevely, and Mr. C. B. Barraclough.

SIX teams competed, one from each of the main universities, and one each from Massey and Lincoln (Canterbury) Agricultural Colleges. The teams were as follows (the leader in each case being named first): C.U.C., Messrs. I. Dick and G. D. L. White versus C.A.C.—A. F. Glover and B. B. Gardner; A.U.C.—Miss D. Morrell and Mr. I. J. Takle versus M.A.C.—D. M. Smith and A. A. Dunlop; O.U.—P. L. Titchener and E. F. F. Smith versus V.U.C.—R. W. Edgeley and R. L. Meek.

THE judges placed the V.U.C. team first with 211 points, and Massey second with 186; the best speaker was Mr. R. L. Meek (V.U.C.), with Mr. D. M. Smith (M.A.C.) second, and Mr. B. B. Gardner (C.A.C.) third. Lincoln was in the contest for the first time, and proved itself very worthy of admission, while the fact that Massey was placed second is a complete reply to those narrow-minded critics who resisted the entry of the Agricultural Colleges into the arena of oratory.

DETAILS OF THE DEBATES

CANTERBURY took the affirmative against Lincoln in the debate held during the afternoon. Mr. Dick opened the debate by defining Education in the words of Sir Michael Sadler of Calcutta: "A liberal education should train a person to a skilful use of his hands, ability to express himself verbally, an understanding and appreciation of literature, mathematics, the principles of Right and Wrong, and community spirit." Basing his case on this definition, he maintained that curricula in New Zealand schools were either too academic or too practical; that there was no general organised system of appropriate education for women; that moral training was wholly ignored; and that the training of teachers was inadequate and inappropriate.

HE displayed a fine power of vocabulary and construction; but a good deal of this seemed to be derived from his notes, and he was sombre rather than thoughtful.

DIAPHANOUS EVIDENCE

MR. GLOVER (C.A.C.), began by defining education much more widely—as the "mental, moral and physical development of the individual," and demanded that education was a life-long process of instruction in the use of all the faculties for self-preservation; rearing of children, duties of citizenship, gaining a livelihood, and employment of leisure time. He brought forward some rather diaphanous evidence in favour of the first three of these functions being performed in New Zealand.

HE had a good, steady voice, though it was not always clear, and at times he became almost too overbearing.

MR. WHITE continued the affirmative's arguments by denouncing the syllabuses laid down in New Zealand schools, the inability of people to judge "the amount and quality of evidence necessary for a deduction," and their lack of understanding of the responsibilities of citizenship.

HE spoke rather too quickly, and was inclined to be spasmodic and rambling, but brought forward some good evidence for his case.

FORCIBLE ARGUMENTS

MR. GARDNER, of Lincoln, speaking of the facilities offered by New Zealand education for gaining a livelihood, and the utilisation of leisure time, brought forward some very forcible arguments, and made an impressive summary of his case. With this he combined a very pleasant and well-modulated voice, and effective gestures and emphasis.

MR. GLOVER, in his reply, repeated his argument that Education constituted all the influences that bear upon an individual throughout life, and while admitting that the educational system was at fault, maintained

that the results of life-long experience were satisfactory. Mr. Dick, however, made a more able reply, and justified his case by pointing out the restricted accepted meaning of "education," and also showed how the negative had failed to reply to several of his most potent arguments.

A.U.C. SPEAKERS

THE first debate held in the evening was between A.U.C. and M.A.C. Miss Morrell opened for the affirmative. She defined education in the words of Dr. Boyd—"a cultural and vocational preparation for citizenship and life," and showed that education here failed to produce culture or morality, and produced a citizen who was equally ill-fitted to confer or accept responsibility. Her subject was apparently well-prepared, but the salient points were not well emphasised, and her voice was clear, but not melodious.

MR. D. M. SMITH of Massey, introduced an agreeable element of fluent spontaneity into the contest. He greatly undermined the affirmative's case by asking the audience to judge if they were the primitive and untutored folk they had been told they were. He trod on dangerous ground when he referred to the Educational Conference in 1937 (which utterly damned N.Z.'s educational system), but his vigorous style, emphasis and humour, carried much weight.

MR. TAKLE replied by saying that N.Z. people were intelligent in spite of their education. This should teach them to speak fluently, reason logically, and calculate correctly, but it actually performs none of these functions. He referred scathingly to the House of Representatives, and called the world of finance "the stamping ground of Mad Mul-lahs." Mr. Takle's copious and fluent style may have owed a lot to his notes.

MR. DUNLOP, of Massey, advocated the cause of education in New Zealand by indicating ways in which it trained one to earn a livelihood and to develop culture and occupation for leisure. He supported his arguments by quoting the work of the W.E.A., the broader high school courses, decadence of the examination system, and the democratic spirit instilled in schools (sic.). His voice was clear and resonant, and not too fast, and he punctuated his remarks effectively with gestures.

MR. D. M. SMITH summarised the negative case in an orderly manner, and pointed out that Education satisfies the demands of a social order. Miss Morrell occupied herself largely in repeating her previous case, and denying the facts quoted by the opposition.

THE THIRD DEBATE

THE third debate was between O.U. and V.U.C. Mr. Titchener began with broad definitions of education and everyday life, and then thoroughly condemned educational institutions from kindergartens to the Universities on the grounds of over-standardisation, materialism and inefficiency. His voice was resonant, but his manner unpolished.

MR. EDGELEY, for Victoria, began by agreeing with most of Mr. Titchener's statements, but pointed out that the latter's own definition of everyday life "as we live it," did not postulate the high ideals of education that the affirmative demanded. Society dictates its form of Education, and a chaotic civilisation such as ours will naturally require a deficient kind of education. He then showed how we were taught to earn a living of a sort, to occupy our leisure according to our peculiar desires, and to be prepared for citizenship, such as it is. He spoke in a fluent and experienced manner, but rather quickly, so that some of the logic of his arguments was rather lost.

MR. E. F. F. SMITH'S speech was mainly occupied deploring the lack of physical and moral training in New Zealand. He referred to the social system being led by current education, and quoted Garfield, a triumphant example of a neglected training! He brought forward more quantity than quality of material. A poor voice and unbalanced diction marred the speech.

MR. R. L. MEEK repeated the subject of the debate, with emphasis on the words "Everyday Life." Then he pointed out that

the fault lay not in the educational system, but in the prevailing Social Philosophy. Then, in a crushing indictment of this effete social system, he showed that to fit us for everyday life is to fit us for materialistic existence, not to appreciate Utopia, as the affirmative claimed. He quoted A. S. Neill and W. H. Auden on educational matters, and advocated radical social reforms before it would be possible to improve the educational system, that we might be "pioneers in abolishing the drudgery of everyday life."

FLOW OF RHETORIC

STARTING with a manner that is not altogether in his favour, Mr. Meek produced a flow of rhetoric that confounded the opposition and amazed his friends. Speaking very clearly, and with an excellent command of vocabulary, he produced formidable evidence, and then clearly demonstrated the logic of his deductions. And a vein of subtle humour was evident throughout his speech.

MR. EDGERLEY summed up for V.U.C. by reiterating the statements of his colleague, and replying to certain faulty arguments put up against them, exposing inconsistent and unsupported statements. Humour was also prevalent in this speech.

MR. TITCHENER, in his reply, was obviously baffled by the ingenious case presented by V.U.C. He began by claiming that if everyday life was sordid, it was due to the low aim of education. His only tenable argument was that everyday life did not consist of "eight hours at the bench," but he could not develop this theme.

AT the end of the debate, Dr. Carmalt Jones briefly announced the judges' decisions, and later the contestants and judges were received by the Executive and Committee at a supper held in the "Savoy."

YOU WANT GOWNS - - -

Here you are! . . .

GOOD WORKMANSHIP & BEST MATERIALS

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

WE ALSO MAKE

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

Your Own Materials Made Up at Very Reasonable Prices

T.W. HUTTON

MANUFACTURING TAILOR

18 LOWER VINCENT STREET

Just Behind St. Matthew's Church

TELEPHONE 45-745.

EST. 1909

FOR AND AGAINST "ROSTRUM"

NEW N.Z.U.S.A. ANNUAL

Sad Futility of Unregulated Radicalism

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

"Rostrum," the N.Z.U.S.A.'s new annual, could hardly have been better named: it remains to be seen whether it will live up to the dignified associations of its title.

The first number was tentative, so to speak—to sound rather than influence student opinion, and to enlist it if possible. However its contributors have so far made play with their ideas as to constrain the Editor to declare that the "radical trends in this publication must not be taken as representative of prevalent student opinion, nor even of the outlook of the intelligent minority." In that statement can be discovered all "Rostrum's" weaknesses.

The aim of the magazine is to become the omnia in uno of student opinion; but to accomplish its object it will have to make a far more decided appeal than, I think, the first number has made, even though no effort was spared to encourage contributors and advise prospective purchasers of its launching. But does not the very fact that the response was so lukewarm, even in face of these blandishments, demonstrate, if not prove, that "Rostrum" is both unnecessary and undesired? Mind, I am not militating against "Rostrum" purely as a university mouthpiece, but wish to point out that if students have no inclination to pool their ideas in such a publication, there is no reason or justification for its existence.

STUDENT LETHARGY

Of course, the poor response was no doubt due in large measure to traditional student lethargy. It is surprising and disheartening that in our universities, generally speaking, where one would expect thought to be most vital, so little constructive thinking is actually done.

This mental costiveness is the main cause of the chronic affliction of parochialism against which "Rostrum" rails. But it would exist to some extent whether the germ was bred by lethargy or not. This brings up the question of whether "Rostrum" can be run side by side with local publications, "the last retreat and expression" of this parochialism. "Rostrum" evades the answer with an interrogation.

There are points in favour, or rather extenuation, of the local product which "Rostrum" can only overcome by proving itself obviously superior in content and immediate purpose.

LOCAL TALENT

In the local magazine the student has, naturally, more opportunity of getting his masterpiece published, while in "Rostrum" he would have to contend with contributors from all over the Dominion, a prospect entailing a mental exertion before which he cannot but quail and call weakly for the usher. Moreover, he feels it incumbent upon him to write for such a publication—an unfortunate and perhaps misguided notion, but a fairly prevalent one—to write on those questions and problems of modern existence which are flung brutally into the arena of dissension to be mauled by voracious radicals.

And he would feel, if he had been in the habit of writing nothing more controversial than Kennel Club notes, answers to Bandsmen's Queries and youthful little pieces about "swift hair" that, no matter how proficient he was in these, his chances of appearing between covers would be slight. And his suspicions and reluctance would hardly be allayed by the first number of "Rostrum," despite the Editor's assertion of the exclusiveness of the opinions printed there.

NEAR MONOPOLY OF RADICALISM.

What "Rostrum" will have to do, I timidly suggest, will be even more forcibly to interest the mass of students and provide a suitable mouthpiece for the "intelligent majority" which has often something to say and says it quickly, seriously, without the flamboyance which tends to creep into radical effusions. A reliable annual, containing studied criticisms, articles which will be appreciated and understood by the mass—mentally debilitated as it may be—items of general interest and so on, would be

far more welcome than one in which radicalism has a near monopoly.

Anyhow, there always seems to me to be a sad futility about unregulated radicalism. This may sound paradoxical and unutterably defeatist (to use a word regarded with high scorn by your true radical); and there is the counter that nothing is achieved by squatting on one's backside waiting for providence to work a couple of handy miracles. But there is, on the other hand, always the danger of patronage, and there is nothing more damaging or humiliating to Y.T.R. than to be patted blandly on the head and told to run away and blow his trumpet where he won't disturb the comfortable, complacent doze of conservatism and reaction.

MENACE OF PATRONAGE.

Particularly to the university, patronage is an ever-present menace. This may again be indirectly attributed to the lethargy of which I have spoken. For a few eager souls occasionally endeavour to rise above the sluggish ruck, or take it with them, and are thereby prone to somewhat ridiculous over-emphasis.

The right note of criticism and rational discussion has been struck firmly enough in "Rostrum" in all the articles dealing with the university. The success of these should be a lead to future issues. F. A. de la Mare's "New Zealand and Ideal University" is concise, lucid, and above all, sane, with a minimum of references to personal Gods and ironic disparagement of the status quo. A good article, which no doubt appealed specially to those students whom it most affected. Which is what is wanted.

"Rhodes and Rhodents"—clever title—picks out the flaws in the system with well-timed accuracy, although the writer, S.S.A., is so scathing that he rather leaves the impression that most Rhodes scholars conform to the self-seeking type which he attacks.

"Libraries and the University" makes as direct an appeal to students as the previous two. Mr. John Harris has dug out some interesting facts and figures, and set them out with the requisite amount of constructive criticism.

"PROBLEMS"

These three articles at any rate show what could be done with "Rostrum" in making it primarily for the university; but when we come to other articles dealing fiercely with "problems" we plunge stickily in the glutinous morass of radicalism.

"Technique of Reaction" by the indefatigable Ronald Meek, is little more than a "jazz" criticism of Arnold Lunn's "Revolutionary Socialism"; "Is There Any Hope?" by H.W.G., is also a book review more than anything else. It deals with Huxley's "Ends and Means" and the reply to it, "Ends Are Means," by Dr. K. S. Shelvankar. "The New Religion," by M. L. Boyd, treats of the depraving effect of the modern cinema, and would have appealed to me far more if I had not already read Ivor Brown's "I Commit to the Flames."

In the "Spirit of Jocism," J.C.R. (which, I feel sure, conceals the well-known identity of our Jxhn Rxxd), provides a solution for practically everything by "the conversion of the working class, and through it the world, to a thorough and integral life based on the principles of Christianity," the youth movement known as the Jocists being the disseminator of the Word. A rational article written—if Mr. Reid is the author—with unusual restraint and usual optimism.

"Demolish the Nation," by W. R. Geddes, does not say anything very startlingly original

in its statement of the case against non-participation by New Zealand in the war. "This Advertising Racket," by Ruth Collins, is concerned with the harmful commodities foisted on us public, backed by the insistent bleat of advertising. It reads like a Reader's Digest article; which speaks for itself.

"Rostrum" ends with an anti-propaganda piece entitled "Words, Words, Words" by Robert D. Bell, wherein he exposes himself as a "feather-brained undergraduate," thereby excusing himself for any immaturity in his writing, at the same time soliciting praise for his enterprise and energy as a first-year student in writing at all.

There are two contributions, among others, which I have not yet mentioned. The first is "Some Charlatans," tellingly-phrased, easy and amusing to read. Its brightness and immediate personal application to readers who have been beguiled by such posturing frauds, must have appealed.

ALAS, FOR WORDSWORTH

The other is Ronald Meek's "Dance, Puppy, Dance," the most essentially radical of all contributions to the magazine. Alas, for the postulations of Wordsworth and his misguided brethren. Let us kneel before the altar, smoking with the sacrificial entrails of the glories of English poesy, and crowned with the effigies of Pound and Eliot.

Mr. Meek, grimly determined to be a prophet of poetic progress and a protagonist of radicalism, has seized ruthlessly upon an extract from Aldous Huxley's clever "Eyeless in Gaza" and just as ruthlessly written a clever poem around it, in which he daringly describes a dog's motions of micturition, and bursts into eroticism with a tender pen-portrait of the female mammary glands and a singularly nasty reference to a spot of sordid seduction.

NO PURPOSE

But it appears to me, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Meek, consciously or subconsciously, rejoiced in writing of these matters as demonstrating his emancipation and the principle that art disregards their veiling or suppression if they serve an artistic purpose. Personally, I do not consider they serve any purpose, and that Mr. Meek has, as I say, with or without deliberation, endeavoured to shock and create a cheap stir, so that little ungraduate girls will regard him as a great big ogre, and wear two jerseys instead of one in future.

But to return to the poetical aspect, those brief parts in which the author lapses into rhyming satire are pointed, and bear a relation to the quotation which we are to assume prompted the poem. They have an authentic Sassoon ring about them.

For the rest, it fairly reeks of T. S. Eliot, though it has rather commonplace descents such as the stanza beginning "and I have worked too, in the brown earth," and the following, of which Mr. Eliot would never have been guilty, and which give the poem a somewhat piebald air.

It is, of course, difficult to make explicit comparisons between "Dance, Puppy, Dance," and any of Mr. Eliot's writings, though I fancy that I can detect a similarity of imagery with two or three lines in "Gerontion" and a short passage in "The Fire Sermon" of the "Waste Lands." However, Mr. Meek has achieved the correct confusion and occasional meaninglessness—no one can tell me that at times Eliot is not meaningless to all but himself; while the ending of "Dance, Puppy" has the gradual incoherence and slowing-up of the conclusion of "The Hollow Men," of which the last two lines are:

This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang but a whimper.

Mr. Meek says practically the same thing when he writes, "and the slow peace will fall."

All that I have written is, I fear, very sketchy, probably inaccurate, no doubt misguided and wrong-headed. But it may give the non-buyer of "Rostrum" a vague idea of the greater proportion of its contents. However, I can, without I hope nullifying all I have said, excuse myself for any inconsistencies and untutored blunders by stating that I am only one of the mass writing for the mass and in the mass's interests. And if any members of the common rout would communicate their opinions to "Craccum" they would be very welcome and might perhaps clarify the position better than I have done.

Auckland Harriers' Triumph

GRAHAM KOFOED'S FINE PERFORMANCE

In very convincing manner Auckland University avenged on August 19th its defeat last year by Otago in the New Zealand University Cross-country Championship. Auckland, owing to the superb running of A. Kofoed, E. Stephenson, E. Collins, and, in slightly lesser measure, B. Harden, won overwhelmingly. Kofoed, Stephenson, and Collins finished first, second and third respectively. For one college to gain the first three places is a feat never before accomplished in the history of the race. Harden finished tenth, so that Auckland's score, which in every case is found by adding together the finishing places of the first four home in a team of six, was the exceptionally fine one of 16 points. Otago finished second with 37 points; Victoria, 45 points, was third, and Canterbury, 54 points, fourth. Last year the scores were, Otago 23 points, first; Auckland 34 points, second; Victoria 44 points, third.

It must be conceded that the Auckland team was running on a home course, always a considerable advantage in a harrier race. Even so, Auckland could hardly have been beaten on any course, for the team was exceptionally strong. This is proven by the fact that McCutchan, included in the team only at the last moment, finished eleventh, next after Harden. Although this is a fine placing in so strong a field, McCutchan's points were not needed. Even leaving out one of the first three to finish, either Kofoed, Stephenson or Collins, Auckland would still have won.

MOSTLY KOFOED

Kofoed won the individual title by a margin of 300 yards. This placed him in a class by himself on the day. His win was anticipated, but not by such a margin. Over the last month prior to the Auckland Provincial Cross-Country Championship on August 5th his performances constantly became more prominent. He had finished a long way ahead of the other contestants in the club championship. Then came another of those contests with the Auckland Club, in which he met the redoubtable Auckland representative runner, L. R. Watters. During that race Watters and Kofoed drew right away from the other contestants to lead together by 200 yards. After a gruelling race Kofoed was beaten by the narrowest of margins, a defeat largely caused by a tactical error.

Next came the provincial championship, with Kofoed a marked man. Another University runner who was expected to run well was E. Stephenson, New Zealand University Champion in 1936.

PROVINCIAL RUN

The provincial championship was unfortunately marred by an official error and ordered to be re-run, although teams had come from Dargaville and Hamilton. Kofoed, however, ran a splendid race, was never far from the front, and finished fourth. Two other University athletes who ran exceptionally good races were Stephenson and Collins. The University team would have been highly placed had an official score been possible.

From these performances Kofoed gained a place in the Auckland representative team to contest the New Zealand Cross-Country championship at Hastings one week later, and Stephenson was selected emergency for the team. Thus for the first time in ten years a University harrier ran for his province.

Kofoed performed well at Hastings. Auckland gained second place to Otago, which province has been predominant in cross-country championships for many years. Kofoed was the fourth Auckland runner home in the team of six, finishing thirteenth.

Thus, when the New Zealand Universities' Cross-Country championship came along, Auckland was able to enter a team some of whom had a string of important successes behind them. The team was Kofoed, Stephenson, Collins, Harden, Chappell and McCutchan. The latter had replaced McKenzie owing to McKenzie having developed a foot injury.

A good course had been selected at Mt. Roskill. About a mile and a-half of rock-strewn paddock was first covered, from which the papered trail led to half a mile of earthy road. Entering sodden fields from here, a deviating course of road and field brought the runners to Mt. Roskill, which was crossed. A long right-angle of broken-surfaced road now led into heavily waterlogged fields near the finish, which was along Mt. Albert Rd.

PROGRESS OF THE RACE

A field of about thirty was sent away by the starter, Mr. J. Hogben, president of the Auckland University Harrier Club. Kofoed, Scrym-

geour (Victoria), Stephenson (Auckland), Pilling (Otago), Collins (Auckland) and Coombes (Otago), were prominent at the start. After a mile and a half Kofoed led, 80 yards in front of Scrymgeour. Stephenson, running very easily, was thirty yards back, followed by Pilling, Collins and Coombes together. In the heavy going that led to and across Mt. Roskill, which marked half-way, Kofoed increased his lead to 200 yards. Stephenson closed up on Scrymgeour, who, however, remained in second place. Collins, who had overtaken Pilling, now gave promise of gaining an important place for Auckland. Coombes and Pilling were together about 50 yards back, and were followed by Allen (Canterbury), Dorman (Otago) and Newall (Victoria).

Across the boggy fields that led to the finish Scrymgeour, in second place, was in difficulty. He was overtaken by both the Auckland runners, Stephenson and Collins. Pilling, too, dropped back steadily. Kofoed still strode out 300 yards in front, by which margin he won. Stephenson and Collins were close together second and third, Scrymgeour, 50 yards back, was fourth, and he was followed in by Coombes, who was 50 yards ahead of Allen.

The individual places were:—

A. G. Kofoed (Auckland)	1
E. Stephenson (Auckland)	2
E. R. Collins (Auckland)	3
D. R. Scrymgeour (Victoria)	4
A. C. Coombes (Otago)	5
F. C. Allen (Canterbury)	6
T. E. Dorman (Otago)	7
S. Newell (Victoria)	8
R. W. Taylor (Canterbury)	9
B. Harden (Auckland)	10

The teams placings were:—

Auckland—(Kofoed, 1st; Stephenson, 2nd; Collins, 3rd; Harding, 10th), 16 points—First.

Otago—(Coombes, 5th; Dorman, 7th; Pilling, 12th; Anderson, 13th), 37 points—Second.

Victoria—(Scrymgeour, 4th; Newell, 8th; De La Mare, 16th; Henderson, 17th), 45 points—Third.

Canterbury—(Allen, 6th; Taylor, 9th; Robinson, 18th; Unwin, 21st), 54 points—Fourth.

RECUPERATION

After the race a complimentary dinner was tendered the visitors at the Albert Hotel, some seventy members and supporters being present. Mr. Hogben, club president, was chairman. Mr. G. F. Dixon, donor of the Dixon trophy for the winning team, proposed the toast of the winning team, to which Mr. Kofoed replied. Mr. Hogben pledged the visiting teams, responses being made by the captains of those teams.

A picture party and cabaret party had been arranged, which were well patronised. The evening concluded at various times on Sunday morning, in most cases after sunrise.

For Sunday afternoon a drive in private cars was arranged, along the Waitakare Scenic road. Most of the visitors came along, although heavy rain and mist obscured many of the beauties, floral and otherwise, that Aucklanders were anxious to point out. Afternoon tea was served at Waitatarua.

The departure of the visitors, scheduled for 3 p.m., was delayed until 9 p.m. owing to railway slips. The usual petty larceny of hats and badges took place surreptitiously, the securing of a Victoria College hat being regarded as a notable feat. Haka practise was indulged in vociferously, and the teams departed on the journey to Wellington, which journey incidentally took 29 hours.

ROWING CLUB ACTIVITIES

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD

A good muster of members attended the Twelfth Annual General Meeting of the A.U.C. Rowing Club on Tuesday, 12th September. The business included the adoption of the Annual Report and Balance Sheet, and the election of officers and committee for the ensuing season.

It was unhappily necessary to record the deaths of two of the members during the past year—Des. Lewis and Jack Fairbrother. Sympathy was expressed to their parents and relatives.

The following officers and committee were elected for the 1939/40 season: Club Captain, J. J. Carroll; Deputy Club Captain, R. Ockleford; Hon. Secretary, F. R. Wright; Hon. Treasurer, D. G. Algie; Committee, D. Anglis, J. B. Fisher, A. J. Godfrey, E. W. Henderson, J. P. Hooper, A. Russell.

The report, which was read by the Secretary, covered the club's activities for the year ended 31st July. Special mention was made of trial fours racing, which had, as usual proved very popular amongst members, and of the hospitality extended to the Tournament crew by Otago University.

SATISFACTORY BALANCE SHEET

R. Ockleford and J. Carroll were congratulated on winning the cup for most points in trial racing and the trophy for "best club man" respectively.

In view of the fact that a new eight and a set of racing oars costing together approximately £200 were purchased during the year and practically paid for, it was considered that the Balance Sheet showed the club to be in a satisfactory position, financially.

APPEAL FOR MEMBERS

As the club is now finding its feet and has sufficient plant to cater for at least twice the present number of members an appeal is issued to everyone for support in all activities, both rowing and social.

The club deserves your support and will fully repay it in many ways.

HONGI BITES THE DUST

When the Hongi Club issued a challenge to all and sundry to play them at Ping Pong they certainly never expected to come up against a team of the calibre of the Commerce Team which defeated them in a match held at the end of last term.

A team such as that which turned up to play for Commerce would probably be a match for any team in Auckland. K. G. Cantlay, R. Lynds, B. Smith, A. Smith, A. Broadbent, and A. Lowe, were the members of the winning combination and although the Hongis put up a gallant fight they were no match for their opponents who won by 38 games to 6. H. Prendegast won 4 of his games and R. Hamerton created a surprise by defeating R. Lynds and A. Lowe. Many of the games were hard fought from beginning to end and both sides had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. (The Hongi team are unanimous in feeling that they are not disgraced by their defeat and next season intend to issue a similar challenge, feeling sure that no other team in the College can beat them.)

Lucky NIGHT (St. James).—The hero of this film (Mr. Robert Taylor) frequently tells us that he has an idea and as frequently that he does not know how to express it; it is hard to see why he should be so inarticulate, since it is a very simple idea. He has married the daughter of a millionaire (Miss Myrna Loy), who was, of course, pretending to be penniless, and it was a hasty marriage on the same night that he met her, a sudden impulse conceived on a wild night of preposterously lucky gambling. His idea seems to be that life should always be like that, as exciting and as hazardous, but his wife wants safety and a husband who earns a small but steady income: this is very odd, because it would be even safer to remain a millionaire's daughter, a thing which she unaccountably refuses to do. All this seems a very roundabout way of approaching the main theme of the film, which appears to be the contrast between the spirit of adventure and the spirit of prudence, and the dialogue is at least as circuitous. This is partly because Mr. Taylor is so inarticulate, but also because it is full of hints and subtleties, complicating a simple issue in the manner of Henry James, an interesting innovation in the cinema which would have been even more interesting if so much of the conversation had not been acutely and embarrassingly sentimental.—"The Times."

DEBATING IN AUSTRALIA

Account of New Zealanders' Tour

"Craccum" brings you news of the recent Debating tour of Australia by Messrs. J. B. Aimers (Victoria) and M. G. O'Callaghan (Otago). Following is an account not only of the tour, but of student affairs generally in Australia—concocted from "Salient" and "Critic."

DEBATES AND LECTURES

"There were fourteen debates," said Mr. O'Callaghan, in an interview. Adjudicated debates were held against Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide Universities. In each of these we were fortunate to get the decision. The only other meeting which was adjudicated was at Toowoomba. Mr. Aimers was suffering from a malady diagnosed to my amazement as the 'flu. Our relative abilities were immediately apparent when I lost the decision. We also debated with the University of Tasmania, Canberra University College, Armidale University College, and with clubs and societies at Newcastle, Brisbane, Toowoomba, Yallourn, Launceston, and Port Pirie. Debates at Colac and Orange were cancelled owing to railway strikes, one of Australia's main hobbies. At practically every place we also lectured and gave radio talks.

"The central organisation in the brilliant hands of Mr. Chester Wilmot was excellently conducted.

THE N.U.A.U.S.

"The National Union of Australian University Students, which organised and sponsored the tour, is equivalent to our N.Z.U.S.A. For various reasons, however, it is neither so strong nor so powerful as our equivalent body. It is significant that Sydney, the largest and most powerful University, would not officially take part in the tour. The difficulties which confront the Australian National Union are of course mainly due to the distances which separate the Universities. Sydney considers itself closer to India than Perth.

"There is no Inter-University Tournament equivalent to ours, but an annual function is held, equivalent to our Joynt Scroll.

"They have in Mr. Wilmot an enthusiastic and able secretary. He is assisted by an energetic committee. Their activities promise well for the near future.

N.Z. IN THE AUSSIES' EYES

"When we consider how closely Australia and New Zealand are connected, it is amazing to find how little we really know of our respective countries. Most Australians know that New Zealand is mountainous, and that it has a Savage Government. . . Several people asked me if the Maoris were dangerous. They were surprised to hear that we respected and admired our native friends, accepted them as our equals, and in many ways as our superiors.

With one subject, however, they are conversant, and that is the Labour Government. Newspapers record its activities in sensational headlines. Everybody, almost without exception, is curious and interested.

"The Australian accent was very noticeable. In some ways like a cockney drawl, it is not unpleasant, and is, I think, preferable to our New Zealand grind. In one of the Melbourne newspapers I called the Aussie a lovable casual chap. The reply came back 'That I was the most casual person they had met, without including the lovable.'

THE UNIVERSITIES

"In Australia there are the two large universities—Melbourne and Sydney—with over 4,000 students each, Queensland and Adelaide with about the same number as V.U.C., Hobart with 300, and the University of Perth, which is a free university. We had no opportunity of gaining many impressions of Sydney University, but we decided that Melbourne is the outstanding university in Australia; certainly so far as student activities are concerned. They are well organised, and a large number of students take an active interest. We placed Adelaide next on the list.

STUDENT UNION BUILDINGS

"It is significant that both these universities have excellent Student Union buildings. The Melbourne Students' Union building is magnificent (it cost about £30,000) and contains a theatre, two cafeterias, dining room, common rooms, numerous offices and club rooms, recreation, music, art and newspaper rooms, a suite for entertaining visitors, and many other facilities. The V.U.C. Gym would fit into one of the cafeterias. Student life centres round the Union, and this new building has stimulated interest in student activities.

BURSARIES

"Although most of the Australian Universities have better facilities than our Universities, very little assistance is given to students. Melbourne, with its 4,000 students, has only a few entrance scholarships. Australian students were amazed at the extent of the New Zealand bursaries and scholarships, and demanded full particulars. The Melbourne students have already taken the matter up with the Minister of Education, but he treated the

student deputation like school children, and told them that it was a good thing for young people to have a struggle, and that when he was a boy . . . The students have organised a public protest meeting, so you can expect the defeat of the Government any day!

A GREAT EXPERIENCE

"The Australian National Union arranged an exceptionally fine tour, and the students made sure we enjoyed every moment of it. Every opportunity was given us to meet people inside and outside the universities, to meet interesting public men (and publicans), to obtain a general knowledge of Australian life, industry, politics, and conditions. It was a great experience. In the words of the Aussie National Anthem (which the average Australian has never heard)—'Advance, Orstralia Fair!'"

SOCIAL NOTES

If you want to make whoopee, the Chateau is the ideal spot; at least that seemed to be the 'Varsity party's opinion, despite the fact that they had to tramp through the snow, plus bag and baggage, the last stage of the journey—a matter of anything from one to five miles (according to report)—but that was part of the fun. If you want to know anything about skiing, snow-ploughing, or mountaineering, one or two you might ask are Marie Carroll, Joan Hay, Linley Walker, Denise Holmes, Avenal Halcombe, Jocelyn Hesketh or Edna de Marr. Among the opposite sex who enjoyed Chateau pork and Saratoga chips and the snow, were Bill Stride, Bob Marks and Johnny Carroll.

Then too, there was a party of trampers who went down to see whether they were as good at skiing as they were at tramping. And the verdict? Well, ask Heather Dunning, Murray Wilson or Audrey Kirk, a few of the enthusiastic members of the Tramping Club.

In the holidays, too, there was the Law Ball—a marvellous affair. Seen on several occasions in town with heated brow, was Allenby Stanton, one of the members responsible for the success of the ball. Among those who adorned the floor were Rosemary Seymour, Pam, Luthie and Peggy Chambers.

Since 'Varsity began there has been continued talk of "joining up" or being "called up." One of the women taking action in calling up volunteers for a students' First-aid class to be run by the Red Cross Association, is Frances Cooper. There seem to be some keen members, although a few feel a little burdened by the everlasting exams to do anything at the moment in this line.

The steed bit his master;
How came this to pass?
We heard the good pastor
Cry "All flesh is grass."

Andrews & Clark

FURNISHING SPECIALISTS

QUEEN STREET

SPECIALISTS IN
HIGHER QUALITY
FURNISHINGS

POPULAR DESIGNS IN
THE LATEST STYLES

RUGBY POST-MORTEM

Highlights and Sidelights of Season's Play

'Varsity footballers packed away their boots some time ago, although rep. football is still lingering on and providing some thrilling games. The season was a good one and although 'Varsity's fondest hope, i.e., getting back into senior A grade, was defeated, the type of football produced by all teams, and especially by the seniors and second A, was well up to past University standards.

At a time when football in Auckland is showing a marked improvement on the standard of a year or two back, 'Varsity have shown the Auckland public that, although they were unlucky to miss promotion in the first round, they have the right ideas and can turn on a spectacular game.

The seniors' back line this year gave several exhibitions that stamped them as class performers. For hard, straight running and unselfish handling it would be hard to find in Auckland a set of backs their equal. The forwards were mobile yet weighty and every game saw the backs given a plenteous feast of the ball.

The senior team is a young one. If it is kept together and trained consistently and thoroughly, it will go far in regaining for 'Varsity the laurels which in recent years have been alas! far out of reach.

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

The Club has several players who are in the first rank in Auckland. Don Martin is without a doubt a three-quarter of first-rate football ability. He is perhaps the hardest and straightest runner in Auckland. It is unfortunate that injuries have kept him out of the game so much this season. He played a great game for N.Z.U. against Canterbury after the Inter-Island game.

Neville Thornton—one of the youngest members of the team—is another player of great promise. He has played in the Auckland Colts this season, and has been a great tower of strength in the 'Varsity pack. Laurie Drake, the side's captain, has played good football too. He has led the side well and is a great forward. It is to be hoped that he will go back to the Auckland Reps. again next season. Bill Foreman, too, has played some excellent games. Though unable to train through his work at the hospital, he has never played an off-game all season. He gained a place in the N.Z.U. team. Were he able to train, the ability which carried him into the Otago Ranfurly Shield team two seasons ago, would put him in the same position in Auckland.

Owen Cooney is another who has played some outstanding games. His remarkable speed was responsible for many of 'Varsity's openings. He, too, went south with the North Island Reps. Bob Crozier has filled his place in the team well, and been a very efficient hooker. He is a great worker in the tight. Definitely a player with a future.

Till he left Auckland, Patterson regularly alighted on the ground from the air within one minute of starting and proceeded to play an excellent game. He is a most reliable full-back. Ken MacRae has made good this season. His handling, especially in the very wet weather, has been a source of astonishment even to Tubby Edwards, who incidentally, doesn't often chuck out a bad pass. Jimmy Kirkland has enjoyed life on the wing, succeeded in not washing his togs, and played some bad and some good games. Norm Maxwell has a good pair of hands, tackles well, and seems to have the right ability in him. Bob Gillies was out for most of the season but played some good games.

Among the rest of the forwards Laurie Desborough has played hard in the tight, and despite his increasing years—and responsibilities—keeps up in the loose. Bob Armitage is a good player. He has played some ideal games, working hard in the tight and in line-outs, and scored a try or two by good backing up. George Cawkwell has fitted into the scrum well and shows promise. He has been the team's place-kick and has scored a lot of points in this way. Dunc. Davidson has performed well on the side of the scrum and follows the ball well. John Grierson played the latter half of the season and is a hard goer. Last but not least, Bill Mackie has been a notable addition to the three-quarter line. He is quick off the mark, tackles well, and has made many an opening. He is a player who may rise to higher honours.

2A NOSED OUT OF CHAMP.

ONE POINT BEHIND LEADERS

The 'Varsity second fifteen, playing in the junior grade proved itself an outstanding combination. They were the most prolific scorers in their grade, with 297 points while only 72 were registered against them. Two losses suffered in the first round when team work and fitness were impaired by the vacation unfortunately spoiled the team's valiant efforts to win their grade.

The total number of games played by 2A was 16, for 13 wins, 1 drawn and 2 losses.

In the second round 2A were unbeaten, and played a very high class of football indeed. If this team can be kept together it will be an even more formidable combination in a year or two, as the majority of the players are young, many being straight from secondary school.

At all times a high standard of team work was apparent due in large measure to the tireless coaching of Fred Solly, 2A's guardian angel and guiding destiny. Without him the team would have been a rudderless ship.

BACKS COMBINED WELL

At full-back "Nutty" Warner proved himself very dependable his powerful line kicking and cool unhurried handling in face of hot attacks extricated the side from many apparently hopeless jams. Another feature of Warner's play was his goal-kicking. In all he kicked 61 points during the season, surely a fine performance considering that he did not play in a great number of games.

The wings—Garth Turbott and McPhee—provided many thrilling runs. Garth gained representative honours and played good football in his rep. games. McPhee is a young player with a very determined run, and will improve even more next season.

The centre, Prentice, is an outstanding all-round player in spite of his youth, and showed that he has a lightning life for a gap. His backing up was responsible for many saves and for general defensive work he deserves full marks. His inside man, Graham Pulham, is going to be a fine five-eighth. His unselfish passing out and attacking play stamp him as a lad of promise. Lloyd Hesketh is an old hand, and as captain of the team did a fine job of work both on and off the field. Lloyd's experience was invaluable and 2A would probably not have put up such an excellent record had he not been such a good General.

The half-back, Bailey, showed that size has nothing to do with sending out good passes. He played very headily the whole season and showed no hesitation in hurling himself at the feet of hostile forwards when the occasion demanded it.

The forwards packed an excellent scrum, although changes made during the season disorganised it for several games. Tom Overton and Alan Pyatt were leaders in everything, especially lineouts. Jack Pyatt showed up well in loose play. A solid worker who put in everything he had was Don Brash. Southworth hooked well, and Bunny McVeagh and Digger Robertson were tigerish in the loose.

2A can look back on a season of memorable games. A pleasant feature about the team was the spirit of comradeship which prevailed both on and off the field. It is good to play for a team in which this is found.

JOTTINGS FROM SPORTS

Congratulations to the winners of Blues in football—Neville Thornton, Bob Crozier, Bill Armitage and Don Martin. All these men played outstanding football through the year, and Don gained representative honours. Nev. Thornton was selected for the B reps., and played some classy games.

A big hand to Betty Skipper, who made the Auckland Provincial Table Tennis team. This

is a remarkable performance, as Miss Skipper, playing for the 'Varsity team, was playing in the B competitions. Her brilliant form gained her a place however, in the reps. and she acquitted herself with great credit in her representative engagements.

A well-known figure in the library nowadays is Bill Hare, who is trying to get through his final by a brilliant burst of full-time work. Bill has got back his old place in the Auckland Rugby reps. at full-back, and in that position he has played consistently well, and fully justified his nomination for the All Black trials, at the end of September. All Bill's 'Varsity friends wish him good luck in this engagement, and trust that 1940 will see him on the boat for South Africa.

HERE'S TO FRED SOLLY!

AN APPRECIATION OF 2A'S COACH

Mention has been made of 2A's excellent record in club football this year. The season must not pass into oblivion without some reference being made to the man who was instrumental in founding the team's success.

This man was Fred Solly, their manager-coach.

Fred, who is orderly at the Magistrate's Court, is himself an old representative Rugby player. Long ago he played for Golden Bay, when this Union had one of the best all-round XV's in the country. Last year, he began coaching 2A, and made a great success of it. The team did not do outstandingly well, however, until this year, when a large infusion of new blood offered something for a coach to work on.

Fred's eyes gleamed as he saw the material which was placed in his hands at the beginning of this season. With inimitable organisation he got the team down to solid practice, and had no hesitation in penalising members if they failed to attend training regularly. He watched his team with an eagle eye, and with the sagacity of a Solomon singled out individual faults which he imparted in secret to those concerned, together with suggestions for their correction. He toiled with the tenacity and perseverance of an insurance salesman to turn out a top-notch team every Saturday; and there was not a day when less than two emergencies stood on the sideline.

He kept a stern and discerning eye on the referee, and was instantaneous and forthright in voicing his disapproval if need arose. He was cunning as a serpent, a Maori dog, and a chief of staff all rolled in one, and many was the crafty plan he outlined which bore bountiful fruit in penalties kicked and tries scored. He was regular in his attendances whether the ground was a sheet of ornamental water or not. He gave praise for good work and he castigated those who lapsed and let the team down. He insisted on absolute fitness from every member, and was untiring in his efforts to secure it by rigorous training.

In short, Fred as a coach is as near a model as it is possible to be, and the boys of 2A are positive that without Fred their chances of even coming within striking distance of the championship would have been slight.

So here's to Fred Solly. May he coach 2A for many another successful season.

THE

UNIVERSITY COACHING COLLEGE

22 FERRY BUILDINGS . . . AUCKLAND

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

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

Phonetics

Greek

Botany for Medical Intermediate and Pharmacy B.

Pass Degree Mathematics

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

D. W. FAIGAN, M.A.

(Honours in English and French)

PRINCIPAL

Phone 44-271.



Dear Aunt Alice,

I have reached that age when the company of young men, if not entirely necessary, is at least highly gratifying. Unfortunately, I am hampered by several distressing handicaps. In fact, I have even heard it said that my full profile view resembles an outline map of the Hauraki Plains. Taking all this into consideration, have you any suggestions to make whereby I shall be able to exude that magnetic charm which draws young men like flies to a putrefying carcase.

Yours,—Pro Bono Pubertate.

Dear P.B.P.,

I have proved, by profound experience, that no matter what a girl looks like, as long as she can establish her claim to femininity—and many do, quite conclusively—she will gain an audience. But for you personally, I have solved your problem. Your reference to a "putrefying carcase" rang a bell. Read the advertisements—all of them.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

My boy friend always used to kiss me on the mouth. Now he only kisses me on the forehead. What shall I do about it?

Yours,—OSCULATOR.

Dear Osculator,

Have your face lifted.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am receiving attentions from two young gentlemen. One of them has a very large car, the other a very small one. Whom should I favour?

Yours,—A ROSE BETWEEN.

Dear Rose Between, etc.,

Obvious! Bestow your affections on the owner of the baby car. The petrol restrictions will make it even easier for large cars to run out of benzine.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I consider I am a very attractive girl. I am nineteen years old, have fair wavy hair,

PERSONAL

PERFECTION

CREATIVE HAIRDRESSING

SOLVES YOUR PROBLEM

CONSULT SKILLED
OVERSEAS CRAFTSMEN AND
BE AGREEABLY SURPRISED

'Phone 41-036
FOR - - -

AT THE

... APPOINTMENT

"DOROTHY MILLER BEAUTY SALON"

2nd FLOOR, DINGWALL BLDGS.

QUEEN STREET

good teeth, and a figure with as many curves as a barograph weather line. But the young gentleman whom I am endeavouring to ensnare remains impervious to my charms. Can you help me?

Yours,—UNSATISFIED.

P.S.—He is studying Biology.

Dear Unsatisfied,
Tell him to apply it.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am in an awful predicament. I have fallen frantically in love with the Education lecturer. Do you think this is wise?

Yours,—EFFIE.

Dear Effie,

Consider yourself lucky, my child. He should be able to teach you a few things.

AUNT ALICE.

Twenty-Three Years Ago A Man Wrote This - - -

"For a generation Europe has been haunted by the dread of the Great War which has at last burst upon us. Europe has found herself divided into two great groups of Powers, each armed to the teeth, and straining all their resources to increase their armaments . . . The division of Europe into rival alliances began with the formation of the Triple Alliance, organised by Germany to secure her hegemony in Europe. She has whined and blustered because a rival but weaker league was brought into existence by the other Powers, in self-defence, and when first France and then Russia removed their old-standing differences with Britain she bayed to the moon that there was a plot to 'encircle' her.

"No doubt she would have preferred that she should have remained at the head of the only organised alliance in Europe, and that the other Powers should continue to be on bad terms with one another, for this state of things enabled her to dominate Europe. No doubt she would have been willing to maintain peace on these conditions. . . .

"It is Germany alone that is to blame for the division of Europe into rival groups of power. She herself created the Triple Alliance, and her use of her dominating position after 1890 brought the rival league inevitably into existence. . . .

"Thus in every way, and at every point, Germany has been the supreme obstacle in the way of international co-operation and organised peace. If her Government and her people had not been dominated by the immoral dictations of militarism . . . the progress of the international idea would assuredly have been vastly more rapid and more effective than it has been."

—From "Nationalism and Internationalism," by Ramsay Muir; first edition (1916).

FORMULA FOR PEACE

"We shall not be able to enjoy ourselves until Franco's widow tells Stalin on his deathbed that Hitler has been assassinated at Mussolini's funeral."

—Vernon Bartlett, M.P., in a speech in London.

FERGUSON'S FLORAL STUDIOS

PHONE:

43-529 (studio)

14-076 (res.)



FLOWERS FOR ALL
OCCASIONS

CARNIVAL WEEK

GRADUATION

ALL COLLEGE
SOCIAL EVENTS

FLOWERS BY WIRE

FLOWERS BY AIR-MAIL

FLOWERS BY MESSENGER

FERGUSON'S

Second Floor

Dingwall Building,

Queen St., Auckland, C.I.

WHY THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS?

Historical Crime That Repeats Itself Pearls and Pebbles

By L. WHITE in "SEMPER FLOREAT"

Dr. Geobells gravely told the world the other day that they are responsible for making up the jokes about Scotsmen, and that they steal Aryan children and murder them at their Passover Feasts. About the only thing of which the Jews have not been accused so far is causing the weather, but, as the Son of the Creator of the world was a Jew, and he, himself, therefore, was presumably a non-Aryan, an early development of this theme is expected.

"Who lost the war for us?" a storm-trooper asked an intelligent urchin. "The Jewish generals." "But we didn't have any Jewish generals." "No, but the other side did." The point of this story should be clear to a nation which was commanded by General Monash.

It is appropriate that a nation which selects men for positions, not because of their ability, but because of the shape of their grandmothers' noses should be ruled by a man whose complete sanity is very doubtful.

WHY?

Professor Brady gives five reasons for the way in which the Fascists have treated the Jews.

1. The outlawing of Jews provides a partial solution for the job hunger of loyal Nazi Party adherents.

2. The menace of the Jews was an invented terror; a deliberate manufactured bogeyman.

3. The Jews became the scapegoats for the popularly recognised abuses of capitalism. Instead of attacking capitalism, the Nazis attacked the Jews.

4. The Jews were attacked as the creators of Communism, Bolshevism, class war, trade unions and internationalism—the creators of all the organised groups allied against the idea of the People's Community—the Nazi name for German capitalism.

5. As a matter of convenience for a group selected to play this part, the Jews were fairly easily recognisable by their distinct racial differences.

I think all of the above reasons are true, particularly the one that states the Jewish problem is a deliberately invented bogey. There is no Jewish problem, but there is a Fascist problem. Hitler, to divert attention from the desperate economic position of Germany, had to find an easily recognisable scapegoat, and the Jews were chosen. There are good, bad, and indifferent Jews, just as there are Australians of the same categories. Any one who supports anti-Semitism is merely supporting Fascism, even if he doesn't realise how he is being duped.

There are, however, historical reasons which made it easier for Hitler to make them scapegoats for his policy which has impoverished Germany.

I think that the latent hostility to Jews arises from the fact that, for two thousand years the Jews have been accused of "the greatest crime in history"—crucifying Christ. It is true that no one has thought it necessary to point out that it was the Romans who crucified Christ, and that the Jews did not have the right to inflict the death penalty at this time; that it was a small, unrepresentative body of Jews who demanded Christ's death; that Christ was a Jew; that the Jews of the present day cannot be blamed for the deeds of their extremely remote ancestors. Nevertheless, churchmen still talk of this event in a way that casts a stigma on present-day Jews. I should like to remind these thoughtless Christians, that allowing people to gain a wrong impression is the same as telling deliberate lies.

FORCED ISOLATION

In the early Christian era prejudice against the Jews was started, and this feeling reached boiling point in the Middle Ages. At the time of the Crusades hatred of all infidels led

to widespread massacres of Jews. What was more important, they were excluded from normal life of citizenship and forced into ways of life that have been responsible for a large amount of the subsequent prejudice against them. The Jews are not responsible for the narrow range of occupations into which they have been forced.

It is said that Jews will not go on the land, but this is disproved by the success they have made of farming in Palestine, and the fact that there are 700,000 Jews in the world dependent on the land for their living. In early Christian times the Jews were not allowed to work in the fields on Sundays, and this made it difficult for them to earn a living in the five days left to them. In feudal times, the normal military oath was one by the Holy Trinity, which no Jew could take. Thus Jews could not take military service, which was essential to the holding of land. Legislation was eventually passed forbidding them from holding freehold land; their exclusion from the land has not been of their own seeking.

Jews were not allowed to join the guilds, and thus they were excluded from handicraft and trade. The only occupation left to them was money-lending, and, as they were plundered by all, they had to exact high rates of interest which made them unpopular with the common people. They were now a religious, ethnic and economic minority, and fair game, on this account, for anyone in search of a scapegoat—absurd tales about ritual murders and desecration of the host were easily believed in that superstitious age.

Coming to more modern times, in pre-war Germany it was extremely difficult for Jews to get commissions in the army, the civil service, chairs in the University. That the position in France was similar may be inferred from the notorious Dreyfus case. The result was that the Jews were concentrated in the only professions left open to them: medicine, law, journalism, finance, trade and commerce, and, as it happened, they have exceptional talent for these.

HIGH ABILITY

A very desirable quality in one who is going to take out your appendix is the ability to take out your appendix: even Hitler charges the Jews not with being bad doctors, but with taking the places of less competent non-Jews. The ability of the Jews is proved by the fact that they started with prejudice against them, and gained the highest positions in open competition. Is there any reason why they should not do what you and I are exhorted to do—that is, enter the profession for which we have the most ability? It is probable that owing to the elimination of the weaker members by centuries of persecution, the Jews have a higher percentage of men with ability than is usual. They also, for the same reason, have a conviction of the value of education. These two things probably account for the fact that, in 1933, the Jews were only 1 per cent. of the German population, but they had won 25 per cent. of the Nobel Prizes, that went to Germany. If Germany chooses to blow out her brains, there is no reason why we should match her folly. We should be eager to get as many as possible of the race that produced Einstein, Freud, Ehrlich, Mann, Bergson, Epstein, Heine, Reinhardt, Walt Disney, Monash, Wassermann, Isaacs.

The Jews are a part of the community whose problems are the same as ours, but have been unjustly singled out to take the blame for Hitler's mistakes. "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?

(BY CALIBAN)

THE PHYSICS STUDENT'S NIGHTMARE

I dreamt one night I wandered in a grove,
Where dwelt all kind of monsters, great and small,
Where horrid creatures everywhere did rove,
And ghastly nightmares on the leafy wall
Did creep and crawl.
A megadyne with drooling, hairy jaws
Was gripped in mortal combat with an ohm,
And, lazing near, an oersted armed with claws,
Ate countless entropies which, far from home,
In millions roam.
From off a tree a hysteresis dropped,
Close by, an ugly microfarad marched,
Three isohyets from out a thicket popped,
And lo, a huge penumbra on them lunched,
The whole lot crunched.
High in the air, great scaly velos flew,
And there adiabatics paused to drink,
While timid ergs and caulombs in a queue,
Did pause an instant on the umbric brink,
I think, to think.
The sight amazed me, but I had no fear,
Until from out the darkness cold and drab,
A fearful hodograph flew very near,
And, shrieking, I awoke upon a slab,
Drunk, in the lab.

—Caliban.

A MILLIONAIRE'S RESIDENCE

His house looks like a public building,
I find that neither odd nor funny.
It should look like a public building,
Since it was built with public money.

—G.A. Medaille.

LATEST AMERICAN SONG

I bought a wooden whistle, but it wouldn't whistle,
So I bought a steel whistle,
But steel it wooden whistle,
So I bought a lead whistle,
Steel they wooden lead me whistle,
So I bought a tin whistle,
Now I tin whistle.

—Gateway.

ELL LICK SENDER'S WRECK TIME BEND

(The following verses represent the New York Times' version of a radio crooner's version of ("Alexander's Ragtime Band.")

Gum on an ear, gum on an ear, Ell lick senders' wreck time bend,
Gum on an ear, gum on an ear: it's a Bess Ben din the lend.
Dey kin play a bugle call, like you nef fur hoyd before
So net sure rill dead shoe wan a goter war
Det's just dah bestest Ben what am, honey lamb!
Gum on a lung: gum on a lung, Let me day queue pie the hand
Up to the man; up to the man, who's the litre rough the Ben.
Dan nephew care to hear the Swanee Reefer blade in wreck time,
Gum on an ear, gum on an ear, Ell lick sender's wreck time bend.

SINGERS

Life is a song, sir, so you say,
According to your lights,
Then tell me, sir, how much you pay
For reproduction rights?

—Wilson Rimington.

THE GORILLA

Gorillas, with intent to please
The simple-minded, bend their knees
And walk through equatorial hands,
Supported on their horny hands,
—A practice, it is fair to add
That many now admit is bad
And only have recourse to in
Emergency, or after gin.

—Stuart Oak.

THE HORSE

The horse is not supposed to know
How to reap or how to sow;
How to boost or how to bind
Dictionaries in the mind;
How to build a rabbit-hutch—
But it doesn't matter much
For he understands, of course,
Exactly how to be a horse.

—Stuart Oak.

USE

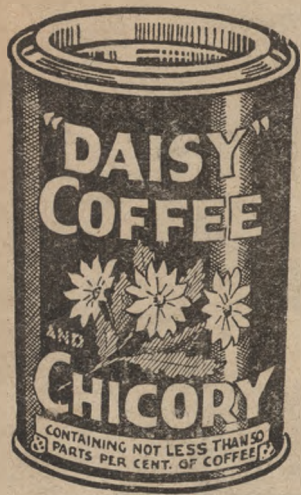
"DAISY" PURE COFFEE

or

"DAISY" COFFEE AND CHICORY.



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



S. L. P. RIMMER LTD.

Phone 40-543

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