

CRACCUM

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PRICE THREEPENCE

A.U.C. Hunters Bring Back Scalps Ardours and Endurances at Christchurch

With tuckets, alarums, hakas and similar fearsome cachinnations the victorious A.U.C. team bore the tournament shield back from Christchurch a few days ago in a triumphant progress that would have made a Roman ovatio look like a funeral train of a Seventh-Day Adventist Elder.

The lifting of the massive emblem of inter-varsity athletic superiority was especially meritorious not only for the fact that the Otagoites were deprived of a trophy which they had complacently come to regard as their own property after winning the two previous tournaments, but also this is the first time Auckland has captured the shield in nine years and, moreover, the first occasion on which it has proved its superiority on field and track.

Carrying off the prize, however, was only the culmination of a series of individual successes which brought honour, glory, and not a little perspiration to the participants concerned, and gravel throats to the exuberant gentlemen and women who used their vocal chords unsparingly in inciting their representatives to still more heroic efforts. In fact, the Auckland haka team was invariably conspicuous and contributed more than any other to the noise and gaiety of affairs in general.

Complete with tournament ribbons, baggage, and poor harassed Mr. Postlewaite, the team left riotously for Wellington on Wednesday, March 23. The seemingly endless trip was passed fretfully and uncomfortably, marred by lengthy and apparently unwarranted stops at obscure stations and enlivened by boyish demonstrations by the more irrepressible members of the company whom not even weariness and grime could subdue.

COMPANY EN VOYAGE

Much unseemly merriment was caused by the antics of a school-mistress painfully escorting 80 gym-frocked young females to Wellington and the Exhibition. By one of those typical examples of railway juggling, their carriage lay between those occupied by the team, so that adventurous voyagers tripping from car to car found themselves on one occasion confronted with the terrifying sight of 80 giggling schoolgirls stripping off gym-rocks for the night; and later, 80 black-bloomered behinds twisting and turning uneasily on the uncomfortable carriage seats.

It was difficult to decide whose reactions were the more violent, those of the invaders or the worn pedagogue. The latter indeed ultimately resorted to invective of startling ferocity and even descended to physical violence, slapping one youth and hurling an apple at another. Best effort: "I prefer drunken sailors to drunken University students." This one evoked much heavy conjecture as to the awful fate which would befall the scholastic virago should any of the said "drunken" students ever encounter her unprotected by her heaving rampart of fourscore young ladies. There, incidentally, received the untimely incursions on their privacy with girlish giggles and shrill screams of offended modesty.

Roughly seventeen hours after leaving Auckland the team tumbled tired, unshaven (on the part of the men), and unpowdered (on the part of the women, and, we darkly suspect, Mr. Day) on to the station at Wellington, to be met by mighty gusts of the capital's pet monsoon. There the party dispersed, some to private homes, other foundlings to various places for wash and refreshment, while six gentlemen with slightly more initiative, hired a room at a hotel and splashed happily in warm bath, and gorged themselves satiate at the lunch-table, sparing occasionally a thought for their less securely situated brethren.

After sponging away the accumulated grime of seventeen hours, and recapturing a semblance of clean and godly humanity, some members hied away to the Exhibition, while the boxing team did a conscientious workout in the gymnasium of Wellington College.

By some divine intervention, all contrived to be on the wharf at the appointed time that evening, and the Rangitira steamed out of the harbour to the vociferous rivalry of the Wellington and Auckland haka parties. Demands of training rather than social conscience restrained team-members from participating too lavishly in the bacchanalian delights dispensed by the ship's bar, and as a result the large majority of stomachs retained their contents during the unsettling trip to Lyttelton. In fact, conduct throughout the night was comparatively exemplary, for most retired early to their bunks, some, due to the number of passengers the ship was carrying, on the floor, others perched in odder and more precarious places.

ARRIVAL

Disembarking into the chill, grey, early-morning, the company entrained for Christchurch, and twenty minutes later arrived at the station to the accompaniment of enthusiastic hakas from the Canterbury reception party complete with cute Glengarries which then and subsequently roused the rapacious tendencies of the light-fingered members of the party, shorts, stockings to match, and the pennant, of which more later. Amid frantic confusion—the platform by this time resembled the last and wildest stage of a Maori tangi—billeters were extricated and the billeted shepherded off.

At 2.30 that Friday afternoon a reception was held in the College Hall, and tournament had begun in earnest. From then on Christchurch was plagued with posesses of hilarious 'varsity students bent on extracting full value from their stay, and the ancient, mellow brick of the lovely city no doubt still resounds to the detonations of their light-hearted merriment.

PRELIMINARY BRAWLS

On the Saturday morning the boxing preliminaries were held in the Radiant Hall; and in the afternoon the first half of the sports programme, where the first clash between Canterbury and Auckland occurred. The waving pennant of the Canta men had already become a coveted prize, and the first concerted attack was made on it when an adventurous youth filched it from between the legs of the haka-leader while he and his crew were performing in front of the stand. In no time the melee had reached the far side of the field, and confusion was worse confounded by the arrival of the rowing team which had participated in its event only a short time before. The wayward eight had calmly extracted a pole from the tram which conveyed them to the ground, and using this as a battering ram, they charged full tilt into the brawling heap. However, the damage was slight.

At six o'clock that night swimming heats were run off at the Tepid Baths, and two hours later the boxing finalists began to beat the be-jesus out of each other. During the evening another determined effort was made, this time by Victoria, to wrest the now sadly tattered pennant from Canterbury, and a sizeable Donneybrook promised in the aisles until it was interrupted by the continuation of the bouts.

Sunday was spent peacefully at Lincoln Agricultural College. A pleasant interlude, enlivened by a rural touch when college inmates met the company at the train and carted them to the hoar and ancient establishment in horse the tractor-driven drays. The afternoon was taken up with swimming, tennis, deck-tennis, robbing the fulsome orchard, and was rounded off with a gargantuan tea spread out on long trestle-tables on the putting lawn.

The basketball team made an encouraging start by beating Victoria, the favourites and last year's winners, in the first game on Monday morning, and going on to trounce Otago by a wide margin. In the afternoon the sports were concluded, and the traditional hooli took place over a plaster-of-paris egg, suitably decorated, and tossed about gaily and damagingly by a few score burly young men. This time injuries were more severe, but borne in true Spartan fashion.

VICTORY TO AUCKLAND

On Monday night the swimming finals were rounded off, and the following day the crucial finals of the tennis were played at Wilding Park to the subdued mutters of fervent prayer from supporters squatting on the sideline while Joan Howie coolly and calmly notched the points which gave Auckland the tournament shield.

Tournament culminated with the Ball on Tuesday night, and the last day was devoted to recuperating from the ardours, terpsichorean and alcoholic, of the night before and gentle meanderings about the city. At mid-day the Otago team left, this time without the shield, and later in the day Auckland and Wellington departed for Lyttelton and the Rangitira. On this occasion the passengers were even more numerous, so after a hearty sing-song on the deck and numerous potatoes, unrestricted by considerations of training or the prospect of a stormy crossing, bedding was carted en bloc on to the open boat deck, and most of the party, suitably sorted out into couples, spent the night under the stars in the convenient shelter of a couple of motor-cars.

Wellington again, and then the trip home, which was not as wild as it might have been, for the team was too tired by the exertions of the tournament to do little more than curl up as comfortably as possible and go to sleep.

Altogether, tournament was a most successful affair. But the members of the team did more than carry off the shield. The close contact between them broke down any barriers of reserve which may have existed, and the spirit of, let us say, camaraderie thus cultivated bound them into a body that was representative of the true University spirit rather than the parochial attachment of students of a single college. We feel sure that the happiness of the trip will not be forgotten, and the friendships made not only between team-members, but with representatives of other colleges will be enduring ones, with which trite, but deeply sincere, pronouncement we may close with the hope of even brighter and better tournaments to come.

OPEN FORUM

Conducted by TASSO

Students are invited to contribute short articles to Open Forum. The views expressed in this feature do not necessarily represent those of "Craccum" or any of its staff. So don't blame us.

HAVE WE TOO MANY LECTURES?

Unfortunately I have too many lectures to have time to write at length. As soon, however, as my lecture hours are reduced and I do have some spare time, I shall be delighted to write more fully on the subject that we have too many lectures.

—Harried Henrietta.

The first point to consider is what lectures consist of. There are lectures and lectures. There is the lucid, interesting lecture full of value and there is also a dull, abstruse, monotonous flow of words, each word following the other according to the rules of English grammar, but all mixed up together to make a discordant whole. Thus, whether we have too many lectures or not depends upon their quality and value. If the matter to be gained from a series of lectures in any subject can be divulged more easily by consulting other sources, then it is certain, that to the student of average intelligence, it would be more valuable to study those sources.

Conversely, if a series of lectures consists of quality rather than quantity, time should be allotted in proportion to the value of the separate lectures in the series.

There seems to me to be a twofold purpose in attending any University. Firstly, the student has the chance to enlarge his or her knowledge in those subjects in which he or she is interested and secondly, one attends to accumulate sufficient knowledge which will enable one to assume responsibility in that profession which has been chosen for one's life work. It is a pity that under the present conditions of University study that the second purpose predominates over the first. I therefore consider that it is vitally important to reduce in number those lectures which are abstruse and to retain those which contain a superabundance of useful knowledge.

—"Timor Domini Fons Vitae."

Lest vision be lost in a monotonous recurrence of essays, labs and exercises, let us take time and ask ourselves occasionally, "What is the significance of this work which we are doing?"

Most of us come to University with a good number of youthful ambitions; we were conscious of privilege; we believed that for some reason or other we were such people as would benefit from "higher education." But once inside the University community, we found we were not as unique as we had thought. Lacking any direct comparison with the outside world, it is not strange that we should soon come to regard all things as a matter of course and to feel that as long as we were attaining a good average in the examinations we were fulfilling our whole purpose in the world. The organization, or lack of it, in our University life tends to help us forget that the reality is not the degree, but the change and growth within ourselves, of which the passing of a Degree examination is merely an external manifestation.

IT SHOULD BE AN IMPERFECT AND INCOMPLETE MANIFESTATION.

Our years of preparation, when our minds have an opportunity to develop, unhampered by prejudice, inspired by good teachers, should have one very clear result—they should be training people to take the responsibility of leadership. We in the Universities are spending a great deal longer than most people over the period of growing to full citizenship. But one day we will be ready and take our share in the moral and economic organization of society, and the question is, will we then be

able to offer anything which will justify those years spent in preparation.

Our qualifications, whether we will it or not, will deposit us mercilessly in the front, and in that sparsely populated region there is very little to hide behind. A time will come when people will look to us for a lead, and we will not satisfy them by enumerating the main battles of European history or by repeating a list of Latin verbs. For good leadership demands more than intellectual attainment; it demands also emotional and moral stability; it demands the capacity to expose the hollowness of thought and practice which tend to the destruction of those spiritual realities which man by the constitution of his nature is able to disregard only at the cost of undermining the bases of social life.

The nature of the future world will depend on the outlook which is growing up amongst young people now. And if we want that future world to be composed of citizens who are sane, mentally and emotionally balanced morally stable, we must attempt to demonstrate it all along. If we want unity in the world, we must have it first in ourselves. But unity does not come as a gift from heaven, it has to be acquired, laboured over; we have to suffer for it. In other words it requires thought. Strange how we hate thinking. It is so upsetting and the pleasant train of reverie which carries our lives along; it shows on just how little our sense of security is based. That is disturbing. And so we bolt back to our text books, afraid to follow to its conclusion a train of thought which they may suggest to us.

Honest thinking may lead us to doubt everything. If everything is doubtful, we surely do no wrong to face the fact. The liberation of human thought which made possible the development of modern science, was due to a man who had courage to give up his comfortable illusions and to adopt a vastly uncomfortable position of doubt. The only danger is that we should stay in a condition of uncertainty. Doubt has been called a "prelude to reconstruction." As an end in itself it is a sign of intellectual immaturity.

Thought, if we pursue it honestly, will lead us to doubt, to questioning and uncertainty. If we are prepared to go further, it will lead us to God. And that perhaps is equally uncomfortable. Yet if it is true, have we a right to deny it? If it is not true, have we not an obligation to expose its falsity? But at all events, let us be sincere in this search for truth; in our attempt to know our place in the world; so that in the time of testing we may stand firmly on the conviction to which our thought has led us; people to whom the world will look for certainty in uncertain times; people who will be able to fulfil the need.

—H.J.D.

As an Arts Honours student trying to gain sufficient knowledge for the November examinations, I must protest against the unnecessary difficulties put in our way by the University. In previous years, Honours students were exempted from keeping terms. This year it was ruled that Honours students now have to attend at least 75 per cent of the lectures. I have thirteen and a third hours of lectures a week. One lecture is compulsory for Stage I. students up to Honours, the natural consequence being that the work is too detailed and advanced for Stage I. and too elementary for Stage III. and Honours. Another lecture is for Stage II. to Honours with similar results. At least two others are unnecessary. Student papers are read aloud and then distributed. Nothing is gained by the reading, but much by private perusal of these papers, why duplicate the work? The

day's study is hopelessly broken into by these compulsory thirteen and a third lecture hours, that limit to an impossible degree the work suggested in and by them. This lecture system is ridiculously antiquated. It can never be a substitute for books though perforce treated as such by students. It should merely serve as a guide for independent study. We need fewer lectures on set stuff that is readily available in the libraries. The existing staff could easily deal with the requirements of students under the revised lecture system. Stage I. and possibly Stage II., coming fresh from secondary schools, may have to be partially spoon-fed, but surely Stage III. and Honours students ought to be capable of using their own initiative in the matter of study. The requirements for the examinations are clearly set out in the Calendar. The College staff should be guides, not mental nursemaids.

—Quarta.

Sir,

Speaking from experience, may I be permitted to express the opinion held by many, regarding the above subject, namely, that any reduction in the number of lectures conducted at the college would be met with much disfavour by both freshers and the rare advanced students.

The average fresher, used to the spoon-feeding of a secondary school has little idea of university life, where he is completely left to his own devices. To him the syllabus in each subject is so extensive and involved, that he quickly reaches the popular conclusion, that suitable progress is well nigh impossible without depending on the active help of the staff. This help is forthcoming largely in the form of lectures, any curtailment of which would thus have far-reaching effects on the work of the individual; be he the type who merely uses the lectures as guides to study; or that specimen of humanity who depends on these for his main sources of information.

The general purpose of the lectures is however, merely to help the student on his way, by giving some indication of the books to be read, and the general course to be followed—as such they cannot be dispersed with. Therefore, as the present number is just enough to cover the syllabus in most subjects, we must realise that we definitely do not have too many lectures—indeed, a fuller time-table in some departments would be most desirable.

Old Timer.

Too many lectures? Of course we have too many lectures! Lectures in the morning, lectures in the afternoon and lectures in the night. Those in the morning damp our spirits and ruin our zest for life; those in the afternoon interfere with our little "tween meals," and those at night are indeed an abomination—for what lad can be the life and soul of a party if he has pored over a Greek translation between 7 and 8, or what lass be her sweet and charming self at a coffee evening after an hour or so spent in studying the internal structure of scyllium canicula—with practical demonstrations!

But seriously, I still maintain that we have too many lectures. Are we still regarded as school children, that we should be herded into a lecture-room and subjected to a flood of rhetoric on the aspect of the subject that appeals most to the lecturer, and best suits his particular style of oratory. Why should we waste precious ink and paper in recording the airy flights of fancy of our mentors? Would it not be better if each professor were to deliver say, one lecture a week, in which he outlined the subject and suggested various sources of further reading and research. In this way the student would learn to think and discriminate for himself, and the University would be less a glorified secondary school and more a place for individual research. A University degree would cease to be the result of taking one's medicine (in the form of spoon feeding) for a stated number of years, and become an acknowledgment of personal ability and initiative—the weak would go to the wall and the cream rise to the surface.

You will excuse the mixed metaphor—I am writing this in one of my superfluous lectures and the professor's voice is a little disconcerting.

—Secunda.

I really do think that this question of lectures is one on which we ought to think and express our views; it isn't wholly a matter for joking.

Definitely we have too many lectures. I think that I have as much enthusiasm for my work as any normal student, but I find that compulsory attendance at 75 per cent. of lectures is absolutely soul-destroying. (We have even got to the stage of treating this lecture business as a disease; it is surprising how many people say "oh, I can't do this essay until 8 o'clock. I've got lectures until then.") Just as if they had a cold or small-pox or something.)

The first objection to lectures is the time limit. It is restricting both to lectures and students; in some cases of course it's just as well, but in others it's a jolly shame. One's enjoyment of a particularly good presentation of some interesting piece of work is very much curtailed at the expectation of stopping on the hour; the continuity of thought is broken by the next week and the benefit of the lecture pretty well non-existent. Then of course, lectures are a one man show; there is no opportunity to answer back (except in tutorials and there are precious few of those). Of course, the profs. do say "come and discuss any aspect of your work with me at any time." But it isn't the same. The spontaneity is gone.

Moreover, — this is most important — so many lectures leave little time, and that broken, for private study. I spend thirteen hours a week in the lecture room and if I prepare for each lecture properly I have very little time left to read round my subjects and none at all to do the things I am interested in. It's not good enough.

Of course the solution lies a good way deeper than just cutting down the teaching time. It involves a reform of the whole system of Varsity education in New Zealand. Under the present system we aim at passing examinations; therefore we have to be taught and the present number of lectures is in most subjects necessary. When we are prepared to sacrifice our selfish end and to fight for the introduction of a more leisurely and less superficial degree, then and only then will we be able to cut down the number of lectures, increase our time for private study and cultivate a greater and deeper College spirit that will train us for the responsibilities of citizenship.

—G.M.R.

Before affirming or denying the statement that we have too many lectures, it is helpful to be clear on two points at least. Firstly, what do we do in the lecture-room, secondly, what use do we make of lectures.

If our activity in the lecture-room is limited to uncritical and uncreative note-taking, then a lecture becomes an obstacle to thought, and one lecture a week would be too many. We are told too much, and so, denied the effort of finding things out for ourselves. A guided group discussion where a line of thought is followed to some sort of conclusion appears to me to approximate to a more truthful way of development of mental personality.

The examination system is the students' ball and chain. The use he makes of lectures is largely dictated by bread and butter considerations. Allowing this, it is still to be asked whether lectures create in us an interest in a subject which will flower when the scrambling for a Degree is over.

Our personal verdicts on the Forum topic must be born of consideration of these two points at least.

—"C.R.S."

This was my experience at a recent "lecture." Each student was issued with five or six typewritten pages of foolscap which the professor then proceeded to read to us, this occupying an hour theoretically intended for a lecture. This was a Stage III. class!

Other lecturers and professors prefer to read a set of cast iron notes in a glowing, monotonous, sometimes even inaudible voice, in some cases these notes remain the same year after year. Students, having, on the whole, rather less intelligence than one might expect, have a tendency to scribble down as much as they can of what such a lecturer is saying with an incoherent and illegible result. Anyway, what else can they do to fill in the time? University regulations compel each student to

FRESHERS' DEBATE

There was a very good attendance at the Freshers' Debate, "That Radio is an Entertainment, not an Education," despite the absence of many of the Club's supporters, who were away at Tournament, and the standard of speeches was really very high.

The opening speaker, Mr. Coates, was quite naturally very nervous, but with experience he should develop into a good debater. He has a pleasing voice, and his speech was on the whole well-balanced. Probably due for the most part to nervousness, he was slightly muddled at times, and was inclined to repeat himself. A great point in his favour was that he was not as dependent on his notes as other speakers.

There was no doubt at all that Miss Thomas, the second speaker, was the winner. Her speech was nicely balanced and appeared better prepared than any other. At no time did she lapse into incoherence. Her speech, however, appeared to be an essay learnt by heart, rather than a true debate; but this will be remedied by experience.

Miss Coates, the next speaker, made a very good impression. She has what the judge called "audience contact," and held listeners' attention readily. She was, on the other hand, too dependent on her notes, and was rather prone to grandiloquent phrases. She also wandered from her point in her anxiety to draw a moral conclusion. In company with the first two speakers, Miss Coates had an ease of manner which was very creditable under the circumstances.

Mr. Hunter's speech was completely spoiled by the fact that he read it all. He has a good voice, but its effect was lessened by the scrupulous attention he gave to his reading. He would do well to note that an audience does not appreciate humour unless it is spontaneous.

Mr. Shieff deserves commendation for the fact that he mounted the platform, thus breaking the unfortunate precedent set by the other competitors in speaking from the floor. (Why didn't the chairman tell them where they were to speak from beforehand?—Ed.) He has a good voice, and a fair touch of humour; but his argument was confused.

Mr. Reid was one of the few who tried to debate, but his effort was not as successful as it might have been. His speech had few highlights. However, his arguments displayed a level logic; and with more experience he should be quite good.

Mr. Tudhope had the disadvantage of being the last speaker. Wisely, he made an attempt to sum up the previous speeches and thereby justify his own case. He had greater spontaneity than was exhibited by any other competitor, with an accompanying ease of manner. He suffered from lack of matter, but this was to be expected under the circumstances.

The judge, Mr. Phillips, gave some very helpful criticism and advice stressing the importance of being able to think on one's feet, and of dispensing with notes.

It is very gratifying, in conclusion, to see that there are so many promising debaters in their first year at A.U.C. It is hoped that their enthusiasm will not wane, and that they will continue in their support of the club, in the capacities of both audience and debaters.

attend at least 75 per cent. of all lectures (even when they are "lectures"). In such cases surely the more economic scheme would be to scrap the professors and issue each student with a type-written copy of the notes.

I must admit that there is a limited supply of members of the staff who know the meaning of the word "lecture." These clear away or stride through the undergrowth so that we can at least see which way the path is going, and are even filled with zeal to follow it to the end. Others show us (often compel us) how to crawl painfully thro' a ready-made and most uninteresting tunnel which ends on a barren heath—for of course we lose our sense of direction (or proportion) in our wriggling progress.

It is obvious we have too many "lectures"—canned predigested baby food—but not too many lectures. The solution surely lies in making lectures optional. Those who wish to be fed with "a little often" could then be satisfied, while others would not be compelled to waste their time.

—"S.S.S."

PROCESSION WELL UNDER WAY

EVERYONE BUSY AT A.U.C.

Arrangements for the annual Varsity procession are now well under way. An energetic committee has been busy since Easter with the necessary organisation, and this week should see the majority of the floats under way.

Procession will be held on Monday, 29th April, between the hours of 12 noon and 2 p.m. It was decided that this year the collection should be for the Patriotic Fund, and with this object, it is hoped that a record amount will be obtained.

This year we are working under difficulties, for no constructive building must take place until the afternoon of the Saturday before procession, but provided that members of all floats get to work as soon as 12 noon has sounded on the Saturday, the indications at present are for a most successful turn-out. The majority of societies and faculties are rallying round the committee in fine style, the Science Faculty alone having promised six floats. At present, there is rather a lack of interest displayed by the College clubs, as distinct from faculties and societies, the Hongi Club, and the Harriers and Athletes combined, being the only ones which have so far promised floats.

ALL SHOULD PARTICIPATE

If there are still students who wish to take part in procession, and are not yet on floats, if they leave a note in the rack for the secretary of Procession Committee, we will make certain that their services will be utilised. We would also welcome with open arms any person who is prepared to drive his or her car through the streets of Auckland suitably placarded, during lunch hours of the week before procession. In this respect, we would also be very pleased to hear from anyone who has any spare petrol coupons. We will give a guarantee that all coupons will be used on procession business. Owners of cars, and people with spare coupons should get in touch with Mr. Bill Stride per the letter rack.

O.U. STUDENTS PARTICIPATING

A new feature this year, will be the appearance of a float manned by sixth year Medical Students who are at the Public Hospital. Technically these people belong to Otago University, but they appear keen to take part, and an invitation has been sent to them. It is hoped that they will show us how a procession is run in Otago, and perhaps help to supply some of the pep which our functions may lack compared with those of other colleges.

Negotiations are proceeding with the Principal of the Training College, with a view to Training College Students being allowed time off in order to participate, but nothing has yet been finalised. If, as last year, Training College are unable to assist, it is the duty of every available woman, and of every man not on a float, to rally round their Association, and help with collecting. The same system as last year will be used, whereby collectors will be zoned, and will have to work out their zone before following up the Procession.

Floats so far promised are:—

Architects, 3; Science, 6; Law, 2; Engineers, 1; Commerce, 1; Harriers and Athletes, possibly 1; Hongi Club, 1; Swimming Club, possibly 1; Hockey Club, possibly 1.

It is felt that there should be at least one float from the Arts Faculty. Any Arts students who can take part should approach Mr. George Cawkwell.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

The Procession Working Committee is as follows:—Chairman, Graham Reid; Secretary, John Clark; Messrs. Mick Cutter, Brian O'Connor, Don Stacey, Bill Humphrey, M. Scansie, Bill Stride.

Any of these will be pleased to give any students further information not contained in this epistle.

All the clubs and faculties mentioned above have delegates to the Committee, so if you want to help, and to join in the fun, find out who is your delegate, and approach him. If he cannot give you anything to do, come direct to us, and we will have no difficulty in making use of your services.

By the end of this week, all arrangements should have been finalised by the Committee, and it will then be up to you all, so go to it and let us make this year's procession something to be remembered.

Athletic Shield Journeys North

History Made At Christchurch

Glorious Day For Auckland

Up till Monday, in spite of some heavy demands made upon their respective larynxes, most of the Auckland Tournament Team were still in fairly good voice. The Boxing was really only a kind of pipe-opener or preliminary canter. They took it in their stride. Then there was all day at Lincoln in Sunday to build up the vocal chords on milk. Which several of the party did—Copiously.

Yet by Monday night A.U.C. could only raise half a voice between them.

Something happened in the interim.

You're quite right as usual. Something had happened.

A shattering incident.

On Monday afternoon A.U.C. touched an all-time pinnacle of achievement by carrying off the Athletic Shield—most coveted trophy of Tournament. After the Tournament Shield and a scalp which never before had adorned Auckland's belt.

EXCITEMENT RUNS HIGH

All through the tense bright afternoon at Rugby Park, Auckland and Otago battled away for the trophy which the Southern College had come to look on as private property.

The afternoon started with A.U.C. six points down from O.U. But with gritted teeth her representatives one and all performed mighty deeds, so that with one race—the relay—to be run, a slender one point lead over O.U. had been gained.

RELAY DECIDES IT

Then the vocal forces of the Auckland team were stilled for a pregnant second as the five first men in the relay crouched on the mark. Paul Day wore the royal blue singlet—the colour that had to cross the tape ahead of the Cambridge blue of Otago, if A.U.C. were to make history and annex the Athletic Shield.

The gun barked and a roar went up from the packed stands. Day had drawn the outside position, and in the flurry of the first sprint to the curve he was jostled badly and spiked. But around the curve he showed up in the first three, with Curtin the Australian and Hansen of Otago, ahead of him. Into the back straight, and the three tore off a lead of yards over the remainder of the field, Curtin and Hansen just showing the way to the Auckland boy. Ten yards ahead of the rest of the field, the three entered the home straight, and Day could not catch the leading pair. He handed over three or four yards back, and ten yards ahead of the Canterbury man.

Thom sprinted away and could not make any impression on the field; from him Robertson took over, and Aucklanders in the stand roared as he came round a few yards behind Mottram of O.U. But the dark blues were still behind, and when Turbott took over for the final half, A.U.C. were reduced to despairing croaks. Turbott clung to Foord in the Cambridge blue, but past him raced Shaw the youthful mile record maker. Shaw ran the final half for Canterbury in 1.55, and tore away in the first lap from both Turbott and Foord. Garth Turbott doggedly made up the ground however and had passed the O.U. man in the first lap. He then set out after Shaw, but the distance was too great to make up, and Auckland's cheering reached a crescendo as Garth came in ten yards ahead of O.U.

The Athletic Shield had come North for the first time in history.

EVENTFUL AFTERNOON

Looking back over that great afternoon, things seem strangely chaotic—memories of hakas and eccentric bicycles jostle a picture of flashing legs and thudding feet, of flying missiles, and controlled bodies curving through the air into the jumping pit.

SATURDAY EVENTS

The Saturday had seen Norm Thom win for A.U.C. the first athletic title, when he took the broad jump from Pilling of Otago.

On that day, too, Graham Kofoed had run the best mile of his life to push Shaw of

C.U.C. into new record figures and to run in second himself.

But on Monday things really did begin to happen. Bruce Robertson jumped second in the hop-step-and-jump. Then Dan Gillespie eclipsed his previous javelin record with a great throw of 185ft. (unfortunately disallowed through wind).

LOW HURDLES TO A.U.C.

No sooner had Dan's effort left A.U.C. with raw throats, than Paul Day ran in three yards ahead of the Australian, Wilson, to win the first track title for A.U.C.—the 220yds. hurdles.

Garth Turbott hung grimly to Canterbury champion Blewett in the half-mile, but could not make up the gap which the Southerner opened up in the first lap.

WHITE'S GREAT HAMMER THROW

Micky White took the hammer and phlegmatically tossed it 151 feet for a new record which was disallowed through wind. Then tall loose-limbed Wayne Smeeton, jumping a beautiful western race, won the high jump for A.U.C. with team-mate Thom in second place.

Paul Day stepped out again in the 440yds. hurdles and taking the obstacles smoothly and speedily, led all the way to complete his double. Graham Kofoed came out and ran the field off their legs in the three miles, to win by fifty yards from his old rival Scrymgeour.

TEAM SMALL BUT GOOD

So the A.U.C. team, nine men in all, won between them seven titles and accumulated did not win points. Surely this is a fitting did no twin points. Surely this is a fitting culmination to the Athletic Club's successful season. They have shown themselves to be the liveliest and most active sports body in the College, as their achievements not only in Tournament but in open competition, will show. They were winners of the Kohn Cup, for the champion club at the relay championships. They were winners of Provincial club supremacy at the provincial championships. And now, the long cherished dream of many an Auckland University athletics captain comes true—A.U.C. brings back the Athletic Shield.

BALKAN STATES

A most interesting and informative talk was that given on April 11 by Mr. Rodwell, president of the Commerce Students' Association.

His subject was "The Balkans," a timely topic in view of the prominence which these volcanic States have been given lately in the turmoils of international diplomacy.

Mr. Rodwell began with an historical survey of the Balkans up to the time of the Treaty of Versailles, emphasising the fact that the inhabitants formed races with intense racial instincts. This fierce nationalism, combined with the diversity and geographical distribution of the various States, was the cause of the difficulty in determining boundaries.

Mr. Rodwell then became specific, and indicated where the States were situated, how they came there, and why they arose.

The speaker gave it as his opinion that the Balkan States were indivisible economically. If they were so distinguished, in theory a higher standard of living would be obtained. Actually, however, any benefit derived thereby would be offset by the misery caused by the clash of racial prejudices.

The root of all the trouble lay in the aforementioned nationalities and the refusal of the States to subordinate their individual aspirations to the general well-being. Russia, for instance, had minorities in the Balkans; but these did not reciprocate her aims, social, territorial, or international. Could the Balkans be persuaded to exhibit more tolerance towards their neighbours, affairs in that tortured region would be more equable.

Mr. Rodwell concluded with a dissertation on the Czechs, explaining that after the experience of 600 years of revolution their disciplinary power was almost incredible. The Czechs as a result will be quite prepared to sit down without outward demur under the Nazi regime, and bide their time.

The meeting wound up in the cafeteria for supper and a comfortable and informal chat on present European affairs.

GIOVANEZZA

Munch crunch
A counter-lunch
The bunch
Is drunk
Is very drunk
Completely sunk
Beneath a wet world's weary weight
Of gin—
Like equinoctial sea-ships stagger
Pitch-toss
Sheer
And swagger
They begin
To roll on waves wet oil
As sea-black
Satin-smooth
And sad as midnight
When their coma settles in.

PHOENIX.

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LION ALE

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Basketball Shield Forcibly Annexed A.U.C. Girls' Shock Tactics

A young and inexperienced team left A.U.C. to play in the N.Z.U. Tournament at Christchurch, fully determined to do its best but not exactly hopeful of its efforts to bring back the coveted Basketball Shield since the four most experienced players, Val Wyatt, Meg Everton, Lois Stanton and Win Stanton were representing Auckland at the Centennial Tournament in Wellington. Like the rest of A.U.C.'s efforts at Tournament—for A.U.C. had been but lightly thought of—the performance of the basketball team provided something of a surprise to spectators and players alike.

GOOD COMBINATION

The basketball matches commenced in perfect weather on Easter Monday. A.U.C. drew the reputedly strong V.U.C. team in the first match and the team was not sanguine about the result. A.U.C. put all it had into the game, ably assisted by the moral support of the energetic haka party. After a shaky first few minutes, the team settled down to play fast orthodox basketball with the quick zig-zag passing so characteristic of A.U.C. teams for a number of years.

The height of the V.U.C. team proved rather disconcerting at first but our superior combination more than compensated for this disadvantage. Good shooting on the part of Hilda Thompson and Katie Simmons enabled us to hold V.U.C. at 9-9 at half-time. Even exchanges were the order of the second half but V.U.C. crept ahead to 14-12. A.U.C. were not to be denied and with a great spurt, despite desperate efforts on the part of V.U.C. crept up to 14-14. Excitement was intense as each side struggled for supremacy. Superior combination and more accurate shooting on the part of A.U.C. proved the deciding factor, and A.U.C. ran out winners at 17-15. This was perhaps the hardest match for A.U.C. especially from the point of view of nerves.

O.U. VANQUISHED

After this victory, so unexpected, A.U.C. took the field against O.U. with some degree of confidence. The team's combination proved too much for O.U., the ball travelling rapidly from an interception under O.U.'s goal straight down to the A.U.C. goal where no mistake was made with close-range shots. O.U.'s shooting was very weak partly due, no doubt, to the fact that A.U.C. defence forced the goalers to shoot from far out.

The combination of A.U.C.'s goalers showed to advantage as time and again their quick certain passes left the opposition standing. The goalers were able to take short shots and accurate shooting enabled A.U.C. to run up a score of 35-18.

This match was considered the best exhibition of basketball seen during the tournament. For fast clean passing and excellent combination on A.U.C.'s part, the game could hardly have been bettered.

FAST GAME WITH C.U.C.

On Tuesday morning A.U.C. took the field against C.U.C., which team had forced both V.U.C. and O.U. to very close decisions. C.U.C., with a more robust team than for several years, fought with terrific determination in an attempt to break up A.U.C.'s combination. The game was played at a fast pace throughout and it was only good interception work on the part of the defence that kept the ball from the C.U.C. goal. Though A.U.C.'s centre fed its goalers valiantly their efforts were in danger of being negated by poor shooting on the goalers' part. The rugged Canterbury defence was responsible for this inconsistency in shooting. After holding a small lead at half-time, A.U.C. were unable to hold their advantage and with about five minutes to go the score stood at 13-13. The tension was clearly apparent. Encouraged by vigorous hakas, however, A.U.C. fought even harder and solid teamwork pulled the game out of the fire at 16-14.

A.U.C., with an unbeaten record thus annexed the basketball shield, last held in 1936.

SECRET OF SUCCESS

The whole Tournament was a triumph for concerted teamwork over haphazard passing and individual brilliance. The A.U.C. team played as one and proved a decided stumbling block for the other teams with their often apparent lack of co-ordination. Each girl in

the Auckland team had her appointed position and duty; and fulfilled them to the best of her ability. There was no wild throwing or searching for someone to throw to, as each girl was always in position. Movements were thus carried out with precision and finished off in the logical manner, by a goal. The swift clean diagonal passing of the team was a noteworthy feature, as this method is a sure one for catching the opposition on the wrong foot.

The difficulty in choosing outstanding players on account of teamwork was apparently felt by the N.Z.U. Blues Selection Committee, for out of the nine selected for consideration, five were A.U.C.—practically the whole team. In the final choice were five A.U.C., three V.U.C., one O.U.

INDIVIDUAL FORM

Concerning the individual players:—

Hilda Thompson won her Blue by her brilliant positional play and consistent shooting. She was considered the best goaler of the tournament.

Katie Simmons. Her blue was also the reward of solid play and accurate shooting. She and Hilda shared evenly the great majority of A.U.C. goals.

Islay Blake. Primarily a defence, Islay proved her adaptability by playing an excellent game as goaler, doing the lion's share of the work in getting the ball back for Hilda and Katie to shoot. She therefore had little opportunity for shooting and this lost her her blue.

Ona Allison played her usual solid game, her interception and positional play being a great factor in the team's success. She provided the steadiness of experience in the centre and thoroughly deserved her blue.

Beryl Hobbis played herself into her blue by a brilliant and vigorous display of basketball. Hers was a key position and she filled it admirably.

Carol Ayers is not a spectacular player but played a steady reliable game. She was always in position for receiving first pass from the defence, a pass not always easy to give or take.

Rita Steele played a good steady game with many excellent interceptions. Her positional play was above reproach.

Jean Livingston played an excellent game as back defence, her well judged interceptions saving the side on numerous occasions.

Joan Howie as Captain of the team played well to gain an N.Z.U. Blue. Joan's previous experience and consistent play had much to do with the ultimate success of the team.

Jean Downs was emergency and would have given a good account of herself had the occasion demanded.

A.U.C. GIRLS IN REPS.

Congratulations are also due to the 4 A.U.C. members who were representing Auckland in the N.Z. Basketball Tournament in Wellington. The Auckland team was successful in winning the Tournament. Val Wyatt, who captained the team for the third year in succession, is to be congratulated on her team's success.

It speaks well for the standard of play at A.U.C., that four members should represent Auckland and five others should gain N.Z.U. Blues.

The Basketball season is now starting in earnest and the club teams must be chosen as soon as possible.

It is hoped that all members will make a special effort to attend practices. The Saturday competition begins on May 4th.

TENNIS MISSED BY FRACTION

A.U.C. WINS TWO TITLES WOMEN PLAYERS SHINE

It is pleasing to note that the tennis team materially assisted in bringing the Tournament Shield back to Auckland. For the past few years A.U.C. tennis has been much below par but it may be stated with confidence that at future tournaments we will be a power to be reckoned with in this branch of sport.

WOMEN PROMINENT

Although most of the credit this year goes to the women, the team as a whole acquitted itself creditably. Joan Howie was successful in the singles and again in the doubles, partnered by Beryl Warren. Both these girls played stirring tennis especially in the finals when the results of their games meant Shield—or no Shield!

Joan improved steadily throughout the Tournament and her game in the final against Miss Davis of Canterbury, was a treat to watch. In the first set Joan established an early lead of 4-1. Her opponent who played indifferently at times, retaliated with some brilliant shots to even at 4-all and finally win the set at 7-5. In the second and third sets Joan gave her no chances at all. Driving strongly on both wings and advancing to the net at the correct time to finish rallies with nicely angled volleys, Joan annexed these sets with the loss of only three games.

FINE PLAY IN DOUBLES

In the final of the doubles our girls won the first set by hard hitting and well-directed volleys. In the second set, however, they allowed the Otago girls too much time to direct their ground shots, the result being that they dropped this set 2-6. Resuming early tactics of harder hitting they had no difficulty in the third set the final score being 6-2, 2-6, 6-2.

INDIVIDUAL PLAYERS

A special word of praise is due to Beryl Warren who was representing A.U.C. for the first time. She combined very well with Joan and played steady tennis throughout.

Kath Elliott and Winsome Denne played with great confidence only to be narrowly defeated by the first Otago pair who later reached the final. Winsome played right up to expectations and should benefit greatly from the experience obtained.

In the men's singles Dick and Geoff Coldham both played well, but were outclassed by older and more experienced opposition. In the men's doubles Geoff Coldham and Laurie Stevens won their first round comfortably but inaccurate returns of service spelt disaster in their semi-final against Dyer and Renouf.

UNLUCKY IN COMBINES

In the combined doubles A.U.C. were very unlucky not to reach the final. Beryl Warren and Laurie Stevens combined very well and had a good win in the first round after being down in the second and third sets. The semi-final against the Otago pair provided excellent tennis. With the score at 3-0 in the final set victory seemed close at hand for the Aucklanders but they failed to take advantage of the lead and dropped the set 6-4.

EPITAPH FOR 1940.

Two minutes' silence,
The rest is violence.

EPITAPH FOR WESTERN FRONT.

Two minutes' violence,
the rest is silence.

IN VINO VERITAS

The gasteropod
Is very odd
And of infinite variety are the creatures of God
When I am dead and undersod
Men will remember the gasteropod.

PHOENIX.

Aussies Enliven Tournament But Running Not So Hot

The Athletics at Tournament were made more than usually interesting by the appearance of the Touring Team of Australian University Athletes. The performances of the team were really not as good as those established at their initial meeting in Auckland. Lack of real training and too much travelling probably had something to do with this, but even so the contests were made much more interesting than usual by their presence.

The captain of the team, G. L. Wilson, Rhodes Scholar last year, had bad luck in the high hurdles to crash in the heat, when leading by a big margin. In the final, however, he fought the obstacles beautifully and won by yards in 16½. This time was rather slower than his 15½ in Auckland, but there was a slight head wind.

In the low hurdles Wilson was beaten by Day of A.U.C.

SPRINTERS DISAPPOINTING

The 100yds. saw Dunn in second place, the national champion, Sutherland, having too much pace, to win in 10½. The furlong was also too far for Dunn, who could get only a second in his heat. He was obviously not fit.

The Aussies' second string sprinter, B. Curtin, ran well in the 220, but could not head Sutherland. The 440yds. saw both Australian men in prominent positions. Arrowsmith won one heat. Curtin was second in another. The final saw Arrowsmith, running smoothly and

with calm precision, tear off a five-yard lead over Blewett of C.U.C. and Hansen of O.U.

MIDDLE DISTANCE SUPREMACY

Arrowsmith proved his worth once again when he ran in a good first in the half-mile in excellent time—1:57.

Parkin met with stern opposition in the mile—which was won in record time. Kofoed and Shaw were too speedy for him. Nevertheless, he clung grimly to the field and ran a game race.

AUSSIERS' ANTICS

The Aussies delighted those at Tournament Ball by their unrestrained performance of their corroboree and of several N.Z. hakas. Brian Dunn's "It ain't what you do it's the way you do it," completely captivated several impressionable young Aucklanders.

The success of the Australian tour shows fairly conclusively that such visits perform a useful function in University life.

Triumphant Victory Ball

TOURNAMENT TEAMS TRIP IT

A.U.C.'s tournament victory was well and truly celebrated at a Victory Ball held on Saturday, 7th April, in the College Hall. In a proud position of honour were the trophies brought back from Christchurch, together with the points sheets showing just how Auckland did it.

The lights were bright, the women were fair, the men were brave, and A.U.C.'s beauty and chivalry got in the groove with vigour. Mountain White made an appearance, protesting gently because his boon companion Fifi (for the benefit of the uninitiated, a very fine specimen of 16lb. hammer, and one of the few in captivity), was forbidden to accompany him into the hall. Javelin-thrower Dan Gillespie wore the mask bravely, but it was obvious that every time he saw the word "Christchurch" over the stage, he winced at the thought of how far away it was.

Among those tripping it fantastically (or is that not quite right?) were the Vice-President, Miss Annette Eveny, generously assisted by that screwball president, David Clouston. Giffins and his crew of worn-out vocalists gave a pre-audition of one or two songs from the new revue, and what words were audible seemed to be promising.

At intervals during the night Graham Reid, who was responsible for the arrangements for the night (and a right good spot of arranging he did, too) approached the microphone and muttered intimate and vague things to the dancers, none of whom seemed to mind very much, but serenely continued dancing. A Monte Carlo, in which anyone who cheated more than six times was definitely out, was won by Bruce Robertson and Beryl Hobbs, who with much good judgment outlasted the rest of the field.

Altogether a rip-snorting wind-up to the best tournament ever, as Mr. Prendergast murmured in rapt contemplation of A.U.C.'s three shields.

SIDELIGHTS & SIDEKICKS

Brownie Ward and Olwyn Cowie proudly wearing Canterbury Glengarrys. How they obtained them heaven only knows. . . . A gaudy sticker advertising Ballin's Centennial Shandy pasted across the portal of Canterbury Cathedral. . . . Monty Glengarry being pursued by a cop at the request of an irate shop owner who unkindly objected to having a sign removed from his place of business. . . . The Mayor of Christchurch being dragged from his bed at four in the morning by a telephone call from a party of bewildered Aucklanders wanting to know where they were. . . . Barry Martin, after a sterling exhibition in the light-heavy-weight final, falling on the polished dance floor in the College Hall and breaking his nose in two places. . . . Doug Angus with his tram-pole. . . . Giffy. . . . Skance with his tram-pole. . . . Garth Turbott requesting everyone in general to be British. . . . A party of five riding crazy bicycles hired from a bike shop. One of them nearly succeeded in mounting the steps in the centre of the public square on an eccentric-wheeled monstrosity. . . . Clem Green after the Drinking Horn competition. . . . Jimmy Prentice flaunting a be-draggled piece of the Canterbury pennant. . . . Giffy. . . . Kev. McCarthy getting very matey with Betty Webster on the return trip from Wellington. . . . We suspect that if we divulged the amorous goings-on of a certain member of the swimming team that her male acquaintance in Auckland would be somewhat riled. So we won't. . . . Dom Walls conceived the magnificent idea of taking away the well-known Sign of the Kiwi up in the Cashmere Hills, but a couple of sturdy and immovable split pins and the inadequacy of his suitcase rather put the pot on things. . . . three members of the ladies' swimming team creeping home sore and weary very early in the morning after riding tandems and "sociables" for some hours about the city. We will take the occasion of asking respectfully after the condition of their posteriors. . . . John MacFarland effected the best swap of the stay when he exchanged his tie-pin for the shoulder-clasps of an inebriated Major. . . . An amazing collection of notices was brought back, including the No Smoking sign from a tram and a hoarding of a well-known insurance company. . . . Bob Ockleford et Cie getting down some light refreshment in the long grass bordering the athletic ground. . . . One evening Prendy, for various reasons, deemed it politic not to return to the house where he was staying. His surprise can be imagined when next day

he was thanked for being so silent in entering and for his thoughtfulness in making his bed. . . . Sam Bickerton-Fisher, Charlie Molloy and others were fortunate in not being hauled before the court on a charge of speeding through the city in the taxi. By sheer good fortune the driver had in the past played football with the cop despatched to apprehend them, so everything was smoothed over with smiles. . . . That may explain Sam's insistent cry of "Up the Rugger". . . . Murray Speight will by now, we hope, have sent his driving-license to his cousin in Christchurch. The latter received a "blister" for parking and it was decided that Murray should take the blame and plead innocence of strange city regulations. . . .

"GRANITE"

There was little wanting at the dramatic club's first reading of the year, except, perhaps, as usual, in the size of the audience.

The play was Clemence Dane's "Granite" and Margery Anderson convened it. Her casting was well-done and the general standard of acting was high. There are two achievements which deserve special mention—the perfect monotony of Keith Wilson's ministerial utterances and that low cunning George Cawkwell is very cunning in.

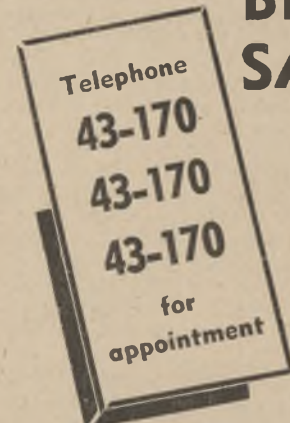
EVANGELICAL UNION

The Evangelical Union has had a busy round of activities during the last few weeks. Sunday teas have been addressed by Dr. Alex. Hodge and J. O. Sanders, Esq., on March 10th and April 7th. A "squash" or social evening was held on Friday, April 5th, at the residence of Mrs. S. T. Page, where the speaker was Steve Clark, last year's President of the Union. On March 16th there was a picnic to Mairangi Bay.

Students are reminded of our weekly meetings—see notice board for details—to which all are cordially invited. Also May 11th to 17th, the 5th annual conference of the N.Z.I.V.F. at Wellington, and the A.U.C.E.U. annual house party during the mid-term break in July.

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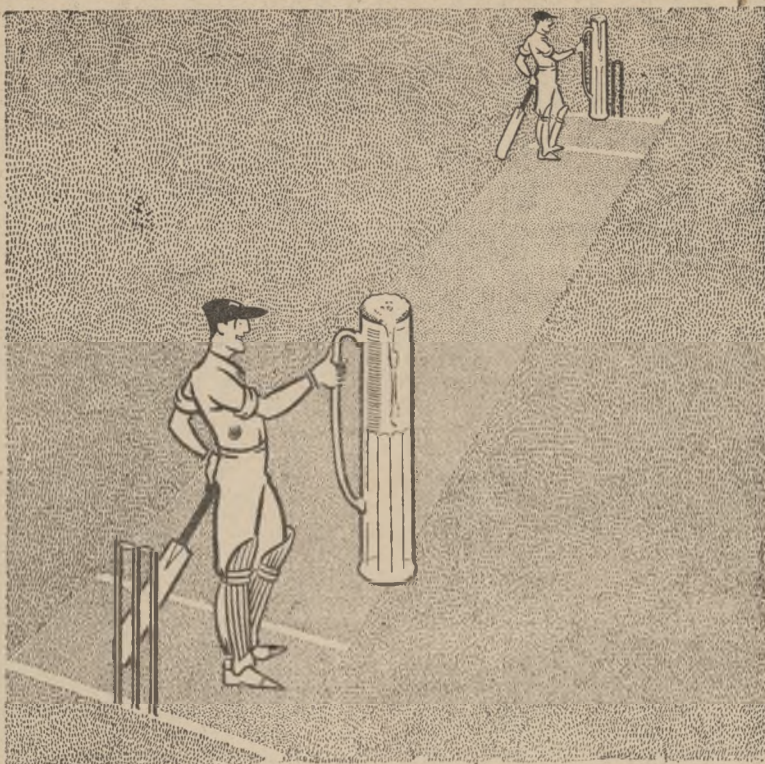
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THE LONG HANDLE

Last Saturday all hands from the Loving Care Bottlery assembled at the cricket ground. Major Burr-Cantle, with his back to the field, recalled how he took 36 off one over in the famous Army versus Poona Potspurs game in '84. Inkson, the Scratchetary, said that he could knock back the long hops and was brilliant in the cover pint position. Sandy, the Storeman, argued it was best to use the long handle when going for a dip, which made Trixie the Typiste say she just adored swimming. At which juncture they adjourned to the Cricketers' Arms for a bottle of afternoon tea.

TIM: A long-'un is a pleasant change from a wrong-'un, messmate.

RU: Yes, the long handle answers this call for brighter cricket.

TIM: Watch me glide this one gaily down the gully.

RU: Praise be for Cricketers' Consolation, Batsmen's Bonhomie, Umpires' Umbrosia. Timaru, the grandest full toss in the world.

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"ROSTRUM" AGAIN

Literary Talent Needed

(N.Z.U. Press Bureau Special Service)

Leonardo Blake has slipped. In his remarkable prophetic books, he did not foresee the publication of the second issue of "Rostrum," the New Zealand University Students' Association's annual publication.

"Rostrum" last year was an experiment. The experiment was well-conducted, and succeeded brilliantly. This year the publication of "Rostrum" will still be in a sense an experiment, as the war-time environment raises new questions and problems for the Editorial Board.

Let it be stated right away that the Editorial Board of "Rostrum" considers that absolute free speech should prevail within a University in time of war; let it also be stated that the policy of "Rostrum" will be as far as possible to reflect this freedom in its pages. Literary merit will be the sole criterion for the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts.

The Editor will be R. L. Meek, the Chairman of the N.Z.U. Press Bureau; and a tentative Editorial Board has already been co-opted. Intense keenness is to be observed among those at V.U.C. interested in the success of the venture; it only remains for those at other Colleges to do their part.

By doing their part, we mean writing. We want articles of an interesting and controversial nature, preferably with relation to New Zealand. We want verse. We want line-outs. We want a new cover design, preferably in black and white.

And we want these as soon as possible. The official closing date for contributions (which should be sent to the editor, c/o. V.U.C.), is June 10th. It will be necessary for you to set to work during the vacation.

Further details concerning price and size of the publication will be made available immediately they are settled.

For writing you need no inspiration but the actual events which are happening all around you; you need no talent but that imparted by an elementary secondary school education.

The success or failure of "Rostrum" depends on you.

Field Club on the Loose

FUN AT WATTLE BAY.

There was one very amazed launch man on Sunday 7th when he piloted a diminutive launch burdened with 40 active Field Clubbers over the turbid, but fortunately not turbulent, waters of the Manukau, en route to Wattle Bay. By the end of a three-hour trip the gaiety of the party had even induced the sun to shine, and, on arrival, some few hardier members braved cold, current and crustaceans for a swim.

VARIED PURSUITS

After lunch the party scattered in pursuit of various interests, some profitable, for at least four fish left the Manukau that day. Two of these were knifed with atavistic exactitude by Dr. Briggs and Frank Newhook. More general enjoyment, however, was derived from Audrey's "muscular" feast. Scientific activities included the discovery of concretions, weathering and fossilisation as well as interesting responses of crabs and sea-anemones to inquisitive fingers.

Altogether Field Club's first excursion was a great success and augurs well for a most enjoyable year.

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THE CORNER OF . . .

AUNT ALICE



This is your Aunt Alice speaking to you once more after the lapse of the Easter holidays. Your Auntie, I fear, is not what she used to be. Owing to a regrettable last-minute decision she accompanied the tournament team to Christchurch, and after a few days of delirious and unceasing gaiety she is now feeling a trifle muzzy in the region of the toupee. However, the holiday was at least productive of a decent batch of amorous problems, so some advantage was gained, though I fear that I shall be unable to look a horse in the neck for some time to come.

When I wearily sank into the open arms of my favourite armchair in my sanctum last Monday morning and took a sip at a chaste alkaseltzer to set the brain in motion and still the upheavals of a querulous duodenum, I found two or three letters. Here is the first:

Dear Aunt Alice,

On the return trip from Christchurch I was bedded on the boat deck with a young gentleman, and in the train the same youth found the softness of my right shoulder preferable to a pillow. Do you think he means anything toward me?

Yours,
PSYCHE

Dear Psyche,

I suspect that on the boat the youth was too inebriated to care, while on the train he preferred the comparative cheapness of your shoulder to the expense of purchasing a more customary head-rest. Sorry.

A.A.

Dear Aunt Alice,

During tournament, I was accompanied everywhere by a remarkably attentive member of the team. He followed me about like a trained dachshund, bought me presents, and generally made himself very agreeable. Is this love?

Yours,
WINSOME WENCH.

Dear Winsome W.,

No. Just damn stupidity.

A.A.

And another.

Dear Aunt Alice,

On the voyage to Christchurch, under the influence of numerous cold collations and the spectacle of other and less inhibited couples wooing in life-boat and sheltered cranny, I proposed and was accepted. During the stay I saw little of her; and she threatens to go home to mother on account of what she considers my shameful conduct. What should I do?

Yours,
NUPTIAE.

Dear Nuptiae,

Call her bluff. Go home to father.

A.A.

WHAT HOPE FOR POETRY? DR. BENNETT AT LIT. CLUB

The first 1940 meeting of the Literary Club was attended by some 30 students who heard a paper by Dr. J. A. W. Bennett. "Can Poetry be popular again?" which proved to be very interesting indeed. Dr. Bennett defined his meaning of the word popular as pertaining to the people and made interesting comparisons between the "private poetry" of modern men, and the way it was created for public performance in the times of the popularity of ballads.

He traced this popularity of verse from its peak in mediaeval times—its falling away till it became a refinement restricted to the nobler classes, its resurrection in the time of Chaucer, failing again in the Victorian and early Georgian era, as in the present day when Dr. Bennett described our attitude as being "ashamed of any poetic effort."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,
There are students at the 'Varsity who study Mathematics,

There are those who work at Dentistry, at Greek or Hydrostatics;

And in some we find the study of Zoology prevailing,

But in every case there seems to be the same atrocious failing;

For though they be acquainted with the Law that deals with Properties,

Or know the whole philosophy of Plato or of Socrates,

And though their knowledge be complete of Shakespeare, Kyd and Marlowe,

They will persist in cheating when they dance the Monte Carlo.

Perhaps this is the outlet for the rigorous formality

Adopted in the study of Procedure or Morality; Perhaps it's one occasion when we find among the students

A carefree sort of blending, mixing ignorance with prudence.

Alas! I fear the annals of the modern generation

Are irrevocably blackened by this shameful occupation—

For whatever be the cause, there are extremely few competing

Who will dance the Monte Carlo, and refrain from any cheating.

—P.M.

* * * *

Sir,—Your interview with Halliday Sutherland sure was controversial, though I don't see why you needed to apologise for it on that score. However, I'd like to ask one or two questions that arise from it.

(1) Do your readers agree with Dr. Sutherland that a man's opinions (and nationality) should exclude him from a University position?—I don't.

(2) Are your readers prepared to accept as a postulate the total depravity of Communism?—For my own part, if I were not a Christian I think I would be a Communist: because if I remained well disposed towards mankind I would feel bound to promote the greatest good of man: I would then find that as an individual I was powerless against systems of vested interest operating to maintain power in the hands of those who have been fortunate enough to grasp it in the past: thus since I would not then believe that spiritual values had any objective reality I should have not the least compunction about joining a party to utilise the methods of the oppressors for the abolition of oppression.

Thus, as a Christian I cannot blame people for being Communists—if the spiritual values which seem important to me are disregarded in the world I can only blame the Church and myself, for lack of enthusiasm in propagating the Gospel.

(3) Do your readers agree that "there can be no excuse for Communist Russia's attack on the Finns?"—I don't. In this morning's "Herald" I read that the suggested Hitler peace plan is supposed to include the policy of a 4-Power Pact "to liberate Russia, by force of arms if necessary, from Communism." With threats like this in the air wouldn't any nation in the world hasten to prevent the possibility of the great powers using smaller adjacent countries with aggressive intent? And when one realises that it is the conscious intent of the Soviet to make full use, in its own defence, of the means heretofore adopted by imperialist capitalism the watertight consistency of her position is obvious.

Surely Dr. Sutherland is obsessed with superficialities! Fear alone is the motive which can drive a modern nation into anything as unpleasant as war. Hitlerism was engendered of the German fear of blockade: and we feared Hitlerism, so now we are fighting Germany. Finland fears Russia, and Russia fears Finland. Some of us, like Dr. Sutherland, fear Russia. Some of us don't. Russia,

on the other hand, probably has good reason to fear those of us who follow Dr. Sutherland.

But if the fear develops into a war we will all be expected to fight for Dr. Sutherland. Personally I prefer to fight the war against Fear.

Yours, etc.,

H. C. ARNOLD.

* * * *

Sir,—I have read with a considerable amount of enjoyment not unmixed with wonder, the efforts of various correspondents on the "Open Forum" page of the last "Craccum."

Mr. Gamblen, in particular, seems to have a rather laughable idea that participation in war is a sin against Our Lord Jesus Christ, and against His teachings. I am not well versed in Biblical lore, but I seem to have some difficulty in recalling any passage in which our Lord denounced war between races of men. Where a wrong cause was concerned, and where He was fighting the forces of evil, Jesus Himself did not scruple to use force, as when for instance He upset the tables of the money lenders in the temple.

If Jesus and His teaching were opposed to war, then by inference we should be acquiescent under the inroads of any unjust power who was minded to obtain control over our country. What kind of a man is he who will not defend himself when attacked, or who will not himself attack a bully who is afflicting those weaker than himself.

I am sick of hearing our young intellectuals talk of deciding on the justice of our cause. Just or not, our cause for us represents existence as we know it—in terms of the freedom, the equality, the law, that we and our fathers have fought for in the past, and are accustomed to to-day. Any other existence, suitable or not to other peoples, must mean annihilation for all that to us makes life worth while.

It seems to be unfashionable nowadays to be proud of being English. We all know that our nation is not, has not in the past, been a model of generosity and prosperity. She has been mean, she has been self-seeking, as every nation has been. But she has stood for something that is the life-blood of our race—that spirit of independent, uncompromising justice that exiled the Stuarts, that reduced the privileges of the ruling classes, that made the man in the street the arbiter, to some extent, of the destinies of his country.

For this right our fathers fought and died. Shall we, then, talk instead of fight? Shall we renounce the birthright bequeathed by those heroes who did not flinch in the face of odds, and who were proud to acknowledge the name of Englishman?

Have we English blood in our veins?

If we have we cannot hang back while our land is endangered, we cannot wait for inglorious conscription. If we are to die, then we must die, but the rights and the traditions of our land shall not die.

"PATRIOT."

* * * *

Sir,—I believe that this, or any war should not be supported because the losses caused by the ravages of an unopposed enemy must inevitably be less than the losses occasioned even by a victorious nation in modern warfare.

So bald a statement will evoke protest and ridicule, but facts and figures support it.

Thus my stand of pacifism is not inspired by religion (for I have none), but is dictated by reason.

S. L. DAVIDSON.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society began the year with a flourish of trumpets, in true ancient world style, on March 11th with the annual general meeting, which was very well attended. The meeting was followed by a paper on "Stoicism" by George Cawkwell, which was very interesting and was heard by an appreciative and (we hope) intelligent audience.

On April 8th Miss Dorothy Seaman read a paper on "The Attic Theatre and the Citizen." This was also an excellent piece of work and aroused much interest. Miss Seaman aptly illustrated her points by reading passages from the various dramatists she mentioned.

1840 AND ALL THAT

[In last issue of "Craccum" there appeared a review of "1840 and After." Here is a correspondent's objection to that review.—Ed.]

With whatever degree of pleasure the general public welcomes the University publication, "1840 and After," Malvolio's review of the book is neither flattering to the contributors, nor helpful to the reader. To condescendingly pat the heads of the contributors by telling them their style is excellent is no doubt good journalese of the weekly gossip variety, and is probably the "style" which Malvolio finds most suitable for parading his profound commonplaces. Nevertheless, the review might have been approached with the respect and appreciation which "1840 And After," as a serious and important work deserves. The reviewer would not have been disrespectful had he pointed out that the very excellence of the individual contributions serves to throw into sharp relief the partial failure of the book as a whole; that it is lop-sided where it should be balanced; descriptive where it should be analytical.

The reviewer might have gone on to point out that the aim of the book was to provide answers to the questions: "What kind of civilisation was it that was brought to this country?" And: "What has been the fate of this old civilisation in its new setting?" The answers must necessarily be brief in a book of less than two hundred and fifty pages. But they need not have been almost entirely devoted to the first question, as a moment's reflection indicates. And this is where the book misses the point.

In the essay, J. S. Mill, Philosopher of Victorianism, we are presented with an analysis of the philosophy and the setting in which it flourished in a way that leaves nothing to be desired . . . except the question: Had it anything to do with New Zealand? That Mill changed the current of English philosophic and political thought in his age, that his Utilitarianism was as important as the Communist Manifesto and that we are to-day paying the price for shirking the applications of his principles of Representative Government are mere platitudes. The interest Mill has for us is the extent to which his philosophy has been woven into the fabric of our social life, and what has happened. Obviously he has had an influence. But whether he or Karl Marx had most hand in shaping the Social Security Legislation of New Zealand of 1940 the essay leaves us in the dark. Seekers for the light may find it in the Public Safety Regulations!

In the essay on "Literature And Society," the writer had a difficult task which he accomplished without saying anything that had not been said before, and, with the exception of a graceful bow to the Mansfield Cult, entirely nothing about New Zealand Literature or Society. One is left with the impression that New Zealand possesses neither, which may be true. A distinct help to the development of them would have been rendered had the essayist taken the English Literary Tradition and discussed writers such as Mulgan, Scanlon, Manders, Hyde, Allen, Norman Saddy and others in terms of the English background. Their shortcomings, as craftsmen, observers and interpreters would, from the pen of the essayist, have been a valuable and encouraging contribution. The answer to "What Happened?" would have been complete.

The point of this criticism is not to throw bricks at Malvolio, or indulge in pin-pricking for its own sake: but is motivated by the belief that we are so blinded by the light of our intellects that we are incapable of distinguishing where we differ from the Old Civilisation, which has very little to do with us, and the one we are building which means everything.

S.C.M. PROGRAMME

Coming Activities:

April 28th—Sunday Tea. Speaker: Rev. Hamish Matthew. Subject: "The Conception of Sin in Present-day Experience."

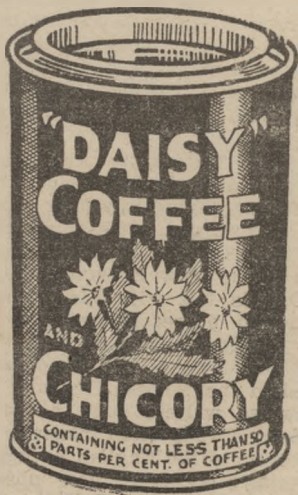
May 22nd, 27th—May Camp—the greatest Camp of the year. Miss Sybil Williams, the General Secretary of the Movement, will be present at May Camp and will remain in Auckland until June 16th.

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