

CRACCUM

VOL. 14—No. 4.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1940.

PRICE THREEPENCE

Profs. Frown on Capping Frolics Hongis Brought to Book

The events of capping night have received such wide publicity, in the press, and by word of mouth, that to repeat them is probably unnecessary. The fame of the "Capping duck" has spread far and wide over the country, and has penetrated even as far, so we believe, as Australia.

Not the events themselves, but their consequences have been of more interest to students of the College. Opinion has varied, regarding the Hongi Club antics, from stern disapproval, through all the phases of "dam fools aren't they, but quite funny," to riotous and enthusiastic praise. "Best part of the whole ceremony," one went so far as to say.

PROFS. ON WARPATH.

Funny or not, the Professorial Board were not amused. The prompt mulching of a £15 fine from the Hongi Club, however, was an unexpected blow in the stomach, which left the Hongi Club and its leaders metaphorically winded. They rallied gamely, however, and with commendable presence of mind refrained from tearing their hair, and took a quick look at the legal aspect of the thing.

A few of the master minds recalled that, the Hongi Club not being an affiliated club, the Students' Association was strictly speaking quite unconnected with it. In fact these same master minds went so far as to say that the Hongi Club, not being affiliated, actually had no real existence.

The logical sequence of argument ended up! "There ain't no Hongi Club."

CHAIRMAN NOT IMPRESSED.

Professor Rutherford, however, preferring the evidence of his own eyes to the subtle sophistries of the Hongi legal experts, very reasonably objected that the Hongi Club gave rather striking and tangible evidence of its existence on the night of Friday, May 3rd, and insisted on the necessity for disciplinary action of some kind.

There seems to be a lamentable lack of perspective displayed on all sides in the consideration of this question of the capping duck. First, one must not lose sight of the fact that the Capping Ceremony has a definite purpose—the conferring of degrees on the current bunch of suckers. That this feature of the evening passed off without interruption is perhaps (and perhaps not) a tribute to Hongi moderation.

Capping has another function, however. It is the time when the University meets the public in its official status, magnificent in fur and scarlet, and proceeds to tell the public what the University thinks of life in general.

This is, in other words, an important occasion. The University has a Message. The public comes to hear it (and not as some maintain, merely to see their son, or boy friend, get his diploma).

This being so, the Hongi Club definitely queered the pitch as far as delivering the Message was concerned. Professor Rutherford's Speech, was drowned, for the most part, in loud bursts of merriment. It is safe to say that the duck stole the show.

The Students' speaker, Mr. D. T. Clouston, was politely permitted to speak amid a profound and deferential silence. Such discrimination is really unworthy of the ideals of the Hongi Club.

The opinion of most people is that the Hongi Club have the privilege of brightening up the Capping Ceremony. This privilege is not theirs by right, but nevertheless exists. They have not the privilege, however, of preventing a speaker—any speaker—from giving his speech to the public.

The Hongis would seem to have allowed their enthusiasm to run away with them. Their actions became the focus of attention. The Capping Ceremony is not the Revue or the Procession, where, it is generally agreed, the University Students' propensity to go haywire is sufficiently indulged.

The Professorial Board, however, were scarcely chockablock with that kindly feeling of helpful tolerance which goes a long way to keeping discipline. They were, of course, justified in being annoyed, and in taking steps to see that such an occurrence was not repeated. It seems, however, that a quiet word to one or two of the ringleaders would have done more good than indiscriminate enacting of fines.

The whole question of student discipline is a very vexed one. Those in authority should remember that the majority of students are young men and women capable of managing their own affairs with a minimum of interference from outside. They are fairly responsible, and when left to themselves mind their own business and like it.

The students, on the other hand, should remember that to justify their freedom from the rule of authority, they must show themselves as something more than a gang of ex-sixth formers. The spirit of humour and burlesque is an excellent spirit to cultivate, but we must keep our perspective, we are asking for trouble if we let University Students in Auckland get the reputation of possessing high spirits and nothing more.

to shed the rain into the rivers. This energy is wealth in a productive form.

"Now, which is the more imperishable, the more secure, this power site and its development or the several barrels of gold necessary to make 40,000,000 dollars? This site, with its power possibilities, will be here long after the Treasury Building is a ruin."

"But how is all this going to stop war?"

"Simply because if tried here at Muscle Shoals, this plan will prove so overwhelmingly and amazingly successful that the American people will never again consent to the issuance of an interest-bearing bond for a national improvement. When the Government needs money it will raise it by issuing currency against its imperishable natural wealth. Other countries, seeing our success, will undoubtedly do likewise. The function of the money seller will have disappeared."

MR. EDISON

Mr. Edison, questioned as to his ideas, said it was the control of money that constituted the money question; he said that the Government can finance Muscle Shoals without applying to money brokers for permission, and I think he is absolutely right about it."

"But would not Mr. Ford's suggestion that Muscle Shoals be financed by a currency issue raise some objection?" Mr. Edison was asked.

"Certainly. There is a complete set of misleading slogans kept on hand for just such outbreaks of common sense among the people.

"The people are so ignorant of what they think are the intricacies of the money system that they are easily impressed by big words.

"There would be new shrieks of 'flat money' and 'paper money' and 'greenbackism,' and all the rest of it—the same old cries with which the people have been shouted down from the beginning.

PEOPLE WANT REFORM

"Maybe they can't shout down American thinkers any longer. The only dynamite that works in this country is the dynamite of a sound idea.

"I think we are getting a sound idea on the money question. The people have an instinct which tells them that something is wrong, and that the wrong somehow centres in money."

—From "The Professional Officer."

Henry Ford Goes Radical COMMON SENSE AND MONEY

On November 3, 1939, the Hon. James C. Oliver, speaking in the United States Congress, disclosed the interesting fact that Mr. Henry Ford had offered to demonstrate to the United States Government how to carry out public works without public borrowing and without taxation.

During his speech, Congressman Oliver revealed that Henry Ford had asked the United States Government to give him a contract to develop the Muscle Shoals dam, and he would prove that great public wealth could be produced free of debt.

At Muscle Shoals, Mr. Ford, in company with Mr. Edison, gave an interview on the subject of ending wars. Mr. Ford said:

"Army engineers say it will take 40,000,000 dollars to complete the big dam. But Congress is economical just now and not in a mood to raise the money by taxation. The customary alternative is 30-year bonds at 4 per cent.

"The United States, the greatest Government in the world, wishing 40,000,000 dollars to complete a great public benefit, is forced to go to the money sellers to buy its own money.

ENORMOUS INTEREST

"At the end of 30 years the Government not only has to pay back the 40,000,000 dollars, but it has to pay 120 per cent. interest, literally has to pay 88,000,000 dollars for the use of 40,000,000 dollars for 30 years.

"Now, I see a way by which our Government can get this great work completed without paying a nickel to the money sellers.

"The Government needs 40,000,000 dollars. That is 2,000,000 20-dollar bills. Let the Government issue those bills and with them pay every expense connected with the completion of the dam.

"The dam completed, we can set the whole works running, and in a shorter time than you would suppose, the entire 40,000,000 dollars issued can be retired out of the earnings of the plant."

"But suppose the contractor would be unwilling to accept that kind of currency in payment?" he was asked.

"There is not that kind of suppose in the situation at all," said Mr. Ford, smiling. "He would take Government bonds in payment, wouldn't he?" certainly. "Here," said the great motor car maker, pulling a 20-dollar bill from his pocket. "He wouldn't hesitate about taking that kind of money, would he? Of course not.

FORGET GOLD STANDARD

"But your plan would upset the money system of the world and might work incalculable harm," he was told.

"Not necessarily, not at all. We need not abolish anything. We need not even abolish the gold standard.

"Simply forget that there is any such thing as gold standard, and whenever the Government needs money for a great public improvement, instead of thinking of bonds with heavy interest charges, think of redeemable non-interest-bearing currency.

"Do you really see what the interest charges of our Government mount up to? Do you appreciate that 80 cents of every dollar raised by taxation is spent in the payment of interest? The national debt is nothing more nor less than the Nation's interest liability pile.

"Every public improvement this country makes means an increase to the national debt. Here is a way to get the improvements without increasing the debt. The interest load is breaking down our whole financial system. We've got to stop somewhere."

SECURITY

"But, in a sense, there would be no security behind this kind of money," it was suggested.

"There would be the best security in the world. Here you have a river capable of furnishing 1,000,000 horse-power. It has been here, for, say, 100,000,000 years. It will be here as long as there are rain and mountains

Hockey Tournament Antics

Auckland Women Win Wooden Spoon

On Tuesday, 21st May, the two A.U.C. hockey teams entrained for Wellington with much "joie de vivre" and Clem Green. After Auckland's success at the Easter Tournament, hopes were high as far as the men were concerned, but the women, with only four of their first team able to get away could merely pray that they would not be too deeply disgraced.

As soon as the train had left the station, various members of the men's team promptly began intensive training for their matches by a stiff course of physical jerks, mainly confined to elbow bending. The journey down was also enlivened by the poor defence put up by an unfortunate member of the N.Z.R.A.F. who had no show whatever against the forceful onslaughts of our Betty. Unluckily she evidently decided to impart her life story to him and kept virtuous members of the teams awake with her sweet nothings which continued the whole night. Clem deserves a vote of thanks for his restraint on the journey down. Believe it or not, lights were out and everyone more or less settled down by approximately eleven o'clock. What happened after the lights went out is, in some cases, best kept in the dark.

ARRIVAL IN WELLINGTON

The teams were very quickly dispatched to their respective billets as soon as they arrived, and this was the prelude to a very happy stay in Wellington. Matches were begun in the afternoon unfortunately to the accompaniment of pouring rain, and a collection of drowned rats straggled off home. A question brought to many people's minds that afternoon was: how permanent is a permanent? That evening Victoria held a bob hop in their gym. at which the Auckland men were conspicuous by their absence, nevertheless, or perhaps and so, everyone agreed that it was a successful affair.

More matches were played the next day still in the pouring rain. Through the ladies' matches there ran the comforting thought that mud is frightfully good for the complexion anyway. That evening there was a picture party which proved a welcome opportunity for sleep. Some people went home to bed afterwards; others, however, repaired to the Carlton in order to promulgate good spirit and form the basis for a hangover the next morning.

Friday, the final day of the Tournament, was somewhat noticeable for frayed tempers, and a general feeling of depression with the weather and the result of the matches. However, after wallowing in the mud for another day, everyone turned up to dinner with most of the two top layers washed off. The outstanding feature of the men's dinner was the A.U.C. captain's speech, everyone agreeing that it was indeed a remarkable feat. The women's dinner was the usual bacchanalian orgy at which everyone tried to look as if she had been used to port wine all her life and didn't feel sick at the thought of it.

MISHITS AND FOULS

After that, everybody straggled (in the case of some men, staggered), up to the Kelburn Kiosk, a perfect spot for such pleasures as dancing, et alia. It was a most successful wind-up to the Tournament. Lemonade bottles were much to the fore and there seems to be a vague recollection of someone from A.U.C. who had scored five goals in his match that afternoon. Kath Bilkey received expert medical attention from final year med. students and we understand that latest reports are reassuring.

Some sleep might have been got after the Ball itself and the celebration which followed at the Carlton. The next day the Auckland teams left for home. As acquaintances had by this time been furthered most people enjoyed themselves to the full. On the homeward journey our Betty relinquished her activities in favour of little sister Joan. The party was enhanced by the presence of a couple of architects and several members of the fighting forces. Everyone was tired out from their activities and sleep overcame them very quickly. Unfortunately our baby boy Clem was not present, having seen the girl in Wel-

lington we don't blame him either—so that the night was undisturbed.

Home again. With the conviction that although A.U.C. had not returned distinguished victors it had been the best Tournament yet. Thanks, Victoria!

THE PENALTY CORNER

Since she's come back why has Kath stopped eating her dally apple—Wood you?

Col. Davies said he was comfortable sleeping up in the rack—he was dreaming of his five goals.

Ron's devotion to the girl he left behind him was very apparent. He went to sleep on the floor murmuring "dreamin' of thee, dreamin' my darling of thee" and when the guard roused him he was still saying it.

Lesley and Alan suffered so badly from insomnia, poor things. They sat up all night in the vestibule of the train—playing games. So what?

We fear for the safety of New Zealand if its air force succumbs to such obvious attacks.

We repeat Clem's advice to Frank: don't be so familiar, marry the girl.

Seen at the Carlton in the small hours. . . . Sedate Mary Tewsley adding dignity to the proceedings by solemnly toasting the two Universities. . . . Pauline. . . . Griff asking for a glass of milk please. . . . Alan offering his services as ladies' maid. . . . Lesley stubbornly remaining a teetotaler. . . . Bruce dreaming his pure white dreams snug in his little cot.

Why was Frank so anxious to get hold of it when he'd been told it was only the Melanesian Annual News.

Why did Ron try to convince the guard that the three o'clock train should leave at five past three? But when a train fails, there's always a taxi, so cheer up, Ron.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAMS

MEN'S TEAM

PERRY (left wing):—Stewart showed an improvement on his last year's Tournament form. Combining well with his inside man, he initiated several attacks down the line, showing good ball-control and cool judgment in centring. Tally: A goal against Canterbury.

JONES (inside left):—Griff played a vigorous attacking game, collecting passes well and realising the existence of other forwards besides himself. However, he spoilt many movements by getting rid of the ball too soon when he had an open field ahead of him. Scored three goals, two against Wellington A and one against Wellington B.

HERRIOTT (Centre Forward and Captain).—Playing out of his usual position, and feeling the effects of a hectic train journey, Bruce did not react expectations. However, he was awarded a N.Z.U. Blue as right half, largely on his previous reputation in that position. Congratulations Bruce!

McL. WALLACE (Inside Right):—Bruce was perhaps the best of the forwards, showing speed and good control of the ball until just in front of the goal, when several "serts" didn't! He was unfortunate in being struck by a rising ball in the fourth match, or no doubt his tally of goals would have been greater than one (against Well. A.).

PATTERSON (Right Wing):—Allan has to be admired for a marvellous capacity, but there is a time and a place for everything. Keenness and experience, however, carried the ball into the circle time and again—with the usual result.

WOOD (Left Half):—Sealy was the outstanding player of the team, breaking up many attacks and feeding his forwards skilfully. His Blue was thoroughly well deserved, though

the selectors chose him as a full-back on past reputation.

GASH (Centre Half):—Throughout the Tournament, Don could be depended upon to put up a sturdy defence. Centre half is a key position, and the right key was in the lock.

NEWHOOK (Right Half):—A recent bout of 'flu showed its effects in Frank's play on the second day, though in the other matches his standard was up to team average. Keen following up resulted in his scoring the only goal against Otago.

MOIR (Left Back):—Ron was unlucky to miss his Blue, as he played a very sound game, holding up most attacks and backing up against assaults down the other line. Perhaps the deciding factor against him was his preference for the flick shot up in the air—a hard pass for his forwards to collect, and easy for opposing halves to intercept. Otherwise he was consistently good.

DAVIES (Right Back):—Colin had to mark the toughest of the opposing wings throughout. Despite this he broke up many a determined attack with clean hard hitting. The highlight of A.U.C.'s matches however, was when Colin "showed the forwards how to do it" from centre forward, scoring five goals against Wellington B. Rumour has it, probably correctly, that if he hadn't changed position he would have been in the running for a Blue!

GREEN (Goal):—Clem sparks just as well in goalie pads as he does out of them. He made a good job of several tasks—goalie, barracker, critic, informant about other matches (particularly the women's), etc., etc. . . . He also showed a pre-Tournament restraint which might have been emulated by some other team members. Of the nine goals against him in five matches, nearly all were "impossible" to stop—he came out covered in mud! (literally—so did we all!).

HENES (Reserve):—Ray was a useful man on the final day when Bruce McL Wallace was injured, preventing his further play. Being fresh and fit he wagged a crooked stick to some effect, scoring a goal against Wellington B, besides doing most of the other things a forward should do.

WOMEN'S TEAM

MARGOT HOGGEN:—Seemed to be everywhere in the goal. Played outstanding games in all the matches and was our only Blue. Won praise from the opposition who saw their attacks broken up with monotonous regularity. We prophesy further success in the near future for this player. Keep it up Margot!

PAULINE MELFORD:—A good defensive player who uses her head. Her determination makes up for lack of speed and her play throughout the Tournament was most consistent.

LESLEY HOUSBY:—Played out of her usual position but gave a creditable performance and worked hard.

CLARA LYNCH:—Had to do a lot of extra work helping the backs and forwards and this probably hindered her from marking her centre forward as well as might have been expected. Shows boundless energy especially in the face of defeat and goads on her team with language that is often picturesque, e.g., "Look out girls—I'm going berserk!" Was emergency for Blues and might have done better with more support from her team.

MARY TEWSLEY:—A much improved player. Seems to have overcome the tendency to hit backwards. Contrary to expectation shot no goals—for the other side. As she is a half she needs to practice hard, clean hitting. On the whole she gave able support to the team but is still a little too polite for hockey.

JEAN MILLER:—Was not as fast as some members of the team but was very keen. She is improving with every game and was very promising as left inner in the last match.

JOAN SWEETMAN:—Showed promise at times but has no idea of positional play and takes care not to exert herself unnecessarily. Her centre hits were hard and clean and her play was unselfish—a rare virtue in a wing.

ALICE MORRISON:—A good solid player who could have done with more support. Has a good idea of combination and works hard in the tight. Shot several nice goals and did a lot of work for the non-combatant members of the forward line.

(Continued on page 10)

POI

A man of bayonet! —Dean In

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POINTS OF VIEW

A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on it.—Dean Inge.

If we wish to make a new world we have the material ready. The first one was made out of chaos.—Robert Quillen.

"There is no such thing as fighting on the winning side; one fights to find out which is the winning side.—G. K. Chesterton.

A French philosopher once said that an ability to look at one's bare feet without laughter implies either no sense of symmetry or no sense of humour.—Life.

Religion can no more be reduced to economics than economics can be reduced to religion. Each is an independent factor with its own formal principle, and it is the business of the sociologist to accept this as part of his data.—From "Religion and Culture," by Christopher Dawson.

An American was being shown a big Soviet sign factory. "We turn out about 500 signs a week," proudly said the Russian, "and when business demands it, we can step it up to 2000."

"Amazing," said the visitor, "By the way, what do the signs say?" "Elevator not running," was the answer.—Walter Winchell.

The non-Nordic man occupies an intermediate position between the Nordics and the animals, next to the anthropoid ape. He is not a complete man. He is really no man at all in contradistinction to animals, but a transition, an intermediary stage. Thus apt for him is the appellation sub-human.—Hermann Gauch, Nazi biologist, in "New Bases of Racial Research."

Fear sways the policies of three empires. It is the fear of trouble within France itself, the fear of trouble within Russia itself, and our own fear of trouble within the British Commonwealth, that inspires these three great Empires with such distrust of the rest of the world, and which leads them to see, in the Geneva system, a bulwark for their defence against potentially aggressive forces.—Douglas Jerrold, in "The Necessity for Freedom." (1937).

Days are coming when the God-State, the new Caesar, shall in one guise or another possess the whole world as his domain (not excluding the United States) and shall have humanity at his mercy. But the days shall also come when this world-wide City of the World, giving way in collapse, as formerly the Roman colossus on its feet of clay, shall crash down into anarchy.—Comte du Plessis in "The Human Caravan."

Once again we open a volume by Mr. Wells thinking that, perhaps, he has something definite to say this time. But, no, we are bogged again in the awful style, the woolly urgency, the endless fumbling and fussing of a man who has exhausted in his mind in the wild, loose thoughts. If people regard this book as a masterpiece of dynamic thought, then truly we may conclude that England is intellectually bankrupt.—Mr. J. S. Collis on H. G. Wells' "The New World Order."

"In Lenin's time there were nine members of the Politbureau. We were told then to admire all these true leaders of the working-class. Today Lenin is dead. Trotsky is in exile. Five have been executed as traitors. One committed suicide. Stalin remains. If Stalin were denounced as a traitor, and replaced by someone else with a different policy, the Communist "party" would turn round again as before. It has no principles.—Major C. R. Attlee, British Opposition Leader in "The Daily Herald."

Craccum

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

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Circulation: WINSOME DENNE

Secretary: DOROTHY FOWLER

Business Manager: A. P. POSTLEWAITE

VOL. 14—No. 4.

Thursday, June 6, 1940.

N.Z.'s War Effort

The increased intensity of military operations in Europe has brought home one fact to us—that our foes are making a great desperate effort to shatter our opposition. They can do this only by a process of concentration carried to the 9th degree. Every person, every service in the state is being pressed into a vast system with a single end—the smashing of the Allied lines.

Against an enemy organised in this way, half-hearted or partial opposition is worse than useless, as the Norway campaign has shown. Unless every nation in the British Commonwealth is organised to combat Germany at every possible point, we are in a fair way to losing the war.

In a time of such dire peril for our country and for the civilized world, it may well seem that we in New Zealand are taking things a little easily. We still have our 40 hour week, we still grumble if we have overtime to do, we still go on with our football and golf and pursue our amusements, as though peace were never so profound. Tramwaymen go slow because they are supposedly underpaid; wharf workers refuse to load ships for any reason that occurs to them. The whole community, exclusive of a small section training in the various military camps, nonchalantly ignores the fact that a war is in progress, and that Democracy is engaged in what may be its death struggle.

It is time that the Dominion suspended its play-time activities and lined up with the Mother Country, concentrating all its efforts on furthering the Allied cause.

When New Zealand finally comes to a realisation of her duty she may be Nazi property. The time to wake up is now!—P.W.D.

Tradition

When it is argued that the President of the Students' Association should not speak at Graduation Ceremony, because that is not done in England, or that he should speak because it has been done in Auckland for thirty or forty years, or again that the Hongis should deliberately render the speech of the Chairman of the Professional Board inaudible because such has been done in the past or again that the Hongis should not add some humour to a ceremony otherwise dangerously dull, because there are no such practices at English Universities, there seems to be a servile attitude towards Tradition with a capital T. When a practice becomes traditional, we are to understand that it has been approved as a worthy practice by many successive generations and that we have reason to continue it, if we see no serious objection against it. Thus are we more likely to be in the right.

Yet Tradition is never sufficient authority for a practice. That the Presidents of other Students' Associations do not make speeches at Capping Ceremonies does not condemn our own practice at Auckland. It merely suggests that, in so far as it is unusual, it may be worthless. But let each student ask himself, "Has the President got anything to say?" If he has, support the continuance of present practice. If he has not, scrap the practice and stop this futile yap about tradition.

If students persist in arguing that what is traditional must be right, we shall soon have to manufacture an Old School Tie for this institution.

—G.L.C.

TOPICAL TOUCHES

Ad. in the London "Times," "Sleeping partner required. Quick turn-over essential."

An animal trainer claims that he has taught a dog to read. But 12B is just as good; it has spelling bees.

Hitler says he is wrestling very hard with the racial problem in Germany. A case of Jew-jitsu.

Another beauty expert says that women who value their looks should eat onions. It is an ill wind. . . .

A visitor to Auckland complained that nobody seemed to take any notice of him. Well why didn't he say he had some petrol coupons?

An American paper states the only difference between the party policies is that between Tweedledum and Twaddle, F. D.

One women's writer says that to roll the lawn is very good for the figure. The Hongis, however, still prefer to roll out the barrel.

Always choose the correct tool when gardening and your work will be halved advises a horticultural journal. Right hoe!

A noted European doctor has discovered that blondes eat less than their darker sisters. The slender fare.

It is said that girls going to 'Varsity quickly acquire poise. But there are many who even more quickly acquire boys.

It is rumoured that when various members of our lofty Exec. tried to enter their newly-painted sanctum they adhered to the floor. Sticky beaks, huh!

Why does the average New Zealander turn from politics so that he can hear the result of the races on his radio, says an enquirer. Well, obviously, he might win some money in the latter case.

Any ill-feeling that may have existed between France and England has now disappeared, says a newspaper correspondent. It's a funny thing then that we haven't come across his perfect cure for sea-sickness yet.

Earthquakes in Palmerston North a short time ago were explained by local residents as just repercussions from Wellington, where the new Prime Minister was digging himself in.

When dear Aunt Matilda read recently that the naval department was inundated with cats she said she wasn't surprised, because even the nicest of girls seemed to like these sailors.

Shortly after war broke out, a British diplomat was told of reports which said that Italy was coming in on Germany's side. He yawned and pointed out that after all it was Germany's turn.

America's Dorothy Parker was recently asked by a board of investigation what she had learned from her years at college. After some thought she revealed that she had imbibed the valuable knowledge that if you spit on pencil eraser it rubs out ink.

"Youth is a wonderful thing—it's a shame it has to be wasted on children."—Bernard Shaw.

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.—Abraham Lincoln.

That which is not good for the beehive cannot be good for the bee. —Marcus Aurelius.

Revue Hits a New High EIGHT-NIGHT RUN

Once again A.U.C. has staged a Revue which was a box-office success. "Hell hath no Fuehrer," or the "Wizard of Oztria," ran for a season of five nights at the Town Hall Concert Chamber, and was further expended for three nights, May 4th, 6th and 7th. The last of these was for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund, and the Students' Association was able to hand over a sum of £34, which might have been doubled, however, had not the Patriotic Committee failed to advertise it properly and succeeded in putting up the price of seats.

This "definitely British skit on ye olde and ancient game of international politics," was written by Charles Zambucka, who wrote and produced last year's Revue. There was a large Revue committee, every member of which appeared to have some vital task and between them they made the thing go.

(N.B.—Committee—a noun of multitude, signifying many but not signifying much.)

ACTING FULL OF HIGHLIGHTS

The acting was full of highlights. Gilkin's first appearance and his declamatory speech would have aroused envy in the Fuehrer himself—while the goose-stepping of his Storm Troopers, who were out of step every time I saw them, would have assuredly led them to a firing squad. Why Stalin had to adopt New York slang for his role was not quite clear—probably because this year's Revue starred Mr. Stalin as Dave Clouston, just as last year's Revue starred Mr. Coates—or was it Mr. Hamilton?—as Dave Clouston. However, it was very well done, and Dave is no doubt right to stick to the kind of part in which he excels. His exhortations to the workers of the world would have wrung pity from a heart of stone,—and in fact actually did raise shouts of laughter from the audience. Chamberlain's dramatic entry and the bout of good old English jesting put him in high favour with the crowd, and although his persecution at the hands of the shameless Lady Sourpuss was rather unconvincing, his rapt expression as he uttered the sacred name of Angelica McMurtrie was convincing enough for anyone. These three carried off the honours of the show, Griff being undoubtedly the best of the lot.

Professor Blimp had quite a professional manner (no pun intended), and put his tale across very plausibly. A small part, but capably handled. The first scene, with its satire in the methods of dictators, was a gem. It positively glittered with witticisms, and bristled with shrewd hits at everyone's expense. (I believe that in the last few nights Professor Rutherford was one of the victims).

The classical ballet that followed more than came up to the traditions of A.U.C. Ballet. Gifkins, a pompous little Apollo, went a wooing as ardently as a Nazi Apollo could, while Dave—Stalin—Daphne was a perfect picture of grace and beauty. Admiring women in the audience used to count the muscles that rippled along his sinewy arms as he held them up in supplication to the River God. Cupid, with his angel wings and his little holly bow, made mischief to his heart's content. The chorus, led by that old stager Frank Newhook, weaved—wove—? their way about the stage with a skill which spoke of much practice. If I may be permitted to criticise so excellent a part of the show—the solo parts were rather long. While this athletic thuddings about the stage were at first just the funniest ever, after a while they were inclined to drag. The Can-can, we are sorry to say, did not come up to last year's Haveland. It is not always a good policy to repeat what was once a great success.

Edna de Mars as Angelica had a rather slight part which she played with her usual ability. In the scene with the two glamour girls, the highlights came from the girls, one of whom explained "we can't do anything—we're glamour girls"; while the other translated Angelica's "betroted" into "your boyfriend?"

Betty Sweetman carried off the feminine honours as Lady Sourpuss, a part which suited her excellently and of which she made the most. Her simpering expression and her amorous advances were equally enjoyable and she gave one of the best sustained performances of the show.

CHURCHILL WELL PLAYED

Ted Keating as Winnie Churchill introduced a little pep into the second act, which was

definitely inferior to the first. His performance varied from night to night; at its best, it was the best of the lot, but at its least inspired (tactful, what?) it was slightly worse than average.

The highlight of Act III. Set I., was Adolf's attempt to make Angelica fall in love with him. His utter self-abasement and his touching references to the cess pools of iniquity were appreciated by everyone. In the last scene, Professor Blimp nearly canned the works by cutting Winnie short in the midst of a fierce denunciation and upholding the rights of Freedom of Speech. (See this issue Open Forum.) The escape of the prisoners during the hubbub led to the appropriate climax, and a glimpse of Joe and Adolf stoking in hell prepared the way for the triumphant survival of Chamberlain and his umbrella.

So far nothing has been said of the chorus. They sang better than any chorus has for years past, and—at last—they were given songs within their range. (However, we would still like to ask the author and/or producer why they will insist in giving songs to people who obviously can't do justice to them.) To get back to the chorus: their words were more audible than usual, although still far from perfect. In the choral speaking they were excellent and Miss Val Anderson deserves a hearty word of praise for her efforts. However, it seemed to many that the opening wail of the chorus was rather too long drawn out, and I personally would like to record my amusement at the intently intense—or intensely intent—expression of some of the chorus. In their second bit of choral speaking, references to Shirley Temple and Bob Taylor puzzled quite a number. The point seems to have been that previously they had never been to the pictures; but a point that was to some quite obscure and to others obviously laboured, would probably have been better omitted.

The lyrics were of a very high standard and it is a pity the words were not more distinct. However, the cure seems to be as bad as the disease, for when Neville sang so that all the words could be heard, it was slow enough to be irritating. So having made that little complaint, let me say again that the lyrics were first-rate and reflect great credit on the authors.

STORY RATHER THIN

Now having got through the sugar we come to the pill. Although it was such a success, Revue wasn't as good as it should have been. At present anything which makes a dig at Hitler will go down well, and as we said before the first scene was simply sparkling. Unfortunately the whole play declined steadily after that scene. The play as a play just doesn't bear examining. The story—one can hardly call it a plot—was so thin it was threadbare and was only redeemed in patches.

If we are going to continue producing our Revue in town, we must give the citizens of Auckland something more worth while. We must cater for people who are not University students, who do not make allowances as we do for the shortcomings of friends. No doubt some one will point out here that the place was booked out every night, that the audience showed its appreciation all the way through, etc., etc. Well, the first argument will have some weight with me when I know how many people came a second time (apart from the ushers). And while the audience was responsive enough in the hall, I think it is true that most of them went home with the excitement evaporating, remembering the pauses when they were waiting for something to happen, and admitting that really there wasn't much in it. A.U.C. can do better than this. Let us have a Revue with a tolerable plot, and if it is as well acted and produced as this year's was, it will be a world-beater.

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR GOD

"For the first time in history the entire nation is making its appearance before the eyes of Almighty God." Hitler, March 10th, 1940.

In Sunday school we used to chant,
In chorus with our sacred aunt:
"God of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies."

But now it seems that we were wrong
In raising thus our simple song;
For, in that great All-seeing Eye
There must have been a little sty.

Which hid the whole Germanic race,
And kept it from its rightful place.
But, now this wrong has been redressed,
We hope the Eye is much impressed.

—ON DIT

OUR LITERARY GIANTS

Mr. Noel Coward.

In 1920 Noel, sunk in sin,
Lived on diet of vermouth and gin;
But, since the great success of "Cavalcade,"
He lives exclusively on lemonade.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

Lawrence said firmly: "If, when you're in bed,
You merely sleep, you might as well be dead."

G.B.S.

George Bernard Shaw disliked the taste of meat,
And when he drank his milk, he drank it neat.

Mr. Aldous Huxley.

Aldous, when he was quite a little lad,
Discovered that most men are wholly Bad;
But since he went to live in Hollywood,
He has discovered that some men are Good.

Mr. Richard Aldington.

As Richard Aldington removed his vest,
He thanked his God that he was not repressed.

Miss Dorothy Sayers.

Miss Sayers brooded in an Oxford Quad
On Crime and English Literature and God.

George Meredith.

George Meredith said to himself, "I'll try
To make a witty crack before I die."
Until the very moment that he died
He tried and tried and tried and tried and tried.
—"Kingdom Come"—Wartime Oxford's magazine.

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The Bible As Literature

Prof. Sewell's Bulletin Reviewed

Art is the Atheist's Mass'; its more extreme partisans expect to get all the thrills and emotional satisfaction of religion without the burdens of supernatural belief.

In the version of his lectures to the local S.C.M., now published as a College Bulletin, "The Bible As Literature," Professor Sewell enlarges at the outset on the special difficulties involved in the attempt to take such an "objective" attitude to Holy Writ as his title is understood to convey. He goes on, however, to expound in detail the strictly aesthetic values that are realised in the Scriptures taken "humanely," i.e., as telling us something important about man as shown in the highlights of his "inner," "spiritual" or "emotional" experiences rather than as telling us anything about God. Let us look to see what may be novel in Professor Sewell's handling of this well-known theme of Victorian positivism.

Starting from the Old Testament, in which he discloses epic, dramatic and lyrical forms, as well—as in the Book of Job,—an unparalleled example of a new form "dramatic argument," the author (inviting comparison with the work of Professor Wilson Knight in "The Christian Renaissance") takes a hand in the movement for a dramatic interpretation of the New Testament.

THE TRAGIC FLAW.

The Gospel story is a Tragedy. Professor Sewell has no difficulty in finding in it all the "tragic images" of life, of death, of fertility and sterility, procreation and destruction, spiritual health and disease, but also above all the basic rhythm and pattern of Tragedy.

The initial difficulty with such an interpretation of the Gospel concerns the location of that "tragic flaw" believed by standard authorities to be essential to the hero. According to them, it is the author or the auditor who, in striking the balance between the hero and that society whose value the hero is self-compelled to defy to the end, creates or enjoys the tragic experience in its integral morality. Whereas Jesus, ex hypothesi, has the consciousness of the author, not merely of the hero.

Professor Knight, who is investigating literary form as a yet unexplored but unique

organ of religious knowledge, tackles this difficulty on the lines of Divine Artistry, though his doctrine that the art-form itself is superior to its personal components might seem to some to land him in the heresy that forms are more divine than souls, universals than individuals. This line, however, is not open to Professor Sewell, who rather dismisses the "tragic flaw" theory as a piece of reactionary obscurantism, and identifies tragedy straight out with the lot of the social reformer who is made to suffer for his advanced ideas. So with Jesus.

HISTORY AS MORAL SPASMS

It is in the treatment of this topic of Jesus as a social revolutionary that a curious but very significant parallel is glimpsed between the author's thesis and the "philosophy" of the "Friendly Road" and the "Man in the Street" radio sessions. We obtain the familiar view of history as a succession of moral spasms each slowly petering out in professional graft until another hero comes along to ginger us up, morally speaking. Not for those of Professor Sewell's persuasion is the wisdom of the words "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

The particular "tragic" heresy attributed to Jesus is that of substituting the dispensation of Liberty for that of the Law, though it is not made clear whether this is peculiar to Him or is the common message of all tragedy reformers as such. The betting stands at a shade of odds on the latter view.

But, now, granting for the sake of argument that it is possible to separate the question of the content or quality of Christianity from that of its truth, it is still incumbent on anyone who would dilate on the aesthetics, sociology, or sociological aesthetics of the former to present us with something recognizably in its proper spirit.

Can anybody recognize as in any sense Christian an attitude of which it is a mark to "welcome creative pride rather than creeping humility"?

—JUNIUS.

LAW SOCIETY DOINGS

DANCING AND MOOTS

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE LAW STUDENTS' COFFEE EVENING

The advertising. . . .

W. N. Mackie, M.Com. and member of the Social Committee being unceremoniously thrust feet first through a window in the men's Common Room. He had not paid his shilling.

The Committee, too, are pleased to announce that despite his incessant cheating Bruce Robertson did not win the Monte Carlo.

On the Wednesday preceding the Coffee Evening the incursion of two Law Students fully wiggled and gowned into the sacred precincts of the library created quite a stir. Merely an advertising stunt however.

Among those present at the Coffee Evening were Professor Stone and Mr. Weir (one of the Law lecturers), who appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely. Mr. Butler was also present but he had his wife with him.

LAW SOCIETY'S MOOTS

For the benefit of the uninitiated a Moot has been defined as "the nearest approach to a Civil Court hearing outside the Courthouse." The Moot system as practised here, is aimed at giving embryo barristers that training in the conduct of Court actions and procedure which they would not normally get in their degree course.

This year the Law Students' Society has a comprehensive programme in hand, the first two Moots having already been held.

SUCCESS OF MOOTS HELD

The President of the College Council, Mr. W. H. Cocker, was on the Bench for the second Moot together with Professor Stone and Mr. Butler. Mr. Cocker remarked on the ability shown by Counsel both in the preparation of their cases and in the answering of questions from the Bench. In preparing for trial counsel have to do a considerable amount of devilling (i.e., investigation of case law from reported decisions) and when it is known that the preparation of his case may take each counsel upwards of 12 hours, some idea of the thoroughness of the preparation may be obtained.

MR. COCKER'S ASSISTANCE

Mr. Cocker has very kindly offered to present to the Society a shield for annual competition between the two Moot Groups—the Salmoned Club and the Pollock Club—and is generally taking an active interest in the activities of the Society.

There can be no doubt as to the value of these activities to intending barristers and it is hoped that the Moot system of legal debate will soon be a fundamental part of the Law School.

THE LAW THAT IS TORT

The last week of the first term is always a little hectic and what with revue and process mixed with a few tests work becomes difficult and the brain confused and an attempt to do a little swat after attending a performance of the Revue resulted somewhat as follows (with apologies to Messrs. Salmond, Tuck, and others).

We were taught, so I thought that a tort was a tort. But wat is a tort? A tort is a sort of a sport that is now not wat it ought, as where someone has fought, and a wrong has been wrought on another Kite's right. Not his right, not his rite, nor his write, but his right. Wots a right (not a rite nor a write but a right)? A right may be might but in law it's not mite for the might of a right is it's sure (yeah it's sure, sure). A right if you're tight is alright if it's night for your sight is not wot it might, if 'twere light, but if someone is hurt or a skirt's in the dirt (or even a shirt) then it's thought, so we're taught, it's a tort, but may be it's nought to the Honourable Court.

There was a young girl named Bianca,
Who retired when the ship was at anchor,
But awoke with dismay,
When she heard the mate say,
"Let's pull up the top-sheet and spanker."

When in church or when out petting,
Making love, or sins regretting,
Doesn't one feel mighty humble
When one's tummy starts to rumble?

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On The Current Screen

Films—Good, Bad and Indifferent

Conducted by MANFIL

"HIS GIRL FRIDAY"—Remake of the successful Hecht and McArthur classic, "The Front Page," with Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell, who is just now doing very nicely in pictures, in the parts adapted from those made famous by Adolph Menjou and Pat. O'Brien. The picture contains more words to the minute than any film since "Stage Door." The picture is neither as grim nor as cynical as "The Front Page"—there was no Production Code in those days—but it is witty, occasionally dramatic and more than moderately entertaining.

Little Joe Pasternak, the wizard producer of Hollywood, has just pulled off another trick with "DESTROY RIDES AGAIN." Pasternak is the Hungarian-born producer who watches over the destinies of Deanna Durbin, and who discovered young Gloria Jean, Deanna's natural successor. One day last year Pasternak found himself with a Western on his hands, James Stewart for the male lead, and no star to play opposite him. Little Joe took a chance that would have petrified most producers. He reached for the Transatlantic 'phone, and called up Marlene Dietrich in Paris. Marlene, as everybody in Hollywood knew, had been slipping lately. Pasternak didn't care. He thought the films had been at fault, not Marlene. He offered her a plain part in a plain Western—and Marlene accepted. The result is laurels for everybody, and one of the best films Hollywood has sent us for many a long day.

"Destry Rides Again," is the love-story of a saloon girl and a frontier sheriff. Saloon-keeper Kent (Brian Donlevy) rules the town of Bottle Neck from his smoky back room behind the gilt mirrors and the piano-organ and the poker-chips. He strips the ranchers of their pay-rolls, while his singer, "Frenchy" (Marlene Dietrich), keeps the boys quiet and keeps them drinking. One day the sheriff asks too many questions, so they quietly remove him, and pin the badge on the vest of the town drunk, Wash Dimsdale (Charles Winninger). That is their mistake, for Wash, although he is a buffon and a soak, has ideals. He can't forget he was once deputy to Tom Destry, the greatest sheriff who ever rode the West. And Tom Destry has a son, young Tom. Wash sends for him.

A tall, gangling, gentle young man, with a hobby of carving napkin rings, he climbs out of the stage-coach with a lady's sunshade in one hand, a bird-cage in the other. Bottle Neck stares. Kent demands the young man's gun, but Destry carries no gun. Bottle Neck gapes. "Frenchy" insults him, and gets a bucket of water over herself for her pains. Bottle Neck roars. After that, things happen

fast. Bottle Neck finds that Destry can use a gun even if he doesn't carry one. Kent finds that the new deputy is taking altogether too much interest in the fate of the late sheriff. "Frenchy" finds herself falling in love with this strange young man. The film ends with a mass assault of the townsfolk on the barricaded saloon, woodwork crashing, bottles flying, and finally "Frenchy" dying in Tom's arms with Kent's last bullet in her heart.

"Destry Rides Again" is the best Western since "Stage Coach," and is likely to attract an even wider public. It has everything that a successful film should have, and is beautifully written for players who know how to use their opportunities. "Marleen" as the saloon girl is quite stunning. Nobody has ever been able to put over those smoky, bar-room songs as she can, and her "Little Joe" and "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have" are better than anything she has done since "Falling in Love Again." Through the woman's older face, you can see again and again the girl of "The Blue Angel."

As for James Stewart, his Destry is such a real man, so quiet and unself-conscious, that it is hard to think of it as a part played on a studio floor, under the eyes of half a hundred grips and sparks and chippies, and a battery of floodlights. If there is a fault in the Stewart performance, I haven't been able to detect it. And even if I were to find one, I think I should still be too grateful to care.

"A CHUMP AT OXFORD"—Laurel and Hardy here return to the traditions of the primitive cinema and the exuberant imagination of the old comedy. Their Oxford is a wholly improbable spot and far more attractive than recent attempts at an accurate reconstruction of the quaint old place. The undergraduates talk with a wonderful parody of the English accent and use language which seems to have been carefully collected from the more unconvincing school-stories of the last century. At first the comedians have adventures which, though amusing, are not altogether unlike their more recent escapades; but there is a moment of real fantasy when Laurel mistakes a ghost's arm for his own and wonders why he has three hands. Eventually it is disclosed that Laurel is really Lord Paddington, the greatest scholar and athlete of the age, only he was hit on the head by a window. lost his memory, and became very stupid. His memory and intellect return and disappear again with startling rapidity, and at the same time the knockabout comedy passes all bounds of probability. To some tastes it may seem an untidy film, but its genuine inventions are extremely refreshing.

SOCIALISM & WAR

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEWPOINT

(REPRINTED FROM "FARRAGO")

The war has placed socialists in a difficult position. Before it broke out we urged our Governments to make a peace front with Russia to stand against aggression. The peace front was not formed, and though the British and French Governments are ostensibly at war to defeat Nazism (not Fascism), there are reasons for doubting their sincerity.

The attitude of the British Government towards Russia since the three years of Allied aggression against that country following upon the Great War, together with the few facts which have emerged regarding the Anglo-Soviet talks last year, point to the British being in great measure responsible for the breakdown of the talks. For example, the British have repeatedly refused Soviet invitations to come to a conference to form a peace front. In the early part of last year two such offers were rejected within a few weeks, the first (just before Hitler marched into Prague), because it was "premature," the second, because "there was no longer time." For a detailed examination of the negotiations last summer I can only refer readers to a Penguin by D. N. Pritt, "Light on Moscow." Suffice here to mention Lord Halifax's statement that Britain expected Russia to guarantee Poland with the proviso that Russian soldiers were not to cross Polish soil. This would have meant Russia waiting on her old frontier (which Mr. Churchill has since declared to be indefensible) till the Nazi hordes swept over Poland, and then, while the Allies did nothing on the Siegfried line, bearing the full brunt of the German attack.

It is difficult to believe that the Allied Governments are fighting aggression when they have condoned it and do still condone it in so

(Continued on page 11)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PATRIOTIC FUND

Dear Sir,—

The action of the S.C.M. Executive re Procession indicates the existence in the movement of feeling against the support of the Patriotic Fund. I should like to the best of my ability to explain the Christian Pacifist attitude to the matter.

Many regard the refusal of Pacifists to support such things as Soldiers' Comfort Funds as quibbling in the extreme. The reasons for their refusal are, as I see it, as follows:

Provision for the welfare and comfort of the soldiers—like provision for the care and restoration of the wounded—is an essential part of the war machine. The leading motive as far as the military authorities are concerned in seeing that these aspects are amply catered for, is not compassion or humanity, but a realization that they are essential to the efficient prosecution of any war.

Moreover, I believe they are deliberately used as anaesthetics to dull the thinking ability of the people. If people are kept sufficiently busy knitting socks and learning first aid, they tend to cease to enquire into the prime causes of war and its inherent rightness or wrongness. All such activities help to work up to higher pitch the fever of patriotic feeling, thus, of course, indirectly stimulating recruiting.

I have no objection whatever to the soldiers being provided with every reasonable comfort. But I know that this cause will in any case be a popular one and I also know how badly funds are needed by those who are doing in my opinion, the much more essential work of educating the public and striking at the root causes of war. I therefore feel I could not conscientiously ask people to support the Patriotic Fund when I feel their money could so much more profitably be devoted to a very different cause.

The Christian Pacifist deeply respects the sincerity and high courage of those who feel it their duty to fight. It is just because he feels that as things are, this sacrifice must inevitably be in vain that he endeavours to take every possible opportunity of standing out against the prevailing trend of militarism.

—SHIRLEY J. CRUMP.

PACIFISM

Sir,—Patriot's letter shows a total lack of grasp of the basis of the Christian Pacifist's stand and also of the causes of this war and the aims we are striving to achieve.

His statement that I had "a rather laughable idea that participation in war is a sin against Our Lord Jesus Christ, and against His teachings," and his statement immediately following, "I am not well versed in Biblical lore . . ." seems to reveal his incompetence to put forward any considered opinion on the subject. In the first place pacifism cannot be so lightly dismissed. The Christian Church for the first few hundred years of its existence was entirely pacifist. To-day many of the leading Christian thinkers and pacifists, e.g., or Kagawa, or Stanley Jones, Dr. Fosdick, Dr. Raven, Dr. Macgregor and many others. So pacifism as an implication of the Christian faith cannot be lightly dismissed.

It is an extremely unsound method to demonstrate the truth or falsity of an argument by quoting texts. My stand as a Christian pacifist is not based on partial interpretation of any text or combination of texts but on the belief that war is a complete denial of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. That Spirit may be defined as the way in which He faced life and other men. It may be summed up in this way. Jesus acted towards all men as God acts towards us. On his teaching and by his example that is an attitude of sacrificial love seeking not to destroy the sinner but bring him back to the fold. I will not discuss the text quoted. Let the writer read Moffatt's translation and come along to an open forum to be arranged next term.

I question Patriot's statement that "our cause for us represents existence as we know it—in terms of the freedom, the equality, the law, etc." No modern war has ever meant preservation of the status quo. It is unlikely that war will tend towards the preservation of freedom. There is a tendency towards state absolutism in even the most "democratic" states. War furthers that tendency, and we have seen in New Zealand the curtailment of those rights of freedom of speech and of the press "for which our fathers fought and died."

The question is not one of crushing a nation which represents, so to speak in its own person, all the forces against freedom, but one of realizing that those same tendencies are rapidly being developed in our own community by the war, and that our war must be fought on the home front for the preservation of all that contributes to the true and real glory of the British race.

—PETER B. GAMLEN.

IS EDUCATION AN ALIBI FOR THINKING?

Dear Sir,—

During the holidays I have had time to think, and one of the conclusions is this—Our University Course does not give time, opportunity nor incentive for original thinking on questions other than person, i.e., immediate personal problems,—and that area of knowledge included in our "subject" for the year. This surely is wrong. Students spend years in mugging up facts and information as things in themselves rather than as the path whereby they arrive at the stage of individual thought. They, the potential leaders are trained to be learners of a subject, rather than leaders and citizens of the world, capable of looking at the whole of an area of life, the whole of life itself, and understanding with clear vision the significance of the thing viewed, and its likely results and repercussions.

For example, when war broke out, how many students realised the fact? Some did and said, "We can do nothing about it." This is surely an admission of the utter futility of a University career as far as relevance to life is concerned.

This apathy, indifference, and ignorance in regard to the main issues of life, shared by student and non-student community alike, is proving one of the greatest disintegrating forces of social existence. We of our generation have grown up in a disillusioned world where no man's word is his bond: even the University is untrue to its heritage in that no longer can it offer a consistent and satisfying philosophy of life. Is there no truth anywhere? Is everything relevant? If life has any meaning at all, I believe it has, there must be some fixed point by which to assess the qualities of life and so determine consciously a path whereby we and thus eventually the world, can proceed, conscious at least of some purpose in to a state where such travesties of God and goodness as war and prostitution are recognised at their true value.

This of course has all been said before. We still have to find the path. Most students think sometimes, some students think most times. Those thoughts, pooled, have in them the germ of creative thinking which alone will avail to-day. Let's guard that germ carefully. If we, the student generation of this war, can jointly come to some understanding of assessment of the permanent values of life, even if nothing more comes of it, we will be positive not negative in our contribution to life, I believe more can come of it, if we seek honestly and fearlessly enough, without prejudice, sloth, or hatred or fear; facing life in its reality, firm in our desire to seek Truth as the only possible way for us—and to live actively and creatively by what we do know to be true; to think, not merely accumulate facts; not merely to drift in existence, but to struggle to life.

So, Mr. Editor, I suggest that per medium of your column, we state our opinions of life in general, and of what we think we know of truth in particular, and see if we can arrive at any more satisfying and clearer position.

—ALISON.

NO GO SLOW FOR COMMERCE STUDENTS!

The Commerce Student's Society is very busy preparing for the Commerce Coffee Evening and the Annual Ball. These two events, always considered as outstanding in the social highlights of the year, promise to eclipse all previous efforts. The Coffee Evening will be held on the first Friday, 31st May, being followed by the Ball on 8th June. Tickets for the Ball are now obtainable from the Library and from Committee Members.

The lectures which were commenced in the first term, will be continued at regular intervals during this term although speakers and subjects have not yet been definitely arranged.

Graduands Go Gay

BALL VIGOROUSLY ENJOYED

After the pleasant entertainment provided by the capping ceremony, all and sundry betook themselves to the dear old College, where a veritable fairyland of coloured lights and soft music awaited them in the shape of the hall and the library, and Reg. Gould and Epi. Shalfoon. The scheme in the hall was most striking. The writer, being a little foggy about the details of these striking decorations, has made discreet inquiries from various other people, who were present. However, their observation seems to have been as poor as his own, as no straight-forward description was anywhere obtained.

All were agreed, however, that coloured lights were an important feature of the scheme.

Mr. Daniel, the architect responsible, maintains that the scheme was a system of concentric semi-circles, with diffused illumination. The library, according to the same authority, was done in pictorial schemes (we knew that, anyway), and was most effective.

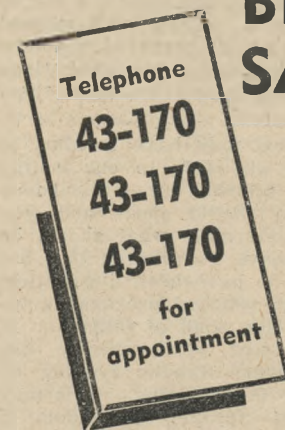
So now you know.

Graduands fluttered hither and thither in academic dress, hoods awry and gowns slipping as they swayed and swung to the tempestuous rhythm of Epi. or Reg. One noticed a past president of the Student's Association, Lieutenant Eric Halstead, in immaculate uniform, and complete with charming wife. President Dave Clouston, still visibly perspiring after his magnificent speech, was hopping in with abandon. Murray Speight (the sly young dog), was trickin' in a most respectable way with that wistful young bit of willowy womanliness, Winsome Denne. Francis T. Newhook was also seen surveying the gay scene with a benign smile. Pam Duthie (she who caused it all), was also on deck, and particularly charming, too.

A distinguished air was lent to the proceedings by the presence of one George Cawkwell, who eyed with stern disapproval the childish pranks and merry laughter of the less restrained. John Carroll, one of the more brilliant Bachelors of Science (is that the same thing as a scientific bachelor?) was seen in force. Little Sister Trixie (surnamed Sourpuss), provided an anxious time for Charlie Molloy. Also seen getting rid of some inhibitions was William Hare, and a chance acquaintance (ha, ha!) Peg O'Connor.

So the proceedings wound their joyful way into the early hours. Strangely enough, the Varsity football team had a win on the morrow. This must be a record for the day after Grad. Ball.

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OPEN FORUM

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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.

"FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS DESIRABLE"

Sir,—

The first question that concerns those who wish to restrict freedom of speech is what speech to restrict. The answer seems naturally to tend towards political directions and, as the question of freedom of speech is a matter of political controversy to-day, I shall deal with the subject from that direction. Having decreed what is to be debarred and what not, the powers that be have yet to invent some scheme for controlling a very lively little member of the body called the Tongue. Now the Tongue may shout aloud or it may whisper. These speech controllers may manage to control the open speech of the community, but the whispering will go on just the same. Slight outbursts from a volcano are less dangerous than the hidden rumbling which precedes a great eruption and thus, unless the members of a community are able to let off steam (if I may be pardoned for using such an expression), the steam will accumulate until the pressure is too great and in the resulting explosion those who wished to suppress speech are themselves destroyed.

Hitler says Freedom of Speech must not be and he causes his poor subordinates endless trouble hunting for an Anti-Nazi radio station. But what Hitler does not realize is that it is because he persecutes this station that the German people bother to listen to it. They listen for two reasons. Firstly because the perversity in the nature of man makes him wish to do that which he is forbidden. The Germans are told that they must be Good-Germans and not listen, but it's impossible for anyone to be good the whole time. Secondly the Germans wish to hear the broadcasts to find out why they are not allowed to listen to them. The fact that they may be shot if caught, acts as a stimulus rather than as a deterrent as it adds a joyous feeling of risk to the action.

So why not let people talk and listen as they will? Why not let the thundering denunciations of the soap box orator roll forth. His speech causes but a few moments amusement and is forgotten, but let his speech be whispered from mouth to mouth and men begin to think about it. It is here that danger lies. When the populace begins to think as individuals about the sayings of one in their community, then they either entirely reject or gradually accept as their own these new ideas. If these men have to live in an atmosphere where they are told what to think and do they become gradually less fitted to reject that which is faulty and become the prey to the ideas of all and sundry. The mob as a whole is unintelligent and imbibes and forgets once the catchwords of the orator have ceased to sway its mind, but the mob is composed of a mixture of individuals some intelligent and some not. Those unintelligent forget just the same or are prepared to follow blindly those who seize upon these whisperings and, purging them of false matter, make them their own.

In New Zealand we may have freedom of speech, but on the air it is to our lasting shame that we have allowed our political feelings to dictate who should speak and who should not and to determine what should be spoken. Not only have we allowed this, but certain powers that be have been hypocritical enough to consent to political propaganda being produced under the cloak of religion. A certain gentleman, until just recently, discoursed at length every Sunday evening on certain topics under this heading. This may be considered as an example of freedom of speech in New Zealand. Certainly the gentleman's speech was decidedly free and easy and sometimes, to put it mildly, not a little wild. Furthermore it did not always savour of veracity. It is apparently yet to be decided whether freedom of speech is to be considered as truthfulness of speech as well and this raises the question whether propaganda is to

be considered as political freedom of speech.

With Freedom of Speech the question of Freedom of Writing may also be considered. It is obvious that restriction of printed matter causes restriction of education rather indirectly than directly. It causes restriction in the outlook and growth of the mind which is or should be one of the most valuable results of education. While on the question of education may it be suggested that, if restriction of speech to be confined to party politics, that the speeches from the party in power be cut out as well as those of the opposition party so that radio listeners may have a more pleasant and instructive evening by listening to some other entertainment with some real educational value.

Thus, though Freedom of Speech may contain a little evil, as most good things do, it is definitely desirable.

TIMOR DOMINI FONS VITAE.

Dear Sir,—

No doubt this question of freedom of speech will produce a number of letters of the usual type—either proudly British or trusting in a beneficent government to suppress only the bad and leave the good, and fiercely independent and determined to die if necessary to defend their privileges. I would like merely to make one or two reflections in what might be the case if we did not have freedom of speech. Imagine Revue or procession without their topical touches! Imagine a censorship over the leading articles and correspondence columns of the daily press—or (dare we breathe it) of Craccum! Imagine if every College Club had to have its programme submitted to a censor, and if all our lecturers' notes were subjected to the same indignity (what a field this opens up!). In a word, how unbearable would our life here, at College, be if we did not have the right of freedom of speech.

—PERCY PENGUIN.

COMMUNISM AND FREE SPEECH

Dear Sir,—

What makes academic people so gullible on this question of free speech is that its regulation can so easily be put to them in the guise of the suppression of one side of the question, where it is a matter of arriving at the truth through a sifting of arguments for and against. Actually the instances where there is a so-called "free speech" issue to-day are in no case instances of such suppression.

The most voluble apostles of "free speech," but only when it is a case of obtaining freedom to expound their doctrines of no freedom, are the Communists and their fellow-travellers including the academic dupes. But Communism is not in any sense an effort to arrive at the truth, or any other common good, by a sifting of arguments. It denies all common goods, truth as well as any other, and uses speech only to produce action, i.e., class-domination. Its orations are directed at using men as tools, not as treating them as rational beings with a chance of deciding upon their actions on an impartial basis. Rights, including rights of expression, can exist only among men considered as rational beings, as forming a community, that is, men interested in a common good, of which truth is one example. The vaunted "liberal" attitude of to-day is based on pure agnosticism. It asserts that the truth is unknowable anyway, so there is in the long run no more reason for suppressing the expression of one opinion than of the contrary opinion. But, by the same token, there is no more reason for permitting the expression of one opinion than of the contrary so that the liberal argument ends by justifying the extreme of tyranny. The possibility of attaining truth and the existence of a real community here and now hang together.

As experience shows, it is possible to damage the community by obstructing the pursuit of the common good. The possibility of free

discussion, then, hinges upon its being a deliberation upon rival means of securing a common good. This shuts out communistic propaganda at the source, since Communism class-war.

It is important to notice that Communists holds that the only social reality is irrational are not consistent in the sheep's clothing of liberalism. They demand the right to a privileged hearing. Free speech for everybody would mean the utmost freedom for interrupters as well as for orators.

—J.C.R.

COMPLETE FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS DESIRABLE.

Sir,—

There are people to be found who, while agreeing that in peace-time freedom of speech is not only desirable but the inalienable right of Englishmen, will declare that in time of war this order should be reversed. For the sake of the public weal, they say, the government should be empowered to suppress anything that might be deemed subversive. But surely war-time is just the time when complete freedom of speech is desirable. In a state that is properly organized, any really dangerous development arising from abuse of this right could be easily brought under control. And to-day we can see the advantages of that freedom of speech which enables the people to criticize its government. The recent debates in the House of Commons at Westminster show that the right to quarrel with government's action and demand something more effective, is a very valuable one. We people of the British Empire know no more than our opponents of the causes of the war, and very little of its course, but we can and do speak our mind freely if we think our government could do better than it is at present. Public opinion can make its weight felt in no uncertain manner, and we should be the last to throw away our right of freedom of speech.

HYDE PARK.

FIELD CLUB AT ORERE WEEK-END NEAR NATURE

The presence at Varsity of various students in a weird assortment of clothes on Saturday morning was not just another rehearsal for Proceh but Field Club off on their 50-mile jaunt to Orere. How everyone was fitted into the cars still remains a mystery. Bob Brickell may still be suffering from the shock he got when confronted with seven hefty people and their mountainous packs, and was told airily he could pop them in somewhere. At Orere we had to dislodge sundry goats, sheep and steers before we could even get into the hut lent to us, and vigorous broom wielding was necessary before all traces of the former inhabitants were removed. Even so, some of us preferred to brave the return of Ferdinand the Bull (note, not P.C. Bull), and sleep out, to the infinite delight of the flash-light photographers present.

After breakfast with fowl wheat as the main course, we were ready to tackle anything even pushing the cars through the numerous streams which crossed the road to Mataiangi. From there we followed the track towards Kohukohunui through interesting mixed beech and Kauri forest. A group of zoologists systematically demolished every tree stump for miles in successful search of Peripetus.

After tea at our palatial residence we packed into the cars again and returned to Auckland.

There was an old lad of Dunoon,
Who unceasingly played the bassoon,
His subsequent death,
Due to failure of breath,
All the neighbourhood reckoned a boon.

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

—Ogden Nash.

Hark! the herald angels sing.
Timidly, because Dean Inge
Has arrived and seems to be
Bored with immortality.

—D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

RUGBY FIFTEEN

'VARSITY'S RECORD

Can a Rugby Fifteen of moderate talent succeed without strenuous training? Turn out next Saturday and see the 'Varsity Seniors play if you seek an answer. The side is good, but not good enough—at any rate to return to the First Division at the end of the first round. There is not enough enthusiasm and determination. There should be no absentees from practices, as there are now. Perhaps things will change. Here is the team's record to date:—

v. Training College	Lost	0—9
v. Navy	Won	11—6
v. Parnell	Won	8—5
v. Takapuna	Lost	11—19

The loss of the first game decided 'Varsity's fate for the first round. Another loss like the last will decide the team's grade in the second round.

The team to date is as follows: Warner, Turbott, Kirkland, Enwright, Gillies, Minogue, MacRae, Rout, Webb, Pirritt, Ockleford, Desborough, Cawkwell, Armitage (Capt.), Howden, Davies and Hoskings. Ten members of this team are under 21 years of age, and perhaps things will improve as newcomers settle down to Senior football.

OLD HANDS

Of last year's team only six members have survived Hitler and other blights. In the forwards Armitage is a tower of strength; he makes a big difference to the pack. Cawkwell and Desborough are both solid workers. The rest of the pack is made up of promoted players from the Juniors, and a few lucky finds like Charlie Howden, who represented Otago University, Archie Davies from Northcote, Pirritt from Matamata. In the first few games the pack took more than its share of the ball. Hadley, however, Takapuna's ex-All Black hooker, made a sad mess of our scrum. Webb nevertheless is a good hooker, and in normal circumstances the team should get a good share of the ball. Work in the loose and line-out play has so far been sluggish. One outstanding fault is the failure to secure the ball from a loose ruck. The forwards could by dint of strenuous training do well—but training is essential.

BACKS

Bob Gillies is a good centre threequarter. Against Takapuna he scored two good tries and so far he has been responsible for most of the openings in the back line. The wings are all good if given chances. At least we imagine they will be; they have had few chances as yet. Jimmy Kirkland and Jack Enwright have both scored good tries by following up. Garth Turbott has had little opportunity as yet. However, he is without doubt a good player, perhaps the best of the three. At full back Brian Warner is a great success; he never lets the team down. His kicking, too, is very powerful. Ken MacRae is a good five-eighths. He is inclined to overdo the kicking. Des. Minogue is inclined to hold on too long. At half Snowy Rout has performed fairly well.

SIDE LIGHTS

Charlie Howden scored both tries in the Parnell match, thus saving the side from disaster. George Cawkwell landed a big goal in the Takapuna game from outside the twenty-five by the sideline. Bob Armitage is one of the few forwards always on the ball. Quite a few of the team would do well to study the rule-book.

INTER-ISLAND VARSITY MATCH

On June 1st the North Island 'Varsity team will meet the South Island 'Varsity team at Eden Park. Auckland may have several players in the team. Anyhow by the time Craccum is out the team will have been published. The North Island selector, F. Mackin, watched the team play on May 18th. Craccum would not be surprised to see three or four of these in the team: Armitage, MacRae, Gillies, Warner, Cawkwell, Howden, Pirritt, Turbott.

On June 3rd a New Zealand University Fifteen will play the Combined Services.

TABLE TENNIS ACTIVE LARGE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the A.U.C. Table Tennis Club was held in Room 24 on April 16. The enthusiasm and interest of those present gave promise of a successful season. The following officers were elected for 1940:— Club Captain, H. Prendergast; Secretary, Betty Skipper; Committee, Misses Pauline Melford, Kathleen Bilkey, Messrs. K. Cantlay, A. Lowe, B. Smith.

During the second term Club Champs. and Inter-Faculty matches will be played. Last year we met with fair success in Inter-club matches, and it is proposed to enter teams again this year. Any students desiring to play in Inter-club games can get in touch with the Secretary, or leave their names on the notice posted in the ping pong room.

We hope that all students will make use of the facilities offered them to keep fit with a game of ping pong.

EXHIBITIONISM

This is an outcry against exhibitionism. It is, with all the feeling that the normal person possesses rising in protest, a violent complaint against it. And the particular direction in which this cry is launched is that in which education may normally be supposed to lie.

As a direct consequence of the main evil, can be seen the action of the University Senate in succumbing to inflationist pressure and re-marking Matriculation papers in such a way as to remove from the examination all that remained of its property as an examination for University entrance. Similarly, the adverse reaction of the public and, in most cases, of the parents, to a standard which demanded meat not sauce, can be traced to the same thing. The present war, as it has been faced in New Zealand has brought out yet a third manifestation of the main trouble. Superficial sabre-rattling by men whose past actions damn their words on the present conflict before they are spoken has masqueraded under the title of war-effort.

And all these foul eruptions of this leprous disease "exhibitionism," the writer lays at the door of those in whose hands lie, first, the instructing of teachers in the gentle art of their profession, and, second, the introducing of the earliest rudiments of mental processes to the youngest school-child. It is through the first that the second is controlled.

Matriculation, may the Lord have mercy on it, is the password to the teaching profession. Of the prospective teachers who enter Training Colleges, less than four per cent have a University degree that they will use as an implement to their work, and of the remainder it is doubtful if 40 per cent. ever attend a University for more than two years, and, of those that do attend for more than that time, there is an even graver doubt about the number that complete a degree or diploma.

Of the prospective teachers that enter a Training College, the majority fall between the 17-19 year mark, and the rest, with the exception of the minute graduate section, are little older.

The writer has never realised the fatal ease with which minds that have reached the rather indifferent stage of intelligence demanded for example, by the present Matriculation Examination can be moulded to accept any doctrine or philosophy that is judiciously administered to them.

Observe this moulding in action, at the city gates as it were, and you will understand in what manner, and with what wisdom, a certain crazed genius in Berlin seized on the youth of his land as the strongest bulwark against political defeat and the strongest guarantee of a wholesale slaughter of that same helpless mob when his time was ripe.

Observe this moulding in action, and you will see personalities being shaped as you would never have your children's shaped, you will see the doctrine of exhibitionism being administered in doses now so large that you wonder at an idiot swallowing them, and now so small that, if you do not have a care, you will swallow them yourself.

A man who has a prominent part in the promotion of education at the present time was recently heard to say to a gathering of children that, at the present time it was a good thing for people to wear badges, that they might show others what they were, who they were, and what they had done. By the grace of God and the sterling services of a fast-dying race of men who still have a hold in some on the better secondary schools, exhibitionism and its attendant evils are hindered in their survival. But it must be remembered that of the enormous number of children who have been, and still are, coming under the spell of this "jazz-jazz-jazz-but-never-think" policy, only a small percentage ever stay long enough at a good secondary school to have this studied superficiality, this fatal, fantastic futile, free-expression knocked out of them most never reach one.

And what is the result, both in the present-day youngish parent, and in the everyday young factory hand and similar operative? The result is the complete absence of that backbone of resilience that is the ability to concentrate all your mental energies on an unpleasant task without being afraid of it. Whether we like it or not, the time has now come when western civilisation is to make such a demand on that resilience as has never been made before. Is it going too far to suggest that that faculty is lacking in many of those who should now possess it, because

(Continued on page 11)

A Real Good Beer

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ADVICE ON TRAINING

Although there was a fair muster of harriers—new members predominating—at the first run of the season, held from the home of the club president, Mr. Julius Hogben, there will be a keen welcome extended to any who may be contemplating running cross-country this season. The University club occupies a strong position among the many clubs in the province—it was a close second in the 10 Men Teams championship last year, and virtually second in the provincial championship, which race was marred by an official's error. Auckland University harriers are the present New Zealand University champions, having created a record by filling the first three places in the event.

Unfortunately a few of the leading performers have been transferred elsewhere this year, so that their services will not be available; others have joined the forces, but the club must make every effort to maintain and improve upon the reputation and position it has built up in the athletic world. Coaches and trainers for all kinds of sports, notably rugby football, have frequently dwelt upon the great value of long, easy runs to get a man fit, and running in company is a great improvement upon running alone. In England, on the Continent, and in America, vast numbers of summer sportsmen consider harrier-running the ideal method of keeping fit and building stamina. With the war requiring every able-bodied man to reach the highest peak of physical fitness, it becomes positively a duty for every one to harden himself up.

CHAMPION STILL ON DECK.

The club is fortunate to retain the services of Graham Kofoed, now one of the leading distance runners in New Zealand. Kofoed holds both the cross-country and three miles track national University championships. He has by no means reached his peak, and should figure even more prominently this season. A fine new runner for the club is I. Turbott, who, in his first run this season, was quite outstanding. He is still very young, however, so would be unwise to overdo matters. The club has lost the services of E. Collins, last year's club captain and third to place in the New Zealand championship. E. Stephenson, a former New Zealand University champion, and W. Chappell, have been transferred but will be available occasionally. However, runners of the calibre of Turbott, McCutchan, Harden and MacKenzie will be available, and the latter three should be improved this season. A Carter was running well towards the end of last season, and appears definitely better this year, and A. Ball, although a member of the Air Force, is again running with the club, at least temporarily, and is always to be relied upon to perform well against strong opposition. Good runners upon whom the club will count in the teams contests are G. Porter and G. Palmer, both showing fine form, also C. Jones. One of the best of the newcomers is F. Orange, who, in his first run, started with the slow pack, joined the racing pack when overtaken by them, and finished away in the lead of these. Q. Thompson is another finely-built newcomer who appears to have what it takes, and other good newcomers are O. R. Nicholson, F. N. Treadgold, and I. Reynolds. Among the faster men Hanna and Burton appear likely athletes.

TRAINING TIPS.

A well-known English athletic coach, generalising on training methods, drew attention to the common fault of racing too soon. He pointed out that training is intended mainly to build up and strengthen the heart muscle, that most important organ responsible for throwing off fatigue. This is essentially a slow process—this muscle can not be developed quickly.

Applied to harriers, this would indicate that no hard competition should be undertaken without training, and the initial training runs should be quite slow, although they could be quite long. Long walks are most useful. After a month of slow work it is necessary to speed up quite a bit, but a warning must be given against the common mistake of making early training runs unnecessarily fast, also of taking part in Saturday runs against seasoned and trained athletes, without proper preparation.

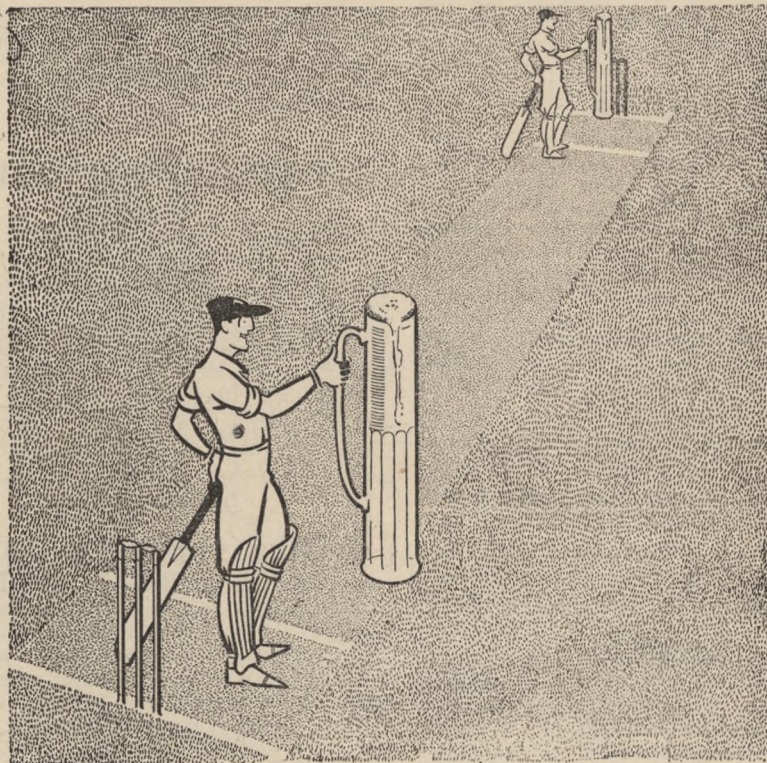
PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

(Continued from page 2)

BETTY SWEETMAN:—In spite of our hard-fought struggles in the mud, this player came off the field as bright and fresh as when she went on.

MARY BAILEY:—Does not seem to be able to hit cleanly but probably the condition of the field was against her. Should watch positional play and the offside rule. Showed tenacity of purpose when confronted by opposition.

KATHLEEN BILKEY:—Was noticeably only forward who used her intelligence at all—displayed initiative and began many good movements which fell through owing to lack of support. Kath is to be commended on her unflagging efforts. As far as energy was concerned Kath deserved her Blue but she unfortunately was forced to play very often for the whole forward line and at times for the halves and this probably told in selection.



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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INSIDE STORY FROM CAPPING DUCK

FAMOUS BIRD SPILLS IT

I was sitting dozing in the sun in Albert Park the other day, instead of going to a fairly tiresome lecture, when rather a decent young pigeon happened along and passed the time of day.

"How's things?" said this young pigeon. And I replied, things were pretty fair, and how were things with him.

"Well," said this young pigeon, "there sure is the devil to pay up at the Domain duck pond."

"How's that?" I asked, with politely simulated curiosity (for if the truth were told, I wasn't really very interested in anything at the moment).

"Those ducks up there," said this young pigeon, with what seemed to me needless emphasis, "are wild ducks."

"But people feed them," I objected.

"Just the same," said this young pigeon, "they only just bring themselves to let people give them food. They take it with a kind of good-natured contempt. They don't want no truck with humans."

I expressed polite surprise, and the young pigeon went on.

"The other morning they found a common ornery domestic duck in the pond. At least it was a drake."

"Strange," I remarked.

"And," said this young pigeon accusingly, "I heard a rumour it was those darned university students who were responsible."

"Curious idea," said I.

"Not at all curious," said this pigeon. "Who pasted stickers on Queen Victoria's posterior? Who put napkins on the Domain statue? Who put the Town Hall clock wrong, and drove a car through Queen's Arcade? If anything ever happens, it's them darn students."

"Tell me more of this duck," said I. "I am strangely interested."

"Gur," said the pigeon, spitting out of the corner of his mouth, "go and ask the duck yourself," and he bad-temperedly took off into the wind.

Having time on my hands (i.e., being due for a lecture), I wandered up to the Domain duck pond, with a slice of stale bread in one pocket. Standing on the edge of the pond, I quacked loudly three times, and stood back as about seventy-eight ducks came towards me, churning the water to foam in their wake. I dispensed my bread. When the last crumb was gone, they disappeared as quickly as they had come.

All but one.

This one sat looking melancholy, and back watered slowly as if to make off.

"Got any more bread?" he said mournfully.

I shook my head.

"Guess I'd better be getting along, then," said this sad duck.

"Wait a minute," I answered. "Tell me what you're doing here."

He jabbed at something below the water and then made reply.

"I'm a wronged bird, I am. One Friday I'm down in the markets, for sale, see? What I

expect is to be dead Saturday night, and then the main part of Sunday dinner. But what happens? A gang of screwy students buy me, see? And then—they teach me to fly,—me, 'holder of seven aquatic titles.' I told 'em I wasn't air-minded. I said, 'I don't like it. I get kind of sick.' They just laughed."

The bird paused dramatically. I made sounds of sympathy.

"Well," he went on, "they give me a swell feed, and keep me cooped all afternoon. Then at night they take me in a big hall. There was thousands of people—you got no idea. These screwy guys take a coupla snorts of fire water, and offer me some. So I joins 'em."

He paused, and burrowed in his feathers.

"I shouldn't of done it," he continued. "I don't realise at the time, I gotta make a public appearance. That's why I'm there. Anyway, in comes a lot of old guys with red nightgowns and fancy hats and they talk and talk. I go to sleep. When I wake up one guy is still talking, like a sound track."

"Well, these screwy guys take me outa my cage, and there I am on the parapet of the gallery. Then I realised I didn't ought to of gargled that hooch. I can't walk straight, see? I slip, and fly down to the stage underneath."

"The crowd applauds like mad. This is my big scene, I thinks to myself. So I walks to the front of the stage, dignified like. I bows to left and right, and the people give me a big hand. So I think it time to say a few words. 'My friends'—I say, spreading my wings, kind of impressive,—'it gives me great pleasure'—and here I first notice this tall guy who had been talkin' before I landed. He was looking at me like I was poison."

"I look at him sort of amiable. 'Don't mind me, buddy,' I says. 'I'm not trying to hi-jack you. I just wanta say a few words to my public.'"

"He withers me with a look, and shouts an order. 'Say, what is this?' I shouts, 'Nazi Germany? Ain't there no free speech?'"

"The crowd roars; backs me up. But quick as a flash a coupla henchmen grab me and hustle me off. They take me for a ride, and this is where I finish up. I thought this was a free country. But no, just 'cos a big shot can't stand the racket, here I am in among a lotta dumb wild fowl. I guess I gotta duck me nut here awhile. I'm wanted. There may be a price on me head. Well, must be going. No more bread? I thought not. So long, stranger."

This duck paddled across the pond and as it was time for another lecture, I walked down to the caf. for a cup of coffee.

There were three screwy people named Stein, There was Gert, there was Ep, there was Ein, Gert's poems were bunk, Ep's statues were junk, And nobody understood Ein.

A politicians greatest asset is his lie-ability. —"Critic."

EXHIBITIONISM

(Continued from page 9)

they have never been taught the process which one is required to go through in order to think hard, see concisely, and act self-reliantly?

And what of those who attend a secondary school? As has been said, not many stay long enough for any good to be done. The figures are available. Of those that stay for anything more than two years, some reach the so-called Matriculation examination. The writer would suggest that, because of these almost insuperable difficulties in the face of which much teaching in secondary schools is done, this inculcated happy-go-lucky knowledge-smearred ignorance persists to that standard in many, even most, cases. As a result, the consequences which apply in the case of those who never reach the secondary-school door still hold, and the evil is enhanced. And as a result, we see the shameful treatment of the examiners of last year's mathematics papers and the size of the public opinion which backed it, the opinion of men and women who demand, and, in this case as in many others, got, a jazzed-up inflationist standard, with which to lull themselves into a fool's paradise of Lilliputian omniscience about the mental capabilities of their offspring. And in nine cases out of ten it may well be that the boys and girls believe it.

If these children, many of whom are well near the entry age for a Training College, ever reach one, then you have it. The second, or even the third, round of the vicious circle is off again. Hence this outcry, this "flaming protest," against this cancer of exhibitionist, inflationist, propaganda that is making to strike at the roots of what is the real culture and the true basis of a design for living.

SOCIALISM AND WAR

(Continued from page 6)

many parts of the world. Australia has chosen this time to make particular protestations of friendship for Japan, and to send to Tokyo the first Australian Ambassador ever accredited to that country. Meanwhile Japan is waging in China a more merciless war than any at present taking place in Europe. Moreover, of the small countries for which we are said to be fighting, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Rumania all are so anxious for the war to stop that they put forward proposals for peace during the first three months of it. A British Government fighting for self-determination of people would begin by allowing it to India, where the largest Indian party, the Congress, refuses to support the war because of British aggression in India.

These, then, are two reasons why many socialists are trying to force their Governments to make peace. Firstly, Allied responsibility in failing to form a peace front before the war. Secondly, a serious doubt as to whether the Allies are fighting for anything more than their own imperialist ends. We cannot embark upon the still avoidable horror of total war, with the suffering and deprivation this means for the masses of the people, unless we have very good reason to believe that our leaders, if victorious, will use the peace to build up a more, rather than a less, civilised society.

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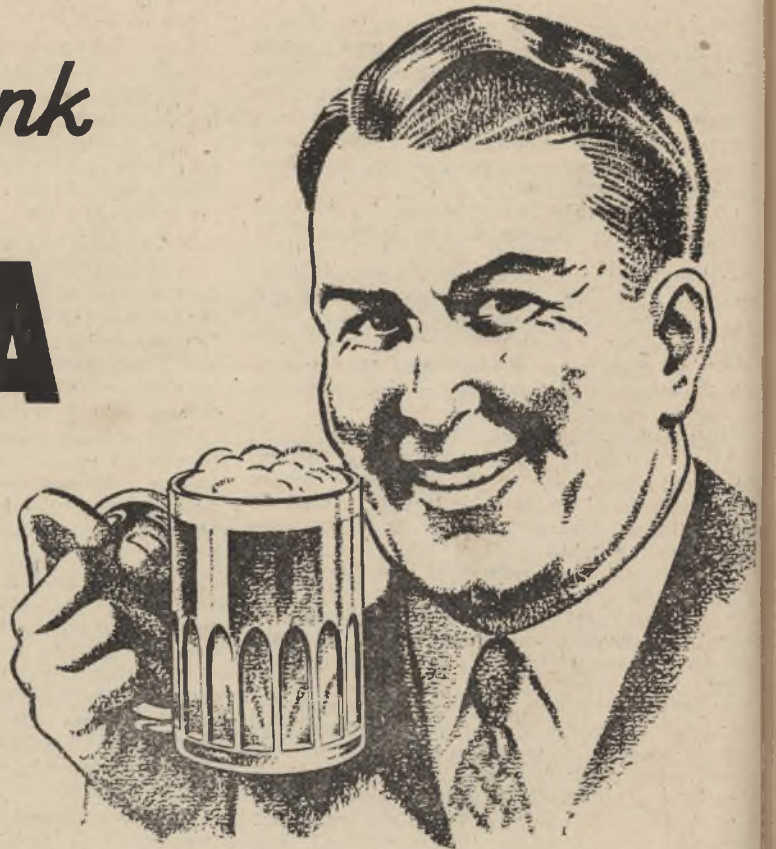
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