

# Craccum

VOL. 15—No. 6.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1941.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

## ACADEMIC SUPERSTITIONS

### "Free Speech" an Outworn Shibboleth?

The action of the City Council in refusing the use of the Town Hall in connection with a meeting in support of Russia has aroused a certain amount of controversy. Mr. Algie has spoken a few nicely measured words on behalf of the Freedom Association; the Rationalists, in the person of Mr. Henry Hayward, have spoken their usual voluble piece, and various union secretaries have sounded the customary chorus about "free speech." The Mayor and his supporters claimed, with some justification, that the meeting had been sponsored by groups who, prior to Russia's entry into the war, had shown no particular enthusiasm for the war effort. The sponsors, on the other hand, declared that they had the perfectly legitimate object of creating better feelings towards a country which was now our ally and which was rendering us valuable assistance.

Out of this arose a welter of argument about "free speech." Now that the tumult and the shouting has died, however, it may be questioned whether the principle of "free speech" really was involved, and whether the matter deserved the attention it received. If "free speech" really was in question one might ask how the aggrieved parties came to be so widely heard. There was no dearth of press publicity and no denial of the right of assembly, the sponsors finding ample accommodation elsewhere.

The simple fact of the matter seems to be that our leftists had a grievance, and they get extraordinary satisfaction from howling in chorus. Public protestation has long been their favourite form of amusement, though one may question whether it is as effective as they seem to believe.

It is customary in academic circles to uphold what is called "freedom of speech" and "freedom of assembly" as basic principles of liberty. The result is they are viewed with something akin to superstition. On any and every public occasion we bow our heads in reverence and make solemn pronouncements about these articles of faith. Looking at them coldly, however, in the light of modern conditions are they now as important as they used to be. When communications were bad and means of publicity few, public meetings and speech-making were vitally important.

They were one of the few means of influencing public opinion however inadequately. But with the rapid development of transport and the vast increase in methods of publicity conditions have greatly changed, and public opinion may now be shaped in other ways. It is possible to influence large numbers without recourse to these obsolete methods of publicity, and influence them, perhaps, in more healthy ways.

For it can hardly be said that the public meeting is the ideal for the expression of rational views. Whatever the objects of the meeting may be in theory in practice they tend to generate mob-psychology. Their effect is emotional stimulus not rational appeal. Very few people go to a meeting with the object of learning something or to get the other fellows point of view. The overwhelming majority attend with the object of cheering for their own side and booing at the opposition. They seek emotional re-inforcement for what they already believe. In fact it can be argued, and it has been so argued by Aldous Huxley, that large meetings serve no useful purpose for the spread of knowledge. Their aim is purely and simply propagandist and as such is an emotional and partisan appeal. That this judgment is not altogether wrong is borne out by the fact that mass-meetings are a favourite method of appeal among the dictators. Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini all have made use of the public meeting to generate mass emotion which has then been conveniently turned to the Government's use.

We do not suggest, of course, that any and every meeting is necessarily of this nature. But it does seem fairly obvious that public meetings at the present time are merely forms of political revivalism, where radical hot-gospellers preach to the converted.

Free speech in this kind of atmosphere is worth a trifle less than it costs. There may be a certain noble freedom in being permitted to talk nonsense, which we may well allow if it does nobody any harm. But when this and similar forms of expression are exalted to the position of a fundamental right, and any and every denial of it is regarded as a violation of liberty, we may fairly ask whether the privilege is not a trifle over-done.

## FOR FINER FURNISHINGS

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specialists . . .*

## ANDREWS & CLARK

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND

"Craccum" is printed by the Auckland Service Printery for the proprietors, the Auckland University College Students' Association. Editor, G. L. Cawkwell; sub-editors, C. S. Belshaw, E. J. Keating, Dorothea J. Morrell, R. M. Singer; sports editor: K. G. Brookfield; circulation: Winsome Denne; Business Manager: A. P. Postlewaite; Secretary: Margot Hogben.





We note that Griff. Jones is affecting a Stetson of late. Not so hot headed these days, Griff?

Joe Sheffield has been burbling about mother-love lately. We didn't know Beverley was like that.

Sight of the week—Ken Brookfield disporting himself on the Dodgems (likewise Margaret Kissling and Margot Hogben).

Just what is bringing all these C.U.C. youths to Auckland? Our gorgeous blonde or garrulous brunette?

Table tennis is a fast game. And Islay Blake is a grand exponent of it.

Latest casualty — Peter Gamlen has succumbed to the wiles of a woman and gotten himself engaged. (He wishes to state that he was not an official S.C.M. candidate.)

Lois Stanton has taken the irrevocable step and is now a respectable married woman. We reiterate all the usual platitudes.

Unfortunately "Craccum" goes to press before Chateau news hits the burg. However, we guess there won't be much that Beverley Whyte won't be able to tell you.

We believe that Margot Bogben is the recipient of regular mail from overseas. We've heard the big brother story before.

Rumour hath it that Alan Odell (the sly dog) is wont to entertain our Aussie brunette (R-t -W-ll-m- to tea in his lab. The modern Ceasar Borgia?

We believe that Roy Jackson is a firm advocate of prohibition. However, as a yacht owner, he is not disinterested. Rum-running is a grand occupation.

## A HAPPY PARTY

at the

### Chateau Tongariro

Just as we were going to press late last week, "Craccum" head office received an urgent exclusive cable from our special correspondent at the Chateau Tongariro. It reported strange goings on in queer places, and is mostly unprintable. Our readers may, however, be interested in some of the following items:—

"Alan Segedin is the life and soul of the party, and very much the gallant gent. The two Beverleys are rather confusing, but Alan gets over the difficulty by dubbing Bev. Whyte "icky wee" or "icky" for short, and Bev. Hunter "Big Bertha."

"Peter Restall walks past in glowering rage as Helen Cranwell makes fast headway with Norman Shieff. Helen and Norrie cadge rides home from the mountain on a dray. Mailie, Jack Gill and Jimmie Waygood formed a rather happy threesome on Jim's motor-bike. Icky does better and cadges lifts in limousines.

"The food is super and Cecil as daddy at the head of the table makes a point of eating jelly under cream. He is one of those marvels who can swallow whole olives. Brother Alan has Mavie the waitress eating out of his hand.

"Graham Reid is inclined to look bored, but is perfectly managed by Big Bertha, who tells him to come out of his skin."

We leave the interested reader to guess the name of our correspondent. No prizes offered.

## HI-YO SILVER!

### Where, oh where has our Sweet Cissie Gone?

Remember the Pie Ball last year? A bumper show, wasn't it? Well, that's what we thought of End-of-Term Round-up—a grand party with everyone bubbling over with end-of-term exhilaration. Bob Kerr did a great bit of work with the mural fresco (or whatever it was) over the band — giddy-upping cowboys and prairie hosses and Warwick Bell's caricatures of Poppy White, Pluto Basset, the Wizard Odd etc. brightened up the walls. I don't know who was responsible for Cissie the Cow, but she was certainly what is known as a "feature" of the decorations. Last time I saw her she was hanging her head in shame on the entrance steps of the College.

The supper was certainly a surprise. Lime green, sunset pink and jaundice yellow packages were dispensed in the caf. with a secretive and knowing air by Marjorie and Frank (looking domestic). One could almost hear them saying "Come on kiddies, time for school, and here's your lunch." The exciting looking packages, disembowelled, revealed two apples, two sticks of chocolate, four sandwiches, two cakes!!

We noted:—

Orchids were the order of the day.

Bill Singer dancing (yes, sir!) rapturously to the rhapsody of "In the Mood" (hereinafter referred to as I.T.M.).

Les. Taylor proudly escorting one of our loveliest lovelies—Dorothy Bell. Beauty and the beast, what!

Bright boy Speight, looking not so bright, on week-end leave. We hear he is now taking a rest cure in the camp hospital.

Jock McEldowney, editor of "Canta," and rigid Calvinist, NOT wearing a polo-neck.

Two Mystery Questions:—

Who cheated six times in the Monte Carlo, and finally cut herself out?

Just who were the low crowd who sat in the middle of the floor? (For answer to this question refer five out of the ten members of our worthy Exec.)

## WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

### The Story of a Fatal Day

Thursday, August the 14th, was the great day—Election Day—the day on which every student (if he'd paid his Stud. Ass. fee) had the right to elect those he considered worthy of guiding the destiny of the Student body. And how many students exercised their right of franchise?

Is it possible that so many students don't give a damn who runs their affairs? In other colleges the days preceding a Students' Association election are filled with the animation that should not be the prerogative of a parliamentary election. But at A.U.C., apart from a burst of energy on the part of the S.C.M., and a minor ticket of Hongis, the attitude was generally apathetic. I don't advocate soap boxes in Albert Park—all I ask is an intelligent interest in student affairs.

For the benefit of those who do not know in whose hands lies their welfare we publish the result of the elections:

Graham Reid, Tom Bassett, Johnny Lyttelton, Cyril Belshaw, Arthur Lowe, Betty Sweetman, Winnie Tombs, Margot Hogben, Win-some Denne, Carol Ayers.

Ten good men (and women) and true are the Knights of the Oval Table, and we wish them a successful term of office.

## QUESTIONNAIRE

### For More Advanced Students

Who removed the arms from the Venus de Milo?

Julius Ceasar.

Socrates.

Ralph Jenkin.

Who was the original Waltzing Matilda?

Florence Nightingale.

Betty Sweetman.

Grace Darling.

Who wrote the Marseillaise?

Rouget de Lisle.

The Rev. Frank de Lisle.

Aubrey de Lisle.

Who sat like Patience on a monument?

Marjorie Anderson.

Peeping Tom.

Mrs. Odd.

Who said Amor vincit omnia?

Prof. Cooper.

X.Y.Z.

Carol Ayers.

Who designed St. Paul's?

Christopher Wren.

Monty Glengarry.

The P.W.D.

Which of these is the finest advocate of hair-restorer?

Your Medical Adviser.

Joe Sheffield.

IZB.

Who is actually the Voice of Experience?

Prof. Stone.

Alan Odell.

Mrs. Burns.

Who said "A rose by any other name?"

Romeo

Juliet.

Dick Matthews.

What does "V" stand for?

Vodka.

Vladimir.

Vomit.

Who said "Niobe has nothing on me!"?

Mother Macree.

Mother Hubbard.

Margot Hogben.

Who can talk his way out of any known Police Station?

Greenbottle.

Cyril Fletcher.

Cyril Belshaw.

Who is it brings quiet to the suffering?

The Lady with the Lamp.

Woman from way-back.

Woman on my weary mind.

Who told Toscanini where to get off?

Swing Razzby.

Tommy Dorsey.

Johnny Lyttelton.

Who lay low and said nuthin'?

Snodgrass.

Brer Rabbit.

Tri C.

Who put the umbrella on the tower?

Mr. Skyrme.

Morrison Cassie.

Prof. Ardern.

Who composed "Love is all"?

{ Bill Singer }

{ Ted Keating }

Tom Bassett.

Who has lately been considering taking the veil?

Johnnie Kleinstein.

Linley Wood.

Arthur Lowe.



## POINTS OF VIEW

To be truly tolerant is not necessarily to be neutral.—Lord McMillan.

At the present time films are the opium of the people.—Aldous Huxley.

If ever Fascism comes to America it will be called anti-Fascism.—H. P. Long.

The worst fault of the intellectuals is their assumption that there is no truth but that which they have learned.—Luis Sanchez.

Bias must be allowed for in estimating the value of evidence, but not in estimating the validity of argument.—Arnold Lunan.

If this is total war, then the job of thinking people is to take off the gloves and flay everything that stands for intellectual inertia, and its ever-waking partner, reaction.—Farrago

The enlargement of freedom has always been due to heretics who have been unrequited during their day and defamed when dead.—George Jacob Holyoake.

No free government, or the blessings of liberty, can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality, and virtue, and by a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles.—Patrick Henry.

We learn from history that we learn nothing from history.—Hegel.

The social problem of the future we consider to be, how to unite the greatest possible individual liberty of action with a common ownership in the raw materials of the globe, and an equal participation in all the benefits of combined labour.—J. S. Mill.

If Europe ever achieves political unity it will be as an international federation, not as a centralised empire: and this can only come about by the slow and difficult process of social and economic co-operation.—Christopher Dawson.

My suspicion of some unknown type of being associated with evolution is my tribute to its beauty, and to that inexhaustible queer-ness which is the main characteristic of the universe that has impressed itself on my mind during twenty-five years of scientific work.—J. B. S. Haldane.

Bureaucracy, by its very nature, is antipathetic to genius, courage, initiative and every mark of individualism. It is worse even than the despotism of an autocrat, because an autocrat may be a man of signal power and passionate patriotism, while bureaucracy can work smoothly only when in the hands of the mediocre.—A Gentleman with a Duster.

We have now the remarkable spectacle that just when many scientific men are all agreed that there is no part of the Darwinian system that is of any great influence, and that, as a whole the theory is not only unproved but impossible, the ignorant, half-educated masses have acquired the idea that it is to be accepted as a fundamental fact.—Professor Dwight.

Democracy may be in many of its acts irrational and illiberal. But let us use our reason and our liberty to reform these abuses. Do not let us imagine that we can preserve reason and liberty by first destroying them.—S. J. Gosling.

The plain man would tend to say that you cannot make a good omelette with bad eggs. Marx replies that the goodness of the omelette will itself make bad eggs into good eggs; which to the plain man is sheer nonsense.—F. Sheed.

The crude optimisms of old have given place to that pessimism which throughout history has been the fruit of Paganism, save insofar as human vitality is determined not to die, and is desperately trying to rebuild its ruins, but this time with spiritual principles and, in short, a creed.—C. C. Martindale.

## DOMINION RECONSTRUCTION

### Local New Order Gets Going

"It is useless and childish to say that we must wait until we have won the war before thinking of Reconstruction after the war. It will be too late then, and we shall only have a repetition of the aftermath of the Great War."

With this exhortation of Archbishop Averill ringing in its ears, the "Dominion Reconstruction Conference," mentioned in our last issue, has swung into action in its effort to wake New Zealand up to the necessity of planning now for "the good time coming."

"Craccum" is in on the news, and the other day sought out one of the leading members of the Dominion Executive, and between sips of tea contrived to get the low-down on the Conference from him.

On learning of our mission, he expressed his desire for the interest and support of youth in general and the student body in particular as to-morrow's leaders in the community. "Craccum" firmly did its best to disillusion him as to the products of N.Z.U., though with doubtful success. So take comfort, A.U.C.! Somebody trusts you!

As to the aims and objects of the Conference, we are informed that these are, briefly, to "establish a united moral and spiritual leadership" in the Dominion, with a view to showing "the great degree of unity and common purpose existing in the minds of our spiritual and moral leaders, and in the hearts of our people."

Expanding this, and in reply to a questioning of the accuracy of these assumptions, our victim declared that apathy was the biggest obstacle to overcome, and that if only people thought, they would come to common agreement on the principles and the desired ends of life. The differences would start when technique was considered. Though the conveners claim a Christian basis for the Conference, in the belief that "fundamental Christian principles alone can provide a true basis for

the people's welfare and a better order," the principles to be examined are not merely those commonly considered "theological," for the agenda covers a very wide field, including such details of social planning as Nutrition, Agriculture, and International Relationships, to mention only a few. The Dominion Constructors are the personification of keenness, and already some ten committees are preparing reports to be presented to the Conference itself, which, we understand, will be held in Wellington.

The Movement is obviously a challenge to the community, in the war-time atmosphere of increasing mental black-out. We may not be in accord with all the principles of its present conveners, or all the aspects of policy, but we would urge that students should not lightly reject its claims. For those who feel they have criticisms to make, the decision should be clear, since the Movement is democratic; while for those who decide that the Conference is barking up the wrong tree, there is surely an obligation to consider what course of thought and action they themselves are taking to prevent a recurrence of the Great War aftermath. Apathy simply will not do!

—N.G.S.

## TIT-BITS FROM THE TRAMPING CLUB

The Spartan souls who managed to fall out of bed the morning after the end-of-term round-up and catch the 9.15 train for Wai-takere were rewarded by a grand tramp to Mokoroa Falls. The expedition was led by Beverley Williamson, who had to curb the adventurous spirits of some members of the party who showed tendencies towards individualism. For tramping, you must understand, is a social or communistic pastime.

The falls were superb, and Betty Sweetman assured us that the water was great—after you'd pushed the chunks of ice out of the way!

The Segedins turned up in full force. Cec. with his usual little fund of stories, but taking care to respect the morals of the tramping club.

The editor of "Canta" graced the gathering with his presence, and gave a delightful rendering of an item entitled "There was a ruddy sparrow"—with appropriate actions.

The noise in the train coming home would have made a revue mob-scene sound like a mouse scratching in the wainscot.

## MOT

A person called Winsome  
Murmured "Gee, I am insome  
Most ghastly situations  
Because of complications."

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 1: KEN. BROOK-FIELD: I see your point.

## COUNTRY CAPERS

### Women's Hockey

On the afternoon of Friday, 29th August, a 'Varsity women's hockey team left Auckland for Dargaville to join in mortal combat with a formidable body known as the Northern Wairoa Representatives. Two cars made the trip, driven by Mollie Bailey and Dorothy Usher—we believe there is now a new Auckland-Dargaville record.

The match was played at 2 p.m. on Saturday, on a football field, at Rugby Park. The Auckland team seemed troubled by the unusual size and heavy condition of the ground. In the first half three goals were scored against them, and although there were several attempts at shooting in the second half, the match resulted in a win for the Northern team by four goals to nil.

As far as we can gather the people of Dargaville proved themselves the perfect hosts, and the trip was a complete social success. On Friday night the team was entertained at a picture party at the local theatre; the next morning they were shown the sights of Dargaville; afternoon tea on Saturday and then the grand Victory ball at night. The members of the team turned up to this rather sceptically, expecting to dance with the local yokels, and were astonished to find that celni-ci may have been locals, but they certainly weren't yokels!

Thanks, Dargaville, for a grand trip.

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 2: BETTY SWEETMAN:—Really I couldn't. I've always been shy.



## VICTORIA ON THE BALL A.U.C. BEATEN BUT NOT DISGRACED

Following receipt on an invitation from the Committee of the Victoria University Football Club, a match between Auckland and Victoria Colleges' Senior Fifteens was played at Athletic Park, Wellington, on Saturday, 30th August, as a curtain raiser to the Wellington versus Taranaki inter-provincial fixture.

Several years ago efforts were made by the Committees of both Colleges whereby the fixture between Auckland and Victoria should be an annual one played in alternate seasons in Auckland and Wellington. The success of this recent visit to Wellington indicated how unfortunate it has been that the annual fixtures between the Colleges were ever allowed to lapse. As far as this College is concerned, every effort will be made to resuscitate fixtures in the future and in this connection we are assured of very close co-operation from Wellington.

Our party left Auckland by the 3 p.m. train on Friday, 29th August, and included: E. J. Godley, J. J. Enwright, J. Cameron, J. S. Reynolds, C. Stitchbury, W. N. Mackie, I. F. Stirling, R. S. Tait, R. S. Skinner, D. W. Newman, D. B. Martin, G. L. Cawkwell, R. A. Armitage, J. D. Herrold, L. Woodhead, J. D. Williams, G. B. Reid. (Roy Lynds, a member of our 1940 side, now in the military forces, was on leave in Wellington over the week-end and acted as emergency for our team.)

The Victoria College team has met with a fair measure of success in the Wellington competitions during the season, and it was generally anticipated that the style of play of the opposing Colleges would make for bright open football. Unfortunately, due to heavy and continuous rain in Wellington over a period of almost three weeks, the ground in parts was in an unplayable condition. Both sides, however, were filled up with the idea that bright football was expected and, despite the conditions of the ground, a good exhibition was given. Auckland won the toss and from the kick-off Victoria took the offensive and with their forwards hunting well, kept Auckland pinned in their own territory. Efforts of the Auckland side to get their backs going looked like bringing success, but when one of the attacking movements broke down Victoria took advantage of the situation and, following a speculator, were awarded a very doubtful try. The wing, in attempting to scoop up the ball, appeared to throw it for-

ward over the line, but the referee awarded three points. This try was not converted. During the latter stages of the first spell, Auckland were very much on the attack, but owing to the difficult conditions, just failed on a number of occasions to cap off what were very good movements. Just before half time, one of the best back movements of the match resulted in Cooney cutting through for Victoria in fine style, and handing on to Mummery who scored a good try. In the second spell our side went very close to scoring on a number of occasions, but the bustling play of the Victoria forwards went a long way towards bringing their side's total points up to 17, Auckland failing to score. The writer does not feel justified in singling out any member of the Auckland side for special mention. There were no weak links, and generally speaking, the exhibition provided by them was deserving of a better result than that indicated by the score-board. Each man made the most of any opportunities that came his way, and the tackling, particularly in the backs, was very good.

In attendance at the game was Major T. G. Hislop, who was confronted with the task of selecting a New Zealand University side to meet the Wellington Provincial side on 27th September. Major Hislop explained that competition for selection in the N.Z.U. side was keener than it had been for some time, and he is indeed hopeful that the final selection will give an excellent account of itself in the

big match. Members of our team who are apparently in the running for selection on the New Zealand side are: G. L. Cawkwell, R. A. Armitage and D. W. Newman. The New Zealand selector, while very impressed with members of our back line, advised the writer that in the absence of K. D. McRae, Auckland Representative Five-eighth, it appeared that the South Island Universities would gain the nucleus of representation in the backs.

At the conclusion of the match against Victoria, a very pleasant function attended by players and supporters was held in the Athletic Park grandstand, those present including Mr. Roche O'Shea (previously Registrar of this College), and Mr. G. L. O'Halloran (permanent trustee under the A.U.C. Football Club Building Fund Trust). Our team was complimented on its performance, and even the most ardent followers of the Victoria XV acknowledged that the score-board did not do justice to our side, our backs having made every possible effort to produce that style of attractive football which is so very popular with the critics.

In the evening a very successful dance was held at Victoria College. Members of our party were guests of the V.U.C. Football Club and again gave a good account of themselves.

Reviewing the trip, our thanks must be accorded to those energetic members of the Victoria University College Football Club who did everything possible to make the occasion a successful one. A considerable amount of work was undoubtedly entailed, and in this connection the untiring efforts of O. J. Creed, Honorary Secretary, V.U.C.F.C. are well worthy of mention. Our special thanks also go to the New Zealand University Rugby Football Council which body helped to make the trip possible.

The V.U.C. XV is most anxious to visit Auckland during the 1942 season, and it will be extremely unfortunate if this cannot be arranged. So far as our own side is concerned all will readily admit that the benefits derived and the experience gained should go a long way towards building up a stronger side for coming seasons. The opportunity afforded our younger players of catching the eye of the selector of the N.Z.U. team is one that certainly should be worked to good advantage.

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# RALLY TO SUMMER SPORT University Clubs Need Your Support

Now that the Summer Sports Season is with us, it is opportune to remind first-year students and others that A.U.C. possesses Summer Sports Clubs which do not receive the support they deserve. This is due in a measure to the feeling that because the College is closed for three months or so in the year, it therefore goes out of existence until lectures are again resumed. However, that is not the case, for all through the summer months the spirit of comradeship which University life engenders, and the reputation of the College in public circles, are kept alive by the activities of the Athletic, Tennis, Swimming, Rowing, and Boxing Clubs.

These clubs all come into contact with other clubs in open competitions and frequently they find that star members of their opponents' teams are fellow students. Please note this is not intended as a plaintive wail. University sports clubs possess a fine reputation in sporting circles, and are most of them strong, healthy and progressive; but the point is that they suffer needlessly from erratic fluctuations in membership. Older members gradually drop out of active participation and are not immediately replaced by the young blood which comes to A.U.C. every year from the Secondary Schools. This is usually not due to any lack of interest in the University, but rather to a misconceived loyalty to the "old school tie."

We all develop a loyalty to each successive institution through which we pass during our lifetime, and rightly so. It is natural that each progressive stage in our development arouses a more fervent attachment than the preceding one. Logically this should continue throughout our lives. Yet somehow or other the Secondary School stage produces an attachment which is not easily transferred upon entering the University.

The probable reason for this is the large number of part-time students who find their studies make life an endless grind, coming as they do at the wrong end of a hard day in the office or the classroom. To these students the sports clubs now make an appeal. We want you people with us in the summer months. We promise you clean, hard sport and lots of fun besides. Remember, we don't have much chance to get to understand each other during the winter months. So how about contacting the secretary of the Sport you are interested in? You will receive a hearty welcome and will be surprised to find how many of your friends are already members.

—N.W.T.

NOTE:—The annual meeting of the Athletic Club will be held in Room 17 at 8 p.m. on Monday, Sept. 15th.

## HARRIER HOPES DROWNED

This year N.Z.U. Harrier Champs were held over the Wellington Provincial Championship course at Silverstream in the Hutt Valley.

The Auckland team, which had high hopes of winning the trophy for the third year in succession, had their hopes dashed somewhat when Graham Kofoed became unexpectedly ill at the last moment. He had a slight relapse of malaria which he had had previously as a result of his Rangitane experience.

With Kofoed unable to run, the team comprised: Q. Thompson, C. L. Green, G. H. Palmer, F. Orange, M. H. McKenzie, and J. G. Millar.

Kofoed's chances of carrying off the event were very bright; in fact, he was regarded as a certain winner. He had won it on two previous occasions, and came second on another so that his loss from the team was serious.

On the day before the race the visiting teams were conducted over the course. A slight warning of what was to come was given in the programme where we were instructed to bring waders or togs, but even that failed to conjure up in our minds a picture of anything like what was really in store for us.

To adequately describe the course one would need to verge on indecency, but some slight indication may be given by the fact that where two fords were intended to be included, there were in actuality at least half a dozen. There had not been a fine day for 23 days previous to the race, and the paddocks were sodden and boggy and frequently ankle deep in water.

The deepest ford was about 15 feet wide and waist deep with swiftly flowing icy cold water.

This 6½-mile course consisted of two laps commencing and finishing at St. Patrick's College, Silverstream.

Given fine weather the course would really have been an excellent one with plenty of variety, but no hills. It was just unfortunate that there had been such a phenomenal amount of rain prior to the race.

The starter's gun went punctually at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

O'Flynn, who was Victoria College's hope, and regarded as a likely winner, took the lead after the first half-mile. Coombes, of Otago, who had finished second the previous year, occupied second place and did his best to challenge O'Flynn, but the "wild Irishman," whose leg and arm action was decidedly disconcerting to say the least, managed to stave off the challenge and win comfortably in 41 mins. 5 secs.

Kirkwood, another Otago runner, took up third position early in the race and was passed only towards the finish by Thompson, of Auckland. Thompson ran a really outstanding race. He was definitely a dark horse, as he had been off form for a considerable part of the season with a strained tendon. He was well back in the field at the start and was slow in moving up, but after a while he began to pass the runners in great style, and nothing would stop him. About a mile from the finish he overtook Kirkwood, who tried to stave off the challenge, but Thompson was the fresher man, and he carried on irresistibly to finish third.

Fred Orange also ran a very fine race to finish fifth. He started off even more slowly than Thompson, and after half-a-mile had been covered he was right at the tail of the field. From then on he moved up steadily, moving very well over the boggy ground in spite of his short stature. He might have done even better had he started moving up sooner.

Auckland's third man home was the redoubtable Clements Green, who also moved through the field from almost last to finish 15th. Auckland's fourth man home was J. G. Millar, who came 20th.

M. H. McKenzie ran a very disappointing race to finish 21st. Much better was expected from him by his performances during the season, but at best he was a very doubtful quantity owing to a badly strained arch muscle in the left foot.

The result of the teams race in which the first four runners count was a narrow win for Otago with 24 points, with Victoria University College second with 25 points.

Auckland scored 43 points and came third, but an analysis of the results shows that had Kofoed run the Auckland team would have had a very good chance of winning.

After the race everyone adjourned to the Grand Hotel to celebrate or drown their sorrows as the case might be. In any case everyone enjoyed themselves, and we are all looking forward to bringing the trophy back to Auckland next year (war permitting).

Quentin Thompson and Fred Orange are to be congratulated on getting N.Z.U. blues.

This year only five blues were awarded instead of the usual six because of the war, and the fact that Kofoed was unable to run.

## Arbiter

A racing line of gaunt grey ships that pass,  
Are gone into the night. Around the helms,  
In violet light, dark figures pass and speak,  
Where pointers creep the round of dials  
luminous.

Under curving hoods of steel keen men  
Are watching, as on they drive, the bitter  
seas.

Guns swing round, ponderous fingers pointing

At the foe. Nearby brass glints and helmets,  
Where masked men crouch and breech  
blocks rattle

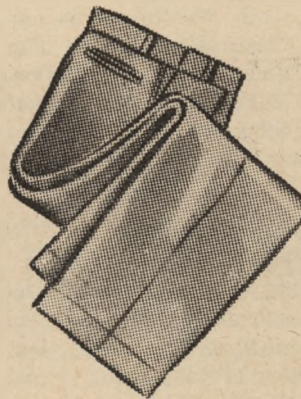
In the whispering gloom. A dull boom  
distant on the sea;

Zero hour.



## SPORTS SLAKS

NEVER OUT OF SEASON



Every man needs a pair of H.B. Slaks with pleats, tunnel loops, and slant pockets. . . Made from pure woollen English Worsted Flannel, in Grey, Blues and Greens.

29/6

Cut in strict conformity  
with the latest  
London styles.

*Hallensteins*

Queen Street and Karangahape Road



## CRACKS AT CRACCUM OR THE COLLEGE CINDERELLA?

[For the last issue of "Craccum" the Editor has invited criticism of "Craccum," and has certainly received it. However, much of the criticism is a repetition of the matter contained in his own Publications Report, and read at the A.G.M. The sum of that report was that the style "Craccum" has followed for the last few years is now played out, and the new Editor should abandon both the old wine and the old bottles.]

Sir—

You invite me to have a crack at "Craccum." I accept with pleasure. It's the most sporting thing "Craccum's" done for many a long year. One wonders whether "Craccum" isn't really cracked (wise-crack? huh!).

Given this generous opening, one is tempted to spread oneself. However, let me, sportingly, confine myself to the field of sport. This is an important aspect of student life, and, as such, should receive the constant and earnest attention of the editorial committee of "Craccum" and the secretaries of the different sports clubs. But it doesn't! Sports news is inclined to be the Cinderella of "Craccum." It lacks colour, verve and raciness. The typographical make-up needs imagination and variety. Too often the material is dry and out-of-date, and shows indications of having been hurriedly assembled.

When will the different sports bodies realise the potentialities of "Craccum"? When will "Craccum" staff encourage that realization?

Perhaps some day the Prince will come.

—LOFTY.

### And Now Little Willie

Sir,

I have heard so many dirty cracks at the matter of "Craccum" that I have decided to devote my little helpful suggestions to externals. When I was a kid at school my mother used to wrap my lunch in "Craccums" that my big brother brought home. (I think he collected them from the chairs outside the library.) Now my little brother does the same, but he says the gang thinks it's a lousy rag, and that Frankie Smithers, whose lunch is wrapped in "Truth," has been elected line prefect. When I did Botany I tried to press my specimens in "Craccum" sheets, but they weren't absorbent enough. Do you think you could rectify this, because there are lots of uses for nice soft paper.

I think you could save metal and win the war by dispensing with the little clips that hold the pages together. It would be a much more "Friendly" paper (and we're all walking hand-in-hand along the friendly road, aren't we?) if it came to bits and we could hand little chunks of it to our pals in the next benches in lectures. But I've discovered one grand thing about "Craccum"—it burns! Pop says that the bon fire we had last Guy Fawkes Day was better than John Burns' effort. That doesn't sound right, but never mind. I've just been writing "Craccum" contributions.

—LITTLE WILLIE.

### Stranger at the Gate

Sir—

Having been treated very well recently by sundry members of your staff, I am extremely chary of taking a crack at "Craccum"; and being Editor of another 'Varsity paper, I feel the least competent of your readers to criticise your efforts. But here are a few rather dogmatic and highly insignificant thoughts I have formed about "Craccum." They should be regarded as purely personal ideas, and not at all constructive.

I think a 'Varsity paper should be a newspaper. Your form is an attempt to be

like a magazine, and the rarity of the occasions on which "Craccum" is published prohibits it from keeping up with the news.

"Canta" has four pages with 18-in. columns and appears fortnightly, and, as I am not responsible for that arrangement, I can thoroughly recommend it. The form gives scope for bright lay-out along unsensational lines. "Canta" sells at 1d, but "Craccum" would probably have to start off at 2d in wartime. Profits could be spent in having blocks made, and these, with new type faces in the headings, could make a very live paper.

The Editor should be independent of the Executive, although appointed by it, and his job should occupy all his spare time. Your system of choosing him from among the Exec. members is bad, for it means that his opinions are the respectable ones shared by the mysterious body he belongs to. He should be able to put all his energies into his paper, until his first name becomes "Craccum." As it is, "Craccum" threatens to become merely a bit of rubbish disgorged from time to time from the Exec. room.

I have been disappointed this year that "Craccum" has had no controversial articles written in such a way as to attract attention. A 'Varsity paper shouldn't be respectable—it should interview people it doesn't like, and not only inoffensive idiots like the Hongis—why not go and see the big noises on the Education Board? Even a scurrilous article is better than a dull one. And don't be taken in by the cry that you are destructive. No article is destructive that makes people think. An editor has not succeeded in his job unless he has had dozens of letters denouncing him. If he is dull, people just won't bother.

You have my permission to write to "Canta" and point out my inability to keep to even my own dictums.

—W. J. McELDOWNEY,  
(Editor of "Canta.")

### Speaking Candidly . . .

Members of the Staff were last week contacted by "Craccum" reporters in an endeavour to gain helpful criticism that was really worth while. At first our success was not all that could be desired—most were out when we rang or called. Professor Stone was busy. Professor Rutherford diplomatically declined to comment. Professor Fitt declared that he hadn't had the opportunity to look at it properly and it would therefore be unfair to make a comment. Professor Sewell was more frank. "Your reporting is rotten" he said, or words to that effect. It is imagined that we blushed and beat a hurried retreat to the more sympathetic lecturers.

Mr. Rodwell said that the standard of our English were not all that it might of been. But "Craccum," he admitted, was a good news sheet—at least it could be if clubs and individuals could be persuaded to take a more active interest in it. Mr. Crawley was more ambitious. "It's time some paper gave us a candid film review," he said. "Craccum" used to do something in that line. Why not again? Why not?

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 4: BEVERLEY  
WHYTE:—I'm an absolute clam.

### Pacific Idyll

Once upon a time this year there was a lovely little island in the Pacific Ocean. It had forests and streams and grasslands, and cold and icy mountains, and weird and wonderful caverns. When it rained it rained, and boy, oh boy! when it was fine, no kidding, but the sun blazed down on the grass the rain had made green and burned and burned so that all the colours came out, the colours of mountains, grasses, forests, waters, and sparkled and glowed in your eye all for the looking at them. It was a very nice little island.

But the people were a funny sort of people. I don't mean they were out of the ordinary. They were the same as most people, I guess, in most countries. In this little Pacific island, as in other countries, they got hold of some crazy notion that the best way to live was for each person to squabble over the cutting down of as many forests as possible and the chewing up of as much grassland as possible, and the taking of as many fish out of the sea as possible.

So that once upon a time, which, as I said before, was this year, the Pacific Island was still very nice—it could hardly be anything else, but it wasn't as nice as it could have been if everybody had clubbed together and stopped silly individuals doing these things, usually at cross purposes. You see, people were quarrelling about which trees which people could chop down and when they didn't do that spent their time working out plans for paying their servants as little as possible so that they could chop down some more trees; or plans for selling as many trees that nobody by this time wanted to as many people who by this time didn't want them for as much money as possible so that they could pay their servants for cutting down still more trees that nobody by this time really wanted at all. It took a lot of time and trouble and energy to do these things, and to work out how to do them. So they paid themselves a lot of money for it.

They didn't have time to look really closely at the really nice things in their nice little island because if they did the wood wouldn't be chopped and if they used mechanical choppers they wouldn't have had money and anyway their servants would be unemployed and the only other way out was communism, and that would be too bad. So they trooped down to the nearest store and bought the smallest and cheapest and easiest book to read because everybody was reading it and it was a best-seller. It said Titian was a fine painter. Liberty is here and it's a fine thing—look at all the wood it's enabled you to chop. The Pacific island is a beautiful country. Epstein is crazy. Einstein is a great man. Don't forget to educate your children—initiative, you know, initiative. And the people believed these things, although they'd never seen one of Titian's paintings, had never experienced Liberty, had never opened their eyes to the beauty of their country, didn't know at what or whether Epstein was driving, hadn't the foggiest notion of what relativity was trying to tell them. So they thought education must be grand and sent their children to the University.

When the children came to the University, the Professors wrapped their gowns around them; it looked impressive but was really meant to hide the patches; they wrapped their gowns around them and said everything from Titian is a fine painter to educate your children. Some thought the Professors were plain nuts, and either made trouble and said so, or else went to sleep in the library. Some thought the Professors were very wise and experienced and behaved themselves, and did what they were told. Initiative, you know,



initiative. Most didn't think at all but gossiped into lectures and frolicked out of them, and rolled in and out of pubs, and trotted round dance floors and said (if pressed), oh yes, very good notes, aren't they. They were all very sensible because when they left University and the tree-cutters hobnobbed with the wood-sellers, there was no doubt that everybody was saying Titian was a fine painter and don't forget to educate your children. It was all so easy and such a nice way to meet people.

Of course all this is really not about wood-cutters and the University at all. It's really about the University paper. I just put in that about the wood-cutters to make it a little more cunning and a little more difficult. What you're supposed to say now is aha, "Craccum" must be a jolly good paper, because "Craccum" is a good, nice, comfortable, *civilised* sort of paper. It doesn't make trouble at all. It goes to sleep in the library or creates a little bit of spicy gossip and doesn't spoil little games that people like to play like "I'll Bet You a Fiver I Can Call the University a Worse Name Than You Can." And it writes up so accurately what the Professors say to the Intellectuals who go to clubs (or at least it apologises if it doesn't). If Titian is a good painter and the Professors say so, and when the Intellectuals agree, why, "Craccum" says so, too. All this is very good, because that's what the wood-cutters want it to do.

You know, in the United States the people have a statue called the Statue of Liberty. They come from all over the world to see this statue and they play round with it, inside it, up it, watching commerce pass beneath them from the very top of it and it's a long way up. At first they said to themselves "We've got a Statue of Liberty." Then they forget it was just a statue and said "We've got Liberty." The people of the United States are going to get an awful shock one morning when they wake up and find that their Liberty never existed except as a Statue.

In the Pacific Island, too, there is a Statue. They call it the University, which means truth, courage, action through thought. And they often forget its only a Statue. "Craccum" might be able to make it a little bit more than a collection of stone and paper. "Craccum" might be able to make it not merely a cynosure of eyes, but of minds. "Craccum" might some day wake up to find itself controversial, of importance enough to be censored, of power enough to make the guilty frightened and ashamed. It might even bestir itself to defend the University from attacks by the prejudiced and misinformed, to present ideas that make people think and quarrel and act upon. It's time someone had a shot at waking the University up. If the University is dead, how can the community be alive?

--WIGGERLEY-WOO.

### ROUND THE RUGGED ROCKS

Concerned collegiennes cannot condone caustic cracks at "Craccum." Can Cawkwell continue confidently consistently condemned? Condescending critics, culture-crazy, cwestion carefully-considered contributions. Culture for coppers! Carefree collegiennes confirm "Craccum's" cracks considerably cuter; calculated cacology, candid comments--corker! Cindly cater (a)ccordingly. ("Ciwi" can conserve curdled college culture.)

--"CRACKED."

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 3: WARWICK BELL:  
—It's all right. I've just written an awfully jolly little clerihow about it.

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 5: GRAHAM REID:  
—I would if I could.

## OCCASIONAL POEM

— or —

### AMOR DIDDLETH OMNIA

Thesis:

Dont you think it  
Tends to make  
Everything frightfully jolly when  
People all about can see  
(Without the slightest provocation)  
Unalterable fine lines that gather smoothly  
In anaemic rooms  
Primrose yellow,  
And hidden, inner meanings in  
The round confines of garbage tins.  
And at that very moment some  
Thrice-execrated goop will come  
And play a bazooka  
Hauntingly.

Antithesis:

It's all because romantics will ignore  
The trivialities concealed with loving care  
By Editors in  
The slimy paths of Learning  
At their feet  
And will not garner what they might  
From their communings, soul to soul.  
And then again you'll find some ham  
With far less inner feeling than  
A rattlesnake  
Babbling on of X Y Z—impostered  
Inhibitions (magazine-fostered)  
And altruistic social knowledge.  
The man is soulless.

Synthesis:

So let us finish up (epilogue after dissertation)  
And cool by the wind of sanctimonious exhortation—  
"Oh that there were time, time, to seize  
Our love with careful calipers  
—Unknown the subtle protest of the victim"  
That bit's O.K., we grant you that,  
One sees what Ronald means, in fact,  
But then again we really must  
In parting leave this parting thrust (redundancy after innuendo)  
If R.L. thinks, in all the [see next line for continuation]  
Naive and touching simplicity of his Daphne-pure innocence  
[see Nioble for interpretation]

Moral:

That out of diversity  
Unity cometh—  
And out of complexity  
Leaps the design,  
Then all we can say  
Is the bloke is just stultus.  
And though it may be  
And indeed often is  
That out of diversity  
Unity cometh  
From this university  
Leaps a design  
One might class as roccoco  
Or something much worse though  
It was put very simply  
That the amorous pimply  
Young student who gluts  
College rags up with such  
Stuff as this is much worse  
Than roccoco  
He's nuts.

—M.P.

### THOUGHT

A delightful young lady called Fowler  
Committed a horrible howler  
By remarking that she  
Just considered that he  
Was just a dirty old man.

### MORE CLERIHEW

Miss Betty S.  
Would be in a mess  
Should her imagination  
Equal her agitation.

### FURTHER THOUGHT

A callow romantic  
In accents pedantic  
Discoursed to his love  
Of the moon  
Not knowing that she  
Detested the b—  
Who did nothing whatever  
But spoon.

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 7: DOROTHEA MORRELL:—I think everything's too marvellous for words.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### COME NOW GEORGE

Sir,—

I have been a regular subscriber to your paper all this year, but of recent weeks I must confess that it has been against my better judgment to exchange my valuable three-pence for a rag which even puts the fire out. Now why should this be? Here we are, partakers of what is known as Higher Education, and it is my belief that the higher we go the lower we should become in our moments of relaxation. But when in the cosy atmosphere of a French Literature lecture I unfold my "Craccum" what do I find? Where are the titillating tit-bits, the spicy scandal, the cutting comments, the Machiavellian murmurs concerning the Lives and Loves of our Great Ones at College? All I see are a few vague references to weeks' old intrigues that everyone knows about anyway, and dozens and dozens of classy points of view which don't interest anyone much anyway. This censorship points to one thing, and one thing only.

George, if I may be so familiar, you're afraid! You're afraid that if you don't place a stringent watch on the paper something detrimental to yourself might creep in; something hinting at the murky depths of your past hidden beneath that suave exterior. Are you the man who has the right to exert such censorship? I am all for a Bigger, Brighter and Bawdier "Craccum." Cut out this censorship and get more subscribers —HOPEFUL.

### CAF COMPLAINT

Sir,—

"Food, beautiful fo-o-od  
Whether it's boiled or stewed  
As long as it can be chewed . . ."

That, sir, appears to be the theme song of those who stir the cauldrons in the common eating house of the College—the Caf. For years now I have felt the bloom of youth slipping, nay, being swept from me. In vain I have expended my Schol. cheques on remedies for dyspepsia, gastralgia and flatulence, but I have decided that the time has come for violent action. We must dispense with the ambulance at the bottom of the cliff and erect a fence at the top.

It is to me a constant source of wonder that, with the food conscious public of Auckland rising in arms under the inspired leadership of Sir Arbuthnot Chapman, the University has remained a citadel of mediaeval witchcraft. Do we, in whose hands lie the future of the race (as we were told at school) strive so unswervingly in pursuit of knowledge that we neglect our corporeal beings? But were we not (at school) impressed with "mens sana in corpore sano" and the fact that an army marches on its belly?

It now appears that all work and no decent food makes Jack a B.A.!

I wonder how many students are dependent upon the Caf. for a good nourishing meal once a day—a meal that will supply them with the requisite proteins, minerals, vitamins. I haven't mentioned carbohydrates because the average student eats far too much bread, potatoes and cake, anyhow.

Have you ever thought just how you get your proteins, etc.? The meat that is metamorphosed into pies would cause any self-respecting cow to hang her head with shame. Why can't we have juicy steak, succulent chops or as a special treat fricassee of rabbit? (Note: This latter item is an everyday dish at C.U.C.) As for vitamins! What vegetable can be expected to retain its quota of vita-

mins when its subjected to a severe gruelling and floods of aqua, no matter how pure it may be?

The Americans certainly have the right idea. Let's have our cabbage raw. You wrinkle your nose, but have you ever tried a real cabbage salad?

As for the conventional pudding!!! Starch and sugar—truly a grisly combination! Give us fruit, plenty of it, and fruit that is uncontaminated by pastry. Not apple pulp, but stewed apples, pears, dried apricots, etc., and would it be too much to mention a fruit salad?

Just another sore point: I can buy a milk shake in Queen Street for 4d, but in the Caf I pay 4d for a small glass of ordinary milk. At the present time milk is 3½d a pint, yet the impecunious student is stung 4d for less than half-a-pint. Why? (I also notice they've cut out the ice in the water.)

"We must DO something" (quote, Revue).

—BRUNHILDE.

### THE HARRIERS OBJECT

Sir,—

In the last issue of your paper you have not published the Harrier notes supplied to you by our reporter.

These notes are prepared with the object of having them published, and concern a University Sports Club which does something about the college. We would suggest that you take more notice of things of some importance, rather than printing weak invented scandal, etc., such as your paper, the mouthpiece of the University, is in the habit of doing.

We would like to know whether it is worth our while trying to make known our successes in the field of sport, to the students of the college, or whether another attempt will again be deposited in your waste-paper basket.

I. B. REYNOLDS.

[We're sorry the scandal is so weak, but generally we don't invent it. Thanks all the same for your "strong" letter.—Ed.]

### FRESH WOODS

Sir,

In this year's publications there has been repeated reference to the shortcomings of this College, both in itself, and in its success, or rather failure, in entirely divorcing itself from the public. Even allowing for the many improvements that have been suggested there can be no amelioration until there is a decided change in the attitude that prevails at this College.

In "Craccum's" "line-up" of Executive candidates practically every other nominee was asked his opinion of "Craccum." Apart from the fact that this, together with verdicts on Capping, is very slender evidence on which to judge a person's capabilities, "Craccum" does not warrant such a privileged position. It is one of our few institutions that is firmly established and flourishing, while there is an immediate need for constructive criticism and development in other directions.

One contributor to last "Craccum" was greatly concerned about song books, tampering with coat-pegs and letter-racks, and the like. Although "Hongi" has my sympathies he has been guilty of "putting the cart before the horse." He advocates that we should select Executive members who would ruthlessly crash all such goings-on, but the only effective way to prevent this is to thoroughly extend our 'Varsity life so as to engender a proper spirit, without which this College is dead. The prevalence of this spirit would frustrate all such acts contrary to the well-being of the College and its members, while freeing the Executive from the responsibilities of glorified Secondary School prefects, which is what "Hongi" implies that they should be.

—DUBOIS.

### HONGI EXPLAINS

Dear Sir,—

On behalf of the Hongis I wish to say that we were very disgusted and disappointed with the last issue of "Craccum." We decided several months ago that it would exhibit bad taste to drag on the Capping incident, by writing more to "Craccum," as we considered it well finished. "Craccum," however, preferred to show this bad taste, and throughout the paper we find a nasty and sadly belated reference to the Hongis and Capping. Surely the Editor can find better material to use than re-hashed personal grievances from the previous publication!

Unfortunately the Hongis gave some publicity to toilet paper, but far less than that subsequently given by "Craccum." I am sure this is not the desire of the college in general.

It appears that the two main questions asked candidates for Exec., when interviewed by "Craccum," were, what did they think of "Craccum" and, secondly, did they like the Hongi activity at Capping. The former was just a waste of good time and paper, and the second showed a confounded cheek, being very puerile and personal, and, may I repeat, horribly belated.

Looking through the last "Craccum" we see at least a dozen sneaking digs at the Hongis. Even Aunt Alice descends to this. Can't the editors force their fine literary minds on to a few other up-to-the-moment topics?

It is a pity the retiring President could not find something better to say in his last letter, which is very full of destructive criticism, but offers no suggestions for better things to do. Constructive criticism and help seems foreign to our governing student body.

For those who discredit the pro-'Varsity spirit of the Hongis, let me say that we do not have to associate ourselves with student activities, and if merely interested in our own enjoyment we could very successfully be an independent self-centred social body, having no contact with other students. This is, however, not our idea of true 'Varsity spirit.

("Hongi was the bravest of the Ngapuhi braves who were reputed to be the most resourceful and valiant of our native warriors. Hence the name of this Club indicates that it is at least ambitious. A club formed to endeavour to awaken the student body from the lethargy into which it had fallen must needs be ambitious.

"The main objects of the club are to promote interfaculty comity, brighten 'Varsity life, and assist in charitable efforts.

"The club differs from other 'Varsity organizations in that its numbers are limited. This was necessitated by its abnormal growth which threatened to sap its vitality. Thus with an initial limit of 30 which was later extended to 50, and subsequently enlarged to 70, the club, in the interests of efficiency, definitely fixed its membership at this last number. Its limits, however, only apply to sex and number. It is comprised of male students of all faculties and organisations, and endeavours to provide a foundation upon which interfaculty comity may be promoted. When possible it asks fellow students to join in its activities and the club has many friends outside its ranks.

"The club is perhaps best known to the public in connection with its assistance to charity appeals. Many requests in this connection are received, but the club finds it necessary to conserve its energies for special appeals.")

—HONGI.

[Candidates for Exec. were asked about Capping so that no one who championed such puerility should hide his light under a bushel. These protests are self-revealing. We begin to see that Hongis really are not worth bothering about.—Ed.]



# BOOK REVIEWS

**OUR TIME**—Incorporating "Poetry and the People."

A new magazine has appeared in England. In these days of blitzkreigs and paper control authorities, it is an event for a new paper to appear in England. To us it will be an even greater event when "Our Time" is regularly sold in Auckland bookstalls.

"Our Time" is the story of jobs—the way people do their jobs in wartime, the things they see when they do them, the things they think about. Not every sort of job, but jobs connected with "the theatre, graphic art, music, architecture, and literature." To quote activities are not luxuries or decorations on the opening announcement still further, "these the border of social life, they are necessities to its development as essential as food and sleep. And, like food and sleep, there is now too little of them. The people who write here want to restore these essentials to human living."

Who are these people? They are artists, experts, who have maintained a consciousness of their social purpose, who are vitally interested in the happenings around them. You will know some of them—Beatrix Lehmann, John Banting, Randall Swingler, Sylvia Townsend Warner, and many others.

They are very frank, and realistic. In Vol. I, No. 1, the reader is shown in all its grim reality the horrors of the blitz. Pen pictures of desolation and despair. And the lighter side—"A Piece About Army Songs," in which Montagu Slater describes the pointed humour of the original, un-bowdlerised "Quartermaster's Store." The drawings, often crude, but certainly expressive. You'll be impressed with the double spread in the centre of the issue—sketches of mass meetings by Davy to the theme of William Morris's "March of the Workers." And many of the criticisms, implied and stated, of Government policy on topics from war posters to city reconstruction, from generalship to charity.

"Our Time" describes contemporary life in England as few other papers do — frankly, vividly, honestly. It is both depressing and cheery, for though it paints a grey picture, its spirit of open criticism leads the reader to look to the future with a certain amount of optimism.

## THE DON FLOWS HOME TO THE SEA

(By Mikhail Sholokhov. Translator: Stephen Garry. Putman.)

This latest novel by the young Soviet writer Sholokhov has a threefold interest. It has literary interest because it is the third, and, I presume, the last of a series written to portray the effect of the Russian Revolution on the lives and characters of the Don Cossacks. It is the third, but we hope not the last, full-length novel by a man who has been claimed to be one of the greatest writers of the century. It has a human interest because it

paints the picture of common people working out their destiny in their individual ways in the face of indescribable social chaos. And it has a topical interest because it deals with the people, the places, and the very situations that are uppermost in the thoughts of everyone who has access to a radio or a newspaper.

"The Don Flows Home to the Sea" tells the story of the same people that appeared in "Quiet Flows the Don." It tells the story with the same realism and the same sympathy with every aspect of life. It brings out the complicated conflicts that take place in the heart and mind of the individual who thinks and tries to act rationally—Gregor Pantaleivich Melekhov. It describes the yearning of the Cossack for the soil on which he was reared, the unprintable horror and destruction of war, the sickness of the soldiers who want nothing more than to return home and live in peace, the idealism and brutality of those who remain with the forces.

Unfortunately it must be admitted that the last of the trilogy does not reach the standard set by its predecessors. It is a little too long, and the essentials are repeated too often. But the same first-hand knowledge and minute observation, the same love for everything human and everything natural is evidenced.

Finally, it should be mentioned that no better disproof than these three books could be given to the assertion that the government of the Soviet Union exercises a repressive censorship or prevents criticism leaving the country. They were all published originally in Moscow, and all criticise to varying degrees aspects of Soviet rule, especially in "Virgin Soil Uplifted." The books are written to show the effect of social change on the individual, and not to defend or to criticise any particular regime. Their purpose is human rather than social. And they show in a way that could not be bettered the human difficulties which the Soviet Government has had to overcome.

## Women Dominant

At lunch-time Friday, the 15th, Joan Howie led on to the field her neatly-dressed team of sweet delicate girls to play basketball against the picturesquely clad team of rough-tough men captained by Eric Godley. The boys all wore female attire ranging from plumed trojan helmets (the latest fashion, we believe) to "hot" scanties, and from tiger-striped jerseys to Victorian petticoats.

The males were so overcome with the charming sweet things that they allowed the women to walk right through them and score in the first minute. Joan Howie was a dangerous player throughout the game, but found herself efficiently marked by Eric Godley in the second spell. The men showed considerable superiority towards the end, but could not catch up the big lead the women acquired in the first half. Final score: ????

The large crowd of spectators was kept

amused by some bright individual performances such as:

Winsome Denne wrestling with Perc. Newland. Two falls to Winsome.

Jean Livingstone trying to jump in two directions at once in an attempt to mark Jim Lowe.

Pauline Buddle jumping over Peter Wong.

George Schischka lovingly worried that he hurt Lynda Wrigley.

Ted Giles looking bashful in a skirt which reached down (or rather up!) to a very dangerous level.

Bill Humphrey falling in love with seductive Norm Page. However the rumour that they are engaged is false.

One of the men could not sleep all night because he had a nightmare that Joan Howie was chasing him. She got him, too!

## Another Thought

Now wouldn't it be really grand  
If everyone could understand  
The why's and wherefores from the start  
Of certain symptoms of the heart.  
'Twould surely save, we have no doubt,  
A lot of finicking about  
And save much time and occupation  
And overcome that self-inflation  
Which as a natural conclusion  
Is bound to bring on sex confusion.  
There should we feel exist a way  
Maintained by those who've had their day  
To regulate the student passion  
And lead in more becoming fashion  
The falt'ring footsteps of the yearning  
Along the prickly paths of learning  
Abolish the puerile smeary maudlin  
Habit of lengthy loutish dawdling  
Within the shade of arch and cloister  
To squeeze a smirking persimmon-moister  
Treachly gush of recognition  
(Product of clandestine erudition  
Blatantly based in sickly manner on  
The juicier excerpts from Decameron)  
From the jaundiced ogling eye  
Of the stocking passing by.  
This suggestion, free from malice  
Discreetly murmured to Aunt Alice  
Would reach a logical termination  
In the eventual ruination  
Of the present absurd condition  
Of magazine-fostered inhibition  
Which takes the place within the college  
Of altruistic social knowledge.  
One would suggest a permanent resident  
Office controlled by our Stud. Ass. president  
To undertake this urgent mission  
Assisted by the inbred vision  
(To use a euphemistic expletive),  
Of certain members of Executive.  
Such subtle move as this we're sure  
Would form an atmosphere pure  
Within whose boundaries serene  
Would be no niche for the obscene  
And where no error should defile  
The Spring of Romance Juvenile.

—"JOHN WILSON."

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# "ROSTRUM"

Disregarding the wise saw about comparisons—which is actuated mainly by timidity and is quoted most often by those in fear of retrospective brickbats—one can confidently say that this year's issue of "ROSTRUM" is the best to date. The highest compliment that can be paid it is, we think, that it is generally readable. One could not ask for much more than that, and it is quite certain that previously we have been given considerably less. It might be justly considered somewhat "curate's egg," but it is better for a magazine of this type to have highs and lows, and thus embrace as many types of readers as possible, than to present a blank, homogeneous and unprepossessing front as in the past.

This is not to say that "ROSTRUM" is informed by extraordinary literary and editorial ability, but the changes that were made, in content and format—which was excellent—were all for the better, and do betoken a selective endeavour on the part of the compilers. The illustrations, for instance—photographic, pencil, and line—were consistently good, and were the best feature of the magazine.

Fully to appreciate "ROSTRUM" one must appreciate the difficulties attending its production. As M.F.H. pointed out in an adequate editorial, the apathy of students is notorious, and when they do feel the urge to write, it is more often than not on some recondite topic as "The Culture of the Australian Aboriginal, or the vast debt we owe to the Icelandic." This is nothing more than literary selfishness and self-indulgence, for the exposition of such abstruse speculations lacks wide appeal and in general makes unattractive reading—though we realise that to be read is at any time almost the height of sanguine expectation. We do not mean to infer thereby that writers should confine themselves to subjects which do not admit of serious treatment, but we do maintain that, in dealing with them, they may yet be profound without being unintelligible, and enlightening without being pretentious.

Contributions to "ROSTRUM" were not heavy, despite the most energetic activities on the part of A.U.C.'s sedulous committee, and the selection of appropriate material caused considerable editorial heart-burning. Not all choices were wise, though we realise that suitability had in some cases to give way to exigency. "A Primer on Patents," by A.D.B. and I.W., for example, did not deserve a place in a magazine of "ROSTRUM'S" standing. Its aim—a cutting condemnation of patent medicine quackery—was worthy, but its execution was scarcely on a par. In an effort to be trenchant, its authors succeeded merely in being facetious. Some of their comments lacked the twist which distinguished satire from plain statement of fact, vide "R stands for Reform—urgently needed." Quite so. It is a sad comment on the response of our University literateurs that this artless sort of stuff has to be included in their sole representative organ for want of better substitutes, and that its authors are to be complimented on having taken the trouble to write it at all.

That, despite student sluggishness and paucity of contribution, "ROSTRUM" was so much in demand, demonstrates how attractive the editors contrived to make it—though, in A.U.C. at any rate, the welter of highly-coloured advertisements strung about its august and startled corridors, greatly influenced the record sales: another example of the acumen and ingenuity of the local committee.

Unfortunately, if by nothing else, "ROSTRUM" is handicapped at the outset by its very nature. Being annual, any remarks its contributors may make must be generic rather than particular—they are deprived even of the expedient of parochial comment which individual University annuals permit. They must, that is, deal with trends rather than incidents, and this restriction leads to difficulties. For the writer must use a spacious canvas and depict in broad outlines, in which case his brush is apt to become clogged and his energy dissipated in vague, meaningless flourishes, or he must limit himself to the treatment of general schemes and purposes by reference to one in particular, in which case the reader is apt to find himself looking at the result as if through the wrong end of a telescope.

In the past, the tendency has been to the former, and writers have essayed to deal with wider fields of speculation than they could comfortably cope with. This meant that matter was not instantly intelligible—and perspicuity should be the first consideration in a magazine such as "ROSTRUM," which must cater for people whose acquaintance with literature is slight, as in the present instance, but who would be ruffled by any

suggestion that their appreciation of it were any the less acute on that account—and that loose ends were left littered untidily about.

"Historical Prejudice," by Alan Horsman, and "We the People," by S. S. Amies, come under this head. We do not mean to suggest that neither of these writers had not a complete grasp of their subjects—but we do aver that they failed to convey their meaning with immediate clarity, and that made difficult reading—in the case of "Historical Prejudice" so difficult indeed that at first perusal the casual reader might perhaps have been justified in coming uneasily to the conclusion that maybe the author meant nothing at all.

Mr. Horsman's literary style is rather like a steam roller, and leaves one feeling as flat as a piece of ribbon tooth paste. There is throughout the article a conscious striving after depth of expression—resulting in such phrases as "contemporarily accepted criteria" which sounds like a mouthful of prunes—and lofty critical dicta. To savour the mixture, Mr. Horsman appears to have taken pains to drag in as many references to names, works and philosophies as space and the scope of his arguments permitted, and the result is something like plum-pudding over-stuffed with rich spices.

Mr. Horsman, no doubt pre-occupied with the ramifications of his subject, failed to realise that the average stomach is sensitive, and likes its more solid fare in small digestible doses.

Profundity of thought, it is obvious, does not inevitably follow from complexity of style, and lucidity is to be preferred to both. The happiest combination is that of high implication and transparency of expression. The wider the knowledge, the simpler should be the language in which it is clothed.

These objections may seem to be prompted by the prejudice of ignorance, on the principle that what we do not understand we will not understand. But it is not the content of Mr. Horsman's article to which we take exception—in that he shows an enquiring, original and constructive mind—but the manner in which he has framed his asseverations.

In "We, the People," S. S. Amies sets out to deal with what he calls, without a redeeming blush, the "proletarianisation of culture," a hideous term and a hideous proposition, and hideously hath he tackled it.

We do not propose to deal here with the incoherent arguments, careless thinking, and lack of logical sequence that distinguish Mr. Amies' article, in which he is bogged at the outset by confounding whatever issue he had in mind by constraining the application of the word "culture" by reference to terms which lie rightly in, and should be confined only to, the realm of sociological discussion; but content ourselves with saying that Mr. Amies, so joyously does he pursue his nebulous aims, loses sight of them altogether until the conclusion of his article when, recollecting himself sharply, he dismisses them with an airy and inconclusive wave of the hand.

Enthusiasm, if nothing else, has always been the key-note of "ROSTRUM," and in the past discernment and style have been sacrificed in consequence. This issue is almost entirely purged of the outpourings of ill-regulated enthusiasm, though "Why Don't We Read Him?" by D.R.J.C., is a hark back to bad habits. Hysteria is not enthusiasm, and enthusiasm itself is tolerable only when accompanied and controlled by discretion and taste. D.R.J.C., where he should be gently persuasive, is aggressive. The aim of criticism, we submit, is to suggest rather than to bully into acquiescence; it takes more than conviction to make converts.

"The Date" owes as much to Mrs. Dorothy Parker and Mrs. Margaret Halsey as to M.B., but its incidents, we should imagine, are homely and typical, and will no doubt raise a sympathetic and reminiscent response in

many a maiden breast.

The inevitable University propaganda is to be found in "Ask Mother for Sixpence," by M.B.—on the work of the N.Z.U.S.A.—and "University Life in War Time," by Alan Horsman. Both serve their purpose. Appeals to conscience and to pocket are generally self-conscious, for the appellant is prone to regard himself, or to be regarded, in the light of a chartered mendicant. M.B. has overcome her difficulty by couching her article in light, conversational language—her pill is pleasant to swallow—while Mr. Horsman has surmounted his by adopting a note of high seriousness in accordance with the fundamental and international nature of the topic with which he deals. Though, from a stylistic point of view, "In spite of the war's tragic irrationality, it does confer an inestimable benefit in forcing us, by the very dimensions of its catastrophe, to reorientate ourselves with regard to a changed reality" is fearfully ponderous, while, at the risk of sounding captious, we might diffidently point out that "circumstances" change, "reality" does not.

Best of all the prose contributions—it is regretted that we cannot deal with all individually—is "Creed and Culture," by H. W. Turner, which is straightforward and unaffected and, as a result, a little crude and unfinished; but it makes a clear recital of facts and convinces by its transparent honesty and sincerity.

In regard to the poetry (or verse) "ROSTRUM" contains two meritorious pieces of verse (or poetry)—Catherine Passmore's "Hymn for the Times," and "May Burden," by B.H.P. (of which the title is the only obscure part.) Of the two, "May Burden" is the better. B.H.P. has had the temerity to employ a recognisable and constant verse form, to inject into his lines a recognisable purpose, which might easily have been unadulterated and banal but which he succeeds, but his feeling and sensitiveness to the association of image and sense, to make powerful and moving. Some of his images are very fine indeed, for instance, "grey mists have clouded our promise of morning," and show a mature and altogether admirable restraint.

"Hymn for the Times" is more unconventional, but Miss Passmore has nicely judged her manner to fit the theme. The occasional staccato incoherence conveys more thrillingly than the words themselves, the pervading sensation of choking grief and tears; the shaft of irony in the first two lines, echoed in the last two, is very effective, and in the modern strain of embittered insight; while, to single out only one instance of verbal ingenuity, the repetition of "and fear—and fear" cleverly accentuates the emotion she is portraying.

Apart from these two outstanding pieces, there are on the one hand, small dollops scattered haphazardly about the book, and two longer poems, "Flight of Time," by Miss Passmore, and "Occasional Poem," by Ronald L. Meek.

In regard to the first category, the writers largely failed altogether to appreciate, and to express, the abrupt force and mordant curtness on which the short poem relies for its effect. The single cry must be a cry, and not an anaemic bleat. This, "Accident" by ff is little better than a whimpering pp. Best of these is Catherine Passmore's "Seaweed," which, though a trifle flaccid is a delicate and carefully-worded piece of description.

We must confess that we have not the temerity to advance any criticism on Mr. Meek's "Occasional Poem." Mr. Meek, in keeping with his pristine manner, maintains a staunch incomprehensibility, in face of which criticism falters and dies still-born on the tongue. Could we have snatched more than a fugitive gleam of sense from his latest effort we would have had the greatest pleasure in openly declaring our sentiments in regard to Mr. Meek's poetry, but will content ourselves in this instance with wishing that Mr. Meek had made "Occasional Poem" a little more poetic and decidedly more occasional.

## S.C.M. THINGS TO COME

SEPTEMBER 10th: S.C.M. Annual General Meeting.

SEPTEMBER ??: Final S.C.M. Sunday Tea. Speaker: Rev. H. Sharpe.

DURING NOVEMBER: S.C.M. After-Degree Camp, Mairangi Bay.

DECEMBER 28th — JANUARY 5th: S.C.M. Summer Conference, Dilworth School.



## THE NEW THE-ATRE

Is A.U.C. at last becoming drama conscious? We fervently hope so, and, if the attendance at the reading of Shaw's "Candida" is any indication, we certainly think so. Dramatic Club is to be congratulated on a new venture in the procedure of a play reading. Instead of the hero exclaiming "Geraldine, I adore you" with one arm round the damsel's waist and the other wildly clutching a copy of the play, he will, in future, if this method be adopted, sit quietly in a chair and convey the depth of his emotion by the ecstatic tone of his voice.

In a play such as "Candida" this method is imperative. The whole effect depends on the dialogue and the main aim of the readers should be to get the words across, and to indicate change of action and emotion by voice inflexion.

The play was well cast and each member deserves a special pat on the back. Marjorie Anderson, as "Candida," gave a charming and sympathetic performance; George Cawkwell was the Morrell we have always imagined; while Warwick Bell's interpretation of Lexy gave almost more than Shaw put into it (especially in the champagne scene). David Dunningham and Max Perl both had difficult parts—David as a sensitive young poet, Max as an old man of sixty, and they both deserve hearty applause. Margaret Lyttelton's performance was as polished as usual.

A good show, Dramatic Club! More like it, please!

Safe, popular freedom consists of four things: the diffusion of liberty, of intelligence, of property, and of conscientiousness, and cannot be compounded of any three out of the four.—Joseph Cook.

FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 6: POPPY DALE:—  
I always say a girl can't be too careful.

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Boys' Footwear. Also China, Glassware, Crystal, and Kitchen-  
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## C.S.M. SUMMER CONFERENCE

Don't be put off when we say that S.C.M. Conference is a serious affair. So it should be, because it is the focussing point of the Movement's activities. Here we set ourselves with deliberate intent, to study the Christian Gospel and our own faith, and to face up honestly and realistically to all aspects of the Christian life, corporate and personal.

It is not a matter of whether you will enjoy it (although you certainly will) or whether you can afford the time or money, or both (whereas the truth is that you cannot afford to miss it); but whether, by it, your faith will be strengthened, and you will be better equipped to proclaim the great truth of Christianity to mankind.

Towards this, Conference will help you by its study circle, its evening addresses by really competent speakers, and by the inspiration of its devotional atmosphere. There you will meet in stimulating fellowship not only your fellow students from all over New Zealand, but also Christian leaders of this country who have something to say to students.

But Conference is not ONLY a serious business: it is also an hilarious affair. Put a hundred or more students together for a week, and the fun will flow freely. Each afternoon will be free for recreation, organised or otherwise, and there will be a picnic and camp fire. This year it is Auckland's turn to organise Conference, so it behoves us to flock along and show the Southerners what we can do. Membership is open to all University students, and is not confined to members of the S.C.M.

**Time:** December 28th—January 5th.

**Place:** Dilworth School (with the use of Diocesan High School's tennis courts, swimming baths, and chapel).

**Why shouldn't YOU come?**

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"Have you been to an S.C.M. Summer Conference? No? Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

"See you at the S.C.M. Summer Conference!"

"V for Victory! U for S.C.M. Summer Conference!"

Cassels-Brown  
Assured the town  
He'd hardly know  
Mary Jones.

\* \*

Mary Rowe  
Was on the go  
To fire a frown  
At Cassels-Smith.

### AUCKLAND REPS.

We congratulate the following members of A.U.C. women's hockey teams who played as Auckland Reps. on Saturday, 30th August:—Margot Hogben, Dorothy Gilbert-Smith (Auck. A); Kath. Bilkey (Auck. B).

The "A" match was played at Howick and resulted in a draw, no goals being scored.

The "B" match at Hauraki Plains was a win to Auckland 1—0.

Interviewed after the trip, Kath. said they'd had a grand time. There even appears to have been chicken for dinner!

**FAMOUS SAYINGS No. 8: CYRIL BELSHAW:**—The college is being polluted by these Communist oaf.



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