



CRACCUM

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EDUCATION FEILDING CONFERENCE

(By J. H. Murdoch)

The Feilding Conference for teachers of "Social Studies," held last January, was an educational event of some note. About 170 teachers, representing all but one of the secondary schools and Technical High Schools, District High, Intermediate and Private schools of the North Island, faced the difficulties and inconveniences of travel during a railway strike in order to be present. Heads of schools, senior assistants and junior appointees fresh from College, inspectors, University professors and Training College lecturers fraternised for one strenuous week of community life. The friendliness and camaraderie of the gathering, with its underlying spirit of keen earnestness, was most impressive. Lonely workers in the smaller schools seized the opportunity to compare notes with city colleagues; anxious teachers, doubtful of what the new prescription in the syllabus, "Social Studies," really meant, met in informal groups and discussions; inspectors and professors talked with all and sundry.

Differences of Opinion

The lecturers, some idealistic, others severely practical, were well received; and the widely different schemes in actual operation were particularly welcome. There was evident eagerness on the part of all teachers to clarify their ideas, and to ensure that their own courses should be sound and exacting. Strong differences of opinion were at times obvious; but behind them were serious philosophies of life and education, born of much thought and experience. The new syllabus will not be blindly accepted or superficially interpreted by these teachers at any rate.

Some Major Problems Ignored

For myself I feel that certain major problems were ignored, or too lightly handled. Perhaps at a first conference it is wiser so. The Director's talk was reassuring in its philosophic profundity, and the Inspector's detailed exposition impressed us with its "sweet reasonableness." Professors and specialists vigorously upheld the need of high standards.

My outstanding memories are of earnest and thoughtful teachers; of unity of purpose behind a somewhat baffling diversity of view; and, above all, of some very striking personalities. Perfect weather, ideal hostel conditions, excellent meals, a paternally benevolent host, and an indefatigable organiser combined to make the conference as enjoyable as it was profitable.

We shall return.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

"Fraternising with students, particularly with Freshmen, gives me a very real thrill."—Professor Sewell.

other things too. After a couple of years in London, I was quite impressed with the headline "Night Life at A.U.C."

Oh well, it's not so bad I suppose. For once I'll have to keep a New Year resolution, and work, if I don't want to die of boredom.

—"OMAN."

EXECUTIVE MEETING

DISCUSSION WITH PROFESSOR FITT

On Wednesday, March 8th, Craccum poked its nose into a new field—or rather a new room. Following the demands of progress, Executive admitted reporters to their meeting. The academic atmosphere of the performance was impressive, although more than half of those attending the meeting were self-conscious.

The first part of the meeting was held in the council room, at the request of Professor Fitt. As Chairman of the Professorial Board he wished to meet the new Executive and to discuss problems arising from student affairs. Diplomatically, but sincerely, he congratulated them on the confidence and competence with which they performed their duties. This was a preliminary step to asking them why they had not approached the staff for assistance when their duties increased because of additional student membership. The majority of the Executive squirmed on their tails at this, but nobody spoke. During his hour's talk Professor Fitt mentioned many things, and spoke of the student's adaptation to University life. As an educationalist he realized that times had changed and that student problems must be attacked differently from those of his own day. Nowadays students were more aggressive.

The lack of co-operation between staff and students was a matter for concern, but it was difficult to account for much of this situation. Some years ago it was the custom for the staff to attend student social functions, thus keeping contact with student activities. That practice had lapsed. Co-operation seemed to be a very hard thing to achieve, more so at the present time because of the great increase in student numbers.

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"FRESHER" IMPRESSIONS

To date I have been stared at, looked at, just merely glanced at, but more often than that, just ignored. In two days at the Wedding Cake Palace, not one word has been voluntarily addressed to me by a Student other than a Fresher. A few apparent Morons have looked at me with their mouths gaping. Presumably they were going to say something, and then forgot, or maybe they just always look like that, or then again may be there is something worrying about my face. I'm wondering at the moment. Heaven knows how long this will go on for, but then Heaven can wait.

I like the Architectural Students' Frocks, don't you, Girls? I like the sweet Milk Maid effect some contrive. But it's troublesome. I asked one particularly pretty dress to the Pictures the other night, and now I can't see very well out of my right eye. In parting I heard his scream "Smock, not Frock, you Fool." There were some other comments that assured me that he was no Lady.

But then appearances can be deceptive, can't they? For instance, if you didn't know, what would you say the Science Building was? Craccum requires some comment. Blurbs about "Students in Caves" and not a word about me in the Y.M.C.A. There are

Of course, "when we go to Tamaki" things would be very different.

The hostel problem was discussed at great length, but no tangible solution came to light. There was a difficulty here which seemed to retard the laying of any plans. This difficulty cropped up again and again during the evening. A big bad wolf called Finance lurked around every door. Every unsolved problem was rammed down his throat.

It seemed that the Executive members felt keenly Professor Fitt's domination of the proceedings, so one or two of the more enterprising ones took it upon themselves to interrupt and talk rapidly about nothing in particular. The meeting became a display of verbal fireworks with the honours going easily to the Professor.

At 8.15 the Executive retired to their own chambers to conduct their routine business. Freed from professorial restraint, self-consciousness faded somewhat and comment became livelier. In fact everyone was so keyed up that after ten minutes' discussion about Tramping Club's hut it was discovered that the meeting was divided in opinion as to which hut was being talked about. Contrary to opinion in some quarters, Executive members are not a mere pack of repressed intellectuals. Their decision on the question of whether women should be included in Haka rallies proved them to be very "free-minded." A sporting gentleman commented: "If the haka men want women they should be allowed to have them—they are not a bad pack of chaps, anyway."

All criticism aside, however, Executive members are doing a good job. The only recompense they get for it is the privilege of having a photo in Kiwi at the end of the year.

FRESHERS' BALL

The College Hall last Saturday once again proved to be much too small for comfortable dancing when almost five hundred Freshers and others turned up for the first formal ball of the year. I don't know whether I am getting old or not, but the Freshers seemed to me to be even more juvenile looking than in past years, with their rosy complexions and carefully slicked down hair. Some of the young, second years were very aggrieved when it was suggested that they should be getting in free and insisted, with more honesty than business, on buying tickets.

The mysterious decoration behind the band baffled many people, including the President of the College Council and the Chairman of the Professorial Board who, unlike the staff, showed sufficient interest in the students to come along.

Funnily enough, Bill Haresnape, whom everybody knows wore a ticket stating that he belonged to Joan. I went around disguised as a "Craccum" reporter, interviewing as many beautiful young Freshers as I could see.

It seemed to me a very good idea to play records in between the band numbers and I hope this practice will be extended to Coffee Evenings.

—JUNO.

WHEN PARIS ROSE

STUDENTS HELPED GARRISON THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

"Guns spluttered before the great closed doors of the Ministry, which was guarded by armed men. In the court yard inside, men of the F.F.I. mingled with their comrades of the National University Front, with graduates, teachers, professors, civil servants, students and schoolboys. Some of us stood by with loaded guns, while others worked in the office with the heads of the Department, issuing orders against traitors and collaborators, and appointing trustworthy men and women to responsible posts.

"During this time the telephone and the courageous cyclists who defied tanks and roof-top snipers to carry dispatches to other parts of the town kept us informed of the serious events taking place in the four corners of Paris. The Pavillon de la Reine at Vincennes was burning. The curators signalled that the roof of the Louvre was being fired from and there was a danger of the museum being invaded. They appealed for immediate attention. There was firing in the Palais de la Decouverte. An attack from alongside the National Library was feared. It was necessary to defend the precious volumes within. We had to telephone to the Chief of Police, to the F.F.I. Commander and the General Delegation.

Evacuation and Reconstruction

"The young officer in charge of the Ministry's military affairs busied himself with preparations for a sortie, and at the same time arranged the evacuation of the general officer. Outside we could hear the tanks in the Place de la Concorde and the Military Academy firing on the Senate House, and we could hear, too, the first murmurings of General Leclerc's American Army on its way to support the valiant F.F.I. who were freeing their street by street and district by district. . . .

"After our victory there followed a week of great and exalting work. We were planning huge undertakings. During this time an extraordinary meeting took place in the Ministry. The Head of the University of Paris met and got to know all those in his charge. Greetings were exchanged between all the University groups of the National Front, and M. Wallon, their delegate, who had never turned his back on danger, but, even when hunted down and suspended from office by the Gestapo, had chosen to remain in Paris, preparing a vast plan for the reform of learning. This plan alone could repair the chaos caused by successive Vichy Ministers. Students of the various resistance bodies met and made firmer ties than they had ever known before. And yet more wonderful was the reception given to the students by the central administration. In the past much suspicion and misunderstanding had existed between them."

The "Universite Libre"

The above is an extract from the "Universite Libre," which, published underground during the German occupation of France, gave a strong lead to professors and students to form resistance groups in the universities. Now, with the yoke of German oppression removed, the students can once more express themselves freely and in broad daylight.

WIRELESS WAVES OUR CRITICS WRITE Armchair Literature

A refreshing change from the usual historical or political talks was John Reid's recent series entitled "By-Paths of Literature," broadcast from IYA at 8 p.m. on Fridays. The speaker's delivery was excellent, his subject matter good, and full of such informative tit-bits as the identity of the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We hope we may be pardoned for wondering what was the imaginative connection uniting "famous unfinished novels."

Music and Progress

An attempt to assess the debt of humanity to music, was made by Mr. H. C. Luscombe from IYA at 7.30 p.m. on Monday night. Designed primarily for secondary school pupils, the session may perhaps be of value to the general public, as a preliminary background for an appreciation of classical music. One defect I found in the speaker, was a certain hesitancy in his delivery which may be ironed out as the session progresses.

A more fundamental defect was his tendency to talk down to his audience, as if he was selling culture cheaply. I feel how difficult it is to avoid this fault and make his session which to me seems a most interesting one palatable to the public as a whole.

Microphone Misfits

In the mind of even the most casual radio listener the present Auckland radio announcer must come in for a great deal of criticism.

There are those of Stations IYA and IYX, who maintain a stolid air of cultured frigidity while speaking over the air, and who always remain strictly impersonal, and removed from such vulgar people as radio listeners. Then there are the more buoyant but even less effective type of IZB. These announcers, in the endeavour to build up an appreciable personality over the air, sometimes give rein to puerile jokes, infantine manifestations of a wit revealed only to themselves.

Lastly, there are those of Station IZM who, obviously under the influence of the late lamented American announcers try to infuse some life into programmes which are becoming a little bit more like what the people want. These announcers are a lot more human and understandable than the others, but their real difficulty lies in the fact that they are too conscious of the Americans' technique. The listening public expects them to approximate to the standard set by the A.E.S. announcers, while in my opinion they would be better advised to cultivate a style which would be wholly original and typical of New Zealand.

Ad Infinitum

IZB, I should think, holds the world's record for interminable serials. "Linda's First Love," a touching and continually re-touched "domestic drama," has dragged its weary length through long-suffering radio valves for about two years, and since it has up to date made no calls on its creator's ingenuity, should be good for another two years.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR LECTURES

Have you ever heard that students are narrow-minded, and know nothing of what goes on in the world?

Here is your chance to pick up interesting information about all sorts of subjects beyond the scope of College lectures.

Extra-curricular lectures are held once a fortnight on Wednesday evenings. Amongst last year's popular highlights were the Brains Trust and lectures on Sex Hygiene, both of which will be held again this year.

Watch the notice board for other topics that interest you.

Craccum



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Wed., March 21, 1945.

THE MEDICAL QUESTION

There has recently been a lot of dissatisfaction about the Medical School in Otago, principally about the method of gaining entrance to the School. At one time the student was required merely to pass the Preliminary examination; now he has to get an average mark of 65 per cent before he can hope to be accepted. In 1944, seventy-seven men and women took the medical intermediate course in this college; thirty were admitted. This year seventy-four students have so far enrolled for the same course. It is obvious, then, that nearly fifty people are doomed to spend a whole year—a wartime year—taking a course which will not be of any immediate benefit to them.

Is there any remedy for this ridiculous position?

Consider first the relevant details. Since 1941 each of the constituent colleges of the University of New Zealand has done its own marking of Stage I. papers—an abominable system when medical students must be selected, on a competitive basis, from all the centres. The better overseas medical schools admit only a definite quota of students each year, and for some time the New Zealand quota was fixed at 100.

It has been estimated that 80-100 would be sufficient to meet the needs of this country. But the number of applicants was not excessive until, as happened in 1914-18, the war years brought a considerable rise. In addition, the Government has instituted a system of Medical Bursaries—a worthy but ill-timed plan—and the main attempt to adjust matters has been a request that the Medical School admit one hundred and twenty students each year, while last month a number of graduates were turned down.

Nothing at all has been done either to ease the overcrowding in lectures or to interview intending medical students and advise alternative courses of study. Although the latter is felt to be a private concern, it is due time official recognition was given to the problem.

There are three steps which must be taken without delay. First, as Otago cannot provide unlimited equipment and patients, a Medical School must be established in Auckland. With bigger hospitals here, and with fewer teaching facilities, we have conditions well suited for a Clinical Centre. The latter part of the medical course could be taken here, allowing Otago to extend and take one hundred and twenty first-year medicals in less strained conditions. Secondly, we must consider limiting the number of women who are admitted to the Medical School. Visiting medical men have expressed surprise that, while often in overseas universities women may comprise only 20 per cent of the annual quota, no such restriction is placed upon New Zealand women. We certainly should not, even if it be only a wartime measure, admit more than 20 per cent. Indeed, since few women continue to make full use of their extensive training, 10 per cent might be a reasonable proportion. Thirdly, there must be, as the British Medical Association repeatedly urges, one examination conducted by the University of New Zealand for all medical intermediate students. The standard of marking varies among the constituent colleges, and the scaling of original marks can be no simple process. Any clear-headed person can realise the pressing need to return to the pre-1941 system.

Instead, the Education Department makes no move and shows its lack of sincere interest in New Zealand's young men and women. The Government is satisfied: it has bursary students pledged, fettered, in fact, by severe penal clauses, to lend their services to any sort of plan that is hatched. But, although conditions will soon be completely chaotic, men who should be evolving energetic schemes sit back in criminal complacency.

Will any students wishing to form a Varsity soccer team, to play at Winter Tournament, please contact Wally Wilkins?

The Publications Committee wishes to record its appreciation of the preparatory work done for Craccum 1945 by L.A.C. Ken Bain.

After March, 1945, the requirements for sanitary disposal squad are not less than a master's degree.

of (and at) the aforesaid serious activities, viz., Picknick, Coffee Evening and Smockstrot, and some really serious extra curricular lectures.

With the aid of the above data the members of the above species should be effortlessly identified. As an indication, one may safely associate any eccentric and questionable being (and occurrence) in the college with this species, with approximately 50 per cent accuracy, which for examination purposes is generally considered satisfactory.

TOURNAMENT

Woe is Auckland! Everybody is against us—Government and Railway apparently don't want an N.Z.U. Tournament—they won't give us any priority on the trains over Easter, and thus it is impossible to hold Tournament up here.

Rather than let the matter drop altogether, we have transferred the venue to Wellington. Victoria have nobly taken on the job of hosts, and it is up to us to give them all the support possible.

First, we must get there. At present we will have to assume that members will make their own individual bookings. The reservation plan for Thursday, 29, opens on Thursday, 22, so make sure you are in the front of the queue. Actually we will further investigate the position and inform persons concerned. We hope that it will be favourable.

Secondly, billeting—at such short notice Victoria are going to be hard put to it to find billets for approximately 200 students. They request that any competitor who can obtain a billet privately do so immediately, and advise our delegates of his position.

Haka party—with the grim prospect of lack of billets, the "boys" and "girls" concerned will have to find their own beds in Wellington. We need you down there and moreover you'll be well entertained when you are there, so get cracking!!

Naturally it is a great disappointment to our Tournament Committee to have their good work practically nullified. However, we must carry on and make this Tournament a success.

AKARANA!

ARCHITECTURAL FACULTY

The following description is furnished for the edification of the uninitiated to aid them in the identification of questionable creatures habituating the college.

The species accepts the title "Architects" and is allied in no way with any form of cunning criminologist, or vegetable. An outstanding structural feature is a definite, curvilinear configuration through continual elevation at a drafting table. The general proportion is Gothic(k) rather than Classic(k) and a certain wan-ness of complexion and expression (see under "Habits and Nutrition") is observable. The species affects the use of nomadic garments known as smocks, distinguishable from those of the science faculty by a greater violence of colour and a reversibility of form.

Habitat: The species nest in certain upper portions of the arts building; but a general exodus occurs daily in the direction of the caf at 2.58 p.m.

Life, History and Habits: The accepted normal life period is five years during which a steady deterioration of mental capacity occurs. During the life some 20 subjects are assimilated, a thesis submitted, chronic indigestion and insomnia contracted, and some 15 cyphers appended to the name. These are the result of over-reaction from the more serious side of architectural life which concerns mainly certain barbaric outbursts variously described as "The Picknick," "The Coffee Evening" and "Smocks-trot."

Nutrition: Mainly consists of an unidentifiable liquid imbibed daily in the caf at 2.59 p.m., and also other unidentifiable liquids imbibed at other times and places.

Number: Unassessable, as any mathematical calculation involving double figures cannot be undertaken by members of the species without the aid of a slide rule.

The species is subsequently translated to professional status, combining the lower exercises of 'cart, science, and busyness.

The species congregates in an assembly known as Arch Soc., which is held responsible for the conduct

Watch for News of the World Youth Conference — August, 1945

THE POLISH SETTLEMENT YALTA PLANS JUSTIFIED

Closely following on the Yalta Decisions by which Great Britain and U.S.A. endorsed Russia's territorial claims in Eastern Poland, we have had several statements from high ranking dignitaries denying Britain's action. Dr. Griffin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, asserted to an audience of Polish servicemen that these decisions would make one ashamed of being an Englishman; and later, the New Zealand Archbishop O'Shea sent to the London Polish Government, a message sympathising in "this bitter hour of injustice and ingratitude."

We should like to think that these Prelates' utterances were inspired by something higher than an inflexible anti-Soviet prejudice. There may in deed, come a time when the Soviet will demand unjust concessions as the price of its further co-operation. But to any fair-minded and realistic observer, that time has surely not yet arrived.

What is the Injustice?

What is this supposed grievous injustice to Poland? A proposal to restore to Russia a zone in which Polish inhabitants are in a one-third minority.

The new border approximating to the Curzon Line, was proposed in 1920, by a Commission, by no means generous towards Bolshevik Russia, and at that time accepted by Poland as fair.

Great Britain in 1939 never guaranteed the integrity of Poland's existing frontiers against every possible set of future contingencies. Events simply happened that the German violation of Poland was the point at which British forbearance broke, and she took it into her hands to smash the power of Nazi-ism.

National Independence

What is the record of the pre-1939 Polish state in European affairs? We must rightly admire a sturdy independence and national fortitude. But we must also take account of an arrogant, militaristic near-dictatorship, which itself committed acts of aggression against Lithuania, and Revolutionary Russia, and later had a share in the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia.

In matters of national independence, however, Poland maintained always a jealous fortitude.

The Polish people's own effort against the Axis has not been equalled by any nation of similar size. But it is by Russian blood and Russian sacrifice that Poland has been cleared of the Germans. And by any realistic standards, it is in Poland's ultimate interests as well as Russia's to maintain a strongly defended Soviet Zone against any further onslaughts from the West.

The Archbishop would assert that Britain and U.S.A. have been bludgeoned by Russian strength into a decision that is dishonourable and intolerable. That is a possibility which we may, or may not, be faced with in the future. But meanwhile, the Democracies are entrusting more than can be easily estimated to Russian good faith, and an enlightened Soviet policy; and, up to the present, we can affirm that the Soviet has never given us cause to doubt her good faith.

Such misguided statements by men in authority can only do the cause of European peace a great disservice.

—J.E.M.

NOTICE

To Whom It May Concern.—If I happen to collide with anyone in the corridors and murmur "Sorry," the correct reply is NOT "That's all right, old man."

J. E. BLENNERHASSETT

* * *

Overheard in the Classics Department: "According to Sallust, Sempronius wrote verses and altogether behaved in a most immodest way."

Support the R.S.A. Queen Carnival.

MORE STUDENTS UNIVERSITY RECORD

(Reprinted by kind permission of the New Zealand Herald.)

A record enrolment of 1663 students has been made at Auckland University College in the first two weeks of the college year, and it is expected that the enrolments will finally reach about 1800. Last year's enrolments totalled 1564, which was a record. As a result of the increased numbers, students and staff will again have to work under difficulties due to shortage of accommodation.

Although detailed figures are not yet available, the increase in students has been most noticeable in the first-year classes in English, education, chemistry and physics, while the number enrolled for commerce subjects has also increased considerably.

Lectures in the Hall

To cope with the record number of over 300 in the Stage I. English class, lectures are being delivered in the college hall, none of the lecture rooms being large enough. The accommodation of the chemistry and physics classes of last year was difficult enough, but the problem this year is more acute and the use of more student-demonstrators has been necessary. The other large classes can be accommodated in lecture rooms, although their numbers are described as being greater than desirable.

Some of the difficulties were being overcome by holding tutorial classes in the more largely attended subjects, said Professor A. B. Fitt, chairman of the professorial board. This had been made possible by the Government grant of £2800 a year for additional staffing. The accommodation problem was nearly at breaking point.

Meeting Immediate Needs

Professor Fitt understood similar accommodation difficulties were being experienced by Victoria University College, but Auckland's problem was the worst in New Zealand. The present arts building was built for about half the number of students it was now accommodating, and if the annual increases went on the trouble would be very serious indeed. The proposed new building at Tamaki might meet the college's requirements, but there was at present nothing definite about that project.

Reasons for the Influx

There were several factors which contributed to the large influx of students, although the reasons were very complex, continued Professor Fitt. The greater spending power of some sections of the community permitted them to send their children to university now, whereas previously they were unable to afford it. The war had the effect of prompting people to make a greater effort for their children that before, and this was coupled with the belief that a period of intense competition was coming after the war.

The return of students from the services and their rehabilitation was also one of the major factors in keeping up the numbers attending university. The prospect of military service was leading many students to enter college earlier than they would otherwise have done so as to consolidate their position before entering the forces.

BOARD FOR STUDENTS TORPOR OF COUNCIL

Once again this year students have had the greatest difficulty in obtaining board in Auckland. A large number of country students come to the City to attend lectures, and the situation is most serious when they have to walk the streets looking for somewhere to stay.

A certain number of billets were obtained by Exec. members, Messrs. Piper and Pattison in particular, who advertised in the paper and over the radio, and requested ministers of various denominations to put the matter before their congregations. In this connection, it is interesting to note that, while Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic ministers were very willing to help, the Anglican Bishop of Auckland said he could not be of service. We feel that however much a person in his position may personally dislike students he should, officially, at least, show some toleration and charity towards them.

The difficulties experienced in obtaining board for students this year are not new. The same thing has been happening for some years past, but the College Council, although now and then making some show of shaking off its supine torpor, has still not done anything concrete to get us a Hostel.

Until we have a College Council which tries to do some good now instead of looking always to the future, we shall continue to have trouble over accommodation for students.

—J.E.B.

WILLIE'S WONDERLAND

Kicks to:

The large number of hotels which provide only white bread at meals.

New Zealand newspapers which have yet to learn that a book reviewer is not one who reprints what the publisher has printed on the cover flap.

The new Hollywood passion for super colossal "all star" musical films. A few more like "Star Spangled Rhythm," and "Follow the Stars" and film producers will no longer be in the dark as to what killed vaudeville.

Praise to:

Woodrow Wilson, born 20 years too soon. In 1919, he said in a speech: "I would like to say to the boys who fought in this war: 'You are betrayed. You fought for something you did not get. There will come some time, in the vengeful Providence of God, another struggle in which not a few hundred thousand fine men from America will have to die, but as many millions as are necessary to accomplish the final freedom of the people of the world.'"

Paul Robeson, who besides being a lawyer, singer, All-American football star and linguist, is turning out the best portrayal of Othello New York has ever seen.

By the Way:

When Eugene O'Neill doesn't want to be disturbed, he hangs on his door a sign which reads "Go to Hell!"

Alexander Woollcott states: "All the things I really want to do are either immoral, illegal, or fattening." I have not yet been troubled by the last.

An American bookstore ordered the "Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge" only to return it two days later with the note: "Customer couldn't wait."

Notice in an Auckland explosives factory:

NO SMOKING

If you wish to smoke, please leave by the hole in the roof which will appear above you immediately you light up.

* * *

The English have the peculiar faculty of doing the right thing for the wrong reason.

—Hoyland.

FORMER STUDENTS NEWS ITEMS

Paul Day, home on furlough after plenty of adventures as an escaped prisoner of war in Italy, is a welcome sight about the place. He gave us the following bits of news:

Garth Turbott, in command of a company in 24th Bn.

Haydn George, Eric Halstead, Ian Hamilton—all in the Archives Dept.

Nex. Thornton, Sergeant-Major of a company in 21st Bn. Playing good football for Brigade team.

Ken Turtill, was adjutant of the 24th Bn. Captured at Alamein; now P.O.W. in Germany.

Jack Connolly, Colonel of 24th Bn.; now principal of John McGlashan College.

Bill Barton, Platoon commander in 24th Bn. Captured at Alamein; now P.O.W. in Germany.

Ron Bush, Platoon commander in 19th Bn. Captured at Alamein; now P.O.W. in Germany.

Logan Colmore Williams. On staff at Division H.Q. in Italy.

Roy Sanders. Was in 26th Bn. Now in Church Army in England.

Tom Overton. Commanding Battery of 25-pdrs. in Italy.

Bert Seeley, Jim Henson. In laboratory of No. 2 General Hospital.

Gwyn Zingan. In laboratory of No. 5 General Hospital.

Jim Edgar. Playing good football for Battalion team in Italy.

Crowley Weston. (1937 Rhodes Scholar, from C.U.C.). Brigade major of 6th Brigade. Captured at Alamein; now prisoner in Germany.

Frank Sharpley. Known to all University athletes. Captured at Alamein; now P.O.W. in Germany.

Ernie Kedgley. Escaped from Italy through lines; now back in M.E.

Jack Sullivan. Sub-lieut. in Navy in England. Married English girl.

Charlie Molloy, Sub-Lieut. in Navy in England. Married English girl.

Mary Martin. One-pipper in charge of girls at N.Z. Club in Cairo. Mary and I whooped it up quite some.

Eric Grant. Flt. Lieut. in England. In charge of all sport in R.N.Z.A.F. in England. Represented Scotland in Rugby International.

Stan Nelson writes from an Air Force Station in Fiji that he's busy with his job, but not too busy to study a couple of commerce subjects just as a side line. He's also reading French poetry with a WAAF!

Tony Alison and Graham Turbott are recent arrivals in Italy after a lengthy sojourn in the South Pacific with the Third Division.

Murray Speight also recently arrived in Italy has been made A.D.C. to General Freyberg.

Bruce Smith passed out of the first N.Z. O.C.T.U. in Italy at the head of the class.

Des Woods was to be seen in a recent newsreel at a local theatre—he was taking a hand in serving Christmas dinner in a forward area in Italy.

Faith Johnson is a 1945 nominee for a British Council Scholarship. She is on leave from the Army at the moment, having spent four months with a base hospital in the Pacific as Occupational Therapist.

Marjorie Lee (nee Heughan), is on the staff of the BBC, while her husband, Ken Lee, is making a name for himself as a Spitfire pilot.

UNDERGROUND

The underground movement in Belgium undoubtedly owes a great deal to the "direct action" of the Communists. It owes no less to the Catholic priests who hid and helped Allied airmen, to the Socialist young guards, to the former officers of the Army, to eight or twelve different groups of resistance who were already fighting the Germans long before Hitler attacked Russia, and long before the Communists in Belgium decided to oppose the Nazis. It owes a great deal to thousands of men and women who never carried arms, who never belonged to any organised group—but who did their share; who were tortured—but did not betray."

"NEWS FROM BELGIUM"



OPEN FORUM

MEDICAL MAELSTROM

Sir,

Let me bring to light the case of Henry (unfortunately non-fictional), who decides, after passing University Entrance, to take up Medicine as his life's work. So, after passing Medical Preliminary (now out of date), and collecting a Higher Leaving Certificate, he comes up to A.U.C., pays his fees, matriculates, and commences the Medical Intermediate course.

He ploughs steadily through the course, cramming in masses of irrelevant facts (e.g., Botany), keeping long hours, and generally applying himself to the job in hand. After several small tests and practical examinations, Henry is granted terms and allowed to sit for degree.

Sometime later, however, a neat card is sent to Henry stating the marks he has obtained in the four subjects he sat for, together with the ironic statement that he has passed Med. Inter., but he has only the pitiful average of three score!! and cannot enter the Medical School. Henry waits with a faint hope but nothing turns up bar a communication from responsible quarters in the south, virtually offering him a bursary, if he desired to change over to Dentistry, and later on full unsolicited information regarding Lincoln Agricultural College!

So all you young Freshers who someday will get there, just take note of Henry's case and work very hard because soon they'll have some good excuse for excluding you; maybe you'll have a degree, or perhaps you'll be of the wrong nationality or have some other horrible maladjustment.

—P.J.R.

SUB-EDITING

Sir,

I wish to challenge the editorial prerogative. For the last issue of "Craccum" last year, I wrote an article which you took the liberty to re-edit. The published product of this editorial strangulation bore little or no resemblance, except in the title, to the article I had written. The theme of the essay, which appeared in a repeated sentence, was consistently omitted, and did not appear once. Why? Such remarks as I, and those others who had read the unpublished version, considered amusing, were expurgated with equal consistency.

This is not all. It is but a light matter that an editor should cut out the theme and the jokes of what was intended to be a humorous essay. But I must protest against a liberty I consider unjustifiable, viz., the complete re-writing of the essay. I contend that an editor has no right whatever to interfere with the style of a composition. "Le style, c'est l'homme." My style is my own, good or bad, and I wish it to be published as such. Without seeming presumptuous, I should like to illustrate with Balzac and Milton.

Balzac's style was never brilliant, and often abominable, but his books were published in toto in the style of Balzac. Milton's sentences are often too long and involved, but purring editors have attributed this to the influence of the Latin. In my article, I used several verbless sentences, with a view to certain effects. The editor rigorously inserted verbs. How did he know it was not the influence of the French? It wasn't, but it might have been.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the editor for his generosity and mistaken kindness in affixing my initials to a product of the editorial brain.

—M.B.

[One of our objects in sub-editing the article in question was to shorten it; we believe that we retained the most humorous matter. We quote from G. M. Hyde: "The editing of copy, or copyreading, is a necessary step in all publication work. No matter how well an article is written, it is usually improved by careful editing. . . . The editor carefully preserves the good in what the writer has prepared, and to this he adds his own ability."—Ed.]

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Sir,

Could you offer, for the benefit of Freshers, some explanation as to the origin of the name "Craccum?"

—K.A.F.

[At an early date we shall print a document which has an important bearing on this vital question.—Ed.]

CRACCUM STINKS

Sir,

This is our honest opinion after reading the first issue for 1945—the new format did not fool us at all. Surely, in the first issue, the editorial should have been addressed to Freshers in an attempt to help them and introduce them to Varsity ways. As for the other articles; we wonder whether you pay copyright fees to (1) the N.Z. Herald, (2) the N.Z. Listener, (3) The Observer, for the almost direct copies of film reviews (a poor imitation with meaningless illustrations), and for radio criticism. Space would have been more profitably employed for the criticism of the two excellent plays by C.U.C.—a distinct University topic worthy of headlines. There is NO excuse for this so-called delay in the M.S.

"We've had it" was extremely unbalanced, covering as it did the holiday activities of a mere fraction of the students, including the entirely unintelligible reference to Cookes. "Vive la Manpower," apart from being bastard French, is worthy of Cabinet Ministers at their Sunday Evening 8.45 best. The Exec. list was a good idea, but why publish an out-of-date one?

By way of remedy, we would suggest that:—

(1) Editorials should be topical, up-to-date and related to N.Z. Varsity life, e.g., Med. Question, Caf., Overcrowding, etc.

(2) Much could be done in bridging the gap between the Arts and Sciences by the appointment of keen reporters at least for every Faculty. As it is now, Craccum is run by an Arty Clique, which is undemocratic in view that the major proportion of full time students is Science. Also what about questionnaires to outsiders to ascertain the attitude of the public to ourselves?

(3) Craccum could be made more topical by the resurrection of RATIONALLY RUN Gossipal Truths; and write-ups for Coffee Evenings and Balls, such as that for last year's Grad. Ball, could do much to introduce more of our number—BUT keep away from the cliquiness which ruined previous attempts in this line.

(4) Craccum should not be scared to publish helpful criticisms of professors and lecturers. If done in the right way this could promote better understanding on both sides.

We earnestly hope that this article may help to produce a Craccum that is "The Journal of the Students of Auckland University College."

Phil Allingham, Ken Buckley, Phil Gallaher, Ted Harvey, Margaret Hoodless, John Ronaldson, Bill Taylor, Nils Theilman.

[(1) We are flattered to think that Freshers would need our advice as well as that given by (a) the chairman of the house committees; (b) the President of the Students' Association; (c) the Chairman of the Professorial Board. We did not realise that post-war reconstruction was so out-of-date.

(2) The majority of A.U.C. students are neither science students nor full-time students.

(3) O, fickle woman! Why Miss Hoodless, do you complain of the "out-of-date" Exec. write-up which you yourself wrote (and handed in at the last moment)? Why do you complain about the ruinous cliquiness of "Gossipal Truth," Odd Pairs' Almanack, etc., which you also wrote?

(4) We have not yet received any criticisms, helpful or otherwise, of professors and lecturers.—Ed.]

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS WELCOME TO FRESHERS

On Friday, March 2, Professor Fitt, the Chairman of the Board, addressed the Freshers in the Hall. We hope you were all there, Freshers, but just in case you were not, or did not give your full attention to the Chairman's address, here are some of the important points of it in print. Everything that was said will be of universal value to us in our Varsity careers.

The address really ran along one main theme—that we Freshers are past the adolescent stage and must behave ourselves as adults. Professor Fitt's discourse upon College discipline differed from that of a headmaster or headmistress only in that we were addressed for the first time as adults. Briefly, we must learn to work profitably on our own, preserve discipline and order, and endeavour in every way to uphold the reputation of our Varsity.

We Freshers must not look upon Varsity, only as a place of lectures and study, but must enter with a swing into a full life of games, socials, etc.

The Chairman of the Students' Association elaborated on Professor Fitt's speech, but stressed the vital need of College spirit. Freshers, this spirit has apparently been lacking in the past few years, so let us do something about it! We all know how! We can do it by entering wholeheartedly and spiritedly into all Varsity activities.

INTRODUCING—



ERNESTINE

Any of our readers who have been at the College for more than two years will doubtless remember a slightly seedy character who contributed to these columns under the name of "Aunt Alice."

Aunt Alice, alas, went the way of all flesh and from the time she popped the twig there has been no advice forthcoming for love-lorn suitors, maidens suffering from lack of S.A., or anyone wishing to be convinced that life is real, not to say earnest.

Now, however, we are happy to announce that we have once more persuaded someone to dispense wisdom to the callow youth of the place and generally to be their guide and mentor—we refer to the divinely inspired Ernestine, whose portrait graces this column.

As our readers will observe, Ernestine is a live type spirituel, and it is through the spirits, or at least one spirit in particular that she will, we trust, be of most use to us.

It happened that she was at one of her séances, and after a hearty lunch of plum cake and gin was having particularly good manifestations of ectoplasm when she was approached by a spirit who said she was the astral body of Aunt Alice, and that she was jolly well fed up with drifting about in limbo, waiting to be called up either to twangle a harp or to shovel coal, she wasn't sure which, not having a very clear conscience.

Funnily enough, Ernestine recognised Aunt Alice and promised to cheer her up if Aunt Alice would tell

HYGIENE AND ETHICS CONSIDERED FROM THE WRONG END OF THE BROOMSTICK

We arrived one morning soon after Christmas, at about nine o'clock, were put into grey straight jackets, which convicted us to the position "wardsmaid," and were shown to our respective wards.

To our amusement we received apologies for having to work with Maori maids—these were quite superfluous, particularly in the light of our later discovery that these Maori girls were not only a better type and pleasanter to work with than the white girls, but also that they were very much cleaner, and took more pride in their work.

The following are some comments on observations made during our stay:

We think

(1) That nurses should be warned of the inadvisability of discussing the ailments of their patients, either with, or in the hearing of the wardsmaids.

(2) That the first two essentials in the character of a nurse are sympathy and tolerance, and we do not like to hear a nurse say:

"Mr. B — threw his spoon down in a temper. What can I do to him?"

(3) That probationers should be made aware of the necessity of scrubbing up after the handling of dishes requiring to be sterilised, and of the utter futility of putting dishes in a steriliser and then wiping their hands on the dishcloth.

(4) That nurses should be taught not to wash their hands in or over the washing-up water, and not to wipe their hands on tea towels.

(5) That they should be taught that dish-cloths are for the exclusive use of washing dishes, and that when they have been used to clean out cupboards and wipe floors, the washing-up water is not the place for them.

(6) That the porters should be men who disclose that the cat has been at the butter BEFORE and not after the patients have eaten their hot buttered toast.

(7) That the rinsing of floor mops over cutlery is not likely to be conducive to the speedy recovery of the patients.

(8) That silver should be washed after being cleaned with "Silvo," and that patients should not have to eat one meal a week tainted with metal polish.

In one cubicle in an infectious ward we were amazed to find:

One convalescent diphtheria case.
One convalescent typhoid case.
One skin infection and one case of tuberculosis.

We would be interested to see the cross infection statistics of this hospital.

In conclusion we would like to mention the consideration with which we were treated by the sub-matron, who did all in her power to make our sojourn at the hospital a pleasant one; also the girls with whom we worked, who invariably offered us the lightest tasks, and whose cheerful friendliness made things so much easier for us.

—H.S., J.D.L.M.

her what would cheer her astrally.

Thereupon Aunt Alice expressed a desire to be Ernestine's control and to help her to advise students. She pointed out that she had the greatest opportunity of picking up unconsidered trifles because of her invisibility.

Ernestine was suitably impressed and so we now have her in the flesh, and Aunt Alice in the spirit, to advise students how to combat the rigours of this our life.

"EDITOR"

I am just thrilled to think that I can advise the dear students through "Craccum" in the future, and I must remind them that if they are skunks enough to double-cross me, my one-woman spy system, Aunt Alice, will tell me all.

—"Ernestine."

BOOK REVIEWS

TWO RECENT N.Z. PUBLICATIONS

SOMETHING TO TELL

By Isobel Andrews

Isobel Andrews' short stories continue with a difference the healthy popular tradition in New Zealand short story writing. I mean by this that like Frank Sargeson, Mrs. Andrews writes about us New Zealanders in the kind of language that most of us use. She differs, though, from Sargeson in that her characters are normal, more ordinary than Sargeson's down-and-outs. As a result, there is less horror in her stories and more laughter. Moreover, where Sargeson's stories are told in the bare speech and understatement natural to his characters, Isobel Andrews' New Zealanders usually employ the humorously-intended cliché which is the staple of our conversation.

These stories range from the pleasant silliness of "Wireless Is Wonderful" to the timely seriousness of "Bondsmen And Free." Several of them are about heartbreak—the sort of heartbreak that occurs amongst us and of which we should be more aware. There are stories that tell us of the feelings of the plain girl at a dance, of the Yank whose friend has been killed, of the backblocks woman whose illusion of greatness has been destroyed. To balance these are merrier sketches of a New Zealand as it is on family (not on best) behaviour. Most of us know families that scurry so over breakfast to the tune of 12B and, on occasion, fail as badly in hiding their natural sentimentality.

Though in the main Mrs. Andrews is successful in her presentation of the commonplace, occasionally she succumbs to it in the form of clichés and stock plots. Surely "Ultimate Achievement," "Miss Minney," and "Hay For The Pioneers" could have been left out without any loss.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

By Isabel C. Clarke

Miss Isabel Clarke's biography of Katherine Mansfield must arouse mixed feelings in any critical reader. Certainly it is desirable that a short, factually adequate life should be available in New Zealand. It is, however, a pity that the faults of treatment and style in this biography are of a kind that show a failure to understand Katherine Mansfield's finest artistic achievements, for Katherine Mansfield's short stories at their best convey an emotion by giving the exact truth, by letting each small part of the story combine with the others to make a whole which has the particularity and fullness of the emotion to be communicated. Unfortunately, Miss Clarke has not been content to select and arrange for us in this manner the exact truth of Katherine Mansfield's life. Instead she has intended sentimentality, together with unnecessary moral and religious judgments which distract the reader from the emotions naturally aroused by such a story of sensitiveness and tragedy.

—D.J.S.

A PEOPLE'S WORLD

"A STEP IN THE MARCH TOWARDS A PEOPLE'S WORLD"

(Reviewed by R.M.)

This pamphlet, by Willis Airey, which is so written as to be readily digested by the general reading public, gives a reasoned and comprehensive account of modern capitalism, comparing it and its practice with Socialism, and ending with a brief discussion of the present war.

The time has come, states Mr. Airey, when we must seriously review our political world. The twentieth century has seen two global wars, a great depression, and the rise of Fascism. Therefore, it is imperative (for our own preservation), that we examine capitalism: it is our economic and political system

which has produced this catastrophic situation.

Capitalism is a denial of the fundamental fact on which a decent society can be built. Man must work to live, and the more he works the better society he creates. Capitalism, however, allows men to make human labour a purchasable commodity; secondly, it puts great stress on the pursuit of individual interest, to the inevitable detriment of the community, and something for nothing—in capitalist language—is "good business." The worker, too, who receives no more for increased efforts, lives according to the system, and does as little as possible.

But Socialism, which puts the welfare of the whole people before that of individuals, insists that all should work for the common good—"from each according to his ability, to each according to his work."

The above is a concise statement of the first sections of Mr. Airey's pamphlet. His other remarks, particularly those in reference to the significance of "social security"; the trends of capitalism in England and America; and his concluding section on Fascism and the war, and the need for close co-operation with Russia in the future, are based on a sound knowledge of the problems involved.

Those people whose ambition it is to be members of the Junior National Party or the Chamber of Commerce, would do well to read this pamphlet, and to clear their minds of a few hereditary prejudices and congenital cobwebs. The events of this century plainly prove that capitalism has turned the full circle, and it is the duty of everyone to face up to the future issues. In the past, those who had the ability to make a better social structure, in their desire to secure for themselves the privileges they could obtain, were willing to sacrifice the rest of the community. Shall the world be once more plunged into chaos, or shall there be a movement towards better things? That question Mr. Airey has endeavoured to answer.

"THE DAY OF THE TRUMPET"

(Reviewed by D. McC.)

"The Day of the Trumpet" by David Cornel Dejong, is one of the few great novels to be published since the outbreak of the war. The public has, as yet, hardly recognised its quality, but this novel is bound to be read and enjoyed long after the world has again become used to peace.

The book for most of its passage deals with the everyday peace-time affairs of a Dutch family. The heroine is an imaginative housewife, impractical in routine activities, devoted to her faithless sailor husband, and given to occasionally deserting her son so that she may paint water-colours of the sea and the dunes. No one comprehends the paintings except the little boy, and he considers the omission of his dinner a fitting sacrifice for the gay sun-splashed creations his mother brings back from the shore. The dominant character is the child's magnificent Puritan grandmother, who secretly drinks spirits kept in a cupboard behind her ancient high bed. Few of them have heroic characteristics; they are guilty of moral lapses and indiscretions, laziness and spiritual apathy, but in the reaction of these "ordinary" people to barbarous invasion is epitomised the courage of all little nations which determine to endure.

The author has attempted several innovations in style. Characters speak as in life, often in half-sentences grammatically inadequate and not truly conveying meaning. The intuitive understanding amongst persons who have known one another a long while and can afford to dispense with exact wording is in this book for the first time transported to fiction. In crises the character behave as we do, bustling about importantly and

"POETRY" *

In his preface to "Poetry," J. R. Hervey makes some remarks which might profitably have been noticed by some of the other contributors. "Mary, an educated or cultured person," he says, "can produce good lines, but the result is not poetry. Poetry is not, in fact, the issue of technique. It is the by-product of a life." And again, "The art of writing verse is not difficult to acquire. But the art of writing poetry is the art of living." It is also the art of expressing that life, whether directly or indirectly, in relation to some particular age or country.

The level of attainment in verse inspired by the war is very uneven, but the best lines are those which treat the subject objectively. As soon as the writer himself intervenes, the verse is either spiky with cheap cynicism or made crude by the effort to jar over-delicate sensibilities. The detached method is used most successfully by K. Callopy in "The Bombers," which "toss in seas of light, each like a shark."

Spear-touched, foam-thrashing." This is description, pure and simple, but there is subtle contrast at the end between the bombed city "vivid with flame" and the coast to which the planes return "where the Channel waters lie, and fields of England under a quiet sky."

"The Constant Lover" has an almost Donne-like glitter.

"A flea that has no lot or part Within the confines of her heart. Who needs no Baedeker to fare, In the Black Forest of her hair."

Two poems, "Alcheringa" and "Cities in Alkira," are apparently written on the same theme. "Alcheringa" by Ken Barratt, is explained as "the eternal spirit of past ages abiding in the country." The idea is overstated, and the expression not particularly subtle. In some lines, however, it does reflect the everlasting spirit of the land "where only the locust thrummed the pulse of noon-day." The theme is more elaborately treated in Rex Ingamell's "Cities in Alkira," "the dream spirit of Australia." The white man's "glittering thundering cites have erased.

Surely the swift spear-streaking parakeet

Surely the sandy imprints of dark feet."

This representation of an Irreligious, unspiritual people, jarring the mellow brooding dream of primaevial ages, gives a warning to New Zealanders that we too can become a nation only when

"seeking truth, we know, the Timeless Land to dominate the pages,

beating the rhythm, of our history."

"Poetry" is a Quarterly of Australasian verse, edited by Flexmore Hudson.

RECENT FILMS

The above illustration indicates the opinions of our critic.



accomplishing exactly nothing. During soul-stirring events they attach their attention to trifles, such as a mud-pool, a clock, or a child's book of pictures.

There has never been before in a novel a character like Dirk, the nine-year-old. He is the type of all slow-moving, home-loving, good children. The polite and dependent fair-haired boy comes to symbolise for the others the tranquillity of the life the Germans shattered. They cling to him, as he remains calm in the cataclysm, and the family knows without discussion that he and his kind in their young strength will rebuild an honest world.

ART IN THE PACIFIC WAR ZONE

The Exhibition of the work of the Allied and New Zealand Services shown in the Auckland Art Gallery during March, reveals considerable interesting material, both from the purely artistic point of view and from that of the records; this is in spite of very definite limiting factors.

This Exhibition is in two sections, work done in the islands by overseas personnel of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps and of the New Zealand Services, and a smaller section consisting of works contributed by men from selected New Zealand R.N.Z.A.F. stations within the Dominion. An examination of the works on view clearly indicates that only a limited number of contributors have professional status, that their service duties have permitted only a prescribed amount of time to be devoted to their artistic hobby and that difficulties in the field have limited the size of work and prescribed a very definite limitation in media and technique. In spite of these factors, the Exhibition shows a surprisingly wide range of media, and the aim of the show, to give New Zealanders some clearer idea of the conditions surrounding the struggle in the Solomons, and to advance friendly relations between the U.S.A. and New Zealand, may be claimed a success.

The most effective artistic work in the Exhibition is to be seen in the water-colour section. The three examples of the work of William J. Draut, show considerable merit. His is a skilful pleasant treatment of the medium with complete mastery over technique. Effective and direct drawing with the brush and simple but vigorous handling indicate experience and artistic ability. The three paintings of Charles Dinlocher present a different approach, and in particular his "Bananas" is an extremely individual and decorative work, showing excellent finish in technique and interesting pattern and colour. Very personal, too, are the paintings by Peter A. Moriarty, which indicate that he has more than a flair for simplification and ability in the selection of essentials in the handling of difficult subject material. No. 63, "The Road to Kirkum," is a very sound piece of water-colour work, simple, selective and very appreciative of the proper use of the medium. Two paintings by Leo Nowak, No. 66 "Our Theatre," and No. 67, "Our Dining Room," completely void of figures, are notable also for sincere personal qualities, being dramatic, solidly painted in their forms, and extremely simple in colour. They have an air of professional abilities. The two paintings on view by Ted Ainsworth, No. 24, "Dawn-Piva Strip," and No. 25, "Shower," have an intimate particularised formality in the rendering of objects, on a small scale, that achieves a charm quite out of proportion to the size of these works.

"Carpenter's Mate," by Howard G. Brooks, has conscious design and excellent rendering of form and decorative pattern. It is an effective character study in the modern manner, which emphasises angular treatment.

It is not surprising that the oil-painting section of the Exhibition is more limited in numbers of works than other sections. Success in this medium requires considerable training, and the equipment required is comparatively cumbersome. Naivete in technical handling is a general characteristic of the oil paintings on view.

Of the other coloured works in the Exhibition some of the best work is to be seen in the tempera section.

As might be expected, the drawings in the Exhibition, executed in the heat of the moment, are of special interest. These drawings, in no uncertain way, lay forth the thoughts, feelings and humour of the fighting man.

A good exhibition is completed by the small section of R.N.Z.A.F. works in which the portraits of Clark and Conolly stand out.

—C.F.

Prose and Verse

Enrolment Day

WRITTEN ON FEBRUARY 19, 1955
By M.J.

Enrolment Day! From the depths of my being, a swelling sensation of suffocation, an anguishing asphyxiation, when, fraught with emotive suggestion, these words occur to my mind. Of all the days by tradition consecrate to remembrance of our debt to our Alma Mater, this, this above all, is set aside for me as the most sacred, fine and solemn, this day on which first I set foot within the stately, awe-inspiring hall, first joined the hallowed annual queue, and first spent the majority of the day outside the men's lavatory awaiting my turn—proud moment—to enter the office.

As an example of academic sagacity, this traditional manoeuvre has always remained fixed in my mind. Instead of simply placing the forms in an accessible place where all can procure them with maximum speed, all but a few are obliged to wait at least an hour or so as to relieve congestion elsewhere. Those in attendance would willingly take ten minutes per person to ensure an even flow, and no waste of time before the doors of professors.

With trembling hand I took and illegibly filled in my papers. A large notice directed me to interview the Dean of the Faculty. (How clearly I recall what courage I displayed in undertaking Law with no knowledge of Latin; sixteen I was, spotty, but determined to make good). With difficulty, I made my way to the Dean's room. This took me twenty minutes—four minutes explaining to each of five young ladies who tried to interest me in a subscription to "Craccum" that "no threepenny publications contains all necessary information, and in this world nothing is essential or vital." (I was young then, and thought of taking philosophy till I realised, after waiting in vain for three hours outside the professor's door, that I had not even the barest qualifications, though I admired his idea of a means test). Arrived at the

Dean's door, I found a queue of twenty-three. At ten minutes each, I calculated that in under three hours I would enter the sanctum. As it was I completely forgot the Dean's lunch. On enrolment day a professor's lunch takes two hours; however slowly he eats, this turns out expensive and is one of the chief grounds of the professorial demand for increase in salary.

Need I recapitulate all the events of that momentous day on which I launched myself on a career? Can I expect your interest in my interview with the Professor of Latin who advised me to visit him again at the end of four years? How he proved the accuracy of his judgment by not finding my work adequate until the end of my eighth year of study? Most fascinating of all, perhaps, my collapse into the arms of a sympathetic young lady at the information bureau, whose books had rendered her admirably suited to the role of confidante of the sad tale of my Latin rebuff—would not these all make a heart-rending narrative?

Next weeks occurs February 26, on which day I perform my personal celebration of enrolment day. To recall the atmosphere of that first day, to refresh my memory in respect to that which most impressed me, true to a sentimental vow of many years' standing, each year I allot two hours to the performance of a simple, reverent tribute of gratitude. Wherever I be, East or West, I go where the twain do meet. Down the boulevard or through the bazaar, I seek out a public convenience. Beside I stand in reminiscent silence, while the shades of Auckland University College arise and envelop me, and I imagine myself once more surrounded by the well-known pillars and all those other sights and sounds which, by an architect's caprice, are for me ever associated with Enrolment Day.

We turned and went down to the far end of the next block of vines. I took out my watch and looked at it. Just after four. I wrapped it up in a handkerchief to keep the dust out and put it back. This was the last block and on a bit of a slope. We began with our sickles again.

"There's no doubt about it, the whole system wants overhauling," Watson, the foreman-manager of the vineyard, looked round and spoke to me. "They want to kick out a lot of those bloody jokers that are running the prisons and these Borstal institutions. The whole system is corrupt."

"Yes. It seems pretty bad." I had spent most of the day acquiescing gently. Nothing else was much use. Roy Watson had ideas about a limited number of things, and they were unchanging and unchangeable ideas. And it was very handy when he stopped while you were working on a row near him, to begin a tirade against farmers or the government, or one of the other workers in the vineyard. The afternoon was uninspiring. The vines were a dull green and the hills behind us were brown because there hadn't been any rain for a week or so. Now the sky was overcast and the ground still hot and dusty.

"Oh, it's a disgrace to the country. I don't know why people put up with these things. They had it in their own hands at the election. You know these kids they have in Borstal—they have them up to the age of eighteen, don't they? Well, they hire them out to work on farms or orchards. The kids don't get paid for the work they do. The bloody farmer or whoever it is has them working has to pay a certain amount. I don't think it's very much, but the kids that work don't get it. Did you know that two of them committed suicide, because they were treated so badly?"

"Aw yes. I saw something in 'Truth' a few years ago. A boy of sixteen."

"Yes, that's where I saw it. But there was another case recently. The farmer was giving him such a rough time that he hung himself with a belt."

"It's time they held an enquiry about all these cases and made the whole thing public." I meant this. "Not long ago I was talking to—"

"Well, you know, I can tell you some bloody disgraceful things about the cows. Too bloody many have got Borstal chaps, and sheilas, too, working for them. Now, you know Dick Fargher who's got an orchard out at Taradale?"

"I've just heard of him." He had a genius for painting people black, and wasn't very logical when he gathered facts together. His stories were pretty good, though. Pity this wasn't about anyone I knew.

"Well, a few years ago, before I came here, I was out at the Works for the season. I was getting better pay then. Of course, it was just for about six months. Anyway, we had two or three days off around Christmas, and a few of us got a job at Dickie Fargher's place. We would've been bloody well in the soup if anyone had found out. You see, we weren't supposed to be working during the paid holidays. But, Christ, if you've got a wife and a couple of kids you need every damn' penny you can earn. And the wife was going into the Home in four months' time, too."

We had reached the end of our rows, so we moved round and went back, taking off the laterals on the other side. It was easier going on the way back. We always did the top of the vines as well the first time.

"And when we'd finished there Dick said to me: 'You know, I've made good money out of apples.' I didn't think any more about that at the time, but afterwards a chap told me that old Dickie used to get these kids from the damn' institutes. He made bloody good money out of apples all right. He got his labour practically for nothing."

He bent down and picked a few grapes.

"Here, try one of these. They're getting ripe now."

"Thanks."

"Well, that wasn't the end. You know, you can't bloody well get away with things like that. It comes back on a chap if he tries to be too smart. Old Dickie paid for it all right. I don't know if you saw it in the papers at the time. But anyway all the countryside was talking about it. Oh, it was a great tragedy, and everyone was distressed about it. I reckon it served him right. You can't bloody well expect to get away with things like that."

"What happened to him?"

"It wasn't him that got hurt—it was his son. Dickie was out spraying with the tractor cart and took his kid on it. His boy was about eight or nine then. You've probably seen the universal joint on the tractor here, that connects it with the spray cart. It revolves all the time, you know, and to turn it off you've got to put her out of gear, or you climb down over the back and switch the thing off. I always put her out of gear, because it's a bloody dangerous business doing it the other way. If you got your clothes caught you couldn't get them out. They'd be wound right up. Well, he let the kid climb over to switch it off. I don't know why the hell he did. Anyway, the kid leaned over and his shirt sleeve got caught up. His arm was smashed to hell and he was in a bloody mess."

He paused as small spots darkened on the dusty soil. Occasional drops of rain were falling and a shower seemed likely.

"Dickie Fargher made money out of apples all right," he said. "By Christ, the sod paid for it, though."

On Our Vacation

By R.A.S.

Three of us stepped off the train on to a concrete slab a few feet by another few feet. We turned our heads—it would have been risky in so confined a space to move our feet. Just behind us was a dirty orange shed labelled "PATUMAHOE." I think we all had the same idea: we had arrived—so what or where?

Then the specimen appeared. We do not know where he came from, he just appeared. He was a small man and, as is the misfortune of many public servants, he wore a uniform. More imaginative minds would have made him the genii of the rail. We decided to make him an information bureau.

"Where are the vegetable gardens?" seemed the best question to ask, so we asked it. The specimen grinned. Aha, we thought, the natives are friendly. He waved an arm in a circular direction.

"That's the office over there. Come here to work?"

That was not the idea we had in mind, but we thought we had better humour ourselves for a start, so we said, "Well, sort of," and grinned back. There was a difference between our grin and the specimen's. Ours had some thought behind it, whereas his had no background whatsoever, not even teeth. To push the conversation along a bit we said:

"Is there a town here? You know, shops and—things."

Again the arm made a circular motion.

"That's over there, behind the trees. See the white place—that's the pub. Quickest way is cross the paddocks. But y'might like the road.

That's a bit up the rail there. Go down past the school—about ten minutes' walk and you'll come to the town. Can't miss it, see?"

We did some rapid thinking and some rapid looking around. About half a mile south of us was the pub behind the trees. Three hundred yards north was the office, a large red building with a collection of huts behind it. The time was 10.45 a.m. The office looked rather uninviting, and there seemed no point in making a disgusting exhibition of our ability to commence work, so we decided to go south. The specimen graciously allowed us to leave our gear in the shed, grinned and disappeared. We never saw him again.

After a sedentary six months there is something exhilarating about climbing a barbed-wire fence and swishing nonchalantly through long soft grasses. A quarter of an hour's swishing along without accidents brought us to a cart track which seemed to be going our way, so we transferred and went on. This time without swishing.

As the town approached we slackened our pace. For if we had kept up our original rate of progress we would have flashed right through it before we were in it. It was rather small. There were eight buildings: two grocery shops, two service stations, a butcher's shop, a billiard saloon, a large stone hall (purpose unspecified) and the pub. We noticed and counted the other buildings on the way back. The pub was a lovely little place, the publican something of a poet-philosopher. On the walls were little texts, carefully printed

The Old Queen

Or Scots What Hae Ye?

By Clement

In effect
royally loyal,
I'm thrown in turmoil
to reflect,

That the word
Immoral
Should rhyme with Balmoral.
Too absurd!

* * *

Poem

By T.W.

And when my limbs are cold
Shall I then fight no more?
Will my mind no longer
War?
Shall I then come to acceptance
Of the fiercely youth-scorned creed,
No more in the final eddy than a
reed?
Shall I laugh and call it wisdom then,
The forgotten bitterness,
The mellow, decaying, ultimate
Rottenness?

and decorated with didley-bits, stars, dots and things. Eric Gill would have shuddered at the curley-wig ends of the letting, but the brew made us more tolerant.

(To be continued.)

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

UNIVERSITY CATHOLIC CLUB FIRST GENERAL MEETING

The first 1945 meeting of the Auckland University Catholic Club was held in the Women's Common Room on Sunday, March 4th, at 7.30 p.m. Mr. D. P. O'Connell, the outgoing President, presided. The attendance numbered approximately seventy members. Among those present was Rev. Dr. O. Sneddon, who has just returned from Rome. Mr. O'Connell read the Club Constitution for the benefit of the new members. The elections were then held. The results were as follows: President, Mr. J. P. Walsh; secretary-treasurer, Miss M. C. Prendergast.

The Club Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Ryder, welcomed the new members, and sketched the proposed activities of the club for 1945. He gave a short address on the ideals and aims of the club and the duties and responsibilities of its members.

After the meeting, supper was served in the College Cafeteria.

THE EVANGELICAL UNION

We take this opportunity of extending to Freshers a cordial invitation to all the activities of the Evangelical Union.

Enquiries are welcomed, and may be addressed to the secretary, c/o the letter rack, or to any other executive member.

EXECUTIVE

President: Ivan Moses, B.Com.

Acting Secretary: Eva Foulkes, M.A.

Treasurer: Joan Penman.

Committee: Ellen Macdonald, Win Penman, Warren Mason, B.Sc., Ray Honey, Ian Kemp, Francis Foulkes, Travis Wilson, Maurice Smith, Bob Thompson and Norman Olds.

Sunday Teas are held in the Women's Common Room at 4.30 p.m. E.U. teas proved their popularity last year by their large attendances. Come along and join in the singing and hear helpful addresses. A tea was held on March 11th and there will be another one on April 15th.

Weekly Meetings are on Thursdays at 8 p.m. in Room 2 and are addressed by outside speakers. On March 15th Mr. E. M. Blaiklock, M.A., of the College staff, began a series of talks. Bible study circle meets on Fridays, 1-2 p.m., in Room 2, and prayer groups from Monday to Thursday of each week from 1.30 p.m.-2 p.m., also in Room 2. Later an hour will be arranged for the missionary study circle which proved so interesting last year.

House Party is to be at Eastern Beach during the mid-term break in July. Last year about eighty of us gathered there and had a time of very happy fellowship, as well as profitable study led by a number of outstanding speakers. So keep mid-term break free for House Party!

Annual Conference will be in the May vacation at Christchurch, and is being arranged by the Canterbury University College E.U.

E.U. Social Evenings are held from time to time in the College and in private homes. We extend to you a sincere invitation to join us at these. You'll have a really enjoyable time. Watch the notice-board so that you won't miss any E.U. social evening!

OVERHEARD

1st B.Sc.: "When I get in the Army I am going to make a mess of everything I can lay my hands on."

2nd B.Sc. (panic-stricken): "Don't do that. You'll get a commission."

Have you got your CRACCUM FOLIO yet?

Support the R.S.A. Queen Carnival.

PIG AS IT IS DEBATED UPON

The Staff v. Student debate had its highlights, some of which although we, unlike pig, claim no pristine purity, thought rather low.

The title, "It is better to be a satisfied pig than a dissatisfied philosopher" gave plenty of scope for amusing descriptions of pigs and philosophers and still more amusing irrelevancies. The debate, however, was more pig than philosophy and more Professor Sewell than anyone else. In his opening he thoroughly established the contention, and in his summary he neatly boomeranged all the students. A pity, however, that John Chilwell did not have a chance to deny his innocence, and Margaret Honnor a chance to prove hers. Professor Sewell's remarks about this must have been rather provoking.

We gathered, anyway, that pigs are still pigs and philosophers still philosophers and never the twain shall meet, at least not philosophers.

PROGNOSTICATIONS

March 21.—Fencing Club (M.C.R.), S.C.M. Classical Society (W.C.R.).

March 22.—Field Club, Modern Languages, Play.

March 26.—Debating Club, Sci. Soc.

March 27.—I.R.C. (W.C.R.).

March 28.—Extra Curricular, Fencing Club, Literary Club

April 2.—Sci. Society.

April 3.—Debating Club.

April 4.—Fencing Club.

April 5.—Field Club.

April 6.—Tramping Club, Coffee Evening.

April 9.—S.C.M., Scientific Discussions Society, I.R.C. (W.C.R.).

March 10.—Debating Club.

March 11.—Extra Curricular, Fencing Club.

CRACCUM STAFF

Editor: R. I. F. Pattison.

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Literary Editor: Judith Child

Art: Kathleen Olds.

Sports: Joan Billington, Wally Wilkins.

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T. R. Loney, R. M. Miller, J. A. Nathan.

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Circulation: Judith de la Mare.

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Copy for the next issue closes on Tuesday, April 3, at 6 p.m. The Craccum box is on the Executive Room door. The next issue will be on sale on Wednesday, April 11.

MSS. submitted need not be type-written, but they must be written, legibly, on one side of the paper only. If type-written, double space. All MSS. must bear the name of the writer; a nom-de-plume may be added for publication purposes.

The opinions expressed in articles and reviews are not necessarily those of the editorial staff.

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UNIVERSITY OF THE FUTURE

The need for a new University in New Zealand has grown acute. In our next issue of Craccum, we shall print an article offering a possible solution. Supposedly written in 1960, the scheme deals with the building of a central University of New Zealand as a National War Memorial. Nelson is selected as the site and by the end of 1947 the actual building is begun. Completed in 1950, the University contains fourteen colleges and offers accommodation and tuition for five thousand five hundred students. A new system of Government assistance is explained, and the whole article will interest and stimulate you.

WATCH FOR IT!

face facts. All students must prepare themselves by extensive reading and concentrated study for the tremendous task of world rehabilitation.

The programme of study was well-balanced by many lighter moments such as a picnic to Pine Island, camp fire, stunts, tennis and swimming tournaments, etc., so that no one suffered a complete mental breakdown.

During the Conference friendships were renewed with people I hadn't seen since last Conference, new friendships were made, and the ten days of meeting was a very real experience in fellowship. But we, as Christians, have a closer friendship and fellowship which, even when separated by hundreds of miles, cannot be broken. Conference makes us realise more and more the privilege that is ours as students in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. —K.J.M.

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NEW ZEALAND S.C.M. SUMMER CONFERENCE

For the first time in seven years, the Summer Conference of the New Zealand Student Christian Movement was held in Auckland at the Dilworth School from December 28th, 1944, to January 6th, 1945. As compared with pre-war Conferences, this one was small, seventy-six at the school, and numerous visitors. Every University and Training College centre was represented, Auckland having the largest delegation, then Wellington, Otago and Canterbury.

Dilworth School proved admirably suited for Conference. About twenty minutes by tram from the city, our southern visitors made use of the free afternoons to see the town. Visits were paid to A.U.C., where Prof. Lancaster personally conducted a tour of the Botany Department to the delight of the budding natural scientists—by the way, the southern students were amazed at the size of our Common Rooms and Student Block—War Memorial Museum, Art Gallery, etc. Conference members had the use of the Diocesan School tennis courts and swimming bath, and the Diocesan Chapel.

Study Theme

The Study Theme for Conference was "God's Word in our World," based on a study prepared by the Rev. Clifford L. Welch, Dip. Soc. Sc., of Beresford Street Congregational Church. Mr. Welch pointed out that the news of the Bible should take priority with everyone, and that the response to the "news" should be one of gratitude to God for His gift in Jesus and a decision to "Follow Him."

A Bible tutorial on the first Epistle of John was led by the Rev. Graham McKenzie, M.A., B.D., and his treatment of the material added a new meaning to the Book. Addresses relative to the "Expression of the Soul of Man through Art in our Age," were given by Mr. Alan Horsman, M.A. (Literature), Mr. E. Olssen, B.A. (Films), and Mr. H. C. Luscombe, B.A., Mus. Bach. (Music). A discussion followed each address and here, perhaps, the greatest benefit was obtained by all present.

The Basis of Peace

The evening addresses on the Basis of Peace from the educational, economical and political standpoints were led by Messrs. F. A. Garry, H. R. Rodwell, M.A., and W. T. G. Airey, M.A., respectively. We were made to realise that much "woolly" and superficial thinking on the Peace and its lastingness is being indulged in and that what the world needs is men of vision who, while working towards the ideal, are yet prepared to

Catullus
might have
meant
a blonde —

But nowadays

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SPORTS CLUBS

THE INTER-FACULTY SPORTS

This annual event was held on Wednesday afternoon, the 14th, at Sarawai Park, in unsettled weather and on a heavy track. Many of the outstanding competitors this year are either Freshers, or else turn out regularly for other clubs, never it is to be regretted that they cannot strengthen the Auckland Team at Tournament, now to be held in Wellington.

Holland, a New Zealand junior record holder, won the hurdles and was second to the redoubtable Johnson in the high jump only on the count back. Eustace, another New Zealand record holder, won the 100 yards open, but did not contest the final of the hurdles, while Tanner and Marshall fought out a stirring finish in the 880 yards Freshers.

The best race of the day was the three miles. Four runners were together over the last lap, but in the end Marshall prevailed in a close finish.

Catt made short work of the opposition over the furlong in 22 3-5, and would probably have repeated the dose in the hundred had it not been for some unaccountable change in the order of events by the chief official.

Greville, the New Zealand champion, had a hollow win in the 880. The time of 2.5 was good under the circumstances.

In the field events, Neesham, Johnson, Cantwell, Ray and M. V. Hutchinson were outstanding, while Revington added to his reputation by a fine win in the walk.

This year the standard of performance was very high, comparing unfavourably with the lack of student interest.

SWIMMING CLUB

Club Captain: Marie Pasalich.

Men's Capt. & Tourn. Controller: Ted Giles.

Sec. and Treas.: Lillian Laidlaw.

A most enthusiastic committee in the Swimming Club this year has determined to make not only a spectacular triumph of the Tournament Swimming Carnival, but also, a resounding success of the season's activities.

During the last two seasons, Manpower obligations for vacation work have depleted the membership and have spoiled the Club's chances of holding its club night through the best part of the summer weather, so it has now been decided, to pursue club activities throughout the winter season from 5 p.m.-6 p.m. each WEDNESDAY at the TEPID BATHS.

If you can dog-paddle, sink like a stone, float or swim, join the Club and have an hour's fun in the water, together with any coaching you desire. Capable members on the committee are only too willing to help any learners, while at a later date, special lessons by that famous coach D. B. Anderson, will be given at reduced fees, providing that sufficient members enrol.

An enthusiastic committee can do little without an enthusiastic crowd of members, so, Freshers and all students join up—have fun—and learn to swim with a style. Above all, watch the notice boards for further information.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT TEAM

Shirley Marcroft, Betty McDonald, Frances Adams, Jeanette Whitehead, Mera Parsons (U.U.C.), Mira Petiecevich (Sen. Rep.), Lois Echlin, Dorothy Wilshere (Sen. Rep.), Janet Harwood, Jean Shipherd.

Two A.B.A.S. Representatives. Practices frequently held!

Anybody willing to make up a practice team, contact Shirley Marcroft, and watch notice boards.

Do your bit!!

ATHLETICS

"Consistent high standard has been the keynote of the Club's activities this season. . . ." This might well apply to any Club, but the A.U.C. Athletic Club!! The lack of support afforded the Club during this last season has been nothing short of appalling. Were it not for the prospect of gaining a Blue at the forthcoming Easter Tournament, the membership would be little more than 7—Club Captain, Secretary and Committee of 5.

Athletes—your place is in the Varsity Club no matter what colour your old school tie—the club has been one of the strongest and most respected in Auckland and can regain that place only by your support.

Championship meetings, however, brought a handful to the fore when good performances were shown by Ken Greville, who only last week won N.Z. titles in the half-mile and 440-yard hurdles events, Ron Cantwell throwing both discus and javelin well, Nev. Rykers putting the shot with impunity, Wally Wilkins who still knows how to hurdle; Jim Neesham and Colin Kay, who seem ever on good jumping form, and Leon Shenken, who, after breaking the N.Z. Junior record for the Hop, Step and Jump, was unlucky enough to be finally pushed into second place.

A.U.C. won the Senior Javelin and were placed third in the Senior Broad Jump and the Senior Shot teams at the first section of the Relay Championships.

Tournament in Athletics seems a forgone conclusion, but we still need a few to fill the gaps in the team. How about you.

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Freshers! Write for "Craccum."

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue, Of him that makes it.

—Shakespeare.

Don't procrastinate—write that letter to the Editor now!

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