



# CRACCUM

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF  
AUCKLAND  
UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE

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Mon., July 30, 1945.

## HOT DEBATE ANT-TRAMPING

Tramping has so many attractions (human and otherwise), that we have often considered indulging. Accordingly to all participants, it is such good clean fun. Consequently we attended the Tramping Club Debate—not knowing that there was to be a collection for Student Relief. For us the most enjoyable of debates is the amount of doodling we can do.

Mr. Morton pointed out that these were the finest clubs in the College but by this time Mr. Blennerhasset, etc., had so attracted our attention that we hardly noticed it.

Mr. Blennerhasset, i.e., Anti-Tramping Club, in its corporate capacity, then arose in a blaze of colour and announced that the opposition would henceforth be known as "the 3 tramps" as "trampers" was a mere euphemism. Curiously enough, the first use of the mouth which occurred to him was what he chastely referred to as osculation. In fact, he inferred that tramping was merely a thinly veiled device for osculatory practices. "However," he said, "this evening you will be edified by"—he looked hopelessly at his team—"well, me to start with." We were.

Mr. Harvey opened his speech by hoping that the audience was not dumb. Mr. Harvey talked at some length; we assume that some of what he said was relevant, and we are quite certain that none of it was funny. Sadly enough, we were too occupied by the facial contortions of Mr. Bowden, who was apparently trying to conceal his mouth.

Mr. Honey announced that he considered the audience deaf and possibly dumb. This was sheer optimism, and betrays Mr. Honey's lack of knowledge of non-religious meetings. Having pointed out that we pride ourselves on our culture, he exhorted us to be ethical. However, we had at this stage abandoned what ethics we ever had and were far more interested in our doodling. Still we were rather grieved to hear Mr. Honey say that his manhood had been completely upset. Sad, is it not?

Mary Scarlett rose to deal with men's recreation and pleasures. "What," she wanted to know, "does a man do with his mouth that he cannot do with something else?" There is positively no other place for a moustache; or doesn't she know? As someone said, "Her name is Mary, the sweetest dame we know."

Mr. Tompkins then stood up. His name intrigued us for the first two and a half minutes of his speech, and the fact that he was going to sit down for the next two and a half. He has spent many months investigating Tramping and Tramps, and has discovered that behind it all is a very predominant female influence. At this stage he is inclined to believe that tramping is not so futile after all, but still inclines to the belief that he was found under a cabbage.

The audience then drew a deep breath as Mr. Bowden rose to his feet to discuss the pleasures of women. Why Miss Scarlett should have dealt with the men and Mr. Bowden with the women is somewhat beyond our comprehension. Mr. Bowden came forward with some hesitation to deal with the affirmative team, "especially our cultured friends, Mr. Honey and Mr. Tompkins." He pointed out

## "NEBULOUS PHRASES"

### EX-SERVICES SOCIETY'S VIEW OF UNIVERSITY ATTITUDE

Among the subjects of heated debate at a meeting of the Ex-service Society's committee held the other night, was the truly appalling gap at present existing between the Government's generosity in educational rehabilitation planning, and the University's execution of those plans. At the moment, most returned soldiers and ex-Home Servicemen can be sure of a fair hearing from the rehabilitation department's officers—although two cases of alleged unfairness are being investigated—but they can expect no such recognition of their right to assistance from the University.

The University seems to have grappled with the problem of the returned soldier in a curiously inept way: it welcomes him (and through him the fees from the War Expenses Account) as one more student, enrolls him as such and proceeds to forget him; educational help is restricted to the War Concessions pass which involves a measure of standard lowering which no sane university should contemplate for one moment. Surely the slower-learning returned soldier (for such he normally is after four or five years in the physically toughening and mentally softening environment of war), deserves more from his teachers than a vague promise that maybe they will expect less from him in the way of marks. It is the opinion of most informed people that a man is better fitted to benefit from a university when a certain maturity has come to him—and in the matter of maturity, the ex-soldier represents a body of undergraduates with unparalleled experience.

Surely rehabilitation should not stop short at the point where a Government Department provides such a man with financial assistance—surely he has a right to extra tuition and personal help. We do not mean to suggest that the staff of our own college have been entirely remiss in this matter—no doubt every lecturer has on at least one occasion invited his ex-service students to apply him for help, but such nebulous phrases are not enough. Definite periods of study and tuition are necessary as well.

To the best of our knowledge at the moment there is only one member of the staff who definitely sets aside one and a half hours each week for the sole purpose of assisting the returned man—Professor Worley, to whom the Ex-Service Committee accorded a grateful vote of thanks.

If the country is sincere in its gratitude to the soldier student, it should be capable of providing him with more assistance than mere money—which will anyway be wasted if full advantage of the University is not available. It is incomparably better to teach a man his subject and take one year, than to let him struggle as best he can and take two years over the same course. If the plea of overcrowding and under-staffing is advanced, readers are referred to last issue of "Craccum," which contains an article on how the Soviet universities managed to cope with similar circumstances.

## ELECTIONS

For Information About Candidates, see Page 4.

**WANTED**—For Executive Clerical Work, Student Typist (e), moderate speed sufficient. Approx. 5 hours a week. Will be paid College fees by Stud. Ass.—Apply to Secretary or Corresponding Member, Executive Room.

and pointed out that we still have our aims.

Miss Thomas awarded the decision to the affirmative. Our lives after all are not to be blighted.

## UNLUCKY DAY S.R. CONCERT

The date was not the only unfortunate thing about the Student Relief concert arranged by Dramatic and Music Clubs on Friday 13. On the whole, the programme was disappointing, especially when compared with the entertainment offered by these clubs on previous occasions. Sladen Smith's "The Herald," was a most insipid production, and the length of the Prologue spoken by Nora Bayly was out of all proportion to the importance of what she was introducing. Lynette Cox did her best with gestures, both graceful and pathetic, to give some feeling to the lifeless play. We also admired Maureen Lamb's high dive from the battlements. Did we hear her saying, "Look at me swimming"? At the end people of an inquiring turn of mind were left asking what the point was.

The remains of the Herald and the amorous Nurse having been hustled off the stage, together with the masonry, the audience welcomed with relief the appearance of Richard Hoffman, accompanied by Prof. Keys, to play Beethoven's Romance in F Major. In these uncertain times, it is restful to listen to a violinist who performs so competently, and in tune. The visitors, Tracy Moresby, James Leighton and Marjorie Gully, deserve our thanks for their assistance, especially Mr. Moresby, for a delicate if somewhat listless rendering of the Mozart piano sonata in B Flat. Mr. Leighton's voice perhaps impresses us more by its volume than its sweetness. Ursula Briscoe also obliged with a "bracket," which would have been more enjoyable had her breathing apparatus been less audible to the naked ear. Fortunately members of the Music Club were at hand to round off the concert in their usual efficient manner. With some madrigals and a portion of a Bach cantata, they did their lively best to brighten the dreary and unfestive atmosphere.

\* \* \*

## KEITH PIPER AGAIN PRESIDENT

Mr. Keith Piper is the President of the Students' Association, and Mr. David Jones the Secretary, for 1945-6.

\* \* \*

## DO POETS WRITE POETRY?

The art of writing sonnets to perfection  
Lies in the choice of subject and of rime,  
The budding poet, then, should learn in time,  
To shun the worn-out phrase in his selection  
Of words to decorate some rich confection  
Of esoteric mood or languid mime  
Which some day may be termed true and sublime  
In press reviews of "this slim new collection."  
The young Intelligentsia write verse  
Which they with sweet naivete call "free"  
For all may at its composition shine.  
They class a sonnet with lampoons and worse,  
And revel in the preciosity  
Of T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein.



## WINTER STORM

### TWO EXECUTIVE MEETINGS

At six-thirty, Executive emerged from the Caf., disposed of the last traces of its hurried dinner, and settled down to the minutes of the previous meeting.

At eleven fifteen, Executive rose from conference, dispelled the last wisps of the fog of debate, and set off post-haste to catch its last tram.

And from six-thirty till eleven?—Constitutions, insurance, pianos, reports, annual dinners, tournament ex-servicemen, swing!

#### PIANOS

The Women's Common Room piano, according to Mr. Haresnape, is "not just right for a band," but neither he nor the other men present were in favour of bringing the piano down from the hall for Coffee Evenings.

Mr. Haresnape was found to have secreted on his person a large iron pipe, with which, presumably, to back his persistent and anxious claims for a hearing for Swing Club.

#### INSURANCE

A sub-committee was appointed to investigate fully, possible schemes for Sports insurance, but the suggestion that the Stud. Assn. make good loss of wages incurred by an injured part-time student was dismissed by Mr. Morton as "Utopian in its scope."

#### EX-SERVICEMEN SOCIETY

The A.U.C.E.S.S. was duly affiliated, and its constitution ratified. This involved considerable recourse to the Constitution, and repeated appeals to the common sense of Executive members, both present and future. The discussion over the stationery grant to this Society brought to light the fact that Mr. Morton knows how many stamps he uses; we hope the secretary of the E.S.S. is as fortunately placed. It was also abundantly clear that to safeguard the interests of all students is the very first concern of this Executive. Correspondence between the Servicemen of this and the Southern Colleges is already flourishing, and it is interesting to find the Canterbury Club having trouble with its "medical and mental intermediates."

#### SWING

For the next hour and a-half, Executive retired into the impenetrable fastnesses of Committee to settle the fate of Swing Club; may the magnitude of this tribute not pass unnoticed! A few disjointed phrases are all we are permitted from this discussion: "Either that motion is in order, or it isn't out of order," said Mr. Haresnape; Mr. Morton voted with his eyes open. . . . "That's the point, damn it!" . . . "Any public body can . . ."

Mr. Jones: "I am quite happy to be silent." "Provided I can come back to Exec. when I want to. . . . All right, old man." But Swing Club was affiliated, provisionally!

"Badges," was the next item, and it was thought there was probably a maker's contract somewhere, and perhaps even a badge committee of which nothing was known.

The meeting, now well into fourth hour, showed signs of breaking up: Mr. Blennerhasset was carolling "A life on the motion wave," Miss Keane and Mr. Morton were duelling for possession of the table, Mr. Burns talking feebly, but determinedly in the background, Mr. Piper apparently resigned to the inevitable. However, time was still found to hear the recommendations of the various members with portfolios, as outlined in their annual reports.

"Craccum," it was suggested, should be circularised to the Secondary Schools: to be included in the new syllabus?

Mr. Burns recommended that Men's House Committee members be students returning next year, and that the Common Room furniture be dealt

with at one fell swoop during the long vacation. Mr. Haresnape's proposal appeared to involve the Constitution, so was treated with distrust; Mr. Morton expressed himself "unable to disentangle his recommendations from his report;" but to Mr. Mackie went the honour of the closing phrase: "If I had my time again. . . ."

The possibility of this was more than any chairman could allow, and the meeting rose forthwith.

The second to last meeting of this Exec. (on July 18), began auspiciously with Mr. Mackie reading the minutes of last meeting which appeared to be mainly designed to commemorate the work of the Piper-Morton team. Mr. Haresnape appeared to be very perturbed by the fact that he might have to pay for a Sports Insurance Scheme. This'll show him!

Exec. was once more confronted (or, rather, not confronted) by the extremely elusive badges contract which not even George Court's can find. This was good for the usual hour's discussion which proved, if nothing else, that in 1930 Students bought their own mugs. Mr. Blennerhasset remarked darkly that he was determined to get a contract out of someone.

The Travel Grant Committee has regretfully come to the conclusion that it will have to pay at least £2/10/-, but Mr. Morton refuses to believe skiing anything but an excuse for a glorified holiday; in fact, at the rate they are going now, they will be including big game fishing in winter Tournament. However, Miss Garland thinks a golf club very desirable.

So to the correspondence—of an unusually fascinating variety.

(1) The Ascot Dry Cleaning Coy.—offering a 10 per cent rebate on garments, they might collect from the caf. Mr. Morton was very perturbed to think women's lingerie might be included.

(2) The N.Z. Vegetarian Soc. ("you know—no meat") inviting the college to a meeting, if not to a supper.

(3) The Mental Hospital Reform Assn., stating that their annual report "would undoubtedly be of interest to many of your members."

About this time we were very edified to see Mr. Mackie, in his gown, climbing round the walls to close the windows, which remained closed.

From the residue of the correspondence there emerged the fact that the University would be of only slight value without students. We wonder!

Mr. Mackie suddenly found himself in charge of the meeting—Mr. Piper having mysteriously disappeared—but his loud cries of "Order! Order!" were without avail.

The annual report produced the fact that ill-health accounted for at least three members of the Exec. We are not surprised. A.U.C. was reported to have been the college "with the most spirit" at Tournament. The reference to the "dining hall" (the caf. to the uninitiated) evoked the suggestion to sell the cash register and give Mrs. Odd a drawer—and some status, more or less as an afterthought. It was found not proper to congratulate the Secretary on his report: Mr. Morton protested that he was only following precedent.

#### WINTER TOURNAMENT

Mr. Beard announced that O.U. was finding it difficult to secure sufficient billets, and suggested that all Tournament delegates hunt up "relations and Aunt Fanny's and things."

Exec. discussed a very involved amendment for about twenty minutes, then confessed that they saw no reason for it. Finally, Miss Keane demanded "why don't we just say No?" In fact, Mr. Haresnape seconded the idea. Mr. Piper, for the benefit of the deaf announced, "Miss Keane has moved a motion suggesting that we

## Craccum

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### UP THE POLL

Spring isn't here yet, but the Stud. Ass. elections have come round again. Go then into the Executive Room, redecorated (especially) for the occasion, and vote. It seems not incorrect to say that this is the duty as well as the privilege of members of Stud. Ass.

If you believe, as do some people overseas and a few in New Zealand, that all who have attained the age of eighteen should be granted the franchise, you will not lose the opportunity of recording your opinion in this lesser election. Incidentally, to extend the franchise to all over eighteen is hardly justifiable: many under twenty-one have acted as patriotism required, but a fine character does not immediately produce the background of knowledge necessary to a voter.

Democracy, in any case, is based on a fallacy. If the Government of the people is affected by the people, the assumption is that the people know what will benefit them. The assumption is at present false; therefore, democracy is at present based on a fallacy. You may consider it difficult to determine "what will benefit" the people, and you may prefer to ignore the unsettling problem, but you are still in your fool's paradise with your fallacy.

And do you understand any one out of all these slogans you have been monotonously croaking over the last six and a half years? What do you really wish to signify when you rant about the "fight for freedom" or the "triumph of liberty"? You have never thought or reasoned about freedom and liberty, but you cannot resist joining in the colossal programme of bluff, so that you dupe your parrot-like selves and any of your contemporaries who happen to be perched in the same birdcage.

say "No." Those in favour please say Aye."

Mr. Morton confessed he simply could not understand the "elegibility" according to clause 10c (1) but was still hopeful. Finally it was decided that the "context of the word 'no' in the present motion" be amended to something else. Mr. Blennerhasset suggested that "no" be read as "yes." This having been settled, Exec. adjourned for a few minutes to an undisclosed destination.

On return it discovered that Mr. Morton wanted a clerical assistant. Miss Keane for some moments thought they meant clerical and simply could not understand it. "I'd like to be given power to explore the possibilities," said Mr. Morton. "I'll bet," replied Mr. Blennerhasset. It was suggested that some mention be made of remuneration, as it would make good reading in the minutes.

Mr. Blennerhasset dissented, but "was not so bloated with a sense of his own importance as to want his dissension recorded."

#### GOLF CLUB CONSTITUTION

Exec. moved that Golf Club constitution be left in the hands of Mr. Blennerhasset for his perusal. "Perusal fee," said the legal adviser, "will be £1/11/6."

Men's Basketball Constitution / / / The constitution was read at some length. Finally Mr. Blennerhasset demanded "what does Exec. think of that?"

"H'm," said Mr. Mackie. "That's what I think," said Mr. Blennerhasset.

#### FURTHER BUSINESS

Mr. Haresnape confessed to being an eager beaver. He discussed several more matters and finally revealed that he has only just learnt that Student Relief has a system for collecting 3d a week. He also wanted some wire to hang the past Execs. (see several weeks back). Mr. Blennerhasset, however, moved "that the photos not be hung up." In fact he said, "If you can stand the ugly mugs of past Execs., you're welcome to them."

The motion was put to the meeting

but Mr. Blennerhasset was by now so much in the habit of saying "No," that he disagreed with his own motion before he had realised it. He was sure he didn't want any previous motion rescinded. The previous motion had involved quite a lot of negatives, so Mr. Morton was perhaps justified in pointing out that the "Ayes" didn't know what they were doing.

To close the meeting, Mr. Mackie announced that the only nominations he had received for the positions of President and Secretary were those of Mr. Piper and Mr. Jones respectively. Mr. Burns declared them duly elected.

So Exec. rose at 11 p.m. and slowly wandered home, leaving the Press, without ink, to write up the meeting.

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## OPEN FORUM

### A BLOCK VOTE

Sir,—A few days ago, I was rather interested to hear that the Training College students at A.U.C. are organising a block vote at the forthcoming elections, with the very praiseworthy purpose of getting T.C. members on Exec. to do something about reducing Student Association fees for Training College students. Surely such an attitude is to be condemned by all reasonable Varsity students. The Student Association fee is not exorbitant, and out of it are made all the grants for clubs and Tournaments at which the College is represented.

Further, Training College students have no interest in the College, except for the Caf. and the Common Rooms, and it is extremely presumptuous of them to imagine they will be satisfactory Exec. members. To enter Exec. with only one purpose, and that detrimental to A.U.C. as a whole, is in my opinion not only ungracious, but even more than usually stupid. The whole plan is totally opposed to the unbiased attitude students have maintained in past elections. This year's Exec. has done a remarkably fine job; surely the standard is not to be lowered by the unthinking, partisan stupidity of those who are, after all, outsiders.

—Arbiter.

### THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

Sir,—Mr. Stevens, in defending the non-admission of aliens to the medical school makes some sweeping assertions which do not coincide with the real facts. No wonder that his conclusions must be wrong, biased and misinforming. He points out that the overwhelming majority of British subjects have spent the best years of their lives under military directions, with the resulting loss of opportunity, and the aliens, although they have adequately discharged their duties in the land of their adoption, have not had responsibilities of the same grueling and all-embracing nature as those of our own nations.

The facts are, that the manpower regulations apply as well to British subjects as to aliens. Conscription for military service applies only to British-born people, but nearly all the aliens of military age have volunteered for military service, which constitutes a much bigger percentage than that of New Zealanders who volunteered. That only a small number has been accepted is not their fault. Taking into account the very small number of aliens in this country, a bigger percentage of aliens and children of aliens served in the armed forces than New Zealanders. A number of the aliens had fought against Fascism and Naziism long before the average New Zealander had done, and under more difficult and dangerous circumstances. Their loss of opportunity, career and personal possessions dates back for about the last ten years, and they have the same right of rehabilitation as anybody else who fought against Fascism.

Those of them who came to this country with little money had a harder struggle than the average New Zealander has, and they are handicapped in their efforts of rehabilitation by language difficulties, prejudices (such as shown in Mr. Stevens' letter and R.S.A. resolutions) and restrictions (such as non-admission to the medical school, etc.) The marked influx of aliens, about which Mr. Stevens is so concerned, amounts to the "tremendous" number of about 1200 since 1939. This number includes old aged people, children and women occupied in household duties, so that only about 400 are actually employed in the process of earning a living. I leave it to Mr. Stevens to calculate their percentage in relation to the total population of New Zealand.

Mr. Stevens points out that aliens have adequately discharged their duties in the land of their adoption, but it does not seem to occur to him

that somebody who has discharged all the duties should have all the rights. In his opinion the admission of some of the rights should not be governed by ability, fondness for a certain occupation and equal opportunity, but by nationality. Experience shows that it is only one step from this point of view to the view that distinction should be made between races and religion. Fortunately Mr. Stevens does not take this step. Instead of that he gives the advice—I still do not know if he means it seriously or ironically—that aliens should make use of the ample scope in other vocations besides medical, as brain and ability will ultimately rise to the top. I wonder if he would raise his voice in protest if these other vocations would follow the example which Mr. Stevens defends and debar them admission.

Nearly all of us view with contempt the introduction of a "numerous clausus" in Fascist pre-war Poland and Hungary, by which only a small percentage of students who belonged to a minority nation or a different religion were admitted to the higher schools of learning. With even greater contempt, we viewed the expulsion of Jews from German universities. To exclude a person from the pursuance of knowledge on any other ground than a free competitive examination is contrary to the fundamental law of freedom of learning, and freedom of science. It is undemocratic and contrary to those ideals for which this war is fought. We should have enough self-criticism to realise that the introduction of a "numerous nullus" for aliens at the medical school would be a breach of those principles and if it became known abroad it would debase the high reputation of New Zealand as a free place of learning.

—F. Monk.

### WHERE IS IT?

Sir,—I wish to endorse the remarks made by R. W. Cawley and P. R. Morton in the last issue of "Craccum." If Tramping Club copy was lost, it was no joke, and you should have done something about it.

—E. Fahn.

[At a time when so few have a sense of humour, we hate to be serious; yet we have to admit that we have published all the Tramping Club copy that we have received.—Ed.]

### A LAMPOON

Sir,—I cannot admire your action in printing the lampoon directed by someone calling himself M.L.S. against a member of Men's House Committee. In any community there is likely to be irresponsible criticism of people in authority, who are carrying out a duty that may be unpopular; but it is a pity to make an official paper available for offensive references such as this one. I might add that in my own opinion the present House Committee (including Mr. Harvey), is working with a firmness and efficiency which we might have had more of in past years.

—J. E. Morton.

[We cannot admire your action in insisting on the official nature of this publication; if we followed your wishes, "Craccum" would belie its name, in a dull manner.—Ed.]



## MUSIC & THE GIFT OF TONGUES

By PROFESSOR KEYS

When I was asked by a persuasive-looking young lady to "write something for "Craccum," I politely demurred. Not, apparently, in a manner that carried much conviction, for the request was repeated in slightly more veiled and cajoling language. "Well, what about?" I asked almost resigned. "Something about music," was the encouraging reply. "Then you should ask the Professor of music," I answered triumphantly, as I thought, "music is not my profession." But as is now painfully clear, the young lady reporter had her way.

Yet not entirely. I decided I had better not trespass too flagrantly into somebody else's department, so I prudently kept one foot in my own. I think it is now up to the Professor of music to contribute an article entitled "Language and the Gift of Music." Just to encourage him, I would point out that straddling two departments in this way, or sitting, as it were on the arms of each other's chair, should save us both from making any strictly ex-cathedra utterances, and will consequently prevent us from saying anything that might be taken seriously.

### BI-LINGUALISM ESSENTIAL

Whereas it is in no way essential for a Professor of Modern Languages to be interested in music, it is almost impossible for a musician to avoid contact with modern languages. Does the radio not sometimes treat, as to Vladimir Rosirig singing in Russian (about which I presume he knows something), in barely recognisable French and also in quaint comic English? Great artists who travel from country to country must have fairly good opportunities for practice in speaking foreign languages. The second violin, I think it was, of the Budapest String Quartette must have had an unusually keen ear linguistically. He and his brother (the 'cellist) happened to stroll into a milk-bar where I was eating ice cream after one of the Quartette's Concerts. Against my better judgment, I at last yielded to my friend's unfortunate request to "say something" to them. I therefore endeavoured to concentrate all my appreciation of their artistry into the one sentence. "Ihr konzert war wunders choir. Whereat the second violin eyed me keenly for a moment and then said in impeccable English, "Are you a Frenchman?"

I had, in fact, just been living for three years in Paris.

It was while I was in Paris that I heard the famous Cortot-Thibaud-Casals' trio. I assume then that with Frenchmen in the majority, Casals would probably have to use French at rehearsals. Only last Saturday, I heard him use English in a B.B.C. broadcast—and he sounded quite at home in it. Casals has, of course, frequently played and even conducted in London. One wonders what linguistic feats were accomplished when Cortot conducted the Symphony Orchestra of Barcelona in the Brahms Double Concerto with Thibaud and Casals as soloists.

Unless your comment of a foreign language is very extensive, you may easily be caught out if you attempt to discuss a slightly unfamiliar topic. Hans Richter's English, presumably was equal to the task of conducting an English orchestra, but it proved amusingly inadequate to administer a rebuke to a charwoman. Infuriated by the noise made by one of these ladies in the discharge of her duties, Richtert turned round and roared into the hollow darkness of Queen's Hall. "Wife, do not care!!" an outburst quite wasted on the offender who was ignorant of what the student of modern languages knows: namely,

that Weib" is German for "woman," and that "kehren" inter alia, means "to sweep."

### LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

These are musical anecdotes—inconsequential, trivial, even facile—that will contain a little extra savour for the student of foreign languages. But there are sterner pleasures awaiting him, too. It is a platitude that foreign languages open up new literatures to the thoughtful student, giving him an approach that is much more intimate than the approach through translations in one's own language, can be. When the same student finds foreign literary works translated into music, he enjoys a double approach to the music. It is not essential to have studied Beethoven's Barbier de Seville or Mariage de Figaro or Goethe's Egrinout to appreciate the operas of Rossini or Mozart or the overture and incidental music by Beethoven. But the student of foreign languages and literatures has an additional peep-hole as it were, through which to look and listen.

If you did not know something about Shakespeare, to what extent would you appreciate Mendelssohn's Overture and Scherzo from the Midsummer Night's Dream, or Berlioz's Queen Mab Scherzo? From the welter of symphonic poems (appalling) operas and what have you, that have been written round Shakespeare—mostly by foreigners—these stand out as three of the most satisfactory works. When it comes to Shakespearean operas, you have to be able to read the actual libretti—whether French, Italian, or German—to realise what has happened to the language of Shakespeare. "They have been crucifying Othello into an opera," wrote Byron from Venice about 1878, referring to Rossini. But what can you expect from unlitary composers who cherish ambitions of writing an opera on "King Lear," in which the Fool will be a contralto? Such was the ambition of Verdi, who actually produced operas in Othello, the Merry Wives and Macbeth. At one stage Beethoven was tempted by the latter subject, but with the sure instinct of genius gave up the idea.

Until comparatively modern times, there have been few composers with real literary culture, ability, interests—or even scruples. Among the earliest were Mendelssohn, Schumann and Berlioz—damned by many as mere Romantics. But when they adopted literary models—whether Shakespeare, Byron or Virgil—they usually knew what they were attempting, even if they did not resist the greatest heights of inspiration.

### POETRY SET TO MUSIC

A less distressing topic than "literary" operas—based on Shakespeare, Byron, Schiller, Sir Walter Scott—is the setting of lyric poems to music. The most successful example seems to be works of composers like Hugo Wolf, Gabriel Faure, Henri Duparc, or Peter Warlock. But this is too big a topic to discuss here.

Unfortunately, we cannot tell where these invasions by poet and musician of each other's realm is going to stop. If we are not careful we shall one day be confronted with "Nausea" a concerto-poetico for air-raid sirens and swing band, adapted from a surrealist poem by that eminent Esperanto dramatist, Estas Lunatikoko.

\* \* \*

### "ROSTRUM"

the combined magazine of the Universities of New Zealand, will be available at 2/- a copy early in August. Only 180-200 copies will be issued to A.U.C., so order your copy now from one of the following people:—

Maureen Lamb,  
Barbara Colquhoun,  
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# ELECTIONS!



## LIST OF CANDIDATES

### L. K. ARNOLD

Member of the Committee of Architectural Society and Social Committee of the Architectural Society. Has been elected as representative of his studio. Elected to be first-year representative on the Arch. Soc. Committee.

### NORA BAYLY

Second year B.A. and Dip.J. Craccum sub-editor and member of Student Relief Committee, also member of Literary Club, Dramatic Club, and I.R.C. Burning with enthusiasm to eradicate student apathy.

### J. BEARD

Third-year Architect. Exec. member, 1945 W. Tournament delegate and sports representative; Committee Arch. Soc.; Ex-Secretary of Hockey Club, present committee member; N.Z.U. representative Hockey, 1943; College Social Committee; Rowing Club Committee.

### BARBARA BELL

Third year Arts. National Scholar. Sanders Scholar. Executive member, 1944-5. Member Women's House Committee. Chairman Modern Languages Club. Committee Member, Student Relief, Literary Club, Dramatic Club, Classical Society.

### D. CLARK

As a Science student of nearly three years' standing, I have remarkably few affiliations with any clubs at Varsity. I have very austere tastes, and do not wish to be bothered with any others. I have taken a very little interest in the I.R.C. Club. I was once up at Ongaruanuku, in a state bordering on complete collapse, but feel I would like to do it again. A well-known feature of my personality is the complete lack (to date) of any social instinct. I intend to spend yet another year or two in the neighbourhood of this intellectual tomb.

### R. DENNEY

Stalwart of Stud. Assn. Well known member of College, and takes part in many College activities. Has worked hard on M.H.C.

### C. J. FRANCIS

Training College.

### GABRIELLE GARLAND

Final B.A. University National Scholar, Lissie Rathbone Scholar, 1942. Executive Stud. Assn., 1944-1945. Chairman Women's House Committee, Student Business Manager, "Craccum", Student Chairman Dramatic Club. Past member Debating Club, and Student Relief Committees.

### W. R. HARENAPE

Present member of the Executive, on which he holds the Portfolios of Social Committee and Records. Also the Secretary of Student Civic Affairs Group, and President of the Swing

Club. A keen member of Second XV., until a recent accident debarred him from playing.

### R. B. HAUGHTON

Second year Architect. Holder of full-time rehab. bursary. Four years' service in Middle East. Represents Architectural Faculty on Ex-Services' Society executive.

### C. R. HONEY

Fourth year Architecture. Senior Scholar in Architecture. Secretary Arch. Soc. Secretary Evangelical Union. Member of Debating Club Committee. Expects to be doing B.Arch. Thesis next year.

### D. J. HOOTON

Second year Physics. Secretary M.H.C. Consistent and enthusiastic member of Haka party and other Student activities. Sometime member of Tramping Club. A "Craccum" reporter at Exec. Meetings.

### JOAN KINGSTONE

Training College.

### LILIAN LAIDLAW

Second-year Architect. Member of E.U. Swimming, Debating, Music, Dramatic, Tennis and Tramping Clubs.

### H. LAING

Age 25 years. First year B. Arch. student, co-Sec. Swimming Club. Exec. Debating Club. Hockey Club. Social Committee, Exc. Services' Society, member Committee Architectural Discussion Group. Four years' service overseas, 2nd N.Z.E.F., O.P.A., in N.Z. Artillery. Represented 2nd N.Z.E.F. in swimming and debating.

### N. LAURENCE

Commerce Student. Returned from service overseas. First five-eighths in Senior XV.

### CONSTANCE LEPINE

Training College.

### G. A. McCracken

Training College.

### PAM MONTAGUE

Fourth year Law. Secretary Women's House Committee. Chairman I.R.C. Member Tennis Club Committee.

### J. E. MORTON

Final B.Sc., Zoology Demonstrator, Junior Scholar, Executive Stud. Ass. 1944-1945. Corresponding Member, N.Z.U.S.A., Registrar of Societies, Student Chairman, Debating Club. Supports a capable and hard-working administration for 1946.

### C. V. OWEN

Third year Varsity. Training College student. Member Athletic Team, N.Z.U.T. Wellington, 1945.

### JEWEL PRENTICE

Training College.

## POST-WAR AVIATION

Sir,—Permit me to offer my congratulations to your correspondent, Mr. C. W. Salmon, for his excellent article on "Jet Propulsion" in your issue of June 28, particularly with respect to his distinction between "Rocket" and "Jet" propulsion. This is one point which the public fails to appreciate.

However, his previous article on Post-War Aviation (June 8), was somewhat of a flop, although I admired the way in which he tried to please all tastes on the "State Control" issue. State Control is, in my opinion, the sole solution to such problems as efficient transport, lighting, mails and general utilities. The British Overseas Airways Corporation is run on the "Chosen Instrument policy, as is the newly-formed Corporation to administer the Latin-American Routes. This largely overcomes the difficulty which seems to have arisen in the United States, where Pan American, American Export, Oceanic Steamship and several other existing companies, mainly in the Air and Sea Transport business, are on their toes clamouring for landing rights, hangar room, and all the other things they think they need for "after the war."

As to his comment "only from the passenger point of view," all I can say is "show me where!..." As far as I can see, only a general treatment of the politics and policies behind the subject has been made.

He further comments, "... for some time still the main bulk of freight will have to be transported either by land or sea." If Mr. Salmon is of the opinion that transport by air will ever become general for general goods, I take back all the nice things I said about his "Jet Propulsion" article.

Mr. Salmon has either been asleep of late, or else his memory plays him tricks. My files give me no information on any Handley-Page product, either flying or being designed, by the name of "Hertfordshire," but possibly he means "Hermes." This plane is not yet flying, and as far as is known, construction is not very far advanced. The Avro "York" should be an excellent post-war transport, even if the Americans have termed it a "flying box-car," "makeshift," and the rest. The "Lancastrian" is purely and simply a high-speed express freight and mail transport, and is definitely unsuitable for regular passenger runs. As to American products, the Dakota and Hudson were both adapted from Civil types, while the Liberator (and the "Mariner" and "Coronado") is now produced in a transport version. —Enthusiast.

### K. J. RUSSELL

Training College.

### J. RUTHERFORD

### M. J. WREN

Second year Architecture. Spent several years in the Navy. A keen member of Debating Club.

## ENGLISH "POLITICS"

The recent English elections appear to have been more in the nature of a bear-fight than anything else, but perhaps the proceedings were a deliberate attempt to obscure the significant issues.

The only party alive to the real importance of the situation is the Labour Party, and it is the only one which is prepared to introduce new measures, to make a sincere attempt to represent the "blood and sweat" of the war by something more tangible than Churchillian heartiness and promises incapable of fulfilment.

The Conservatives, since they have no policy, have resorted to many questionable political devices, but no device so questionable as the use of Mr. Churchill. Mr. Churchill's record as a war leader has been good, but the same cannot be said of his past career or prophesied of his future, if he remains consistent, which on the evidence, is to be strongly doubted.

To begin with, he represents not the people of England, the "many-headed multitude," but those who count themselves the equals or superiors in blueness of blood of a scion of the infamous Marlborough, and those whose financial interests make it imperative that they, and no one else, should be considered. He represents, insofar as one who has changed his political spots more often than the style of his hats can be said to represent anything beside the expedient, that class which preferred Fascism to Communism, and war against Russia to peace in Europe allied to Russia.

He is the man who spent over £100,000,000 of British money, and many British lives, in a vain attempt to crush the Russian Revolution. I wonder if the British people knew anything of this, and what difference it would have made had they disapproved? A collation of his speeches in recent years (apart from the large element borrowed from the classics) is a very illuminating study. Russia in 1940, for Mr. Churchill was "that great nation eaten out by that insidious disease, Communism"—whatever that may mean. However, for the last four years Russia has been "our gallant ally, a great and indefatigable people." Now he is talking of "the need for a strong government to counter the socialistic menace in Europe." Mr. Churchill and his Conservatives, with the aid of the poison propaganda of the American press, bid fair to involve the world in another great war in the next 10 years. The choice of peace is in his hands, but will he take it?—Rod. Miller.

[We are not in agreement with all the opinions expressed by our contributor. If we receive no comment on them, we shall conclude that our readers do agree with him.Ed.]

\* \* \*

## STUDENT RELIEF

The name of the play which the staff is going to read for Student Relief is at present unknown.

## DRAMATIC CLUB

Presents

## The Annual Production

## "YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

by

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

in

## THE COLLEGE HALL,

Thursday 9, Friday 10, Saturday 11, August.

Students: 2/-. General Public: 2/6.

Student Tickets available at the College this week.  
All Bookings at Lewis Eady's.



## LIBRARY NOTES

Recent Additions to the Leisure Reading Section of the Library.

## NOVELS

**Strange Fruit**—Lillian Smith, 1944. Regional novel of the South. Story of the love of an educated Negro girl for a white man, and the tragedies of murder and lynching which result.

**The Sun is My Undoing**—Marguerite Steen, 1943. Novel of 18th century life in England and the West Indies and at sea. Theme is the evils of slave trade and the work of the English abolitionists.

**The Forty Days of Musa Dagh**—Franz Werfel, 1934. Rich Armenian, who lived 23 years in Paris, returned to Syria in 1915, to be caught in the Turkish campaign of extermination against the Armenians. Central episode is the 40 days' siege of Musa Dagh.

**The Small Back Room**—Nigel Balchin, 1943. Attacks bungling of politicians and civil servants and their hampering of the war effort. Narrator a crippled scientist who is set to discover the workings of a German booby bomb which continues to fall on England.

**Fair Stood the Wind for France**, 1944. Story of a British bomber pilot who crashed in Occupied France.

**The Widening Stain**—Morris Bishop (W. Bolingbroke Johnson, pseud.) 1942. The author is a professor at Cornell University, and lays the scene of this detective story in a University library.

**Family Matters**—C. E. Vulliamy (Anthony Rolls, pseud.) 1933. Detective story.

**Greek Tragedy**—G. D. H. and M. Cole, 1939. Detective story.

**The Mystery of Mr. Jessop**—E. R. Punshon, 1937. Detective story.

**John Brown's Body**—E. C. Rivett (E. C. R. Lorac, pseud.) 1938 Detective Story.

**The Man Who Killed Fortescue**—J. S. Strange, 1933. Detective story.

**Whose Hand?**—J. C. H. Vahey (Vernon Loder, pseud.) 1930. Detective story.

**Surfeit of Lampreys**—Ngaio Marsh, 1943. Detective story.

## SHORT STORIES

**Winesburg, Ohio**—Sherwood Anderson.

**A Century of Creepy Stories.**

**Fifty Masterpieces of Mystery.**

**The Great Book of Thrillers.**

**The Mammoth books of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries.**

## PLAYS

**Sixteen Famous American Plays**—B. A. Cerf and V. H. Cartmell, eds., 1941.

**Thirty Famous one-act Plays**—B. A. Cerf and V. H. Cartmell, eds., 1943.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**This is my Best**—W. Burnet, ed. 1942. Over 150 self-chosen and complete masterpieces of America's greatest living authors, together with their reasons for their selections.

**A Sub-treasury of American Humor**—E. B. White, ed. 1941.

**Ten Years in Japan**—Joseph C. Grew, 1944. A contemporary record drawn from the diaries and private official papers of Joseph C. Grew, Ambassador to Japan, 1932-42.

**Wingate's Raiders**—C. J. Rollo, 1945. An account of the incredible adventure that raised the curtain on the Battle for Burma.

\* \* \*

Copy for the next issue will close on Tuesday, September 4, at 6 p.m.

\* \* \*

**WANTED**—For Executive Clerical Work, Student Typist (e), moderate speed sufficient. Approx. 5 hours a week. Will be paid College fees by Stud. Ass.—Apply to Secretary or Corresponding Member, Executive Room.



ERNESTINE

Having received lately no impassioned letters imploring my assistance, I assume that all my dear children have settled the affairs of their heart to their own satisfaction. However, to solace my readers, I have taken some extracts from a very authentic document for "young ladies" and reproduce them.

## FRIENDSHIP—

## A SERIOUS GUIDE

Forewarned is, as they say, forearmed; and it takes an agile mind to think up what to do on the spur of the moment. Many a sleepless night must be spent by young women and young men, thinking what they should do when certain circumstances arise. In my years as a guide to young people, many questions have been asked me. In answering them, I have always tried to distinguish what would be done by a nice person. Examine your friend in the light of the answers I gave: it will help you—or, at least, Mr. Pattison who has asked me to write these few words, thinks so.

Many young women must have wondered "what shall I do if a strange man moves nearer to me in a railway carriage?" Of course, you may ask the guard to use his authority to make the man keep out of your compartment. But unfortunately there is sometimes collusion between the guard and the man with the misplaced affections. A kind lady once said, "You go to sleep, dear, and I shall watch over you throughout the night; you may wake up with perfect confidence." But with friendly-looking old gentlemen such confidence may be misplaced. Your common sense must be your guide. One girl said in a loud voice to a man seated disrespectfully beside her—"You may have the whole seat if you want it!" The thought of this young woman standing up all night in spite of having paid for a reserved seat always brings to my mind the case of Ella F—t. From her sleeper on the Limited she saw a dark-faced man pass her door twice in ten minutes. At the next station, Ohakune, she left the train and went and told the facts to the Mayor. As she caught the goods at five in the morning, she must have experienced true satisfaction: it was a real spiritual experience. Indeed, a young woman has something worth more than a comfortable, warm night with a first-class sleeper.

Answering questions is, I suppose, the best method for me.

Here are two rather interesting problems—"My young man shows a disposition to indulge in petting; may I allow this privilege to him alone?" (She underlined "alone"). Certainly not! What can he really care for you if he acts in that way? You have no choice here: insist that he behave with decent, aloof reservation—the real mark of a true friend. . . . Another inexperienced person asks almost the same question: "Do you approve of petting?" Most certainly; in the proper circumstances. A husband may pet his wife; and parents their children.

"I am in some doubt," writes Fan-

## CLASSICAL CORNER

## TIME AND PLACE

The modern Hit Parade tune seems frequently to require the continued skill of two, three or even four master minds before the finished product rocks the world. I often wonder whether this pooling of resources does have the desired effect or whether the result is not often significant of a mental tug-of-war between the joint composers. The lyrics, of course, are the real test of genius. It's a jolly lucky thing that "the stars above" and "the one I love" can be blended subtly together—"your charms" and "my arms," too for that matter. But it's not always as easy as that. There's an aspect other than purely facile rhyming—a little thing called logic. Have you ever considered the first two lines of "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with anyone else but me, till I come marching home." Look at it. I think you'll finally agree that there is a certain amount of inconsistent reasoning involved.

So what? Under an apple tree is a pretty poor sort of spot, anyway.

## "JUDAS MACCABEAUS"

On July 13 and 14, the Royal Christchurch Musical Society and the Christchurch Harmonic Society amalgamated for two performances of Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabaeus." The choir of nearly 200 strong was well balanced and obviously enjoyed itself. The blend of voices was generally good and if there was a slight lack of depth in the bass, this was more than compensated by the tone and vigour of the handful of tenors. Dora Drake from Dunedin, proved once again that she has a delightful lyric soprano voice and sang her many exacting arias with ease and grace. Alfred Walmsley, in the tenor role, sang forcefully and well. Led by Vivien Dixon, the strings of the 3YA orchestra did a fine job and contributed in no small measure to the success of the concert.

Full marks to C. Foster Browne and these two Christchurch choirs for their well prepared and splendidly executed performance of "Judas Maccabaeus." Let us have more of them.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD

The 3YA orchestra recently tackled Mozart G Minor symphony. It was not a good performance from any angle.

tail L—m, "whether I should use tweezers to improve the contour of my eyebrows." The eyebrow is a specially developed protection for the eye. The hairs are deployed by Nature to repel harmful dust. Would you have your eyesight spoiled by your attempt to improve God's work? Remember—a girl with large, bushy eyebrows has Nature's greatest gift.

As much, readers, may be said of all cosmetics, except water.

Beware of the French Department at your college. You should drop French as soon as you know all the irregular verbs. The words you know cannot describe the poets, and the prose is best not understood. But provided you take the precaution of knowing nothing of the language, may I suggest a good way to see if your young friend lives up to the ideals you would wish. If the Modern Languages Club produces the play "Eve Toute Nue," go to it. If your "friend" is there, prepare for the worst. You are only a suitable pair of friends if neither knows the meaning of the title afterwards. Beware of deceit in this most important detail.

I seem to have used my space, but I hear that a few people did not know what to do when the library lights were sabotaged the other evening after sundown. Next time, wait till you are sure you can grasp and hold the culprit; then call Miss Minchin.

Do not forget that separation is the true mother of friendship; absence makes the heart grow fonder and distance lends enchantment to the view.

The strings were too thin, and the trumpets which replaced the horns of the original score had a harsh and brittle tone which has no part in the symphony. This performance, together with some later ones by the 1YA counterpart, raises something of a problem. We, in New Zealand, must admit that our orchestras anyway are of a considerably lower standard than the professional organisations of England, the Continent, U.S.A. and even Australia. This is lamentable, but none the less true. Therefore, when we do hear something of local manufacture, how are we to judge it? Do we say, as in the case above, "it is not Beecham, therefore it is horrible and false?" Or do we overlook some obviously bad execution and interpretation and say, "Well after all, it's not so bad for New Zealand and I DID manage to stick it out?"

I imagine we should compromise somehow between these two. Certainly we must be honest and judge from a "musical" standpoint at all times. Then we may perhaps do justice to sincere effort at home and still admit our own shortcomings.

## HOPE

The above problem has more than once developed into a tragedy for New Zealand. Last year Eugene Ormandy passed through on his way to conduct concerts in Australia. A short while ago, Dr. Malcolm Sargent went the same way. The man who partnered Schnabel in superb recordings of the five Beethoven piano concertos is now working with—and on—Australian orchestras. We have missed out again. There was nothing here worthy of the talents of these two men, for we do not possess one single tradesmanlike symphony orchestra. There is one real ray of light on this dismal landscape. The N.B.S. String Orchestra in Wellington is undoubtedly the finest thing of its kind we possess, and under the sponsorship of Andersen Tyrer and direction of Harry Ellwood, has become something really worthwhile. The N.B.S. String Quartette is a group whose work deserves better recognition.

We have, it seems, the nucleus. Surely we can make something greater of it. Sargent has shown us the way. Professional musicians from abroad are needed to swell our numbers. "They will come," he said, "provided you offer the money. And the British Council is willing to help."

The result is in our own hands. But let us hope that next time an Ormandy or a Sargent visits these shores, he will find an orchestra that will make time spent in New Zealand well worth while for him and for us.

\* \* \*

"What the gods have decreed it is not possible to avert, but surely the direst of all human ills is to abound in knowledge, yet to have no power to hold back the evil day."

—Herodotus.

\* \* \*

"Assassination is an extreme form of censorship; it must be practised on some of Craccum's contributors."

—Shaw and Pattison.





# BOOK REVIEWS

**THE SECRET YEARS:** J. C. Reid.  
Published by the Griffin Press. 5/-.  
[We print two independent reviews.  
—Ed.]

"The Secret Years," represents, in J. C. Reid's own words, "a winnowing of work done over some years." In such a collection we naturally find great variation in tone and mood. Very wisely then, the book is divided into two parts, radically different and more or less independent.

We have learned to expect from Mr. Reid a most refreshing facility in humorous verse, and in the portion of the book devoted to this type we are not disappointed. He pokes glorious fun at modern poets in Ikonoklastes (a Surrealist Poet Hymns his Love)

"Your nose  
(And in her hand the thing became a trumpet"),  
Rests gently on your seismographic face

Lonely-poor lonely nose—  
As a porcupine with measles."  
He deals incidentally with their mechanical affectations in a series of poems on various subjects. It is almost impossible to quote any lines, because of the temptation to quote them all, but a few will illustrate some of the charm of his wit.

"i doubt  
extremely much if fleas at night  
drop on  
their little knees beside their tiny  
beds and pray that man will  
guard them through the day."

He is a master of the opening which is at once arresting and conversational: "i often feel how much i've missed because i'm not an anarchist my daily life is dull and flat i wear a rusty bowler hat."

The quality of these verses is delightful, especially in this humourless age, but they are, of course, no more than the froth and bubble of the writer's intention. That is implied in the poem from which the book takes its name—The Secret Years. These poems are to be a record of the slow, learning process of youth and the education of the soul. Because of his faith, the most significant moments in this process are for Mr. Reid, those of spiritual experience. These must be judged, in fact, as religious poems: otherwise they lose all meaning.

The writer has often expressed his admiration for Gerard Manley Hopkins, and here and there he seems to speak for a moment with the voice of his predecessor.

"Flood full the souls of us, flush high our spirits now." He does not, however, like many of Hopkin's imitators lapse into the habit of piling word on empty word in a vain endeavour to be exciting. He is saved from this, as from many pitfalls, by the fact that he has something to say, and the ability to say it energetically. In his light verse we find the same facility, the same impetus of words, but here a second reading reveals arguments resolved. He is seldom content with transient emotion:

"But deeds in minutes of these lives were more

Than all this timeless vastness, all this sweep

Of changeless quiet. They embrace the whole

And give it meaning as the doers sleep."

And he is most impressive when he is least personal;

"The stars in frozen torrents sweep  
Over the distant cliffs of night."

—most moving, when he looks beyond himself.

"Two other selves, hands joined, of purest glass,

Our patterns, model-still, as real as we,

But no with winds these perfect shapes must pass,

And crumble in the lake's eternity."

Then, as in Soul Image, and Winter Night, the clear-cut beauty and care-

ful architecture of his writing stand out, not now misted by feeling too intimate to be shared.  
—J.M.C.

J. C. Reid's book "The Secret Years," is an interesting proof of his versatility, which extends in this sphere from religious poetry to satire. One is left, however, with an uncomfortable doubt of the poet's sincerity. Some of his images are strained (as in "Birds") beyond the limits of elasticity, and certain of his religious verses may leave the reader unfired by holy zeal. Occasionally a perfect poem is spoiled by such a line as:

"And sigh our bitter loss" . . . .  
"Reject" and "Brother Jesus," in spite of colourless phraseology, are memorable and outstanding for the original and daring thought behind them.

As poetry deals so much with aspiration and feeling, absolute freedom of the imagination from the writings of other people is necessary; a great effort of will must be made by a cultured poet if he is to express himself without clouding his utterances with the caution and qualifications normally adopted by educated people. Restraint is too evident throughout "The Secret Years"; it is difficult, for instance, to extract the meaning from the poem which begins promisingly.

"I have forgotten what soft words I said" . . . and then trails off into vague hints.

The verses in the second part of the book, though competent and amusing, are hardly of the same quality as the serious poems in the first part. Perhaps the best of the lighter verses is that about the man whose sorrows are temporarily submerged in liquor.

"William Jones lies dreaming  
In a Paradise of silence, in a heavenly Nirvana."

. . . "He is Lord of Greece and Tyre  
As he lies there in the mire."

Harshness breaks in sometimes to spoil the gaiety of this section of the work.

Opinion will differ as to which is the best poem; I choose "Eheu Fugaces" because of its persistent lyricism, vivid imagery, symbolism, structure and unqualified sincerity. It is a lovely piece well worth learning by heart. A quotation can do no more than indicate its value:—

"But the vision lives still  
Of waters that spill  
Their furious foam from the height  
And the bright  
Swift sweep of the light,  
An aching that brings  
The soft sighing of wings."

But what is the significance of a vision which does not incite to endeavour?  
—D.McC.

**OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND LABOUR MOVEMENT.** By Sid Scott. Price Sixpence.

Mr. Scott's Outline History of the New Zealand Labour Movement, recently republished, provides all interested in the development of our Dominion with one of the most informative sixpennyworths available. Beginning at the time of the first organised attempts at colonisation, and ending with the second World War and the campaign against Fascism, the pamphlet attempts to correct the misrepresentations of many orthodox historians and to plot stages in the movement's development.

Chapter I., dealing with the first fifty years, touches on the part played by the Maoris in industry and trade, the formation of the first trade unions, craft unions, and Workingmen's Associations and concludes with a discussion of the slump period and a criticism of the Liberal and Conservative Parties' opinions on the way to deal with it.

Chapter II. takes the story on to 1906, covering such highlights as the Maritime Strike, the Arbitration Act and the foundation of the first Labour Party. Of note, is the attempt to show the lack of fixed principles in the

Labour Movement at that time and an assessment of the achievements of the Seddon Government.

Chapter III., entitled, "The Period of Red Federation," stresses the tie up between New Zealand Labour and movements in other countries, during the period of world-wide economic unrest, 1906-1914. It shows how the failure of the 1913 strike brought out the weakness of the old Federation of Labour, while the declaration of war and consequent outlawing of strikes prevented these being remedied.

The first three chapters are amply supported by quotations from such authorities as Dr. Salmond, from newspapers, Parliamentary Debates and the memoirs of people who took part in the events recorded. They take up nearly two-thirds of the pamphlet and are of a higher quality than the last two chapters.

Mr. Scott warns his readers in his foreword, that several very important questions, all in the last section of this history, are but scrappily dealt with, owing to lack of space. As a result, events described appear somewhat out of perspective. The absence of sufficient emphasis on Trade Union history in chapter IV., and of both Trade Union and Political Labour history, in chapter V., for example. This lack of perspective, apparent rather than real, may cause readers to wonder if, after all, this section of the pamphlet shows "a great advance in the labour movement."

Nevertheless, the last two chapters do contain interesting information, particularly the section dealing with the Liberal-Labour merger of 1916, resulting in the New Zealand Labour Party, and that concerning the Communist Party and its task of organising the masses in the struggle to stem Fascism and war.

The pamphlet as a whole does not lose much from its leftist bias and generally speaking, it confines itself to facts, avoiding emotionalism. There are several intriguing illustrations, and the author has a pleasant habit of using black type for statements he regards as important. Considering that histories of the New Zealand Labour Movement are mainly unpublished, thesis to be found only in University libraries, this little pamphlet will do much to fill a large gap in the historical knowledge of the general public.  
—E.A.

\* \* \*  
Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.—Hazlett.

\* \* \*  
In every parting there is an image of death.—George Eliot.

## A GOOD FILM "TILL WE MEET AGAIN"



"TILL WE MEET AGAIN" is an escape story with a difference. The actual escape is secondary to the theme of the struggle of a young novice against the pride and desire for security which she acquired during a lifetime spent in a convent. The Reverend Mother says scornfully "THIS is our symbol" and fingers the Cross. Painfully and by the loss of everything formerly precious to her, Sister Clotilde comes through to ultimate happiness, after she has learnt that men are capable of greater nobility of character than she had dreamed possible.

The American aviator who is the agent of her regeneration is a homesick fugitive from the Germans. His simple faith and goodness give the novice an entirely new attitude to worldly values.

The Germans in the film are shown, lest we forget, from a new angle as brutal sadists whose veneer of sauvity only serves to make them more terrifying. The Nazi attitude to women is suggested delicately but with horrible finality.

The sentiment which persists towards the trappings of the Church in renegade Catholics is depicted in a soldier who makes the sign of the Cross before the woman he helped to kill, and by the French mayor who remains scrupulously polite to nuns, though he is working with the occupation forces to destroy the beliefs they represent.

In the convent there are sins and gaiety still, and the agnostic airman in many ways is of greater moral worth than the novice. Such honesty is unusual in narrative, especially in films. The ideas in this picture are some of the most complex yet brought to the screen, and it says a great deal for the courage of directors and the tolerance of audiences that these important issues can now be handled with wisdom.  
—D.McC.

\* \* \*  
To spend too much time in studies is sloth.—Bacon.

I find we are growing serious and then we are in great danger of growing dull.—Congreve.

\* \* \*  
A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek.—Dr. Johnson.

## FERGUSON'S FLORAL STUDIOS

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## CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

### CLASSICAL v. SWING? DEBATING CLUB

The debate "That swing music is a decadent form of art," was a depressing exhibition. Not only were half the speeches inaudible, but the extensive use of notes is unpleasantly reminiscent of a school reading competition. Mr. Haresnape spoke with conviction, Mr. Hooker with resonant vigour, Mr. Blennerhassett with detachment. It was disappointing not to hear more clearly Miss Lamb's rhapsodic sallies; Miss Ross-Smith popped her darts with great effect. Miss Reardon showed a composed platform presence, and got in more to the minute than anyone else.

To Mr. Blennerhassett may be attributed the most sensible remark. He complained that the subject was difficult to get to grips with, that the terms were "woolly." We entirely agree. From the point of view of debating the merits of swing in relation to classical music (as advertised), the debate was a feeble travesty. While Mr. Hooker was fully in his rights when puffing the swing of 1934, for the leader of the supposed classical team to argue thus was patently unsatisfactory. Perhaps Mr. Blennerhassett's most powerful argument was that swing is not an art anyway. The fault lies partially in the motion as put. Purely for example, we submit that the real question at issue could have been better drafted "That swing represents decadence in music." But we agree with Mr. Morton that unless the debaters wish to debate the subject, there is no forcing them.

But we feel that this criticism is necessary. For when Mr. Norwood and Mr. Jones spoke from the floor in clear, direct terms, the sympathetic and immediate response of the audience to a little unaffected sincerity showed that they, too, realised that something had been lacking. On the vote, the negative won.

### BEES AND BOTANY FIELD CLUB

Chemists were to the fore when Doctor Briggs gave his presidential address, "Chemical Products of the N.Z. Bush," including dyes, and drugs. By a comparison of chemical formulae of different plant alkaloids with several widely used drugs, he showed that there were great possibilities for New Zealand bush products in the medical line. Chemical synthesis of dyes which can be done cheaply makes the use of plant dyes impracticable commercially. Botanists were interested in chemical methods of identifying closely allied species of such families as Coprosma.

Of interest to all zoologists and ramblers on the sea coast, was B. J. Bowden's lecture "Between New Zealand Tides." Boring on such a varied coastline, Auckland provides a happy hunting ground for the collection of marine fauna. Parts of Bowden's own collection were shown to advantage.

Dick Dale's lecture on bees was most instructive and members of his audience feel almost competent to start hives of their own. A film illustrated points in the bees' social life.

After the lecture, the audience viewed exhibits relating to bees and bee-keeping and subjected Mr. Dale to a round of questions, most of which he managed to answer very ably.

An excursion to the Mt. Albert Plant Research Station one Wednesday afternoon was a great success. Small parties of four or five students, each led by one of the research workers, were shown over all the departments, seeing everything from a butterfly collection to a special machine for spraying orchards. The chief departments dealt with diseases caused by insects, viruses, bacteria and fungi and workers in each showed how they applied knowledge gained there to problems involving all aspects of life—mould on State house ceilings, rotting of canvas in the tropics, diseases of crops and orchards, borer and termite destruction in wood. Besides investigations which aimed at checking diseases, there was research along lines which would show which varieties of plants were best adapted for life in various parts of New Zealand. Thus, the Station, itself only a division, is the head of various testing stations all over New Zealand.

### MID-TERM CAMP FIELD CLUB

The club's camp held during the break at Rangitoto brought together 25 enthusiasts of the natural and unnatural sciences. Yes, 2 Hons. in Phys. Chem. and 2 Hons. in Geo., just for ballast. The rest were non-descript.

Trips were held on various days by various parties, from the camp at Rangitoto Bay (Kiosk), to Islington Bay, the Wrecks (many came back that way, too), and to the summit and caves. Localised investigation, e.g., Quantity and quality of oysters, was also carried out.

Visibility favoured us on the only day our permit allowed us to the summit, and in fact the weather allowed plenty of activity.

Evenings were spent in traditional F.C. style—complete with radio, rugs and revelling—candles and any source of illumination, apart from the glow of the fire, found little favour—remember this, J.G.R.! One complaint, however, due to lack of the visible rays of the spectrum was the salting of the first batch of cocoa for supper.

We're pleased to report that Hank was right up to scratch, though his powers of consumption lagged on one occasion when Joyce nearly surpassed him. In fact, Muff seemed the only one able to control her.

Early morning feasts seemed to be popular too, four members partaking of toast and what-have-you at about 1.30 a.m., then rising as chore-men at 7 a.m. to continue the more or less continuous process.

Apparently there's some compen-

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sation in sleeping in the kitchen, Rex!

The party returned on Sunday night after being dubious about transport—the boat being loaded—and helped to entertain the "customers" with "Ye Bonnye Olde Beere Container," etc. ad infinitum.

### AFTER-DEGREE CAMPS TRAMPING CLUB

The After-Degree Camps held by the Club are characteristic in that similar camps are not held by other Tramping Clubs, who, unfortunately, do not have Degree examinations to relax after. They are by far the biggest events of the tramping year, and have been attended during the last few years by numbers which, from the viewpoint of other Tramping Clubs, would seem astronomical. Difficulties associated with such large numbers are easily solved by the adoption of the small party system, whereby groups of eight or so spend about five days away from the base camp on an extended trip.

During the latter half of the College year, members of necessity have to curtail their tramping, and the After-degree Camp provides them with the welcome opportunity of making up for lost time. The camps in the past have evidently appealed to others besides active members, and it is significant that many of our present stalwarts first joined the club at one of these camps.

This year it has been decided that the After-Degree Camp be held at the Great Barrier. Preparations for a camp for ten days attended by sixty odd people involve considerable organisation, and in the past the Club has been lucky in having older members not sitting exams to look after all arrangements to be made before the camp. The preliminary work for this year's camp is under way already, and a record camp is expected.

\* \* \*

### OBITUARY: SUSAN LEE

It is with deep sorrow, with a sense of overwhelming loss—far greater than that of a man who has had his braces cowardly and surreptitiously cut from the rear—that we mourn the passage into light of our beloved Susan Lee. She was a funny child, and from her birth unfortunately gave promise to nothing less than unperturbed and drivelling idiocy. But her persistence in the face of such natural obstacles won our deepest admiration, and drew tears from many suffering eyes. She never quite overcame her hereditary malady of ridiculous puerility and gushing sentimentality, but so skilful was her control

### BRETTON WOODS EXPLAINED I.R.C.

On Monday, July 9th, a meeting of the International Relations Club was held in the Women's Common Room. Mr. Sam Leatham addressed the meeting, and Mr. W. T. G. Airey was in the chair. Mr. Leatham spoke on economic reconstruction after the war, and the greater part of his talk dealt with the Bretton Woods Proposals. As Mr. Leatham said, the Bretton Woods Conference had been badly reported, and most New Zealanders, because of the scarcity of information available, could not help knowing very little about this important subject. Mr. Leatham had, however, received from Professor Belshaw, who is now in New York, a draft of the proceedings at the Conference, so he had been able to study the proposals at first hand. The few students present at this meeting therefore enjoyed the privilege of having the Bretton Woods Proposals ably and clearly explained to them; it is a pity that there was not a larger audience.

Mr. Leatham described the proposed International Bank and the International Monetary Fund, and the relative positions that great Powers and smaller Powers would hold in these institutions. He said the goodwill and co-operative spirit reflected in the Bretton Woods proposals boded well for the future, especially if that goodwill and co-operation could be made to last. He was doubtful, however, about the future position of the U.S.A., the economic development of which, he said, was far behind that of England and New Zealand. Should drastic reforms such as correction of the inequality of incomes in North America and consequent extension of markets—not be carried out soon, the U.S.A. would probably suffer a depression which would spread to the rest of the world. Mr. Leatham recommended a pamphlet by Dr. Sutch on International Economics which, he said, was excellent for a correct understanding of present-day problems. (Unfortunately there is no copy of that pamphlet in the College Library).

Supper was served during the discussion which followed Mr. Leatham's talk.

of these that she wrung many hearts. Her death was a shock, for she was expected to drag out her attenuated existence for many more soap-sessions.

Catullus  
might have  
meant  
a blonde —  
But nowadays

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## SPORTS

### ENTER THE NAVY WOMEN'S HOCKEY

At the end of the first round, the Senior team holds third position on the ladder, having lost only two games. In the Intermediate grade, the Whites stand second equal in the "A" division, while in the "B" division the Blues have not had many games this season.

#### END OF FIRST ROUND

Lack of mid-week practices, and postponement of Saturday matches have done little towards improving team combination, with the result that the Seniors were decisively defeated by Technical, the leading team. However, the following week against Training College, improved form and/or the encouragement from the two lone male spectators in the second half, enabled the team to turn the half-time score of 1-0 in favour of College to a 2-1 win for Varsity.

#### GIVE THEM A SHOUT

In the seven-a-side tourney, the Seniors were runners-up, thanks to the fine efforts of S. Hogben and J. Billington in the 75 Yards and of the relay team in their event. As for hockey, the Seniors seemed content to concentrate their energies on side-line encouragement for the "inspired" Intermediate Whites who reached the final of their section. It was unfortunate that the last match was played so soon after the semi-final, but still the team did well to finish the day as runner-up in their grade also.

#### "CHALLENGE WITH A WAGER"

At half-term, we played a match against the Officers and Men of the British Destroyer "Wager," at the Naval Base. The match was one of the hardest and most enjoyable we have played. Fast and furious, although the men said they weren't fit. There were some fine players among them, who just took the ball from us and did what they wanted with it. We could, however, hold our own on the field, but found it difficult to reach their circle. They spent much of their time on the ground, often taking us with them, and it was certainly rather like hitting a stone wall. There was no doubt about it when you met the Lieut-Commander!

The final score was either 4-3, or 4-2; a win for the Navy, but the result was the least important item, and nobody troubled to verify it.

After what seemed an endless walk, we reached the ship and afternoon tea (in the officers' wardroom). Reluctantly after prolonged and entertaining chats, we went over the side into the launch which brought us back to town—with a somewhat deeper respect for English hockey (we had been so sure we were going to win).

#### ON TO VICTORY!

##### BASKETBALL CLUB

The Varsity Club is proud to announce that two of its members are included in the final Auckland Rep. team, which is to compete in the New Zealand Basketball Association's Tournament at Christchurch. They are Dorothy Wilshire in the centre, one of the three of last year's team

again selected, and Peggy Goldsmith, our fiery defender. Peggy was prominent before this in Christchurch basketball, and it is a remarkable achievement to have got into the Senior Reps in her first season in Auckland.

The Blues, showing steady improvement, now stand in third place in the Senior Grade, and have high hopes of beating Surrey Hills in the second round, to bring them only a step behind Killarua. The match against Middlemore, the surprise team in the competition, resulted in a draw, 15 all, after a close and exciting match. Varsity then continued its success by beating Westmere, 8-5. Our team was obviously perfectly at home in the wild and windy conditions, and had it all over their opponents. In this match, Joan Hastings, who had been laid up for many weeks, played a fine game in the defence, where she seems to play better than at goal. Val Wyatt, who is still too good for any opponent, as usual nearly won the game for us.

The Whites, too, are settling down to a good combination, which should bring more wins in their way. They recently scored quite a decisive win over The Rangers in a seven-a-side scramble, enlivened by much football tactics, and laughter at the antics of the greasy ball.

The Club this year is lucky in having so enthusiastic a President as Mrs. Lewis. She was an outstanding figure herself in Auckland basketball some years ago, and is generally to be seen supporting from the side-line in our big matches. The results are at last beginning to repay her keenness.

#### SOUTHERNERS DOMINATE BIG RUGBY GAMES

Whether or not you've followed the fortunes of the first Rugby XV. this season, you will be expected to do so on Saturday, August 11, when the Massey College team will be here. Auckland plays Massey in the main game at Eden Park on that day; ordinary club football being suspended, as the Auckland A and B representative sides will be playing away from the city.

N.B.: Billets are wanted for the Massey Players.

North Island Varsities went down 19-12 in the Inter-Island match at Dunedin earlier this month, the southerners being too strong all round. According to a Dunedin report, the star of the game was a Canterbury winger, G. Drummond, who scored three of his team's five tries. The Auckland skipper, D. T. Grace, was considered inferior only to Drummond among the wing three-quarters. M. J. Tanner, who went into the northern side after missing the original selection, played a sound game at full-back, and he and Grace were the only Aucklanders to be chosen in the New Zealand Varsities' fifteen which played Otago.

The Auckland inside back combination between H. G. Barter (half), and N. Laurence (five-eighth), was selected for the North Island team, but neither was chosen for the bigger match. Three Auckland forwards, C. J. Roberts, A. Craig and R. T. Hellaby, played in the inter-island game, but the southerners fielded the stronger pack, and none of the three was in

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### KARANGAHAPE ROAD

the New Zealand XV. Roberts, like Laurence and Barter, was a reserve.

The southern strength was illustrated by the fact that the team scored five tries against one, nine of North Island's 12 points coming from penalty goals by Laurence.

Two thirds of the players selected for New Zealand Varsities against Otago were South Islanders, the representation being as follows:—Otago seven, Canterbury three, Victoria and Auckland two, Massey one. Played on a heavy ground at Carisbrook, the match was won 19-9 by Otago, which fielded three Otago Varsity players, who had missed selection in the opposing team.

At the time of writing, only one further A.R.U. competition game has been played—the first Gallaher Shield match for the team. Varsity has already had the bye occasioned by the promotion of Navy, and in its one match, drew with Manukau 9—all after leading 9-nil at one stage. It was rather a scrappy game, played in a difficult cross-wind.

Varsity might well have won this game, but Manukau's recovery was a good one.

The results of all games played so far this season are:—Pollard Cup competition, v. Otahuhu, won 14-10; v. Manukau, won 14-10; v. Grammar O.B., lost 15-12; v. Whenuapai, lost 10-0; v. Marist, lost 19-13; v. Grafton, won 12-9; v. Ponsonby, lost 15-0. Gallaher Shield competition, v. Manukau, drew 9-9. Inter-University game, v. Victoria College, won 19-11.

#### COME WIND, COME RAIN MEN'S HOCKEY

Up to Saturday the 14th, the Senior team was still second in the competition after suffering an inglorious defeat at the hands of Somerville, last year's champions, in a game where Varsity never looked like a team, and

after having a 6-2 win over Navy. after 70 minutes of mud-slinging and individualism. Our thanks are due to the Haka Party for journeying all the way out to Papatoetoe; we are sorry they couldn't raise our fighting spirit, but their presence was nevertheless appreciated, and they showed the opposition they had more than the normal eleven with which to contend.

The game v. Females was one of intense altercation and fraternisation; the hardest members of the opposing team were the umpires who kept up a constant serenade on their whistles even if a "male" so much as winked at one of the glamorous opponents. The girls, not to be outdone, never let the ball get past them, they just put one of their "hams" on it, thus pushing it into the ground until the attach passed by and then dug it out and went on playing quite blissfully. Still everyone had a good time (won't Tournament be fun, boys?) and quite enjoyed being tripped up and being hit around the shins, not to mention playing in the pond specially provided at one side of the field. The score was— (censored).

The second grade have had a win and a loss, going down to Hobsonville, the leading team, after a game of aqua-hockey, in which the ball was frequently camouflaged away in the mire. The Thirds were unlucky to lose to the Indians as the team showed great spirit and held a territorial advantage for most of the game. Owing to the rain obliterating the circle line, several doubtful decisions were given against them and so they went down 5-4.

\* \* \*

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