



CRACCUM

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Tues., Sept. 18, 1945.

ELECTIONS EXEC.

The results of the Exec. elections and the portfolios which have been allocated are as follows:—

Men:

J. A. Beard—Sports, Tournament.
E. R. Denney—Chairman M.H.C., Revue.
W. R. Haresnape—Records, Scrapbook, Assistant Registrar Societies.
D. J. Hooton—Assistant Secretary.
H. A. L. Laing—Social Committee.
N. Laurence—Sports.
J. E. Morton—Vice-President, Corresponding Member N.Z.U.S.A., Registrar of Societies.

Women:

B. M. Bell—Revue.
G. Garland—Publications, Lady Vice-President.
L. J. Laidlaw—Bookstall, Student Relief, Extra-Curricular.
P. H. Montague—Chairman W.H.C.

* * *

M.H.C.

The following are the members of Men's House Committee, together with their chief portfolios, for the 1945-46 term of office:—

E. R. Denney, Chairman.
S. B. Waters, Secretary.
J. A. Rayner, Assistant Secretary.
M. V. Mountfort, Treasurers.
P. K. L. Arnold, Locker Room.
J. deL. Bolt, Common Room.
G. B. Kissling, Social.
N. L. Rykers, Social.
R. Tucker, Magazines.

The refurnishing of the Common Room, increased student facilities and a thorough re-vitalisation of student interest in College life, will be the main concern of the Committee. Members will welcome all constructive criticisms and suggestions.

* * *

W.H.C.

The following are the results of the Women's House Committee elections:

Judith de la Mare.
Audrey Innis
Betty O'Dowd.
Fay Roberts.
Margaret North.
Lynette Cox.
Joan Winter.

* * *

SYNTHESIS

(Inspired by T.W.)

within the testube i was made
a flask flaming stood blue beside
like undistilled love.
the brontosauri read their text
on spirocyclopentanone
and fossils played xylophone
all vertebrates are written in the
minor key
and molecules play
basketball
in acclamation
they
flung away
their entropy
and then went into mourning
the coffee was translated
as in the weary minds
the tide ebbs forth
and paints putrescently isotonicly
isodorably
Muck

—Aristotle.

N.B.: The line order may be reversed.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

A.G.M.

The A.G.M. of the 1944-45 Exec. probably established a precedent—a quorum was obtained without recourse to the Press Gang and Manpower methods. Executive—an impressive array, including Mr. Postlewaite—was arrayed on the platform of Room 19. We were sorry to miss Mr. Burns' bright and smiling face from the throng, but realised that A.U.C. elections must go on.

Mr. Mackie caused some slight disturbance by announcing that "owing to the inefficiency of some people," A.G.M. Minutes had not been confirmed for several years past. However, he proposed that they be taken as read. A general groan rose from the audience, and Mr. Mackie, in the best Exec. tradition, assumed that this meant "Aye." He read last year's minutes, and, of course, this year's Report. This latter was quite interesting.

We noticed a heading "Capping Festivities," and for some moments we thought we were still asleep. However, we found out that heading was merely to indicate helpfully that there hadn't been any. We were also rather interested to hear that the Caf. was "completely renovated" at the beginning of the year. Apparently the Exec. has become aware that the student body has increased and considers modestly that in spite of the "complete renovation," "facilities of the Dining Hall (Caf. to you) are too primitive to cope with the situation." However, nothing is to be done until we go to Tamaki. This year, according to the report, "the Caf. has been run successfully and a small loss" has been made.

Paragraph 19 brought us to Student Representation on the College Council. The writer of the report has become truly lyrical on this subject and transported beyond his usually precise accurate and historical manner had written "This matter of representation on the body which governs our body is most important. Too much time is wasted by impersonal letters being sent back and forth from Executive to Council for any matters which require prompt attending being attended to."

Paragraph 20 was headed "Tamaki." We didn't bother to read it! Anyway, Mr. Burns had just eased himself in through a chink in the door and was sitting on a desk at the back, obviously pleased at getting out the election results in record time. At the end of the report he handed a scrap of paper to Mr. Piper, who read it and passed it on to Executive. Mr. Piper, instead of announcing the election results, called for discussion of the report.

Mr. Bowden's logical mind told him that the auditor's certificate which, according to Paragraph 13, was attached to the end of the report, definitely and obviously was not there.

Mr. Mackie produced what was no doubt an excellent excuse for its absence, but as it took nearly five minutes we became rather confused. So, apparently, did Mr. Bowden. But Mr. Mackie was either unwilling or unable to repeat it. Mr. Bowden suggested that "together with the auditor's certificate" be deleted from Paragraph 13, but Mr. Morton pointed out that we all knew why there was no auditor's certificate, and that Mr. Bowden was being "merely ultra-pedantic." Mr. Bowden claimed that

he only "wished to unburden the report by deleting an untrue statement." Mr. Bowden won. Any further discussion appeared to be purely private—among Exec. members and among members of the audience. After a few minutes Mr. Piper saw fit to announce that there was apparently no further discussion, as the report was adopted.

Mr. Postlewaite then presented the financial report. This brought to light the fact that students are eating more, which rather astonished us. Mr. Taylor seemed to think the Minister of Health should do something for us. Mr. Piper invited him to frame a motion. "You tell me what to say, and I'll be only too pleased," replied Mr. Taylor. At this stage Mr. Mackie, who had apparently forgotten to sit down and was still standing, decided to sit. After some deliberation with other members, the Assistant Secretary read a motion for which he said Mr. Taylor was responsible; to the effect "that in the interests of health (ours) suitable articles of diet be provided free of charge to the University dining room."

"That," said Mr. Mackie, "is a free interpretation."

"What was that about free?" asked Mr. Taylor. There was a large surplus of seconds for the motion, who all seemed to think the Minister of Health would find the idea acceptable. Exec. did not decide whether we were to have half a pint of milk or an apple.

The Publications, Revue, and Sports Tournament portfolio holders read their reports, but these were deemed unworthy of discussion by an audience concerned almost exclusively with matters financial or edible.

Mr. Postlewaite offered to hand back his honorarium. The audience was quite agreeable; in fact, Mr. Mackie, helpful as ever, pointed out that Student Relief could do with ten guineas. However, Mr. Mackie wanted his dissent recorded, but admitted that it was not important. Mr. Bowden, being "a financial member and interested in financial matters," started to discuss ways and means with Mr. Postlewaite. In fact, he discussed with such astonishing logic and clarity of mind that Mr. Postlewaite offered to hand over the job immediately. Exec. seemed strangely reluctant to take this course, preferring to keep Mr. Postlewaite.

This appeared to be the end of the meeting. Mr. Piper thanked us for attending to usher the old Exec. out of office in sufficiently dignified manner. He then read out the election results. This didn't interest us. We had elicited them an hour before. However, we were pleased to note that T.C. had block-voted to some purpose—had in fact achieved a block of candidates at the end of the list.

It being 9 p.m., we adjourned to supper to discuss the unsuitability of all members of all Execs. with true undergrad. impartiality.

ROSTRUM REVIEWED

The Editors of *Rostrum* should be congratulated for their distribution of emphases in the magazine. Full space and competent treatment are given to questions which concern all New Zealand students—the changes in the post-primary curriculum and the politico-economic organisation in the present post-war period.

Though the emphases are right, the balance is bad. To the political group belong the following: The Roots of the Matter, Conservatism, Between Scylla and Charybdis, the Execution of a Judge. Education takes Dum Spiro, Spero, the Classics and Education, Education and Conflict. That leaves among the articles only the editorial (divided between politics and education), Hubert Witheford's demand for rich disciplined art, and the muddled theory of Ideas and Poetry. There is also the verse (mostly disappointing) and the linocuts and photographs. These two last are a most pleasant and welcome addition. The mixture, however, is too heavy. One feels the need for some good fiction or light-hearted comment on manners to leaven it a little.

I am inclined to applaud the writers of the editorial, of Delenda Est Carthago, Between Scylla and Charybdis, and the Roots of the Matter; for each of these says something significant about a topic relevant to us. The Educational group comes within the same satisfactory category. However, Dum Spiro, Spero and the Classics and Education invite criticism from anyone with secondary teaching experience. They both assume as bases for their arguments levels of attainment beyond the reach of the average secondary school child—one in the appreciation of classical literature and the other in the grasp of the difficult philosophic concepts underlying literary criticism.

Some of the contributions were really irritating. Conservatism lost its points in the horrible mass of philosophic jargon. First Page Of My Journal used its title as an excuse for failing to arrange its material into normally readable prose form. Execution of a Judge failed to make its point with such an air of importance that the failure is doubly obvious. Ideas and Poetry showed a confusion inexcusable in a Stage II. English student in its belief that all images are visual and that poetry is wholly made up of technique and thought.

Most of the verse was poor. The poems were pretentious and half-born, formless, and ambitious in their use of words. There were, however, four less pretentious poems which were satisfactory: Spring Fabric, A Pose, and the two lyrics by Patrick Hayman. One is prompted to ask how much longer *Rostrum* Editors will continue to take the jargon of modern poetry for the reality.

—D.J.S.

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BLUES

Aucklanders recommended for Blues were:—

Harriers—Peter Fraser.
Fencing—Dr. Broadfoot.
Soccer—Jack Dacre, Peter Iles and Cedric Mann.

Women's Hockey—Maggie Brown, Sue Sharp, Joan Winter and Eleanor Myers.

Golf—B. Robinson.
Men's Basketball—G. Campbell.

"TRUSTED BRAINS"**ARCH. SOCIETY**

Was it mean to be educational or just entertainment? No one seems very clear about this, but general opinion seems to indicate an element of both. The answer may be obtained by asking the one serious member of the brains trust whether he meant to be entertaining, or by asking the other three if they were joking all the time. (Note: Question for future Brains Trusts: Is a Brains Trust primarily education or entertainment?)

Two architects, a legal and a literary man, let loose for an hour allows amazing possibilities. "The trustees" were Messrs. W. R. Simpson, R. G. S. Beatson, F. H. Haigh and A. R. D. Fairburn; Question master, Keith Piper. Besides the privilege of a contribution to Student Relief, an hour and a half in the Women's Common Room and supper, everyone seemed to think the evening worth while. (Question: Why do so few non-architecturals turn out to these things? People don't seem to realise that architecture is the most important thing in life.)

Twenty questions had been concocted for the occasion, but it was unfortunate that it was possible to deal with only half of them. Some were obviously malicious, such as "Does the legal profession serve the public better or worse than the architectural profession?" (I think they both serve them right . . . Fairburn), but most of the questions had wide discussion potentialities.

We learned that Mr. Haigh considered architects unnecessary—they had nothing to show to justify their existence. Mr. Fairburn thought that the architectural doodles of carpitects were not sufficiently good to dispense with the architect.

Should houses be built to last more than 35 years? This brought more slander to the poor architect. Life to-day was referred to as modern barbarism where commercial travellers and Government servants getting transferred, lived a nomadic existence which did away with all thought of the family mansion. Suggestions were to build a reinforced concrete shell and have it gutted and redecorated periodically, to live in caves, and to acquire a bridal bungalow ("Machine for loving in") and add to it as . . . while . . . (Mr. Fairburn got rather confused here).

On the question of War Memorials, Mr. Haigh saw no justification for them . . . nor for war for that matter.

Dealing with hindrances to immediate slum clearance, Mr. Fairburn thought that, considering the hostility of landlords and the resentment of contented tenants unhoused, local authorities would have little to gain in slum clearance. Challenged on this, he said, "But they do keep coals in the bath . . . I know they do."

Other matters under discussion were education of the public to appreciate architecture, nationalisation of land, prefabrication and the housing problem, and functionalism as a philosophy. The last question was not expected . . . "Does the Civic Theatre stink?" The terms needed explaining for one thing. Then they thought the fluttering stars and the romantic environment well suited to the purpose of the building, which they thought wasn't very wrong, although Mr. Fairburn denied that romance in the back seat of the Civic had ever appealed to him. Then Mr. Beatson, who should have known better, said that while he knew it was a most frightful place, he had a warm spot for the old Civic. Apparently the members of the trust had a far more tolerant attitude to the Civic and Civic-goers than the average architectural student has.

Whether the findings (if any) to the questions were of any moment, and whether the session revealed not so much what professional men think as how they act, seem beside the point. What matters is the fact that men can talk architecture for an hour and still be interesting . . . and entertaining.

Craccum

Editor: JOHN NATHAN

Vol. 19, No. 10.

September 18, 1945.

**APPROACH TO PEACE**

Now that the war is over, as students enjoying a university education, we must recognise our peacetime obligations to the community at large. The world is unlikely to be rapidly transformed into a Utopia, but this should not deter us from working towards improvement. The winning of the war has involved the triumph and defeat of opposing systems of political thought. According to one, the way of life of a certain group of people was correct and superior; the rest of the world was to be held in conformity with the dictates of the master-race. The other maintained the integrity of the individual, and envisaged the world as one unit composed of many different components, each contributing to the welfare of the whole. Having defended the latter, we must now be prepared to accept the responsibilities which it entails. One of the causes of the war was the failure of the democratic world to recognise the duty owed by each individual citizen of the world to every other. Political murder in one country should have awakened the spontaneous reaction of the people in the rest of the world. Instead of just allowing the Government to act as it pleased, and of blaming the Capitalists or the Communists, each person should have felt responsibility for any crime that was perpetrated. As a result, the outrages against humanity, of which the suppression in self-defence has cost us so much blood and effort, would have been stifled early and easily.

As a unit in the post-war world, we should face our responsibility to bring our influence to bear on the side of that which we conceive to be justice and enlightenment. When world conferences of youth, such as that scheduled to meet this year, take place, our executive should find the money to send representatives from this college to meet those from other universities. The reports of our representatives, and our discussion of the problems of which they would have acquired a first-hand knowledge, would give reality to our connection with the international student body. At the same time, the college would be showing the community by example how to put into practice the precepts for which the war has been fought. Such an example has been shown during the war by working for the relief of students in Europe and Asia whom we neither know personally nor are likely ever to see. Student relief is a valuable and unselfish gesture whose significance cannot have been lost on the spectator. As normal times return, other means will present themselves of emphasising the similarities which exist between the youth of the nations rather than their differences. In the complacency of peace, we must not reject them by reason of the effort or sacrifice they demand. Let us, at least, have learned a lesson from the war.

IOLANTHE**A.E.W.S.**

Showing an all-round improvement on last year's show, the Combined Services Operatic Club presented "Iolanthe" to an appreciative audience in the S.M.T.C. Hall (September 4th). The musical director, Mr. Blitz, and the producer, Lieut. Reid, deserve congratulations on the fine work they did.

As "Iolanthe," Valerie Henley was very attractive, and although her voice was not quite strong enough at first, she quickly improved, and her effort in the ballad "My Lord, a Suppliant at Your Feet," is worthy of special mention.

Miss Valerie Isbister, as Phyllis, the Ward in Chancery, gave a very pleasing performance, the duet with Strephon in Act I proving very popular with the audience. I was, however, a little disappointed with Strephon, her lover; his voice was pleasant but he lacked the air of vitality I had imagined necessary to hold Phyllis.

The Lord Chancellor, in spite of a poor speaking voice, gave a spirited performance, while the large, imposing Fairy Queen was just right. Lords Mountarat and Tolloller (Gill Cornwall and Ramon Opie) gave a delightful performance, their songs and acting being of a very high standard.

The chorus of Dukes, Earls, Barons and Fairies made an excellent back-

REVUE — 1946

A revue is required
So unless you're too tired
Why don't you
Write for Revue?

* * *

A.G.M.'S

Most of the college clubs will be holding their Annual General Meetings this term. Watch for notices.

* * *

WOMEN'S CRICKET

It is intended, if enough support is forthcoming, to form a University Women's Cricket Club. Play would be on Saturday afternoons throughout the summer at Melville Park. There are many fine players in the College who are playing for other teams or possibly even stagnating. These, and any other students who would be interested in the formation of such a club, are asked to sign the lists on the Main and Sports notice boards. Even if you be able only to play sometimes, the project will need your support. A meeting will be held early this term if the response is sufficient. You don't need to be an expert!

ground. Their singing was uniformly good, while the orchestra performed equally well, being neither too obvious nor too weak. Altogether a very enjoyable show.

JOYNT SCROLL DEBATE

A.U.C. was drawn against C. A. C. Lincoln and affirmed "That State controls in the directions now evident in New Zealand are necessary in the modern society."

Mr. Wren and Miss Honnor spoke for Auckland, and Mr. Wren opened the debate with his usual confidence. He defined the direction in which the control was evident, and without attempting to justify it as such maintained that the direction and spirit of them was evidence of the trend of modern social thinking.

Mr. Taylor, Lincoln, in denying this, stated the subject of the debate incorrectly. This point was taken up by A.U.C.'s leader, who gave him no sympathy, although it appears the judges did.

Miss Honnor presented a well thought-out case with some evidence that it had been committed entirely to memory. Some heckler in the audience, suspecting this, attempted to interrupt her flow of arguments. Miss Honnor, however, was equal to the situation and her retorts were to the point and in no way disturbed the continuity of her arguments.

The rest of the debate was uneventful. The judge awarded O.U. first place, with Lincoln second.

The two Otago speakers were also awarded the first two places for individual ability.

* * *

DR. SINGH

India is one of the problems of the British Empire. Whatever you think is the best solution of the problem, you will be interested in hearing the views of a brilliant young Indian student, Dr. Surjit Singh, whom the N.Z.S.C.M. has secured as Travelling Secretary for the remainder of this year. Dr. Singh, who has just returned from an Executive meeting of the World Student Christian Federation, is a Sikh who embraced the Christian Faith in his college years. He is twenty-seven years old and has already had a brilliant academic career. He has graduated B.D. of Toronto, S.T.M. of Union Theological Seminary, New York, Ph.D. of Hartford, Connecticut.

Dr. Singh, a man of acute intellect, with a wide knowledge of philosophy and contemporary events, is a strong Indian Nationalist. During his visit to Auckland from September 25th to October 15th, the S.C.M. hopes to arrange a public meeting, a meeting in the College Hall, a meeting at Training College, and a number of informal groups. Dr. Singh will also address the last Sunday Tea of the S.C.M. this year. All are welcome.

The writer has had the privilege of seeing much of Dr. Singh at the General Committee of the N.Z.S.C.M., and can vouch for the contribution he can make to student thought. So if you are anxious to hear the views of Dr. Singh and to meet a very charming personality, you are urged to attend at least one of the public meetings and one informal group.

It may be of interest to mention that the N.Z.S.C.M. has adopted the policy of employing short-term travelling secretaries from overseas. Dr. Singh is a not unworthy successor to Dr. T. Z. Koo, a travelling secretary of the W.S.C.F., who visited New Zealand at the invitation of the N.Z.S.C.M. some years ago.

—W. P. B. Gamlen.

* * *

"The urge towards life in its ultimate form will break to pieces all the contemptible fetters of a so-called humanitarianism of individuals in order to make room for the humanitarianism of Nature which destroys the weak and thus makes room for the strong."—A. Hitler.

* * *

"In Germany there is only one opinion about the English—destroy them!"—Goebbels.

OPEN FORUM

ENGLISH POLITICS

Sir,—

Mr. Miller's comments on English Politics in your last issue are symbolic of the cosy complacency under which the average ill-informed N.Z.'er takes refuge when he feels impelled to "make a statement" on the politics of an overseas State. That your correspondent is complacent is shown by the fact that he has sent his letter to Craccum without bothering to check his argument. This is obvious to even the unbiased readers of his article. My "crack" at the "average N.Z.'er" in this regard, although I am one myself, is due to the profusion of efforts, likewise obviously "dreamed up" in a moment of misguided rage, and not afterwards revised, that I come across in my reading of Craccum, and other local papers. Perhaps I read the wrong magazines.

Your writer's first paragraph is the only solid one in a dull series. The mature, though doubtless second-hand, remark that "the significant issues" of the British election were obscured is, I think, good comment, but his next statement, that the "Labour party . . . is the only one prepared to introduce new measures" to fulfil Churchill's famous war-time promises induces eyebrow raising, surely. Parties, whether they are Liberal, Labour or Conservative, in England, have invariably modified their tenets after a national crisis. And why not? If the party in power ignores progression then it is certain that they will not be returned at the next national pole. Mr. Miller could have said "better equipped" when referring to the Labour party's merits. That would be a legitimate expression of opinion, but when he says "prepared" in the sense of the "only one" he just invites some "die-hard" conservative to quote his party's long service on the English political stage, it's past readiness to meet the public wants (viz., the Tory reformers of last century and the Conservative-Labour coalitions of this), and the war-time record of the party. The Conservative party, believe it or not, expounded in the election just concluded a programme of reform and rehabilitation. This is not to say that I don't think that the English did not deserve or even need the change, from Conservative to Labour.

However, it is with your writer's charges on Churchill that I wish mainly to deal. Again, Mr. Miller bounces off with a comment that no one will challenge: Churchill's party represents the Capitalists. He then attacks Churchill's previous party changes. If the great war leader has one how to his string it is that. Unlike the majority of politicians, he has placed Country before Party—there was reason to believe he would have done the same had he been elected this time. "He (Churchill) is the man who spent over £1,000,000—to crush the Russian Revolution" is the text of Mr. Miller's next charge. Dear sir, in 1916-17 Britain was at WAR. Russia was her ally, and Germany was winning. Churchill would have been a very poor sort of Minister had he watched complacently his country's ally writhing in internal strife, and therefore unable to pull its weight in the alliance. Supposing Churchill at that time had been a "red-hot" Socialist, he had to choose between working to preserve his homeland or "forgetting conveniently" his country's plight. What would Mr. Miller have done in Churchill's place?

When mentioning Churchill's antipathy to Communism your correspondent, not content with quoting the phrase "insidious Communism," precedes it with "that great nation," from the same speech. Why? He also makes reference to the statesman's alliance with the Soviet in this war. (Which, incidentally, Churchill did over the disapproval of many of his Cabinet colleagues.) Finally, Churchill is accused of tolerating Fascism. In 1933 Churchill, alone I

believe, in the House of Commons deplored Hitler's rise to power. He is, and was, the most consistent opponent of Fascism in the British Parliament—and that includes the Labour politicians.

—P.O.C.

Sir,—

Rod Miller's letter in Craccum of 30/7/45 consists of a catalogue of the past mistakes of Winston Churchill on the one hand, and of praise for the Labour party on the other. Taking the first, Mr. Miller might do well to remember that the man who never made a mistake never made anything, and Winston Churchill, whatever his faults, certainly made the victory.

As to the second part of his contentions, while there is no doubt as to the honesty of purpose of the majority of members of the British Labour party, it should be realised that the policy which they propose to implement was conceived a century ago for industrial conditions which have since changed so much as to make the proposed policy out of date.

—"Anti."

Sir,—

There seem to be some misconceptions abroad about the issues of the British General Election. Both major parties have the same ends in view, housing, work and security; they differ only in their method of approach. The Labour Party has decided that its medium will be socialisation; the Conservatives intended to use the impetus of private enterprise. We in New Zealand are in a fit position to judge the issue. We know from bitter experience what a malevolent thing extreme socialisation can be, how deadening it is to true effort and how easily it lapses into a mask for incompetence and inefficiency.

The Labour Party has something of value to give Britain under the leadership of the moderates, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin; but if, as our Government has done, they stay in office too long the extremists will tend to become more powerful. While Professor Laski stays well in the background England has little to fear. Let us hope that at the next general election the British electorate will have woken up to the danger of continued Labour office as our electorate has, and that the return of the National party to power, here, in September of next year will be followed by the reinstating of a practical, commonsense, Conservative Government in England.

I cannot but deplore some of the recent references to Mr. Churchill's pre-war career. Just like his great ancestor Marlborough now cleared of Swift's lies, he stands forth as an ideal of what an Englishman should be. It is childish to revive the old methods of political slander. What if he did say of Russia . . . "that great nation eaten out by the insidious disease of Communism" . . . wasn't he right? Just change OGPU to Gestapo, Siberia to Dachau, Chief Commissar to Fuehrer, Joe to Adolf, and what have you! It is no marvel that the diverse creeds and tongues of Greater Russia have stuck together in this war; they had to! It was this same Churchill who spluttered at dinner parties, who made great speeches warning England of the danger of Hitler, and who was not listened to. He was right, and he will be right again, and if we fail to listen this time we've had our last chance. Let us hope that in four years he will be given the opportunity to save us from the dithering folly of umbrella-waving "men of peace."

—H.R.H.

SCIENCE AND MAN

Sir,—

Your contributor "J.E.M." is to be congratulated in attempting in his article "Science and Man" a discussion of matters of vital importance to an age which above all desperately

needs a firm foundation for its fundamental beliefs.

But many of the viewpoints he defends are open to criticism. He alludes to Heisenberg's famous Uncertainty Principle, which effectively states: it is impossible to devise experiments which will measure two conjugate quantities such as the position and momentum of an electron, so that the product of the uncertainties will be less than a certain exceptionally small numerical constant (one of the smallest known to Physics). As Nils Bohr has said, there is a blurring of the division between the subjective and the objective. All this applies to the sub-atomic region, and the question arises are we justified in applying such deductions to the action of the nerve cells of the human brain and nervous system? The answer is surely no, as deterministic laws hold here just as heretofore.

Further, has any such argument relevance to the problem of free-will? Nearly all the great Physicists of the nineteenth century, Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, Stokes, etc., were men of the deepest religious convictions. The "mind-body" problem is still an unsolved one in philosophy, and neither the Natural or Physical Sciences have as yet made any notable contribution to the study of consciousness and knowing-striving-feeling. At any rate, consciousness is a continuous phenomenon and I cannot conceive that its course can be determined by the laws of atomic interaction.

Hence the outlook of nineteenth century physics was perhaps not so gloomy. Indeed, Faraday considered that religion was concerned with an "order of truth different and higher than natural truth." Similarly, when Einstein was asked what bearing his theories have on religion, he replied, "None whatever."

Nevertheless, it is unwise to belittle the value and importance Psychology, Ethics and even such extremist theories as Behaviourism may have for religion and civilisation.

I would suggest that it was not Victorian Physics that was paralysing, but rather such moral and ethical systems as the Utilitarianism of J. S. Mill and the extraordinary rationalist ideas of Karl Pearson, Francis Galton, Bateson and others. Here the primary cause of the growth and evolution of modern civilisation is completely overlooked. I mean man's idealism, his capacity for a belief in a moral code he may be unable to explain on purely rational grounds—in fact, a return to the primitive condition of society in which if A kills B before B kills A then A survives was advocated.

These ideas were based on the current conceptions of evolution and heredity. They illustrate clearly the tremendous effect science may have on civilisation—in this case a retrograde one. So let us always consider carefully the import of Scientific and Philosophical theories, but let us beware of a too hasty generalisation.

Finally I cannot see that any Utopia would arise by "smashing the machines." The machine is the fundamental contribution of science to modern civilisation, and it is the machine that distinguishes the present civilisation from previous ones. Without it only a slave civilisation, like the Greek and Roman civilisations, would be possible. In those countries such as China and India, where the machine culture is undeveloped, a backward condition of society prevails.

Therefore let us grant due respect to the machine and technology and take note of its all-powerful potentiality for the highest good or for the most barbarous evil. Realistically did Butler in "Erewhon" describe the revolution against the machines. "At the time that it was made the country was plunged into the deepest

misery, and a reaction that followed had very nearly proved successful. Civil war raged for many years, and is said to have reduced the number of inhabitants by half."

—D. A. Wynyard.

NO SPEAKING, PLEASE

Sir,—

It is time for our youths to belie their callow looks and for our maidens to forget their schoolgirl habits: let them exercise restraint about speaking in the library. The librarians have a big and unpleasant task if it is made necessary to patrol every corner of both the library floors. This is the third term, and the desirability of "no speaking" is surely not questioned.

—R.P.

STINK

Sir,—

I feel that articles in your latest issue of Craccum warrant criticism. You publish the usual infantile report on the doings of the Executive. Perhaps I should not criticise you, but the Executive itself, but as it appears in your journal the Executive spends wasteful hours discussing things of little importance to the student body and passes over matters which affect a large section of the student body. Two columns were devoted to this report, yet in it few of the decisions reached by the Executive are published. Either your reporter or the Executive is lacking in intellect. Was ample consideration given to the offer made by the Ascot Dry Cleaners or the Sports Injury Insurance suggestion? As a part-time student I feel rather strongly as regards this latter matter and ask that "serious" consideration be given it.

The bare-faced attempt to bolster up the full-time student candidates for the Executive and to minimise the capabilities of the part-timers positively stinks. No attempt to contact the few part-timers has been made. The fact that these people would probably put some life into the Executive has apparently been overlooked. If your staff feels itself unable to uphold the standards this journal should, then why does it not resign? As it is published to-day I feel that Craccum "stinks."

—R. Ringer.

[The sterner details of Exec. meetings are to be found in the minutes which are exhibited for public inspection in the vicinity of the Men's Common Room. Actually the candidates do their own write-ups, which they submit with their nominations. The reporter and the executive appear to think you are quite right in stating that one of them is lacking in intellect. But whether they put the same interpretation on your words is open to question.—Ed.]

ELECTION ECHO

Sir,—

There is much going round the College at the moment about whether one should vote for candidates who are University students only, or for those who also belong to Training College. I am not a member of Training College, but why should this class of student, so long as they are members of the Association, not enjoy representation on the Executive? They are as much entitled to such representation as the Law Students' Society or the Architects, or any student group.

If the Training College people are willing to shoulder responsibility and work, then they are as useful to the Students' Association as anyone. Far too few part-timers take an interest in College activity, and from this springs the apathy of students and the dullness of the social life in this University College.

I think it is inspiring to find part-timers, and especially our old antagonists of Training College at last

(Continued on page 4)

VALE ATQUE AVE

The last meeting of the 1944-5 Executive began auspiciously by going into committee! The Press nearly went straight home in tears. However, they eventually emerged again to go through the minutes, and, as this is fair game for a reporter, we prepared to take interest. Mr. Jones reading the minutes is almost as inspiring as was Mr. Mackie; the speed and dexterity with which these secretaries cover the ground has to be heard to be believed. Unfortunately the only business arising was a reference to theological students, and this was still completely unintelligible.

This very strenuous business having been completed (satisfactorily or otherwise), the meeting adjourned for ten minutes to read Craccum while the Press read the same issues of Salient and Honi Soit as they had read for the last two months. Mr. Burns and Mr. Blennerhasset betrayed very great interest in the reports of their own activities, and Mr. Mackie was heard to say that the Press should exercise more discretion. At the end of the ten minutes it was moved, seconded, and furthered—in fact, carried out—that the President be recalled, and the committee plunged into the business arising from the minutes. This was rudely interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Grace, who apologised for coming and was very sorry he was not wearing an N.Z.U. blazer. Somewhere in the course of the discussion "Haka Party" cropped up, and Mr. Blennerhasset maintained that no person with a voice under a certain number of decibels should be allowed to join. Mr. Morton framed a motion, then decided it was unnecessary; Mr. Jones was of the opinion that the whole trend of the discussion was incoherent—and there the matter lapsed.

Mr. Blennerhasset reported that the current session of the Supreme Court was seriously interfering with his work as reviser of constitutions. However, he had read through the Golf Club constitution and found it was not wanting. He suggested that Exec. might as well ratify it. Said Mr. Piper, "All those in favour of ratification please say aye." "Aye," said the whole Executive. "Hm!" said Mr. Piper: "What was the motion, Miss Garland?" "I have no idea," said Miss Garland!

And so to the typist(e) (with or without) Mr. Morton confessed that he had explored the ground. Exec. thought this rather funny; Mr. Morton in an injured tone said he was very serious. However, he had not found a typist (without an e), which was regrettable. In any case, he wished to consult Mr. Jones, who was "likely to be a big participant in the benefits." "Oh, that's O.K. with me," said Mr. Jones, his ears slightly pink. Mr. Morton further enlightened us by confessing that he and Mr. Jones had a more regular routine than other members of the Exec. Exec. was now laughing uproariously, but still Mr. Jones thought everyone was being too prim.

For some reason Mr. Mackie wished to discuss election policy. Mr. Piper was profoundly silent for a moment, then confessed that he had been thinking. We thought he might have. In fact, he had thought it might be a good idea to have a polling booth in the library. This was such a revolutionary idea that Exec. immediately became buried in their constitutions with the possible exception of Miss Bell, who did not have a constitution, and so meditated on her toothache. They also thought it would be a good idea to use the amplifier (hirable) and a formula agreed on by all parties. It had now occurred to Mr. Grace that "election policy" did not mean condolences to Mr. Churchill.

The meeting had now, with great perseverance, arrived at the inwards correspondence. Letter was received from the Men's Basketball Club asking for a grant of £3 to help pay for

an "excellent specimen" of silverware—a cup, which Otago were reported as having cut and dried but, presumably, not paid for.

Mr. Mackie reported that he had written a letter to the Ascot Dry Cleaning Coy., stating that the matter had been very carefully considered, BUT—The registrar informs us that the lights outside the Men's Common Room cannot be used unless there is a "function" on the tennis courts; Mr. Haresnape will have to go on tripping over the iron pipes. Mr. Burns still maintains that the advanced maths. examinations leave much to be desired; are, in fact, absolutely demoralising.

Exec. then went into committee for some time, came out again for five seconds to ratify the business achieved, and slipped back again before the Press had woken up sufficiently to record anything.

Mr. Mackie again brought up election policy in reference to Training College. "What goes on?" said Mr. Blennerhasset. He was suitably informed. Mr. Mackie thinks there is a certain amount of ill-feeling in the college ("oh, indubitably!" said Blenner.) but nobody seemed disposed to do anything about it. Actually Mr. Piper "quite enjoys this little do," and refused to gratify Mr. Mackie's desire to go into Committee. It was found that there were already five part-time students on the Exec.; Mr. Grace pointed out that one doesn't count the ladies. Somebody rashly compared T.C. students with law students; "an invidious comparison!" said Mr. Blennerhasset; "It's an invid—" simultaneously from Mr. Jones. "Shut up, you lawyers," complained Mr. Mackie. Mr. Haresnape said that it would be a good idea to have a T.C. student on Exec. "Can I state my reasons?" "If you've got any," said Mr. Piper. "Well," said Bill. "Very good," said Mr. Piper. So Mr. Haresnape went on: "Yes—well—as an example—" "Of what?" said Mr. Beard. This apparently closed the discussion. However, Mr. Morton said he thought "the eleven best men with a minimum of three women" should be on Exec. As somebody observed, that's what botany does for you. Mr. Morton then moved, somewhat pointedly, that they go on to the next business, and this they did.

... But not before Mr. Haresnape had spent some minutes playing with the windows, thereby causing Mr. Blennerhasset to retire under his gown in the face of a howling north-easterly. "Tournament" next occupied the committee's attention. "Suppose another club wants—" Mr. Mackie began with fervour; then, arresting himself in mid-air, "It's all right, we're not going by precedent, are we!" Precedent hangs heavily over the heads of Exec. members. It was left to Mr. Beard to have fifty copies of a song-book printed for tournament players. This drew official attention to the book that had been receiving considerable unofficial attention for the previous quarter of an hour. Unfortunately it did not get around to the Press, so we cannot vouch for its respectability. In the meantime Mr. Blennerhasset had reappeared from beneath his gown to such effect that someone asked, "What's the matter with you, Blenner?" "Just joie de vivre," we were informed.

It appears that the staff who usually wash the Men's Common Room has disappeared; in fact, it was reported to be impossible to get a man to wash it out and stay on the premises! Miss Garland said in an injured tone that she thought the Women's Common Room was to have the new piano. Mr. Burns was not impressed when it was decided to move the said piano upstairs.

There followed a lengthy discussion on the M.H.C., its personnel, status, and general well-being. Mr. Mackie was of the opinion that "about half

the students around here are not fit to be called men." Presumably this is another occasion when one doesn't count the ladies, even though certain Executive members credit them with having more sense.

Talk then rambled on, covering many topics: a "first building at Tamaki" was suggested as a thesis for Mr. Piper; the suggestion that Exec. members should be shining lights—"simply lit up"—emanated from Mr. Blennerhasset. Finally, Exec. drifted back into Committee and became quite animated over its annual dinner. But this was a final flutter, and inspiration lapsed at the remarkable hour of 9.30.

Mr. Morton thought that someone might wish to say something at the close of this final meeting. Mr. Piper did. He thanked everyone for co-operating, for conscientiously doing their work throughout the year; he felt deeply about the way they had pulled behind him; trusted they had all been happy; apologised for the length of the meetings. So did Mr. Mackie. He thanked the President on behalf of the committee, and suggested they go to supper. And so did Mr. Morton himself. He voiced the thanks of the meeting to the Press; crystallised the ideas that had been evading Mr. Mackie with great felicity of expression; said he felt "with some conviction and some pride" that much had been achieved: he almost had the meeting singing "for we are jolly good fellows."

And so ought we; "On behalf of the Press—!"

On Monday, August 6th, various members of the new Exec. sidled into Exec. room, were greeted by Mr. Piper (who numbers punctuality among his many virtues) and invited to "grab a seat." This advice was unnecessary. Several members, being new to the gathering, unwillingly seated themselves in full view of the Press, for which the Press is sorry.

Everyone had arrived by 6.30. The first item (not listed on the agenda) was a little fatherly advice from Mr. Piper—who forgot to resolve himself into committee. In effect he said that something might "have given them the impression that Exec. meetings were one long laugh," but that this was not really so. (If the Press could have spoken it would have agreed.) He went on to remind them that they were "not a hierarchy, but still students." Having unburdened himself of these warnings, he introduced everyone to everyone else, and so came to the agenda.

Lady Clerical Assistant

Mr. Morton reported that "on the instructions of Exec." he had engaged a lady clerical assistant and that "we both think she should give complete satisfaction." Mr. Jones remained silent, but Mr. Beard wanted to know at what hours she is available.—Sports correspondence is increasing rapidly.

Piano

The M.H.C. piano has not yet been removed to the Women's Common Room. Mr. Denny and Mr. Haresnape both assured Miss Garland that the piano "definitely has not a light touch." Miss Garland remained dubious, but is not quite so sure that she wants it in the Women's Common Room.

Mr. Piper then cleared his throat to announce the portfolios he had allotted. Mr. Haresnape didn't want Social Committee, as he thought it "no job for a married man." Mr. Laing, however, is quite willing. He says he has no prospects of getting married. Mr. Piper pointed out that he had "incorporated Mr. Denny in Miss Bell's portfolio" to help handle the men for Revue. Mr. Haresnape requested members to keep December 21st free for some mysterious event. At the end of this discussion Mr. Piper revealed that he had reserved for himself the office of "general

rouseabout." Exec. resolved itself into committee to receive a delegation. On the way out Mr. Morton was heard to mutter, "We're not under the thumb of the women." "Not yet," corrected Mr. Piper.

It was now 8.20. Mr. Piper made several vain attempts to close the meeting, but Mr. Morton inconsiderately introduced an application from Cricket Club for a grant of about £100 which the club hoped "would receive favourable consideration." It was considered. Mr. Beard would like the sports grounds at Tamaki ready by the autumn ("which autumn?" asked Mr. Haresnape). But Mr. Beard "hadn't got down to that."

Mr. Haresnape, employing his usual delaying tactics, reported that people were inclined to "blame curvature of the spine on the chairs of the college" and trusted that something could be done. The eternal question of order in Exec. room arose again. Mr. Morton muttered "The ladies have proved very satisfactory," looking hopefully at the new women members. Before either had time to refuse, Mr. Piper had closed the meeting.

New members were obviously impressed by the brevity of the meeting and the efficiency displayed by older members, with the possible exception of Mr. Hooton, who, having reported the meetings, knew the worst is still to come, and possibly realised that if this Exec. manages to cover as much work as the old one did, they'll be doing very well.

OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page 3)

taking an interest in the life of this place.

The Executive should be as representational as possible, and if a good man or woman stands, no matter to what department he or she belongs, that person deserves our votes.

—Harlan C. Thompson.

Sir,—

May we voice our opinion concerning the election of Executive officers of Stud. Ass. Last year as freshers we duly went to the polling booth to record our votes and, having selected the candidates we thought worthy of our vote (indeed all the desirable people we knew), we found that the total fell short of the required eleven. Bearing in mind that the vote is informal unless exactly eleven are voted for, we had either to screw up our ballot paper or vote for some people with the most appealing names.

This year, although the names and qualifications of aspirants were more widely publicised, we feel that not enough is done to make candidates "votably" known. Omitting the large number of apathetic students who are just not interested, we find students either unwilling to poll because they don't know the required eleven, or voting blindly, with its attendant consequences—surely, sir, a poor state of affairs!

We propose something, sir, that is "agin the Constitution," but even constitutions can be altered. We propose that an elector should have only to vote for the number of candidates he thinks fit. Limits should, of course, be imposed. Such a system should make voting more popular, and, we think, much fairer.

—G. B. Kissling and S. Waters.



ANNUAL PRODUCTION

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

Merely to stage a play in the College Hall is something of a triumph. To stage a play as well as "You Never Can Tell" was staged is a victory against heavy odds. This must be emphasised before any attempt is made to evaluate the worth of the production. To transform the platform which stands at the north end of the College Hall into a stage is a heart-breaking job. The producer, Marshall Hobson, and the stage manager, Garth Chester, and their assistants, are to be commended for their courage in tackling the job, and congratulated on the success they made of it.

Dolly Clandon must have three things in an outstanding degree—vivacity, charm, and a devastating naivete. Margaret Lyttelton, who played the part, gave it vivacity and some charm, but fell short in the third requirement. The reason, I think, is that her acting was too self-conscious. She made her jokes, and got them across, but they seemed to spring not from Dolly's own spontaneity, but rather from Miss Lyttelton's attempts to produce spontaneity. Her cartwheel, however, was a happy touch. On the Thursday night her make-up was too heavy, but it appeared much better on the Saturday night.

Roy Snow, as Valentine, did not treat the part with sufficient seriousness. He lacked poise and self-control. And he expostulated too much: he did not often enough vary the tone of his voice from that of high-pitched expostulation. He carried himself in a somewhat floppy manner that was out of keeping with the period of the play. For all that, he made Valentine into a likeable enough young man, and he acted well in his love scene with Gloria in the second act. His make-up, on both the nights I was present, was much too heavy.

Dolly and Philip are a pair, and what goes for Dolly goes also for Philip. The lack of sufficient naivete which I complained of in Miss Lyttelton's acting was very noticeable in Bruce Thorne's Philip, and was not, as in the case of Dolly, compensated for by any charm or any real vivacity. Mr. Thorne attempted vivacity, but succeeded only in clowning the part. Perhaps the responsibility in this matter is not altogether Mr. Thorne's. There seemed to be a lack of direction on the part of the producer in allowing Mr. Thorne to make so many mistakes.

Of Maureen Ross-Smith's interpretation of the part of Mrs. Clandon, I need say no more than that it was carefully conceived and faithfully and consistently given. She captured the interest and maintained the attention of the audience each time she came on stage. The poker-straight back, the haughty carriage of the head, the repose that yet betrayed the masterful nature that proved too much for Crampton—all these were there. A fine piece of acting, and my congratulations to Miss Ross-Smith.

Shirley Grant made a convincing portrait of Gloria. By convincing, I mean that Miss Grant was the Gloria I have always pictured in my mind's eye—and I longed to smack her. Miss Grant looked every inch the part, and her acting was good. She might have used a little more acting technique, I think, in order to register the change that appears in Gloria as the result of the complete—loss of her calamitous—loss of her prized self-assurance. An actor needs to give a good deal of attention to any deviations from the normal standard of behaviour that may occur in the character he is portraying. It is by the deviations, as much as by the norm, that the audience is enabled to build up a whole picture of the character. In Gloria's less assured moments Miss Grant tended to stifle movements which, if given full expression, would have assisted the necessary change of tone.

My sympathy has always gone out to Mr. Crampton as against Mrs. Clandon, and Marshall Hobson's ren-

dering of the part gave me no reason to change my mind. He gave us the chagrin, the bewilderment, the resentment, the hot-headedness and the pathos of the man in an admirable way. The slight softening of Crampton's heart towards the end of the play was indicated nicely by Mr. Hobson, but tended to diminish the man rather than increase our respect for him. No one can produce a play without getting pretty tired in the process, and I imagine this slight falling off on Mr. Hobson's part would not have occurred if he had not been producer.

John Nathan infused into the part of Finch McComas a charm that was all the more pleasing for being unexpected. In the printed book McComas is the man who explains things to the audience. In this production Mr. Nathan transformed the family solicitor into such a likeable person that Dolly's attraction to him was more than justified. Mr. Nathan fell from grace a little in the third act, in which he has a lengthy speech making out a case for Crampton. Here he dropped out of character and tended to recite his lines. He needed much more deliberation, more apparent care in the choosing of words, in order to maintain the dignity and weight necessary to an elderly and trusted family solicitor.

The Waiter's part is a difficult one, perhaps the most difficult in the play. The character is finely drawn, and would take an experienced actor to do it full justice. That kind of omniscience about the human heart may be appropriated to a character by a clever playwright, but it takes an actor, as clever in his own line as the playwright in his, to translate the character into flesh and blood. I daresay that Brian Clarke was aware of this difficulty, and it is by no means to his discredit that he did not make the perfect William. On the contrary, there was considerable evidence of hard study and solid application in his playing. He certainly did well to make clean work of his many cues. No one lacked a drink or a match or an overcoat at the crucial moment; William was on the spot. I would have suggested to him that he play the part more unobtrusively; that he should speak more thoughtfully and deliberately, and that he should modify the somewhat too servile stance he usually adopted.

Dr. F. Birkinshaw, in the part of the all-overish Bohun, was as bullying as anyone could want, and yet not unpleasantly so. He reminded me irresistibly of Mr. Jagers in Great Expectations.

The fact that I have not found it necessary, in reviewing the acting of the individual players, to mention such fundamentals as audibility and mechanics is a tribute to the work of the producer. Audibility was good, and the mechanics seem to have been carefully contrived and were neatly executed. The play depends for its interest largely on its delightful dialogue and its contrast of character. Both these things were carefully conveyed to the audience, and, with the possible exception of Philip Clandon, there were no inconsistencies in the production as a whole. To my untutored eye the dressing looked well and was in keeping with the sets.

"You Never Can Tell" was a very enjoyable show. I am glad that this

SHAKESPEARE AND THE SHAW

A white-haired man is sitting before a table littered with papers, his beard sunk on his chest as he wrestles with an idea. Suddenly he looks up, aware of a presence with him in the room. The newcomer, who seems faintly blurred at the edges (but perhaps that is imagination) is dressed in a strange costume: huge lace ruffs at neck and wrists, gaudy silk garments; and his beard, unlike that of the white-haired man, is small and pointed. With a start, the white-haired man recognises his visitor as William Shakespeare—not imagination, after all—and looking up, is himself revealed as George Bernard Shaw.

"William!" he cries, astounded.

"Yes, Bernard, it is I you see here now:

I came to see your latest play. Do'st mind?"

He reaches over, and picks up the manuscript.

"H'm . . . 'Androcles (a fable?) and the Lion.'"

In truth, it seems full simple—but what's this?"

He begins to read.

"'All go to heaven bravely'—oh, some more

Of this religious nonsense which you write—"

"William just because you wrote for commoners, you don't need to criticise me for using my intellect—now this, this will baffle all the world's thinkers, provoke comment, arouse discussion, lead men on to truth—(he whispers to Shakespeare)—confidentially I don't believe it all myself, but I've got to keep up my reputation—and that search for truth is a better thing to institute than to satisfy a mob's taste for coarse humour on Saturday nights."

"No, Bernard; not by any means, I' faith.

"Tis true I wrote to please the common man,

(And that is more by far than thou canst say—

Thou, and thy fellow intellectuals)

But I did write that I might raise his

culture

And standards of appreciation—Yes,

And learned men did also like my work."

"You only did it for money, anyway! not for the furtherance of knowledge—"

"Does that not show they trusted me

withal,

And placed implicit faith and confidence

In me, and in my powers?"

"But—"

"But me no buts! Gadzooks, was that not neat?"

And that reminds me—Ben (who, as you know

Is Jonson), yes, and others, too, have said

That they dislike your new ideas of what

A play should be; your plays, they say, in truth,

Are but a lame excuse to introduce Your theories in a preface: I'll be sworn

That doth break all the rules. Then, too, this prose

Which you affect so much, is bad!!

Your play

Is only slightly different from your preface;

year the Dramatic Club was obliged to employ a student producer. No Dramatic Club is worthy of the name unless it has at least one or two members who are capable of producing a full-dress play. Mr. Hobson has shown that he is capable; he will have learnt much himself; and the Club will gain in self-reliance from having staged a play on its own resources. The success with which the stage manager and producer turned that platform into a stage should not be allowed to weaken, but should rather strengthen the demand for a properly equipped theatre in this College.

—S.D.E.D.

Of metre or of rhythm it has none: 'Tis but an infinite deal of nothing! Why,

'Tis only common prose."

"What do you mean, common prose? My prose is better than your verse! Look at 'Saint Joan' now, look at the Inquisitors' speech—you couldn't have done that in your blank verse—tum, te tum, te tum, te tum . . ." he sneers.

"Nay, nor could you, because you would not dare

To try."

retorts William with warmth.

"You lack originality,

And moral courage: yes, you are too weak

To break away: and take your characters—

Why, they are also from a single mould;

And this Ferrovius who so fascinates Your mind, was once in Major

Barbara."

A man in body strong, in spirit pure, Strong as a lion, and Christianity

Worked in his heart: he turns the other cheek.

In 'Major Barbara' he beat a drum, (I liked that play; liked Undershaft, he had

A beard like mine) and now you introduce

Him here. You're going stale: get something fresh

To liven up your works."

"While we're talking about livening up, why didn't you liven up your atmosphere? Dead as a doornail—no realism! Your 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—look at the artisans. Greeks?—never! English all through! See—you want to watch your details; and don't have lions in Europe. IF you please . . . well, er . . ."

"Yes, just recalled the one you're writing now?

Zooks, nearly time to go; just one last thing:

I didn't like the way you pinched, . . . er, stole

My 'Anthony and Cleopatra' theme."

"You leave my Lion alone—it's only meant to be a fable—and as for pinching, what about Troilus and Cressida? What did Chaucer have to say about that?"

But William Shakespeare has gone.

—A.W.B.

* * *

FIELD CLUB ANAWHATA

Saturday the 11th August saw the stalwarts of the F.C. party setting off on the early train for Swanson, and thence via the Filters and Cutty Grass Track to the West Coast. They were joined on Sunday by Doc. Briggs and the representatives of the fairer sex.

The trip to Karekare via gentle (?) Annie and forbidden territory was relatively uneventful. The trip up the Anawhata gorge was not. Details, both lucid and lurid, of a new track Freyceritia Footpath are now available. It leads from Chateau Mosquito to some unidentified hauler tracks and thence to the A'wata Road. The use of a hapless male as depth sounder and navigator was very acceptable to the semi-dry members of the party, saving them from several duckings.

The food situation was characterised by an absence of any form of sock soup or porridge, "avec flecks noires." Remember Hark that all that gleams yellow is not cheese. Soap, though a useful accessory to the morning ablute, is not in general favour as a flavour for hash. Rex may have second class honours in cocoa-making, but "let no such man be trusted." Who could trust a non-imbiber who goes for honours in cocoa-making, anyway?

VJ day marked the end of our camp, adding to our list of coincidences. We have spent D day, VE day and VJ day in camp. The main party went back via Bethels, the girls via Piha—and the bus!

* * *

All great truths begin as blasphemies.—Shaw.

CLASSICAL CORNER

ISADOR GOODMAN

The most important musical event of the past few months has been the tour of Isador Goodman. Judging from reports throughout New Zealand, he has created "little short of furor" wherever he has been. Nearly every newspaper seems to have tried to exceed its rival in the fulsomeness of its praise. Auckland was no exception. Now, although Mr. Goodman is undoubtedly a fine pianist of very considerable skill, I am not sure he has altogether merited the high-powered enthusiasm he has received. He has come to us at a time of musical starvation, when anything fair seems good and anything very good seems the tops. He is probably the finest pianist we have heard for some time. Friedman was the last, and there is no one in New Zealand to equal either of them. But we should attempt to maintain a proper sense of proportion and not let the sudden release of exuberance get the better of us. If a miracle occurs one day, our papers may advertise concerts by Schnabel, Gieseking, Rubinstein, Fischer or Cortot. If we go a little haywire then, there will be some excuse.

Passing thought: In an evident attempt to do a spot of unofficial weather forecasting, one of our newspapers said rather hopefully, "Mr. Goodman played on Saturday a programme including . . . the 'Appassionata' sonata ('Moonlight' on Monday!)"

HAYDN ENJOYED HIMSELF

No composer filled his music with more high-spirited merriment than Joseph Haydn. Both his quartets and symphonies are full of unusual twists and unexpected turnings. At the invitation of the impresario Salomon, he gave a series of concerts in London where he composed a set of new symphonies. Realising that his English audiences were accustomed to eating a heavy dinner before his concerts and were inclined to doze a bit during his slow movements, Haydn introduced a loud, sudden crash into the quiet, simple melody of his "Surprise" symphony andante. "Just to make the ladies jump," he said.

There are countless other instances of this kind of jocularly. The slow movement of the 93rd symphony contains a singularly vulgar ejaculation by the bassoon during an enchanting lull in the music. A fanfare of trumpets, drums, triangles and "Turkish music" bursts in on another. The symphony—one of Haydn's most vivacious and charming works—has consequently been dubbed the "Military." The tiny Toy symphony was scored for strings, toy trumpets and drums, cuckoos, tin whistles and other contraptions. As court musician, however, Haydn's most daring musical suggestion was possibly the finale of his 45th or "Farewell" symphony, when the players in the orchestra gradually dropped out, snuffed their candles and quietly left the stage. This was a broad hint to the Emperor that Haydn and the boys in the band wanted a holiday. They got it!

A SPOT OF ORGANISATION

It has recently become obvious that considerably more care is being exercised in the preparation of N.B.S. classical hours and symphonic programmes than used to be the case. Until a year or so ago the series type of session was relatively unknown from our stations. It was a common enough thing also to hear a programme comprising a Bach fugue, a Tchaikovsky symphony, a Mozart concerto and a Richard Strauss tone poem, with songs by Schubert jumbled up in between. There is no reason why we shouldn't enjoy all such works equally well within their own limitations. But frequent juxtaposition of this type was a bit overpowering. Thank heaven that 1YX still doesn't jump happily from Delius to Palestrina and back to Rimsky Korsakov. It did once. Someone who

knows the "score" a bit (pardon the pun) must now be O.C. Records.

The N.B.S. has taken a long time to realise that the "series" type of programme planning is a good easy method which gives ample rewards. We have become well-accustomed of late to sessions featuring the symphonies and concertos of Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Sibelius. Even the more neglected Haydn symphonies are now being featured from 2YA. Bach is represented by the "Well-Tempered Clavier" from 1YX, while the Brandenburg concertos have just concluded from 2YC. The sonatas and quartets of Beethoven are receiving a long-overdue airing. Perhaps all this signifies an upward trend in general N.B.S. organisation and perhaps it doesn't. In itself, it's a good thing anyway.

REVENGE WITH MUSIC

Leopold Stokowski once outraged a few people and amused many others when he gave an object lesson in manners to his audiences. The last concert of one of his Philadelphia seasons was about to begin. The early arrivals, however, were surprised to find that no preparations had been made for the concert. The stage remained bare and deserted, until gradually and noisily music stands were placed on the platform by a nonchalant attendant. At nine o'clock two players turned up, and together began the first item. From time to time others arrived and joined in. Much stumbling, coughing and rattling of instruments marked the entrance of each man. Stokowski himself greeted a restive audience half an hour later, and the concert continued for a while without untoward incident. The conclusion, however, was but a reversal of the beginning. Midst banging and closing of instruments, the musicians stumbled clumsily off the stage. (Haydn would have enjoyed the joke, I think.) Stokowski alone remained to face the storm. But the lesson had the desired effect. At the first concert of the next session the audience was noticeably and unusually hesitant about leaving early.

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ERNESTINE

With mixed feelings we report how Fate turned a promising beginning into a tragic end. In either event, Ernestine would probably have soon ceased contributing to this column. More than rumour had it that she was preparing to elope with the retiring editor, one of the few to whom her sterile charms had ever in the least appealed. The course of love ran fitfully for some six months, during which Ernestine, realising how vexing it might be to have her own affairs pruned into, lost interest in those of others. She released her pen, and retired to her easel, on which she drew insipid sketches of herself and her beloved in classic poses. The news of the atomic bomb threw her mind into a state of violent confusion. She ate nothing, even on V-J Day, when she was unfortunate enough to venture on to the streets. The splitting of the atom and the thought of disintegration plagued her unsettled intellect. At the Customs Street intersection she fancied she saw her Orpheus on the opposite footpath: pressing towards him, she was caught by a big, brutal boy with a brown beer bottle. Crashing the bottle to the ground, he embraced her, blindly, dislodging her denture. The sight of the breaking glass and the pain in her gums were between them too much for our columnist. She suffered a complete and unexpected disintegration. She was swept up next day by volunteers and with due reverence dumped. Such is mortal life. Fate is cruel to the passions of the human breast. Ernestine Sniff, swept away

VALE

This has been an interesting year for anyone concerned with the publication of the college journal. With an increased grant of paper from the Controller, there came possibilities for enlargement and for improvement. These possibilities have not been neglected, and the Craccum and Kiwi staffs for 1945 have worked well.

My thanks for their assistance are not customary, but sincere.

To Gay Garland I have already handed over the Publications Portfolio, and John Nathan has been appointed Editor of Craccum. I feel sure that they will select equally efficient staffs for 1946 and will produce a constantly improving College journal.

—Ivan Pattison.

* * *

"Our task is to give to a people, which has existed for a thousand years, with its millennial past of history and civilisation, for the limitless future which lies before it, a city worthy of that future, a millennial city."—Hitler, laying foundation stone for Faculty of Military Science, Berlin, 1937.

* * *

"This war is not being fought for economic reasons. Hitler's German total State was created as an instrument of total warfare, and this battle is, therefore, being fought in order to gain the power of domination."—Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.

* * *

"The pacifist-humanitarian idea may indeed become an excellent one when the most superior type of manhood will have succeeded in subjugating the world to such an extent that this type is then sole master of the earth."—A. Hitler.

* * *

"England must be destroyed and become once more that unknown green island that she was centuries ago."—Ley.

by that torrent at which she made it her life's work to scoff, was denied the pleasures and pains which were the reward of her victims. She has left the tale of a fragmentary and probably unconsummated passion, a tale which will serve as a lesson to those who are tempted to lucubrate on topics beyond their comprehension. Ernestine Sniff has gone from us: may she rest in peace and perpetuity.

Catullus
might have
meant
a blonde —

But nowadays

NOX PERPETUA DORMIENDA



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WINTER TOURNAMENT

Veni, vidi, wecameback! This seems to cover amply the result of Auckland's efforts in the Winter Tournament. Although many good efforts were recorded by our representatives, none of the shields or trophies came our way. Otago obtained an early lead and ran out the winners, 10 points ahead of Canterbury, the runners-up. Tournament Shield points, not taking into account the Drinking Horn, were: Otago 28½, Canterbury 17½, Victoria 16½, Auckland 16½, Massey 2½, and Lincoln, an all-round score. Some excuse may be made for the latter college as they only sent down seven representatives who contested the harriers and golf championships.

Our haka party evidently yelled themselves out on VJ day in Wellington, and the home team reigned supreme in yellow shirts and blue skirts, and complete with band instruments. However, "Akarana" was at no time entirely absent from the din. Great indignation was expressed at the method certain southern Universities have used to supplement their haka repertoires. Little attempt was made to disguise "Akarana," "Akarana Whakaroa" and "Homai," and it made things rather confusing as to who was cheering whom. As far as can be ascertained, no mascots were won or lost. Maybe lessons had been learned at Easter. Hori, however, can be excused his temporary hibernation as he mysteriously suffered a fractured beak on the Wellington railway station and was not out of convalescence till the last day of the tournament. No self-respecting bird would appear in public minus his bowsprit, so, alas, this noble bird made few, if any, contributions to boosting our morale.

VJ DAY

VJ Day took the Auckland team rather by surprise. At 11 o'clock on Wednesday we were all scattered over Wellington, but gradually groups joined up, attracted to each other by full-throated "Akaranas," and we set up in strong opposition to the "boys from up the hill" who were well to the fore in the noise-making. One member of the newly-elected Exec. distinguished himself by swarming up a lamp post, using Johnny R's head as a step, clambering on to a shop verandah and annexing a large New Zealand flag which was used as our banner for the remainder of the day. Incidentally, said member still has that flag as a souvenir despite the fact that the pole is a good five feet long.

Rain, however, curtailed most activities on our part and by two o'clock Aucklanders had "had" outdoor celebrating in Wellington. Some adjourned to obtain vitamins from the foaming amber, others, vainly, to try and regain lost voices. Everyone, surprisingly enough, managed to reach the ferry in good state of repair and, supplemented by the Victorians, vocalised well into the night. What was left of voices certainly received a good work-over then.

Speaking of foaming amber, this is as good a time as any to give a resume of the Drinking Horn held at the Bowling Green Hotel on the last day of the tournament. Otago maintained its Easter supremacy and the team easily outguled its opponents. Auckland had to field a scratch team, and, unfortunately, it was not up to scratch. (Ouch! Sorry!) But when the Otago hangmen can average 2 2-5 second per handle per man—well, I ask you! Les and Ted were especially noticed as outstanding swallows in the Auckland team.

SOCCER

It was not decided until the delegates' meeting on the night of our arrival to include the Soccer games in the Shield competition, but it was fortunate for us that they were included because the team covered itself with glory. Results were:—

V. Otago, won 6—3.
V. Canterbury, won 10—1.
V. Victoria, drew 1—1.

The outstanding member of the team was Peter Iles, goalie. His keeping was well up to provincial standard. His ability may be judged by the fact that he let only five goals through during the whole competition, including two representative games. The Auckland team's combination and footwork were superior to those of the opposing teams, and they were the best all-round team in the competition. We had eight representatives in the North Island team which drew, 0—0, with the Southern reps. These players were Dacre, Hancock, Iles, Mann, McLean, Rosser, Sundrum and Tills, while three of these, Dacre, Mann and Iles, were in the N.Z.U. team which beat an Otago junior rep. team 3—0. Mann was the only Auckland to score in this game, and he was largely responsible in obtaining a second goal.

Dacre played consistently well throughout the tournament at centre half, and was sound both in defence and attack. Mann, at inside left, showed good control and made good use of the ball when in his possession. McLean showed a happy knack of being in the right place at the right time and played well throughout the series despite the handicap of a gammy knee. Tills exhibited excellent footwork and control of the ball, and was well to the fore of all attacks on the opponents' goal. Smith was the highest scorer in the Auckland team with six goals to his credit, with Tills next with five. Others to score were: Mann (3), Brown (2), McLean and Hancock.

TABLE TENNIS

Dame Fortune failed to smile on the Auckland team, and we were only third equal in the shield, drawing with Canterbury. Shield results were:

Victoria 11.
Otago 8.
Auckland 2.
Canterbury 2.
Only starters.

Unfortunately, we drew Victoria in the Teams' Knock-out. Piper and Tills played consistently well, winning both the men's doubles and singles. Pat Newcomb and Pat Pemberton were unfortunate in striking two crackajacks in Joyce Strange and Pat Ralph, and the results from Auckland's point of view were not good. However, maybe our girls' beauty made the Victorian representatives jealous and gave them added determination. Think I may have something there, Pat?

Athol got into difficulties in the mixed doubles and got the big toe of his right foot entangled with the little toe of his left foot, with the result that Athol made a beautiful three-point landing with bounce. Despite this our team played well, but just failed to hold Victoria, who ran out the winners 14 games to 11. V.U.C. then went on to beat Otago, who had previously defeated Canterbury and hence win the Teams' Knock-out.

In the championships, Piper and Tills carried on with the good work in the men's doubles to defeat Canterbury 2—0, but they struck really tough opposition in the final against Otago, and in three terrific games were narrowly beaten 2—1. Your scribe, in apprehension, chewed half an inch off his pencil when the last game went to 25—23 in favour of Otago.

In the men's singles, the Aucklanders, neither of whom had lost a game in any of the singles matches at the time, both won their way into the semi-finals without loss. Here, however, Piper went under to the Otago crack, J. Robson, whose chief asset was his ability to return balls to the table from seemingly impossible positions. Tills defeated Yen, of Victoria, in two straight games and

won his way into the finals. Both these sets provided the spectators with the most brilliant table tennis of the whole tournament, and they were not slow in showing their appreciation. Robson, however, was too good for Tills in the final and won 2—0.

Victoria and Canterbury had the women's singles to themselves, and Miss Strange, of Victoria, was the ultimate winner. The "Twa Pats," however, were unlucky to miss out in the women's doubles. They met Misses Strange and Ralph, of Victoria, again and this time really showed what they could do. They ran the V.U.C. girls close in the first game, only going under 21—18, then took the second game to 27—25 before acknowledging defeat. This was the longest game in the whole tournament. Both our girls were playing vastly improved games and had their opponents hard-pressed the whole way. Victoria then went on to take the final easily from Canterbury. Victoria added the combined doubles to their tally and won the Shield with three points to spare from Otago. The standard of play throughout the tournament was high and some really great games resulted. Our team, though defeated, was far from disgraced, and with a little luck a few more points would have come our way.

GOLF

Play at Tournament was of a high standard, with four N.Z.U. Blues awarded, B. Robinson being the recommended Auckland competitor. Balmacewen Links were in good condition, being drier than most links here, and the course almost equalled Titirangi for its versatility.

Otago Univ., with their golf club established since 1933, were in a position to field a good team, and this included the Otago Provincial Champion.

When we took the field on Tuesday for the final round against Otago, effects of the Rigger-String were still very apparent, and half the team (of four) couldn't see the ball, much less hit it. However, we staggered round and were shortly found congratulating Otago in the 19th.

Constructive suggestions for following Winter Tournaments were proposed at the Golf Council meetings, when difficulties which became apparent this time were ironed out. No allowance was originally made for Medal play, but there are now to be two Medal rounds included at conclusion of match play.

FENCING

The fencing was won by Otago by a very narrow margin. All the matches were evenly contested, the standard of fencing in each of the teams being very much the same.

The first match was against Otago. Dr. Broadfoot fought well, winning three out of four bouts; the rest of the team were off form and went down to Otago 9—7. An impressive fencer for Otago was Miss Fillenz, who had been instructed in Europe. Miss Fillenz was recommended for an N.Z.U. Blue.

On Monday we fought V.U.C. The team was now fighting better, and we defeated V.U.C. 9—7. B. Moulder fought well, winning three out of four bouts.

The match against C.U.C. in the afternoon was also won by Auckland; this match was to decide the runners-up. After 14 bouts the score was 8—6 to Auckland. Dr. Broadfoot, the stalwart of the team, strained a muscle and went down to a Canterbury man in the 15th bout. Pat Newcomb in the 16th and last bout retrieved the situation by giving a magnificent exhibition, defeating one of the stronger of the C.U.C. team, giving Auckland the victory and 1½ tournament points. Congratulations go to Dr. Broadfoot, who was recommended for an N.Z.U. Blue.

Male members of the four teams then retired to the B.G. for a second

tournament (not with foils) which was also presided over by Sir Joseph Ward. Auckland's representatives were Cedric Mann (club captain), Bryan Moulder, Ian Broadfoot and Pat Newcomb.

HARRIERS

This year the N.Z.U.C.C. was run in Dunedin, being linked with other winter sports to form part of the first N.Z.U. Winter Tournament. In past years the running of the cross-country championship has been an event of its own, competed for by runners from the four main colleges only.

Previous winners of the Dixon Trophy for Harriers are:—Otago five times, Auckland three times and Victoria twice. The winning of the trophy this year by Otago puts them three wins ahead of Auckland, so Auckland, how about it?

We left A.U.C. with an enthusiastic if not too brilliant team, all remembering the "old man's" words of farewell, "Don't indulge in any excesses before the race." It was hard to stand by these words when we struck VJ day in Wellington, but we did. The weather in Dunedin, although fine, was rather chilly, and most of the team arrived with colds.

At the start, owing to the late arrival of the train, Auckland started with only five runners. Pete Fraser, the big hope, stepped lively to the front and soon settled down in fourth position. John Gummer was also prominent, striding it out well at fourteenth. The two Otago runners, Stanley and Hunt, soon led the field, closely followed by Hawke, of Victoria, and Fraser. These four remained in position most of the race. Hawke passed Hunt near the finish, but Pete Fraser was unable to better his position. John Gummer moved up gradually to finish eleventh. The other Auckland harriers also ran well to finish in the twenties against strong opposition from the other five colleges. Auckland was fourth for the Dixon Trophy.

At a committee meeting held later on, it was decided to recommend blues for the first six competitors for the exceptionally high standard of running recorded. This means Auckland claims one N.Z.U. harrier blue in Peter Fraser.

WINTER TOURNEY, 1945 MEN'S HOCKEY

Results were somewhat varied. However, the arduous trip down sustained by all members seems to be quite a sufficient, if not fully justified, excuse for results other than those expected from an A.U.C. representative team. Notwithstanding this, Winter Tournament 1945 was voted by one and all a great show!

Results, with your kind permission, are herewith narrated:—

V. Massey, drew 3—3.

For the opening five minutes, while everyone's wind lasted—a dashing game, but the wind changed! Cuffy Noall was injured early in the match and was out for the remainder of the games.

V. Canterbury, lost 1—5.

Very poor! The whole team appeared as though they were still at the Bowling Green having "lunch."

V. Victoria, won 5—3.

A hard game—A.U.C. apparently playing with more determination than previously shown and perhaps a smattering of combination here and there.

V. Otago, lost 1—3.

Another hard game—A.U.C. rather weary at this stage and unable to cope with Otago's thrushful forwards.

V. Otago "B," won 2—1.

A narrow squeak—with very little punch in forward play. However, the second spell, with A.U.C. rearranged, brought the ball more to our opponents' circle.

Some bright patches of hockey were seen when the N.Z.U. representative team met the Otago provincial team—N.Z.U. winning 5—3. Play was

(Continued on page 8)

SPORTS

THREE A.U.C. PLAYERS WIN N.Z. RUGBY BLUES

In defeating Victoria College 17-7 in the university game staged as a curtain-raiser to the inter-island Rugby match at Eden Park last month, the A.U.C. first fifteen won what was possibly the brightest Rugby match seen in Auckland this season. This game was really a better spectacle than the more important fixture which followed. Both teams played bright Rugby without worrying over-much about the result. Auckland was the better—there wasn't much doubt about that—but in one way was lucky to win by as much as ten points.

The half-time score of 9-7 in Auckland's favour changed only in the last couple of minutes, Hellaby kicking a penalty and scoring a converted try. A.U.C.'s centre three-quarter and left wing, Sinel and Grace, picked the right day to strike their best form, Grace subsequently going into the Auckland representative team against Wellington.

The brightness of the A.U.C.-V.U.C. match more than atoned for a rather dull game Auckland and Massey College had turned on a fortnight previously on Eden Park No. 1 ground. Massey won that game 9-8, and as both teams had earlier beaten Victoria, the Palmerston North fifteen became the uncrowned champion of the North Island 'Varsities.

At the time of writing, the A.U.C. team has not lost any of its four Gallaher Shield matches, but two draws have robbed it of the maximum points. A nine-all draw with Manukau was followed by a win, 10-3 over Navy and 8-3 over Grammar Old Boys. The fourth game, against Ponsonby, was one of varying fortunes. It looked as if 'Varsity would defeat the leader when it led by three points only a few minutes from time, but Ponsonby followed the equalising try by movements in which it did everything but score. Fortunately the end came still at 11-all.

Three A.U.C. players have gained New Zealand University Rugby Blues as the result of the games in Dunedin earlier this season. These are Tanner, full-back, Grace, left wing, and Barter-half. In future N.Z. 'Varsity Rugby Blues will be awarded to all who play for a New Zealand Universities' team.

Other N.Z. Blues this season were awarded to Shannon and Murphy (V.U.C.), Gudsell (Massey), Drummond, Hay and McKenzie (C.U.C.) and Elvidge, Cannon, Gordon, Macalister, Buckley, Milliken and Foreman (O.U.).



SYSTEM MODIFIED CRACCUM STAFF

With this issue, the system of administration under which Craccum has been run in the past has been slightly changed. Formerly the editor of Craccum was the member of Exec holding the Publications Portfolio, and the Publications Committee virtually consisted of the staff of Craccum. Now the Publications Committee consists of the Chairman (Member of Exec. holding the Publications Portfolio) and the editors of the college publications for the year—Kiwi, Craccum and probably Rostrum. Each of these will function under its editor and a staff. Exec. will be kept in touch with these by reason of the fact that the Chairman of the Publications Committee is ex-officio a member of each editorial committee.

Chairman of Publications Committee: Gay Garland.

Editor: J. A. Nathan.

Sub-Editors: Jill Davis, Nora Bayly.

Reporters: Pat Keane, Marg. Honnor, R. A. Snow, T. R. Loney, R. M. Miller, D. J. Hooton, Margo Miller, C. W. Salmon.

Sports: Joan Billington, T. Woods.

Art: Kathleen Olds.

Business and Advertising: Margaret Brand.

Circulation: Judith de la Mare, Mary McNicol.

Secretary: Darryl McCarthy.

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

Copy for the next issue of Craccum will close on Wednesday, September 26 at 6 p.m. MSS. may be left in the Craccum box (on Exec. room door), or posted to the Editor. MSS. need not be typewritten, but must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only. If MSS. are typewritten, double spacing must be used. All MSS. must bear the name of the writer. A nom-de-plume may be added for publication purposes.

Letters should, generally speaking, be restricted to three hundred words.

TOURNAMENT—(Cont. from page 7) not improved by the wind, surely direct from the Southern Alps, sweeping across the oval, and chilling even the brightest spark on the sideline to a frozen ham. We congratulate Peter

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KARANGAHAPE ROAD

Roberts on being the only Auckland to gain a position in the N.Z.U. team. Well done!

The team as a whole showed flashes of good hockey at times, but a decided lack of purpose (or fitness, may be more appropriate) appeared to be the major weakness in most quarters.

Ted Harvey and Brian Kennedy both played well and consistently, Brian, with Peter Roberts always in the offing, keeping scores down with his sound tackling. Ivan Juriss, at centre half, played a sound game throughout, whilst in the forwards Dave Jones always worked hard, and Bob Thomas was ever thrustful.

We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to Otago and Canterbury for winning the Seddon Stick, at the same time hoping that we may have the pleasure of retrieving same in the near future.

THANK YOU, OTAGO

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Otago for their well-earned success in the Tournament. We also offer our thanks for a very fine show, and we thoroughly appreciate the amount of work they did to cater for our comfort and entertainment.

Thank you, Otago; we'll do the same for you next year.

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