

# CRAGGUM

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- REVUE at ROTORUA
- MR. FORTT on the PROFESSIONAL THEATRE
- PALESTINE PROBLEM DEBATED
- SEARCH for a NEW UNIVERSITY

## SPORTING COLUMN

## Noticed in 'Varsity Sporting Circles:

That the College XV kept their supporters interested all the way when they won the Pollard Cup final against Grammar Old Boys. 'Varsity looked a beaten side trailing 8-9 with only ten minutes to go, but the forwards kept doggedly at it, and were rewarded with a penalty goal just before the final whistle.

That the Hockey XI has lost some of its earlier dash, being held to a draw by the team lowest on the competition ladder, and then losing the first game of the second round to forfeit its leading position. "We're getting just a bit cocky," was the opinion of one of the team.

Latest Eden Park personality is athlete Colin Kay, who has been playing with great dash in the senior three-quarter line. Outside him Barry Sweet and Dave Grace are back on the job giving 'Varsity a fine scoring combination.

The Harrier Club has been in the news lately by taking first place in the Calliope Team's Race a week or so ago. And R. Crabbe kept it there with some good running in the Great Eastern Road Race—first big harrier event of the season. Crabbe finished in third place.

That Andrew Robinson has been playing an odd game in the senior Rugby pack this winter. A leading 'Varsity golfer, Robinson spends his spare time about the 75 mark on the Middlemore Golf Course.

That 'Varsity's ill-success in Women's hockey cannot be attributed to P. Batty, who has been playing an outstanding game in the senior half line. She has been chosen to represent Auckland in the Provincial Tournament.

Also chosen to play hockey for Auckland are "Scotty" Watson, Henry Cooper, Club Captain Dave Neal, and M. Robbins, who will take part in the Country match at the end of June.

That Peter Iles gave a very fine exhibition of goal-keeping in the mud when Auckland met the Springboks recently. Under fire throughout the second half, he gave nothing away, and had a large share in the 3-all draw.

\* \* \*

## HARRIER CLUB

Since the beginning of the season late in the first term, the Harrier Club has held runs every week from various centres all over the city. The attendance at these meetings has been very good, and up to forty members have turned out each time, so the Club is in rather a strong position at present. Different people have acted as our hosts, and we wish to



thank them very much for their kindness.

This year the Club is rather fortunate, for not only have we retained the services of some of our best harriers, but also we have several very good newcomers. First of these is R. Crabbe, who was the Auckland Champion last year, and promises to show outstanding form this season. Also there are a number of novices who are likely to be serious contenders to represent us at Tourna-

ment. At present A. Stewart seems a certainty, while L. and T. Goddard, I. Blyth and R. Murray must be considered.

On June 7th the Annual Calliope Relay Race was held, and one of our teams, consisting of R. Murray, L. Goddard, R. Patterson and A. Stewart, won the event by half a mile. Stewart also won the Sealed

Handicap, while R. Rawnsley and O. Thompson returned 6th and 7th fastest times respectively.

A week later we held our Novice Championships at St. John's College over a course of four miles, and L. Goddard came in first, closely followed by J. Blyth and R. Murray. J. Brane ran into fourth place and carried off the Sealed Handicap.

The first big race, however, was the Great Eastern, from Papakura to Ellerslie, on June 21st. In this we had nearly thirty runners participating, and several did very well. R. Crabbe ran a fine race to come third, while R. Rawnsley put up a good effort to fill 8th position. P. Fraser and Q. Thompson came in 12th and 13th respectively, while B. Nicholls and L. Goddard ran 18th and 19th.



## WORLD STUDENT RELIEF

It is thought that a budget statement of how W.S.R. funds were spent from October, 1946, to January, 1947, would elucidate the situation for many A.U.C. students who object to contributing to what they regard as a nebulous international pool. There is no attempt to include fully the goods and services secured within a local project by national committees.

## EXPENDITURE

	ACTUAL OCT.-JAN.	
<b>I. Asia</b>		
(1) China .....	Sw. Fr. 3,000	For the student centre at Shapingpa.
(2) India .....	3,400	For student hostels.
(3) Burma .....	6,800	For books and study material, University of Rangoon.
<b>II. Europe</b>		
<b>A. National Programmes</b>		
(1) Poland .....	48,456	For repairing student homes at Poznan, Lodz and Warsaw; beds for hostels at Cracow; books and paper, food and medicines.
(2) Hungary .....	30,541	Food for Budapest, study material, shoes, books.
(3) Yugoslavia .....	15,892	Food, laboratory supplies.
(4) Austria .....	22,770	Shoes, books, medical supplies.
(5) Grece .....	15,700	Food, installation canteen equipment, International Reading Room, Camp Pendeli operation.
(6) Italy .....	9,670	Programmes of student aid at Milan, Rome, and elsewhere, food and support, student self-help, canteens, etc.
(7) Czechoslovakia .....	9,000	Books, equipment student reading centres.
(8) Germany .....	6,600	Books and study material.
<b>B. Tubercular Students</b> .....	80,000	W.S.R. share in supporting some 140 students of 14 nationalities at Leysin.
<b>C. Uprooted Students</b>		
(1) D.P.'s .....	13,500	For support student 'D.P.'s in Paris and Rome. (The work in London and Stockholm is in addition.)
(2) P.O.W. ....	17,200	For books and service from Geneva and London.
(3) Refugees .....	65,400	For support of student refugees in Switzerland of many nationalities with funds from various relief organisations.
<b>D. Intellectual Relief</b> .....	3,700	For books and periodicals to individuals and libraries in Europe.
<b>E. Rehabilitation Centres</b> .....	23,000	For support Combloux, Ashton Hayes and Rocca di Papa, where some 150 students are accommodated in each rest period.
	Swiss Fr. 369,629	(There are 17.34 Swiss francs to the £1 sterling.)

## GLOBAL GABBLE

U.S.S.R.

## STIPENDIARY STUDENTS

In the Universities of Communist Russia all students who make good progress with their studies receive State stipends. These are paid in amounts in accordance with the marks the students receive. A 25 per cent increase of stipend is granted to students who get high marks in all subjects. Further, State legislation has made it possible for tens of thousands of these students to spend their summer and winter vacations in sanatoriums, rest homes and tourist resorts at no expense to themselves.

Excuse me, can you tell me where I can buy a copy of "Das Kapital"?

FRANCE

## NEW WRITING

More and more Governments are realising that young writers need all the assistance they can get. The French Government shows its understanding of this need by its creation of a "Literary Fund." This fund is to be used for the support of young authors. It is also to be used to finance the publication of their works.

What did Mr. Fairburn say in March?

OTAGO

## "CRITIC" REMARKS

"It is a universally recognised fact that Capping celebrations at other University Colleges cannot compare with our own. Where else does the Capping Band play such a fine part? In what other centre are Capping Books sold in less than two hours? Our Procession, backed by a tradition of public goodwill, marches proudly forth each year. Our fellow colleges have not the same public attention. Victoria's procession is back this year on probation after being banned by the W.C.C. for many years, while Auckland is non est."

Where ignorance is bliss . . .

SYDNEY

## ART EXHIBITION

Painting, sculpture and photography were all represented at the Sydney University Art Exhibition of last month. We quote comments from "The Carp of the Critic," by Bernard Smith, appearing in "Honi Soit" of May 15.

"Many of the exhibitors are victims of circumstance. They have always wanted to paint, but no one has given them a chance. They have been thwarted by the view that Australian teachers have taken of Art education for decades. Namely, that it is a pedagogical soporific for dull mentalities."

However, Mr. Smith is not always so melancholy as this. He finds that there are certain points to be made in favour of some of the exhibits. He sums up his criticism on a more cheerful note.

"A University can do much to foster an appreciation of art and develop scholarship in this field. The exhibition, therefore, was a significant event."

Are you thinking about Mr. Fisher and Mr. Picasso, too?

LIVERPOOL

## RADIO CLUB

An Amateur Radio Club has been formed at the University of Liverpool. Its object is to build at least one ten-watt H.F. transmitter, one hundred watt H.F. transmitter and several V.H.F. transceivers. It is hoped that world-wide contacts will be made by the Club. R/T communication has already been made with London, Belfast, Manchester and Glasgow, and a new University is being brought on to the group each Saturday.

Could A.U.C. compete with 12B?

## Craccum

Editor: NORA BAYLY

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## WHITHER STUDENT RELIEF?

We feature in this issue a fairly extensive survey of the activities and plans of the World Student Relief service. To the A.U.C. isolationist who scoffs at the movement, this will say little. To the students (and they are increasing) who think that Student Relief is a Worthy Cause, but deplore the fact that nothing is known of the money collected once it is handed in to the central fund at Christchurch, the information may give some enlightenment.

The aim of the W.S.R.—to assist distressed students, individually and in groups in all countries of the world irrespective of race, religion and politics—loses its incisiveness when stated in terms of general principles. Facts are more trenchant. The W.S.R. Committees in Sweden and Denmark have sent to Gdynia, in Poland, 20 tons of paper and 18 tons of mimeographing paper; the United States in January of this year sent 2000 cases of food to the Milan Universities; the "adoption" of universities in one country by another, of Dutch Universities by Swiss, of Chinese by American, and the fostering of specific projects, as the establishment of mensae libraries and hostels, by particularising general aims have diverted internationalism of that vagueness and "woolliness" often associated with the word. Since the war there has been an increased interchange of students between universities. The student sanatoriums, Ashton Hayes in England, Leysin in Switzerland, the Chalet des Etudiants at Combloux and the Rocca di Papa near Rome, to mention the best-known, are centres for the convalescence of students of all nationalities—a return in a minor degree to the student cosmopolitanism of the Middle Ages. Internationalism (and there seems no other term) becomes not the painted phrase of the Utopian, but an organic growth.

The situation in New Zealand is very different. The impact of European conditions hardly penetrates our island remotenesses. Prevented by distance from direct contact with other students, and from sending supplies in kind to particular universities, our efforts must be confined to raising money to send to Christchurch to be sent to Geneva to be distributed by national W.S.A. committees anywhere in the world. The desire of most people to know where their money is going cannot be met directly, only vicariously through acquaintance with the whole programme of W.S.R. The fear that the funds are used for political and sectarian purposes can be banished when the representative nature of the organisations comprising W.S.R. is considered—Pax Romana, World Student Christian Movement, the International Student Service and, recently, the International Union of Students.

It would seem, in face of the reports from W.S.R. delegates and committees, that the Geneva Conference is right in its decision to carry on the work of the W.S.R. for another three years. It seems equally the duty of the New Zealand students, accepting the fact of the limitations to their first-hand knowledge of the expenditure of funds, to continue their support of a movement to establish a world-wide continuity of interests among students.

## GRADUATION BALL

A retrospective survey of the organisation of Carnival Week has left many students with the impression that Graduation Ball was the one event marring an otherwise smooth flow of 'Varsity festivities. For Grad. Ball undoubtedly left a great deal to be desired from almost every point of view, though the problem of overcrowding was probably the most vital. There were many more graduates this year than formerly, therefore the Ball was bound to be bigger than usual. There will probably be even more graduates next year, so it seems clear that some change in the organisation of the Ball must be made.

The obvious solution seems that of holding the function away from College. But where? Graduation ceremony is held on the last Friday of the term, and the Ball, which is conducted in honour of the graduates, must follow that ceremony. But on a Friday night it is impossible to hire any of the larger cabarets in town.

Another alternative would be that of holding Capping during the afternoon, then having the Ball in the Town Hall during the evening. This gives rise to the argument that many friends of the graduates would not at that time be free to attend the ceremony, which would then lose much of its interest for the citizens at large.

Or, again, it might be possible to have Capping in the evening as usual, then move the chairs out of the Town Hall and clear the floor space for dancing. But the confusion resulting from this must be evident when one remembers the throngs of people who go to Capping but not to the Ball, the throngs who do vice versa, and the throngs who do both. To keep these different groups separate, while bodily removing some hundreds of chairs, would be a task sufficient to make any Social Committee recoil in horror.

The obvious place for the Ball, then, seems the College, and existing facilities there must be improved. It would be possible to restrict attendance by barring either freshers or non-Varsity people, but this would be a regrettable move from every angle. The only other alternative is the increasing of dancing space, and this could be achieved by clearing the library and hiring another band. Dancing could also be held in Rooms 37 and 50, as has formerly been done, and, if the music were adequately relayed, this would also serve to relieve congestion. The cultivation of our home garden rather than migration to pastures new should be our policy.

GREAT BRITAIN  
STUDENT HEALTH

The health of students in English universities has been the cause of much concern to the Government. It is felt that, if through State grants and scholarships the student is enabled to attain his true mental status, he should be allowed to gain the full benefit from that status by keeping in the best possible health.

To reach this end numerous Universities have put into practice schemes for compulsory medical examination. The examinations are not yet standardised, but the majority of them are above Life Insurance completeness. There is also the compilation of past medical history. In many cases it is possible to have free consultations and treatment from the University medical officer.

The chief deterrent to good health seems to be the poor quality of students' living accommodation. This, unfortunately, can only be remedied by increasing the number of hostels—an almost impossible task in view of the English housing situation.

Physical education is being given an important place in University curricula. It provides necessary exercise for students who are forced to live in cramped areas. The University of Birmingham has made attendance at P/T classes compulsory. Here there is a Director of Physical Education with full-time assistants working in close association with a permanent medical officer. This will probably be the pattern on which all University medical schemes will be modelled.

A further encroachment on the student's freedom!

CHRISTCHURCH

## VINTAGE VEHICLES

Canterbury College's Vintage Vehicles Association now owns thirty cars; they range from a 1904 Cadillac to a 1926 Fiat. The Association exists for student-owners of old cars (1927 is the latest model allowed). At Christmas some of the more reliable cars toured the Southern lakes from Lake Tekapo to Te Anau, and their drivers hope to tour the North Island at the end of this year if finance allows. The club charges an annual subscription of ten shillings. In return for this the member receives a transfer for his windshield, free advice about his car, and the right to either get someone else home or be got home in the event of a breakdown.

Looking at Princes Street one would think that there was a V.V.A. at the A.U.C. too.

BRISBANE

## COLLEGE HOSTEL

Brisbane University took a great step forward when it established its first Students' Hostel last month. The Hostel, which accommodates thirty male students, was, during the war, a Union Jack clubroom. It is now leased by the Students' Union for £12 a week. The boarders pay a rental of £2/2/- weekly. This covers house laundry, bed linen, and all meals with the exception of lunches on weekdays. Every student has his own room, furnished with cupboard, bed, table and bookshelf. There is also a "Tute" room and a lounge which is common property.

No, we are not talking about Tamaki.

PERTH

## DRAMA

Perth University Dramatic Society hit some high spots when it gave its first major performance last month. The society chose three one-act plays, "Riders to the Sea" by Synge, "Sordid Story" and Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." These were presented by an entire cast of inexperienced players. In spite of this there was a full house to every performance.

But wait until you see "The Shoemaker's Holiday"!

# SMELLBOUND AT SMELLGROUND



## REVUE AND ROTORUA

### FRIDAY—

12.10: We leave 'Varsity, farewelled by those who couldn't or, wouldn't come. Between Parnell and Newmarket we eat my lunch to fortify us for the journey.

2.30: We arrive at Ngaruawahia and invade the Delta. The locals look surprised at the crowd which descends, eats, and then departs in a cloud of dust, armed to the teeth with lunch (bottled). We by-pass Hamilton, much to the disgust of the types who are hungry (?) again.

4.00: We hit Tirau and surround the local hostelry. Much moaning about the size of a handle they serve for 7d. Only ponies.

5.15-5.30: The welcome mat is out in Rotorua. With great efficiency they shunt us off to our billets. The more lucky ones go to Lake House, where ex-Hongi Tony Frazer revives their flagging spirits. Others get billets with cars and all the necessities of life. Most are in boardinghouses, as are G.H. and I. Bags of joy. We manage to get back and lay in a supply before 6.

6.25: The lights are out. We find our way to the Regent, where Mike and the boys are playing with the scenery.

7.10: The lights come on and we work like fury to get the stage rigged. No Lights-man, but Eve springs to the fore and makes an excellent substitute. "White, Red, Green, Orchestra, Floods, Blackout. I think I have it."

8.10: The Show goes on. Strained silences for a while, but a few, notably "My God, it's Bill Forrest in the front row," help them catch on to the spirit, and after that they are not lacking in applause. The Ballet is well received. "Oh, Peter." The scenery becomes rather bedraggled after the show has finished.

10.40: The Show finishes. Some of the crowd go to a dance at Ohine-mutu Pa. Doc, Rod G.H. and I toddle off to the boardinghouse, where we play poker. Later we all go over to Doc's and roll Jarvie out of the arms of Morpheus. We go home.

### SATURDAY—

9.30: G.H. and I crawl out of bed sans breakfast and go round to the theatre. All is cleared up by 11. A crowd go out to Whaka with Cara to see the mud. Rod and I go to Lake House. On the way we pick up Ray (this was not intentional). We enter the "Guests Only" lounge, where Giffy

and Olga, Johnny and sundry bods from the Orchestra reign supreme. Panic occurs when we learn that Pat hasn't been sighted since 1.00 that morning. It transpires later that he couldn't get into the hotel at 4.00 so he slept in the back of a Ford and then went to bed in a different room from the one where everyone thought he was. Still, he looked none the worse for wear albeit a little sheepish.

12.30: Lunch at most places.

2.00: A crowd assembles at our place. Jarvie and I get cheesed off and take off for the Baths. We meet Pat and hear the above story. What fun. We have our swim and go back to Lake House, where in the "Guests Only" out of about 30 people six are bona fide. No matter. We have quite a time there. Nip, Brian, G.H. and Mick roll in about 5. Nip's host had lent him a nice big car. Very decent and much appreciated. Gene, Pat and I leave for Whaka about now, where rum and liqueurs are the order of the day.

5.30: Mick conceives a violent admiration for some coloured sands in the bar.

5.31: Mick has the coloured sands. 7.00: We assemble at Jarvie's and go to a party. Beer now. We sing the Uni. songs as there is little else to do.

9.30: Gene, G.H., Pat and I go back to our room. We get happy, only more so, and off to the dance.

10.00: The Dance. We sing "Alouette a" and do a haka (showing off). Snow is thirsty so we start out for a quencher. No dice. As we start to leave a policeman starts to arrive.

11.30: The rumour starts that there is to be a grand houli at Lake House.

12.00: The dance ends. We troop off to Lake House and find that Rumour is a lying jade. Outside the place the throng gives the impression that a raid was in progress. The Naval Type has a do going in his room, but refuses to admit any more. I don't blame him really. A Maori chances along.

Maori: Got a drink?

Us: No!

Maori: Well, have one on me.

Us: Oh! no, we don't want your last bottle.

Maori: That's all right. (Hereupon the Maori pulls out bottles from all directions, uncaps one most efficiently, hands it to John and disappears into the night, having thereby cemented Maori and pakeha relations).

1.00: We decide that there isn't going to be a party and rush madly

off in all directions.

2.15: We go to bed perfectly happy.

### SUNDAY—

8.30: We arise, have breakfast and depart from our boardinghouse.

10.00: We leave Rotorua. A sorrier-looking crowd I ne'er did see. In the back of our bus Peter, Jarvie, Rod and most of the Orchestra sleep the sleep of the tired and carefree. Others doze. Snow periodically chases cows off the road.

11.50: A small stop at Tirau. Merely to stretch our legs this time.

2.00: We call at Karapiro. "Hurry before it goes flat." Most illuminating. Bags of water over the slipway.

3.00: Lunch at Hamilton. The local grill room does a roaring trade in steak. Five types, Gene, Ailsa, Marie, Dave, Pat trot off to the Commercial, where they dine in style. Dave nearly leaves his radio in the grill room. Poor show.

3.45: From Hamilton no more stops. Things progress rapidly. A card game even starts. We also take an interest in the scenery.

5.00: We stop at the Harp of Erin, where the first types depart, including me, and so this Chronicle ends.

### A few cast comments are appended below:

#### Smellie:

I got very tired in Rotorua. The hotels are too far apart.

#### Cara:

Revue enthusiasts are fewer. Revue has lost its first allure. Revue has been to Rotorua.

#### Sick Mick:

Sixty thirsty actors  
Putting on a show,  
With a little hooch,  
Just to make things go.  
Potent was the beer,  
Drizzly was the day.  
You think Rotorua's smelly—  
Ha! You should have seen our play.

#### Rebob:

It was cold as charity,  
And that's pretty glum—  
Almost as cold as an Eskimo's foot.

#### Larry:

The big thing was to keep warm—you had to do something about it.

#### Anon:

A fire-conscious Revue cast is to be congratulated on its expert and practised use of fire escapes. Though the opinions of guests was divided on being awaked by one eager seeker after his brethren.

#### Peter:

The week-end was much too wet.

#### Elaine:

Sleep! Revue doth murder sleep (with apologies to Musgrove).

#### Betty:

I discovered a new drink—whisky and muscatel.

#### Marie:

The weather was wet and we got soaked.

#### Dave:

A lost week-end. I feel it my duty to protest against the insobriety of the stage manager, a stage hand, and a certain fly man. The question arises as to whether a type who slops his beer on the carpet should be stage manager.

#### Dekay:

Drunk inane, Para gyro  
Stank in rain, Caro piro  
Trance all night, Mould in brain  
Dance all right, Cold again,  
Sulphur sewer, Rotorua!  
(or, alternatively, "Rotorua, a cold smell, bound by a hot Revue.")

#### Doc:

"All expenses provided,"  
Left me excited,  
But now it seems  
They were only dreams.

#### Ailsa:

Oh, Rotorua, land of stinks and fumes,  
Startled by the entry of a horde of loons,  
Who gave their show and did their bunk,  
And back to apathy once more they've sunk.

#### Pat:

Nothing to say (printable).

These were all the comments that I could garner from the cast, most of whom seemed a little shy about expressing an opinion. This, of course, does not reflect on them in the slightest. All, I think, voted it a jolly good show and all are looking forward to next year's Revue, especially me.

### WHEN "SMELLBOUND" WAS STINKING

When we went to Rotorua  
Our hearts were young and light;  
We sang in all the buses,  
But the words they weren't just—  
quite.

Nor was the performance  
Which we gave that night.  
The lights-man he was absent,  
So the prompter pulled the switch.  
The make-up did the prompting,  
And this caused another hitch;  
As the actors did the make-up—  
God knew which was which!  
We got through the performance  
In a hazy kind of way,  
But Rotorua liked it—  
(It was them as had to pay),  
So why should we have worried?  
Up, 'Varsity! Hurray!  
The next night was the party,  
And the moral, I am told,  
Is, "Never give a party  
What you don't know where to hold."  
For we hadn't proper quarters,  
By Sitwell! Was it COLD!!  
We returned a little sadder,  
No wiser though, I fear,  
As in spite of all we'd gone through  
We had but one idea,  
One chorus of "The hair of the dog!  
Auckland, give us BEER!"

**Brimfull of HEALTH**

**VITA-STOUT**  
The Tonic Beverage

# CONFERENCE OF THE MIGHTY

## EXEC. MEETS

Tuesday, June 17th, saw the introduction of an improvement in Exec. procedure. All motions to be put to the meeting were typed out beforehand and a copy given to each member. This enabled Exec. to deal with a large number of matters in a relatively short time—a fact affording highest gratification to Mr. Nathan, who had launched the improvement.

### TERMS EXAMS.

The first matter of importance was a reply from the Professorial Board to the request for earlier Terms Exams. It was pointed out that in order to give students a fair opportunity to qualify for Terms it was necessary to hold the Exams when the full syllabus had been covered. To hold the Exams any earlier would mean a further incursion into the already short academic year. The postponement of Degree Exams until later in the year was also impossible as there were so many exams, in the various stages of Degree and Professional courses, as well as Matriculation, and Scholarship examinations which the University had to deal with before Christmas. This full statement of the position was acceptable to the Executive, and it is hoped that the difficulties entailed will also be appreciated by students.

### TOURNAMENT CHESS?

The question of the inclusion of Chess in the activities of one of the Tournaments was raised by a letter from the Secretary of the newly-formed Chess and Draughts Club. Exec. decided to refer the matter to N.Z.U.S.A. and the Southern Colleges, with its support. It was felt that any move towards balancing the brains/brawn ratio of Tournament is worthwhile. It must be emphasised, however, that Exec. is recommending only the inclusion of Chess in Tournament, not the award of Tournament points or Blues for it. These questions require critical consideration at an N.Z.U.S.A. meeting.

### WANTON DESTRUCTION?

As the result of an unsuccessful attempt to acquire "stills" of Tournament from the records of the National Film Unit, the secretary was instructed to write to the Prime Minister's Department "regretting that it is the practice of the National Film Unit to destroy records of important public events, such as the University Tournament, within a few weeks of filming." A copy of this letter is also to be sent to the "Listener" for publication. It is to be hoped that this will lead to the institution of an adequate records system at Film Unit headquarters.

### TAMAKI AGAIN

Somebody thought it would be a good idea to know just what the two political parties thought about the Tamaki scheme. We hasten to assure peaceful citizens that Exec. does not intend to rebel against the Government if the Labour Party's ideas should be incompatible with its own. Exec. is just "quizzical." The Secretary was instructed to write to Labour and National Party leaders to satiate this "curiosity."

### DISTINGUE?

The aesthetic that lies beneath Exec. badges was aroused by the motion "that the use of braid on the ordinary College blazer be abandoned." Miss Laidlaw said that without the braid the College blazer would be undistinguished from the many other royal blue blazers that are seen in Auckland. Miss Brand looked at the braid from a utilitarian point of

view—it gets so dirty. Mr. Neal took an aesthetic stand. The blazer sans braid would be a nicety of simplicity, he said. Mr. Hillyer re-echoed Miss Laidlaw's saying that there would be no distinction between the College and other blazers—and especially between the ordinary blazer and the Representative blazer. This was the point that interested Mr. Rykers most. He could not, he said, see why everyone was so keen to upset a long-standing custom even for aesthetic reasons. He said it was widely recognised that the blazer without the braid was the Representative blazer. To unbraid the ordinary blazer, he said, was to give the wearer a "mana" he did not deserve. Mr. Nathan pointed out that he himself had been seen wearing the ordinary blazer, braid and all, at one period of his College career. This was meant as encouragement to those who have

neat little report on their investigations into the question of Stud. Ass. Fees. The main point of the report was the suggestion that only in cases of hardship and of Heritage-sponsored students should the fee of 25/- be waived. Another sensible suggestion was that a small committee should investigate claims of hardship rather than bringing the question before the whole assembled Executive. The report was adopted.

### PROFESSOR LEECH CONGRATULATED

Exec. resolved that a letter should be sent to Professor Leech congratulating him on the award of the C.B.E., also assuring him of the appreciation of the Association in his efforts to obtain improved facilities for the Engineering Students.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

### PUBLICITY FOR ELECTION CANDIDATES

Elections in the College take place in August. The general rule is for nominations to close seven days before the elections. Because of the time taken for printing, CRACCUM copy will close before the closing of nominations. We wish to give equal opportunity for publicity to all candidates, and therefore request those who intend to stand for office in the Association to give us the following information at once:—

1. (a) State the year in which you came to the College and academic qualifications, if any.  
(b) State what course you are taking and at what stage. Mention any degree you have already gained.  
(c) Name any offices you have held under the Association.  
(d) Name any offices you have held in any sports, academic or other club or society in the College. Include committees of which you have been a member.  
(e) State any other College activities in which you are interested.
2. Make any electioneering policy statement you wish to in under sixty words.

Place your statement in the CRACCUM Box as soon as possible, stating for what office you intend to stand. Please prefix your statements with the numbers above, e.g., 1a. 1942; Lissie Rathbone Scholarship.

### WE CANNOT ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR DELAY.

Proposed dates are:—

Election of President and Secretary: August 5th-6th.

Election of Executive: August 12th-13th.

Nomination forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Students' Association, c/o Exec. Room.

to wear the ordinary blazer. After looking mentally at the other Colleges' blazers, Exec. decided that the braid must stay, aesthetics and utility notwithstanding.

### THE NEW PRINCIPAL

No, we cannot tell you yet who he is to be. We do not know ourselves. Exec. passed a motion respectfully requesting that the Students' Association should be consulted on the appointment, which is of such vital moment to the student body.

### STUDENT ASSOCIATION FEES

A small sub-committee appointed at the previous meeting showed the result of its industry by producing a

### TIDYING UP

At the request of Mr. Rykers, who is chairman of Men's House Committee, Exec. gave its sanction to the employment of the Student Block cleaner for odd jobs during the long vacation. It was suggested that something should be done to make the Men's Reading Room more attractive, but nobody seemed to know quite what.

### GRAD. BALL, 1948

Exec. again asked itself where it was going to house this out-grown festivity next year. Discussion was notable for only one new idea. This was that freshers should not be admitted. Cries of "Shame!" met this suggestion, and it was dropped. Exec. decided that the best thing to do seemed to be to use both the hall and the library for dancing and to have separate bands in each place.

### STUDENTS' ASSN. ELECTIONS

The approach of the 1947 Elections raised the question of publicity for the candidates. Exec. discussed the appointment of an Election Officer to arouse interest among students and encourage them to vote. Mr. Hillyer said that any step which would lead to a more thoroughly representative Executive should be seriously considered. It was decided, however, that such a position would be too influential for Exec. to authorise. Other devices were discussed. One of these was the suggestion that notices should be posted to all students informing them that elections were to be held and enclosing a cyclostyled sheet setting out the policy statements of each candidate. This was dismissed as both unnecessary and expensive. Finally it was decided to adopt the same procedure as last year. That is, to invite all candidates to set out details of their qualifications as to scholarships, sports and previous Stud. Ass. offices, together with a policy statement, all of which would be published in Craccum.

### TOODLE PIP!

The business for the evening closed with Exec's. best wishes to Professor Arden in his approaching retirement.

\* \* \*

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Dramatic Critic: Ray Parkes.

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

Copy for the next issue of Craccum will close on Wednesday, July 9, at 6 p.m. MSS. may be left in the Craccum Box (on the left hand Exec. Room door) or may be posted to the Editor; MSS. need not be typewritten, but must be legibly written. ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, and must be IN INK. If MSS. are typewritten, double spacing should be used. ALL MSS. MUST BEAR THE NAME OF THE WRITER. A nom-de-plume may be added for publication.

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# Journey Into Galilee

Ken Bain, a former A.U.C. student, and member of CRACCUM Staff, at present in the service of the British Government in the East, writes to us from Palestine.

There seem to be few new arrivals to the Middle East who do not contract some extraordinary disease or other. I fear I was no exception. My first Christmas in Palestine was spent between the sheets of the British Section of the Government Hospital in Jerusalem. The linen was white, I was yellow. The "jaundiced eye" became a reality. For the first two weeks of my month in hospital, Jerusalem provided almost nightly entertainment in the form of explosions, large and small, hold-ups, shootings, curfews and the endless bomb scares and alarms that shake the nerves of even the most hardened citizens of the Holy City. The Zionist Congress in Basle, however, gave the terrorist groups a much-needed excuse for a rest and temporary retirement from public performance. They announced their truce by posters in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa, and Jerusalem-ites, worst sufferers of terrorist activity, again appeared in the streets after dark without immediate fear of action by the Stern Gang or the Irgun Zvai Leumi.

## Jerusalem to Haifa

I was not sorry to leave Jerusalem at the end of the month. It is a cold, unfriendly, polyglot, tangled city at any time, perched precariously in the Hills of Judaea, 2500ft. above sea level. No one can tell how it came to be established there. A more barren, unattractive and unnatural site on which to found a city I cannot imagine. Its very cosmopolitanism is depressing. You can take fifteen paces down the seething Street of the Prophets or Zion Square and hear as many languages. You can never feel "at home" there. I travelled north by the Alamein Taxi Company on the three-hour journey to Haifa, the industrial centre of Palestine and Mediterranean outlet of the oil pipe lines of the Anglo-Iranian and Iraq Petroleum Companies. We suffered two road blocks on the way after we joined the Tel Aviv-Haifa road. A military patrol stopped the taxi, searched our persons, the taxi, opened our suitcases, examined our identity cards. Even my official Government card received a thorough once-over. Such inconvenience is merely part and parcel of everyday life and is indeed almost a relief from the masses of barbed wire entanglements, gun-posts and sandbag emplacements that clutter up the heart of Jerusalem.

Haifa was quiet. Its streets paraded posters announcing Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra concerts by Bernardino Molinari with Simon Golderg as soloist. For a change everyone seemed to be minding his own business.

A Jewish ex-servicemen's taxi company provided a car to take me on to Tiberias and we left at four o'clock. The driver was young, black-haired, thick-lipped. He was about 18 and he looked a typical terrorist. After a while, you can tell the type. But he wasted no time on the road and we were soon clambering up into the green fields and hills east of Haifa. We reached Nazareth as dusk was falling nearly an hour later, and wound our way down to a small, stone-housed township nestling cosily in a small rift in the Hills of Galilee. It had that greyish-white appearance of the more hygienic mountain villages of the Palestinian Christian Arab. As we crawled up the road on the opposite side of the hill, Nazareth vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

By this time it was quite dark and I was disappointed that my first view of the Sea of Galilee—or Lake

Tiberias as it is now called—should be as a dark smudge against a darker background. In pitch blackness we began the precipitous descent to the twinkling lights of Tiberias itself, and the warmth met us as we proceeded. Half-way down the road, the sea-level sign appeared and five minutes later we sampled the languid air of Tiberias 700 feet below sea level by the shores of the Sea of Galilee. A welcome cup of tea—blessed institution—at the Hotel Tiberias filled in the half-hour before the Government car arrived to take me on to the Department of Health convalescent home at Tabgha, fourteen kilometres along the western shore of the Lake to the north. The house was formerly a hospice built and maintained by the German Association of the Holy Land at Tabgha—the Valley of the Seven Springs.

## Galilee at Dawn

Next morning I arose to see where I was. And here, I'm afraid, I shall begin to talk like a guide book. I went back along the track we had come the night before, turning off from the main road from Tiberias which leads on to Damascus. On the right as I turn again, the slope is dotted with the black scanty tents of the Bedouin gypsies, forming a striking contrast with the green of the fields and the blue mirror of the Lake. Cyprus trees are on the left and Australian eucalypti—singularly out of place—complete the avenue further down on the right. I reach the toll-gate of the garden close to the stone buildings of the usual basalt. A blaze of colour. Brazilian bougainvillea has stormed the high wall of the main building, spreading over the whole house its veil of glorious magenta blossoms. A fairy castle beside a fairy lake. The terrace garden is a wealth of blossoms and the inescapable perfume captivates even my untrained nostrils. Date palms, lemon and orange blossoms, Persian lilacs and even geraniums invade the pebbled paths and garden seats. I step forward to the wall of the terrace to view the Lake. Before me, in resplendent glory, lies a marble surface of quiet, still, sky-blue water. To the left, in the distance, I can make out a fisherman's boat, its crude sail idle and loose in the windless air. To my right I hear the cry of a carefree Bedouin woman as she carries her load of sticks and twigs on her back. Near her, another comes out of the water balancing a pitcher on her head. Further south the sun twinkles on the white roofs of Tiberias. Across the Lake, ten kilometres away, and sliced by ugly black rifts, the brown hills of Syria rise from the water's edge. Suddenly a flapping of wings reaches my ears. From behind the high lilac trees, pigeons rise into the air, about thirty, all as white as snow. The sun glints on their silver wings. High above they disperse and are gone. The surface of the Lake shivers. I am overwhelmed by a feeling of majesty, splendour, awe, humility. For no reason I am suddenly and violently homesick.

In the evening I wandered off down the lakeside path to the "Ain-et-Tineh"—Spring of the Fig-Tree—through the tangled, bush-invaded path to the Ain-et-Tineh beach, bathing place of the Tabgha Hospice. There is an old Roman bath nearby with the basins that collected the water from the spring still to be seen. A little further on, there are the ruins of a Roman palace, crumbled and shattered, but still impressive. The marble floor is inlaid with

beautiful mosaic as fresh and colourful as the day it was put in. The whole floor is now covered with a layer of sand to preserve the mosaic intact, and an old Arab bleeds ten piastres from me for rubbing away the sand to reveal the wonder beneath, about which he knows exactly nothing.

It was dark when I returned. In the distance Arab dogs were barking as a fox crept out of the bush and stole down to drink the clear waters of the Sea of Galilee by crystal moonlight. This was New Year's Eve, 1946. But in Galilee the past is the present and the future does not intrude.

## The Art of Hagglng

We have three glorious days of invigorating sunshine. On the third, the sun poured down from a brilliant sky, some anagraphical cumulus lingered about the distant hills, and the smoke from a Bedouin trench fire shot straight up as if enclosed in an invisible chimney. I had just come out on the terrace after lunch when an Arab boy hailed me from the beach.

"You want boat?"

It seemed a good scheme. I went down to get further particulars!

"How much—quaddeish?" I replied.

"Forty piastres," he responded, hopefully.

"Sia wahad—one hour."

"Too much. I give you ashara qirsh minshan sia nuss—ten piastres for half-an-hour."

The battle of the East was on.

"Qamistash—fifteen," came the answer as the price dropped.

"No," I said, "ten," and pretended to walk away. He followed suit in the opposite direction. We turned back as one man. The next move was mine.

"Itinash—twelve." We were narrowing the field.

"Talatash," he said, with an air of finality and grinned to show he had a sense of humour.

"Tayyib," I replied, and the deal was clinched for thirteen piastres, or half-a-crown. His original figure had been four shillings for the same time.

## The Waters of the Lake

I clambered into his clumsy craft, he grabbed his two massive, cart-shaft oars, and we moved forward. The Sea of Galilee was mine. I think it was Liszt who said that Schubert was the most "poetic" of musicians. The Sea of Galilee is the most poetic of lakes. Its charm and allure is unique, and indescribable. It looks different, it is different. The brilliant blue of the surface was undisturbed by the suspicion of a movement. The blunt prow cut through the water and the ripples vanished behind us. The rhythmic beat of the oars, the drops of water as they ran dripping down the blades after each stroke, the quiet crooning of an Arab lad crouched in the prow, the perfections of the glassy mirror all around us—hypnotism—Keats—"a drowsy numbness" . . .

We made for the centre of the Lake, turned left and slipped slowly past the ruins of Capernaum and the Franciscan monastery beside them, the Church of the Loaves and the Fishes, and the Italian Hospice crowning the Hill of the Beatitudes. Tabgha Hospice—a leafy paradise tucked beside the shore—shimmered in the haze. Reflects dans l'eau—trees, sky, clouds, hills—a fish plopped, a heron swooped—tempest and storm—angry ripples raved and cursed and subsided exhausted—reflets dans l'eau.

My half-hour had run out, but the spell was still upon me. The boy was not surprised when I asked for another thirty minutes.

"This is wonderful," I ventured in my best Arabic.

"Malum—my oath!" he returned with a smirk at such self-evident truth, and smiled triumphantly at the thought of another thirteen piastres.

## Mosaics of the Past

Next morning I visited the Church of the Loaves and Fishes, which lies about ten minutes' walk north of Tabgha. It is not known for certain when the church was actually built, although the second or third century seems a tolerable approximation. Father Tapper, formerly in charge of the German Mission, had a new roof and weatherboards placed over the ruins, so that the floor mosaics inside are now covered. They are badly battered in parts, however, and have been cemented over here and there to prevent complete disintegration. The mosaics cover a floor space approximately that of an average New Zealand church and they are constructed in patterns or blocks about the size of large carpets. The small inlaid coloured stones form various designs—a heron fighting a serpent, a goose catching hold of a lotus bower, wild ducks and various little birds, painted in gay colours, are seated on lotus bowers. The mosaic symbolising the Feeding of the Multitude shows a basket containing four loaves of bread with two fish, one on each side of the basket. The Church of the Mensa Christi lies beyond that of the Loaves and Fishes and is supposed to be the site of John 21, where, after the Resurrection, Christ met seven of his disciples. But it is small and not otherwise noteworthy. I went on up the coast, an hour's walk, to Capernaum.

## Ruins of Capernaum

Bedouin boys, endeavouring to sell shell beads, waylaid me, shouting "Nekkalass, nice," and "Gimme cigarette, George!" Shades of the Australian invasion. I passed through the gate to the Franciscan monastery beyond and wandered down a splendid avenue of Australian gum-trees. At the far end was a toll-gate, a rope and a bell, and a notice saying "Ring the Bell. Entrance Fee—twenty mills" (fivepence). I duly observed all directions and a tubby little man came out of the monastery dressed in a thick brown cowl and gown, with a small skull-cap perched on his near-bald head. He was a Cypriot, I learned, and master of eight languages. With my experience of the linguistic Jews of Palestine I could well believe it. He unlocked the gate and let me through to the ruins of Capernaum. In silent mirth, thinking how many a homesick Aussie must have gone a bit haywire at the unexpected sight of the line of gum-trees.

Enormous black basalt barley crushers, wine pressers and corn mills stood side by side with limestone blocks from ancient pillars. Beyond at the rear stood the ruined Jewish synagogue, its sagging blocks still held by four limestone columns. Above was sustained a balcony once reserved for women. Outside was a courtyard of judgment for Gentiles, who could not enter the synagogue proper. The ancient Roman road is still preserved. It is now lined with limestone blocks dug up in the course of historic excavations. All have carved facings of the Stars of David and Solomon, the Roman eagle, the design of the Ark of the Covenant, a

(Continued outside back cover)

# Two Minds In Search of a University

A DIALOGUE - - - By C. A. Nute

Scene: The Chairman of the Board's Room

**DESIGNER:** . . . You have only to look at the present site to realise that an area which is already badly overcrowded will in fifty years be hopelessly inadequate. The College Council would be failing in an obvious duty if it did not face this problem and take steps to overcome it. It is not as if we have a complete University here even now: there are no student hostels, no playing fields—both essential features of a university which can offer the best education. Auckland should, indeed must, be able to provide a fully-equipped university worthy of its size and importance and equal to any comparable overseas institution. The Tamaki site is only five miles from the centre of the city, it is large enough to contain all faculties and facilities for staff and students; and, furthermore, it is owned by the Council and operations can begin there without delay. The urgency of the situation is that new quarters must be found for the School of Engineering immediately. This fact emphasises the need for a complete plan for the future development of the University, a plan in which provision is made for all departments, so that ultimately the University will emerge as an entire and integrated whole, with all groups pursuing the advance of science and learning in the most favourable environment. The Princes Street site can never fulfil our future requirements: the Tamaki site can. At this period of crisis caused by the increased number of students, the Council is right to make the bold but logical decision to move the College to Tamaki.

**ENQUIRER:**

**E:** While I am prepared to concede that this is a time of crisis, I can hardly see that a move to Tamaki would be an adequate solution. My primary quarrel with the Tamaki site is that it is too far from the centre of the city. Surely it will be most inconvenient for part-time students to travel out there every evening and then to return home to some remote suburb?

**D:** Not at all. In fifty years the distance will be covered in five or ten minutes by underground railway or other conveyance. Why, it takes about that time to walk to the College from Queen Street. The question of transport home is always inconvenient for a part-time student; if the College is moved it may be a little further away for some, but it will at the same time be a little nearer for others. And five miles here or there will not make such a great difference. Furthermore, the better facilities will make the extra time a good investment.

**E:** That is plausible, admittedly; but you have not accounted for the time taken to reach the starting point for the five-mile trip to Tamaki. Or the time spent in waiting for the conveyance. And the "five minutes here or there" will make a very great difference in the aggregate if the majority have to spend the extra time travelling and only a relatively small number find it easier.

**D:** If the city remains as it is, that would be true. But it is bound to expand; Tamaki will become the centre of gravity of Auckland and all communications will radiate from there. Future generations will be very appreciative of the Council's foresight in placing the University at

the hub of the transport scheme. Assuming that every suburb will want to send students in ratio to its population, then the College could not be better placed than at Tamaki.

**E:** The city will certainly expand. But I doubt whether Tamaki will become the centre of gravity or the hub of communication. At present Auckland is expanding more northward than southward. When the harbour bridge is built the North Shore will be many times more extensive as a residential area. The centre of Auckland will always be wedded to its docks, and even if these are moved it will not be to Tamaki. And I understand that the Council has had to exchange the land it had out at Tamaki for the piece they now own, so as to make room for State houses. The whole area is planned to become a light industrial area. That is not going to make your new University any more attractive; nor will it make Tamaki the hub of the city's communications. And that is one reason why future generations will blame the Council for leaving the present central site.

**D:** Those who find it so unbearably inconvenient to travel to Tamaki can live in a residential college. Do not forget that it is a residential University which is being planned.

**E:** Would you allow part-time students to live in, or full-time students only?

**D:** That would depend on the number of full-time students desiring to live in. If there were vacancies, part-time students might be accommodated.

**E:** But surely full-time students would, in fact, require all available accommodation. If you have a proper residential University, it would probably be necessary for students to live in for, say, one year of their course. You could hardly allow part-time students to use the hostels as convenient headquarters for earning their living. So do you not agree that in fact the hostels would have to be confined to full-time students?

**D:** Very well. We can assume that that will be the case. It would be an effective way of ensuring a full corporate life such as is so conspicuously lacking at present.

**E:** So that the part-time student who lives in a distant suburb will still have no relief from travelling difficulties through the fact that the University will be residential?

**D:** Not unless he can win a bursary and become a full-time student.

**E:** And are there to be many in that fortunate position?

**D:** That will depend on individual ability and on the number of bursaries available.

**E:** Apart from the liberality of the Government for the time being, will it not also depend on the extent of the accommodation?

**D:** Undoubtedly.

**E:** Do you expect to have more than six hostels with about one hundred students in each?

**D:** The Tamaki site ought to be able to house one thousand students comfortably.

**E:** A liberal estimate. And that is to say about one-third of the present total number. The remaining two thousand will have to live at home or to board; and all the part-time students will fall into this latter category. If student numbers increase with the expansion of Auckland as

we both foresee, then the latter class will be increased and the former remain static?

**D:** I suppose so.

**E:** So that the majority of students will always live out or be part-time, and suffer from the inconveniences of travelling from home or after work to the University?

**D:** If one year's residence is stipulated, then everyone will be able to benefit at one time or another from the residential facilities.

**E:** That does not alter the fact that the majority of students will always be living out. And what will happen to the student who cannot obtain a bursary to enable him to reside, and who cannot afford to pay residential fees? And how will you distinguish the claims to a residential place of a bursar and a student of less academic standing who is prepared to pay for his residence in order to qualify for a degree? In the first place you penalise the poorer students by preventing them from obtaining degrees at all. In the second case, assuming that all students pass all their examinations, you limit the annual number of degrees which may be awarded to the extent of your accommodation. Obviously this has no relation to the ability of the students and is quite unreasonable.

**D:** But just because an unlimited number of students cannot be accommodated, one must not lose sight of the fact that a substantial number will obtain benefits which are not available at present.

**E:** A similar benefit would be derived from building hostels and finding playing fields near the Princes Street site. . . . My second objection to the site you propose is that, while it is larger than the present one, it is not large enough to provide for a really full residential University. If you want a University on the American model, then you will need to go beyond Tamaki. You will need a larger area in a more pleasing locality. The site you have is unattractive in appearance and with a poor view. When it is surrounded by a light industrial suburb it will not be any more pleasing. For general appearance it does not compare with Orakei, which I understand was considered too far out for Auckland's University.

**D:** It is quite impossible to judge its future appearance from its present condition. When trees are planted and buildings up it will be quite as attractive as any other university, and a great deal better than the Princes Street site. If you want a larger area it will be necessary to go further into the country. Then all your arguments about travelling will be reinforced, so I am sure you will not favour that alternative.

**E:** There is probably more to be said for going to a really satisfactory place further away than for going to Tamaki. Tamaki makes the worst of two worlds: it is not ideal for the full-time student and it has many drawbacks for the part-time student.

**D:** In planning a university some degree of compromise is inevitable.

**E:** But sooner or later you will have to make up your mind on one point: whether you intend to transform the College into an ivory tower for a restricted élite of staff and students, or whether the University is to afford a higher education to the greatest number of students on the widest possible basis.

**D:** No one will deny that the functioning of the University is impeded by the demands of part-time students.

**E:** Well it is certainly an advantage to be able to see what you are ultimately driving at. And it is to be hoped that the Labour Government realises what you have in mind. I can hardly imagine that in New Zealand there will be much support for drastically limiting the number of students. Do not forget that the decision to move to Tamaki has been made only by the small group of men who comprise the present Council.

**D:** The Council are the best qualified to judge the needs of the University.

**E:** That may be so. But the Council have changed their minds sufficiently often in the past to allow one to wonder, first, whether they are right this time, and secondly, whether they will not change their minds again. The fact remains that there are many groups who would be affected by the change who have not been fully consulted.

**D:** Such as?

**E:** The citizens of Auckland.

**D:** There has been ample opportunity for them to make representations to the Council on the subject. Their silence implies approval.

**E:** They have had nothing substantial to criticise. The whole scheme has remained nebulous. Even the ten-year plans are more definitely stated—which is not saying much. They will certainly have a prior call on any public money spent in Auckland. The Tamaki project is entirely dependent on Government finance; can you show if and when that will be forthcoming?

**D:** The Government are more in favour of the scheme than has been publicly announced, and are just waiting for the plans to be approved by the Council.

**E:** Regardless of any commitment they may have made verbally, I fail to see how any Government can afford to spend £3,000,000 on a University in one centre, when at present they spend about £250,000 annually on higher education throughout the country. Particularly when the demands and promises regarding public works and housing are so pressing.

**D:** If the scheme is worthwhile, the money is bound to be forthcoming from somewhere. This is shown by the fact that the Council have recently received £30,000 for a chapel at Tamaki.

**E:** Do you imagine that the citizens of Auckland will pay for the removal of the University into a suburb when they realise the full implications of the move? It just happens that Auckland has a cultural centre of which the University forms an important part. If Auckland is going to be planned, and Tamaki is to become a light industrial area with transport systems radiating from it, then the town-planners will never approve the removal of the College to Tamaki. It would be foolish to set the University apart from the Museum, Art Gallery, Supreme Court and Public Library. Nor should you forget that the future medical faculty will have to be near the hospital; and that the Training College students ought not to be further removed, as their contact with the University is a valuable part of their training.

**D:** At the moment there is no town planning and no space on the Princes Street site. That is the problem to be solved, and Tamaki will solve it.

**E:** You seem to forget that Tamaki is many years from completion. Town planning may be well under way within fifty years.

(Continued outside back cover)



### THE LOST UNDER-GRADUATE

Just for a man with a Morris you left me,  
Just for a boy with a B.A. degree,  
Took that step which of your knowledge bereft me,  
How without you shall I get to Stage three?  
He with Philosophy coached you in English,  
I with my English must fail in my French,  
You fighting hard to advance your Philosophy,  
These thoughts of Degree made our parting a wrench.  
I who had loved you, oft signed the roll for you,  
Oft held your place in the queue at the Caf.,  
Now must slink slyly to swat in the library  
Fearing to meet you lest I blow the gaff—  
Blow the gaff, tell you that, though I may mourn for you,  
Sigh for the love that you once gave to me,  
I love another now, more satisfactory,  
For, darling, you see, she's got her Ph.D.

\* \* \*

### THE CAREER OF SCALIGER SMITH

I always used to wonder what sort of chaps wrote the film "reviews" in the daily papers. That's what made me so interested in Scaliger Smith during his brief meteoric career through A.U.C.

Scaliger was a bright boy—for a film reviewer. He showed promise at school and even went on to Intermediate School for a year. This made him feel so superior to his fellow journalists that he determined to study English at University. Being over 21 he was given a provisional matric, so he swaggered into English I.

I got to know him when we had to write an appreciation of *Paradise Lost* to be handed in. I was also doing Education honours at the time and was busy with some field work for my thesis on *The Psychology of the Schoolgirl Pash*, so didn't get my English essay done. I borrowed Scaliger's to copy. Afterwards I began to think his essay was a little odd and I think the lecturer suspected my essay was copied. For this is what Scaliger had written:

From the pen that brought you  
Il Penseroso  
and  
L' Allegro  
now comes this breathtaking drama,  
**PARADISE LOST**  
with a cast of millions.  
You must not miss this poem of the year.  
Starring SATAN and all his minions.

#### IT'S HELL!

I began to borrow his essays frequently as much from interest as from disinclination to write my own. *Othello* became:

A pulsating drama of Eastern love.  
The Greatest Show since the Arabian Nights.  
Sensational Eastern dancing girls!  
A saga of thwarted love!  
(Children under 16 not admitted).

# LITERARY

## THE READING OF BOOKS

HOLBROOK JACKSON, FABER & FABER, LTD.

In *The Reading of Books*, Mr. Holbrook Jackson approaches reading from a new and attractive angle by treating books as the media of an art, and the reader as an artist. The whole book is written around the Emerson maxim, "Good reading is an art," and Mr. Jackson sets out to convince people that the role of a reader is not a passive one but rather one involving a great deal of mental activity. He argues and backs his argument with a fascinating and often startling array of evidence that the reading of books may involve similar experiences to those usually associated with the writing of books. As he says "Whether we read or write (books) they are means of expression . . . We often, perhaps generally, read ourselves into the words, often unknowingly. When the reader studies Shakespeare or Homer, Cervantes or Dickens, he involuntarily plays the parts of Falstaff or Micawber. This interaction of author and reader involves a high degree of mental fitness on the part of both.

Mr. Jackson considers and acclaims the interest of the reader as distinct from that of the author, the critic and the educator. He is encouraged to read what he likes rather than what he ought. There is no advocacy of "classics" or "great books" or "literary high-lights," for "nothing is more likely to destroy an authentic gift for reading as insistence upon established masterpieces." In fact, masterpieces should not be recommended but rather discovered. They should be the inevitable result of reading, but not its only object.

Reading as an art does, however, require special qualifications. The technique indicated demands alertness of the senses, the mind and the imagination. The reader must exercise these three faculties in a controlled appreciation of a book if he is to share the writer's experience with-

out being prevented from distilling it into an experience of his own. Reading is the art of adjusting literature to the needs and conditions of life, and life is understood throughout the book as personal—not so much how others live as how the reader lives or wishes to live. It follows that the reader as artist must read for himself, and first and last to please himself. No other reason is given and no compulsion or persuasion is implied or suggested. Mr. Jackson is not concerned with an imaginary "ideal" reader his type or class includes all who read save only the imitative reader who follows fashion, and the servile reader who fears his own judgment, but he accepts Hugh Walpole's statement that a true Reader, that is, one to whom books are like a bottle of whiskey to the inebriate, to whom anything that is between covers has a sort of intoxicating savour.

There are few authors who are not mentioned in *The Reading of Books*. The writer treats them all in an original and fascinating way. He quotes extensively from their works in support of his theories and draws upon his vast knowledge of literature for little-known and interesting facts about the various authors. Yet literature is not dealt with as a thing in itself but as a method of implementing a fuller life.

This book would not appeal to everybody, although in theory as everyone reads, everyone should be interested in reading. It is more than an essay than anything else, and as such many will avoid it. However, he who is not merely interested in reading as a relaxation, as a form of vivid pleasure from books—in fact the average fit reader—would find much to interest him in this book; and the student of English Literature would discover in addition much of value for him in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's *The Art of Reading*.

## ON THE ELECTRICITY SHORTAGE

WITH APOLOGIES TO MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half the night in this dark world  
and wide:  
My water-heater which I cannot hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my  
soul more bent.  
To heat therewith my bathful and  
present  
Thy true account, lest Board, return-  
ing, chide  
"How dare you thus use power, light  
denied?"  
What answer? For By-laws, to pre-  
vent.  
That useage, tell me why I do not  
need  
Hot water for my bath, or light. Who  
best  
Can tell? Thyself! So must I show  
this State  
That I will never at its bidding speed  
To save my power, but use it without  
rest  
And longer hours of darkness sit and  
wait.  
—P.I.C.

## "STAGNANT IMPRESSIONS"

By count of numerals it is some three years since I wrote the first "Fresher Impressions." That was in '45. In '46 there was "Less Fresh Impressions," and now finally "Stagnant Impressions." What quirk of mind labels a serious effort Stagnant? Read on. Before, readers have challenged my contentions, but last year no one. This year I don't care. No flowers by request. For a swan song I have quite a lot to say, but most of it is between the lines. If you don't see it, that is right and proper. If you do then you don't belong. Go away, join the spectral throng. The happy band of schizophrenic.

University life, and now. That is in line with earlier "Impressions." A surface froth bubbling with futility. Alice and the looking glass. Go through? God No! The reflection is all we want. Our Clubs, our Societies. From God worship to Communist Cells. And where lies the essential difference? Our Executive. Futile Reformers. Storms from Odd to Fitt.

The University contains within its walls an 'edification.' Whether it be a Remuera falsetto, or more liberal fetish we hide it with Degrees, or limestone towers. So far so good—you follow me? Our Universe contains within its walls a Maori War. So we put up a tablet, and hide it with planted bush. Symptomatic. We honour a woman student by carving her name and attainment into a solid conservative door, and then we hide it with Coffee Evening advertisements.

And Life drifts by. We ignore it, forget it, never notice it. The whirlwind of events, reality, drifts by beyond. It will never breach our limestone walls. Marionettes dancing to our own little world. Our own little world of nicely organised Lectures on World Affairs, or pseudo-serious Debating efforts. Our Coffee Evenings, our Capping procession. Our hilarity. All a sham. Why not do the thing properly. Take your Freud, your Beer, your Calf-love hypnotism. Let Dawn break to find us drunk among the roses. Give us aphrodisiac, and Lotus, and yes, the same again. Tiger women and Lesbos, drums and entrails. And let the skies rotate. But no. That's naughty. We'd rather castigate Childs, and feel self-righteous. Never do anything wholeheartedly. Play and dabble. Act the puritan with a hedonistic grace. Avoid the moral passion of the Freudian Super Ego, but at the same time thwart the lurid lechery of the ubiquitous Id. Never integrate conflicting opposites, and always be sure that University life will never achieve vitality or importance.

But much as we would ignore it, life didn't pass all students by. The Ex-Serviceman got caught up in some of it. And now he is back. Not all are back.

"... There died a myriad,  
And of the best among them,  
For an old Bitch, gone in the teeth,  
For a botched Civilisation . . ."

Some thought that they would take a full part in University life, invigorate it perhaps with a more mature outlook. But they didn't, and now they never will. And how could they. The mass concerned with Rehabilitation to the tune of hard cash, and to hell with

# SUPPLEMENT

Culture—a German word at that. Youthful riot of students' pranks are like damp squibs to them. The gutz of high spirits has been expended. And on the other hand they know that in the infinite, M.A., D.Litt., etc., ad infinitum are really less important than an ounce of nickel-coated lead. The University stands to be used. Too late now for anything else. Too late in mind and time. The University eludes their understanding more completely than it does the mind of a 17-year-old. To the practical then: it has been a nice interlude. Forced to escape into the frantic world of swot, the transition into Civilian has been an easy metamorphosis. But not all were the Commando type. Some blood-stained minds look from ordinary eyes, and pretend "Good Morning," and other inanities. Sensitive as galvanometers they flicker behind a pseudo-serenity. But a haven here for those too. Paradoxically, yet inevitably the fight for freedom and ideals has resulted in less tolerance and less idealism than ever before. Next time, they feel, they will wave the flags, slaughter their sons, wear a martyred expression and a black sleeve band, because they know they will again fail to evolve a world of tolerance and decency, just as their fathers failed before them. And they don't care. Plato, Socrates, Rousseau, or a dozen other names, love or hate, Christianity, Religion or Paganism, Nietzsche or Kant—it doesn't matter. Stupidity is negative, nihilistic, and eternal. Yes he is still as much a creature of prejudice as his father, and after all this. Impressed now by the whirlwind outside, and with an eye on it from the safety of these Limestone walls, he is no cleverer than his fellow student. Just more Cynical, more Fascist, and less tolerant in the long run. Force triumphs and demands its pound of flesh. The R.S.A. keeps marching on, and the Student Ex-Servicemen dissolve their University association. Progress.

So now, I think you will agree that my article has earned its title, if nothing else. Not written in malice or resentment, but merely in a burst of frankness. And now even that enthusiasm has waned, for what use this protest, which while it may penetrate the University walls, will never penetrate further.

—OMAN

## BEACHCOMBER

I gazed at the waves rolling in from the sea  
Carelessly undefined, free  
As the wind that lashed them to the shore  
Restless they shouted with a mighty roar  
A booming that hollered to the gulls  
Wheeling in a sky  
Of blotchy blue;  
And who am I  
To say their swelling furrows are aimless  
And lead only into nothingness?  
For they seem unmindful of man  
And Life  
And the Sea,  
That pass into eternity  
Carelessly undefined  
And dooming.

—R.

## THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF OSKER SNOODLEGRASS

Chapter 7.

We regret that we shall be unable to continue this engrossing story as the first six chapters have not been written, and the final thirteen never will be, owing to the restraining influence of a strait-jacket upon the author.

Osker Snoodlegrass is in the Kongo. It is dark in the Kongo. The Kongo is in Darkest Africa. Osker is therefore in Darkest Africa. It is Extremely Dark. Osker is invisible. Osker's natives are invisible. Africa is invisible. Osker falls over bits of Africa. It is Annoying.

Why is Osker in Africa? Osker is in the Kongo looking for the Lesser Blogglesnout. This is foolish. Nobody has lost the Lesser Blogglesnout. Do not mistake the Lesser Blogglesnout for the Greater Blogglesnout. There is no Great Blogglesnout. Blogglesnouts do not grow up. They have the habit of dying young. It is a Depressing Habit.

Osker is in the Kongo. Osker is about to begin his search. He says "Forward." The natives move forward. The first seven natives fall into a Horribly Deep River. They are eaten by Gargantuan Crocodiles. Osker shrugs his shoulders. He says, "Oh, well, it's just One of Those Things."

Osker is still in the Kongo. He says "Backward." The natives move backward. The last seven natives fall over a Frightfully Precipitous Cliff. They are chewed by Gigantic Tigers. Osker shrugs his shoulders. He says, "Oh, well, it's just One of Those Things."

Osker remains in the Kongo. He says "Sideways." The seven remaining natives move sideways. They stumble into a Hideously Cavernous Cave. They are crushed by Monstrous Snakes. Osker shrugs his shoulders. He says, "Oh, well, it's just One of Those Things."

And he turns and climbs up a terrifically high tree. And at the top he is snatched by a Colossal Eagle. And the eagle takes him an Awful Height above the ground. The eagle lets go of Osker.

And as Osker falls he shrugs his shoulders. He says, "Oh, well, it's just One of Those Things."

—P.I.C.

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## AN OSTRICH

My small pocket dictionary tells me that the ostrich is a "large swift-running bird valued for its feathers." At the beginning of this century these feathers were popular for women's hats, but of recent years this fashion has died out. There is one other habit, however, for which the ostrich is well known and it is that of putting its head in the ground to avoid trouble.

We at A.U.C. have what must be an almost unique opportunity of seeing this process in action. The present Executive Committee of the Students' Association, by constantly burying its head in Princes Street soil and opposing the Tamaki scheme, is blinding itself and is apparently ignoring the future. This policy can only be labelled reactionary.

The speech of the President of the Students' Association at the Capping Ceremony at the Town Hall must be deplored on two counts. First that he allied himself on the side of those who believe that everything in Auckland must be within five minutes walk of Queen Street—a very restrictive idea—and second that he used his opportunity to make a public speech of congratulations as one of which the major part was devoted to grinding a well worn axe.

The most satisfying thing about this address—apart from a few rather nice phrases—was the President's constant reference to "my executive feels" as distinct from "my association feels." This distinction, though small, is important, for whereas the executive might be agreed on this opposition it is very unlikely that students as a whole are.

No one who has experienced the discomforts of a University scattered over a great metropolis, who has travelled for an hour by tube and bus to the recreation grounds, and then an hour back again as is the case at London University, and who has then seen the completeness, compactness, beauty and air of learning which is Oxford and Cambridge where the University is the town could possibly oppose the move to Tamaki where an effort will be made to create a university community. It is true that New Zealand is not England nor is Auckland London, but we can learn our lessons from the Homeland just the same.

It may be that the Executive has not looked abroad to a Toronto or a Harvard (where the University is a compact unity within the town limit, but still well removed from the business centre) but has been blinded by narrower parochial interests. It is time they opened their eyes and looked to the future. We of this generation of students must be prepared to suffer inconveniences for the sake of those who will follow. Our fathers and grandfathers have toiled and pinched to build this country and it is only by more toil and more pinching that the building will continue. By supporting the Tamaki scheme we ensure that our children will have opportunities we have not—opportunities for real study with residential college life (which is among the more important contributions a University can offer a student), playing fields and a site removed from, yet handy to the city. Then these buildings can be fully devoted to the purpose for which they are mostly used now, that is as a night school for professional and business training and there will be a University worthy of the name

at Tamaki. For those who have to travel in and out, frequent electric trains will make the journey shorter than it now takes to get to Newmarket.

Sometimes it seems that when a break from Queen Street is being made, the complete removal to some place as Cambridge, N.Z., would be better. There away from the high political temperature of the big industrial city a seat of learning might be established. Student opinion is too easily swayed by soapbox oratory and easy slogans and in a big city can be a menace to the peace, as one may see in Cairo and many European Universities where student opinion is a political string to be pulled to the limit.

Let us hope that the Executive will soon take its covetous eyes from looking over the back fence of Government House and with some of the vision of their grandfathers will help to build and expand this College and its Schools into the independent University that it will certainly one day be.

—J.G.S.

## ON AN INCIDENT AT LITERARY CLUB

The leading poet, having talked at length  
And quoted generously, on the needs of writers,  
Subsided into armchair-buttressed strength  
To wait the comments of the club's first-nighters.  
Comment and question following on his word  
Soon gave all literature to disputation;  
A learned doctor's statement then was heard  
And brought great Virgil to the conversation.  
This proved too much for one of simple mind  
And wagging tongue who should have known his betters,  
He rudely broke in with the phrase, "I find  
That writers wear long hair and yellow sweaters."  
(This brightly offered gem of student lore,  
Naively spoken, yet showed perversity;  
Poet and professor realized the more  
The shallow-thinking in University.)  
Some ancient writer has proclaimed the rule  
Applied to him who makes such gross admissions:  
"Better be quiet and only thought a fool  
Than loudly thus to prove our just suspicions."  
—Quintus.

## POEM

The ear  
Is queer  
I fear  
In its place  
At the side of the face,  
But yet its position surpasses  
All others  
For folks who wear glasses.

—PIC.

# OPEN FORUM

## ASTRA SPEAKS

Madam,—

"What they think of Craccum" as published in your issue of May 7th was an interesting slant on the journal from the point of view of the staff.

I notice in the paragraph attributed to Mr. Harvey "and others" the comment, "I don't think the film reviews are suitable." The statement was of itself provocative. Unfortunately it was not amplified.

As perpetrator of "Mainly about Movies," I should be pleased to learn in what way the column is considered unsuitable. There must, of course, be ways in which it could be improved, but since I am carrying out my work for the paper from the other end of the North Island, I normally am not in a position to benefit from opinions expressed in the College.

I should, however, like to point out that "Mainly about Movies" is not devoted to the reviewing of individual films. Criticism of current pictures is impossible in a journal that publishes on an average once in every month. For that reason I discarded over 15 months ago my original heading "To See or Not To See," substituting one generally in the art of the motion picture, while still permitting of the mention of individual films which, good or bad, seemed worthy of more than passing note. In short, my column, as its name now indicates, is mainly about movies.

W. COLGAN.

## MORE ABOUT LABOUR

Madam,—

This is in reply to the claim of the president of the Labour Club that his methods will "stimulate the art of thinking" (Craccum, 19/6/47) in this College. Since the New Zealand Labour Party survived Communism and Mr. Lee, it has become a party of disunity and reaction. But Mr. McLaren does not explain clearly which line he will follow. He writes of "guiding the Labour Party back into the true paths of socialism," but he refuses to define socialism. Is he a reactionist of 1935 or of 1917? If his political aim is an "indefinable something" Mr. McLaren may be a political theorist. Then how is it that the first meeting of the new Labour Club is dominated by sectarian reaction? I doubt if these methods will "stimulate the art of thinking," for it appears that their originators have already discovered that art.

What are the causes of this confusion? I will try to work them out. The College Labour Club of the 'thirties was an expression of popular taste in politics. Its successor is a sentimental reactionist. Ten years of socialistically biased political clubs at A.U.C. has meant the identification here of socialism with all modern political theory. That is rather natural of course. But it has worried the socialists too. For they now do not know what they want. They have accepted and perverted most of the "isms" since Marx, but they finally have only one common aim—"to advance the cause of the Common People." And that is the aim of the Nationalist Party which has "stolen Labour's policy"—Labour M.P.'s.

So one need doubt Mr. McLaren's sincerity no more than we doubt the honesty of the Nationalists. The question now is: Do we want a political wrangle in the College between Nationalists and Socialists, or do we want one of these parties conducting an "on the beam" discussion? The former is surely unnecessary in a university. But the latter is worse. It is a pernicious growth of razor-

backed reaction (to put it very mildly). It is an enemy of free discussion. And the students will remain individuals unless their society is free.

In effect, Mr. McLaren is challenging students to assert their rights, for he is misrepresenting them. In effect, also, he is urging them to ignore university society. This "art of thinking" is a perversion. No individualist will rally to a false society. It is unnecessary to do so. And that, perhaps, is the reason why our University society is third-rate. There is a vain belief in the "leadership principle." Leadership is co-operation, or it is dictatorship. And, of course, Mr. McLaren can have it the way he likes best. This letter is to remind him that he cannot have it both ways.

P. O. C. CORBETT.



## ANCE IN HIS PANCE?

Madam,—

On behalf of the lecturers of the College, and more especially of those who are graduates from here, it surprises me that no protest has yet been forthcoming against a particular breach of good taste in this year's Carnival Book.

I refer to the heading of the Children's Page, which seems to suggest that the College Staff is fit only for the shooting squad or the gallows—a very restricted outlook. The Staff is more than mere carrion. Besides filling a heavy timetable, many take an interest in undergraduates and their activities in their spare time.

D. E. SPANCE.

[The above was shown to the Editor of Carnival Book, who replies below.—Ed.]

What's biting Mr. Spance? Nobody in a state of sanity would put such an interpretation on the design. I understand it was intended merely as an abstraction on the theme of Gaudeamus.

J. C. A. ELLIS.

## TIME, GENTLEMEN!

Madam,—

It is a rule, or at least a well-grounded custom, that professors and lecturers are not subject to the fourteen-day limit on library books. I would submit that this immunity is

unjust. One man uses one book for a lecture. Some eighty students wish to verify, amend or expand that lecture from that book. To anxious queries at the desk, the librarian's reply that Professor Blank has it out, usually means that it has as much chance of reappearing within a reasonable time as Bluebeard's last wife. Madam, there is no sense of proportion here. Certainly in our Dining Hall the allotment of one table to the staff is disproportionate to their number compared with that of students. For the sake of cementing good relations I am prepared to countenance this, but when privilege leads to the deprivation of the materials of study (and who can work without tools) I must protest against a system which holds up an

EAGER BUT WORRIED STUDENT.

\* \* \*

## DATE OF TERMS EXAMINATIONS

The Hon. Secretary,  
Auckland University College  
Students' Association.

Dear Madam,—

In reply to your letter of 4th June, I have to state that the Board regrets it is unable to alter the present system of holding Terms examinations in certain subjects in the Third Term. Wherever possible Terms are granted on class work. In those cases where a practical certificate is required by the University of New Zealand, a practical examination is necessary, and this can only be held after the completion of the class work of the year. To hold examinations earlier would entrench unduly on the already short teaching period available in the third term, and reduce the coverage of the syllabus. It is considered, too, that the case you quote is an extreme (as well as anonymous) one, and that usually examination results are published with all due expedition.

Yours faithfully,

J. RUTHERFORD,  
Chairman of the Professorial Board.

\* \* \*

## FACTS OF LIFE

Madam,

Astra's "Facts of Life" are quite impotent. Coward's films are seen as an Easterly Wind in the face of New York. And Coward, perchance as an Oscar deserver. What Honour! Coward is regarded perhaps as some ideological and cultural banner bearer for Empire, etc. In fact, Coward belonged to that high bohemian international set which embraced such ornaments of culture as Count Ciano, Alex Munthe, Oswald Mosley and Malaparte. Their frivolous habit of converting the real values of Art into the meaningless counters of a Riviera pastime foreshadowed in an ironical way the approaching crack-up of European Culture. Now in writing chronicles of the cataclysm Coward attempts to restore, not Art, but himself. Bandwagons are again trundling through Europe, and Coward is getting old enough to look astute.

MURRAY J. WREN

## CLOISTER COMMENTS

Voice in a Cloister: I don't see how he can possibly be in love with her—she wears flat heels.

Mr. McCormick (Dept. of English): ... A style called in modern jargon "scientific prose" ...

First Female Voice: Where does he play in a Rugby team?

Second Female Voice: Drawback.

Female Voice: But I thought the gearbox was the thing you kept the tools in.

A. R. D. Fairburn: Distortion is the essence of civilisation.

"And I said, 'I'm John Blank; I do rather revolting proses,' and he said, 'Yes, you do rather, don't you?' so now I'm wondering if he'll give me terms or not."

"And the cuffs of his trousers were all frayed, and his pullover in holes, and my mother cried, 'Is that one of the professor's, dear?'"

Mr. Airey: Have you really read the whole of Marx's "Capital"?

Honours Student: Yes.

Mr. Airey: My God! You're probably the only man who's ever done it. We ought to put up a memorial.

A. R. D. Fairburn: Futuristic; a word used by journalists when they don't know what they're talking about—makes my stomach turn.

Professor Musgrove was observed the other day absorbed in an unbought, purple-covered something from McKenzie's Crime Section. That is, there was an outward and visible man in a tweed suit and a ginger moustache standing before the counter, but the inward and spiritual department was sleuthing with Inspector French or Hercule Poirot. Another customer and the girl attendant exchanged meaning glances. Dr. Musgrove was still engrossed. The girl smiled, and whispered to the other customer, "A bit goofy, eh?"

"Oh, no," came the reply, "he's all right. I know him as a matter of fact. He's a Professor of English."

Reassured, the girl smiled with pitying comprehension, and observed, "Ah, they're all a screw or two loose, aren't they?"

\* \* \*

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

From a College notice board: "Winter Tournament this year will be held from August 27th to August 1st inclusive."

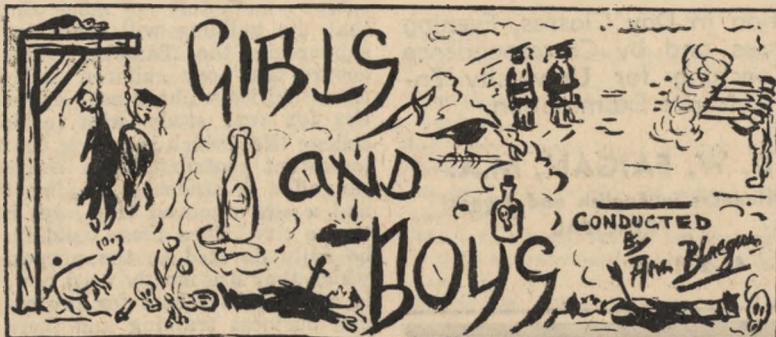
Quiet Week End, apparently, has nothing on this.

\* \* \*

Remark to a Drunkard:

Sir,  
Your Nose  
Shows.

—Anon.



# AT THE THEATRE

## A PROFESSIONAL THEATRE IN NEW ZEALAND

[Mr. Ronald Fortt gave CRACCUM an interview recently in the Kerridge-Odeon Queen Street office which was literally taking shape about him, in all its streamlined, plate-glass, centrally heated splendour.]

Mr. Fortt has come to New Zealand with his wife to start a professional theatre in Auckland, with branches later in the other main centres. He is bringing a company out from London, the members of which are of star standard, though we will probably not have heard of them in N.Z.

It is to be a repertory company, not in the sense of amateur repertory in N.Z., but, like the Old Vic company, having a repertoire of plays. They will produce recent London stage successes of which Mr. Fortt has the rights, like "Fools Rush In," "The Guinea Pig," "While the Sun Shines," "Light of Heart," "French Without Tears," "The Corn is Green" and "Gaslight"; and old favourites like "Mary Rose."

Mr. Fortt holds out hopes that in time he may be able to slip in some Shaw or Ibsen without making the public feel that they are being educated.

Backstage of the Prince Edward Theatre is to be completely gutted and more lavish dressing rooms built. The lighting is to be overhauled, reorganised and presumably increased in scope, and the auditorium is to be re-decorated.

Within six months Mr. Fortt hopes to have his dramatic school started, which will train New Zealanders who are eventually—after about three years—to replace the imported company. Beginners will be taught everything connected with plays—scene painting and designing, make-up, lighting and production, at the theatre; and in time a school of elocution, fencing and ballet will be established.

The learners will be given understudy and small speaking parts and will be expected to work. They will also have the opportunity of watching the company at work and of seeing their plays take shape.

It would, of course, be something of a sacrifice for the professionals who are coming out because names are so soon forgotten in London.

Mr. Fortt told something of what it was like to be in a play that "runs." When he was in "No Medals," a domestic comedy starring Fay Compton, which ran for a year in the West End, he found that with eight performances a week after about three months they began to forget their parts; then they found themselves thinking of other things—in fact he could have "added up the laundry bill" while saying his lines. Finally they became overwhelmingly bored.

He told the story of a manager who greeted an actor after not having seen or heard of him for four years and asked him what service he had been fighting in. "Arsenic and Old Lace," was the reply.

Mr. Fortt emphasised that he and his wife and their company had decided to come to N.Z. because they felt that they could do something to enliven the country dramatically. The theatre admittedly plays an all-too-insignificant part in the cultural life of the Dominion at present. The enthusiasm of Mr. Fortt and his company should do much to increase here the standing and popularity of the legitimate theatre and to fill our present cultural void.

## THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

MOD. LANG'S ANNUAL PRODUCTION

If through lack of a shilling or distrust of your French you didn't see "The Barber of Seville," you definitely missed something. Just for the spectacle of two members of the staff discarding their dignity for the sake of the histrionic art, Mod. Lang's Club's productions are always worth seeing, and this one was particularly good.

It is often difficult in doing a French play to find a cast which will combine a reasonable stage presence with the essential ability to speak good French. But this year all the characters combined fluency with a commendable ease of acting, and it was altogether a more finished performance than "Le Medecin Malgré lui." In particular the "Morceau très-agréable" in Act 3, Scene 4, sung behind scenes by Miss Reardon, and Ray Parkes' excellent rendering of the count's "impromptu" effort added much polish to the production.

The rumour that Dr. West is to be adopted by Messrs. Kerridge-Fortt has not been confirmed, but we wouldn't be surprised. As that nasty piece of goods Dr. Balordo—er Barque à l'eau—er Bartholo he unexpectedly provided the highlight of the evening. He was especially good in his song and dance and in the mimicry of the servants. Professor Keys was a lively and spirited Figaro, but, as a matter of personal opinion, I thought he lacked the quality of Falstaffian humour which one associates with the role. He portrayed the wit and unscrupulous self-interest of the character very well, but in not bringing out his serene philosophy and "joyeuse colère" he failed to give Figaro that lovable nature and dominance over the other characters which strike one forcibly on reading the play. Of the others, Lionel Izod gave

us a remarkable piece of caricature as Don Bazile, almost rivalling his colleague in villainy, Dr. West. Unfortunately he was sometimes a little difficult to hear. Ray Parkes gave a good performance in the rather exacting and uncongenial part of the aristocratic hero with his inconsistent changes from frigid nobility to passionate enthusiasm. Barbara Bell was a competent Rosine, perhaps a little mature, but her enunciation is delightfully clear, and she knew her part better than some of the cast.

Perhaps I'd better confess that at the time of writing this I've only seen the dress rehearsal, at an Auckland French Club evening. The semi-darkness in which some of the scenes were played demanded unnecessary concentration, but that hardly explains the apathetic gloom which prevailed over most of the audience, and against which the cast valiantly struggled. The French Club (not to be confused with the University one, please!) is, maybe, too earnest and learned for Beaumarchais.

The annual French play is a most admirable institution, and a concrete expression of the friendly spirit between staff and students which exists more, I think, in the languages department than in any other at A.U.C. Thanks are due to Professor Keys and Dr. West for all the time and trouble they take over it.

## WILD VIOLETS

By A Violet

A show of the scale of "Wild Violets" is a considerable undertaking for an amateur company, but the Light Opera Club has put it on with considerable success. Composed by Robert Stolz, who wrote "White Horse Inn," it features some very tuneful half-familiar, half-unknown melodies, and provides a wealth of comedy which is one of the production's chief attractions. The locale is Switzerland, and the time hops from 1932 to 1902 and back again. It is a two-Acter, with numerous scene changes which keep the stage staff on their toes and anyone else's who happens to be in the way. The sets and most of the costumes were designed by Maurice Grey, and they constitute another outstanding feature of this show.

The plot, which is, after all, no flimsier than that of most musical comedies, hinges on the close proximity of the Château Violette, finishing school for girls, to the Helvetia College for boys. The love interest is capably handled by Valerie Grey (making a most promising début) and John Atha. There are the inevitable misunderstanding and reconciliation, but the old, old story provides the means of a speedy succession of zestful turns. If the tunes are not now familiar to you, you should consider yourself crassly ignorant.

A musical comedy depends heavily on its comedians, and "Wild Violets" is not lacking in this respect. There is Gay Dean, as Madame Hoffman, principal of the Château Violette, who presents a humorous picture of respectability in arsenic and old lace—until she succumbs to the atmos-

phere of the beer garden scene and gets—er—tight. Then there is Bonny Walker (an authentic American by the way) who excels as Augusta, the elongated domestic who exerts a fatal fascination on the diminutive Hans, played by Arthur Collins. There is also the effervescent Stan Lawson, the producer, who makes a brief but memorable appearance in the finale of Act I as the winsome Miss Lucy Legge, dancing mistress. He reappears in Act II as a blowzy mamma in the Picnic Ballet.

The ballets, thanks to Miss Rosetta Powell, are big moments in "Wild Violets." They are colourful and witty, and the dancers actually dance (in many shows they merely "hoof"). Outstanding are the dormitory ballet, and the four ballets in the lengthy "Outdoor Girl" number. Yvonne Cartier, holder of the Solo Seal and the R.A.D. Scholarship, does a "hunts-woman" solo with classical precision, and Reta Cook, a talented comedienne, provides bright moments in several ballets. For this show, Miss Powell has collected a fair muster of male dancers who are rare in Auckland—unless you count the famous 'Varsity corpse.

The chorus, who are somewhat (sic) numerous, effectively disprove the contention that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." For they have a certain verve and what-have-you that professional companies sometimes (sic again) lack. This in spite of the fact that they pay an annual sub., continue to work an eight-hour day during the season and have to raid the wardrobes of family and friends to provide certain of the costumes and props. The profusion

## CASTE

"NATURALISM" RECONSTRUCTED

The programme said "a classic comedy," which is possibly true under ideal conditions, but of the Auckland Repertory Theatre's presentation of it on June 16, the most that could be said is very disappointing. Fortunately, there are excuses which are probably quite true.

The first thing that hurt was the lighting. In most of the positions the actors' faces were in shadow unless they held their heads high. The excuse here is, of course, the lighting restrictions which impose bans on the amount of light to be used in theatres. At the same time, the scenery for Act I did not give the appearance of the home of a drunken, penniless old man quartered in Stangate. It might be said that for Act II the scenery was much better, and this act was the one saving grace of the production.

The programme also carried an introduction to the effect that this present production was an attempt to reproduce the same naturalism as in the first appearance of "Caste" in 1867. Viewed without regard for this re-creation, the play could not bear comparison with some of the recently produced plays following modern techniques, but even when this naturalism is taken into account, the production is still far from good entertainment.

The characterisation must have produced some difficulties, and the actual acting fluctuated from poor to fair. This is excusable with this attempt at "naturalism." Some parts were played with just a shade too much emphasis and contrasted unfortunately with those parts that were played with too much restraint. The Hon. George D'Alroy was under-acted, but once or twice was very convincing. Captain Hawtree as the dapper gentleman without a title was over-acted, and it seemed too sophisticated for the times. Esther Eccles was fairly well portrayed as the working-class heroine, but showed perhaps a little too much restraint. Her sister Polly, with Sam Gerridge, on whom much of the 'humour' fell, was too boisterous, but otherwise these two were fairly convincing. Eccles, the drunken father, was contrasted against the blue-blooded and hard Marquise De St. Maur, but something was lacking there which made the situation seem altogether wrong.

The humour (it was a comedy) was not at all convincing, and the production lacked fire and zipp, while the characters appeared tired.

As usual, 85 per cent of the audience were elderly women, which is an alarming thing for amateur dramatics. Still, I suppose that when they die off there will be another crop of elderly women to take their place.

—GIMMY.

of fair-isles, gaudy scarves and gay slacks of the opening and final choruses, for instance, are concocted by the choristers themselves.

A veritable human dynamo is the musical director, Frank Poore, who is responsible for the pace of the show; a pace which is sometimes gruelling for the performers, but which is necessary to keep it within manageable dimensions. As it is, "Wild Violets" occupies an ample three hours. By the time this article appears the show will probably be past tense, so I must end not by exhorting you not to miss it, but by saying it is a great pity if you did.

## MAINLY ABOUT MOVIES by Astra

## VACATION FILMS

Vacation has been interesting from the point of view of films. I have seen a number of new releases of which all, except one, ranged from indifferent to very poor. I have known again the magic of Chaplin in the reissues of comedies made as far back as 1917 and the genius of René Clair with his twenty-year-old masterpiece "The Italian Straw Hat." I have found myself wondering how many more bad American films are going to be allowed to come into the country before scarcity of dollars mercifully enforces their exclusion. I have tried to guess how much more life remains to the ageing "Quiet Week-End," and what worn and badly-framed clichés will introduce to-morrow's "Musings of a Manager." And I have noted the cheapening effect of dubbing every British film that comes along as "great." A film is not great because it happens to be made in England. Few films are great, and "Henry V" was the last British film to come within that category. As it happens, the best film I saw during the vacation was British—as was the worst.

## I SEE A DARK STRANGER

A signpost outlined against a curtain of rain, the flash of a torch picking out the letters, water streaming from the hat-brim of a man's shadowy figure, leaves blowing mournfully along a glistening pavement and wind lifting the canvas of a tent roof. Such shots preceding the playing of the camera upon chairs bearing the names of Frank Launder and Sydney Gilliat and then 'Present Deborah Kerr and Trevor Howard in "I See a Dark Stranger,"' and the usual credit titles, are immediately indicative of something above average in film.

"But the story begins before this," breaks in a voice, and we are in an Irish pub in the years between the wars. In the centre of a crowd an old farmer is recounting his exploits against the English in '17; in the shadows a young girl listens wide-eyed to a tale she knows so well that her lips move in exact accompaniment to every word her father speaks. At



Mmm — Dark Stranger

21 Bridie sets out for Dublin to offer her services to the Irish Republican Army now that the hated English are at war again. Amazed and disgusted that Irishmen who had fought against England twenty-five years before laugh at her now, she leaves for England to carry on the fight alone. She vents her anger slightly by pouring paint over a statue of Cromwell and then unwittingly falls in, not with an army of loyal Irishmen, but with spies of the Third Reich. Life now really starts for Bridie Quilty. Through a series of adventures at no time incredible or strained, she is at last brought to realisation of her misapplied loyalty and the fact that diplomacy, not physical violence, is

now officially the means of settling disputes between Ireland and England. By no means, however, is she converted to a sudden affection for the time-old enemies of her family, and with a neat trick the film closes on a high note of comedy.

One might well have imagined an English audience's reception of "I See a Dark Stranger" as being much the same as that accorded J. M. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" on its second night in New York—on a lesser scale, naturally and without the well-aimed cabbages. It is not kind to us as a people, it constantly draws attention to an aspect of our foreign policy that we prefer to forget, and it in no way attempts to conceal hatred of one of our greatest military commanders. That the film does come off so well is owing to the brilliant direction of Frank Launder and Sydney Gilliat.

The film is studded with gems which students of the cinema will be quick to acclaim—the restrained handling of the love interest, the hilarious border scene where contraband in the form of alarm clocks concealed in coffins makes up a lengthy funeral cortege, the quiet humour of the railway journey, the dramatic suspense of the scenes in the Liverpool boarding-house and the parliament on the Isle of Man, the pushing of the dead spy in the wheel chair through the crowded village streets and the loveliness of outdoor photography. As Bridie, Deborah Kerr demonstrates again the ability which in Hollywood is winning her roles once considered safely in the keeping of Greer Garson. Trevor Howard, as in "Brief Encounter," gives good support and from Raymond Huntley as the leading German spy, comes a splendid piece of minor characterization.

For a few minutes towards its conclusion, the film seems to falter with the rather strained treatment of the American Soldiers and the introduction of well-worn slapstick into the bathroom scene; each is of questionable worth in a picture much of the humour in which is so satisfying because it is so subtle. "The South-erner" apart, "I See a Dark Stranger" is the most enjoyable film I have seen in 1947.

## \* \* \* THE SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE

You have heard, of course, of the schoolboy who thought Don Ameche invented the telephone. It must have

come as a shock to many juke-box addicts to learn that "Song of India" and "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" were not born of Tommy Dorsey and Harry James, but were the creations of one Nicolas Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov.

The greatest good that can come of "The Song of Scheherazade" (pronounced "She-her-a-zade") is to allow New Zealanders to hear the splendid voice of Charles Kulman in the pleasant music of a modern Russian composer (shut your eyes to the accompanying distractions and you will realise what I mean). The greatest harm of which it is capable lies in its implication that (a) when they are not rushing around in technicoloured South American cities look-



ing for grand pianos on which to compose great music, they (b) are regular fellows like you and me, who (c) are entirely sexless where music conflicts with Love until a Woman Inspires them when they are on the verge of Giving Up, and (d) Rimsky-Korsakov's greatest works are "Song of India" and "The Bumble Bee," so that (e) quod erat demonstrandum Nicolas Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov must be among the Great in music, and God bless Universal Pictures for bringing Art to the Common Man.

"Song of Scheherazade" is a bad film. It is also very funny if you care to see it in that light, for its atmosphere is no more Russian than the lower end of Grey's Avenue at six in the evening. Its dialogue, woe-fully threadbare at every point, is worst with Kulman's woodenly pronouncing at the conclusion of "Nicky's" successful duel with the playboy Prince, that "The baton is mightier than the whip, so great is the power of love." Love, as exemplified by Yvonne de Carlo, is, I think, scarcely the incentive needed to compose great music. And Brian Donlevy's upper torso looks more Russian when not encased in a vest that to me seemed strictly G.I.

"Song of Scheherazade" (pronounced "She-her-a-zade") should ensure the popularity of Rimsky-Korsakov on 12B's request session for some weeks to come, and while "his greatness may be left to the judgment of posterity," this film can at once be condemned for what it is—an insult to music.

## \* \* \* MEN OF TWO WORLDS

The theme of this much-heralded British film is the clash of scientific medicine from the civilised West with African tradition and superstition. Add an interesting musical score by Arthur Bliss with an unseen Eileen Joyce at the piano, and an absorbing

picture seems assured. Not so. "Men of Two Worlds" early loses itself in darkest Africa and the further it goes the more hopelessly lost it seems to get.

Kisenga (Robert Adams) is a native who, having sampled the benefits of civilisation, returns to Africa as a native administrator. The spread of sleeping sickness compels the District Commissioner (Eric Portman) and woman doctor (Phyllis Calvert) to order tribes within the infected area to move to new ground. Kisenga's tribe, the Litu, alone refuse to comply with the order. Urged by the witch-doctor Magole (Orlando Martin), the villagers shun Kisenga, about whom Magola throws a spell decreeing his death with the rise of the new moon. The story finds the going pretty heavy about this time, as it wanders away from the beaten path. Kisenga, who after all is apparently only a native in collar and tie, rushes between the village and the D.C.'s house to smash out a few chords of his composition, the doctor has a hectic time of it modelling outfits more suited to Capetown than Tanganyika (I think, in the course of the film I counted at least eight different versions of what the well-dressed young doctor will wear in Africa's jungles this year) and the D.C. gallantly tries to cope with lines that give him little chance to show acting ability. With drums beating day and night, Kisenga sinks lower and lower. Can Ignorance and Superstition be about to triumph over Enlightenment and Wisdom? Never.

Crouched by the bedside, the D.C. suddenly spies lying on the floor a page of Kisenga's unfinished symphony headed "Children's Part." The last chance. Snatching it up, he dashes out into the African night where, drawn up in parade order, the village children await their cue. Conducted by the woman doctor tastefully garbed for the occasion, they burst into song as the new moon slants through the bamboo screens. The night has passed. Once more the baton has proved mightier than whatever else you care to think of. The D.C. and the M.O. take hands and find love and comfort in the forest primeval (you know he must have loved her all the time, the way he kept abusing and misjudging her). Black magic is no more; Magole is banished, Kisenga puts on his collar and tie, the Litu move to new ground to crashing accompaniment from Muir Mathieson and the National Symphony, Phyllis Calvert has one last new costume and some few million pounds slip into the pocket of Mr. J. Arthur Rank.

The publicity "blurb" for "Men of Two Worlds" tells us that "both Phyllis Calvert and Eric Portman have been allotted the roles of their lives and their sterling performances have justified the director's (Thorold Dickinson) faith in them." I have yet to see two players of ability so wasted. It would not surprise me to learn that they, too, had caught the sleeping sickness—they had little enough to do to keep them awake.

We see things not as they are but as we are.

—H. M. Tomlinson.

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## CLUB REPORTS

## A JEWISH PALESTINE?

NATHAN v. GOODMAN

## DEBATING CLUB

A debate, "That Palestine should be made a Jewish State," was held in the Women's Common Room on Monday, June 16. The subject was a serious one, and the speakers showed respect for it and the audience by the notable absence of histrionic devices and verbal slickness. There was a tendency for each speaker to go along his own groove avoiding battle on common ground and a rather haphazard use of the term internationalism.

## ON MORAL GROUNDS

Mr. Stone, opening the debate for the Affirmative, took his stand on divine, moral and legal bases. Having established the historical claim of the Jews to Palestine, the "land of their history and people," he placed the onus of fulfilling that claim on the nations of the world. From the 1917 Balfour Declaration endorsing the policy of Jewish immigration to Palestine, he traced the British and international attitudes up to the present time. The 1917 policy agreed to by the 51 nations of the League and the United States in 1922 was overturned by the British White Paper of 1939, in turn decried by the Labour Opposition, who now, as the Government, are failing to vindicate their promises. Mr. Stone's manner was convincing and concealed what on analysis seems to be a thinness of material.

## IS THERE A PROBLEM?

Mr. Goodman, the leader of the Negative, refuted the plea of moral obligation. To the orthodox Jew, Balfour's promise, which he had no right to give in the first place, was a species of blasphemy in that it interferes with the workings of the Almighty. The speaker then by a series of negatives sought to obliterate the claims of the Jews to a National Home and almost to banish the Jewish question altogether. The Jews, he said, were not a nation State, nor even ethnologically a race. Zionism, an active force in the late nineteenth century, had lost its vitality with the settlement of the Jewish problem by migration. The Zionists to-day are but a "vociferous minority" strongly opposed by well-organised Jewish anti-Zionist movements such as the American Jewish Committee. The fostering of an artificial nationalism in a country too small to house any large proportion of the Jews of the world would result in the exile of thousands of Jews and a division of loyalties between their adopted country and their national home. Mr. Goodman dealt the final blow to Jewish hopes on strategic grounds. To set up a new nationalist state in Palestine, the "cockpit of international rivalries" between East and West would require a permanent American or English garrison. Then it would only be a Jewish island in an Arabic ocean.

## EXPEDIENCY BACKS MORALITY

Mr. Nathan, the second speaker for the Affirmative, basing his arguments on expediency, examined British policy and her true interests in the Middle East. At present she is devoted to a policy of alliance with the Arabs. In a very condensed style, the speaker claimed that Britain is mistaken as to her own interests; that treaties with Arab states, two of which, Iraq and Egypt, are applying to pull out of their alliances, are unlikely to be valuable or lasting; that the type of Arab with which Britain is treating, the feudal overlord, is probably not, in the face of the threatening insurgence from below, a stable centre of power. The real community of interests, at present obscured by Terrorism, point to a Jewish-British alliance. The fact that a Jewish State would be dependent on external help ensures, Mr. Nathan thought, their fidelity in an alliance with Britain.

## NATIONALISM, AN ANACHRONISM

Mr. Bolt regretted Mr. Nathan's preoccupation with the short-term requirements of war and diplomacy. He spoke as an internationalist. Small-scale nationalism is a retrogressive step and an anachronism in the

## ON THE BEET

## NATIONAL LONGHAIR BAND

Well, men, we're getting to feel cultured. Other nocturne the 'phone jangles as we sit playing us the new discs. One of these, while we're on the subject, is a nice release of Ernie Barnowl's (1928) *Duckegg Blues*—a must-have-it period disc for the collector. Our 'phone rings, as we say, and tells us we're going that following evening with it to look at the National Orchestra.

Argument is, it's part of everyone's education to see both sides of the picture, and, anyway, we're told these orchestral men blow a pretty mean trumpet—really nice and smooth. So we accept. Our random impressions of the concert below.

## PIANO MAN

Col. Horsley

Colin comes from Wanganui and says he was drawn to music by listening to his father sing in the bath. In spite of this he's reached a big high over there. We note he's played with most of their big-name bands, and more than sometimes he plays on coast-to-coast hook-ups.

This boy's technique is all they make it. It just had us the way he handled Ol' Man (Sugar Boy) Beethoven's shifting ensemble work. Col. keeps a high-pressure, firm-toned,

modern world. The ineffectiveness of small nation States in world politics is illustrated by Poland's inability to bring pressure to bear against Hitler's persecution of the Poles. The Jews, stated Mr. Bolt, owe their very existence to their dispersion, and over the past two centuries, when the spirit of tolerance has released them from their segregation, there has been an upsurge of Jewish culture in every field. The Jews have now the opportunity to lead the world to internationalism, a prospect which would be circumvented by the setting up of a national State.

## FROM THE FLOOR

Before the summing-up, the debate was thrown open to the audience. Discussion was limited to about half a dozen people, possibly because of the general lack of specialised knowledge. Mr. Norwood gave the Negative some of their best arguments, concisely and picturesquely. He dismissed the conception of Divine Right by his inability to "conceive of the Almighty as a land agent; Palestine was won by the sword and lost by the sword." He designated the help afforded to the British by the Jews in the war as "boiling down to fig jam and marmalade," and doubted the value of their future assistance.

He agreed that Palestine was a marvellous experiment, run on American money, but at a colossal price—"financially a flop." Mr. Norwood's incisiveness was due no doubt to his first-hand knowledge of conditions.

## TOO MUCH PROMISED

Mr. Goodman, summing up for the Negative, permitted himself some drolleries. After Mr. Stone's revelation of divine and moral sanction he saw in Mr. Nathan's speech the cloven hoof revealed, and through it all the stench of oil. Palestine, he believed, was the Too-Much Promised Land. The agricultural process has been over-shadowed by excessive urbanisation, leaving grave doubts as to whether the land can support an increase of population. He felt that the problem of displaced peoples could be solved without jeopardising the peace of the world.

Mr. Nathan, freed from the tight lace of his expediency argument, in his summing-up really came to grips



powerhouse punch way up the key-board to lift out the melody and pads out a heavy, stamping bass in line with the percussion smoothies behind and bandleader Tyrer's sifting rhythm. We'd give this a big hand anywhere.

## JOHNNIE BACH DUO

Another nice thing that particularly struck us was the way the whole band lit off to town on the Johnnie Bach (rimes with nark, not Nash) duo: *Fantasia Fanny/Hamburg Ham*. Their rendition was nice all through. It really got us—no half-measures here. The trombone boys packed in something really solid. Oh, men! What brass! What rhythm! What drums! What was I saying? What a leader! What the HELL!

—Offnut.

with the topic. The greater assimilation of the Jew to his adopted country, he held, was no solution to the problem. In Germany, assimilation to the national culture was the most strongly developed, and therein lay no safety. The purpose of a Jewish State is not to house the Jews of the world, but to regularise their position and provide some permanent basis of security. The setting up of the communal settlements naturally involved an initial outlay of borrowed money, but they are now paying for themselves. According to the authority, Walter Lowdermark, Palestine is capable of supporting 4,000,000 people. Jewish nationality, Mr. Nathan contended, is a fact, and he sees nationalism as the first step to incorporation in a world society. He doubted the effectiveness of the threat of an Arab Holy War, or Jihad, and emphasised that the relations to-day between the Jewish and Arabic people in Palestine is more amicable than before.

A vote was taken, and the Negative defeated the Affirmative by a small margin. It is noteworthy that the speakers of the Negative did not offer the partition of Palestine as a solution to present difficulties, a suggestion which would have cut across the arguments of their opponents for an exclusively Jewish State.

## CHURCH &amp; FILMS

## CATHOLIC CLUB

The sixth meeting of the University Catholic Club was held on Sunday, June 22nd, when Mr. J. C. Reid gave a stimulating address on "Catholics and Films." Mr. Reid opened by pointing out the propagandist value of the film, and its tremendous moral and cultural effect on 20th century civilisation, particularly as the pleasure-seeking audience is in a dangerous state of passive reception of sub-conscious influences. Mentioning the pernicious effect of the films in superseding for children the Bible and traditional fairy-tales, he referred to the theory of Jung that mankind needs certain myths which, from their place in the works of great authors, he suggested, had become debased in films and comic strips. He drew an analogy between the pattern of Greek mythology and "Superman," who comes down from the sky equipped with "Promethean Push" and "half a dozen blondes under one arm and a brunette under the other—for balance," said Mr. Reid, who is evidently not a gentleman. To counteract the pernicious influence of the films, he stressed the need for ritualistic participation in entertainment, and the mutual intercourse between player and audience which occurs in the legitimate theatre. Any old form, he went on, presupposes a philosophy, and that of the cinema might perhaps be described as "Impoverished Hedonism," characterised by an appalling absence of any social sense of community responsibility. It was against this morally corrupt philosophy that Catholics should fight, not merely by listing the bad pictures, but by informing themselves about film technique and creating an atmosphere which would encourage the production of better films. Mr. Reid (to your Protestant reporter's relief) condemned pictures such as "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's," which sought to capitalise on the emotive and external features of Catholicism and conveyed an atmosphere of "Y.M.C.A. non-ritualistic religion." The best Catholic films he had seen recently were "The Last Chance" and "Portrait of Maria," in which the atmosphere and philosophy were truly Catholic, although the priests played minor parts. In conclusion, Mr. Reid mentioned the work of the Catholic Hierarchy in France in taking over a considerable percentage of the cinemas and studios and aiming at making not only good pictures, impeccable from the moral aspect, but good pictures artistically.

\* \* \*

Criticism is something you can avoid by saying nothing, doing nothing, and being nothing.

—Anon.

\* \* \*

I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.

—Mark Twain.



## Literature Club Laughs

### LITERARY PARODY

#### MUSGROVIANA

On Tuesday the seventeenth of June Dr. Musgrove addressed a meeting of Literary Club members on the subject of Literary Parody. He covered a period from the time of Aristophanes to the present day, illustrating his points with examples drawn from a wide range of literature.

Dr. Musgrove began by defining his subject (logicians and English Professors have much in common). He said that there are three types of parody. The first, burlesque, is a form which makes the most of a high-flown style, but uses it for trivialities. Travesty is the reverse of burlesque, and consists in the referring to noble subjects in "Billingsgate" terms—the traditional form of school-boy humour. Dr. Musgrove did not mention University students in this context.

The third form of parody is parody proper. This is the outcome of sophistication and the evolution of style. It is used, not merely for the sake of humour, but for the making of subtle criticism. Here it is interesting to note that barbarian races have no knowledge of parody, a fact that probably accounts for the lack of this type of facetious writing in the Universities.

The first extant parodies from which Dr. Musgrove was able to quote were those of Aristophanes on the mechanically formed prologues of Euripides. Aristophanes discovered that Euripides' method of writing verse to a set formula allowed the substitution of incongruous lines to be made anywhere. As an example:—

**Euripides:**

By Zeus! not yet. I still have plenty left. "From earth King Oineus. . ."

**Aeschylus**

Found his oil-can gone!

**Euripides:**

You must first let me quote one line entire! "From earth King Oineus goodly harvest won. But, while he worshipped. . ."

**Aeschylus**

Found his oil-can gone!

There was, Dr. Musgrove said, no parody in Latin. The nearest approach to it lay in the fashion of taking lines from epic poetry—Virgil preferred—and putting them together to form obscene verse. Dr. Musgrove did not quote.

The late Middle Ages in England supplied the next example. Chaucer's story in the Canterbury Tales was a brilliant parody on the traditional romance of that time. The knight Sir Thopas, the hero, is carried through all the conventional adventures of a knight errant, but with the difference that his exploits make farce out of what was considered to be the best type of literature. As an example we quote from the dressing of Sir Thopas, in which Chaucer parodies the close description of events that his contemporaries delighted in:

He didde next his white lere  
Of cloth of lake fine and clere

A breche and eke a sherte,  
And next his shert an haketon,  
And over that an habergeon,  
For piercing of his herte.

Elizabethan parody was represented by Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," a story of the Don Quixote type. Shakespeare, too, had used parody. In "Hamlet" the player King and Queen were distorted copies of characters of drama about the time of Marlowe. But, as Dr. Musgrove said, you will find everything in Shakespeare if you look for it. Including, we wonder, Sonnet CLV?

From the Elizabethans to the seventeenth century was a very short step. Here, inspired by the age of

satire with Dryden as the leading figure, parody again came to the fore. It was a fresh weapon to the hands of the satirists, and they made the best use of it they could. Possibly the greatest example of its use at this time lies in Sheridan's "Critic." This was written in 1779 and was based on an earlier parody of Dryden—the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal." This period gave scope for parody in yet another way. It was then that the upgrowth of the "heavy" drama began, and into this new field the writers of facetious literature romped joyously.

The eighteenth century, too, received its fair share of parody. Dr. Musgrove mentioned Henry Fielding's three-act play "Tom Thumb the Great" which lampoons both contemporary scholarship and drama. Also, familiar but unread, Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" poking fun at the priggish Richardson's "Pamela." Here Dr. Musgrove became pleasantly irrelevant and read extracts from "Love and Friendship" to the delighted meeting. Two quotations should be sufficient.

"I love you," he said passionately, "I must marry you. It has come to that!" and:—

"How wonderful it will be," he sighed, "out in the country, with the twittering of the birds and the smell of the cows."

The meeting also heard that delightful parody of Dr. Johnson's on the tendency towards simple verse:

"I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand."

As the address proceeded Dr. Musgrove read more and more extracts and expressed his own views less and less. This, although pleasant enough in one way, did not help the members of Literary Club to form an opinion of what is the true place of parody in literature. It was felt that a little more guidance would have been welcome.

After touching on Bret Harte's "Sensation Novels" and the "1812 Addresses," Dr. Musgrove passed to the present century. Here he quoted "Everlasting Percy," parodying John Masefield's great poem. This was followed by Ezra Pound's "Winter is icumen in," from which we print:

Winter is icumen in,  
Lhade sing Goddam!  
Rammeth bus and sloppeth us  
An ague hath my ham:  
Sing Goddam!

The meeting closed with the following lines from W. Lewis' parody on "Enoch Arden," "The Return of Moses Baddur," which, although definitely not applicable to the meeting, are very amusing:

And when they found the pair, the little port  
Had seldom seen a messier spectacle.

## RUGBY CLUB

### 'VARSITY FORM

We came back from the May holidays to hear that the College XV had greatly distinguished itself by winning the Pollard Cup, emblem of first round superiority in the Auckland Rugby championship. Since then the Seniors have continued in good form, having lost only one of the ten matches played this winter. This record has been sustained in the lower grades, particularly by the 2nd XV who have yet to be beaten. The club's football has been popular at Eden Park, and the senior XV have been paid the compliment of taking

## STUDENT RELIEF SYNOPSES

The latest News Letter from the World Student Relief Headquarters in Geneva outlines fairly fully the intended programme for the year, summarises the work done from October, 1946, to January, 1947, and distinguishes between the countries that are needing help most urgently, and those where conditions have so improved that they in turn can assist. A brief resume of its contents may satisfy the frequent queries for information as to how and where the money sent from the Auckland Student Relief Fund is spent.

We know that increased support is coming from Norway, Holland, Denmark and Czechoslovakia, Norway in two months raising 50,000 Swiss francs (17.34 Swiss francs to £1 sterling) in paper, books, medicines and cash. This is encouraging, but the reverse side of the picture shows that some of the larger fund-raising committees, in the U.S.A. and British Empire, have contributed much less than was anticipated, resulting in the necessity to cut much of the W.S.R. programme. This means that the student tubercular sanatorium planned for Greece is jeopardised, that the amount of food, clothing and books intended for Poland, Hungary and Austria is reduced considerably, and that the allocation for work in South-east Asia, just begun, had to be lessened.

### NEWS FROM INDIA

India is a fairly recent field of W.S.R. work. A local International Student Service Committee has been newly formed with the support of the three main student organisations—the All-India Student Congress, the All-India Student Federation and the All-India Muslim Students' Federation. The greatest problem is the complete lack of hostel facilities, and the refusal of the Government to return buildings originally belonging to the colleges, which are being used by the Army. In Madras over 2000 students have literally nowhere to live. The Auckland public may have little respect for students, but at least they are not, as Elizabeth Pothon, the W.S.R. representative in India, reports, "sleeping on station platforms and empty carriages, and on shop verandahs and pavements." W.S.R. has already cabled £200 to the special project of All-India Students' Federation hostels in the Aihre area, and hopes to continue its aid in this direction. In addition it plans to send funds to support the A.I.S.C.'s rural universities and colleges, and its relief programme for student victims of the riots in Bengal and Bihar.

### TO FIGHT INFLATION

Malaya's most pressing problems are the post-war inflation and the chaotic condition of prices as a result of Japanese occupation, and the political unsettlement which has followed the liberation. In this situation it is only students from the high income groups who are able to attend the University. W.S.R. has a novel yet practical plan for alleviating the difficulties. It hopes to buy two Army lorries which students could use for going out into the country and collecting food at low prices. This food will be brought daily to a Student Co-operative which will be opened for students at present unable to continue their studies. The Co-operative in time will become a student centre,

complete with Library and Reading Room.

### CENTRE OF DISTRIBUTION

In Poland, the W.S.R. Committee, apart from delivering direct aid, is the distribution centre for help to students from other relief organisations, among them the Quaker Mission, the American Red Cross, the English branch of the "Save the Children Fund," and the Irish Red Cross. The American Relief for Poland has promised to provide the entire equipment and part of the Preventive T.B. Sanatorium to be established for students in Cracow. The purely W.S.R. activities are directed towards enabling the students to set up their own organisations for the publication of textbooks and mimeographed courses, and establish their own hostels.

### VERY PART-TIME

The most successful W.S.R. project in Greece at present is the running of the student rest centre at Moni Pendeli, as a year-round preventorium for students threatened by tuberculosis. The Government, W.S.R. and the University of Athens combined to provide the food, equipment and running expenses of the camp.

There are some 30,000 students in Athens alone, and work suitable for students wishing to pursue their studies is almost impossible to find, particularly now that UNRRA is leaving and has dismissed more than 3000 local employees since September of 1946. The case of one, Flora Kapiri, a final year student at the Pedagogical Academy, can be multiplied a few thousand times to conceive an adequate picture of conditions. She works as a maid in a home from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m., and studies through a friend's lecture notes till one o'clock at night, earning above her board and room £3 a month.

### MENSAE IN BUDAPEST

Of the 23,280 students in Hungary, 17,869 are concentrated in Budapest. The demolition of many student hostels during the war, and the fact that only 30 per cent of the houses in Budapest are now habitable brings the accommodation problem to the fore. The crowding of ten to sixteen students in one room, under very bad sanitary conditions, has resulted in a large proportion suffering from disease. At present there is no special sanatorium for students, but the socialist democratic group, supported by the W.S.R., are trying to establish a home in Buda. The feeding of students is carried out at student restaurants (Mensae) run with the help of W.S.R. and the Danish Red Cross. The one, or in special cases, two meals a day, provided at the Mensae, generally represent the total daily diet of the average student.

### CONTINUANCE OF W.S.R.

The foregoing may have indicated that the university life of many of the countries of Europe is dependent on the World Student Relief service both for direct help and as an administrative centre for regulating the distribution of the supplies sent by other relief organisations. In view of this, the resolution taken at the conference at Geneva, February, 1947, seems justified—"that the International Student Service, the World's Student Christian Federation and the Student Branch of the Pax Romana decide herewith to continue for a period of three years their co-operation within World Student Relief on the basis of the principles of religious and racial non-discrimination and political neutrality hitherto adopted. . . ."

part in the main game for the past three Saturdays.

The Senior Hockey XI has lost its position as leaders for the Devonport Shield, but with four of the team winning Auckland caps it may be expected to return to favour. The Soccer side has fared badly over the past five weeks, lack of polish in the forward line being the main factor in a succession of defeats. The Harrier Club has kept the University's name high in sporting circles by successes in their particular field. With Winter Tournament approaching, competition for the representative teams is growing, adding zest to the winter's sports.

# Imperialism Discussed COLLEGE XV

## I.R.C. AND DEBATING CLUB

On Thursday, June 12th, Debating Club and I.R.C. debated the question "Are Empires Desirable?" Mr. Goodman was in the chair. Debating Club took the affirmative, their speakers being Mr. Butcher and Mr. MacLaren (whose speech was remarkable considering his convictions). He opened the debate by quoting the Encyclopædia Britannica for a definition of the word "empire." He then treated the subject from two points of view: (a) How far is the empirical principle desirable for the peoples concerned, especially in its social and economic aspects; and (b) the effect of empires on the peace of the world as a whole. The ideas expressed in (a) were supported by somewhat two-edged examples. His strongest argument in support of (b) was the acceptance by U.N.O. of the principle of empire in its recognition of trusteeships.

The negative side queried the legitimacy of including the British Empire, as it is to-day, within the definition. They stressed the note of domination, inescapably bound up with empires in the past and in the present. Mr. Bolt, the leader of the negative, said that domination in itself was ethically neutral, but the stagnant uniformity, which in our past experience resulted from domination, as compared with the fruitful diversity which flourished under toleration, showed how the empire principle was used in practice. (The affirmative side would have done well

to stress this admission of the ethical neutrality of domination.)

Mr. Butcher, who spoke next, traced, with admirable brevity, the civilisation of mankind from the cave to the British Empire. Implying that he was using "domination" in inverted commas, he showed how one tribe, one city, one state, and so on, had come to "dominate" for the benefit and protection of the rest. Mr. Butcher exclaimed with a charmingly naïve gesture that if the cultures of the world were thrown into the common pool we would have a new culture and not a Boltian stagnated one.

Mr. Tizard then took up the idea of domination from the point of view of (a) the exploiters and (b) the exploited. He could find no advantage for either in the whole history of empire. Every native race, he said, had reacted to white domination by dying out, the Maoris being the one exception. Mr. Tizard's reason for this interesting phenomenon was never given, as an interjector supplied his own—"SOCIAL SECURITY!" The brilliancy of this conception and the vigour with which it was brought forth defied repartee.

The standard of the general discussion which followed was very high, many interesting and intelligent points being raised. One wondered, however, why the women students who seem to have a store of comment should reserve this merely for the library, for none of the women present raised any point for general discussion. A vote was taken on the subject under debate by a show of hands, the affirmative winning by a fair majority.

## STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

"One World"—the United Nations do not seem to be getting on with it too well, in spite of the battery of world-wide vocal support and the publicity value rightly accorded to it. But meanwhile there is steadily carried on the work of those who, in a quiet and seemingly "unpractical" fashion, are laying the foundations of mutual understanding and goodwill upon which alone a united world can be founded. It has been in the affirmation of Faith in One Lord that the S.C.M. has always seen the only hope for the realisation of One World, and this sense of oneness with Christian fellow-students throughout the whole world (not only in countries which were on the right side during the war) was again realised in all its thrilling and dramatic setting on Sunday, June 22, when a good number of students gathered in the College Hall for a United Service of Worship. Observing the Order of Service used by all National Movements, we were led in Worship by the Chaplain of the Movement, Rev. H. C. Dixon, M.A., and Mr. B. Potter, M.Com., while the address was given by the Rev. Luke Jenkins, B.A., B.D., Principal of the Baptist Theological College. In a searching message he pointed us to the deep causes of our present evil situation, the urgency of our doing something about it, and the only truly abiding and adequate source of our strength. The note of challenge and dedication which pervaded the whole Service reminded us all once again of the greatness of our Calling and the abiding faithfulness of the Divine purpose. Most of those present remained for tea, which happy informal function was voted one of the best yet.

A Devotional Retreat is being arranged for the Mid-term Break, from July 11th-13th, and our next Sunday Tea will be held in the Women's Common Room on July 20. Watch the main Notice Board for further details. We would also remind you again that our Chaplain is available

in Mr. Marshall's room (in the tower) every Thursday from 4-6 p.m. and would welcome visits from all sorts and conditions of students. Leave a note if the time does not suit you and he will be glad to try to see you some other time.

\* \* \*

## CHESS AND DRAUGHTS

The opening night, June 10th, was a great success. The chairman, H. G. Barter, extended a warm welcome to two distinguished visitors, Mr. C. Belton, president of the Auckland Chess Club, and Mr. G. Trundle, winner of the Major Open at the last N.Z. Chess Congress.

During the evening Mr. Belton played at 14 chess boards simultaneously; out of 15 games he won 11 and lost 4. At the end Mr. Belton thanked the Club for its welcome and extended an invitation to the members to attend any Lighting Tournament at the Auckland Club. Thanks are due to Mrs. Odd for the use of the Cafeteria and for providing supper.

We remind readers that the Club meets at 7 p.m. on Monday in the Men's Reading Room instead of on Tuesday in Room 2, as stated in last issue. The lunch hours remain the same.

The Club is conducting a knock-out chess competition; all who wish to enter please see the secretary.

Solution to last problems:

Chess—

Q—R5 wins. For complete solution see the secretary.

Draughts—

10—7, 31—27, 20—16, 27—23, 16—20, 23—30, 20—16, 19—24, 22—26, etc.

Problems:

Chess—

To the problem of last issue add the following moves: Q—R5 P—Q3; RXN, N—K4; white to play and win.

Draughts—

Black men at 6, 11, 12, 13, 14. White men at 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Black to move and draw.

## Winners of Pollard Cup

With only one loss this season, the University senior Rugby fifteen is the most successful club in Auckland senior football. Admittedly the team has been fortunate in playing other leading clubs while their best players were with the All Blacks, but nevertheless the performance has been a creditable one. The team won the Pollard Cup, the trophy for the first round of the senior division, and is at present undefeated in the first two games of the Gallaher Shield, having beaten Suburbs and Grammar Old Boys.

Fitness and teamwork have played a major part in the team's victories. Success can be attributed to the forwards. Although not a heavy pack, they have played clever football, more than holding their own against opposition. The team is fortunate in that it contains a favourable blend of young and seasoned players. Buckley, Walter, Fox and Macdonald have all played representative football, while Monegatti, at half-back, has represented Auckland and Canterbury. Penman, for his size, must be regarded as one of the best forwards in Auckland. The back line has been weakened by the loss of Gilmour early in the season, and by the absence of B. Sweet for several games. Sweet is one of the most promising wing three-quarters in Auckland, while Cooney, in the five-eighths, has played impressively.

The biggest surprise in the team has been C. Kay, who first turned out for the Junior B team, but was rapidly promoted. Perhaps the success of the team has been possible only because of the expert coaching of former All-Black Trevor Berghman.



Although Marist was the only team to defeat University in the Pollard Cup, Grammar Old Boys was unlucky not to beat the team on both occasions. In the first round Grammar held the advantage for most of the game, and it was a penalty in the last five minutes of play that enabled University to turn the tables. Last Saturday University was unable to penetrate the Grammar defence, the team's ten points being scored by kicking. On the other hand Grammar scored twice, one of the tries being converted. One of the closest matches was against Otahuhu. In this game it was the backs and not the forwards who were the deciding factor in winning 19—13.

In the first game of the second round, against Suburbs, success was achieved by vigorous forward play, and by the backs adapting themselves to the atrocious weather conditions. The winning margin of 19—12 was not a good indication of the game, as the side gained a clear-cut victory.

When the team was beaten by Marist, the result was uncertain up till the end. With ten minutes to play University was in the lead, but a penalty kicked by O'Callaghan won the game for Marist.

## LOWER GRADE RUGBY

2A have maintained their unbeaten record in the first series of the second round and appear to have shaken down into a very formidable combination. The forwards are a particularly solid pack, and the five-eighths are functioning better, with good support from Wilkinson and Greville in the three-quarter line. 2B are holding to their place in another section, mainly owing to the penetration close to the scrum, Caughey especially being in very good fettle.

The Third Intermediate A's remain in second place, one point

behind Marist, and must be conceded a very good chance of winning their championship. The side has been strengthened by the inclusion of Murray Jackson in the five-eighths, giving more thrust and scoring power to the back line. The forwards are a vigorous lot, combining well on attack, but a noticeable weakness is their failure in cover defence.

The other Third Grade teams have little but keenness to show for their season's football. Both sides have been troubled by the May Break and by injuries, and on two occasions it has been necessary for the Third Open XV to scratch.

## FERGUSON'S FLORAL STUDIOS

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GRADUATION

ALL COLLEGE SOCIAL EVENTS

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FLOWERS BY MESSENGER



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## WOMEN'S HOCKEY

At the Annual General Meeting held last term the following officers were elected for 1947:—

**President:** Mr. Julius Hogben.

**Vice-Presidents:** Margaret Browne, Margaret Ambler, Sheila Hogben, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Jensen, Mrs. Desmond.

**Club Captain:** Eleanor Myers.

**Secretary:** Maureen Lamb.

**Treasurer:** Jill Burbidge.

**Committee:** Elaine Culpan, Susan Ellis, Diana Savage, Win Penman, Joan Winter.

## RESULTS:

Seniors v. North Shore: Drew.  
Seniors v. College Old Girls: Lost.  
Seniors v. Mt. Eden: Lost.  
Seniors v. Training College: Won.

A very fluctuating standard has been observed among the Seniors. Their best performance was in the match versus College Old Girls, but the play in general shown in succeeding matches has been scrappy, the forwards in particular having poor stick work and ball control. The backs and halves at the moment are proving the mainstay of the team.

P. Batty has proved a valuable acquisition to the club and is an impressive centre half. M. Lowe has been playing soundly in goal, and M. Lamb and E. Myers have also been playing well as right back and right half respectively.

It would seem that we suffer from a lack of players through vacation and a surfeit through term time. It is to be hoped that this term the unbroken set of games will help to stabilise the standard.

The Intermediate Blue team has several players of distinct promise—among them Susan Ellis in the half line and Val Gardner as goalie.

The Intermediate Whites have a strong forward line, and in the halves Margaret Harkin is proving a tireless worker.

It is encouraging to note the number of newcomers to the club. It is unfortunate that we can have only three teams, and it is to be hoped that those who do not get a game every Saturday will not lose their enthusiasm.

## BASKETBALL

We have been most unfortunate this season in losing several of our regular players through injuries. This bad luck began at Easter, when two of the Tournament team, Helen Clark and Verna Prestidge, were eliminated

for the season. The latest casualty is Jan Harwood, who will not be playing for some time. We would like to take this opportunity of commiserating with her in her misfortune and of wishing her a speedy recovery. Also, there have been numerous minor casualties, so it is not to be wondered at that our success so far has been very slight.

The Blues, with the assistance of very willing reserves, have survived the season so far with only two losses and one game drawn. The great lack in this team is determination; there is much ability, but we become discouraged very easily.



The Whites field a very strong team and have been most unfortunate in some of their recent losses. The fault lies in lack of combination, which can be acquired only after constant practice. Varsity teams have always this disadvantage, as practice hours are difficult to arrange.

The Colts have been disappointing. The Club has sufficient members to field three teams, but through lack of cooperation from all players the third team on one or two occasions has had to default. It would be a great help to team captains if members unable to play for one match would notify some official of the Club and arrange for a substitute. If this were done, players eager for a game every week would not be disappointed.

In conclusion, I would suggest to all science students and staff members that they take advantage of the existence of this Club to gain practical instruction in the art of Basketball.

\* \* \*

The wild ass quaffing the spring in the desert is not so lovely as the countenance of him who drinks understanding.

—Arabian Proverb.

\* \* \*

Tact is the knack of making a point without making an enemy.

—Howard Newton.

\* \* \*

Prejudice is being down on what we are not up on.

—Rachel Davis Du Bois.

## JOURNEY INTO GALILEE

(Continued from page 4)

Roman chariot, royal proclamations—all laboriously chiselled out of solid stone.

The monk chattered happily as we returned. "We have everybody here, from all over the world. But the worst—they were the Australian soldiers. Good people, simple people, kind people—but, oh, so rough! Everywhere they go they break things. One day they break this gate. Next day they bring a tank into my garden. Now they write and tell me they have wife and three children! I hope they do not swear at them as they swear at me." He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the subject. I rocked

### Transport at Galilee

On the way back I was surprised to hear and then see a rickety Arab bus approaching from behind. I knew I was in for something when the derelict blunderbuss stopped. I was far from disappointed. The driver clambered out of his motley seat and pulled the rusted iron door back sufficiently for me to squeeze through. The stench of long-unwashed human bodies assaulted my nostrils, but the finality with which the door was slammed banished all thoughts of flight. Inside this glorious contraption I saw the most villainous group of dirt-stained, sour-faced Arab fellows (peasants) I have yet encountered. I staggered over immobile bodies on the filthy, festering floor and made for a vacant seat—or, rather, bench. Beside me, the eyes of twenty Galilean fish sneered vacantly. From the back came the pitiful bleat of a goat and beside it a case of tomatoes leaked visibly on to the mucky floor. I prayed to Allah as we lurched forward at a steady fifteen miles an hour over the jagged surface of the road. A throaty chuckle from a cross-eyed idiot over the way caused me to look down at my thighs. Three brown monsters, the size of slaters, were already burrowing through my trousers. The driver, seeing in the mirror my shudder of disgust, jeered maliciously. I felt like the victim of a perverted Heath Robinson. After an eternity the wheezy monstrosity shuddered to a stop near Tabgha. I clambered out again, thrusting two piastres into a filthy paw at the doorway. A large bath was indicated.

### Temperament of the Tropics

I was sitting in the terrace garden reading in the afternoon when a flight of wild duck skidded across the Lake and disappeared into the hills. Others followed. I did not realise at the time that they were the omen of one of those sudden and vicious storms to which the Sea of Galilee is historically subject. A ruffle spread across the surface of the Lake from the south. I noticed the fishermen had deserted their posts in the fishing ground and were frantically coaxing their clumsy craft to the shore. Three minutes later the trees shuddered and creaked as a miniature cyclone, appearing from nowhere, struck Tabgha. Metamorphosis. The sun receded behind lowering clouds and grey oily waves began to smash on the rocky beach below. A curtain fell across the Syrian hills.

I left the Sea of Galilee after eight days, not, I am afraid, in the glory of a Fitzpatrick sunset, but on a dull cloudy morning. I travelled by car down the Jordan Valley, up through the villages of Beisan and Jenin, on into the hills of Samaria to Nablus, where the 150-odd remaining Samaritans still survive, through Ramallah, and entered Jerusalem again near the Damascus Gate of the Old City. I was walking down Princess Mary Avenue when there were two sharp explosions ahead of me followed by several shots. A flood of excited Arabs poured down the street towards me. Jewish shopkeepers pulled their display goods inside and banged down their shutters. A police patrol careered madly down the road. The

## TWO MINDS IN SEARCH OF A UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page 5)

D: But it will take more than some planning to provide sufficient space in Princes Street for a proper University.

E: Certainly a little determination is required. Provided a full plan is made, it ought to be possible to acquire the area between Symonds Street, Stanley Street and Grafton Road for hostels, and to use the Domain for playing fields. The Engineering School could be placed in Stanley Street and the rebuilding of the Science Block several storeys higher would provide much more space. That would leave the area between the present site and Alfred Street for further academic blocks; and, though I do not want to start a further controversy, one should not ignore the possibility of building up. This is not to mention the Government House site which could be acquired sooner or later in fulfilment of a sixty-year-old promise. Nor will you need a chapel, for there are plenty of places of worship near Princes Street. The College would also have the advantage of being near the centre of Auckland, set in a background of traditional and historical significance. Its presence would continue to be felt by the business community, which is advantageous to both parties.

D: All this does not alter the fact that there is quite insufficient room for expansion here. There is no space for a wide campus for hostels or for proper buildings.

E: But you will have noticed that there are already good buildings on the Princes Street site—one of them under ten years old—as a nucleus for what I propose. Starving of present generations of students has already been the subject of comment. I anticipate that you will have considerable difficulty in providing for the next fifty years, a handicap which my proposal will not encounter. Apart from the advantages already outlined, staying on the Princes Street site will probably avoid the heavy State subsidisation of full-time students, and will prevent students working in the city from being diverted to the Technical College. If your object is to reduce the number of students, then you might as well do so at once, and the present site will be satisfactory as it is. But whatever measures are taken, the number of students is bound to increase in time.

D: Exactly so. That is why the Tamaki plan is being adopted.

E: But as the residential suburbs spread outwards towards the perimeter of the city, so the residential areas around the Princes Street site will become vacant. So there is every likelihood that there will be sufficient space to meet increased numbers. It is perhaps because you have not considered it fully that the prospect of a University block bounded by Constitution Hill, Albert Park, Grafton Gully and the Domain does not appeal to you.

D: The Council have found it impossible to expand the present site, and you have only to look at the present site to realise that an area which is already badly overcrowded will in fifty years be hopelessly inadequate. The College Council would be failing in an obvious duty if it did not face this problem and take steps to overcome it. . . .

air raid siren shrieked, announcing the curfew. Military vehicles, crammed with bewildered soldiers, roared in to enforce it. The endless search for terrorists was on again. I was back in Jerusalem.

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