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CRAGGUM

THE JOURNAL OF AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

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FINAL NUMBER

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OPEN FORUM

GARDENER'S HINT

Sir,—

I commend Mr. Nathan's desire to give Craccum more "tone." But a change of name alone will not effect the transformation.

Salient, which Mr. Nathan admires, may not be completely adult. But at least it has reached the age of puberty. Content is more important than title. There is within your pages, as your correspondent Quince points out, a certain anagrammatic fungus spreading.

I recommend that Craccum, as a first step in the pursuit of "tone," get its hair cut. The point is, I hope, taken.

WEEDKILLER.

* * *

NAME BECOMES CONVENTION

Sir,—

There is an odd point about your criticism of the name Craccum. You say the crack-em significance of the term has been lost in successively miserable issues. (You omit that.) But how about *The Times*, *Smith's Weekly*, or even *The Herald*? They had nothing to lose.

Craccum is a good name. Why not admit it?

P. O. C. CORBETT.

* * *

THE ESSENCE OF MEANINGLESSNESS

Sir,—

I read with dismay your proposal to alter the title of this journal. The significance of the original anagram has been lost? Therein lies its virtue. Very few can clear their mind entirely of surface meaning. Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll have succeeded at a consistent level and the originators of Craccum have captured the essence of meaninglessness.

Craccum—to the uninitiated, undiluted enigma defying the complacent superiority of the dictionary; to the student community a name covered with the vine-growth of sentiment and tradition—the revered target of diverse abuse.

We have coined a word untainted by conventional connotation, and unhampered by the emotive content of the common public word. To what end will you banish it? To substitute a title of moral complexion—Onward? of factual flavour—Student Fortnightly? of flippant vein—Eureka—or *The Advanced Thinker*?

A high-sounding title presupposes a high ideal, in turn entailing a perpetual straining towards ennobling results. Sir, is this wise?

There is objection to the indignity of Craccum's association with a certain brand of popcorn. The fault lay with us for omitting to establish a patent on the name. The situation, however, has a certain macabre appeal, accentuated by its coincidental nature. We are at last carrying our culture into the streets, and a democratic swagger on a scholastic basis seems not amiss.

While carrying on the traditon, sir, it would seem good to carry on the name.

—R.I.P.

WRITERS' CLUB

Sir,—

It is my intention to begin a Writers' Club, early next year, for writers and would-be writers. There would be constructive criticism of individual work, and about September or October of 1948, circumstances permitting, we would publish.

If any of your readers are interested, would they contact me before the end of the term, as an early start is essential.

LILY H. TROWERN.

* * *

CRACCUM POLICY

Sir,—

May I protest against a very serious trend which I believe has developed in the Association's affairs and has culminated in the pernicious rumour-mongering campaign recently fostered by your paper? You as editor have seen fit to become a party to a policy which can only be described as political football, and which must inevitably bring both our students' paper and our Association into disrepute. To spread publicly the rumour that Mr. W. H. Cocker's name is being canvassed for Principal of the College when his denial was in your hands is hitting below the belt.

The only question at issue as far as we as an Association should watch is that the widest possible publicity shall be given to the advertisement of the position, both in New Zealand and overseas, in order to attract the best possible candidates. We as students should not presume to judge the relative merits of respective candidates without having any information as to their qualifications. It is therefore inadvisable for individuals to express their views unless they are willing to state openly all information in their possession and the reasons for their judgment.

May I, as a member of the Association and as one who has a responsibility to the students, to keep the workings of the Association on the highest possible plane now that I have been elected to the Executive, protest strongly at this disquieting and questionable one of the students' Press.

C. A. McLAREN.

* * *

NOT THE ARCHITECTURE

Sir,—

As the writer of the report referred to by ALF in the last issue of Craccum, I wish to point out to your correspondent that the idea of saying anything about the architecture of the College Hall did not even remotely enter my mind when writing the words to which he takes exception. The "thrilling and dramatic setting" is a reference to the preceding words of the sentence—the sense of one-ness is spoken of, not Architect. In this sense I should be prepared to defend the use of those words, but that is presumably not called for by ALF's letter. I admit that the terms used are rather ambiguous—that is the penalty of writing reports in a hurry. In conclusion I should like to thank your correspondent for the sentiment of his last sentence, with which I heartily concur.

W. G. EISNER.

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Figaro and Falstaff

RECANTATION

Dear Sir,—

Abject apologies for the unintentional corruption of French I and II. The unqualified adjective "Falstaffian" applied to the humour of Figaro was, of course, unfortunate, and particularly liable to misinterpretation since the character of Falstaff has so many aspects, and since it is such an obvious error for an English student to drag him in in studying French comedy.

Nevertheless, in my own conception of the characters of Figaro and Falstaff there are two main points of resemblance:

(a) It has been suggested that wit is dependent on the presence of an audience, humour self-subsisting. If

we take only the soliloquies or asides, it seems to me that both Figaro and Falstaff joke for their own individual satisfaction and from a sheer joy of life and good humour.

(b) An important feature in the characters of both is their exultant mastery of situations, and skill in extricating themselves from high corners, by questionable means if necessary, and if possible with either profit or pleasure at the same time.

In his sharp wit and attacks on the social order, Figaro is, of course, pure French and of his age. But I submit, though not in Stages I and II, that he is champagne with a dash of sack—which sounds a most unpleasant line in beverages, but forms an extremely satisfying dramatic combination.

Your CRITIC ON THE MAT.

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GLOBAL GABBLE

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

BORROWED PLUMES

It seems that there are some Universities that know a good thing when they see it. The writer of this column was plodding his weary way through the stack of 'Varsity papers from which he draws his inspiration when he came upon some very familiar ground. Namely this—



"The Pelican," journal of the W.A. University Guild, was the paper in question. It has now a complete set of the blocks so beloved of our sports columnist, and is using them with reckless abandon. We of Craccum appreciate the compliment—it shows that there is something in this "Buy New Zealand-made Goods" business after all.

OXFORD

JOURNALISTIC NOTE

The University of Oxford is guilty of producing not one, but two, newspapers a week. They are the "Isis" and the "Cherwell." "Isis" represents undergraduate journalism and adopts a style of "telling all" that is apparently designed to please the ordinary undergrad. However, it is doubtful, in the opinion of many, if even undergraduates could possibly be so dull as their journal makes them out to be.

"Cherwell" is probably a little more of what should be expected of a University with the reputation of Oxford. According to reliable report it is "a weekly that tells whatever happens to amuse its editors at the time of going to press." The last issue was, oddly enough, cheerful and comprehensible, perhaps because, as one of the editors' friends put it, "it was the end of term and their liquor had run out."

HARVARD

PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

Our American friends have shown their traditional resource in their data collecting. Harvard is collating biographical facts for its fifteenth anniversary report. The forms for these facts, which are being sent to the classes of 1932, provide space for the recording of two marriages and one divorce. W.S.R.

SOME POINTS FOR THE WELL FED

Under the title "Some Points for the Well Fed," the following facts appeared in "Eoni Soit" of Sydney. We reprint them here with the thought that they may do something to inspire more support for World Student Relief.

POLAND

At Warsaw Technical University, of the 4,200 students only 1,500 are served one meal a day.

At Warsaw High School of Agriculture there are 1,300 students, 400 of them living in one hostel in very cramped quarters; 150 are provided with breakfast and 800 with dinner.

At Warsaw School of Political Science there are 2,200 students. They have no hostels, and formerly only 100 of them received meals.

CHINA

The students have only the crudest corn bread with the same little bowl of vegetables and a few beans three times a day and seven times a week. W.S.R. staff tried it and none could stand such a poor diet for more than three days. Yet the students of Yen-ching, Tsinghua and Peking Universities have it the whole year round.

Malnutrition has "taken the heart out of them." They cannot sing or laugh, for they exhaust their energy in fighting for a mere subsistence. At one University one-fifth of the men students have had to be excused from taking physical education classes because of lack of physical strength.

GREECE

Over 1,000 students are tubercular and require hospital treatment as a result of bad housing and malnutrition. Of these 600 are doomed to die unless they can be treated. Two hundred

OPINION

EDITOR: J. C. A. Ellis.

Vol. 21—No. 10

Friday, October 3rd, 1947

THE PROBLEM OF EXPANSION

The recent delivery of parts for an additional steel hut for erection behind the cafeteria has recalled the attention of many to the serious lack of space in the College grounds. It will be remembered that, at the end of last year, strong protests were made by students against proposals by the College Council that the cricket practice wicket or one of the tennis courts must be sacrificed to enable the erection of temporary buildings.

For the time being less frequently used areas are still available, but, with the persistent need for further accommodation, it appears likely that the few small remaining lawn spaces will soon be required for buildings.

It is considered that, because construction at Tamaki is unlikely to begin before 1957, at the earliest, the immediate problem of overcrowding on this site will not be solved by moving there. There is, accordingly, strong feeling in the College that the Council should reopen the question of the immediate acquisition of Government House and its grounds, thus seeking fulfilment of the sixty years' old promise that the College should be allowed to expand there.

A strong argument is advanced that the College needs and should have the area **whether we move to Tamaki or not.** Government House, used as a servicemen's club in the war years, could be immediately adapted for use as a hostel, the need for which will not cease when others are built at Tamaki.

The argument is strengthened by the fact that considerable space would be available in the grounds not only for additional huts, but also for courts, practice areas, and other sporting facilities.

The problem of accommodating their Excellencies when in Auckland would presumably be solved by means similar to those employed during the war, when an hotel was used as the Vice-Regal headquarters for the few weeks in each year that they were here.

On the following page will be found representative expressions of opinion. A particularly attractive suggestion is that of converting the present inadequate ballroom into a small gymnasium. This would prove of considerable value as a stimulus to many of the sporting clubs within the College that are obliged to use the buildings and equipment of other city institutions.

Feeling is particularly strong that so large an area of land (twice the size of our present College block), equipped with many adaptable buildings, should be reserved for use during only a few weeks of the year, while there exists here an outstanding need for hostel accommodation, a serious lack of sports amenities, and an increasing demand for more building space.

PRESIDENTIAL PROCESSION PRANK

Seen in the Canterbury College Proceh this year was Mr. J. A. Nathan, A.U.C.S.A. President and delegate to the N.Z.U.S.A. Conference (in a vintage poise at the wheel).

In the rear are three C.U.C. delegates: Bill Cuninghame, Dave Symon and Vaughan Hatrick (clad in ostrich feathers, crown and bow tie respectively).



—Photo by courtesy of Christchurch Press.

GLOBAL GABBLE

cases of spinal tuberculosis have to travel immediately to Switzerland for a six-month cure.

Rents in Greece are now 50 times their pre-war value. A bare room costs 20 dollars monthly.

Out of the 35,000 students only 4,600 get 1,200 calories per day. People in Britain receive 2,600 calories a day, which is far from enough.

EDINBURGH

PRIGGERY

From Edinburgh comes remarkable news of consideration for the morals of students. A licence to run a dinner and dance restaurant described as a "bright little night spot" was applied for. Immediately the city fathers became extremely paternal, threw up their hands in horror and made unsuccessful objections to the granting of the licence. They objected on the grounds that "3,500 students passed the place daily and might be tempted."

QUEENSLAND

A STUDENT DICTATES

Students of the University of Queensland have listed the following points as being essential in a successful lecturer:—

1. Does not merely dictate notes or give lengthy dissertations from which one student has to make notes.
2. Leaves the subject nicely complete even if the full period is not used.
3. Gives references in prescribed textbooks.
4. Explains the important parts of such references.
5. Lists important points and talks about them with reference to everyday occurrences or in the light of the students' own experience.
6. If he does intend giving full notes, has them duplicated and then, in lecture periods, explains them.
7. Speaks clearly, concisely, and with sufficient inflection to do his subject justice.
8. Makes full use of the blackboard, illustrations, experiments and any relevant specimens.

OTAGO

MEN?

Some consternation is apparently being felt by female students of Otago University at the formation of the celebrated Bachelors' Club. In what is apparently a belated move to break this anti-feminist union, the following was printed in the columns of "Critic" of July 10:—

"Men are what women marry. They have two hands and two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one pound or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are better disguised than others.

"Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is a mass of obstinacy surrounded by suspense. Husbands are three types—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilisation. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity, mostly charity.

"It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubble-chinned, tobacco and bay rum-scented thing like a man.

"If you flatter a man you frighten him to death, if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

"If you believe him in everything you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in anything you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool, if you don't he calls you a cynic.

"If you wear gay colours, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a severe beret and a tailored suit he takes you out and stares all the evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

"If you join the gaities and approve of his drinking he swears that you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up the gaities he swears that you are a snob and nice.

"If you are the clinging vine type he doubts whether you have a brain; if you are a modern, intellectually advanced and independent woman he wonders if you have a heart. If you are simple, he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate.

"Man is a worm in the dust; he comes along, wriggles around for a while, and finally some chook gets him."

University News Items

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

Do you agree that the College should acquire Government House and Grounds whether we move to Tamaki or not?

More steel huts are to disfigure the College grounds. With this as the *casus belli*, Craccum sent two of its ace reporters to learn what College members thought about it. Readers may be able to decide for themselves whether or not to support effective action (e.g., squatting) in the matter.

KEITH SINCLAIR—History lecturer

Agrees with the Government House scheme because he thinks that we are unlikely to move to Tamaki before 1950, if not 1960, and then only if a depression within that time provides cheap labour.

LILLIAN LAIDLAW—Architecture student

Agrees with the idea in theory, but as far as she knows the building is not architecturally suitable. Renovation would be expensive in time and money.

She suggests, with great enthusiasm, that students should "squat" and wave banners and hold processions; in fact, if Degree was not so near she would do it to-morrow.

She considers additional lecture space to be more important than using Government House as a hostel, as has been suggested. After all, the huts being erected here, which brought up the question originally, are to provide more lecture rooms.

OLYDE MACLAREN—Commerce student and Chairman of Labour Club

He disagreed with Miss Laidlaw over the relative importance of lecture rooms and hostels. Hostels to him were far more important in fostering "the corporate spirit." Our only hope of getting Government House is by squatting, for he has anonymous and confidential information on the extreme remoteness of the possibility of our acquiring the property lawfully. He suggests Government requisition of the houses on Princes Street as far as the Synagogue.

JOHN MORTON—late of Exec., Science student

As Tamaki seems decided on, that is, it is set College policy, it seems to him a lunatic idea to take over Government House . . . "the muddling of two ideas."

To our previous knowledge he added the fact of the unsuitability of any existing out-houses on the next-door property for any Varsity purpose.

It would be much more sensible, he suggests, to build hostels at Tamaki, which would be helping us now and later on.

RICHARD SAVAGE—Law student

He cannot see any point in the idea. Since it is already established that we are going to move to Tamaki, we may as well stay where we are until we move permanently.

TOM WELLS—Arts student (also noticed in sporting circles)

A good idea. Has Government House a croquet lawn? He would love to take up croquet, which he played last year. "It's a damn good game." The grounds would be useful for cricket practice. The huts put up on our ground are shocking, but if we had Government House the bedrooms would be classrooms.

MURRAY WREN—Architecture student

He approves wholeheartedly of the plan, unless it should prejudice Tamaki

in any way. The Government might think that when we are settled in at Government House we will not need Tamaki. He is very doubtful that the house would be of any use without extensive alteration. Speaking from experience, he said that if we consider sending a deputation to the Government on the subject, we would have to know exactly what we want and how it is to be accomplished or we have not a hope.

CHARLES SALMON—Engineering student

Is sure that we will never get Government House. If, however, we do, it will not be for at least two years, in which time the Governor-General has to find accommodation suitable for his state. The building (Mr. Salmon here spoke as one who knows) is highly



CHARLES SALMON

unsuitable, so alterations would take a further year—and expenditure on Government House is on an old building. Mr. Salmon gives us approximately seven years before we move to Tamaki, and if it is going to take at least three years to get into Government House . . . And when (if) we are established next door, presumably at Government expense, we are extremely unlikely to get a further grant for Tamaki. The issue (in his mind) boils down to Tamaki or Princes Street.

With the utmost cynicism Mr. Salmon added that the Council will probably argue about Government House until Tamaki is forgotten. At the moment we are far nearer getting Tamaki than we ever will be to getting Government House.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All Club Secretaries or Press Agents are reminded that the first issue of Craccum next year will again include data previously provided in the handbook. The first issue will be on sale on the enrolment days, thus affording an excellent opportunity for your information to reach a larger number of students than usual.

List your club officers, and describe the club's aims and activities, and post to the Editor, 1 Coleridge Street, Leamington, Cambridge. Copy will close FEBRUARY 1st to ensure delivery by the first enrolment day. We cannot accept responsibility for inequitable publicity treatment if no data is supplied.

The risk of forgetting will be minimised if secretaries and press agents leave their vacation addresses in Craccum box. All who do so will be circularised in January.

Copy should be on the front side of each sheet of paper only, and should be double spaced if typed. All M.S.S. must bear the writer's name, but a nom-de-plume may be used for publication.

Articles, poems, letters, illustrations and accounts of club meetings during vacation will be welcomed.

SNEAK THIEVES ACTIVE

Further petty thefts continue to destroy the atmosphere of trust that must prevail in an institution where numerous items of property are left lying around while their owners are engaged in lectures, laboratories or in the Cafeteria.

Thefts of money and other articles left in the pockets of hanging coats and of the coats themselves are regularly reported.

We can only warn students not to leave their property in places of public access if they can possibly avoid it.

These defalcations have culminated in a systematic rifling of lockers in the Executive Room, sums of petty cash being removed.

A thorough investigation has brought to light several details which may lead to the discovery of the culprits.

We would ask all students to be particularly vigilant and to lose no time in reporting to the Executive any suspicious activities.

In response to repeated calls from Auckland's Drama-starved populace Carnival Committee intends sealing a serious gap in the cultural life of the community by staging a

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Neville Rykers, Carnival Committee Chairman, gives some further details:—

Following on from Revue, it is proposed to hold a Xmas Pantomime. One reason for this will be to gain valuable experience which will help in the staging of a bumper Revue next year. Another, perhaps the most worthwhile, is to provide an outlet for student exuberance during the long vacation, at the same time swelling our contribution to Student Relief.

A great deal of work will be necessary in the successful running of Pantomime. Nothing, of course, can be done during the third term, but as soon as the vacation begins we must get cracking. You can help!

If you can act, join the cast. Contact Ray Parkes.

If you can't act, be a stage hand. Contact Hugh Maslen.

Or an usher. Contact Bernard Bowden.

It is hoped that Pantomime will give entertainment, not only to a packed house each night, but to all those who participate in making it a success.

Those who have taken part in Revue will know just how much fun

can be obtained from a show of this nature.

The Town Hall Concert Chamber has been booked from 20th-27th December. This leaves a scant five weeks between end of term and opening night. It will mean a busy time for everyone and, as most people participating will be working during this time, rehearsals, etc., will be held at night and at week-ends. The College will be closed, so that it will be possible to hold entertainments, such as dances, here during Pantomime.

The Pantomime will be on traditional lines as far as the actual plot is concerned. The dialogue, however, will be adapted to fulfil the high standard demanded by a University production. A panel of students is being organised for this purpose. Alice in Wonderland is to supply the framework for their wit.

For any further information see Neville Rykers at the Exec. room.

And don't forget . . .

JOIN THE PANTOMIME GROUP!
(No Spivs required.)

EXECUTIVE POLICY IN 1948

What the Candidates Promised

If the policy statements of successful candidates for Executive are a guide, what will be the main changes in Executive administration this coming year?

Greatest support will be given to steps to foster the interest of the Auckland public, and of students also, in the University. A full Carnival programme, including a Christmas Pantomime, were suggested along with endeavours to break down faculty isolation and steps to show the public generally both the serious and frivolous aspects of College life.

Reborn in the Cafeteria, second favourite policy statement, is promised immediately and emphatically.

Policy statements will be made according to some members only after fullest discussion in the College.

The finances at the College will come under examination. No increase in fees is pledged while the possibility of a reduction to part-timers is mooted. With fullest support to be given to clubs and societies by way of grants, the proposed examination of wasteful expenditure must be directed to publications or the Men's House Committee. Subsidies up to 50 per cent for Tournament Teams are suggested.

There are, however, reasons for regarding statements by prospective candidates with reservations. Among

policy statements put forward by Executive candidates was one suggesting an alteration in the electoral system so that an elector need only vote for those whom he wishes to elect, another proposing to change the conditions which allow an Executive to be elected by one student in every ten, a further suggestion of faculty representation on Executive. All these results could be obtained by giving seven days' notice of motion prior to the A.G.M. to amend the Constitution. They do not constitute valid reasons for being elected to Executive.

And in no case did a candidate, who publicly stated he desired to be elected to the Executive to change the Constitution, attempt to do so by the only method possible—notice of motion to the annual general meeting.

IS TAMAKI SITE SUITABLE?

Some Comparative Information

This letter is from the Registrar of the University of Western Australia in reply to a request for comparative information likely to throw light on the suitability or otherwise of the Tamaki site.

Of particular interest is the statement that, although the total area of University land is 154 acres, and the number enrolled is only 1700, that area is already considered by many to be inadequate. The Tamaki site, it will be remembered, comprises only 120 acres, while our number is close to the 3000 mark.

"You ask about the size of this University, its distance from the city, number of students, and so on.

"The University site proper consists of 100 acres, and at the moment contains three playing fields which the students to-day do not consider sufficient to meet their demands for sport. In addition there are eight tennis courts on the University site proper. The main University site is to the south (on the river side) of Stirling Highway, the main road between Perth and Fremantle. On the north side of Stirling Highway there is an area of 54 acres which has been set aside for colleges, so that the total area of land for University extension, including colleges, is 154 acres. We do not consider this area by any means too large, and lately there has been considerable controversy in the University that it is too small. We have a further area of land, behind a sub-divided area containing houses, at a distance of a third of a mile from the main University site to the north of Stirling Highway. Part of this area was compulsorily acquired by the Commonwealth during the war for the Hollywood Military Hospital. It may be necessary eventually to put University buildings and perhaps a civilian hospital, in conjunction with a medical school, on this site.

"The distance of this University from the centre of the city of Perth is about 3½ miles.

"It seems to me that the experience of Queensland is rather relevant to your present problem. The site of the University of Queensland at St. Lucia I should judge to be about five miles from the centre of Brisbane, but I believe the area set

aside there is about 300 acres. I certainly do not think that anyone from the University of Queensland, or from the University of Adelaide (which to-day is jammed with buildings on a very small area), or from this University, or for that matter from Melbourne or Sydney, would support the view to extend a University on a limited site area.

"We have in the University this year 1700 students. There are six Faculties, viz.: Arts, Science, Law, Engineering, Agriculture and Dental Science. We teach first year Medicine, students then being required to proceed to Adelaide or Melbourne. However, the University will be establishing its own Medical School as soon as building difficulties are easier. The University Senate has also approved the establishment of a Faculty of Education, and undoubtedly a Faculty of Commerce will be started before very long. I rather anticipate that all these Faculties may be operating within seven or eight years.

"I am sorry I cannot send you a booklet on the University. The demand for such booklets has in the past 18 months or so been unusually heavy, and the publication generally available is now out of print and is in process of being revised.

"At the moment on the College sites we have St. George's College and a University Hostel. Approval has already been given for the establishment of a Roman Catholic College (Newman College), and this will be built as soon as building priorities permit. In addition, the Senate of the University has approved a site for a Women's College which we expect to have established in about five years."

POLITICAL VIEWS IN UNIVERSITY TEACHING

It may be remembered that a resolution was passed at the Association's A.G.M. that, in considering applications for appointments to the staff, no preference or bias should be caused by candidates' political views.

At the same time the Secretary was asked to obtain the opinions on this subject of various leaders of political thought in New Zealand.

Below are replies from the Communist Party and Mr. J. A. Lee, Leader of the Independent Labour Party.

The Secretary,
Auckland University Students'
Assn.,
Auckland.
Dear Sir,—

Your letter of 21st August has been considered by the National Secretariat and opinions obtained from other members of the National Executive.

We are in full agreement that all appointments at the University should be free from political considerations. Any stifling of free expression is a retarding of progress. All progressive thinkers, when their views were first propounded, were regarded as heretics against the established order. In this connection the names of Galileo, Darwin, Marx, Pasteur and Einstein spring to the mind.

While all those who formulate theories in opposition to the general trend are not necessarily correct, the fact that they can freely expound their views is an indication that a community is in a healthy condition. History determines the correctness or otherwise of their views.

We consider that the sole considerations governing the appoint-

ment to University teaching posts should be the knowledge that a teacher has of his subject. Such knowledge, of course, must stand the test of and correspond with objective reality. If a teacher has that requisite understanding plus the ability to impart his knowledge to his pupils, his qualifications for a position as teacher should be unchallenged. Further, during the term of his appointment he should enjoy the same rights as any other private citizen in being able to freely express any opinions that he might hold.

Trusting that the above makes clear our viewpoint on the question of academic freedom.

Yours fraternally,
National Executive, N.Z.C.P.
Per M. H. Williams.

* * *

Sunday.

Hon. Sec.—

There is no meeting of National Executive to which I can refer your query of 21st meanwhile, but a few words on my own account.

Actually, whatever the answer, political opinion would operate. I believe that anyone who believes that the old-fashioned private enterprise system can be maintained is suffer-

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. FOX

Mr. Fox lectures in Geography. He received his University training at Nottingham, and then did a year's post-graduate work in Education. He taught at Grimsby until the outbreak of war, when he joined the R.A.F. His duties then took him abroad, and during the later war years he acted as an instructor.

After the war Mr. Fox returned to Grimsby, which he left for A.U.C., arriving here during this year's Carnival Week.

He finds that, in comparison with New Zealand schools, English ones tend to set a higher educational standard and to cover far more ground. Although the English teaching is perhaps less "liberal" than ours, in recent years there has been a great increase in the use of "play-way" methods, especially in such subjects as Geography. Whether the results do or do not justify these methods is doubtful. The modern child has perhaps a wider knowledge than his forbears, but lacks the grasp of basic facts inculcated by the older and more prosaic system.

On leaving school, English children usually know more than do New Zealanders when they leave. One reason for this may be the higher average leaving age. Few students enter college before the ages of eighteen or nineteen. Further, the School Certificate Examination is relatively severe. It comprises eight subjects,



MR. FOX

three of them languages—and the standard in language is very much more advanced than ours.

Of course one reason for our New Zealand inferiority is the very great difficulty, always experienced here, in obtaining material—a difficulty which is also being felt in England at present. That the general standard of English schooling has declined since the war—twelve-year-olds are now unable to essay papers passed by the eleven-year-olds of some years ago—is connected partly with this fact, partly with the more basic reason of the broken attendance of the war years brought about by the air raids.

Geography is a favourite subject among English children, and, as in other subjects, the standard is rather higher than it is here. Stage I students at A.U.C. are sometimes ignorant of facts learned by English children at school.

Individual students here, at their best, may even be better than the best of English students. At any rate, Mr. Fox concluded, there is some very good material here. Very good indeed.

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ing from mental and social debility. Others would believe to the contrary. Each voter for an appointment would select on an attitude based on his own beliefs. I would not choose the worst carpenter because he was anti-Catholic if I was building a house, but I know that if all things were equal a selection committee would see virtue in people who were near their type of opinion. Only a humbug would deny this.

But if I was selecting a medical man as a lecturer I would want the best medical man provided he was possessed of lecturing ability, for teachers and practitioners are different sorts of people. The aptitudes are not completely similar. Nor would I select a person as a professor of English if I thought he judged literature by the quantity of Holy Water the author splashed in.

Every dishonest person, or every person who has not thought the matter out will write assuring you that political considerations would carry no weight. Every honest person will know that where qualifications are otherwise even, he will believe virtue inheres in the candidate who has something near his beliefs.

I would rather have good bread from a baker who believed in private enterprise than sour bread from a socialist baker, but I am not humbug enough to say that if both baked equal bread my own beliefs would not deflect my judgment. Only a person devoid of political or religious views, some monstrous vacuum of a man, could measure men on a scale like butter. He would need to be beyond human to judge honestly. While men are men, and possessed of opinion, faith, belief, their judgment could not be free of these considerations.

And all those who reply to the con-

trary will not have faced the issue honestly. But what is wrong in all people being free to express their political opinion in a university, a different matter. I would not persecute for opinion. The trouble is that the University is as fearful of politics as some maiden aunts of marriage, and sterility results.

I would try to select the best man for the job. But I am a Publican and a sinner, not given to infallible judgment, and actuated by strong views. To say they would not colour my judgment is to say I value my opinions little indeed. I think a sound attitude to the social well-being of people is important in a teacher. Teaching for its own sake, except where the course equals tools of a trade, doesn't interest me. Loafing, or gardening, or dancing is more intelligent. Teaching to give us an informed but yet sceptical mind, a mind capable of making its own judgments, teaching for life, and not for an ivory tower academy must demand some sort of political attitude.

The best I can say is that I will not sack, reduce the wages of, or try to mentally discipline the fellow who disagrees with me. In all my actions I will vote and work for the type of society in which I believe—a social state with individuality of opinion.

Now, if I was a damned humbug I would use a word of one syllable in reply to your letter and everyone who had given the matter not a moment's thought would be happy with my reply.

Kind regards,
JOHN A. LEE

I'll bet every politician assures you that education will be beyond opinion in politics, but that Algie and Fraser would poll different votes nevertheless.

ARTICLE

A CONDITION OF PEACE

Those who were foolish enough to invest their hopes in that political hybrid we know by the name of UNO are beginning to realise that their shares are irrevocably lost. Their eyes are by now tired watching that appalling farce which proves to be a humbug of incredible dimensions. Their capital of goodwill and trust is diminishing with astonishing rapidity, and in its place enters anxiety and painful apprehension. The all-corroding problem of uncertainty appears again on the horizon, casting a long shadow of restlessness and uneasiness.

Unfounded Optimism

Those who had the courage to view with an open mind the noisy attempts to change the world at a moment's notice were not shocked by the costly failure. On the contrary, it only confirmed their misgivings. And it is only to be wondered that so many intelligent men allowed themselves to be trapped and made victims of a great illusion, or, should we say, self-deception. For it was only with much effort that one could turn his eyes away from the clearly visible faults in the structure of what was meant to become the magnificent and eternal edifice of peace on earth. The fate of the Ark that was to save mankind from future tragic floods, beautifully painted and adorned, launched amidst mad drum-beating and enthusiastic, wild cheers of cheap optimists, was clear to anybody who cared to examine it more closely. For the Ark had no bottom.

Lessons Being Forgotten

And such is the irony of destiny that the horrible experiences of war, the sickening cruelty and untold miseries that befel both those who were guilty and those who were innocent, are in the course of being forgotten—forgotten within two years from the day when the echo of the last shell sounded in the air. The terrible lesson of a tragic and devastating war proves to be little more than skin deep. And in spite of the immense and unimaginable sufferings, mankind has learnt nothing. It is true that official pronouncements are being made on all sides that there will be no war—with the "comfortable" qualification "at least not in the near future." But it is also true that the pronouncements and declarations are singularly unconvincing. They are either insincere or foolish. For there is no a priori reason why a war should not start next year. The fact that we are reluctant to believe that we shall witness (if only witness!) another war in a short time means absolutely nothing. Beliefs like guesses are tricky affairs, and there is nothing necessarily true about them.

Basic Causes of Failure

Well, what is it that has shipwrecked the hopes of those who pinned their faith to the unsuccessful successor of the League of Nations? A comprehensive analysis of the causes of its failure is outside the scope of a short article. All I can do is to suggest some clues that may throw light on a complicated and perplexing matter.

Injustice

There is, first of all, the fact that the present peace (if it can be called peace) is based upon injustice. And if peace leaves behind it the fester of injustice, it contains within itself the germs of evil that will spread in due course. It acts merely as a plaster on a suppurating wound. And, unfortunately, there is ample evidence to show that the advent of peace, so much yearned for, has been accompanied by concealed acts of aggression, by subjection of freedom-loving but helpless nations, by the unilateral exercise of pressure and force by the so-called great Powers which claim

the monopoly of political wisdom and perfection.

Unfulfilled Pledges

The noble and sublime precepts of the Atlantic Charter, instead of being an unshakable and permanent embodiment of international justice and an inspiration to the world, are but a monument of hypocrisy and political opportunism. They stand out as a record of wounding mockery of good faith. For to-day there are countries in the world whose peoples are denied freedom—the only thing that makes life worth living. To-day millions of people are being starved to death. To-day millions of people are afraid of to-morrow. Is that what the Atlantic Charter set out to accomplish?

Misunderstanding and Intolerance

There is next the disheartening lack of understanding and absence of goodwill among nations. It may be said that a universal goodwill is impossible, for there are so many different senses of value that it is well nigh inevitable that there should be obstacles in arriving at an understanding. This, however, seems to put the cart before the horse. Goodwill (in international relations) is only necessary when there is a difference in the sense of value. It can function only in cases which require adjustments and the bridging of gulfs. It is a motive that should tend to eliminate the differences in outlook and attitudes and bring them to a workable compromise. And its chief quality should be tolerance—and the more generously it is endowed with that quality the better for the world and individuals. Unfortunately, mankind is not yet mature enough to grasp that simple truth. Intolerance, explicit and implicit, open or disguised, is still the besetting sin and curse of modern societies. National prejudices are still deeply rooted in men. They hold sway even over communities that, according to existing standards, pass for highly-civilised people. The iron-firm belief in his own national superiority, the racial pride and the uncritical opinion of his own merits seems to make a man blind to the work, achievements and character of a man who happens to belong to a different nation. As if God, in creating the world, showed an unjust preference in dealing out His gifts!

Saner Outlook

Now the most reasonable attitude to adopt—so it seems to me—is to treat all men (irrespective of the place they were lucky or unlucky to be born) as at least potentially equal in nature. The fact that one nation or State succeeded in raising its standard of living (an unfortunate phrase that is being too often identified with the principle of comfort) should not serve as a basis of the feeling of superiority. For it should be remembered that progress is very often a matter of coincidence and not of true moral worth. Progress is frequently the result of geographical, climatic, historical and a host of other circumstances. Therefore, instead of boasting of achievements and looking down at backward peoples, would it not be more humane and Christian-like (much-abused word!) to step down and help those who are in need of assistance—spiritual or material?



MR. PFLAUM

For this article we are indebted to Mr. Pflaum, who arrived from Scotland in May to join the staff as Lecturer in philosophy.

Finding that from time to time he uses a word outside the vocabulary of his New Zealand-educated Ethics class, he sometimes, in response to a mystified murmur, produces a dictionary to prove to his own satisfaction and that of the class that the word is in common use.

This article makes a brief analysis of the present situation from the philosopher's viewpoint. It should serve as a measuring-rod against which to place the frequent statements by such world figures as Montgomery and Smuts that there are no sound or immediate reasons for war; and the even more frequent statements and articles on the inevitability of the next war, and its technical refinements.

But empty slogans are not enough. Sporadic actions are not sufficient. What is required is a complete change of our convictions, a change that would remove our national prejudices, and with them the stumbling-block to peaceful international collaboration.

Friendship Indispensable

The key to peace is thus friendship—friendship that knows no boundaries and no time. Peace cannot be based on fear of our neighbours, but on love of them. No number of facts, agreements, conferences (important and unimportant) will create a lasting peace. No law will form an effective barrier against armed conflicts if it is not founded on mutual understanding, which, in turn, is only possible if it is accompanied by friendship. No justice will be lasting without being built on the rock of friendship (to use a well-worn metaphor). Indeed, we may even say with Aristotle that where friendship is there is no need of justice. And, to quote J. H. Muirhead: "Until international society is united by the same bond that unites families, neighbourhoods, co-operative groups of every kind and constitutes the soul of them, until we come to think of our own and other nations as we think of our private friends and acquaintances there can be no real advance towards a fellowship among them."

We should not forget that we are all fellow-travellers in a brief journey through the vast spaces of time, insignificant inhabitants of a small planet—a tiny part in the boundless universe—a fraction of the infinite. And why not try to go along the peaceful path of friendship? The most satisfactory and promising of all paths? But friendship is impossible without goodwill. Goodwill, stripped of all emotional preferences, of acquired prejudices, freed from our narrow-minded interests, is the only basis of a lasting peace.

LOST AND GONE FOR EVER?

In 1945 the Library lost about 180 books.

In 1946 it was the same.

Lost means that they have disappeared and cannot be traced to a borrower, for indeed they have not been borrowed; they have been stolen. Stolen is a strong word; so is the act it describes. In fact, it's a crime. So there are probably a hundred and possibly a hundred and eighty criminals among us. It's a wonder we haven't been murdered in our sleep during lectures.

Costly things to lose, books. It costs over five shillings to put a book on the shelves and one or two shillings to take it off, or to lose it. The purchase cost of replacement is provided for, but the cost of putting the book on the shelves once more is incurred again. Furthermore, most of the books lost can't be replaced as they are O.P.

If you have any suggestions we'll be glad to have them. Meantime—it's over to you.

—THE LIBRARY.

GRAMOPHONE RECITALS

At 1.10 p.m. in the College Hall

All recitals this term feature works by modern British composers, which have become available through the recent presentation to the College by the British Council of a set of recordings of British music.

Tuesday, September 23rd—

Walton: Sinfonia Concertante.
Choral Music—Walton: Where Does the Uttered Music Go?
Bax: Mater Ora Filium.
V. Williams: Te Deum (Coronation Service).

Thursday, September 25th—

Bax: Tintagel.
Delius: Violin Concerto.
Butterworth: A Shropshire Lad Rhapsody.
Heming-Collins: Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action.

Tuesday, September 30th—

Walton: Portsmouth Point Overture.
Walton: Viola Concerto.
Walton: Incidental Music to "Henry V."
Walton: "Spitfire" Prelude and Fugue.

Thursday, October 2nd—

(Chamber Music)
Moeran: Trio in G major.
Britten: Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo.
Bax: Nonett.

Tuesday, October 7th—

Vaughan Williams: "The Wasps" Overture.
Vaughan Williams: Symphony V.
Vaughan Williams: Fantasia on "Greensleeves."

Thursday, October 9th—

Rawsthorne: Street Corner Overture.
Ireland: Piano Concerto.
Lambert: Horoscope Ballet Suite.

Tuesday, October 14th—

Britten: A Ceremony of Carols.
Butterworth: The Bank of Green Willow.
V. Williams: On Wenlock Edge.

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AUSTRALIAN ART Exhibition from N.U.A.U.S.

The National Union of Australian University Students has offered to send an Exhibition of work to be shown in New Zealand Colleges. Noting that it was scheduled to arrive in October of this year, the conference decided to ask permission for it to be kept until 1948, so that it may be shown in our Colleges in the early months, when the imminence of the examinations will not prevent overworked students from appreciating (and circulating) it to the full.

BLUES AWARDS NO SYSTEM POSSIBLE

A sub-committee was set up in an endeavour to fix some system for the award of Blues and Half-Blues.

Letters from Martin Donnelly, of Oxford, and the Chief Clerk of the Cambridge Union had only revealed, as one delegate put it, that "their system of awards is as much in need of reorganisation as ours."

Student Congress in Long Vacation

The Conference empowered Victoria Students' Association to enquire into the possibility of holding a Student Congress in the long vacation 1947-48. Some empty boarding school—perhaps at Masterton—is the likely venue. Sixty from each main College and six from each Agricultural College would be addressed and would debate on world and student affairs, art, literature and music.

To be successful the scheme will have to be well supported. Chess players may find that their contest will be held at this time, so that Tournament billeting problems will not be aggravated. A valuable interchange of ideas each year (not always possible at Tournaments) would take place.

ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVE

David Jones, of A.U.C., Appointed

Mr. David Jones, former law student and athlete at A.U.C., is to be asked to represent N.Z.U.S.A. in England and Europe. If he is unable to accept, Mr. J. Dodd will be asked.

£50 sterling is being sent to London by N.Z.U.S.A. to assist any representative travelling to meetings of the International Union of Students at Prague.

U.N. Associations

"Student-Reporters" To Be Sent

The Conference warmly supported the objectives of O.U.'s Branch of the United Nations' Association, urging all Colleges to form similar Associations. One of the most worthwhile objectives of the Otago Association, which is a very likely and well-supported organisation, is to arrange the interchange of "Student-reporters" with overseas Associations. Reporters would make a tour of universities in other countries, amassing much valuable information.

N.Z.U. HEALTH SCHEME

A very long discussion, based on the findings during the Canterbury Health Scheme, resulted in a majority decision that a national scheme of medical examination should be undertaken in all Universities. A.U.C. delegates said that the scheme must also include compulsory follow-up treatment to be worthwhile. As the meeting was persuaded against the inclusion of this by Dr. Hubert Smith, the medical adviser present, A.U.C. dissented.

Individual Colleges are to formulate their own interpretation of the "conscience" clause whereby those objecting to compulsory examination might appeal to be exempted from it.

Some amusement was caused by Dr. Smith's remark that the "high tension of university life made nervous disorders prevalent among students." He considered that the scheme would be valuable because many students in need of treatment were often unaware of it.

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N.Z.U.S.A. WINTER CONFERENCE USEFUL DISCUSSIONS ON MANY TOPICS

Delegates from the six Colleges agreed that the recent New Zealand University Students' Association conference in the Council Room of Victoria College, Wellington, was a highly satisfactory one, both from the point of work achieved and also from the equally important one of maintaining amicable relationships. The tendency so noticeable at the Easter conference, when A.U.C.-C.U.C. and V.U.C.-O.U. split into opposing blocs, was not continued in the Winter meeting. Nor were there any acrimonious personal interchanges, the frequent witty sallies being consistently good-humoured.

I.U.S.—ALL N.Z. STUDENTS MAY HAVE TO PAY LEVY TO THIS BODY

A much-discussed topic at the N.Z.U.S.A. conference was the International Union of Students. This organisation, with headquarters in Prague, is intended to be a Union of delegates from the National Unions or Associations of University Students in every country of the world.

Only few countries, however, have such national assemblies of students from which truly representative delegates may be sent. Holland, Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand appear to be the only countries with a truly satisfactory system.

In the U.S.A., for example, there are nation-wide Associations, such as the Catholic Students' and the Veterans', but no national assembly representing all university students. There is a similar lack in Great Britain.

Even worse, from a democratic point of view, is the position in most countries of Eastern Europe, where delegates to I.U.S. are chosen by the Foreign Office.

Three Classes of Delegates

The delegates to I.U.S. may therefore be classified into three distinct categories:

1. Those truly representative and who may be given definite instructions on how to act by the national assembly that selects them.
2. Those representative of a certain section of student opinion in their home country. (But an unfortunate feature was the manner in which these often claim to speak for their home students as a whole.)
3. Those picked by their Government because they can be relied to stick to the Communistic "party line."

TOTALITARIAN REPS. DOMINANT

The trouble about I.U.S. is that group 3 is in control. Miss Janet Boyle, N.Z.U.S.A. representative at Prague last year, described to the meeting how the "Eastern bloc," dominating all assemblies, over-ruled or shouted down ("Fascist! Fascist!") any minority that opposed them. She was distressed by the considerable amount of distrust that such tactics engendered.

EMOTIONAL INSTEAD OF RATIONAL APPROACH

Another disturbing, and indeed extraordinary, thing to find amongst a meeting of students was the extremely emotional tone of all the proceedings. It was understandable, she said, that students who had experienced the ravages of war should strongly oppose what they had been taught to believe was the chief cause: Fascism. But the extraordinary and discouraging fact was that nobody could or would define Fascism—or Democracy.

Such obvious divergencies existed in the interpretation of these terms that one Western delegation asked that they be defined.

Cries of derision greeted this request. "Everybody," it was stated, "knows what they mean."

Although, therefore, the theme of the whole Congress was "anti-Fascist," many were left wondering exactly what was being opposed.

THE MAIN FAILINGS

It is hoped to publish a fuller account and criticism of I.U.S. next year when the requests set out below have been replied to. But as the Dominion-wide levy of at least three-pence a student, possibly sixpence, may have been decided on before our issue of February, 1948, New Zealand students should ponder the desirability of spending some £150 yearly on an organisation with these chief apparent weaknesses:

1. Anomalous Representation. The three groups into which so-called representative fall have already been listed.
2. Domination of Other Interests by the "Eastern Bloc." The large number of delegates chosen by the totalitarian governments (not elected by their fellow-students) together with their enforced single-mindedness, enables them to control all assemblies.
3. Minorities' Rights Disregarded. This follows from the second weakness partly. But it is also due in part to the lack of satisfactory Standing Orders for administration and procedure.
4. Emotional Approach Unbefitting Students. The lack of definition of important terms like "Fascism" and "Democracy" illustrates the absence of a serious, reasonable, intellectual approach to vital problems.

WHAT ACTION SHOULD WE TAKE?

Should we spend considerable sums of student money on this unsatisfactory international body? Miss Bogle considers we should "stay in, and do our best to improve it," that we should be a fully-affiliated, financial member of it.

"NOT UNTIL . . ." N.Z.U.S.A. DECIDED

The Conference decided, however, that it would be foolish to spend our money without some guarantee of satisfaction from it.

A number of questions were listed and have been air-mailed to Prague. Not until or unless satisfactory replies are received will N.Z.U.S.A. become an affiliated, financial member of I.U.S. Some of the more important questions were:

- In view of our absence from the breeding-grounds of Fascism, may we be informed of the general definition of Fascism as used by the Credentials Committee of I.U.S.?
- May we be informed of the definition of democracy?
- What bodies send members to I.U.S. Council and Congress?
- What method, if any, is used to select delegates to I.U.S.?
- Note that a National Union shall mean that the Union is fully representative of a nation-wide cross-section of students.
- Selection of delegates should be by the students, by method of majority vote.
- What work has been achieved regarding:
 - (a) Distribution of books and equipment?
 - (b) Food and clothing?
 - (c) Personnel to aid in reconstruction?
 - (d) Establishment of bureaux for exchange of travel assistance and exchange of ideas?

The I.U.S. should not be confused with the World Student Relief organisation, which was set for a short period to meet relief emergencies. I.U.S. is supposed to last permanently, but whether it will do so is another matter. Holland, Switzerland and Australia have withdrawn. Unless we and other "Western" countries continue to support it, it will lose its international character, and fail completely.

MORE ORATORY CONTESTS? Otago Motion Defeated

Otago delegates considered that the high standard of University oratory demanded yearly contests. N.Z.U.S.A., they said, should sponsor meetings in the two years preceding each Bledisloe Medal Contest.

But the meeting considered that orators were already sufficiently taken into account in the annual contests held in each College. It was thought that more Tournament Oratory would possibly detract from the very signal honour of Bledisloe Medal.

Ski-ing Blues Now

The constitution of N.Z.U. Ski Council was approved. The Council's affiliation to N.Z.U.S.A. having been granted, Blues for ski-ing will be awarded this year and in the future.

N.Z. DELEGATES TO N.U.A.U.S.

Selected to represent N.Z.U.S.A. and their own Colleges at the summer Congress of the National Union of Australian University Students are Mr. David Simon (C.U.C.), Mr. Harold Dowrick (V.U.C.) and Mr. Stanley Campbell (N.Z.U.S.A. Secretary).

President John Nathan, of A.U.C., is also hoping to go. Under Mr. Simon (senior delegate) the mission should gather (and give Australians) much useful information on the workings of the two Dominion's University systems.

AUSTRALIAN GOLF TEAM 1948 Winter Tournament

In return for the proposed visit of N.Z.U. swimmers to Australia next year, the Australian Universities are being invited to send a team of golfers to take part in Winter Tournament 1948.

This interchange of teams and Congress delegates is a very pleasing sign of some return to normality. Transport, however, may prove very difficult and expensive, for Winter Tournament is to be at Christchurch next year.

Boxing Trophy

A small shield of wood and bronze is to be awarded annually by N.Z.U.S.A. to the most scientific boxer. Some



delegates considered silver would be more fitting. Catching the eye of Mr. K. O'Brien, N.Z.U.S.A. Treasurer, Mr. Nathan, said, "Oh, no! We prefer bronze—it's more manly."

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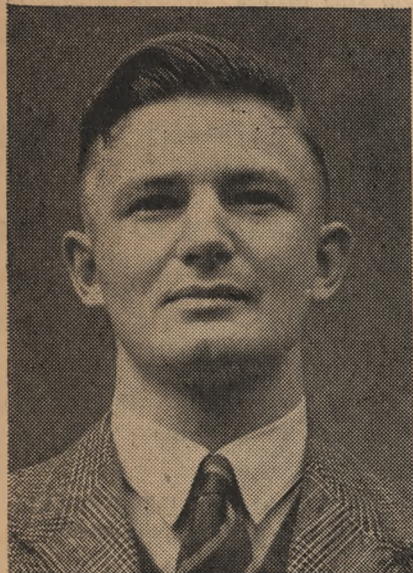
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NEW EXEC. AT WORK

Large Agenda

The last meeting of Exec. before the blessed state of After-Degree was held on September 10. Mr. Nathan declared the meeting open, and after the minutes had been dealt with, extended congratulations to one of the new members, Mr. L. C. Woods, on his nomination as a candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship.



MR. WOODS

Vice-Presidents and Signing Officers

The first business of the meeting was the election of the Men's and Women's Vice-Presidents. Mr. Neal was sole nominee for the post of Men's Vice-President, and was declared elected. Miss Montague was nominated as Women's Vice-President. After the question whether the Secretary could also hold the post of a Vice-President had been decided affirmatively, there being no further nominations, Miss Montague was declared women's vice-president.

In accordance with the Constitution, the signing officers for cheques, etc., were declared to be the Business Manager and any one of the following:

The President, the Secretary, the Men's Vice-President and the Women's Vice-President. The fact that the Secretary and the Women's Vice-President were one and the same was deemed inconsequential.

The Principal and the Principle

A reply to Exec's request that the post of College Principal should be widely advertised before an appointment is made, was received in a letter from the Registrar. This stated that the request will receive consideration when the occasion arises.

Merit Alone the Test

Two replies, to the letters sent to various party headquarters asking for opinions on the A.G.M.'s motion that appointments to the college staff should not be biased by a consideration of politics are printed elsewhere. Letters of acknowledgment, pending a full reply, were also received.

Not Bigger, But Brighter

A letter from Mr. J. C. A. Ellis suggesting improvements in the Student Block was received. Mr. Ellis suggested that the Student Block should be made more pleasant by painting murals on the walls of the Common Rooms and by holding Art Exhibitions in the Cafeteria. As for the murals, Mr. Ellis stated that Miss Olds would be prepared to submit designs to Exec. and paint them on the walls if Exec. would supply the materials. A group of architects, headed by Mr. W. Wilson, had agreed to arrange the art exhibitions. Messrs. John Leech, Limited (the picture people in Shortland Street) had also agreed to loan pictures for exhibition. After some discussion Exec. thanked Mr. Ellis and those who were so ready to help in the scheme, and appointed a sub-committee to look into the matter.

Odd Presentation

After the remaining correspondence had been dealt with, Mr. Neal moved and Miss Montague seconded a motion that the Students' Association should make a presentation to Mrs. Odd on the completion of twenty-one years' service. This was carried unanimously. Miss Bennett and Mr. Neal were detailed to make a suitable purchase.

Accounts Quarterly

Mr. Robinson moved that the Business Manager be asked to furnish a Statement of Income, Expenditure, Profit and Loss and Trading Accounts to the half-year and less comprehensive accounts to the other two quarters. It was felt that this would give Exec. a more frequent check on expenditure. The motion was carried.

Discrepancy

Mr. Woods then pointed out that the N.Z. University Calendar differed from those of the other Colleges in the matter of the rules governing application for Rhodes Scholarship candidature. He moved that a letter should be sent to the Registrar, N.Z.U., requesting that the Calendar be modified in accordance with the College Calendars and with general practice. Mr. McLaren seconded this and the motion was carried.

Consultative Committee

Mr. Woods then moved with Mr. Barter seconding that a Committee, comprising the chairman of clubs and societies or their nominees, should be set up to meet once or twice each term to forward suggestions and criticism to Exec. This was to provide closer contact between Exec. and the student body. Everybody thought this a Good Thing, so the motion was passed.

Bureaucratic Incursion

Now list and learn all ye who loathe Bureaucracy! There is to be yet another form for students to fill in on enrolling. The secretary was directed to draw up a form to supply information about students' interests, etc., for the use of Exec., Club Secretaries, returning officers and anyone else interested.

Club Research

Mr. McLaren moved that Exec. should make grants out of Stud. Ass. funds to aid clubs carrying out research and to enable them to publish reports of their work, no grant to exceed £25 and the total amount so expended not to exceed £150. Mr. Tizard seconded this motion. After a great deal of discussion the motion was lost, the main objections being that such reports could be published in *Craccum* if necessary, that such a scheme would require vigorous and troublesome control, that research itself, being within the scope of degree work, came within the purview of the College Council rather than that of the Association, and finally that the scheme was unconstitutional, not being for the benefit of the Student Body as a whole.

Student Representation

After hearing the latest news on the question of Student Representation on the College Council, Mr. McLaren held that the Representative should be chosen by the Student body, not by the Exec. as was provided in the Act. However, he found himself in the minority and did not move a motion.

Fixtures at a Glance

Arrangements were made to bring all the club and society fixtures within the scope of one notice board. A new board of small announcements is to be erected, probably near the Caf. For this relief, much thanks!

Trade Recession?

Most students who eat at the Caf. will have noticed that the 3d extra lately charged on meals has now been removed. It has been decided that it is an injustice to charge this year's students for a stove that will benefit future students. The remainder of the cost is to be paid out of accumulated funds.

The meeting then passed a motion requesting the Registrar to look into the possibility of making lecture rooms available for study period.

The meeting then went into committee and came out of committee about three-quarters of an hour later.

Odds and Ends

The final business for the evening was a request to the College Office to inform Exec. Room when there are telegrams for students to be picked up, and a request to Mrs. Odd to provide dinner in the Caf. every evening instead of in the middle of the day as was sometimes the case.

Then, there being no further business, the meeting closed at 9.45 p.m.



SPORTS SUPPLEMENT

THE COLLEGE XV

A Successful Year

The decision of the Auckland Rugby Union in choosing the University fifteen to play Marist for the Jubilee Shield has aroused comment in football circles. Although the 'Varsity side has proved itself a strong combination, it would appear that Grammar Old Boys have equally strong claims.

Nevertheless, the current year has been highly successful for the College. The final of the Provincial Shield, against North Shore, has yet to be decided, and if 'Varsity should duplicate last year's success it will be a fitting end to the season. The team has an even chance in the match against North Shore, but will be weakened by the loss of several players picked for the three Auckland representative fifteens.

In recent games the best College team has not always been available, due to representative fixtures, but the club has not suffered as seriously as several others. Juniors who have filled the vacancies and showed promise include Halligan at half and B. K. Caughey in the five-eighths.

McDonald, the outstanding forward in the senior fifteen, has been absent for most of the latter games played this season. He is the only member of the team to gain a place in the Auckland fifteen, but Sweet and Gilmour (who



has been unable to play for most of the season) appear to have bright prospects for next year. M. P. Hay, who played solid football in the five-eighths at the beginning of the season, has left for England. This is a big loss to the club and to the cricket eleven, as he has a bright, sporting and scholastic career ahead of him.

The latest casualty in the club is coach Trevor Berghman, who broke his collarbone while playing for the Barbarians against Whangarei. Without his invaluable advice it is doubtful if the seniors would have done so well.

THE SEASON IN RETROSPECT

Lower Grade Rugby—Fitness, Support Needed

The point might well be raised by the 'Varsity delegate to the Auckland Rugby Association that provisions made for lower grade Rugby in the latter part of the season are hopelessly inadequate. Once the Championships resolve themselves into inter-section play-offs late in July, there is very little left for those teams not right at the top of their grade. And this is the story of most of our lower grade Rugby. The moral is, of course, to be in the top flight, and the Seconds realised this, although their form in the challenge round was disappointing. But it is not always possible to win (even when practices are attended!), and our delegate should be prompted to place the matter before the management committee next autumn.

At a time of the season when one thinks more naturally of rugby parties than rugby morals, it is well, nevertheless, to review the season dispassionately, and set by our stock of tips to the incoming year. And I suppose no point has been more often canvassed to less effect than the holding of practices for players to get together to train and think football for a couple of hours. Last year the second fifteen which won their championship practised one night a week, and on Sundays as well, very often. This year's seconds, no less a side surely, with Barter and Galich, Robinson and Darlow, faded away during September (which was yet vacation-time) losing to teams at times as markedly inferior in general football ability as they were superior in fitness.

TOO MUCH BEER

It is no good saying "something will have to be done about this," but hoping at the same time that a kindly Providence and my neighbour fitness will see me through. My experience this season is that Providence falls down rather when it is faced with too much beer and too little training, and I have found that my neighbour wheezes just about as much as I do. Perhaps I should apologize for dragging in the mechanics of the game, but football is no easy series of brilliant three-quarter movements and the sooner we realize the issue the happier our next season will be.

TOO LITTLE SUPPORT

Another point which might be mentioned here, although it has no bearing on the lower grade sides specifically, is the apathetic attitude of University students generally towards their representative teams. In one of A.E. Mulgan's novels "Spur of Morning" there is an account of an Auckland Rugby final in which one, and the successful one of the protagonists, was Auckland 'Varsity. The description, obviously drawn from actual observation, is a remarkably fine piece of writing, but the point which concerns us more

directly is the student enthusiasm at this match. It must be good for the University that we who play and you who don't should know each other a little better; good for you who must sometimes feel rather moody about four o'clock on a sunny Saturday afternoon, and very good for us to know that you are there. Try it some day. But the football club, at the same time, might excite a little interest if they were to advertise their matches about the College. This would have to be done very frankly—there would be no point in appealing to students to go out to a game of which nothing very good was expected. Perhaps even *Craccum* could be used for the purpose.

Let's you feel that this article has been a snare and a delusion, I shall mention some of the performances put up by our lower grade fifteens. Of these undoubtedly the best balanced combination was 2A, which had speed and power in all the key positions. The captain, Tom Barter, played outstanding football throughout the season, playing for and captaining the Auckland junior representatives. Other junior reps. were Robinson and Hellaby, good forwards both of them, in a very solid pack. A useful immigrant was Dobson, of Otago University, who added considerable thrust to an already speedy three-quarter line.

Another Auckland junior representative was B. K. Caughey, the 2B five-eighths who had a very promising season in his first year with our club. His team was several times upset both by injuries in its own matches and by the call that other teams made on its players, the side doing very well indeed to reach its section final. One of the players promoted from 2B, Colin Kay, proved to be the find of the season, turning on a spectacular brand of football for the Senior XV.

Of the three third fifteens the Intermediate A's had the most successful season, losing its section final in a tropical downpour 0-3. Third Open was not a success, the side being very short of players, and perhaps because of this were never very happy together. Intermediate B, on the other hand, really enjoyed their football, never losing by much, and surprising everybody no less than themselves with several good wins. Their season wound up with the appropriate party.

Finally a word of thanks to the coaches—no platitudes this: it must seem a very thankless job to turn up at a practice and find only two others there; and these men deserve our gratitude.

Special Issue on ARDMORE PROJECT Next Week

End-of-Season Review

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS KEEP SEDDON STICK

Auckland 'Varsity did not have a great many successes at Winter Tournament this year, but amongst the really good things of the week was the form shown by our hockey XI in retaining the Seddon Stick. After a rather uncertain start, aftermath of a very wearying train trip, the team settled down to play really good and at times brilliant hockey.

The only really close match was played on the day of arrival against Otago University, all of whose team, save one player, had been in Wellington for several days. The game, which resulted in a two-all draw, should have been exciting, but the fact that it never pleased as a spectacle was due to the referee's rather punctilious use of his rule-book. There were a great many hold-ups and tempers were very much tried by this first afternoon's sport. Coldham and Neal were the scorers for Auckland.

v. C.U.C.—Rough Conditions

On the Wednesday morning Auckland struck a very rough ground indeed for their match with Canterbury. The conditions were such as to make accurate ball control impossible, and the half-line played fine constructive hockey under the circumstances. Auckland played well within themselves to win 4-2; goals by Coldham (2), Boaden (1) and Neal (1).

Brilliant Display

The afternoon's game with Victoria College was honoured by Vice-Regal patronage. At this stage of a very interesting tournament Victoria was leading by half a point from A.U.C. and O.U., and a very hard tussle was expected. That this did not eventuate was due to the combination showed by the Auckland XI, who played their finest hockey at least up until that stage of the season. The forwards showed very dangerous scoring ability, and they were backed by halves who played very constructive hockey. Dave Neal, at inside right, had something of a field day for Auckland, scoring four of the team's five goals. On the same afternoon Massey beat Otago so, that Auckland were now half a point in the lead from Victoria and Canterbury.

On Thursday morning a practice game was played with Victoria B. Auckland led 8-0 at half-time, and most of the second half was spent in trying to give full-back Rajah Brooke a shot at goal. The final score was 11-1.

Deciding Match

In the afternoon 'Varsity met the giant-killers, Massey College, in what was the deciding match of the tournament. Amid general surprise Auckland

made no match of it, showing really brilliant form in their best display of the season. A snap goal in the first two minutes gave the XI its cue and the final score, 7-2 (which is a very big margin in hockey, you Rugby supporter) hardly reflected Auckland's superiority on the day. The halves, Cameron, Gatfield and Robbins, were instrumental in the team's success, Gatfield and Robbins playing themselves into the N.Z.U. XI, while Cameron, as a matter of fact, did the finest thing of all when he ran the length of the field to give Coldham a "sitter."

Players for N.Z.U.

Other Aucklanders chosen for N.Z.U. honours were Dave Neal (captain), Coldham and Brooke—all our representatives (except Gatfield, who was actually first emergency) later being awarded Blues. The N.Z.U. XI played the Wellington Representatives in the final match of the Tournament, and this side in its first game together could not cope with the well-seasoned Wellington players. The final score was 7-3 in Wellington's favour.

The Past Season

Having written of Tournament, we find that there is little else for which the Seniors may be commended. Always appearing to have the talent, and first-round leaders in the senior championship, 'Varsity disappointed by fading away with only half the season gone. A bad run of four games set the team back and the combination never reached that level of excellence necessary for the fast, open hockey which it is in the interests of 'Varsity teams to play. Successes, however, were achieved during the season. The Club won the Waikato seven-a-side tournament in June, and finished in third place in the Auckland Championship. The Seddon Stick was retained at Winter Tournament. Four members of the Senior XI represented Auckland regularly during the winter—Cooper, Neal, Watson (captain) and Robbins. One of these, Dave Neal, played for the North Island.

Lectures on Hockey Next Year

Early next winter a course of lectures on the game will be given to those interested, and we suggest to those who have no regular means of keeping fit through the winter, that you join our ranks next season.

SPORTS COLUMN

NOTICED IN 'VARSITY SPORTING CIRCLES:

That the Football Club is enjoying what must be one of the most successful years in its history. The Senior XV, winners of the Pollard Cup, are leading in the Provincial Shield, with only one series still to play. The club will meet Marist at the end of the season in the Jubilee Trophy play-off—this being the Rugby Champion of Champions finale to the year. As both inter-college matches were won, the winter has been one to remember.

Where at one time cricketers might have suffered a scrum practice on their "hallowed turf" under the impression that summer would never come again, any such heretical proposal would now call forth an armed guard. The Cricket Club holds its opening day on Saturday, October 4th, and it is imperative that intending players should come before their selectors as early as possible.

That the best stayers in the Hockey Club this season were the Second XI, which reached the final in their grade. This match was very badly contested with Papatoetoe, 'Varsity finally going down 4-5. Several players from this team performed with distinction for the Senior XI in Wellington over Winter Tournament, and many critics indeed consider the combination which overwhelmed Massey College the best of the season's.

That the Tennis Club also is calling on its members for an early start this season. It is hoped to attract some of the very good players attending 'Varsity who play for other clubs. The poor results at Easter Tournament last year show how urgently new blood is needed.

That the Soccer XI enjoyed Winter Tournament. As one of the team said: "It's good to have a win again."

That the Cricket Club has now a stretch of "hallowed turf" in the true sense of the term. You may have noticed the club president, Mr. James Thompson, on his hands and knees at work on the wicket. The result is that 'Varsity has now as good a practice wicket as there is in Auckland. But would you believe it—the club is seriously considering lending it to the Women's Cricket Club for one night a week, with coaches supplied into the bargain! Hallowed turf!

That one of our outstanding sporting personalities will be in the wings when the play opens next winter. "Scotty" Watson, vice-captain of the New Zealand hockey XI against the Australians in 1937, and the Indian visitors in 1938, captain of the Auckland XI since 1939, and a member of the senior College XI from his matriculation, 1933, has announced his retirement from the game. Few players have made a greater con-



tribution to Auckland and particularly to 'Varsity hockey, and the Club has shown its appreciation by making "Scotty" their patron, as well as their senior delegate to the Auckland Hockey Association.

That this quiet and happy little story is going through hockey circles. When "Scotty" Watson led a team of 'Varsity players (all of them N.Z.U. Blues and Auckland Reps, with a sprinkling of All Blacks) to victory in a Waikato seven-a-side tournament, one of the natives came up to "Scotty" and said: "You fellows are pretty fair—got any Auckland reps with you?" It was typical of "Scotty" that all he said was: "Oh, some of us have played a fair bit, you know."

Starring in an Auckland Representative team which routed Thames Valley at Eden Park recently were 'Varsity players D. Cooney, B. Sweet and B. Rope. Barry Sweet, of course, you heard of earlier in the season. He is back to his best form and scored a brilliant try against the Valley. D. Cooney has been among the Auckland elect since he played for the North Island 'Varsities, but B. Rope has been much slower to find the place which his form richly deserves. In the running for the Representative XV last season, he has rather lost ground this year, when much of his valuable work in the 'Varsity pack appears to have passed unnoticed.

That one of our most promising sportsmen has just arrived in England. Sound five-eighths for the senior XV and member of the senior cricket XI, Michael Hay accomplished much in the short time he was at 'Varsity. Perhaps you heard from him earlier in the year as our very successful Billeting Comptroller at Easter Tournament?

That Dave Neal doesn't play his best hockey for anything less than a Vice-Regal party. When Auckland defeated Victoria 5-1 their Excellencies saw our senior delegate score four goals in Auckland's tally. Dave was later captain of the N.Z.U. XI.

WINTER HOCKEY AT WELLINGTON

WOMEN'S TEAM LESS SURE THAN USUAL

Both the men's and women's teams made a good showing at Wellington. The men's team was probably the outstanding combination in any sport from any College over the tourney. The A.U.C. women's team, however, was not as good as usual—and seemed less sure than last year when on home grounds. The results were:—

Men's:

Otago, drew 2-2.
Canterbury, won 4-2.
Victoria, won 4-1.
Massey, won 7-2.

Women's:

Otago, lost 5-3.
Victoria, won 4-2.
Massey, won 7-0.
Canterbury, lost 1-0.

Defence Weak

Failing defence caused the Women's team its two defeats. The forward line was good, but its efforts were wasted on account of the poor defence tactics of the team.

After a close match with Otago on the Tuesday the Southerners managed to win by two goals towards the close of the game. This was the best match of the week, and O.U. deserved their four wins over the Tournament. Auckland showed better combination, but several quick break-throughs gave Otago the lead.

The Victoria game was uninspiring during the first half, and it was the better play in the second half that gave Auckland the match at 4-2.

Massey was a much better match than the score would suggest. Throughout A.U.C. was given a good run, and some quick goal-shooting did the trick.

Heavy Ground

The Canterbury match was more a field-furrowing match than a hockey game. An extremely wet and heavy field deadened the ball, and the score shows the result. The goal put in by C.U.C. was luck—at least that's how it looked to Craccum from the sideline—or perhaps the goalie mistook the ball for mud.

Peg Batty and Ray Gribble were Auckland's representatives in the N.Z.U. team. Poor defence again caused the defeat of N.Z.U. to Wellington 4-2. Peg Batty as captain and centre half was the mainstay of the team, and for her endeavours she was awarded an N.Z.U. Blue.



SWIMMING CLUB A.G.M.

Visit to Australia Discussed

The annual general meeting of the Swimming Club was held on the 11th September. There was a good attendance, and the election of officers resulted in Dr. Brown being re-elected President, whilst Mick Shanahan again fills the position of Club Captain and delegate to the Auckland Swimming Centre.

Other Club officials elected were: Jim Ferguson, Secretary-Treasurer. Miss Pat Hastings, Vice-Captain.

Committee: Misses Joan Hastings, Val Gardiner and Norma Croot. Messrs. Gim Taine, Peter W. Graham and Graham Rowe.

PROGRAMME FOR 1948

The Club's activities will begin with weekly Club nights at the Tepid Baths, commencing after the degree examinations. It was decided that the annual Inter-Club Carnival should be held in February at the Olympic Pool.

As the Easter Tournament is being held at Dunedin next year, it is anticipated that there will be keen competition amongst Club members for places within the team, and all students desirous of being considered for selection are urged to join the Club as soon as possible.

TEAM TO SYDNEY?

A proposal received from the secretary of the Otago University Swimming Club suggesting that a team of nine men representing New Zealand Universities should proceed to Australia in January was discussed. The Otago suggestion was that the team should participate in the Australian Universities Championships which will be held in Sydney, and that members of the team should participate in swimming championship events, water polo, and also in surf life-saving competitions.



It was unanimously decided by the meeting that the suggestion should be supported, but that clarification should be sought as to how the question of finance was to be overcome. Even though the idea may not be carried to fruition this year, there is every possibility of such a visit being arranged in the future.

The Club will be strongly represented this year in inter-club competitions by, amongst others, Joan and Pat Hastings, Louise Brown, Norma Croot and Val Gardiner, and amongst the men Gim Taine, Owen Jaine, Jim Ferguson, Fred Bryant, L. Murphy and Mick Shanahan.

* * *

We do not want Strength, so much as Will to use it; and very often fancying Things impossible to be done, is nothing else, but an Excuse of our own contriving, to reconcile ourselves to our own Idleness.

—De La Rochefoucauld.

Literary Supplement

"KIWI" 1947



Although it is in its 42nd year, *Kiwi* retains, by virtue of its ever-young staff and contributors, its characteristic mixture of vitality and solemnity. However, the lean spiritual rations of the war years have, in the 1947 *Kiwi*, been succeeded by a less meagre diet and the bird is bulkier in bone and feather than it has been for some time.

Direct references to the war are few, and there is little breast-beating, but the tone is more generally "realistic" than "escapist." The intellectual sickness induced by the world situation is naturally more evident in the verse than in the prose. Here the ambition of the attempts, and the fact that some of the verse printed comes close to poetry, demand that the compliment be paid of judging it by fairly exacting standards.

Most of the *Kiwi* verse this year is written in what Tambimuttu has called "the modern anonymous tradition." Imagery, manner, mood and vocabulary are so undifferentiated that first impressions are of a committee-authorship concealed shyly behind names of individuals. In several pieces there is the same calculated avoidance of capital letters, defiant ellipses, expected unexpectedness of image and wilful obscurity. Mr. T. S. Eliot, pleading recently for a return of English poetry to something of classical discipline, spoke feelingly of "the monotony of unseasonable verse." While it would be untrue to say that the *Kiwi* verse is unreasonable, it is true that too often one encounters the chopped prose of

But no community ethic
drives individual acts
and the power of godhead dies.
and of

left between the cherry trees and
marked
between the tides on mudflats
where
we gathered cockles to eke out
the dole
and of

No. If a place, then all the people
have
gone and it is always too late.

Despite the thick anonymity of the common manner, something individual does in most cases thrust through. Keith Sinclair makes us aware of a special sense of loneliness dissolving when even the brittle Audenisms of "Interlude in Arcady" (if "you put the insoluble salt in my solution" is not more like Cole Porter) cannot smother; and in the lines beginning "club the rearing head," the face of the poet is glimpsed through a rift in the mist. Too insistently, perhaps, in Mr. Sinclair the sentimental phrase does duty for poetry. From his three poems can be culled, "buried in your lips," "enfolded in your arms," "deep in your arms," "bury me here in you and in your arms," "your arms were warm," "your arms will stretch like fences," "yet in your arms my seasons are at rest."

"To Her For Christmas" uses a conceit to reduce the impact of the

reference to the birth of Christ rather than to transform it, so that one receives the same impression of flippancy as in Rayner Heppenstall's

"My lack of Christ, my dove, my doe" without the agony of unbelieving which lies behind Meppenstall's flippancy.

Dylan Thomas has said that poetic activity is "the physical and mental task of constructing a formally watertight compartment of words." Robert Chapman, in "Ideal Into Person," lets the ocean in when, having begun with a rhyme and assonance scheme, he casually abandons it, and turns to near-prose. The references in this poem defeat me. Who is "the poet in Spain"? Not Lorca. Any poet? Why? Is it "castle in Spain"? Why? Back we go smack into the conundrum-poetry of the early 'thirties. Oh for the rewording difficulties of "Ash Wednesday"! In Mr. Chapman's other poems, the tauter form aids intelligibility immensely. "Bespeak the Dolphin" is firm, but periscope eyes, gulls' dry screams, and agitations of the mind are as familiar as Dali's limp watches. This poem lacks a vision, but presents a conceit which the writer obligingly analyses for us in the last four lines, presenting us not with a poem, but with the assembly of materials for a poem. "Situation Vacant," completing the dialectical process with a synthesis, makes the strongest appeal as it sums up the rather self-conscious cynicism of the writer's work.

On the other hand, Kendrick Smithyman, although again anonymity lies heavy in the carrion birds, rattling trees and cold stone ridges, forces through his depersonalised medium a personal and invigorating chill. His verses this year seem to me to mark an advance upon last year's attempts. His sense of form is keener; he uses assonance in a most interesting way, particularly in "Statement," and makes it a part of his poetic mood, as "incantation" is of Eliot's. This mood is rather more serious than that of Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Chapman, and succeeds in avoiding the Scylla of Empson and the Charybdis of Auden the younger.

In a green world
of trees and being young
as flexible as water
which is held or may hold
you went like a song.
The cold came after.

In "What I More Dear" a slight content fails to integrate inconsequent images. But "The Green World," more than any other poem in this issue, gives promise that individual experience in Mr. Smithyman's verse will soon shatter the impersonal manner. For all his uncomfortable elisions, and games of tag, there is a positive power in his verse, energy pressing for liberation from the fashionable style.

Mary Stanley's two poems, "Heraclitus" and "Phoenix," are pleasing examples of that special lyricism which seems to me to be particularly

feminine. Anthrax's not undeserved rhymed review of "Arts in N.Z." adds the right note of doggerel daring to the verse section.

The chief critical article is the derivative but valuable "The Metaphysical Poets and Baroque Culture," by E. A. Forsman. Father Forsman's analysis provides a much-needed reassessment of the nature of "metaphysical" poetry and its relation to the main stream of European culture. The article is certainly not without its topical application for, as D. J. Enright has written, "Opportunism is rapidly becoming the philosophy of those who are fighting for the qualities of mind which comprise civilisation, and it will not be very surprising of a war prosecuted for the sake of certain beliefs should end in the total appearance of the ability to believe in anything." One would like to see more criticism like this, on related topics, in *Kiwi*.

The remaining prose is very good indeed; in fact, I don't remember a better batch in any previous issue. Worthy of special note is the anonymous "Epitaph for a University Student," which says something that needs saying and says it remarkably well. It is difficult not to sentimentalise such a subject, or at any rate difficult to make the sentimentality valid, and the writer does not quite avoid the emotional cliché, but the piece is sincere and moving.

Dance at Matheson's Bay is for two-thirds of its length a fine piece of atmosphere-painting, perceptive, with details neatly pinned down. I think it misses fire as a "story," however, because of the late and casual entrance of "the lost white man's daughter," who then is stressed either too much or not enough, according to the alternatives that were available. Such details as "the glass dish with a speck of butter in a flawed corner" reveal a writer with an eye for the important trifle. R. K. Parkes contributes a useful article on the Professional Theatre in New Zealand. His arguments are sound, although I sometimes wonder if Mr. J. Arthur Rank's soul should be made to bear the weight of all the crimes of his underlings and indirect associates. "Bed Time Stories for Adults," which might have turned out to be a piece of humour such as *Kiwi* can always use, appears to me to owe too much to George Ade, James Thurber and Ambrose Bierce, while No. 5, "On the Passing of the Christian God," recalls too vividly Will Dyson's "My son, we are powerless. The banks have spoken." All in rather dubious taste, I think—but perhaps it's just that I prefer my Thurber straight. "Richard Seaman" is a lightweight piece, but competent and interesting.

"The Hermit and Dave Royan" is a story by Stephen Loughan, whose "Land" was a highlight—if I may coin a phrase—of last year's *Kiwi*. This story is not quite good enough; it is too long for the theme, and the theme itself belongs to the magazine page (which Mr. Maughan defends so vigorously in his new book!) Its distinctions lie in its direct, spare colloquial style and the authenticity of its New Zealand background and atmosphere. Mr. Loughan is well on the way.

Leaping from the pages of *Kiwi* 1947 are two pieces demanding recognition. These are "That Long, Long Road," by M.D., and "The Kitten and the Herrenvolk," by J. R. Kelly—both "psychological" pieces of a mature and forceful quality. "That Long, Long Road" is an acutely-observed study of impulsive eroticism, with symbolism not gummed on, but actually the stuff of the story. This



sort of thing is not my tumbler of absinthe, but it is uncommonly well done here. The story is more than a bag of tricks; it carries conviction in every staccato sentence. The compound word ("whip-passage, "past-purple," "rain-threat," "flame-surge," "wind-gust," etc.) is over-worked, but the universe of values in which the story takes place can bear this excess

Mr. Kelly's moving story of the boys and the Kitten draws upon sharply-remembered childhood memories, and compels attention in every line. This is exciting writing, in which the pattern of childhood experience shapes the rhythms of the prose. "He had a private game he played on the road. His sister had invented it. The road hadn't been metalled for a long time and the middle of it was lined with big white stones, thrusting up to the surface. Smooth they were, and sun-warmed. The game was to walk only on the white stones, and he was nearly as good at it as his sister, though she could jump further than he could. So, walking home behind the big boys, he played jumping from one white stone to another." The breathlessness of the penultimate sentence is excellent. The mechanics of the story are well handled, the title alone bearing the weight of the implications. Mr. Kelly's "The Swamp" is more conventional in theme, but is little less compelling with its precise evocation of "bush." The work of M.D. and J. R. Kelly, even without the other fine material, alone would make this year's *Kiwi* noteworthy.

The graduate quotations show the familiar, delightful blend of friendly malice and revealing character-analysis. As an unrepentant former ransacker of quotation-books and fabricator of pseudo-Popean couplets, I offer my congratulations to the quotations committee on the diversity of their sources and the daring of their puns.

Writing without self-consciousness of New Zealand in a style that is based in New Zealand is, as many of our writers have found, no easy matter. *Kiwi* 1947 is striking for the number of contributors who attempt and succeed in this task. But perhaps more striking still is its freedom from self-pity, from pampered frustration, as well as its confidence, its forcefulness and its implied assertion that

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Shall be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

J. C. REID.

Brimfull of HEALTH

VITA STOUT
The Tonic Beverage

DB LAGER
The Great Favourite
from the **WAITEMATA MODEL BREWERY**

WHAT THE 'KIWI' JUDGES SAID

"Sweet Echo"

It is inevitable, I suppose, that university poetry should be largely derivative; this selection certainly is. The genuine influence of the Audenism is unmistakable, and there are also acknowledgments due to Dylan Thomas ("All the doors were hung with women's screams"), Edith Sitwell ("Out of the cold . . ."), Arthur Waley and perhaps Truce and Moore. One virtue of the contemporary style is that it demands mental dexterity from reader and writer; but I must confess that, with the best will in the world, and some experience of modern poetry, I found some stretches of the jungle rather tangled going.

The three finalists must be, I feel, Keith Sinclair, Robert Chapman and Kendrick Smithyman. The rest I put aside as too slight or too obviously derivative. Of the three, I finally rejected Robert Chapman's work as consciously articulated rather than inherently imagined; granted that "graphs" and "osmosis" are admissible into poetry per se, the jargon requires a more tactful handling than he gives it. Keith Sinclair, I feel, is essentially a romantic writing in the wrong style; he often spoils a simple and genuine effect by a too conscientious intellectualization. And so I award the palm to Kendrick Smithyman. His work has a truer form than the others—which means that its roots go deeper—and, as the last stanza of *What More Dear* shows, he is a conscious artist without being overly self-conscious.

Poets will, I know, go their own way, especially young poets; but may I be permitted the "preacher's loose immodest tone" for a moment? What I miss, essentially, in most of these poems—and it is a disturbing omission, for its presence is the heart of poetry—is a sense of delight: delight in making, in seeing, in moving (and I use the word as widely as I can). All these poets, to put it crudely, seem to be bent on worrying themselves into an early grave. The absence of this quality comes out especially, I think, in the stumbling, awkward rhythms which many of the younger poets—not only Kiwi's brood—adopt in their work, for it is that inward sense of delight that makes a poem surefooted and confident. Unless my sense of rhythm has expired chronologically with Eliot's zenith, I can only conclude that this absence has weakened the effect of much of the more recent work. In this respect, also, Smithyman's work, though not faultless, stands out above the rest. Of his three poems, I select *The Green World* as most successful.

—S. MUSGROVE.

* * *

Prose Competition

I have no hesitation in awarding the first prize to Edward A. Forsman for his solid and scholarly essay on the "Metaphysical Poets and Baroque Culture." The writer does not always express himself gracefully and lapses rather too often into the clichés of modern journalism, high-brow and low-brow ("pin-points this school," for example, or "in the full flush of individuality"); and he is over-fond of such unpleasant polysyllables as "Chistocentric" and "intellectuality." But his essay, despite its modest acknowledgments, is a useful and illuminating addition to the literature of the subject.

The tribute to Richard Seaman is written in clean, competent prose, and possibly I am biased against it by my previous ignorance of the hero commemorated and by what appears to me to be the futility of his achievement. The doctrine "speed for speed's sake" seems to me even more silly and perhaps even more damaging in its consequences than "art for art's sake."

E. H. McCORMICK.

ONE WORLD

The strains of the William Tell Overture die away . . .

QUIZ-MASTER: We are indeed fortunate to have with us to-night ten world-famous personalities, and we shall begin our session with an old parlour game. The idea is that I give a verbal message to one of our members, who will then endeavour to repeat it exactly to the next member, and so on. The audience will be able to judge the results for itself. Winner takes the jack-pot. Well, let's begin. (To Treasury Official): Apples is red.

TREASURY OFFICIAL TO PRO BONO PUBLICO: I'm afraid I cannot repeat the statement without some qualification. Let me put it to you this way: Certain parts of the skin of some apples are, within a certain period of their development as apples, coloured red. That's putting it in simple, but less ambiguous terms.

PRO BONO PUBLICO WITH GREAT EMOTION TO MR. GROMYKO: I was indeed surprised and shocked at the statement just uttered by our learned colleague, and in reply I should like to point out that since 1917 my Jonathan apple tree has never borne red apples. This demonstrates conclusively that our own plant life, nurtured on the broad bosom of our mother country, has a political conscience. Whilst some British apples continue to be unaware of the implications of their unblushing redness, I sincerely feel that the authorities ought to do something about it.

P.S.—I am an Episcopalian.

MR. GROMYKO TO NEW ZEALAND PUNTER: I categorically reject that neo-fascist inspired poison of a certain imperialist aggressor nation. The peoples of the Soviet Union will co-operate with the other peace-loving nations of the world, and, as a direct consequence, all right-wing, non-red apples must be eliminated for true world peace. Soviet apples are proletarianised—herein lies their main distinction from bourgeois apples. All collectivist apples are red.

NEW ZEALAND PUNTER TO GHOST OF JAMES JOYCE: Didja hear what the joker said? He didn't want to give it away, but I know what he meant. Pink Pippin's a cert for the Collectors' Cup. I'll put y'onter Johnnie if y'like.

GHOST OF JAMES JOYCE TO NOTED N.Z. HISTORIAN: We wis highlightfilled to fineout advantagefull invice of redappled apple for gaiming as Bet-Makergob says (4) as he potes for racey-pacey-cuppa stakes. Bluoddy stais or rosaceous hesperidaceous (Ah! Santa Rosa!) alla samee me boss. Alla same circumvermillion. Erstwhile Eevernadam sexempted from kindome of Heaven by appetiting selfsame ripping pipping la rouge. (4) Googlaa pluplu.

NOTED N.Z. HISTORIAN TO CITIZEN OF THESE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Now I don't want you to be influenced by what I say. Naturally when you have taken all relevant aspects into consideration (now don't think I'm forcing any ideas upon you) . . . but, as I say, then you may be in a position to draw your own conclusions. But I think, perhaps, you may be able to recognise these main tendencies . . . not that they are the only ones by any means. What I say isn't necessarily final, but . . .

CITIZEN OF THESE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TO NOTED N.Z. HISTORIAN: O.K.! I get the idea.

TO BING CROSBY: That top-flight historical oracle thinks he's got the Yankee know-how, but I'm telling you that I didn't fight to make the world safe for British tyranny. No,

CANTERBURY LAMBS—II

Before we deal in particulars it should be said that the second publication of *Canterbury Lambs* reflects great credit on the Canterbury College Literary Club. Any such attempt by a University generation to be themselves on paper is interesting, and may well raise deeper issues. *Canterbury Lambs* fulfils its duties in good measure, the prose work in particular, by its very honest bid to recapture the atmosphere of experience, is satisfying in success, and thought-provoking where it fails.

There is a remarkable consistency in the character of the short stories, it being the aim of all three writers to explore a "slice of life" as realistically as possible. One cannot but feel that thus the rather inconsequential movement which this type of writing employs is better fitted to the novel, only one story answering the cause and effect required of brief narrative. This is not necessarily a fault. There is no point in grumbling at the jam for not being cheese, and if it is good jam it may serve its purpose very well. At the same time let us remember that jam is introduced into art to serve an aesthetic taste and none other.

At the risk of striking a false anti-thesis between life and art, it should be emphasised that, however relevant the conditions of life are to the living of it, their artistic relevance is governed by quite different standards. In the Armistice years there was current a theory that as long as one lumped enough "facts of life" together, and was appropriately realistic about them, the result was, if not artistic, true at least, and truth by a higher criterion. It was argued that if the purpose of art was to create Truth in its own image, what could be more probable (as Aristotle has it) than that which had actually happened? There should be no selecting, no conditioning of material. What was real must be true, and what was true was art. Allied to this was the tendency, in an age replete with the spirit of Romanticism, to rate one's own experience as the only reality; which tendency, when it took a literary style to itself, disregarding at the same time all selective principles, degenerated into the brilliant irrelevance of Dorothy Richardson. What was overlooked by these theorists was the fact that a thing cannot be true unless it is true to something ("true to itself" is an equivocation, "self" being one's total awareness of one's relation to other things), so that the inevitable which truth discovers is the relation uniting a series of facts—and not merely the facts alone. Man knows to his sorrow that these relations are not explicit in life, and it is the function of art to draw from its material the consistency which experience imperfectly suggests. A nondescript "slice of life" faithfully reproduced is true then in the same

sense as when we say "the camera does not lie," but it has no artistic validity.

This is the first point raised by the prose work in *Canterbury Lambs*. Before applying it, there is one other main issue to consider—and that is the adequacy of conventional thought symbols to express the very complex emotions with which most of our contemporary writers are concerned. At a time when popular art is debasing the whole currency, this issue is a very vital one. It was the same difficulty that drove D. H. Lawrence, and particularly James Joyce, into final incoherence in their endeavour to escape the tyranny of words. One means of escape we have already considered, the theory that if all the secrets and emotions are hidden somewhere in life as a whole, a part of these secrets and emotions will be contained in a "slice of life." As long as the peculiar flavour of experience is present there is no need to analyse.

This discontent leads then to an extreme form of realism. It leads also to the romantic extreme, and this, too, now appears in *Canterbury Lambs*. It is the attitude which values one's own experience so much higher than the reality of other things (this is where James Joyce comes in) that words are valuable first, as they can be made to catch the flavour of experience, and only incidentally as they communicate this experience to others. It is only by a happy accident that you are understood then, it being quite incidental to your primer pleasure in self-communing. This romantic trend is to be seen very plainly in contemporary litera-

* * *

THOUGHT AND MELANCHOLIA

*We are but a beautiful melody,
the haunting strains of which
are half forgotten;
but yet do we remember
it was a mighty tune
and had a wonderful refrain . . .
We are but the gleam on old silver
thrown into a pit of dung,
fantastically bent and tortured;
but yet do we see
a pattern through the rust. . .*

—R.

FOR ALL . . .

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (Cont.)

Canterbury Lambs II

(Continued)

ture. If emotional half-tones and overtones do not yield to more conventional language, then place the words in unaccustomed contexts which have just enough likeness to set the throb of discord beating. Let the language play as discordantly as you like on a familiar theme, and the very jarring on the mind will set it quivering through new scales of emotion:

*"Who loved the girl in the holly,
With dark green lips and a red song
And sky-blue hair in the school gardens
And a dress darker than the mind of a
school boy."*

Pat Wilson's first intention, we may suppose, is to satisfy his own emotions. A long way behind is **Canterbury Lambs**. Or is it? One difficulty we have with the very subjective approach is that it is not at all susceptible to criticism. Any attempt that man may make to realise his own emotions can be judged only by him. But it does raise the broader issue "how much of art is soliloquy and how much is eloquence?" How far is the artist justified in following his romantic conception of inner reality, disregarding thereby the claims of others?

These are the two broad issues brought forward by the **Canterbury Lambs**, and they are broadly connected as we have seen by Manzoni's second canon of criticism: "Was the author's purpose a thing worthy of being attempted?" It is evident that it is not enough to take a setting in all its detail and print a literary photograph as Magdalene Giles has done in "School." This story is written with an eye for detail which challenges one's attention without at the same time satisfying that habit of mind which regards details only as parts of some whole.

Miss Giles' descriptive power is

used to more purpose in a rather conventional story, **Old Sam**. "An old Maori lives away from his family. He doesn't want to return to them. They say that he must. And he dies, of course, when they come to get him." It is significant that one should feel that this conventional framework so far misses the essential feeling of the story as to misrepresent it. It appears that, in following the original pattern, the writer allowed her sympathy for the old man to run away with the narrative, so that the story becomes a study in mood and atmosphere which so far outstrips the action that the narrative, ending with death at the last, seems almost an irrelevance. The last crass and staccato note, "The man was dead," is oddly out of place in a story which depends on emotional delicacy for its effect. This last phrase has no organic relation with the emotional content of the whole and shows a failure to discriminate the relative importance of detail. In the final analysis, however, the matching of mood and setting is very effective indeed:

"The sparrows bickered over a few crumbs outside the door. White butterflies hovered on the hot air, and tiny blue butterflies flitted about the lush greenery. The old, wall-eyed dog, Kuri, sprawled panting in the shade. Across the road the mudflats lay baking in the quivering sunlight, and beyond the tangled fringe of mangroves the glittering harbour stretched away among the dull green hills."

"He felt very old and very weary. He would have dozed, but the sharp clank of the shells in the bucket jarred his head. He did not want to go home." (Although here again the mood which has been slowly crystallising is upset by the blatant expression of it: "He did not want to go home"—a fact which we have already been told several times.)

My Letter of Application

To the most august, the controller of the Government's cash-box.
Dear Sir,—

I have observed with interest the recent announcement of the pension or other monetary assistance to be made available to N.Z. writers whose works, on approved subjects, add to the culture of this progressive little country. I hasten then to introduce myself as an habitual purveyor of approved culture, and a suitable recipient of the aforementioned prize, pension or offering.

I am, of course, steeped in the folk-traditions, symbolism, geography, botany, meteorology and socialistic doctrines of my country. My income is worthy of supplementation, consisting as it does, besides the £50 p.a. generously allowed me by the Education Department, of what little I make by the collection and sale of the bottle tops which homing children occasionally drop into my landlady's hedge.

The following list of my works will speak for itself: **Take But Degree Away** (Shakespeare, Troilus & C.)—"a brilliant novel of endeavour and final insanity in one of our second-rate Universities"—(Smith's Weekly); **Madcap Moll in the Fifth Form** at the D.H.S. (a study of our educational system); **Death of a Finance**

Minister—a Murder Mystery (pre-1935 period, of course!); **Little Bertie and the Purple-eyed Crayfish** ("the most profound appreciation of Kierkegaard we have read for years"—Times Literary Supplement); **Creative Basket-making in N.Z.**; **The Tightening Limpet** (essays and criticisms). Also highly creative articles contributed to one of our foremost literary periodicals (This).

It is expected that further valuable MSS. will be in the hands of the University of N.Z. before November. (Inquiries about their probable subjects should be made to the University now, and the replies communicated to me without delay.)

Yours in an aura of cultural evangelism.

—A.H.F.

The Literary Club's prize was shared by Magdale Giles and another short story writer, Bill Pearson, whose "Ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more" was the "piece de resistance" of the publication, and good in spite of its title. It presents life in the camp of an occupation force in Japan. Everything is seen through the eyes of the sentry (something like the "stream of consciousness" style) and takes its tang from the emotions which stir within him. But by a most daring technical venture (or a fortuitous blunder) the sentry's back is turned on the very significant ending. The other characters have been no more than mere puppets in his mind, and their importance has been dwarfed in our eyes by the sentry's reactions to them; they represent some of the complex questionings of life. And yet at the end, with the master gone, one of these puppet steps forward and, living as a character in her own right, gives her simple answer to all that has gone before.

"Adams (the sentry) was last to leave. Lying in the mud was Rang's muddy military cap; he picked it up and tossed it almost carelessly to Mama-san, who caught it, dumb and grateful, and when they had all gone and Adams was back shaking the rain off his ground-sheet in the sentry box, felt the ground carefully where her lord had been, and tore a strip from her blouse, soaked it where blood mixed with water, picked it up reverently and, clasping the girl's hand, disappeared in the rain."

One fault which rather mars this story is the length of its introduction, the more especially because of the emotional anacoluton which concludes it.

Of the remaining contributions the best is a poem by W. H. Oliver:

*"Over the swarm of cities go
The waves, the last caress
Rises, like lips to love,
The strident surf and flecked foam."*

There is an erudite article by D. M. Anderson, of Otago University, on the fourth decade in the life of a poet; and some very free verse which reads like Jingle in **Pickwick Papers**:

*"No retreat no return too far. Too far
back the last homestead.
Settler's exile tree shaded gladed
Now no faces, no water, no trees, only
dirt burning red
Black burnt tussock scabweed green
between
Gone distant behind; dance onward
now the dust shuffle tread," etc.*

Remember Jingle's account of his cricket match with the colonel? A short story, **Pastoral** shows great promise in its author, Anne Freer, but a promise which is hardly realised in this work. Her subject is more deserving of pathological than of literary treatment. No great tragic purpose is served by a simpleton committing a murder through a misunderstanding. This story shows something of the strength and weakness of **Canterbury Lambs**. It is admirably told. (Probably the best work technically in the issue.) But it emphasises the need to exercise some selective principle both in the choosing and manipulating of one's material.

BOOK NOTE**Engineering Society's First "Proceedings"**

The Engineering Society is proud to announce that by the end of the month its first annual **Proceedings** will be published. This magazine includes several articles on engineering subjects, including gyroscopes, bridges, lubrication, electronics, which have been written by senior students. Details of the activities of the Society have also been given, together with personal notes on senior students. This publication will become an annual feature of the Engineering Society.



CLIFF WELLER . . . collected £145 worth of advertising.

Profits will be used as prize money for the best papers in the following year, and if possible assistance will be given to research.

Credit must go to **Mr. C. Salmon** for being a most able inaugural editor. He has spent many hours organising the material supplied to him, and the Engineering Society is most grateful to him. He has been assisted by an active committee comprised of **Mr. C. Weller**, who did a fine job of collecting advertisements; **Mr. P. Hicks**, photography; **Mr. W. Jebson**, technical adviser; **Mr. P. Hovey** and **Mr. F. Stevenson**.

We invite other Faculty members to buy this publication and find out how the other "half" lives.

L. WOODS,
Chairman, Engineering Soc.

* * *

It is with True Love, as with Ghosts and Apparitions, a Thing that everybody talks of, and scarce anybody hath seen.

—De La Rochefoucauld.

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Mainly About Movies by Astra

The Outlaw

Much Ado . . .

Last year it was "The Wicked Lady." Now it's "The Outlaw." Jane Russell has left town and the dust she raised is once more starting to settle in Wellington's streets. Over in Washington they've placed "The Outlaw" along with other "important" motion pictures in the vaults of the Library of Congress so that posterity may ponder the taste of twentieth-century America.

I had not heard of Jane Russell until "Life" magazine told me she was the year's biggest "flop" as an actress ("she does not even rate a walk-on in a high-school play"). But overnight Jane becomes for thousands of New Zealanders, as she is for millions of Americans, a symbol for sex.

It all started that morning they put the last dabs of paint on that hoarding in Courtenay Place. Now, well-upholstered business men seem always to reach the end of the latest report of the Indonesian squabble about the time the tram bumps over the points-by Queen Victoria's statue, off come the pince-nez and tired eyes seek relief from small print in the line of billboards flanking the approaches to the city. Half-way along Kent Terrace youths, forgetting Bob Scott's boot and Fred Allen's jazzing side-step, begin nudging one another and gathering around the starboard windows, clearing throats for long, low whistles. In the front compartment neat little shop assistants indulge in surreptitious glances towards the middle of the car where the newspapers are being lowered, while their older sisters bite more deeply into Georgette Heyer. There she is. Jane Russell. Mean, Moody and Magnificent, a leggy, bosomy, scowling, seductive Jane Russell reclining in scant attire in the teeth of a Wellington northerly, a smoking pistol clutched in her hand. The Outlaw. Slower, oh, please go slower. Ah, the red light. Good. The tram shudders to a standstill (not that it was exactly speeding past the hoarding, you understand). Ummmmmmmm!!! But, hang it, this way it becomes embarrassing. Wish we'd get moving again. Even if I wanted to read the rest of the poster (as if I did) I couldn't—not with that woman in the front compartment staring at me like that. Just a minute, though. Oh, yes. The King's. Ah, the green light. One longing, lingering look and Jane falls behind as the following tram comes abreast of the shrine. See you to-morrow morning. The King's, eh? "Yes, as I was saying to the wife only last night, it's this damned Communist element that's causing all the trouble in Java . . ." and, boy, that try of Johnny Smith's was a beauty." And in the front compartment Jonathan looked up and saw her standing in the room, alone, slim and smiling. His mouth went dry and something pounded in his temples, his whole system racing with the shock. . .

Monotonously night after night the House Full sign swings in the wind outside the King's. The crowds spill out across the footpath and on to the street. No one seems to mind getting the first few rows from the screen, and parties of girls count the bald heads in the audience. "Doesn't that look like Jim over there?" He said he wouldn't come if you paid him. Well, yes, I suppose I did say that I didn't want to see it much. It's just like men to do that." "I've never seen so many men at a picture before." "No, thanks all the same, dear, but I really had better hurry home. You see, I told Bert I'd just pop around to Nell's for a few minutes while he went to his meeting." "My husband, dear? Where? Oh, don't be silly, though it does look something like him, I must say, but he went back to the office to-night. Yes, she did look bold in the trailer, didn't she? Not at all pretty, if you ask me." "I suppose Mr. Entwistle has to sit near the front because of his weak eyes. You'd never expect to see him here, would you?" "Oo, just look at those men over there! Aren't they awful!"

They have even to refrain from having Jane's pictures in the foyer now. Ever since that night the rather portly manager was spied toiling along Manners Street in pursuit of the youth whose artistic leanings in the field of "still life" had prompted him to take Jane home for further detailed study.

And the film itself? Oh, it's a Western, sometimes mildly amusing, occasionally interesting, mostly very dull. You see, Jane really plays second fiddle to a horse. At any rate, all the wrangling and fighting and cussing that goes on between Doc Holliday and Billy the Kid seems to concern a certain pony. Only Jane who, after all, is really an outlaw, keeps forcing herself on everybody, what with blazing away with this pistol through the spokes of cart wheels, filling water bottles with sand and everything. And most of all Scowling Terribly and appearing in a state of perpetual physical dishevelment. But who wants her to do anything more than Scowl? You'd never hear anything she said above the stamping, whistling and intaking of breath, anyhow, so it was most considerate of Mr. Howard Hughes to overburden us with speeches and things.

Mean? She's mean all right, filling water bottles with sand, shooting at

everyone and Scowling all the time. And she's Moody, too. You never know what she'll say next, except that it won't be nice. But you DO know, if you've done your first exercise in The Hollywood Course of Applied Psychology, that the dividing line between love and hate is as sharp as a razor's edge, and so she must in the end ride off into a technicoloured sunset with Billy the Kid and the music of Tchaikovsky. And, Magnificent? Well, I don't know. She never appears the way she is on the hoarding. Like Hedy Lamarr, her fortune's apparently not in her legs. And, like Hedy, no actress she, only America's most advertised coast-to-coast bosom. Like the sculptor of horrible fate, she only makes faces and busts. I feel horribly let down. Oh well, in a couple of months I'll be able to go down to Shelly Beach or St. Helier's on any Auckland Sunday and see just as much at no charge whatever.

So for three weeks the trams rattle in from the capital's eastern suburbs and give their human cargo their daily uplift (if you'll pardon a very weak pun). Wellington winds tear with rough fingers at her, but Jane, enthroned above human reach, continues to Scowl Seductively, the pistol as much a warning as Chandler's notice that "£5 will be paid for information leading to the conviction of persons wilfully mutilating . . ." Is there a man so base? And on the other side of the street Queen Victoria, sensibly clad against the winter in heavy, sweeping skirts, grips her sceptre even more tightly, staring stiffly straight ahead down the years. Hussy. . .

. . . NINE BACHELORS

Like "La Kermesse Heroique," "Ils Etaiant neuf celibataires" is not a new film. It was made as long ago as 1939 under the direction of Sacha Guitry of "The Cheat" fame and has just concluded one week in Wellington, under the title "Nine Bachelors." It is an amusing enough trifle, though much of the fun is lost on an audience unable to understand French, for more than "La Kermesse" this film depends for a great measure of its success upon the skilful transliteration of dialogue. Generally speaking, the sub-titling in English is not so well done as with "La Kermesse"; it seemed to me often to halt the action of the film rather than assist it, although it no doubt satisfied American audiences, for whom obviously it has been framed.

You will enjoy, particularly, the opening sequences and the completely satisfying performance of a cast drawn from the Comedie-Francaise, most of all Sacha Guitry's founding in Paris of a Refuge for Old French Bachelors as a means (a) of making a fortune at the expense of wealthy foreign women who, to ensure their being able to remain in the country, must marry Frenchmen, and (b) secure for himself the wealthy and attractive Countess Stacia Bathefkaia. But by the time seven bachelors have been married off the laughs are not quite so hearty or so frequent.

I trust that Auckland may not have to wait too long for "Nine Bachelors" and that this French film may be only one of many to come to New Zealand. In passing, I notice that the Viennese production "La Boheme" is the next foreign film set down for release in Wellington (its principal players are Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth, assisted by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra). Also expected is "Retour a l'Aube," with Danielle Darrieux.

. . . OLYMPIA

I first reviewed "Olympia" in these columns over a year ago, when it was being shown to sporting bodies and school children of Auckland. At that time I expressed the hope that the film would soon be screened commercially. As I write, "Olympia" is attracting large audiences in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch, and at the same time materially assisting the Food for Britain Campaign.

Even though it has in the past twelve months lost a few thousand more feet of its original length, "Olympia" remains a masterpiece of film-making and a picture to be enjoyed as much by a non-sporting audience as by the active participant who, it would appear, is making a point of seeing the film at least twice, often three times.

REPORT FROM JAPAN

Lieut. C. R. Honey, now among the British Occupation Forces in Japan, is a former student of A.U.C. A member of the Architectural Faculty, he was Senior Scholar in that subject. A prominent debater and a keen committee member of that Club, Lieut. Honey left A.U.C. at the end of 1945.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND ATOM BOMBS

After a year in Japan one could be expected to choose something more original as a topic than "Cherry Blossoms and Atom Bombs." And to pair them in such a manner must be even less forgivable. But rather these topics than "Democratizing the New Nippon," "Black Days on the Black Market," or "Suffering Subalterns and the New Pay Rates."

A couple of hours in the Hiroshima of 1947 can be thought-provoking. Much longer would be deadening.

Hiroshima was the 41st of the 49 stations one stopped at on the dreary 141-mile journey from Shimonoseki to Kure in what is gently known as a "BCOF coach"—a car with the broad, horizontal white band with "Allied Forces" on the side, attached to the regular Japanese train. But at Hiroshima it was different. We found ourselves shunted around and finally halted—alone—at a siding and informed that we had two hours to wait.

One had the final hour and a half on the resumed journey to Kure to organise one's impressions gained on the "recce." To sum it up in dangerous catch-phrases—Hiroshima is no different, and yet Hiroshima is different.

EXTERNAL APPEARANCE

If one could find a creature happy enough never to have heard of atomic warfare and took him on tour of Japan's major cities and then took him to Hiroshima, he would probably wonder why you needed to have broken his journey to visit such an undistinguished place. It is marked with the same deplorable lack of individuality that is typical of so many things in Japan—the country scene, the city scene, the people, their methods and their attitudes, that same lack of individuality which made it so easy for the country to be led into imperialistic aggression. In Hiroshima are the same decrepit trams, the motor tricycles, the gas-burning buses, the same disrepaired main streets and the same unpaved and unclean side streets, the same drab suburbia and the same appalling pseudo-Westernism in the central area. The shops are the same as shops anywhere in Japan from the cluttered electrical shop to the sparkling camera shop "Special for the Occupied Forces." There are the same shoddy cinemas, restaurants and cabarets in a revolting form of "modernesque" which has quite understandably typified Japan's rebuilt cities.

And as for bomb damage—Hiroshima has its share. But one gets so used to the piles of rubble, the hovels in the ruins neatly fenced with stacks of salvaged roofing tiles, the scorched trees, the shells of brick buildings and the twisted steel roof trusses in almost every big city that one seems to expect it. It is not generally realised that six incendiary raids on Tokyo and Yokohama destroyed 25 times as much property as in Hiroshima and Kure combined. As in most places, there has been a good deal of reconstruction (showing no great improvement on former standards), and there are few of the barren expanses which typified the Hiroshima of the news photos of 1945 (or even the Tokyo of 1947). Having passed through from time to time during the last year, one can see the steady progress of the reconstruction.

From a roof of a seven-storey concrete building near the centre of the town one can get some idea of what

happened. It was built on a delta, bounded on one side by the Inland Sea and on the other by hills. Its greatest dimension would be about four miles, and by Japanese standards not overcrowded with a pre-war population of 340,000. The atomic blast flattened the central area over about a two-mile diameter. With the heavy roofs and poor bracing of Japanese structures, one can imagine how readily they would fall. Fire would do the rest. A number of concrete buildings seem structurally unaffected, although, of course, with empty window openings and scarred facings. One can easily pick out the rebuilt area from the brightness of the woodwork, which is left unpainted, and eventually weathers to a grey black.

SIMILARITY WITH OTHER CITIES

A weapon specialist could possibly pick out considerable differences from bomb damage in other places. For instance, the trees seem more scorched, exposed ironwork has been largely twisted, etc. But to the layman, Hiroshima is no different from Tokyo, Kokura, Kure, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka and a dozen other ruined cities. I'll leave speculation about radio-activity to the scientists. It was heartening to see a lousy crop of wheat growing among the wreckage in a town where people had said "Nothing will ever grow again." However much one would like to have seen Hiroshima lain Pompeii-wise "as a reminder," one is forced to admit that after less than two years Hiroshima gives little evidence of having suffered any more permanent damage than would have been inflicted by a good incendiary raid. Nor does it lead one to believe that atomic energy is any more efficient than HE against concrete. I say these timidly because I am no scientist, nor a weapons specialist, nor do I know to what greater efficiency the atomic bomb has been developed since then. I have a healthy respect for a weapon that can, on its first trial, flatten half a city—even if it is a flimsy Japanese city, which could have been flattened by a rain of incendiaries with much less trouble.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT

On the other hand, Hiroshima is different. Because to most people the name has associations with things that frighten. They cry "Remember Hiroshima." Doubtless there are very many cities in the world more thoroughly devastated—and few which have made such steps to recovery. And, surely, archaeology and the classics can tell us of cities which were eradicated by some new "weapon of the age."

What I feel is the tragedy of it all is that it was so unnecessary. After seeing much of the country, getting to know one typical part well and working with Japanese, I consider that Japan would have capitulated in 1945, atom bomb or no atom bomb. Her food situation was serious, her Navy crippled, her air power shattered and her industrial potential a mere shadow of what it had been. Allied craft were shelling from offshore, aircraft were operating unchallenged, and in this set-up what happened? Someone dropped a bomb on a secondary city which did virtually nothing to Japan's war potential, but which set off a trail of international mistrust and fear of science which cursed the world for two years and has made the peace the bomb is alleged to have brought about a mere mockery. In a malicious mood one suspects that, after going to the

(Continued Overleaf)

CLUBS — SOCIETIES

The Lightweight Muse

JOHN REID DELIGHTS LIT. CLUB

Mr. Reid began this most refreshing talk by stating that in literary criticism, especially in England, there has been a conspiracy to prevent the recognition of light verse. He anathematised the pedantic mind which says there is more merit in a joke of Shakespeare or Dekker, which requires an acre of footnotes, than in those penned in our own day, and said that, since poetry is a matter of vision, it is not legitimate to suggest that only that vision which peels layers off experience is important.

COMIC VERSE CLASSIFIED

Mr. Reid mentioned three classes of comic verse, the light Topical, exemplified in the writings of Sagittarius in the *New Statesman and Nation*, and Whim Wham (Allen Curnow), who are to true light verse as Cronin to important works of fiction: The "True Bedlamites" such as Apollinaire, Blake at times, and Ducas, the father of modern surrealism who said that the most amusing thing he had seen was "the encounter of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissecting table." The poetry about which he was to speak touched Bedlam, and was the most difficult to write well. A large dose of pathos or nostalgia gave its quality to light verse. So that, said Mr. Reid, although Lear and Carroll have the same imaginative force as Blake, who would read the Prophetic Books when they could have the *Hunting of the Snark*? (English examiners please note!)

Of Carroll and Lear, Lear was the more imaginative, the Coleridge of comic verse, Carroll the Pope. In moving tones Mr. Reid recited *The Dong*

REPORT FROM JAPAN

(Continued)

trouble of building Oak Ridge, creating one city to make a weapon to destroy another, the people concerned felt that they simply had to use it somewhere before Japan's capitulation robbed them of the chance.

We all enjoy planning the war's battles after they have been fought. Most of us feel we can outplan UNO. And it is nice to play at "War commentators." But what I have tried to get at is this—the atom would have been just as mighty and the Allied cause just as successful if they had saved their atoms till after VJ day—and the world would have been a happier place, and Hiroshima a better city.

Which leads me back to the cherry blossoms. It was spring when I paid my visit. And from the window of the BCOF coach as we crossed one of the many bridges, we saw, on the side of the river which appeared to have been sheltered from the bomb-blast, a scene just as typical of Japan as is any ruined city. It was a river bank swarming with picnickers far more concerned about enjoying the spring than enjoying the glory of having lived in the "city of the new warfare." And what lined the bank in a profusion eclipsing that of the picnickers were masses of justly-famed cherry blossom.

You see, Hiroshima is not so very different.

With the *Luminous Nose*, in which he found a Gothic atmosphere, close affinities with 'Christabel' and Coleridgean dislocated fourteeners, a strange presaging of G. M. Hopkins and E. E. Cummings, and notes of Picasso and Van Gogh. As an example of Carroll's Universe, less weird and more mad, he read the Mad Gardener's song from *Sylvia and Bruno* ("I thought I saw a banker's clerk descending from a bus. I looked again and saw it was a hippopotamus," etc.), a symbol of frustration with the same force as and more joy than we find in *To the Lighthouse*.

Classifying in the approved manner, Mr. Reid gave us six elements in light verse.

(a) The creation of a fantasy world by which we test the values of the real one. The poet must have a system of mythology, not necessarily explicit, in which types of aberrations in the world are as important as in the Greek Mythology. This fantasy world was seen in Lear, in Archie and Mehitabel ("What the Hell—I'm tourjours gai Archie tourjours gai") and in the Victorian era recreated by Belloc in *Cautious Tales*.

(b) The showing of normal circumstances in which a fantasy element is isolated to show up the pathos of modern life—as occurs in the best of *Punch* and A.P.H. before he went political. We were then introduced to Patrick Barrington, whose *Songs of a Subman*, Mr. Reid alleged, were at least equal to Shakespeare's sonnets. We had "I was a bustlingmaker once, girls," a heartrending little epic.

(c) The lightweight muse used animals to explore the shams of human beings, a very ancient use shown in Aesop and Indian fables. There was a clear catharsis in this form of poetry.

(d) One of the most important qualities of comic verse is that it alone descends to really great pathos. As an instance Mr. Reid quoted Barrington's poem to "Miss Money-penny Wilson and Miss Bates," who were deaf to his professions "Deaf as a heifer to the sighing of a zephyr."

(e) Although Prof. Musgrove had reprehensibly got in on this subject first, Mr. Reid couldn't resist mentioning that Parody fitted in with his conception. He quoted Swinburne's celebrated attack on Wordsworth, and *The Heathen Parsee*, a parody by A. C. Hilton of Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinese*. The *Heathen Parsee* is unfortunately caught cribbing in degree.

"In the crown of his hat were the Furies and Fates
And an elegant map of the Dorian States:
In the palms of his hands, which were hollow,
What is common on palms, that is, dates."

(f) There is often the ruthlessness of Great Drama in light verse, appearing in the sadistic tendencies of W. S. Gilbert, but it becomes a brave flamboyant beauty in some writers, and there is catharsis here too. Mr. Reid quoted Robert Graham, who would seem to have inspired Pic's murderous outbursts in the last issue.

Finally, all poets re-make language, as Dante transformed the Italian dialect of his time, and we heard the immortal "What is this that roareth thus, Can it be a motor bus?" with its revelation of the hidden potentialities of the Latin language in combination with English. As the non plus ultra Mr. Reid quoted a poem which he said had everything, entitled *Grabberwocky*, it began:

"'Twas Dantzig, and the Swastikas
Did Heil and Hittle in the Reich."
Although the fact was denied by the Pedestrian and Pedantic minds which infested the lecture rooms of this University, said Mr. Reid prognostically, the lightweight muse had a validity as a distorting mirror, and was, in fact, a most valuable and enduring muse altogether. It was, at any rate, a most valuable and amusing evening.

A YEAR OF AMERICAN POLICY

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO I.R.C.

Mr. W. T. G. Airey, International Relations Club President, began his talk by saying that America's internal problems could not be viewed without reference to their impact on the rest of the world. Affecting every aspect of her policy, America's anti-communist trend had been extended to anti-pink. The general belief that democracy equals private enterprise and that departure from the one means also from the other, held even by the ranks of labour, was being questioned in varying degrees from the East to the West of Europe. This isolated viewpoint of the United States could be accounted for in the light of the great scope for private enterprise and the enormous production under a capitalist system in the two wars.

Now possessing 60 per cent of the productive capacity of the capitalist world, America was faced with over-production. The danger was that, in seeking to evade that problem, America might project it into the rest of the world, damaged and facing under-production, by "exporting unemployment."

Mr. Airey recalled that a Californian manufacturer, in a letter to the *Herald*, had said that the demands of labour regarding wages and hours were more than could be given. On the other hand, President Truman's campaign was directed to the stabilising of prices against the grasping few, the crux of the matter being the gap between prices and wages, or the pressure of wages on the maintenance of profit from the capitalist point of view.

ALL COMMUNISTS REPRESSED

The anti-communist cry, when the party was so small, was owing to the recognition of its challenge: basically and wholly as the ultimate enemy. Communists threw themselves into trade union activities with more consistency and firmer faith than the average worker. Because they had another loyalty they were not necessarily unpatriotic to America. The attempt to curb industrial unrest recently culminated in the Taft-Hartley Labour Act passed over President Truman's veto. In denying to trade unions with communist or "communist sympathising" leaders rights which they normally had, views were paralysed, not activities, and the best person for the job might be thus cut out. In the present waiting for the United States courts to decide the issue, Mr. Airey contrasted the history of British trade unions and their fight for rights with the courts until legislation widened and strengthened them.

An important factor in America's post-war situation was the lifting of price controls, whereas most other countries chose to retain the restrictions on price-wage relations. In spite of having reduced French and English imports, prices had continued to rise, especially on food. Increased consumption answered for 18 per cent. The rise in wages had not been commensurate.

DISTURBING MONOPOLISTIC TREND

The war years of 1941 to 1943 saw the elimination of half a million small businesses which were incorporated into the large interests of a few. If the problem of absorbing production were to be helped it would mean a rise in living of the American masses, but there was little sign that the capitalists were ready to co-operate: the accent was on exports.

With the world unable to pay adequately, production was kept up only by loans or by giving away. Mr. Airey expressed the opinion that policy would have developed further on these lines had President Roosevelt lived. American stress on unrestricted open markets could be compared with the position of Great Britain in the mid-nineteenth century when, farthest advanced in industrialisation, she had sought similar advantages. Americans feared that, having once built up the other countries, their own interests would lose in the new competition. Giving away could not continue indefinitely, and the loans were accompanied by political restrictions. Small ones had been made to Poland and Czechoslovakia; Russia had been refused any. Countries unable to compete feared that American policy would mean American domination, particularly where experience of

private enterprise was associated with repressive government and exploiting foreigners. Reaction against this domination showed itself in schemes for planned economy where big industries were nationalised and room left for small-scale enterprise.

AMERICA AND JAPAN

In the discussion which followed, Mr. Airey was asked how far American policy affected Japan. He replied that a degree of trade union activity was allowed, but checked in the direction of political undertakings. The occupational authorities were concerned in safeguarding opportunities for the American business man.

Asked whether a refined form of Nazi fascism would have a chance in the United States, he said that American sentimentality could be the seed of a fascism not over-refined. He also mentioned the crude methods of strike-smashing.

ECONOMIC MOTIVES BASIC

Another speaker from the floor contested the statement that America's desire to tie strings to her loans was dominated by considerations of finance. Mr. Airey again emphasised that differences of ideology root in economics.

To the charge that communism denied the rights of the individual, Mr. Airey quoted Marx: "The free development of each is the condition of the free development of all."

"Freedom is a metaphysical term there," it was protested.

"Your coffee is getting cold," said a voice. Mr. Piggis sat down.

At the close of the evening Mr. Airey expressed the hope that we did not think him anti-American. There were many aspects of the American way of life which he admired. "Another hopeful sign is this," he added, "the three Big Powers realise that two of them cannot make war without the third." In spite of all the emotive war propaganda circulating in America, the majority preferred peace. "I don't think," he concluded, "there will be war for at least ten years."

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CLUB REPORTS (Cont.)

TOURNAMENT PRESENTATIONS

C.U.C. and A.U.C. Drama Societies

On Saturday night, August 30, the Auckland and Canterbury Drama teams produced two very different plays to what appeared to be a high-brow but appreciative audience that packed the small V.U.C.S.A. Hall. Despite the sparing use of scenery, each play was preceded by a long delay that would have been heavily penalised had this been the originally-planned Drama Contest.

As explained elsewhere, this was not a contest (there being only two teams), but an informal evening designed to redress the present excessive inclination of Tournaments to be merely athletic and sporting.

The Canterbury play, J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, was presented first. A very competent cast and a simple but effective set resulted in a memorable performance. Those who know the play will be aware of the demands it makes on the cast to sustain convincingly the atmosphere of foreboding and strong, superstitious belief.

The complete success of the presentation was due principally to Pamela Mann's excellent portrayal of the old woman, Maurya, the central character around whom the action evolved. The clearness of her diction was especially remarkable as she spoke through the funeral dirge at the play's end. The age of the character was well sustained by the tremulous tone she used, by her make-up, her stoop, and the skilful use she made of her hands.

She was well supported by Ruth Maude and Nancy Bell as the two conspiratorial daughters; and by Jack Woods, the determined son (her last) who refused to heed her apprehensions. The remainder, too, played their roles with efficiency and feeling.

A memorable performance throughout, as I have said, and one which, I should think, any judge would have found difficult to fault.

Pleasant Entertainment

The Auckland play, Stephen Langer's *The Other Way Out*, took us from the wind-swept Irish coast to Southside Washington; from death and tragedy to dressing-gowns and drawing-room comedy.

The other was undoubtedly drama, this mere entertainment; but the audience wallowed in it. The play has some very good lines, of which the actors made the most. An especially amusing touch came at the mention of Abraham Lincoln—"father of our people"—when Barbara Morton (Artist) and Warren Beasley (Dictionary Salesman) bowed their heads in a reverent pause. Marshall Hobson, as Pomeroy Pendleton, the best-selling novelist and exponent of free love, drawled and kissed his way around the stage with an amusing lack of enthusiasm. June Hunt, as the Baroness de Meauvilla, had on an alluring skin-tight dress of black to signify, if I remember rightly, that she was in rhythm with passion. She

insinuated her way into embraces with Pendleton, considered he had committed a sacrilege in kissing her when he was already living with Margaret Marshall; to which he drawled:



MARSHALL HOBSON

"It wasn't a sacrilege. It was an opportunity!"

There was a lot more in the same vein, which I have forgotten, but which was very funny at the time, the essence of the comedy being in the reversal of customary standards of respectable behaviour.

Although not so finished a performance as the Canterbury presentation, this play at least served the purpose of leaving the audience in good humour.

TOURNAMENT DRAMA

Situation Clarified

Many are still wondering why, after the daily papers had announced its cancellation, the Tournament Drama Contest was apparently held, teams from C.U.C. and A.U.C. journeying to Wellington to take part.

Minimum of Three Teams

It was explained at the N.Z.U.S.A. conference that the arrangements for holding the contest in Wellington had broken down. When it was learned, further, that Otago and Victoria had cancelled their entries, N.Z.U.S.A. Resident Executive had seen fit to cancel the whole contest, it being an unwritten rule of Tournament that at least three Colleges must be represented in any event. But the Executives of the Students' Associations at Auckland and Canterbury instructed their Drama representatives to proceed, deciding that an informal evening should be held.

Future Considered

It was considered that, unless Drama was made a part of this Tournament, it would be in danger of being excluded from future Tournaments. V.U.C.S.A. therefore made available their hall (about the size of the Men's Common Room here, but adequate) and the two plays were duly produced. A brief review appears elsewhere.

Better Prospects for 1948

The C.U.C. delegation assured the conference that at Canterbury they had a very lively and reliable Drama Club, who were looking forward to staging a large and successful Drama Contest next year in Christchurch.

With the tempting bait of a trip to Christchurch to dangle before its stars, A.U.C. Dramatic Club should be able to enlist more supporters for its next season, and bring to light much of the talent at present concealed in this College.

NO CHESS YET

A.U.C. Remit Defeated

Opposition chiefly from Lincoln, Massey and Canterbury defeated A.U.C.'s proposal at the N.Z.U.S.A. Conference in Wellington to introduce Chess as a permanent part of Winter Tournament.

Billeting, said the Lincoln delegate, was already a considerable problem. It was bad enough in the four main centres, and they must look ahead to some time in the near future when Palmerston North, a relatively small city, would be the venue of Tournament. The C.U.C. delegation considered the Tournament structure could scarcely support the addition of a further contest unless there was a very pressing demand.

By Correspondence?

C.U.C.'s Mr. David Symon said it would be necessary for each College to prove its interest in a Chess contest before N.Z.U.S.A. could include Chess in Winter Tournament. "Why not stimulate inter-college interest by playing matches by correspondence?" he asked.

"An unsatisfactory method," said Mr. Nathan. "The competitors are always tempted to pop along to somebody like Mr. Wade and ask, 'What would you do here?'"



PROBLEMS

The Editor apologises for the omission of these from the last issue.

CHESS

8, 8, 8, 7r, 2R5, 3k4, R7, 3K4. White to play and win.

DRAUGHTS

Black men at 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18.

White men at 32, 30, 29, 27, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20, 19.

White to play and win. This is known as "the Big Stroke."

The solution to these problems will appear on the Chess and Draughts Notice Board towards the end of the Term.

SOLUTIONS

CHESS

We must correct an error in the problem appearing in the issue before the last. It should have read:

3N4, 5ppl, 8, B1kp, PlnQ, 2pN1P2,

3B4, 8, 1KR5.

The solution is: 1.Q-KN6... If...

PxQ. 2K-B2, etc. If... P-B3.2.N-N7ch,

etc.

DRAUGHTS

11-15, 20-16, 3-7, 16-12, 7-11, 12-8, 15-18. B wins.

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTATIONS

Peter Cape's production of his own play, *The Tree*, failed to impress because of inadequate (to say the least) acting. This is a pity because, as a first play, it was not a bad effort. The main fault was the unsolved riddle at the end of the piece; an audience should never be left to jump to any but the obvious conclusions. The chief merit in a one-act play should be its completeness.

Several humorous incidents were caused through players not living their parts. Mother Mischakov, otherwise one of the most convincing, ironed the same skirt at least twice over and then stood holding the flat-iron flat down on her palm!

Karen's anxiety was just a little too self-composed to convince anyone, and Father Mischakov was so business-like that it was hard to imagine that he was really a dreamer.

The second play, *Found on Demand*, by Sean O'Casey, was very ably acted, except for frequent appeals to the prompter. It was, however, easily the most successful play of the evening.

The tournament play *Another Way Out* was also staged well, although we are told it did not go over so well here as at the Tournament.

Cricket Club

Subscription to be Paid

The Cricket Club held its A.G.M. on Wednesday, September 17th. There was a very good muster indeed, and two important amendments were made to the Constitution.



In future student members must pay an annual subscription, its amount to be at the discretion of the committee, but not exceed 10/6. And a junior selector will be responsible for the choosing of the lower grade teams in the coming season.

COACHING NEED

Representation of the need for some sort of coaching was made to the incoming committee, and at Professor Bartrum's instigation the position of women's cricket at the University will also be investigated.

Officers for the season 1947-48:—

President: Mr. James Thompson.

Vice Presidents:

Chairman: D. Minogue.

Secretary: T. U. Wells.

Treasurer: A. H. Bell.

Senior Selector: W. N. Sneddon.

Committee: H. Cooper, I. H. Kawharu, J. Stevenson, G. Walsham, C. Nettleton.

EVANGELICAL UNION

There was a good attendance at the annual general meeting to elect the following to the Executive Committee for 1947-48:—

President: K. J. O'Sullivan.

Secretary: Gwyn Urquhart.

Treasurer: G. Bisset.

Committee: Marjorie Cole, L. Beckett, D. Harris and M. Hancock.

The newly-elected President, Kevin O'Sullivan, voiced the claims upon E.U. in the student world for the coming year. He thanked those who had worked hard in E.U. in the past year. Special reference and congratulation were made to Francis Foulkes, the retiring President, on his nomination for a Rhodes Scholarship.

The meeting concluded with an address by the Rev. J. Jackson, B.A., who laid great stress on the need for a consistent life of devotion on the part of individual Christians.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

"RHESUS" READ

The Annual General Meeting of the Classical Society was held on Wednesday, September 17, in the W.C.R., with David Dunningham in the chair. Officers elected for the current year were:

Chairman: N. J. I. Hunt.

Secretary: Miss P. Jamieson.

Committee: Miss Joan Holland, Miss Barbara Morton, T. U. Wells and D. H. Wilks.

After these preliminaries the serious business of the evening was taken in hand by members of the Greek I class, who gave a play-reading from Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' *Rhesus*. Not only was this performance of value to those who staged it, as containing one of their set books, but its delivery seemed to give them considerable pleasure, the chorus especially being at times almost hilarious with what can no doubt be ascribed to the joy experienced by creative artists. The value of the production to the audience was, of course, incalculable. Dr. Blaiklock, however, was not amused.

NOW IN ENGLAND

DISTINGUISHED RESEARCH SCIENTIST FROM A.U.C.

It is with some diffidence that this article is written. What the writer considers to be perhaps interesting facts for the non-technical reader may bore him (or her) utterly. It is to be hoped also that the expert does not castigate the essayist for making it too simple. To most students Professor Robinson was not even a name, shall we say, to a great many ART students. Nevertheless, as they came to and from the College past the Old Science Block in the evenings they must have seen the lights in the Chemistry Department—proof of Professor Robinson's presence.

Professor Robinson

Professor Robinson has no associations with Stage I chemistry students, although pre-war students would remember a tall man in an old grey suit with a formless tie, habitually smoking, making many trips from his room to the Chemistry Library for Journals. The Stage II students were kept in a state of fearful respect, and his physical chemistry laboratories were the neatest and quietest in the College. The higher stages benefited very considerably from his breadth of knowledge and the ease with which he could explain a difficult problem. His research students were fortunate in working with a man who has few equals in the world. It was an invaluable training ground for the budding scientist, and none has failed to use his opportunity to the full. Professor Robinson can look back with pride at the later achievements of his erstwhile pupils.

R.A.R., as he is affectionately referred to, graduated M.Sc. from the Physical Chemistry School under H. T. S. Britton, University of Birmingham, in 1926. Following the award of a Commonwealth Research Fellowship, he studied in America at the Universities of Pennsylvania and Yale, and at Connecticut, under the great American chemist, H. S. Harned. For this research he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Returning to England, he became demonstrator in Chemistry, University College, Exeter, and was also research assistant and lecturer to evening class students.

R.A.R. was appointed the first lecturer in physical chemistry to this College in 1933 and was appalled at the lack of facilities offering. He was perforce his own mechanic, plumber, carpenter, as well as laboratory assistant.

The writer feels that the new Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Llewellyn, is due for a similar shock. It has been suggested that when he asks for the laboratory mechanic, he should be handed a hammer and a spanner.

Professor Robinson, working with Sinclair, began the pioneer experiments on the determination of activity co-efficients from a knowledge of the vapour pressures above solutions of known strength. The technique adopted was entirely new and not a little novel, and not even R.A.R. knew it would lead him in the next fourteen years to a quantitative explanation of the behaviour of strong electrolytes in weak and highly concentrated aqueous solution—a notable contribution to science.

In 1937 he gained the D.Sc. Degree from the University of Birmingham.

The year 1939 saw the beginning of the association of our now well-known R. M. Stokes, Meldola Medalist, 1947, which culminated this year in a Theory of Solution.

Following the award of a Sterling Fellowship, R.A.R. obtained a year's leave of absence and departed for America to collaborate with H. S. Harned of Yale. At the end of the year he was requested by the Canadian Government to direct the Division of Chemical Warfare and was engaged thus until his return to Auckland in 1944.

There now followed a period of intense work. Some idea of this may be gleaned from an examination of the published works of this period—no less than fourteen papers up to the end of 1946 came from the physical chemistry department.

Professor Robinson has now left, and we have only the memory of his stay here. What has he given us?

He has given us an example of the research attitude, both in practice and in theory. He has laid a very sound foundation stone on which the tradition of the Chemistry Faculty may rest, and we cannot let that tradition down, even although the old building may fall. He has shown us that work of a fundamental nature can be done in the Dominions. It was with a somewhat savage satisfaction he noted the recent award to his ex-student R. M. Stokes and, commenting on it, said: "It would show some people that first-class work can be done out here."

Professor Robinson has joined a group of twenty-two fellow scientists at the Courtauld Institute of Biochemistry, Middlesex Hospital Medical School, London, which is undertaking fundamental research into the structure of proteins, and we wish him all the success he deserves and feel that the Institute is indeed fortunate in obtaining the services of a man of his calibre.

—W.J.I.

At the Theatre

George in Form

When I went to see George Formby, I expected that he would become my favourite English low comedian. Because of this I was disappointed. Tommy Trinder still holds the palm, and George is not very different from the celluloid version except that there is much less of him. His engaging personality shines forth and the whole crowd was with him from his entrance, but he does little more than tell a few stories and sing a few of his famous songs. An entertainer of this sort cannot be called clever. Success is due to about 90 per cent personality and 10 per cent of extras (in this case uke-playing). However, it was an enjoyable half-hour. I hope you weren't deluded by the advertisements, which said that the two evenings' programmes were the same. This was untrue, as is to be expected, on reflection.

The rest of the show was pretty heavy going. There was a big selection of turns of all kinds, most of which were dull except for some balancing feats and some humour. (The high tone of this paper forbids me to make a selection.) The rest of the show was merely a peg to hang the star on, and his entrance was a welcome relief from xylophones, double-jointed dancers and feeble sketches.

Fools Rush In—and how!

The initial production of the New Zealand theatre opened not so long ago with a family comedy of the same type as *Quiet Wedding* and *Week-end*, and *George and Margaret*. *Week-end* and *George and Margaret*, during the last ten years or so, but as soon as the class of people it deals with disappears, so I think will the type of play.

This example is not a wholly successful one. The first act is consistently good, but soon after one begins to get very tired of the scatter-brained mother, her more ridiculous fiancé and the dithering housekeeper.

The play centres around her daughter, who on her wedding day decides that marriage is, after all, a solemn thing that requires more than just an "I will" in front of a crowd of people. It is the working out of this "problem" that is the main argument of the play. The said daughter is almost insufferable. Every mention of marriage, and every habit of her fiancé raises fresh doubts in her mind, and so the play runs into three acts. The solution is obvious, but the fiancé does not administer the necessary spanking till the last ten minutes, but it is a very welcome relief. There is some serious talk, mostly by the girl's father, who has just returned home after having been divorced from his wife for about twenty years. He is one of the few intelligent people in the cast.

Another one is Mrs. Coot, the daily help. She leaves her employment early in the second act, because she does not like the way the people in the house "do things." There is also a bridesmaid who only succeeds in making the play a bit longer and a bit funnier.

Acting in such a pot-boiler does not require very much brilliance if the play is weak. There are few opportunities, and it would be very difficult to be inadequate. The people that shine are the ones who are lucky enough to be playing real people, and Maureen Poss-Smith as the help, and John Warwick as the father, succeed most. The former's departure early in Act 2 was unfortunate, as her presence on the stage was welcome. All the rest did their best with poor material, with the possible exception of Helen Franklyn as the bride. She seemed to be playing the part of a girl of about 17, and her voice got whinier and whinier as the evening went on, until what sympathy we had for her in her first dilemma (and it was a real one, till it was laboured ad infin.) was replaced by exasperation.

In a show of this kind, backed by Big Business, one would expect a flawless technical achievement. This was not the case. The following should just not occur in a professional show, and rarely do in Auckland amateur performances: (a) The front door squeaked. (b) A serious piece of dialogue was ruined by the use of a carpet sweeper by one of the characters. It was quite unnecessary to the action and, anyway, it also squeaked. (c) Charles came out from under the boiler, with his hands, arms and face covered with soot, and his shirt spotless. His sleeves were rolled up. He went outside, had a fight with Paul and came back with one sleeve neatly buttoned round his wrist. (d) The lighting was atrocious. Outside the sun was setting and the lovers were told to hurry if they wanted to see it from the stile. Outside the window, however, bright sunshine continued for the rest of the act. In the evening scene there were very distracting lamp brackets on the walls. These were very trying on the eyes, and one of them fused.

In the last few years we have seen only two professional companies other than this one. J. C. Williamson gave *Arsenic and old Lace* and a few others, and Whitehall *Dangerous Corner* and *Love in Idleness*. The N.Z. Theatre compares most favourably with these. Certainly with a play such as this, it

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It is a common rule with primitive people not to waken a sleeper, because his soul is away and might not have time to get back.—Frazer.

The awe and dread with which the untutored savage contemplates his mother-in-law are amongst the most familiar facts of anthropology.—Frazer.

is difficult to judge and perhaps unfair. But with the unlimited facilities available, one would imagine that the fault would lie only with an inferior play. In this case the fault, dear Ronald, lies but in your stars and in your lights, that you were second-rate.

—R.P.