

CRACCUM

The Journal of Auckland University College



23—No. 4

MAY 3, 1949

PRICE: SIXPENCE

THREE IN SLAUGHTER SET-UP

KILLER WILL FRY: SAY LAWMEN

Awaiting a one-way ticket to the Death House, Romeo Spinks is boastful. "I killed the dame, what?" he said.

In a special interview with Craccum, Spinks remarked, "I never like that dame, anyway. She isn't intellectual enough." His comment, appearing in another column, was that he and Lula Bigh, gorgeously socialite victim of this demon, were involved in a sordid note-swapping and roll-singing ring. Romantically-inclined Education student Spinks began the attachment by suggesting that Bigh should lend him her notes for a lecture from which he was absent. The attachment grew.



ROMEO SPINKS

"I did it," he said—

"I had her hand-writing analysed," Spinks said, "the man on the Women's Weekly who did it said she would be honest and faithful, so I put more trust in her. I asked her to roll for me once or twice. She could sign my name better than I could myself." Bigh signed Spinks' name frequently. Then came the clash which motivated the shocking crime in room 19.

JEALOUSY THE MOTIVE

Spinks, coming out of the Roxy with a female friend ("she and me aren't going steady," he explained), saw Bigh, whom he thought to be in an Education lecture, in a milk bar with an English student. "She was none for then," said Spinks cold-bloodedly. "She was getting above her station, the snob, going with an English type. And what about the roll?" In a black mood he wrote the murder note (printed in another column), and had a meal in the Cafeteria. At nine o'clock he went to room 19, taking an Education text with him. Bigh entered at 9.5 p.m. and was slain at

High Law authorities opine that Spinks will go to the Chair for this cowardly crime.

Lecture Room Killing BRILLIANT SLEUTHING GETS CRIMINAL

Violent death struck at the heart of the University two nights ago when Lula Bigh, brilliant and talented Education I. student, met a savage and dramatic end in Room 19.

The curiosity of students in the Library was aroused at 9.5 p.m. by a shrill scream emanating from below. J. Finkleheart, of the Faculty of Commerce, immediately formed a search-party. He armed himself against assault with a copy of Carter's "Advanced Accounts" and led his party into the lower regions.

There was a light burning in Room 19 as the party stepped warily down the corridor. Finkleheart went ahead and flung open the door. Gathered around the murdered body of Lula Bigh were standing N. Gene Knox, Casto Royal and Romeo Spinks. "I've just found her," Romeo Spinks said.

Mr. Finkleheart ordered everybody to stand still, and sent a messenger to telephone Inspector Sknogno-pholos of the C.I.D. (College Interference Department). Upon his arrival Inspector Sknogponholos took charge. (Inspector Songpoknohlo's account

of his investigation, exclusive to Craccum, appears in column 4). He questioned the suspects closely and took them into protective custody.

The following morning Inspector Soponkhongloos questioned the suspects and narrowed down the field of time to a period between 5.30 and 9.5 p.m. This the Inspector regarded as the crucial period. After eliciting the information that Royal, Spinks and Knox dined together in the Caf, he questioned the cooking staff closely. As a result of this enquiry he arrested Romeo Spinks. Spinks afterwards confessed.

SLAYER SAYS "I DID IT"

Makes Full Confession

Romeo Spinks, Chief Suspect in the Lecture-room Killing at Auckland University College, confessed yesterday afternoon to the murder of Lula Bigh. He said: "I did it. She was rotten, anyhow." After making a statement about certain incidents (referred to in another column) Spinks went on: "I went into the Library and wrote the note (the Murder Note appears below) and left it in the letter-rack for Lula. Then I had tea in the Caf. I took my copy of 'Learning and Teaching' and stood behind the door in room 19 at nine o'clock. I was determined that Lula should meet her death in some way connected with Education, and Hughes and Hughes seemed to be the best blunt instrument I could lay my hands on."

Lula came into the room at 9.5 and I hit her. She screamed once. I dropped the book, but before I could get out, N. Gene Knox and Casto Royal came in from the corridor and the cloister respectively. I said, 'I've just found her.' Then the rescue squad came. You know the rest."

CALL TO DEATH

Spinks Murder Note

This is the note that Romeo Spinks, the Lecture-room slayer whose photograph appears in column 1, sent to call his girl-friend, Lula Bigh, to her doom.

Dear Lula,

bring your last Ed. I notes to room 19 at nine o'clock tonight from

Romeo.

WHAT WAS THE CLUE THAT
GAVE ROMEO SPINKS AWAY?
SEE PAGE 14.

PLAYGIRL GETS HERS

Succulent socialite slaughteress Lula Bigh was the victim of a diabolical murder-plot, said Inspector Sknogno-pholos in an exclusive interview with Craccum to-day. She was catspaw in the roll-singing and note-swapping ring at the moment rife in Education I. "I have known of the existence of the ring for some time," Inspector Ssnooooogphik said, "and I was only waiting for an opportunity to put my hands on it. When I was confronted with the three suspects in Room 19 I knew that I could not possibly take the word of two against the other one, for all three were involved in the note-swapping ring. Although both Knox and Royal maintained that they had arrived after Spinks there was not a vestige of material proof, and there were no witnesses. Knox said he had entered from the corridor to find Royal and Spinks in the room, and Royal said that he had come in from the cloister and had found Spinks alone with the body, while Spinks asserted that he had just come in from another room."



LULA BIGH

—succulent socialite slaughteress—

The weapon, however, was a most important clue. It pointed to the Education I gang. Immediately I found it I knew that one of the suspects was the murderer, but the problem was to pin it on to one of them. There was nothing I could do that night, so I arrested Spinks, Knox and Royal and put them in cells for the night.

The following morning, upon re-examining the trio, I found that they had had little to do with each other until 5.30, when they had tea together in the Caf. This looked a likely place to start, as I was considering the possibility of their plotting together. I questioned the Caf. staff. By some queer chance they remembered, not only the presence of the suspects in the Caf, but also what they had had to eat. Knox had taken steak followed by suet pudding. Royal had had sausages and suet pudding, while Spinks had eaten steak and apple pie. I questioned the staff a little more after this, and then left the Caf, confident that Spinks was the man I wanted."

GAUDY

A COMMEMORATIVE ODE

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus

Here, at this time,
When we are among the leaving and the left,
Among those who are gowned and hooded for
departure
And those who will remain,
Let us look back.

There is a tree growing,
And on the tree a new branch grafted.

Here beginneth the first lesson.

After the rounds of the heads of the depart-
ment s,
And the visit to the Dean, the Universal Uncle,
After the form-filling at the first lecture—

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry
bush,

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
At—tee-hee, your face would stop a clock.

And the branch takes hold.

Here beginneth the second lesson.

Between the unit proposed and the unit attained,
falls the lecture;
Between the knowledge required and the know-
ledge gained,

falls the lecture;
Between the fact seen and the fact retained,
falls the lecture.

Here we go round the prickly pear
(I say—)

The prickly pear (I say—) the prickly
pear,

Here we go round the prickly pear,
At—(I say, don't you mean *opuntia vul-*
aris?)

And the branch grows,

Here beginneth the third lesson.

Now the stale slow slogging grind
Time passes—
Play and pleasure left behind
Time passes—
One thought always in the mind
Time passes—

Here we go round the Upas tree,
The Upas tree, the Upas tree,

Here we go round the Upas tree,
At—damn you, let me finish this essay.

And the branch puts forth leaves.

Vivat Academia

Convocation:

Here behold the learned Doctors,
The Professors and the Proctors,
And the Lecturer who hocked 'is
Pants to buy a gown.

Discipuli:

Though you worms and *dum as sumus*
In that *nos habebit humus*,
We would warn you there are rumours
Flying round.

Convocation:

Rumours! What, about your rag?
Well, the cat's out of the bag.

Discipuli:

With each Proctor sitting tight
On a stick of dynamite?

Convocation:

Oh, we didn't know of that.

Discipuli:

Perhaps you saw a different cat?

Chancellor:

Gentlemen, please, your common sense!
If you'll let me, I'll commence
The conferring of degrees;
After that, do what you please.

Discipuli:

Ah, the Chancellor's the man,
Find a better if you can;
See, he contemplates calamity
With such calmness and urbanity;
From the face of such elan-ity,
We withdraw our own insanity.

Chancellor:

By virtue of the authority vested in me—

Here we go—

The—

Here we go—

The branch falls.

Cor, ma, lookout the firewood.

TOURNAMENT

Although Auckland were only successful in coming second in the Tournament Shield, a happy band of players and supporters made their way back to Auckland on Wednesday night, and I think I am right in saying that Easter Tournament, 1949, was enjoyed by all. For this reason our thanks are due to the host-college, Victoria, for excellent organization in spite of the indifferent facilities they seem to have down there. Auckland had two really spectacular successes—the Athletics and the Rowing.

ATHLETICS

Auckland were overwhelmingly strong in this competition as is shown by the fact that we won the Shield with 26 points, and our nearest rivals—C.U.C. scored only half this number.

J. M. Holland won all three hurdle races quite easily, and although he did not appear to be quite fit, he put up new figures of 15.3/10ths seconds for the 120 yds hurdles.

Johnny Myles ran second to Batten in the sprinting treble. In his heat of the 440, he set a new N.Z.U. record of 49s, but unfortunately Batten in the other heat ran 48.9/10ths.

Gordon Gilmour distinguished himself by breaking the Discus record with a heave of 130ft 7 3/8 inches. He also came second in the Shot-put.

Colin Kay and N. R. Morris gave Auckland a mortgage on the Long Jump honours going to the former with a leap of 22ft 11ins. Colin was also placed second in the Hop-Step-and-Jump, and lost the High Jump to Borland on a count back, both having jumped 6 feet.

J. C. Greirson had a good win in the 880yds flat championship, and Avon Carpenter repeated his last year's success in the Javelin.

Dave Culav established a new N.Z.U. record in the Shot-Put of 42ft. He also gained third place in the Discus.

Francis Spence gained our only success in the Women's Events. Her spectacular heave of 87ft 7ins in the Women's Javelin, broke the existing record by 12ft 1in.

Sundry other successes were gained by Auckland. We won the 440 relay, came second in the Mile relay, third in the Women's 440 relay,

D. Earp came second in the Pole-Vault, and M. Hall third in the Mile Walk.

Auckland were rewarded for their fine showing in the Athletics by being awarded five places in the team to tour Australia (i.e., half of the total team and our congratulations should go to these Aucklanders for their selection: G. G. H. Gilmour, who will be Captain of the team; D. Culav, J. G. S. Myles, C. M. Kay and J. C. Greirson.

BOXING

Our only weight-winner was Frank Davis who was successful in the Feather-weight contest. Our other two finalists

were Willie Orr and Ken Richardson. The former, fighting in the Lightweight division, was defeated only on a split decision, and the latter appeared the most unlucky to lose during the whole evening. Bruce Glengarry was unfortunate in having to fight his preliminary with a broken right thumb. Unfortunately no Boxing Blues came our way this year.

BASKETBALL

Although our Basketball team was beaten by C.U.C. and O.U. we had a smashing victory at the expense of V.U.C. The following five 'ballers were picked for the North Island team:—

Francis Spence, Lillian Laidlaw, Flora McDonald, Margaret King and Lilian Gracey, with Marcia Goss as emergncy.

Only three N.Z.U. Blues were awarded this year of which one went to Auckland's Margaret King.

CRICKET

Captained by Tom Wells, the Auckland cricket team went on to the field in Wellington full of confidence, despite their close and rather unlucky defeat by Victoria the week before. In their first innings against Otago they made 404 for eight wickets declared.

Tom Wells contributed toward this total an excellent 198, and John Hollywood made a fast 70. Otago replied with 324.

Auckland went to the crease again and made a quick 167 for 2 Wells 72 n.o., Hollywood 45). In an endeavour to gain an outright win Auckland dismissed nine Otago batsmen for 129 (Hollywood 6 for 55) and unluckily an appeal against the light was then allowed. Wells (captain) Fisher and Hollywood were selected to play for the N.Z.U. XI against Wellington. In this match Wells batted twice for scores of 90 and 26. The N.Z.U. team made 294 and 95 for 2. Wellington scored 250 (Hollywood 4 for 109, Alderson C.U.C.) 6 for 56), N.Z.U., thus winning on the first innings. A feature of Tournament Cricket was the brilliant batting of T. U. Wells. Here is his record. Against V.U.C. 1 and 18 n.o., against O.U. 198 and 72 n.o. Against Wellington 90 and 26. Average, 101.25.

Wells and Hollywood were awarded N.Z. Blues.

DRINKING HORN

This—one of the most interesting "Spectator Sports" of the Tournament

was held on the Tuesday afternoon in the bar of one of Wellington's most reputable hotels (commonly referred to by some as "The Royal Soak"). Participants arrived early for the preliminary "limbering-up" some 90 minutes before the balloon went down so that by the time that the Horn was under progress the competitors saw "not wisely but too well."

To cut a long story short Auckland narrowly beat C.U.C. in the semi-final, our last man known equally well as a cricketer and a footballer positively excelling himself, and proving himself one of the most scientific drinkers of the Tournament.

But "Oh! What a fall there was, my countrymen." In the final, against Otago, drinking man-for-man, Auckland produced a finishing burst and were loudly acclaimed the winners. However, both sides were disqualified for dribbling. In the play-off, admirably illustrating "the principle of decreasing utility" Auckland, that grand combination, had to lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

ROWING

One of the most thrilling sights of the Tournament was the Rowing eights for the Hebblerley Shield. The Auckland team won last year but this time they expected strong opposition from the much improved Canterbury team. However, on Saturday morning (on which day Wellington really produced some Auckland weather; i.e., clear and fine), M. B. Antonievitch and his crew made a good start and never at any stage did they appear to be in danger of defeat and eventually won easily by two lengths. The standard of rowing was very high, and the race was a fitting reward to the team who had trained very hard. Surprisingly enough only two N.Z.U. Blues were awarded—one going to Cook of C.U.C., the other to M. B. Antonievitch.

The fours rowed well to come third—the Otago four having been left at the start.

SHOOTING

Again this year the Auckland team were not quite up to the standard of the standard of the other Colleges. Owing probably to the fact that the range we use is somewhat remote, our team had not had quite enough practice. After all, the only things needed in Shooting are an ounce of sobriety and a ton of practice. Admittedly the standard this year was very high indeed, at least half-a-dozen people beating the previous best performance. J. E. Rhodes was the top scorer for Auckland.

SWIMMING

Auckland very nearly won the Swimming Shield, the whole result hinging on the result of the Water-Polo. If C.U.C. had won this event we would have won the Shield, but as it was Otago won both the Water-Polo and the Championship.

Joan Hastings again proved herself the
(Continued on Page 4)

COMBINED OPERATION

Recently the Literary Club and Drama Society combined for a series of three evenings. On April 5th, two films were shown of scenes from Shakespeare. The first of these, the scene in the forum after Caesar's murder, from "Julius Caesar," was marred by a technical flaw in the beginning, but resolved itself into a confusion of agitated citizens milling backwards and forwards in the Forum with considerable tumult and shouting.

The parts of Brutus and Antony were played by Felix Aylmer and Leo Genn, muffled in togas, and acting with their usual excellence. This was followed by some recordings of an Orson Welles' production of "Julius Caesar"; competent but uninspiring.

The second film was of two scenes from "Macbeth"; the murder of Duncan, and the sleep-walking scene, which seems to read better than they are acted. One gained an impression of dark furtive figures stealing up and down endless corridors, faint light, and a considerable amount of muted ranting by the bemused Lady Macbeth.

Highlight of the Series

The highlight of the series was on April 7th, poetry reading interspersed with 18th century music. Thanks are due to whoever was responsible for choosing the music, most suitable to a symposium of this kind.

The first part of the programme was a reading of miscellaneous poems by Professor Musgrove and Mr. Fairburn. Both have deep resonant voices, with no mannerisms, no forcing of the note; they differed in that Mr. Fairburn avoided obtruding his personality, while Professor Musgrove was in his reading more objective. The best moments of this part of the programme were Mr. Fairburn's pleasant booming in Milton's sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont, his reading of Swift's gracefully platitudinous lines to Stella on her birthday, Professor Musgrove's reading of four Chinese poems, and, most movingly, of Clerk Saunders and May Margaret, an old friend to all who know their Oxford Book of Ballads.

World Premiere

There followed what Professor Musgrove described as a world premiere, the

reading of an unpublished poem by Mr. Fairburn, alternate parts being read by him and Professor Musgrove.

There is no space here and it is not the purpose of this article to attempt any critical discussion of the work. It can only be said here that the poem, beginning on a mocking note and moving through various lyrical passages to end sombrely, is, in form, and content, skilful, subtle and interesting. Mr. Fairburn's rhythms, at once formal and flexible, were admirably handled in the straightforward simplicity of his and Professor Musgrove's reading.

The third part of the programme was recordings of his own work by Day Lewis. To those familiar with photographs of Day Lewis's rugged, bruised face, his gentle, almost finicky voice, came as a surprise. The most interesting of the records was his translation of parts of the Georgics; beautiful in themselves, they seemed to have caught Virgil's quick sympathy with all life, however humble, and his acute ear for natural sounds. Professor Musgrove read one of the passages in the original, booming sonorously, as Virgil should be read, and as he too rarely is read, outside the hierarchy of the classics department.

Heard, But Not Seen

On 11th April, records were played of Sir Lawrence Olivier in "Henry V" and "Hamlet." His speaking of the lines seemed to gain by the absence of his face on the screen; when the films were shown, one found oneself distracted by King Henry's throat muscles in a close-up during a soliloquy, and by the beads of perspiration standing out on Hamlet's greasepaint. Generally speaking, the records of "Hamlet" gave Shakespeare a fairer chance than the film, overloaded as it was with its pretentious setting; whereas on the other hand during the

TOURNAMENT

outstanding woman swimmer by taking both the 50 and 100 yds Freestyle events. She was again awarded a N.Z.U. Blue.

Owen Jaine justified the confidence placed in him by Dr. Sammy Lee, winning the Men's Diving, while Norman Croot and Louise Browne came respectively second and third in the Women's Dive.

Jim Ferguson had an outstanding victory in the 440yds Freestyle and Val Gardner won the 100yds Women's Breaststroke. Minor places were gained by Barbara Steen, Mick Shanahan, Louise Browne, Bruce Elder, G. Smith, G. Wynne and Val Gardner.

Taking into account the rigorous conditions Auckland's effort was a very good one (those Southern boys are hardy!)

TENNIS

In Tennis our standard cannot compare with the Southern Colleges. Facing with such strong opposition as Gordon Robson and Jean McGibbon, with one exception our players could not survive the first round in any event. Angus Wilson played very well to reach the finals of the Women's Singles, where he was beaten 6-2, 6-3, by Miss McGibbon. I believe that this is the first time for some years that an Auckland player has reached the finals of any event, and if this is so our congratulations are due to Miss Wilson.

At one stage in a match she was down 1-5, and then taking six games on she won 7-5. Any person that can do this is obviously right to take Jean McGibbon's title from her next year.

Taking everything into consideration Auckland has every reason to be pleased with itself with Easter Tournament, 1949. However, next year with the help of some promising Freshers and the necessary polish applied to those sports that are not quite holding their own, we may confidently expect to wrest from Otago not only the Drinking Horn but also the whole Tournament Shield.

"Henry V" records one found oneself missing the spectacle and show of the film.

The evening ended on an unexpected note with records from the "Barber of Seville."

1949 WRIGHT and TIMELY CLOTHES
are better than ever!

HUGH WRIGHT LTD.

QUEEN ST. — KARANGAHAPE RD. — HAMILTON

INDIGESTION MIXTURE

IN spite of those depressing and discouraging remarks addressed to all would-be authors, I shall conjure up all the things that I hate in sport.

For example, I hate all speedways and speedway riding. I marvel over the fact—the indisputable fact—that three thousand human beings, all presumably in their right minds, can crowd in a stadium to see a gaggle of helmeted men from Mars go racing round and round a circuit of cinders—and, so far as it concerns me, come out nowhere.

Perhaps I am not mechanically minded. Anyway, I must confess that I regard the internal combustion engine as an admirable device only when it lives under the bonnet of a taxi-cab and is coaxed into action by a charioteer wearing a coat of many pockets, none of which, curiously enough, contains any small change.

Don't get angry, speedway racing may be the sport of Gods to you, but I say it is simply not for me. I have never been prepared to give up my spare time to watch a procession go by, and that is how I view dirt track racing; certainly, it is a fair bet that the man leading at the first bend is the winner nine times out of ten.

So I hate speedway racing, hate it as much as I loathe the bird-brain, who smiles with pity whenever I happen to be taking time off for fishing. He comes readily to mind; his type is legion. "Whatcha caught?" he asks. You say you have caught nothing. "Too slow, can't see nothing in it!" he sniffs. Then he slowly ambles away to cut a bamboo stick out of a hedge and spend an edifying and highly amusing afternoon knocking the heads off dandelions. Now I know he looks on me as a harmless lunatic. He doesn't exactly tap his head—although even that has happened in my time—but you know, all the same exactly what he is thinking. You are a fool to be wasting your leisure in such a manner, old before your years, a doddering

old fool who really doesn't know any better.

I hate too, the chap who calls Rugby "Ruggah!" and brays loudly about "those Soccer cads." indeed. I positively detest all loud-mouthed followers of sport, who see no merit in the other fellows' game. With them I bracket the healthy outdoor man, complete with tweeds and a complexion like a sunset, always willing to shout down anyone caring more for butterfly hunting and philately than for sport.

The intolerable smugness of this particular pest should be smothered at birth, or shot the very first morning after he raises his silly-ass voice against those who find their fun in other things than kicking a ball about or clouting a bit of leather with a piece of wood. He is, as you know, a stickler for compulsory games at school—"Makes a boy tough, damne sir!"—and brands any youngster as mamby-pamby who thinks more of say, bird-watching than football.

I hate him, as I hate dictators, for seeking to thrust his principles down the throat of the whole world. Personally I am set dead against regimentation of any sort, and, while I care a lot for sport, I don't worry two hoots if the next man doesn't.

Crowds? Yes, there are certain crowds jostling for inclusion on my list. Bad-mannered golf galleries—the worst in the world—are there. They tear round all over the place like a pack of ill-bred dogs, do their best to put the players off their game, and can sink to the depths by cheering when a performer they don't like has fluffed a drive, or failed to sink a putt. Still, golf has no monopoly on these parasites. Take boxing. Remember those paunchy, blubber-mouthed betting boys to be seen at the ringside of every important fight. They go scuttling round in a frantic endeavour to whip up the market, upset everyone, and, when the verdict hits them in their pockets bellow their disapproval no matter how clear-

cut is the victory of the other fellow. Sportsmanship is not part of their vocabulary.

Yet here I am a long way from completing my list of private hates. Let me try and summarise the rest. For instance, I writhe when playing cards with people who hold inquests on every hand. I class them with golf bores, always ready to play their round over again in the clubhouse, racing maniacs to whom horses are merely a jumble of starting prices, and layn tennis snobs who snap up all the centre court tickets simply because it is "the thing" to be seen at Stanley Street during the championships.

I hate soccer spectators who see no merit in any team except their own, all cock-eyed partisans, tall men in crowds—especially very tall men in hats—intelligent questions by women at cricket matches, and beefy individuals with a desire to get drunk and breathe stale beer down the necks of their neighbours.

More particularly, I hate bright individuals ever ready to ask you silly posers and then wonder out loud why you, an alleged sports expert, didn't know that Dixie Dean weighed 11st. 5lbs., on the day he scored his 206th goal at Everton. Indeed I hate all smart alecks and slick wise guys.

And finally, I hate all people who can see no merit in the other man's sport, you see I hate speedway racing—in fact I hate myself. C.R.

GRAND DEBATE!!

Australian Universities

versus

Auckland University

MONDAY, 23rd. MAY

MONDAY, 23rd MAY

College Hall at 8 o'clock
All Invited



COMPLETE SECRETARIAL SERVICE

Stenographer Hire

Theses Typed

Students' Notes Typed

Art Work

Illustrations

Duplicating

ADAMSON'S BUSINESS BUREAU

Phone 43-669



**THE
Correspondence Coaching
College**

SMITH'S BLDG., ALBERT ST., AUCKLAND

Principal: T. U. WELLS, M.A.

The College offers Coaching by Correspondence for the following Examinations.

University Entrance.
Teachers' "C" and "B."
B.A. Stages I, II, and III.
Honours: History and Education.
Accountancy, Law, Diploma in Banking.
Institute of Secretaries.
Surveyors' and Civil Engineers', also
Free-Lance Journalism and Short Story
Writing Courses.

Notes on 1948 Set Books in Languages
NOW READY

Box 1414 C.P.O., AUCKLAND.
Phone 42-350.

**For All
SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS
and
FINE CHEMICALS**



**GEO. W. WILTON & CO.
LTD.**

**63 Shortland Street, 156 Willis Street,
AUCKLAND WELLINGTON**
Ph. 41-795 Ph. 53-504

**FOR GRADUATION
PHOTOGRAPHS**

**ALAN BLAKEY
STUDIO**

**NEXT TO WOOLWORTHS
QUEEN STREET**

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Is Common Sense Enough? — Why Need We Have Philosophy?

At the meeting of the Philosophical Society held on Monday, the 4th of April, Mr. R. H. Carden was elected to the position of President, and Miss L. M. C. Brown was made Secretary-Treasurer.

When the formal business was over, Mr. N. J. I. Hunt read a paper entitled, "Is Common Sense Enough?" Mr. Hunt suggested that there are three meanings of "common sense," apart from special senses of the term used by philosophers: (1) Where it means "logical," or "according to reason," as when we say that it is just "common sense" that a thing cannot be white and not white at the same time; (2) where it refers to the knowledge of a certain stock of facts which we must know in our daily life—when we say, "So-and-so can do philosophy perhaps, but he's got no common sense," we mean that he is ignorant of some of the common facts that the ordinary man should know; (3) where it means the explanation which the plain man gives himself for the "common sense" facts he knows. This Mr. Hunt called "the plain man's metaphysics." He showed how men have always tried to explain the facts of experience in some way or other. For instance, what we call the sun, and explain as being a great flaming sphere around which the earth moves, the ancients explained as being the chariot of the sun-god Phoebus. Furthermore, in both explanations the appearance is explained as being caused by a real object "outside" the observer, and existing independently of whether he sees it or not.

Now philosophy, Mr. Hunt said, is primarily the examination of common sense III. by common sense I. He showed how reason, or common sense I, finds contradictions and inadequacies in common sense III., or the plain man's metaphysics. Those plain men who inhabit this University College might be surprised to hear from Mr. Hunt that the clock tower, which they imagine is a real object and fairly high, is in itself neither high nor low. Mr. Hunt brought forward arguments to show that a great many of the qualities which we explain by saying they exist in the real object, are to a large extent dependent on us. There is, then, something wrong with our common sense explanation of these things.

After showing inconsistencies in our explanation of facts in various fields of experience, and so showing that common sense itself (as reason) finds the common sense explanation not enough, Mr. Hunt made the reassuring point that, as he said, "As C. S. Lewis points out in his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' reason does not show that the world we know is unreal. From a cursory glance at philosophy we are likely to get the impression that philosophers say that what we see is unreal, that the reality is behind it. But unless in a different sense of the word 'real,' I do not think that philosophy does this, or that it would be justified in doing it. All that reason can do is to point out that the

explanations we make for phenomena are inadequate or wrong. The pains and pleasures I have, the sounds I hear, and the beauty I see, are real. Psychology may show that subconsciously I have quite a different motive for the good deeds I do from the motive I think I have. But even if this is true, it does not alter my conscious experience, or destroy the reality of my pleasure in doing it."

Common sense, then, as a knowledge of experience, was shown to be enough as it was also in its meaning of reason, but common sense in the metaphysical sense of the word—as an explanation of experience—was shown to be not enough to satisfy reason — not enough for "common sense."

In the discussion which followed the giving of the paper the most serious objection to Mr. Hunt's argument was brought forward by Mr. Laird. He cited the case of a man like D. H. Lawrence, and asked whether the common man can really believe in the power of reason. He did not put a lot of faith in instinct. Such an objection had been dealt with by Mr. Hunt in the course of his paper, where he claimed that the common man's actions proved that where he was certain of his premises he did trust absolutely to reason. No one who wants to live jumps in front of a moving bus, for his reason tells him that the consequences would be messy.

The conclusion arrived at when the meeting was closed was that philosophy tries to make explicit all the conditions implicit in our common sense way of speaking of things, which often involves misleading assumptions.

No Vindication

Exception was taken by the de-registered Carpenters' Union to the article appearing in the last issue of Craccum under the title of "Why," said the Wharfie." An official of the Union held a heated telephone conversation with the Editor, in which he stated that (a) no carpenter could hold the views expressed by the carpenter of the article; (b) that it was libellous for Craccum to publish the reported statement that "two-thirds of the Carlaw Park meeting was Communist-dominated"; and (c) that he was 'shocked' that the College periodical could publish such 'biased' views.

Upon request the official promised that he would see that Craccum received a letter setting out the "true facts of the case," castigating the "scab union" and vindicating his own. Although three days' grace has been given, that letter has not been received.

What's In A Name?

Labour Club A.G.M.

There are those among us who believe in the old misquote—"A good name is a great reproach." We had thought that those who courted respectability within our ranks of learning were as numerous as needles in a haystack. But at the recent A.G.M. of the Labour Club Craccum reporter was obliged to acknowledge that the quest for reputations of sobriety was not confined to the S.C.M. and the E.U.

For it was suggested that it was time the name of the club was changed to "Socialist." On what grounds? "Well," said the author bashfully, "It sounds more respectable." Just about to applaud loudly and shout "Hear! hear!" the reporter was forestalled by rude and raucous laughter. The suggestion was overruled and the club proceeded to serious business.

It was unfortunate that a greater number of Labour Club supporters did not rally round the old flag, so to speak, on this occasion. From the point of view of organisation the A.G.M. of a club is the most important meeting held during the year. For example, at this A.G.M. the question of affiliation to the "Peace and Anti-Conscription Movement" was decided.

In speaking to the motion the retiring president, Mr. Clyde McLaren, said that although he was an ex-serviceman, he was convinced that war was an evil that could accomplish no good and must be avoided at all costs. He sincerely believed that the only way to achieve this was to work wholeheartedly for peace and he thought that one way in which the club could help towards this was by affiliation to the Peace and Anti-Conscription Movement. In this view he was supported by other club members and the motion was passed unanimously.

The question of the sales of "Riptide in the Pacific" was raised and Mr. McLaren replied that these had been very successful. This year the club is to publish two small pamphlets of a similar nature, containing it is hoped, articles by such people as Harold Laski and D. Cole.

Several members, notably Miss Baker, gave their opinions on the organisation of the club in general, and suggested improvements. It was thought that meetings for club members only should be held quarterly or so, in order that club policy might be decided by all members and not just by the executive as is often the tendency among clubs. Miss Baker was also in favour of sub-committees being set up to help the executive with work involved in advertising or distribution of pamphlets. In the past there had been a danger in putting too much work on to too few people—a tendency which could be overcome. (At least it was refreshing to find that this meeting wasn't a Mutual Admiration Society as many A.G.M.'s degenerate into).

Miss Baker concluded by urging that as many Labour Club members as possible attend the W.E.A. camp to be held over Anzac week-end. After describing its whereabouts she hoped that the weather would be dry and fine. Someone queried if the week-end would be dry in all respects. Most people saw the point. The Club's executive for the coming year is as follows:—
President: Owen Lewis.
Vice-President: June Hunt.
Secretary: Francis Baker.
Committee: Shirley Eyre, Harry Hanham, Warren Hogan, Clyde McLaren and Tim O'Shea.

In conclusion a very sincere vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Warren Hogan, the retiring secretary, and to the retiring president, Mr. Clyde McLaren, who had done such good work for the club during his two years of office.

—S.E.

MORE BISCUITS AND BOODLE

CRACCUM contains a very wide range of subject matter—from My Favourite to discourses on Stonehengenity. Student life in general sees much time and money consumed by Tournament and Fresh. In fact, on the whole, it is very pleasant to see a College Journal give a goodly acreage to humour, and for one to turn one's energies in the direction of Froesch and its frivolities. Such is one aspect of student life in the bestest of lands in the Pacific.

But there is a least one more side to University life, and one that is certainly much in the public eye, one by which a University is often judged. Furthermore, this more serious aspect cannot be logically dissociated from the more intellectual, academic matters.

In Craccum from time to time appears mention of organisations such as International Union of Students, Corsa, International Student Service and Student Relief, World Federation of Democratic Youth, as well as United Nations' Organisation, and its subsidiaries F.A.O. and U.N.E.S.C.O., and Craccum and the College have done much to support these organisations in practical ways. Well, there is yet another body, which like the above mentioned ones (and Stud. Ass.) is concerned with BISCUITS and BOODLE, CHINA AID.

Early in the Second Term, collection-eering for this body will centre about either a film evening incorporating films relevant to the aims of the China Aid (Continued on Page 9)

Bettina

Photography

LEWIS EADY BUILDINGS
AUCKLAND

PHONE 48-267

THE STRAND
TAKAPUNA

PHONE 79-129

MINERVA

and



Bookshop
and
Library

MINERVA Recommends

THE TRUE AND SCANDALOUS
HISTORY OF HOWE and HUMMEL

Richard H. Rovere

THE READERS DIGEST READER

Forty Articles from 18 years
Publication.

THE SHORT STORIES OF
H. G. WELLS

2 ALSTON CHAMBERS
63 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND
(2 Doors Below Hotel Auckland)
TELEPHONE 42-546

FOR ALL . . .

WINTER SPORTS EQUIPMENT

FOOTBALL — HOCKEY — BASKETBALL
— BADMINTON — BOXING — PUNCH
BALLS — TABLE TENNIS — GOLF —
TRAMPING — ALPINE SPORTS — ETC.

Call on

TISDALLS

176 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND

Also at

Wellington — Christchurch
and Palmerston North

COMMUNIST STATE OF THE CAPITALIST PRESS

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,

Your correspondent P. Burns, seems so interested in what Mr. Jackson had to say at the Labour Club meeting that I am surprised she did not attend the meeting herself, rather than merely read the Craccum report. Club reports, however good, can never give one either the exact words or meaning of the speaker, and I think a "Reply to Jackson" would have been in better taste made at the meeting.

Miss Burns is at great pains to point out that the Roman Catholic Church has always advocated "freedom for a man to seek truth and follow it." Of course the fact that this Church is the sole possessor of truth does put a different aspect on the situation, but might it be abnormal curiosity to ask how much freedom was allowed the "heretics" in the days of the Inquisition, or in Spain, Italy, or even French Canada to-day? And the reply that the Inquisition was a political affair and nothing to do with the Church just doesn't wash, for the close identification of the Roman Catholic Church with conservative politics is an historical fact, and can be seen everywhere to-day.

How easy it would be for the Cardinal before his arrest to leave a letter stating that if he admitted anything it would be the outcome of the use of force. Even then this forceful treatment sounds almost humane beside a description of the delectable tortures of the religious wars following the Reformation. For the facts of the position in Hungary read the article by Professor Knight (Faculty of Theology, Otago), in March issue of "Student." From this article Hungary

To The Editor

sounds very unlike the Godless Communist state of the Capitalist Press. Religious instruction by Government-paid teachers is compulsory, with a conscience clause, in all schools, and the President for some time after the war was a minister of the Reformed Church. Professor Knight says that although greatly revered as a "saintly man" the Cardinal had overstepped the bounds between the function of the Church and the functions of the state.

His guilt was so clear that the trial was only a necessary formality, and would therefore not require a great length of time. The fact that Minszenty was trying to re-establish the pre-war position of the Roman Catholic Church naturally exculpates him in the eyes of anyone who owes his first loyalty to Rome. Being a Protestant this fact does not influence me, and I can see his actions as treason by a Hungarian citizen (although he was born an Austrian), against the elected Government of Hungary.

Finally, I don't see how any child in Primer 1 could possibly understand a complicated religious dogma like the Doctrine of Free Will, and would rather go to a more reliable source than an undergraduate.

Do not let us bury our heads in the sand because we are so far from Rome—let us just thank God.

Yours sincerely,
D. M. McLAREN.

DARK SPOTS

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,

Your reporter wrote of a Brains' Trust in the College as follows: "Mr. Jackson said that under Free Enterprise we had achieved a higher standard of living. Unfortunately nobody asked 'for whom'."

It is regrettable that your reporter continue to disregard objective standards of reporting and give to us, in addition to a report of what goes on at meetings, an insight into the minds of your reporters. This latter, while possibly of interest to those who love him (her), is contrary to good journalism if included in a report, and would be better in a separate article.

However, if your reporter would use available figures (inadequate as they are) of comparative rises in the standard of living in the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. between the years 1920 and 1938, it would look at the amazing diversity of volume of production in the U.S.S.R. States and compare it article by article with the same type of production in the U.S.S.R., she might then realise that since the capitalistic system has taken man from rigid regimentation his spontaneous and uncontrolled efforts have produced an astonishing growth in fields of activity, giving to all people hitherto undreamed of degree of material comfort, security and personal independence.

That there have been dark spots in this development no one would deny, but there is no class which did not benefit almost beyond imagination by the tremendous development brought about by the emergence of modern capitalism.

Yours, etc.,

R.M.S.

WOMAN WANTED

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,

It was with the greatest expectation that I scanned your final analysis of the "Ideal Woman." But alas! My hopes were dashed to the ground. Where is this incomparable creature, this Diana,

FOR FINER FURNISHINGS

Consult the furniture Specialists . . .

ANDREWS & CLARK

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND

peerless nymph? In short where within this college may we find her?

On the day the last issue of Craccum appeared I rushed round the college with your woman clasped to my bosom. I searched frantically, sir, but of no avail. It was in vain that I attempted to identify your description with my many women, sir, but none who do not flirt.

Furthermore, I protest that a woman capable "of making intelligent conversation" could not also be obedient. Why, sir, if her opinions differed from mine then a gentle request to "believe your betters and shut up" would be complied with.

I have searched every nook and cranny of our building. I have found girls with that "Rosebud look," brown eyes, and brunette hair who are also slim and shapely. But were they sporting types? They were not. It has been my experience that sporting types are never, never, slim and shapely.

Finally, sir, I charge you, use more discrimination in your quest for the "Ideal Man." If the result should contain many characteristics that I can truthfully identify with myself I can only say, sir, that you will be displaying considerable taste.

Yours in anticipation of better things,
—WISTFUL WILLIE.

* * *

DEAR! DEAR!

The Editor,
Craccum.

Dear Sir,

Please allow me to quote from the article, "Why? said the Wharfie" in your last issue.

(1) "He was in dense mental fog... He was rather pathetically a victim of union propaganda... He cut a pitiful figure in spite of his size. His faith was blindly invested in the unions, and he looked upon them rather as a small boy regards a kind uncle."

Unnecessary to mention the comparison of the watersider with Sweeney. "The reports of their attitudes are fair and accurate," comments the writer. Anybody else would have thought objective truth impossible to achieve in this style.

(2) "... it should be remembered that for a full statement several members of each union should be represented." A somewhat revolutionary principle, one would think. As a matter of fact, the writer does go on, after this caution, to make a statement about union members in general. (He has consulted six).

With the accuracy of his conclusion I am not concerned.

(3) And I would think it tedious to point to the dishonesty, as the foolishness, or both, with which this article was written, if some had not evidently been gulled by it.

I am,

Yours etc.,

P. D. HANAN.

I. R. C.

"Democracy is impossible in an over-populated country."

Half the world was underfed prior to World War II. It subsisted on a diet inadequate to maintain normal health, to allow for the growth of children and furnish energy for normal work. To catch up this leeway and provide for each year's 25 million increase there is inadequate land to produce food. There are and will continue to be too many people in the world. This is the tenor of a most cheerful address to I.R.C., given by Dr. Guy Chapman.

In approximate population figures we see the problem.

1640—500 millions.

1900—1,600 millions.

1943—2,200 millions.

1948—2,300 millions.

At the present rate of increase there will be 3,300 millions in 2,000.

Of 2,300,000,000 living last year the following is the calory rating:

On 2,750 calories (or above), 700 millions.

2,250-2,750, 350 millions.

Below 2,250, 1,100 millions.

3,000 is the normal rate—below 1,000 means sheer starvation. In El Salvador it is 950.

The expectation of life in Mexico and Central America is 32 years—lower than India's 34.

FOOD

If all available food were distributed so that a "normal" diet might be provided for some, 800 millions would get no food at all. In 1943 there was a world shortage of meat (90%), milk and dairy produce (125%), vegetable oils (125%), fruit and vegetables (300%). Where must the extra food come from?

LAND

New Zealand is one of the few countries with chances for expansion yet only 11-12 millions can be fed at normal standards. There are not many New Zealands. In the whole world there are only between 2,600 million and 4,000 million acres of which 1,000 million (U.S. Dept. Ag.) or 2/10 acre per person are really productive. Two and a-half acres per person is the estimated need to provide food, clothing and other necessities—2½ acres of first-class land.

N.Z. meat is enough for six millions. The U.S. bumper wheat crop (480 million bushels) will feed 200 millions at 2,000 calories—140 millions live in the U.S. Altogether North America exports only 70 million people's supply of food.

Many must go hungry.

DECREASE IN PRODUCTION

The short-sightedness of individualist apiculture are actually leading to a decrease in available opened-up lands. 60% of the North Island of N.Z. is subject to erosion. One third or three mil-

lion acres of S. Island grazing land has lost 25-50% of its original topsoil. 2,200,000 acres have lost more than a half. 282 million acres have been lost in the United States. 775 millions are being rapidly destroyed.

Artesian wells, deprived of their catchment forests are drying up in the U.S. and in Australia. Attempts to extend ground-nut growing in Africa have been unsuccessful.

Meanwhile demand is increasing.

SOLUTION

Contraceptives to limit families—but two-thirds of those to be influenced believe more children mean more chances of salvation. What of the time for such a change—50 years = 1,250 millions.

Successful famines with large death rates are a necessity.

Dr. Chapman has no answer except the implicit one—"let it not be us who starve"—but what of the East, slowly sirring?

Prof. Airey suggests universal agreement to die at 34 so that all might have enough food for some time.

Scientific developments in sympathetic foods and in agricultural processes and a voluntary rationing scheme seem other prospects.

But what of this week's 100,000 New Citizens, how are they to be fed?

—H.J.H.

MORE BISCUITS

Committee, plus cultural films, or else a discussion introduced by a qualified speaker under the auspices of the A.U.C. Labour Club.

The work of China Aid should be thought of in terms of Books, Boodle and Biscuits—in terms of life or something less than that for millions of our fellow men. It is very necessary that we should realise our responsibilities with regard to the plight of our neighbours abroad where the Pacific is not so truly named, where life for millions is not so full, so pleasant.

We can't all be a Rewi Alley—but we can dig deep into our pockets when the time comes.

—O.J.

Telephone
42-687

P.O. Box 19,
Wellesley Street,
Auckland, C.I.

Robert Young and Company Limited

Jewellers, Engravers, Diesinkers
Electroplaters
Embossers on Leather

Manufacturers of
Badges, Medals, Cups and Trophies
Brass Name Plates

30-22 LORNE STREET, AUCKLAND, C.I.

WE DO NOT CLAIM TO
BE AUCKLAND'S
LEADING FLORIST
'BUT WAIT AND SEE!'

All College Balls, or any occasion that
requires something Extra in Floral
Design including:

CORSAGES,
GIFT BOXES,
PRESENTATION BOUQUETS,
WEDDING BOUQUETS,
and WREATHS.

Call at "PALM COURT" FLORISTS
34 CITY CHAMBERS,
QUEEN ST.

One Floor above Howey Walker, the dentist

PHONE 45-276

Principal: MR. B. SPIRO
Manageress: MISS B. MORGANS

**DB
LAGER**
*The
Great Favourite*

from the
WAITEMATA MODEL
BREWERY



Would You Fight For Your English Department?

Or take up a machine-gun in defence of History. I don't see the ranks from the library and caf. rallying to the call; but there are some people who are willing to do it and who—believe it or not—consider their studies a sacred duty.

Education for Slaves

These people are the Viet Nameese. They are willing to do it because under French administration they have long been deprived of a decent education and because by linking up with their people's resistance movement is their only chance of gaining a free University. They write with pardonable bitterness:

"The educational system 'Made in France' and inferior as any other French product was dumped in Indo-china. It was aimed at creating humble functionaries and subordinates to help the French in their administrative machinery. Studies in literature, history, politics and social sciences were excluded since they might foster dangerous nationalistic tendencies which were certainly not the object of the university. The curriculum had no bearing on the educational needs of the country. Veterinary students had to know all about the horse, an animal common in France but not in Viet Nam; while he was taught nothing about the buffalo which finds its way into every field. Inordinately high fees effectively kept the lower classes out of the University and what scholarships were available were granted only to students who could display a certificate of loyalty to France. The result—only a thousand students for a population of twenty million."

A Free University

During the war years a strong resistance movement grew up and at the collapse of Japan the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam was proclaimed. When the French returned in 1945 they re-instated their rule over the southern part of Indo-china but had to recognise the authority of Viet Nam. Immediately the University of Hanoi (the only University in Indo-china) introduced the long desired faculties of Literature and the Social and Political Sciences, which gave it a definite national character. The language medium became Viet Nameese instead of French. The new lectures were crowded out, not only with students but with "free listeners" who would not miss what they had been denied when under French domination.

These improvements roused the enthusiasm of the younger generation. Studies became a way of "saving the Fatherland." The government made education much less expensive and numerous scholarships were granted to the poor. No wonder the total number of students have almost doubled.

To be just, even the new university had shortcomings. But this was due to the feeling of insecurity caused by the frequent provocation by French colonialists who tried to begin a war of reconquest.

Relapse

In 1946 the French violated the treaty they had made earlier and fighting again broke out. In December the University had to be closed. Soon after it was opened again is a form that would best serve the needs of war. Theory was not essential to the resistance at that time. What was needed was technicians who were capable of dealing independently with one definite work and mastering it. So the university became a technical school and former faculties which seemed too theoretical were not reopened. The Faculty of Medicine was not altered since sound theory is vital even in war-time but in other branches such as Agriculture, Public Works, etc., the curriculum was drastically curtailed to give students more time for practical activities.

Recovery

Soon the war machinery was no longer rudimentary. The national army had grown and was using mortars and bazookas. A net of radio communications was set up. A scheme of exploiting the Highland rich in mines was elaborately planned. A financial system with independent currency of gold value was created. The new conditions required a high degree of technical knowledge. Theoretical training became necessary to provide a country at war with teachers, economists, statisticians, engineers. At the end of 1947 many faculties were reopened running more intensive and extensive courses.

Even so, in a country so short of leaders, students had first to serve their people before thinking of study for themselves. Medical students have to study theory for six months and spend the rest of the year on the battlefields treating the wounded. Lessons in Mechanics and Physics are often given in arms factories where students at the same time participate in the production of arms.

Some students are so occupied with their public functions that they cannot attend lectures at all. They are catered for by a system of correspondence courses and have exactly the same rights as ordinary students. Their guiding word is now "Study while fighting, Fight while studying."

Bamboo Colleges

Do not imagine that Viet Nameese students have great buildings for universities as they existed in peace time. To avoid bombardment from enemy planes colleges are scattered all over the country in small villages or in the Highlands. The students are divided into small groups, each group being lodged in the house of a local inhabitant. The colleges are simple, shades and houses made

REVUE '92 — '49

The annual Revue of Auckland University College has a long history, and many earlier Capping plays were written by various men later to distinguish themselves in the world of letters. Perhaps the best known of all the writers of A.U.C. revues is Ted Kavanagh, the creator of ITMA, whose extravaganza "The Legend of Kapinga-Ra and the Ngati-Phois" was presented in 1912.

Indeed, so far as the records tell us, this as the first revue approximating to the contemporary type which the College performed. Before that, entertainments of various kinds had been presented in connection with Capping. The first organized Capping celebration seems to have begun in 1892, in which year the Students' Association had several songs printed for singing at a social evening. Graduation Social took clearer shape in 1898, and henceforth it became the custom to produce some kind of organized entertainment for the new graduates, including, from 1901, a play of about one-act length.

The earlier Graduation Socials consisted usually of a demonstration of the work of the College, the singing of topical songs composed by students, one or more musical sketches and a play.

In 1902, the Graduation Social included a burlesque College Council meeting. Mr. Bamford as chairman of this distinguished company executed a High-

land Fling on the Council Table, while Mr. F. Sinclair (later Professor Sinclair) as the Registrar achieved the most artistic success of the evening in the singing of the minutes." The play of the year was called "Sappho," written by H. Dean Bamford, which contained some topical songs.

The same year, incidentally, saw the first Procession. Disaster overtook this effort in Karangahape Road, where it was broken up by hooligans. In the words of Mr. A. B. Thompson, "the members of the Procession retired in as much order as was possible, followed by a yelling rabble which inflicted considerable damage upon the windows when it reached the University buildings.

The play for 1903 was "A Proxi(y) mating," written by L. T. Pickmere and T. P. Hull. This was rather more ambitious than earlier efforts, and contained much music, including duets and choruses. "Love and Law" for 1904 was written by A. E. Mulgan, later to become literary editor of "The Auckland Star" and a well-known journalist and writer.

The play for 1905 was "A Modern Hamlet," a "musical comediotta" by L. T. Pickmere. The student playing Professor Simpleway is said to have "performed his mad scenes to the life."

In 1906, there was an attempt at a more comprehensive Carnival. The celebration took the form of a play as usual, in this case "When Love Was Young," by L. T. Pickmere, "a Grecian musical play," but after this came a burlesque of the more familiar type. The lampoons on this occasion were directed against the opponents of the College Council's plan to take over the Metropolitan site for the University. Unfortunately, "Kiwi" tells us, both pieces were so long that the entertainment did not finish "until long after the trams had ceased to run." Plus ça change . . .

For some years after this the students relied on professional plays, such as "Engaged," "Cox and Box" and "How He Lied to Her Husband," for Capping Socials. In 1912, the Association staged an ambitious Carnival with a burlesque replacing the play, and with the first Capping Ball concluding the celebrations.

Ted Kavanagh's extravaganza "Kapinga-Ra and the Ngati-Phois" was the main event of 1913, with Ted Kavanagh himself giving an excellent imitation of James Parr, then Mayor of Auckland. The following year's revue, entitled "Pandemonium," was written and performed by persons unknown.

During the war years, such things as Carnival plays were suspended, as were most of the other activities of the Students' Association. But in 1920, the modern type of revue established itself firmly with the performance of L. P. Leary's now legendary piece, "The Bolshie." The sound plot, the witty dialogue and skilful lyrics of this revue have kept its memory green up to the present day. "The Bolshie" was followed by "Bill Stoney" (1921) and "The Bulgarian Bug" (1922). The latter play is said to have killed the gastronomical fad of the same name in Auckland. "Come Down the Harbour With Me" and other still popular College songs date from these plays. A good deal of the success of these three revues resulted from their excellent casts, which included J. A. S. Coppard, Friday Easter and Bryce Hart. L. P. Leary, afterwards achieved a wider reputation as the author of the highly popular musical comedy, "Tutankhamen" and "The Abbess of Whitby."

The production of 1923 and 1924, "The Blu Blux Blan," by H. B. Anderson, and "Farewell, Gravity," made an anti-climax after the Leary trilogy. The casts, however, contained J. A. S. Coppard and A. H. H. Fryer-Raisher (a person, not a character), who were to be associated with Varsity ruves for many years to come. In 1925 a new standard was set by "Tilly of Tamaki" or "The Lost Heiress," by an anonymous author (Professor J. C. Sperrin-Johnson). musical comedy of an elaborate type, akin to Sally, this revue made a profit of over £300. It was produced by J. A. S. Coppard, to become well known in later years as a writer of serious plays, including "Sordid Story."

Mr. Coppard presented his first original revue in 1926. This was "Size Three," a fairly straight musical comedy dealing with racing motorists, which was "an artistic success but a financial failure." There was much talk of "apathy" in those days.

The piece for 1927 was J. Dumble's musical farce, "Crooks, Ltd.," and in 1928, the inevitable sequel to "Tilly of Tamaki" made its appearance. "Tilly in the City" was written by the "anonymous" author of the original play, and was produced by Kenneth Brampton, a professional producer on a most elaborate scale. This play was a huge success, with record houses, and netted a profit of £450, which in those days, was a profit.

St. James' Theatre was the scene of the 1929 revue, "The King of Kawaii," by J. Nigel Wilson and Dr. J. C. Andrews, with music by Trevro Sparling. A. H. Fryer-Raisher scored his biggest success as the Crown Prince of Kawaii, who was

Conclusion

This isn't the end, really, it's only the beginning, because Viet Nam is the special project of the A.U.C. Student Relief campaign this year and you'll be hearing a lot about it in the next few months. There is no need to labour the point that they need help. Just compare for a minute a Viet Nameese bamboo college in some remote village with our own University College and you will see the terrific extent of their needs.

Various evenings have been arranged for the beginning of the Second term, including a Staff Play reading (remember "Troilus and Cressida"). So when you see that the proceeds of any evening are going to Student Relief, just leave off what or whatever you're doing and come along.

It isn't much to ask.

—M.A.

aided in his endeavours to raise a loan of 70 million pounds by the Marquis of Mt. Eden and the Duke of Drunken Bay.

In 1930, Mr. Coppard became author as well as producer with "All Quiet on the Waterfront." This was a financial success, but led to protests that University revues had lost nearly all their topical character, and had become almost straight musical comedy. Thus "Frenzy" (1931) and "The Goat's Train" (1932) were topical farces with scattered musical numbers only. The latter play, Coppard's best revue and one of the best in the history of the College, included R. F. Spragg in the cast.

1933 was Jubilee year for the College, and for the students' part of the celebrations. "Jubilade" was written by J. A. Mulgan, later the author of "Man Alone" and "Report on Experience." This clever revue, patterned on Coward's "Cavalcade" contained the celebrated "Erald and the Star" number which R. F. Spragg introduced and was (and perhaps still is) wont to sing in after years on the slightest provocation.

1934 was a bad year with Coppard's lifeless "Dudless Debit" and in view of depression conditions and financial loss, Revue was abandoned for the following year. A move was made to revive the annual revue in 1936, presenting it in the College Hall instead of in a city theatre. This "Revue, 1936," took the form of an intimate revue, with short burlesque plays and sketches. This effort was written by the compiler of this article with assistance from M. K. Joseph, and was produced by R. F. Spragg. The two successive revues, "Revue, 1937" and "Revue, 1938," were by the same author, who also produced. Some pieces which may be remembered from these years were "Words and Moujics," "The Asbestos of Stupidities," "Saust," "Ohello," "Lady Precious Scream" and "Ain't Life Gland." David Clouston, who first appeared in 1936, and Van Holder and Alan Gifkins in 1937, were to continue to be indispensable in revue for some years. 1937 saw the first large-scale ballet such as has since become traditional.

The financial success of these years and the goodwill built up emboldened the Association to return to a Queen Street theatre, and 1939 saw the beginning of the Zambucka saga with "Bled-White and the Seven Wharfies," written and produced by C. Zambucka and featuring David Clouston, Alan Gifkins, Van Hodder and the talented Bill Singer, later killed in action. "Hell Hath No Fuehrer" (1940) and "East of Sewers" (1941) which dealt in the characteristic Zambucka neo-surrealist manner with current affairs, were both popular and financial successes.

The development of the war led to the abandonment of all the celebrations traditionally associated with Capping until 1946, when "This Slap-Happy Brewed" by C. Zambucka and with Gifkins, Hodder and Clouston was performed. "Smell-

bound" (1947), which followed, brought the Zambucka opera to an end. This series, written in a witty style and with most involved and stream-of-consciousness plots gained a good deal of their success from the producing hand of the author and the performances of a nucleus of experienced players. The lyrics written by Bill Singer for the earlier pieces showed unusual ability.

"The Road to Ruin" (1948), written by John Kelly and produced by Van Hodder followed the lines of the more recent revues rather than of the earlier style, but showed considerable individuality of treatment.

And so to 1949, when the next few weeks will show us what form Mr. Mike Allen's effort will take.

There is a strong tradition of revue at this College, which has developed a style completely its own. The tradition of a single long play with musical numbers began many years ago, and, despite some variants, this has remained the dominant form and is likely to continue thus until public interest shows signs of falling off.

It is interesting to note that in "Kiwi" and "Craccum" almost every year in the past the reviewer complains that the piece is not worthy of the College, that the standard is falling off, that the acting is most uneven, that the play shows signs of hasty rehearsal, that the revue is not as good as it has been. The only conclusion one can draw is that it never was.

—J. C. Reid.

Cricket Season In Retrospect

Finishing low on the senior ladder club had its least successful season some years. The batting has been faintly described as depolrable, and it is to this department that the Club must look if University cricketers are to retain senior status. The bowling was consistently good—hostile even, on occasions, but repeated batting collapses placed a heavy strain on Hollywood, Schan and Brian. In only one innings did the team score more than 250 runs, and the total was a modest one before the unbeaten last wicket partnership added 92 runs.

With the season several weeks behind us there could be no point in analysing results game by game. But there have been individual performances that are memorable long after actual results are forgotten. When one looks back on the North Shore game it is to find a defence so glorious that it becomes a victory in the telling as Brian's big hitting in Senior's gallant defence are recalled. There are other games, too, the results of which will not slip the memory soon. The long struggle with Graham for first innings' supremacy and the expectedly easy outright win that followed it, the victory over Parnell, the champion side, and the attempt at an outright win over Papatoetoe come back to mind with the lift of a bat and the sound of a ball. It is not from search for a consolation prize that we say a season

FOR ALL COLLEGE NEEDS REMEMBER



GEORGE COURT'S KARANGAHAPE ROAD

For Quality Goods at Lower Prices

BOOK REVIEW ROAD TO SURVIVAL

"Road to Survival" is a book that has been described by J. B. Priestley as "first-class reading and as urgent as a fire-alarm." Written by William Vogt, Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union, it is a detailed exposition of the relationship between man and his environment. During his life on earth, the human race has so thoughtlessly misused and destroyed Nature's limited resources, and at the same time has so recklessly multiplied itself, that to-day the chances of its survival are in danger.

We have heard talk about the "increasing population" and "soil erosion" and so on, but how much do we know about it? Are we all aware of the bare fact that the people of the world simply have not got enough to eat? That the total amount of arable land available on this earth, whether at present in use or not, is not enough to feed the earth's increasing population?

Repeatedly Vogt emphasises that the land is ultimately man's only means of supplying his needs. "Industrialisation" cannot be a remedy. "Great Britain, Japan and Germany were three of the most heavily industrialised nations in the world. None of them was able to maintain a high living standard through industrialisation without access to adequate areas of productive land. Advocates of industrialisation as the cure-all for poverty should ponder these cases well." The cultivation of the soil must be done in such a way as to give back to it, in some form, what we take out of it. Man's hitherto reckless, selfish, wasteful cultivation methods—especially among the civilised nations—his policy of profits as quickly as possible, his philosophy of "Sufficient unto the day"—are contributing to our downfall.

Vogt's book is not written for scientists. It is written for everyone. His words are clear and incisive.

"Slopes were stripped and planted to corn which, like syphilis, has been one of the most potent contributions of the New World to civilisation. It is probable that corn, under modern methods of cultivation, has caused more misery than the venereal disease.

"Fire, the axe, the plough, and the fire-arm have been the four fundamental tools of our modern culture, and in some of the most fertile and production regions of the earth they have raised the environmental resistance to such height that the carrying capacity has been brought nearly as low as that of the Gobi or the tundras of Siberia. Hundreds of millions of acres of once rich land are now as poor as—or worse than—the city gardener's sterile plot.

"Whalers, treating their source of wealth as though there were no limit to its abundance, have extended the range of their operation and the effectiveness of their attacks to ever more remote seas of the world; the largest mammal alive has been practically exterminated from most of its arctic range. The survival of the whales that are left probably depends on the observance of an international treaty that, as this book is

written, has not yet been ratified by enough countries to make it operative. The power of commercial interests in a fat-hungry world and the intransigence of such nations as Russia makes the future of these resources extremely doubtful.

"In other words, land is managed on the basis of so-called economic laws and in very general disregard of the physical and biological laws to which it is subject. Man assumes that what has been good for industry must necessarily be good for the land. This may prove to be one of the most expensive mistakes in our history.

"The modern medical profession, still framing its ethics on the dubious statements of an ignorant man who lived more than two thousand years ago—ignorant, that is, in terms of the modern world—continues to believe it has a duty to keep alive as many people as possible. In many parts of the world doctors apply their intelligence to one aspect of man's welfare—survival—and deny their moral right to apply it to the problem as a whole. Through medical care and improved sanitation they are responsible for more millions living more years in increasing misery. Their refusal to consider their responsibility in these matters does not seem to them to compromise their intellectual integrity. They have been primarily responsible for making Puerto Rico, for example, one of the most miserable areas on the face of the earth, by expanding the population beyond all possible bounds of decent subsistence, and their present efforts to correct the situation are not much more than tokens. They set the stage for disaster; then, like Pilate, they wash their hands of the consequences."

Finally, Vogt says:

"So that the people shall not delude themselves, find further frustration through quack nostrums, fight their way into blind alleys, it is imperative that this world-wide dilemma be made known to all mankind. The human race is caught in a situation as concrete as a pair of shoes two sizes too small. We must understand that and stop blaming economic systems, the weather, bad luck, or callous saints. This is the beginning of wisdom, and the first step on the long road back.

"The second step is dual—the control of population and the restoration of resources.

"Unless we take these steps and begin to swing into them soon—unless, in short, man readjusts his way of living,

be rich when the results are poor and the batting miserly.

Yet our cricketers must learn to spend their strokes more freely and to more purpose. University cricket has advanced far in the other centres that it is probable that an N.Z.U. XI will have a fixture list of first-class matches within the next two years. Last season an N.Z.U. XI shared the honours with a representative Canterbury XI. This year Wellington was convincingly beaten. The time is auspicious for the entry of the New Zealand Universities into first-class cricket. In the South the opportunity will be taken, which means that promising cricketers studying at a University will play for the University Club. This is not the position at Auckland where it is possible to name two god freshers who are turning out for district clubs. Unless the position is improved and new investments (in the shape of new players) are made we will be the poor relation and rather a disgrace when the New Zealand Universities are invited to sit at the table of the National Cricket Council.

CRACCUM COPY

Copy for the first issue in the Second Term will be accepted until the 20th of June, and should either be left in Craccum box or posted to the Editor, Peter Cape, Motor Camp, Milford, Auckland, N.Z.

Copy must be clearly written on one side of the paper only, double spaced if typewritten. The Editor reserves the right to refuse any material.

CRACCUM STAFF

Editor—Peter Cape.

Business Manager—Michael Brittain.

Circulation Manager—Augusta Dunlop.

Chief Reporter—Mary Morton.

WSR Correspondent—Margaret Adams.

Exchanges—Natalie England.

Photographer—John Barton.

Reporters—Christopher Parr, Patsy Little, Cynthia Stevenson, John Stackhouse, Frances Baker, Elizabeth Knight, Shirley Eyre, Pat Burns, Owen Lewis, B.A., Peter Temm, Rod Smith, Reg. Lockstone.

NOTICE

Nobody in particular accepts any responsibility or irresponsibility for this, the Carnival issue of Craccum.



Brimfull of HEALTH
VITA STOUT
The Tonic Beverage

WATTS SPORTS DEPOT LIMITED

SPORTS SPECIALISTS

EXCHANGE LANE, 95 QUEEN STREET

CRICKET — FOOTBALL — TENNIS —
HOCKEY — SOFTBALL — BADMINTON —
BOXING — GOLF — TABLE TENNIS —
ATHLETIC GEAR — DARTS — TENIKOIT.

All Sports Sundries

We are direct Importers of Sports Goods.

Students

Buy your books at

BROOKING'S BOOK SHOP
LTD.

||
New and Second-hand

||
TWO SHOPS
20-22 CUSTOMS ST. E.

in its fullest sense, to the imperatives imposed by the limited resources of his environments—we may as well give up all hope of continuing civilised life. Like Gadarene swine, we shall rush down a war-torn slope to a barbarian existence in the blackened rubble."

This is a book which all of us must read. The problem it raises upsets our ideas on civilisation; it turns our ethics upside-down; beside it our political convictions, religious principles, or patriotic sentiments pale into insignificance.

—Frances H. Baker.

Off the Record

Easter Tournament, 1949, is over and those people who set out on the journey so full of hope and good cheer never returned wearier, poorer and fuller of beer.

On the journey down the cricket team was in fine fettle, being responsible for the two broken windows in one carriage. Many of the local card sharps were aboard—and so the games waxed fast and furious, several poor innocents lost their all. There was a certain amount of roughhouse. A concerted attack upon the basketball team by certain of these gentlemen who, by virtue of their office, should have presented a quieting influence resulted in the loss of the b.b's blankets.

On Saturday morning all the teams were out bright and early—in fact far too early (7 a.m. breakfast). At athletics in the afternoon the Haka parties from Otago and V.U.C. yelled and danced about in patriotic college fervour to their heart's content. Throughout the whole Tournament the V.U.C. Haka party was on call to do its little bit at every opportunity. It was attractively clad in green jerseys worn untidily over short yellow skirts which often exposed a far from elegant leg. To complete the ensemble the members of the party wore yellow caps perched jauntily on the head. As accessories they wore clinking tin cans and bedroom utensils. This costume was varied by wearing Maori mats of stranded rope. The O.U. Haka party was somewhat similarly clothed in blue and gold minus the metallic ornamentations.

In the evening the free-for-all "hop" at the College was made more lively by a scrum between the rival Haka parties. The A.U.C. Rowing and Cricket clubs outdid themselves by appearing well "lit-up" and eventually ending up on the floor in far from graceful positions.

On Sunday a picnic was held at Moonshine, Trentham, at which there was a small quantity of the worst quality beer and tea and biscuits were served for a limited time. There was, however, nothing else to do once you arrived. The

indefatigable Haka party did its stuff otherwise nothing happened.

On Monday after a full day's sport Swimming finals were held at Lower in the open air baths. Brhh! The swimmers were numb before they got into the water. Quite a bit of laughing was caused by several ducks which insisted in parading up and down the swimming lanes. The ducks' obvious dismay at the swimmers' approach was very amusing. By this time the victory (or defeat) celebrated were going fairly well so many of the spectators were in a merry mood. In fact at a rendezvous at a nearby hall two of our well-known friends—our very recent ex-President and Craccum's reporter were seen trying in vain to open the locked door of a beer wagon with a threepenny piece. A feature of the evening was a pig-a-pace between our senior delegate and a champion walker each mounted by a girl. It was a very exciting race but we do not know the result as neither competitor was seen for some time.

A.U.C. girls caused a slight disturbance in a Wellington Girls' University Hostel at which they were billeted, when the warden found that two extra males had been added to his supposedly full complement of boarders. He also took exception to a Massey girl entertaining one of the A.U.C. swimmers in her bedroom.

On his own admission Bret did not come home on several nights but he won't say where he did sleep.

One strong member of the Drimad Horn team, now at a Southern College, landed himself in hospital as a result of his efforts in that line.

Waiting for the train in Auckland was a forlorn lassie who had come to meet all-conquering Tim.

We regret to announce that the N.Z. champion of the Women's Javelin Throw was the instigator of a pillow fight which was waged furiously between her and the carriage on the return journey.

Commercial Services Bureau

Telephones 43-473 : 41-629

●
FOR STUDENTS' NOTES, CLUB CIRCULARS AND ALL TYPING OR DUPLICATING NEEDS

●
109 SOUTHERN CROSS BLDG.
Chancery St., Auckland, C.1.

The answer is, of course, obvious. Have you ever tried to do anything strenuous after eating Cafeteria pudding? Make the attempt to-night and you will see why Inspector Skopkophulos had no option but to arrest Romeo Spinks.

1949 REVUE

"STALEFACE"

or

"BLUDGEONS & BLOWS"



PLAYHOUSE THEATRE

MONDAY, MAY 9

to

SATURDAY, MAY 14

Bookings at Lewis Eady Ltd.

LABOUR CLUB

FASCISM IS NOT YET DEAD

WE ARE STILL FIGHTING

World War II was fought to crush Fascism. But the struggle is not yet over. Though Germany and Japan have been subdued, Fascism still reigns in Europe—in Spain. In Spain, General Franco's forces continue the murder and torture which we associated with Hitler's concentration camps.

And there have been attempts to obtain the entry of Spain into the United Nations!

While Fascism remains anywhere we are not safe. When General Milan Astray in the University of Salamanca said "Death to Culture!" he declared war on us. When writers, scientists, poets and intellectuals are murdered in Spain we, too, are in the firing line. When student leaders are executed and professors assassinated and students tortured into insanity we must ask ourselves: "Will this ghastly force grow and enslave us or can we isolate and destroy it?"

A campaign has been initiated by the International Union of Students (to which we, through N.Z.U.S.A. are affiliated) to expose the nature of the Fascist regime in Spain. A huge petition to U.N.O. is being organised, with signatures from democratic students all over the world, seeking to prevent the entry of Franco Spain to U.N.O. In brief the petition urges the U.N. General Assembly,

"To end the inhuman wave of terror which the regime of Franco has constantly led against the Spanish people and all among them, youth, workers, women and intellectuals who fight for liberty and independence.

"To guarantee the rejection of every proposal made inside the United Nations or elsewhere which has the purpose of obtaining admission of the representatives of Franco Spain to the agencies of the United Nations.

"To adopt effective measures to prevent the further development of war bases and preparations for aggression on Spanish soil."

This is our business. We cannot afford to neglect this matter. If the present acquiescence in, and in some quarters encouragement of, Franco's reign of cruelty is not combated, the spectre of Fascism may again stalk the streets of the civilised world—with atom bombs.

SUPPORT THE I.U.S. STUDENTS' PETITION TO U. N. O.!
ADD YOUR SIGNATURE NOW !

UNIVERSITY COACHING COLLEGE

22 FERRY BUILDING,
AUCKLAND, C.1.

Tuition in Day Classes, Evening
Classes and by Correspondence for
the School Certificate and Uni-
versity Entrance Examination.

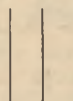
D. W. FAIGAN, M.A.

(Honours in English and French)
PRINCIPAL

Phone 44-271

LEMON & PAEROA

THE HEALTH DRINK



A GREY & MENZIES PRODUCT

BADMINTON PLAYERS—

We are Specialists In Restrunging

CALL AND CONSULT US—OUR
ADVICE IS FREE

MERV. WALLACE :

W. H. WEBB

9 Wellesley St. — Phone 45-287

PRINTED FOR AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
BY THE AUCKLAND SERVICE PRINTER, 15 WAKEFIELD ST., AUCKLAND, C.1.