

CRACCUM

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A WORLD OF PEACE

By Henry Joseph

As human happiness and well-being are factors that count first and foremost in man's existence, it is only natural that conditions and events which affect man's happiness and well-being should play a dominant part in shaping the lives of the average man and woman.

It could be said, for instance, that, fundamentally, man's first and greatest desire is for a healthy, contented life, blessed with at least the ordinary comforts and free from the fear of war and the fear of want. A state of life which enables him fully to develop the qualifications he may possess, which provide him with congenial work—assured of a just reward for his labour—and permit him to share equitably in all the good things Nature provides in such abundance.

If that is so, it logically follows that what man most desires as an individual is also desired by men collectively as a community or a nation. After two world wars, which for death and destruction have never been equalled in the history of mankind, nations to-day want peace—and all it stands for—more than anything else. Not a mere cessation of warfare, not an "armed" peace, but a true and lasting peace which will enable the peoples of nations to return to a normal, simple life, free from the fear of another war and free from the fear of unemployment and general insecurity, all of which have caused so much misery and suffering in the past and must inevitably lead to another war.

It seems very strange that, although the peoples of all nations want peace more than anything else, and though their greatest desire is to live in friendship and harmony with their neighbours, nations are still fighting nations, politically and economically, and there is no sign yet of a real peace anywhere. The only explanation seems to be that there must be some great influence, some powerful interest at work to keep from the peoples of the nations the things they so ardently desire. Because of this evil influence, people are allowed to starve in their millions, the worker lives in constant fear of losing his job, the man in the street has to submit to evermore restrictions and regulations, and his freedom and liberty are becoming less from day to day.

THE FOUR FREEDOMS

It can truly be said that the things nations want most can all be found within the four freedoms promised them



FREEDOM FROM WAR

in the Atlantic Charter: freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom of speech and freedom of religion. With the exception of religion, perhaps, none of these freedoms has as yet materialised, or is likely to materialise within the measurable future. The fear of war, engendered by the absence of real peace, and with the atomic monster always working in the background, is becoming a menacing fear once more. Four years after the second world-war freedom from want remains an empty phrase for hundreds of millions of people, whilst others in more fortunate circumstances regard the future with mistrust and

apprehension. Even freedom of speech, and thought, and action is being denied entire continents of peoples after having fought and suffered for what they believed to be a new and better world.

It is easy to state what the people of nations most desire; it is equally easy and much more important to state what nations need. The greatest need is for wise and courageous leadership; for a realistic outlook on a world that is being ruled by self-interest, by powerful financial groups; by unscrupulous profiteers, racketeers and warmongers. The greatest need is for a more realistic education in our schools, our colleges and universities, more particularly in political and economic science. Not the outworn doctrines of the 19th century—but modern, up-to-date, matter-of-fact principles which teach and explain economic and financial phenomena scientifically and without toadying to the evil powers that are responsible for the ills that beset the world to-day.

When we realise how small are the basic needs of the average individual to live a happy and contented life, and how generous Nature is, and how advanced man's skill in science, invention and mass production, one can only marvel at the wickedness and stupidity of a political economy which permits the iniquities that exist in our system of distributing the wealth we produce. And if the people want to live in peace and harmony with their neighbours, if they want economic security and freedom to live their own lives, we cannot help wondering why, in a democratic country, the people don't get what they want. What is wrong with our national and international outlook? What is wrong with politicians, our leaders, our rulers and our entire political and economic system? These are questions which the younger generations should tackle in earnest because the older generation has failed dismally to find a solution.

THE PEOPLE DESIRE . . .

In answering the question "What is the desire of the people," I can only repeat what I have already stated. People want peace first and foremost, because without peace all the other attributes that make life worth living are unobtainable, and fear will continue to rule the world. People want freedom from want, with every man given a right

(Continued on page 3)

ENTRANCE AND US

THE step taken in raising the standard of the University Entrance examination is one that should have been taken long ago. There can be no doubt that the earlier, lower, standard has contributed much to the present state of over-crowding in the four Colleges of the University. The ease with which Entrance could be attained has made it possible for members of the community who have nothing better to do than to "go to 'Varsity" merely for the sake of attaining a social background, and waste, not only their own time, but also that of lecturers and instructors.

A "POPULAR" CRACCUM

THE straight-speaking article entitled "Craccum Criticism," which was printed in the last issue, has brought about a remarkable number of metamorphoses among the paper's critics and would-be contributors. There has been a general awakening on the part of those who thought they could "write something if only there was something to write about," and, whether or not there was anything to write about, they have written. This is the result, a Craccum written by students for students. With the exception of the editorial and an article on Student Relief, all the material appearing in this issue had come, unsolicited, to Craccum box.

Well, what does it mean? What are we going to do? We're not sure. Two years ago an editor

If the raised standards act as a deterrent to these malingers, the yearly influx of undergraduate graduates into the Colleges will be less, and it may be possible to revert to smaller classes. Also, high standards will make for a greater feeling of achievement among those who pass the examinations, and consequently they will be more appreciative of the work they do in the University. If it is so, there is no reason why we should not envisage a future where the University of New Zealand, much to the astonishment of its detractors, will cease to be a third-rate institution.

said that Craccum should be a Hyde Park in print and that seems to sum up the contents of this issue. In answer to the second question we will content ourselves with quoting the last sentences of "Craccum Criticism." "The standard is the student standard as a whole. Therefore, if you think Craccum can be improved, it's up to you to do something about it."

Peter Cape

THE ELECTIONS AND KINSEY

Warren Hogan

The most outstanding thing about the Kinsey Report is that we are astounded by it. Disregarding the few differences between N.Z. and U.S. males, we are still amazed in that it is a reflection of ourselves. Is this Report, then, a fabrication or are we and our few friends virgin bases in a wilderness of sin?

Since the beginnings of our lives we have been on the down grade. Who would have suspected us as we played with our parents? What of those ecstatic wriggles—the delight of our maiden aunts—which seemed to come from the appreciation of fresh air and blue skies. Dr. Kinsey's revelations are alarming. But think what might have been: 14 per cent of all American boys have had sexual intercourse at the age of 14. So firmly are our sex habits established by 16 and so closely related are they to our social and educational habits, Kinsey can predict whether the 16-year-old will go to 'Varsity or not. (This would solve our accommodation problems.)

With adults Kinsey makes comparatively dull reading. Young men are no more immoral than their fathers. (It

would appear to be difficult to be more immoral to any notable degree, so that Dr. Kinsey's remarks do not mean a thing.) Army life is not any different from the civilian's. It is the cultural environment that forms an individual's sex habits. Of 'Varsity men Kinsey writes, "A good many never have pre-marital intercourse with more than the one girl they subsequently marry, and very few have with more than half a dozen girls." Of all of us who leave school at 15 98 per cent have sexual intercourse before marriage, whereas those who go to 'Varsity the percentage is only 67. Similarly with regard to extra-marital intercourse of married men the figures for the two groups are 50 and 30 per cent respectively.

Moreover, "legends about the immorality of the lower income group are matched by legends of the perversions of the upper. Thirty-three per cent of U.S. males have had adolescent homosexual experience. Only one moral emerges clearly: "It is wicked for one class to translate its own prejudices into laws which apply to all classes."

To quote Kinsey again, "Only a very small proportion of the males sent to penal institutions for committing sex offences are involved in behaviour which is materially different from the behaviour of most males in the general population."

The way to the Treasury benches is obvious. The National Party at one stroke could unite the importers, farmers and manufacturers with the rest of the country. No more certain vote-catcher can be the promise for the repeal of the Corrupt Practices Act, the Police Act, etc. With such a programme the election would be a magnificent new class push-over. The maintenance of such a policy would be easy for the National Party—a lowering of educational standards and degradation of the majority of the community.

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PLUTO ON THE WHARVES

"It took a long time for him to get talking, and his out-thrust, black jowl was purely defensive, trying to lend brawny support to words that were puzzled," said Craccum's industrial Dr. Gallup in "Why? said the Wharfie." Well, at least this is a change from the usual abuse hurled by our respectable and educated classes at the vociferous, militant, unruly soapboxers on the waterfront. But originality is its only claim to fame.

However, Craccum excelled itself in an accompanying editorial, which should have been sub-titled "Platocracy and Plutocracy," based on the above-mentioned article. It deserves distinction this side of the wastepaper basket only as a piece of imaginative literature. Everyone regrets that it entailed a disregard of facts, a denial of democracy, the maligning of a great philosopher, a naive philosophic assertion, half-baked advice on politics and then a survey of the ills of civilisation through blue-rose coloured spectacles as one retreats to the illusory safety and serenity of the ivory tower.

"The picture given of the man is a true one," says our Pluto—and we can see that more than a facial resemblance is meant when he says of the cross-section of all the classes who work with their hands, that "it is not a pleasant thing to look upon." It is more difficult to see the factual basis of the assertion than to detect the narrow, unsympathetic attitude of the writer. We are left to assume that included with those who work with their hands are farm workers, carpenters, railwaymen and drivers. Of course, we naturally dissociate from our abuse of the working-class the saner, more moderate men who support scab unions. Are we to presume that the legally recognised terms "skilled" and "semi-skilled" are meaningless?—if so, our employers in their observance of trade union awards have been unnecessarily and unconsciously generous.

MIXED BULL?

Now we are told that these classes who work with their hands act "as a sort of incubator in which most of the industrial troubles that occur in this country are fermented." This belies more than a mixing of metaphors—it infers that industrial trouble is a result of something other than social injustices created by an economic system based on production for private profit which thrives as wages decrease and prices increase. The existence of a working class as we know it is an essential part of a private enterprise economy, and all the abuse and all the wishing that such an eyesore did not exist can do nothing unless there is a conscious desire to re-organise the economy on a different basis—that of social ownership and control of the factories, transport systems—the means of production generally.

It is quite evident that our Plutocrat does not wish to see the passing of the present Plutocracy. Coupled with

the refusal to study the causes of the industrial unrest and suggest reforms. Plato looks upon those who demand reforms as the "blind and frequently non-comprehending tool of political agitators"—"Dumbos" blindly led by equally dumb "commos" presumably. But ever further—he determines to cut them off from society—if anything can be so ridiculous. What can be more preposterous, more malignant, more undemocratic, so completely unrealistic, so ridiculously one-eyed and narrowly academic, than to suggest that the working class should not "be allowed powers which place it in its civic duties, on an equal basis with educated and intelligent men."

THE LOW CLASSES

The ideals of a slave system advocated "without emotional bias" seem to be all Pluto is capable of. These people, who have sunk (or remained) so low as to work with their hands, are fit only to do the work about the place.

A reader is left no better off after the naive assertion, "It is obviously not right (that the class of men who work with their hands, etc., be allowed powers which place it in its civic duties, on an equal basis with educated and intelligent men), for to maintain that it were so would be to postulate ethical hedonism, a fallacious doctrine." It has to be proved that the said doctrine is postulated, and that it is fallacious. Also Pluto has to prove that the rule of Philosophers to-day is not fallacious. Actually controversy centring round ethical hedonism can tend to end up either as an argument over words or as a flight into the realm of abstract ethics—right away from concrete everyday social life and problems.

This much is clear, that all doctrinaire philosophy sings and high-flown word juggling—all the attempts to confuse people with academic phraseology—cannot dispute:

(1) The desirability, nay the necessity of raising the standard of living of all the peoples of the world no matter what colour, race, creed or class, the desirability of industrial advance and mechanisation of agriculture, the application of science to useful production.

(2) The desirability of conscious co-operative social activity by all members of society, the desirability of heightened social consciousness and responsibility generally.

(3) That there is no conflict between material and culture welfare necessarily. Surely the first is a condition of the second. Is not the first part of the second by the Industrial revolution part of man's cultural progress? Also is not the use of science, not only a cultural achievement—but an aspect of man's material progress?

STICK TO WOMEN

The fundamental point at issue is undeniably one which has a bearing on the fermenting industrial troubles. . . . what is the way towards the goal of increased production, increased social responsibility, enhanced material and cultural welfare.

Friend Pluto blithely says, "We may, if we wish, revert to Plato and the rule of the Philosophers," completely ignorant of the basic determining factors of social organisation. Wishing will not make it so. When it comes to social reform and reorganisation, more is involved than convincing Parliament—whether it measures up to one's standard of intelligence or not.

The method the writer put forward for changing New Zealand to his ideal Platocracy—or, rather, super-Plutocracy—would presumably apply equally well as a method for changing New Zealand to a pioneering society (or even a feudal State for that matter!). Such a failure to consider the importance of the material conditions of production and the nature of social organisation qualifies on scribe as a waste of imaginative writing but gets us no further in dealing with present-day industrial unrest in particular and social problems generally.

If one wishes to indulge in imaginative writing, it would be fitting to stick to ideal women, wives, husbands, film stars or bottle openers—rather than to mislead readers, malign the working classes, slight Platonic philosophy, advocate the ethics of slavery, deny democratic theory and practice, and then rush off to the ivory tower.

A WORLD OF PEACE . . . Continued

to work and the assurance of a just reward for his labour. People, and especially democratic peoples, want freedom of speech and thought and the fullest scope for all lawful enterprise. To ensure all these, the people want honest politics, wise and courageous leadership, able and willing to fight the economic and financial corruption which threatens to destroy not only civilisation, but, ultimately, mankind itself.

What people don't want is war, bombs and depressions, unemployment and economic security. The older generation has seen two world wars and a world-wide depression with untold suffering and destitution. We, the younger generation, must work for a better world and a new world order. Our objective should be the "Four Freedoms"—not as an ideal, but as a hard fact to be accomplished in spite of the many difficulties and obstacles that confront us.

THE CORNSTALKS CAME TO AUCKLAND

Yes, the Cornstalks came to Auckland.

Time: May 23rd.

Occasion: The much-advertised debate between the Australians and A.U.C. teams.

Subject: "That Australasia should adopt a policy of intensive immigration."

Teams: AFFIRMATIVE—

Adrian Roden (Sydney).
Clarence Hermes (Adelaide).
David Webster (Sydney).

NEGATIVE—

Owen Vickridge.
Rod. Smith.
John Nathan.

Result: Well, suffice to say that after hearing the Aussies, Craccum reporter went dazedly out repeating "My ears have heard the glory . . ."

After a short address the Pres. of the Studs. Ass., Mr. Peter Robinson, subsided into the Chair with a resigned look and the debate was launched by

Mr. Adrian Roden, leader of the Affirmative, who bowed politely to all and sundry, took up his stance in the exact spot where he should have stood and proceeded in his precise and very fluent English to state their case and at the same time skilfully undermine the opposition's by making light of the difficulties which would confront an immigration scheme. His theme was that we could put internationalism into practice by encouraging the immigration to Australasia of both European and Asian races, and that even from "selfish national reasons" such a scheme would be beneficial in the light of the fact that a dense population was desperately needed in Australia both from the economic point of view and for defence purposes.

On the other hand, the leader of the Negative team, Mr. Rod. Smith, contended that the arguments of Mr. Roden were "bunk." This word cropped up several times during the period Mr. Smith spoke. Whenever he seemed at a loss, "bunk" supplied his needs very well. The tenor of Mr. Smith's remarks were that the benefits which might possibly be derived from a policy of immigration would not offset sufficiently the problem that would arise from the attempt to absorb this new population into the old. Mr. Smith went on to say that in this respect we "must face stern and remorseless facts" and not every type of immigrant would be desirable. Australasia needed specialists and the West-

ern European countries would probably want to retain these in their own economies. Therefore, said Mr. Smith, we would be forced to take undesirables and social questions would arise if these people were brought into the country in large numbers. There was, so the speaker asserted, no possibility of a short-term policy of intensive immigration being carried out in N.Z. with any effect, and went on to quote statistics to carry out his argument.

In contrast to the previous speaker, Mr. Clarence Hermes adopted a humorous and slightly satirical tone. With a friendly eye on the audience, Mr. Hermes assured Mr. Smith that his statistics must be of necessity wrong, since it had been calculated by experts that Australia at least could absorb 2 per cent (i.e., 70,000) of its population every annum, and that such a policy had been put into practice already without any appreciable effects on Australia's economy. For example, 30,000 people entered Australia in 1947, while in 1948 the total was 50,000. These persons had appeared to be adaptable, and certainly no disruption of industry had been discernible. Mr. Hermes went on to point out that there were 21,000 jobs vacant in N.Z. that we should desire immigrants regardless of the source. People whom we may not always consider to be desirable as neighbours must not be prevented from entering the country—"you must not keep them out or you yourselves may be thrown out."

The argument was then taken up by Mr. Owen Vickridge, who questioned whether 70,000 could be regarded as "intensive immigration." Apparently

Mr. Vickridge visualised vast hordes of Asiatics descending on us every year something for which our economy could not cater. After all, our resources are limited even if our population were not, and in any case withdrawing specialists from Great Britain would be unfair to the British Empire and to the democracies. Therefore the countries left to draw immigrants from were "India, Indonesia and some of the islands in the Pacific"—countries whose economic resources were much greater than Australasia's and whose inhabitants would therefore probably be unwilling to leave.

David Webster, who followed Mr. Vickridge, made several caustic comments about the "myths of Smith," and firmly told Mr. Smith "that you have any orrption, I will talk about abortion," and demanded to know whether Mr. Smith regarded N.Z. "as a civilised country or a piece of blotting paper." (This was much appreciated by the audience.) Mr. Webster evidently believed that "intensive" meant somewhat smaller numbers than Messrs. Vickridge and Smith anticipated. The only means by which Australasia could maintain its present relatively high standard of living without immigration was by persuading married couples that they should consider the welfare of the nation and produce large families. While Mr. Smith apparently considered this easy, Mr. Webster entertained some doubts as to the success of this latter plan.

Mr. Nathan continued the argument for the negative by stating that the affirmative appeared "well versed in figures but were not sufficiently absorbed in those figures." After this somewhat cryptic statement he went on to attack the Affirmative's figures. Mr. Nathan would regard 25% increase yearly in population as intensive. What then would be 2%? Further, since it is absolutely necessary that we maintain our present standard of living as well as our democratic system of government, Mr. Nathan went on to say that this could only be done if we had the cream of the Western hemisphere. This, of course, would be impossible under a system of intensive immigration as the Negative visualised it.

(Continued next page)

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CAPERS IN THE CAMPUS

There is much to be said in favour of ready-made jokes: they have much thought; as everyone has heard them many times before, there is no sticky pause at the end of the joke, no hesitant and doubtful laughter. One is, as it were, using an idiom familiar to one's audience; and, finally, their humour has been proved long since.

The most common college jokes are about Mrs. Odd's caf. Indeed, so often has this been the subject of song and story that it is now unnecessary to make any witty efforts: mere mention of the caf. is enough to set one's hearers in a roar. Taking advantage of this, few people ever say anything very funny about the caf. I doubt whether Mrs. Odd would concede even this limited statement. One of the brightest remarks was an early one, worth repeating: "How can a man die better than facing Mrs. Odd's?" Not many are up to this standard, but "Odd's Bodkins!" managed to make a comment at once succinct and most telling. Nevertheless, it continues to be the done thing to be funny about the caf., and efforts vary from the epic manner (what Professor Musgrove said when he found a cockroach in his coffee, and what Mrs. Odd said back to him) to the laboriously constructed play on words, or the simplest form, that is, the two words "the caf.," followed by shrieks of amusement.

Another fertile source of humour is the University Tower. Someone once said that it looked like a wedding cake. It was a description more picturesque than accurate, for wedding cakes are not noticeably similar to the Tower, but it was high time that some criticism was aimed at it, and why stickle for precision in such a case? At all events, since then the Tower has provided countless opportunities for bright remarks: what adds piquancy to the jest

is that most of the people who are funny about it have no idea what exactly is odd about the Tower. It is enough for them that it is a subject for waggishness.

More striking instances of jokes whose success is more traditional than merited are Revue and Procesh. Revue is notoriously the least funny thing about the College, yet every year enthusiastic audiences roll up and roar with stimulated ardour. Procesh is a little better; there are hints at humour, reminiscences and subtle suggestions, as it were, but nothing to stir the laughter of the tolerant multitude, if it were not for tradition.

The Women's Basketball Team is another rich mine of humour for some reason or another. Is it really very funny? Surely there is nothing for laughter and ridicule, but rather for admiration in the spectacle of fine, sturdy young womanhood engaged in healthy pursuits, regardless of the elements: look at their legs, mottled and purpled by the cold, their hands, reddened and calloused by contact with the ball, and admire their intrepid and dauntless spirit. But the unthinking student passes them by, convulsed with merry laughter. Well, well!

Women students, too, provide considerable mirth and merriment about the place, though they take themselves very seriously. And there is a perennial joke among freshers, namely, other freshers. And there are jokes peculiar to each de-

partment about mannerisms and appearance of various lecturers and professors. And there are the drunks at coffee evenings, generally accepted, for some inscrutable reason, and if only by their friends, as a pretty good joke. And there are coffee evenings themselves, a rare and merry jest, but noticeably well patronised.

Nice safe jokes, tried and tested, turning up with regularity every year. Taking us by and large, we're a lot of merry wags, aren't we? And so original. Jesu, Jesu (as Justice Shallow said, recalling his equally wild student days), the mad days I have spent!

IDEAL MAN

With considerable maidenly reserve and coy hesitation, the average woman student has at last bashfully whispered a few hints about her ideal. He is tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with rugged features, dressed in good taste, smoking a pipe, and with short hair. To be seen, in fact, any night on the screen.

He likes to take the average woman student somewhere by himself, and, as his behaviour is uninhibited, one rather shudders to contemplate the result. His attitude is self-assertive. In no case, it was interesting to learn, does the average female student want a man who is anxious to please. He likes dancing and books; also women—but only in moderation, one young lady stipulated. He is reserved, and, in keeping with his self-assertive attitude, an independent thinker. His conversation is interesting; that is, presumably, interlarded with compliments and sweet nothings.

Additional suggestions brought in the rather surprising information from about half the entrants that he has no sense of humour, never laughs at his own jokes. Various ladies found it rather desirable that he should have a car, a long nose, a quiet voice—"ladylike" was the exact description in one entry. A rather charming, old world touch was lent by the entrant who wistfully suggested "good manners and goes to church."

(Continued from page 4)

The gist of Mr. Smith's summing-up was that the whole argument hinged upon the types of people who comprised would-be immigrants while Mr. Roden, in a masterly reply, maintained that what was Mr. Smith's argument but an argument advocating racial discrimination—something which all fair-minded persons could not tolerate.

The chief judge, Mr. North, K.C., in his summing-up, complimented both sides on teamwork and added that he thought that with a little more practice the A.U.C. team would be a hard team to beat. The Australian team was to be complimented on its wit and fine co-operation, and the verdict was awarded to them by about 60 points.

VACATION EMPLOYMENT

PLANS ARE NOW ALMOST completed for the transfer of Australian and New Zealand students on vacation employment schemes during the long vacation—1949-50. Fares for New Zealand Students will be:—£34 return by sea, £42 return by air, plus a £1 registration fee. Every application must be handed to the Exchange Officer, Frances Spence, with the registration fee, before June 30th (this registration fee is not refundable). All fare money must be paid in advance and may be paid in instalments before the end of August to the Exchange Officer. Full information concerning jobs, transportation, wages, clothing, etc., will be supplied in due course.

Students must pay their own board and lodging when in Australia. In some cases accommodation is provided with the job, but where none is provided N.U.A.U.S. will endeavour to indicate suitable accommodation.

Applicants will be advised of their first job before they leave New Zealand. Application forms may be obtained from the Exchange Officer (when they arrive).

Further details appear on page 13 of the last issue of Craccum.

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A.U.C. and the Amoeba

Biology students know what happens when an amoeba encysts. If he doesn't like the look of the water round him he secretes a firm little wall about himself and retires to the bottom of the pond for a few months. He's got a few clues, and in some ways we are a bit like him. So many atrocities, bombings, famines, murders have been going on in the past few years that we secrete a hard wall of insensitivity around ourselves as protection against the rather murky pond water that is our world. Our sympathy for appeals in the name of humanity dries up; it is not easy to move us to anger or pity.

The Amoeba is lucky. His pond often rights itself by natural causes. Ours, unfortunately, tends to go from bad to worse if we try to ignore it. However shattering it may be to our peace of mind, we must try to pierce the wall and enter in imagination into the lives of people for whom appeals are constantly being made. Giving money to World Student Relief isn't very exciting, but look behind the posters and the appeals and the organisation to the real people who are on the receiving end.

Look, for instance, at the students of France who are trying to grope their way out of the chaos of war. During their dramatic years in the underground they had come to believe that their country would come out purged and revitalised. But soon they found the unity of the Resistance Movement was lost in the petty squabbles rampant among the political leaders of the day. Among the students there is now only a kind of weary nostalgia for the days when one could still hope that the future would definitely be better. The rehabilitation centres set up by the W.S.R. will provide as well as the physical necessities of life, opportunities for students to rediscover a place in the bewildering future.

And what about those of Poland and Yugoslavia, who went through an equally bitter fight for freedom during the war and now find themselves in a displaced persons' camp. There it was not so much a question of relieving basic material needs, as a burning problem of helping to save some young people's self-respect and general health of mind. True enough there were many loafers in D.P. camps, and some whose political record was more or less sinister, but even so the small relief that W.S.R. officials are able to give with their miserably inadequate resources is one of the most important jobs they are asked to undertake.

Or, think of the 40 students from Macedonia and Thrace who must live in a condemned house or else sleep on the stone floor of a garage or sit up in a chair in an all-night restaurant. A W.S.R. field worker writes, "The roof leaked so badly that the winter rains dripped on the one torn sheet and blanket covering a sick student. I hesitated to climb the stairs for the wood

TENNIS CLUB

The A.G.M. of the Tennis Club will be held in Room 4 on Tuesday, June 21, at 8 p.m. The main business of the evening will be the election of officers of the club for the coming season. Present members and others interested are invited to attend. Freshers are especially welcome, as this will be an excellent opportunity to meet old members of the club.

The last tennis season was encouraging, as both the teams in the Auckland Lawn Tennis Association competition improved on the previous year's performance. The A Grade team reached the final of their section, while the B team, although not outstanding, had several wins to their credit.

At Easter Tournament this year Angela Wilson, a member of the Auckland team, survived the preliminary rounds to reach the finals of the ladies' singles. The club extends its congratulations to her for the fine tennis she played in Wellington.

was rotting and four of the steps had fallen in." It is little wonder that out of every ten students in Greece actively tubercular or in danger of becoming so.

With cold and hunger as the stark background to their lives, students all over Europe ask for study materials as the first necessity. One Hungarian student said, "You could not possibly give us enough food, and we will go through somehow; but send us another mimeograph machine and more paper and we will quadruple our text-book production." Would you like to make scientific instruments out of twisted metal salvaged from the rubble of the College buildings, or pay black market prices for lecture notes because there is no room for all in the crammed lecture rooms, or take Economics with twelve text-books to go round a class of five hundred? That is the price of University education in Europe.

Don't imagine the students are sitting down with hands folded waiting for relief to arrive. France, though still in need herself, does not ask for much help and is helping other devastated countries with gifts of school supplies. Student self-help has been one of the most striking developments of the post-war years. W.S.R. can't ship enough food to feed all the hungry students in China or even meet the text-book needs of a given German University but can provide some of the essentials which will enable a student co-operative enterprise to function.

Cold, hunger, frustrated efforts, disappointed hopes—that is student life in Europe and Asia.

Some evenings have been arranged to raise money. There is a box in the Library labelled W.S.R. They are built waiting for you.

M. P. Adams

LABOUR CLUB

"What Price Nylons?" might have been a sub-title to the Labour Club discussion on "The Dilemma of a Controlled Economy," led by Clyde McLaren, B.A., B.Com. It was made plain, anyway, that we will have to pull our socks up.

In differentiating between a private enterprise economy, a planned economy and a controlled economy, it was pointed out how the basis of the first is the private ownership of resources and the means of production, with a legal basis protecting this right and the right to inheritance; and free markets where buyers and sellers meet, prices being thus established.

The planned economy banishes the private ownership of the means of production, etc., while the nature and volume of production is dictated by a body of planners—whether it be a dictatorial and unrepresentative bureaucracy or a commission fundamentally democratic in structure. Incomes would be determined in a similar way, BUT they would be derived only from work done.

Enter the villain of the piece—the controlled economy. It tries to combine the property basis of private enterprise with the price-fixing, income-fixing mechanism of a planned economy. The fundamental dilemma is that the attempt is being made to deny the basis of private enterprise, i.e., private profit, yet maintain the institutions. To-day its main supporters are leisurely arm-chair socialists. Its method is essentially the social democratic one, gradualism, graft socialism on to capitalism, via a controlled economy, which gradually change the property basis.

An old lady with £1000 invested in industry was like a capitalist with £1000 in Government bonds after being nationalised, except that she ran some risk of losing hers. Neither have much control over the use of the money.

Administrative and theoretical deficiencies of the controlled economy allowed inefficiency being subsidised through the percentage or unit mark-up price system. It is impossible to set standards in many lines, e.g., women's clothing. The speaker also pointed out how Fascism is essentially a controlled economy and how the danger of a controlled economy falling into the hands of our military masters is a very real one.

In conclusion, it was shown how either a free or a planned economy can produce better results than controlled economy; how this type of economy is no answer; how the problem to-day the world over is still private enterprise versus socialism or some planned economy.

DEBATING CLUB

Junior and Senior Oratory

The subject for this year is "An Event or Person in the 20th Century," and the contest will be held on Monday, July 25. Will all budding orators please sign the notice, which will be placed on the notice-board?

Ben Jonson and the Twentieth Century

It was customary amongst our grandparents to insist that everything was for the best in their best of all possible worlds. Nowadays, pointing to our own "improved" society, we laugh at such self-righteousness — which only goes to show how self-righteous we are ourselves. Indeed, our new knowledge is entirely a technical thing; wisdom has not advanced one jot since the days of Victoria, or Elizabeth—or, for that matter, since Plato's time.

That is why "The Alchemist" (to be presented in St. Andrew's Hall by the College Drama Society during the first week in July) is a timeless, perennial play. One may see there the costumes of the sixteenth century, and hear wit dressed up in Elizabethan English, but the cap of the story still fits, and one must wear it, willy-nilly. Subtle, the Alchemist, and Face, his go-between, are everywhere to-day, and in the nature of each of us is something of their dupes. We are all, in part, Sir Epicure Mammon the sensualist; Dapper, the hopeful gambler; Ananias and Tribulation Wholesome, who believe a good end to justify foul means; Kastril, who would ape his betters; and, above all, Abel Druggier, the absurd yet pathetic little man who "would be glad to thrive," and yet "dares keep no servants" in his business lest they cheat him. Surly, who alone has wit enough to see through the tricksters, who stands for honesty, and is brought in the end as low as the rest, is a figure we have all met—and been—in our time.

Ben Jonson wrote his play more than a century before the Industrial Revolution, but his Subtle, who was then turning Renaissance science to his own ends, is still in business to-day. He peddles patent hair-restorers and slimming tablets, using the gutter-press and commercial radio to boost his sales. "Captain" Face, who then employed his gift of the gab to entice fools into Subtle's parlour, is now doing a roaring trade on the black market. He is the gentleman who sells you a house at something over the Tribunal valuation, and who interests wealthy fools in a new gambling system—for a small outlay of capital. Times have changed, not character.

See them as Ben Jonson drew them, and be made wiser. In these degenerate days of chromium plate and juke-boxes, of atom bombs and escapist entertainment, it may be that our best hope lies in a sense of humour and a sense of proportion—two qualities with which Jonson endowed the only characters to emerge successfully from "The Alchemist." Not that the play is a moral lesson: the story is presented to be laughed at, and we hope that you will do so.

Bettina

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THE COMMONEST COMMUNIST PLOT!

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,—

The Russians do not really believe in the Lysenko theory. People have been wearing false teeth for years and not one baby has been born with them. This absolutely proves that we can't inherit acquired characteristics. And the Commos know it! It is all part of a sinister plot. There are available several reasons to prove it. Take the Soviet slave labour camps. Now, convict labour is found in Western countries, so what makes Russia peculiarly blameworthy? It must be because of these three things—(1) extent of system, (2) conditions of camps, (3) grounds for conviction.

Seeing that the United States Congressional study, "Communism in Action," estimates all the way from a half to twenty millions, we will leave reason (1) for the while, as 4000% difference is hard to work with. No! Let us take the figures of Tallgren, an Estonian prisoner of war, who "heard it said" there are ten millions. The conditions must be terrible, for authorities say the mortality rate is 30% annually. Reason (3) follows from the following deduction. The figures mean that one-tenth of all the adult males in the Soviet Union die in slave camps every year, so in ten years the "man shortage" (note this, girls) would become absolute. There cannot be grounds for conviction at this rate, so reason (3) is proved.

Now, getting back to Lysenko. The Soviet is trying to fool us. Lysenko is actually making slot-machine babies to make up the deficiency. This uncovers the first part of the plot. Now the second part to the plot. Remember back in 1920 there were rumours that Soviet Russia had nationalised the women. Remember how the Soviets just

laughed at this and invited observers. They denied it to make it look true, because we know what liars the Communists are, but all the time it was the men who were nationalised, as I have proved above.

Stalingrad! The Nazis never got anywhere near Stalingrad. The Russians just put up notices "To Stalingrad—5 kilometres," and Jerry thought he was attacking Stalingrad. You do not see why? It was to make His Majesty give the Russians that sword. The plot clears. And a horse called "Russian Hero" winning the British Grand National! Do you think Joe Stalin would allow a horse called "House of Lords" to win the Grand National in Moscow? Not on your life. We are only appeasing the Russians when it is our duty as a Christian nation to hate them like hell. This is not directly part of the plot. It is only to ruin our nerves.

Why is it that such a sinister (please tremble here) Bolshevik conspiracy could escape beneath our noses? Is it because we are hypermetropic? No, it is because we did not take Logic and Ethics, stage one, this year. We all know that the Communists base themselves on Marxism-Leninism, and Marxism is diabolical and hysterical materialist. That is what it really is, although they reckon it is dialectical and historical materialism. I believe that dialectics means that everything that influences the decision must be brought into the argument (whacko, il vino), and a historical approach means one must study which way history is moving. We have done this. (Remind me to take Pol. Sci. next year.) This is where the plot manifests itself drastically.

Conclusion: Soviet kills off whole adult population in 20 years. (Proved by recent U.S. allegations.) Then Lysenko makes 3,000,000 slot machine babies per year. (Proved by number needed to fill gap.) All the men re-

maining had been nationalised (proved above), and when given truth drugs admit this to slot machine children (twosites and included angel). Then the children are shown His Majesty's sword and think the Royal Navy is made of swords (deduction—by illumination). When they have destroyed our morale with subversive horses (proved above) they feed us a Lysenko theory (which can't be true because the Bible tells us so) and, then. . . . Well, I can't work out the final bit—but I am still damn sure it is another Communist plot.

EDARMOC BAO

* * *

CAUSATION

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,—

On your recommendation I have espoused a CAUSE. Let no one say this was done because I could not espouse anything else. Rather believe me, sir, when I say that your last editorial inspired me—no longer will I be a "blase, cynical, immature little woman-at-College." No, sir, I am a reformed woman.

It took me some little time to decide just what CAUSE I should adopt. Your definition read as follows, "An important CAUSE requires adherents of character and integrity. . . ." "Ah!" I said, "that's me." I think I will become a Communist as this wise man advises. But I read on. ". . . persecution and ultimate martyrdom guaranteed." This was not so good, as I have heard that lovers of the Red Flag are not so popular nowadays. Whether this is really true I do not know, but it seemed better not to take a chance.

Thereafter I puzzled for a while. Tamaki seemed a dead issue, and the S.P.C.A. was a worthy CAUSE, but unfortunately one likes a little gratitude, and animals are not particularly noteworthy in this respect. So, as I had



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In contrast, this year's ball was a dignified function. The holding of the capping ceremony during the afternoon meant that the Town Hall was available for the ball in the evening, and that the ball started at 9 p.m. as opposed to 11 p.m. last year. Not only was there room to move, there was actually room to dance; and more remarkable still, those present were capable of dancing, unlike the large numbers of besotted individuals who attended the ball last year. Consequently, dancing was the chief occupation of the evening (c.f. 1948). Another improvement on last year's effort was the supper, which was well organised and attractively served.

It is to be trusted that the ball this year managed to pay its way. If it did, there is no reason why other functions, such as the coming Tournament Ball and After-Degree Ball should not also be held in the Town Hall.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

JANE ESSON.

* * *

INHUMANITY

The Editor,

Craccum.

Dear Sir,—

May I on behalf, not only of the Auckland University College Labour Club but of thousands of students all over the world less fortunate than ourselves, protest at the complete irresponsibility, the sheer inhumanity and the colossal ignorance of the person(s) responsible for the removal from a College notice-board of a petition form and a wall newspaper connected with the International Union of Students' petition campaign in aid of Spanish students.

When it is realised that the petitions are official forms of the I.U.S. (to which N.Z.U.S.A. is affiliated) petitioning the United Nations Organisation, and that the petition in question was posted subject to the usual College regulations, such moronic behaviour involving a disregard for official organisations, student rights and the rule of law, is plainly evident.

Yours, etc.,

OWEN J. LEWIS.

* * *

VERITIES & VALUES

The Editor,

Craccum.

Dear Sir,—

The article "Impressions of A.U.C." which appeared in the last issue of Craccum came unpleasantly close to the truth. A.U.C. is too often regarded merely as a training school for those entering the professions, or a place where the wealthier members of society can enjoy themselves. It may be asked whether the university has any other function to perform. Mr. Churchill has something to say with regard to the

function of the university in the community. Quoting from his speech of May 23 at Liverpool University: "The 20th century, with all its shattering wars, with all the confusion and danger into which it has plunged mankind, finds us to-day with many values forgotten. A firm grip on all the essential verities and values of humanity and civilisation should be the central care of the universities."

What are these essential verities and values which should be our central care? Mr. Churchill goes on to explain. He speaks further of the anxious and critical times in which we live, and then declares: "Above all, Christian ethics are still our highest guide, whether in spiritual or in secular life." Christian ethics, then, constitute a very important part of that which it should be the central care of the universities to understand and preserve. Now, anyone who studies Christian ethics in order to get a better knowledge of them will have to take into account the whole of the teachings of Christ: not only that part which consists of rules for moral guidance, but also the part which is concerned with His claim to be the Son of God. He declared: "I am the living bread which has come down from heaven; . . . the bread that I will give is my flesh, given for the life of the world." Jesus was not just a great moral teacher. You cannot brush Him aside like that. He made constant references to His claim to be the Christ, the Son of God. People who deny that He was the Son of God are John. But is it possible that a madman or a fiend—anyone who does not agree with this should read the Gospel of St. John. But is it possible that a madman or a fiend could give us ethical teachings which are still our highest guide? One could always discredit Christian ethics as being of no value to-day, but it is unlikely that many people would do so.

It is not advocated in this letter that students should swallow unquestioningly every doctrine that appears, nor accept without criticism the beliefs handed to them by others (c.f. your last Editorial). The inference to be drawn from the preceding paragraph is not that all University students should be Christians, but that all university students should give humble, patient and open-minded consideration to the fact of Jesus Christ. There is, of course, an alternative. We can reject Mr. Churchill's idea of the function of the university. We can remain a night school and a hitching party and let more important things stay "outside and above the comfortable walls"—to quote "Impressions of A.U.C." We can have a good time while we are here, and let this remain our sole aim and purpose. But the question is, are we then a University?

I am,

Yours, etc.,

JANE ESSON.

Just been reading Edith Summerskill on the wrongs women shouldn't tolerate, I decided to form a LEAGUE OF MILITANT WOMANHOOD. I am not very sure what we have to be militant about, but E.S. says that the greatest barrier to a woman's freedom is an unsympathetic husband, so it looks as if one could advocate a war of the sexes. However, this would appear to carry things a little too far, and I will content myself with finding out how friendly the Girls' Friendly Society is, and enquiring into the ethics of the Y.W.C.A., which I have often wondered about. Anyone wishing to join may apply, care the Secretary, Women's Letter Rack.

With the cheering thought that you have inspired at least one person to "get herself a CAUSE," I will conclude. And I am,

Yours most gratefully,

S.E.

P.S.: One could really go to town on the Kinsey Report—this seems a great chance for being militant.

* * *

LAST WORD

The Editor,

Craccum.

Sir,—

I am heartily tired of people writing to Craccum and claiming that the picture I gave of a watersider in "Why? Said the Wharfie" is "obviously untrue" (to quote the latest offender, Shirley Eyre).

If anyone is sufficiently curious to want an interview with this incredible, but none the less very real, character for himself, I shall gladly supply his name and address, as well as that of any other character in my article if necessary.

Yours faithfully,

PETER N. TEMM.

* * *

GRAD. BALL

The Editor,

Craccum.

Dear Sir,—

In the last issue of Craccum appeared a very derogatory article entitled "Carnival Week in Retrospect." Process, Revue and other features of Carnival Week were criticised, and it was declared that the 1949 celebrations "were, all in all, the least successful since their post-war revival."

This statement must admit of one important qualification. Graduation Ball this year was probably the most successful Grad. Ball for some time. It was certainly more successful than the 1948 Brawl, which was chiefly notable as a demonstration of how many couples can be squeezed into the College Hall if everybody concentrates, and how much intoxicating liquor can be consumed in one evening if everybody co-operates.

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PROFESSOR BARTRUM

It was with deep and genuine regret that those students who have come into contact with Professor Bartrum, learned of his death at Rotorua on Tuesday.

Advanced Geology students, who have come to know him well and regarded him as a personal friend, will in particular feel a great loss, for Professor Bartrum, in addition to being an outstanding tutor, gave a great amount of his time to his students and took a pride in knowing each one personally. Lectures from the Professor were made more interesting by his frequent personal reminiscences and by the many local references he was able to give from his own unrivalled knowledge of New Zealand and its geology. He was always able to find time to answer and discuss his student's many enquiries and difficulties and to give extra practical tuition or assistance, often in his own holiday periods. Sometimes students are somewhat reluctant to approach their professors, but this was not the case with Professor Bartrum, as students knew that they were always welcome and would be received patiently, the Professor always being willing to discuss any topic with them and seeming to enjoy talking with them about subjects which might or might not have anything to do with geology.

Many distinguished geologists now employed in Geological Surveys, as teachers and lecturers and in other spheres, owe their success to early training by Professor Bartrum. His own academic achievements may be gauged by the many papers he has published both in New Zealand and overseas. Among the many honours that have been bestowed upon him are: Fellow Geological Society (Eng.), Fellow American Geological Society, Fellow of Royal Society of New Zealand, Hutton Memorial Medal and Hector Medal.



Though one of the oldest members of the staff, he found time to take students on field excursions and camps during the vacations, and up until a few years ago was often presenting a hand at Field Club camps. He also showed an active interest in College social life, often being present at Field Club coffee evenings. He was an enthusiastic supporter and coach of student Rugby football, not restricting his interest to the senior grade team. Great encouragement was also given to him to Tennis, Women's Hockey and Basketball.

Past and present students will remember his hospitality, and in particular his annual students' party.

During the Professor's recent illness his absence from the University has been deeply felt, and all his students wish to join in extending their heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Bartrum and family.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Do you know how best to arrange the lighting to photograph a particularly slick little redhead about five feet two inches in her socks? Neither did the Photographic Society, but Mr. Dunstan Ely, the Auckland portrait photographer, certainly did, and he demonstrated the fact very ably to the meeting on April 12. An amusing character with an intriguing little grin is Mr. Ely. He hopped nimbly from bench-top to bench-top dragging heavy spotlights with amazing agility. The three plates which he exposed were developed immediately for his inspection in the Society's dark-room. He obviously enjoyed selecting his models instead of having them thrust on him as in business.

On June 7 the Society's vice-president, Mr. Barfoot, spoke to an appreciative audience on "Theatrical and Glamour

Photography." We gathered that glamour is an elusive property, not easily defined, but easily demonstrated by making among an eager audience a series of photographs of startling nature which quite disrupted the meeting. Fortified now with a real appreciation of glamour, we were able to understand the importance of such things as spots, floods and backlighting. A model was selected and she bore with fortitude a glare of glamourising lights. Draped with cellophane and other odd things, she was photographed much.

In recent years Photographic circles in Auckland have been rocked ever so slightly by the work of one N. M. W. Mansill, whose Queen Street displays are familiar to most. On July 12 he will speak to the Society on "Modern Photographic Techniques." This should be an entertaining lecture since the work of the Society's members has so far been of orthodox kind. —G.C.S.

Why A Chess Column?

We could answer this by pointing out that in Russia chess gets lavish moral and financial support from the State, occupies much of the working time of a government department head, and ought, therefore, to be held worthy of some space in *Craccum* without further argument. But if we took this line the R.S.A. or somebody would doubtless notice the highly-suspicious implications of our argument and petition the Government to abolish chess, *Craccum* and the University as agents of the Red Peril. So we'll have to rely on reason instead of authority. The question to be settled is: What is the distinguishing feature of chess that makes it more worthy of substantial space in *Craccum* than such lesser games as football or cricket? Perhaps an answer is implied in the following remarks of C. J. S. Purdy, editor of the leading chess periodical of the southern hemisphere.

"The reason is simple: a Wimbledon final by Wilding or an innings by Trumper are now 'one with yesterday's seven thousand years,' or exist merely as vague images in the minds of a small and ever-diminishing number of surviving spectators. But Capablanca's games can be played over again and again by chess players anywhere and any time just as Capablanca played them. Certainly there are many who can 'play chess' and have never played over a Capablanca game, but anyone who confesses to it is not recognised as a chess player among chess players. And yet he may be able to beat some players in the real chess world. That does not matter. He is still not one of them. Chess is not only a game, but an art."

In other words, chess gives expression in permanent form to some of the most beautiful conceptions of the human spirit, the sublime creations of a disciplined imagination. The games of A.U.C. Chess Club members will not reach this level of achievement, just as the contributors to *Craccum* and *Kiwi* cannot pretend to vie with Shakespeare

TWO PIGEONS

by
James H. Sutherland

AS they finished their breakfast the Boss and his shearer looked out the kitchen window at the two bush pigeons that were billing and cooing in a holly-bush.

The shearer smacked his lips. "Go well in a pie, wouldn't they, Boss?"

"I'd shoot the man who harms a feather of those birds," said the Boss.

"Huh!" the shearer grunted, but did not reply.

Suddenly, unaccountably there was an uproar at the kennels.

or Swift, but the best of them will nevertheless be worthy of publication in some form. It is fitting that *Craccum* should be the medium for our purpose.

MATCH v. REMUERA

On Wednesday, June 1st, played Remuera A and B grade teams at Remuera, losing the A grade 1½-4½ and the B grade 1-5. Turner won and Willetts drew in A grade, and Nuttall and Bayliss drew in B grade. We give the most brilliant game, lost by Haight (White) to J. A. Moir at top board. After a weak opening, Haight fought back resourcefully in a dazzling middle-game, only to bungle an almost even ending. Note the bold Rook-offer on White's 17th.

1. P-K4, N-KB3. 2. N-QB3, P-Q4. 3. PxP, NxP. 4. NxN?, QxN. 5. N-Bx3, P-K4. 6. P-Q3, B-Q3. 7. P-QN3, 0-0. 8. B-K2, B-Q2. 9. 0-0, B-B3. 10. P-B4, Q-K2. 11. R-K1, N-Q2. 12. Q-B2, P-K5. 13. B-Q1, KR-K1. 14. P-Q4, Q-B3. 15. N-N5, P-KR3. 16. NxBP!, KxN. 17. P-Q5, N-K4. 18. RxP, N-Q6. 19. QxN, RxR. 20. QxR, R-K1. 21. B-R5ch, P-N3. 22. BxPch, QxB. 23. QxQch, KxQ. 24. BxP!, BxP. 25. B-K3, B-B3. 26. P-KR3, K-B4. 27. R-Q1, R-KN1. 28. P-N4ch?, K-K5. 29. R-Q4ch, K-B6. 30. K-B1, R-KR1. 31. B-B5, B-K4. 32. R-Q3?!, B-QB5. 33. Resigns.

The Boss rushed out to the door. "Quiet, you reptiles," he shouted. "Shut up your noise you dirty swikers. I'll kick your necks, I'll break your bones!"

The uproar continued. The Boss seized his shotgun from the corner and discharged it into the air. The dogs subsided, and the two pigeons fluttered away.

"Gee, Boss, you gave me a scare then," said the shearer. "How many did you shoot?"

"None," said the Boss. "I fired into the air. It's the only way to quieten the noisy brutes."

They continued the meal in silence.

In the cottage down the road the share-milker remarked to his wife, "There's the Boss telling his dogs to be quiet again."

She smiled. "It must cost him a fortune in cartridges."

"Aye!" They, too, continued their meal in silence.

The shearer clipped forty sheep before morning smoko, and a further forty before lunch. He had already shorn forty before breakfast.

The Boss was out mustering in the back paddock all morning. The share-milker was helping in the shed—picking up fleeces, penning up the sheep, sweeping the board and pressing the wool.

At lunch the shearer said to the Boss, "I should just about do my two hundred to-day, Boss."

"Good," answered the Boss. "You'll almost cut out to-night, then. There's only forty in the mob from the back paddock. I'll run them into the shed for you after lunch. And then I'll go and hunt for stragglers."

They were silent. The shearer looked out of the window at the two pigeons back in their holly bush.

(Continued overleaf)

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He did another forty sheep before afternoon smoko.

The Boss's horse was not in the yard as he walked over to the house to get his billy of tea. He picked up a length of firewood and tested its balance. "Those pigeons would go well in a pie," he muttered. He brought them both down and expertly wrung their necks. But an uproar from the dogs told him he had made a mistake. The Boss must be home after all. He turned guiltily towards the kitchen window, to see the grim face of the Boss looking out from behind his shotgun. He caught the charge in the stomach. He lay writhing on the grass.

The Boss rushed out and finished him off with a skilful blow behind the ear. He then dragged the three carcasses, the man and the two birds, into the shrubbery and covered them reverently with super bags.

He scratched his head for a while; then his eyes lit with the joy of inspiration. "I'll bury them to-night under the bed of white roses," he cried aloud. Fortunately there was no one to hear him.

In the cottage the share-milker looked up from his afternoon tea.

"There's the Boss telling his dogs to be quiet again," he remarked to his wife.

"It must cost him a fortune in cart-ridges," she replied.

After smoko the Boss said to the share-milker, "I'm afraid we'll have to finish these sheep on our own. The shearer was called suddenly away."

He stripped to the singlet, started the machine, strode into the pen and dragged

a sheep on to the board. Soon the was in full swing.

After an hour the share-milker "I'll have to go for the cows now, Boss."

"Righto," answered the Boss. "finish off here."

He cut the mob out before tea.

After tea he buried the bodies by the silver light of the moon under the bed of white roses.

I suppose that they still lie there.

A month or so later he sat with ploughman at breakfast. The ploughman looked out the window where another two bush pigeons were billed and cooing in the holly bush.

The ploughman smacked his lips.

"Go well in a pie, wouldn't they, Boss?" "I'll shoot any man who harms those birds," said the Boss.

KIWI

Have you forgotten? Are you only just thinking? If so, remember and act. You have only a week left. Write now and write WELL. Copy closes June 30.

Write on one side of the paper only; have it typewritten if possible.

Leave in Craccum box (clearly mark it "Kiwi"), or letter-rack again—"Kiwi," or hand it to me.

M. S. MARTIN.

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