

# Craccum

A.U.C. STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER

Vol. 26, No. 2. March 25th, 1952.

JUST one chance remark prompted this expose. Said a sweet young fresher: "Why don't Varsity students have cut rate tram and bus fares — as we had at school?" Away on his beat went Craccum's ace scandal roundsman, clutching Time, Truth and Awake in his hot hand. "Say, guy," he told the Editor, "got the hottest newsbeat of the year. Put it on the wire, Reuter, A.P., U.P. I'm sending exclusives to Sydney Truth, Pravda, the Hearst press." Well, we cannot vouch for the facts, but we're publishing his story—without comment . . .

**TRAMMIES:  
want actions**

**STUDENTS:  
want cash**

**FORMER CO-EDITOR  
wants no publicity**

# FARE SLASH

Year's  
Big  
Exposé

# QUERY SNARL

More  
Snips  
on  
Cards

By Staff Investigator

**STUDENTS face a long uphill struggle in a grim battle to depose monopolist controls of city transport systems. Already students' living standards are sinking to an all-time low in face of soaring fare rates. And they say worse may follow.**

**Wholesale evictions have become commonplace as New Zealand's future professional class faces sordid living quarters—result of the maintenance of a running sore in the nation's economy. But students are confident they have wrested the initiative.**

They will move to force setting up of special concession rates to ease the plight of their class.

**AND is this request is not met, Royal Commission enquiries into administration of transport in this city may follow.**

It may unmask facts to out-Kefauver the worst enquiry findings in the nation's history.

Meanwhile, impoverished students face further hardship if the Board continues to ignore what is a public scandal.

## BOYCOTT

**IF necessary, A.U.C. pressure groups may consider full-scale boycott of city transport systems. Said one: "I prefer to walk rather than encourage this gross monopoly." She was last seen entering a chiropodists'.**

Board employees too are uncertain as to the future. They fear concerted action to force the issue. This fear may prompt early demands for danger money and sky-rocketing of already soaring fares. Is this fair?

**BUT, A.U.C. will not abandon its democratic right of free speech. Already the struggle has entered round one — with plans for lengthy petition lists for presentation to the board.**

Cabinet support has been mooted.

And board spokesmen realize that a split in public opinion may prejudice the city's chances of trolley-bus change-over before the next vital local body poll.

## DEPOSE?

**FROM** corridors of Auckland University may come the drive to depose Auckland's local body clique. Campus pressure could bring about the loss of the Mayor's ticket.

Already draft plans for the scheme have received tacit approval of student representatives. Acceptance may mean:—

● More University students than ever on Auckland's antiquated rail-trams.

● Abandoning of popular car parking site opposite the University buildings.

Earlier, the position of some bona fide students was made

## OUR STAFF INVESTIGATOR



**MAKES A CLEAN BREAST OF IT**

Security experts now say that this issue may have figured large in recent secret meetings of Communist cell leaders in Australia. Like the Reds, right-wing leaders say: "This is potential dynamite."

Premature return of P.M. Sidney George Holland, from top-priority financial discussions has already been linked with rising tide of public disapproval. One taxi driver spoke for the nation: "Dat's tough."

A local butcher was less inclined to mince words: "What's all the beefing about?"

Those who face prospect of cold winter through transport board avarice were even more thaw.

Said one: "Godamnit! It costs me two shillings a day just to get here. Varsity fees spin out at less than that."

**Socialist club member said: "Trade barons are winning now, but when we gain the upper hand . . ." (His right hand twitched convulsively.)**

One McCarthy-sponsored private eye now investigating red menace within the college's grey walls forecast a senate prober. "Now is the time," he said, "for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

## SID'S HUB

**OUR** Wellington roundsman, standing in the very shadow of Parliament House, hub of the Holland regime, saw lights burning throughout conference-studded nights as Govt. action loomed plain.

In his exclusive dispatch he gave graphic description of the scene there. "Small groups of ordinary folk stood here for long hours in drizzling rain as the Govt. faced its most urgent crisis since the Barnes-sponsored union break crippled the nation's economy. I spoke to one man: 'Why did you come to stand here for long hours, etc., etc.?' I asked

"His reply was simple yet indicative of his feelings. 'I came to stand here for long hours, etc., etc., because I am the perishing gateman,' he said."

## BRAVOS

**MEANWHILE**, in Auckland, this paper sought out public opinion. Many students failed to comment, fearing grim reprisal. On this page Craccum quotes those who dared face the issue.

Said dapper Arts student Noel A. McDonald: "If students receive no monetary allowance for transport they should be helped. I'm all in favour of reform in the city's transport systems by any means, but violence."

Athletic, tight-lipped non-student, Patrick J. ("Jealousy will get you nowhere") Booth, tilted back his brown hat, said cynically: "Varsity enrolments would double if transport concessions were granted. Why—even I might enrol."

**But one student**, former co-editor of Craccum, in an exclusive seance from the spirit world, griped: "The more students have to pay the better. I dislike Varsity students." Our investigator hastened to assure him that students felt the same way about the former co-editor.

**And a non-student**, Ian ("Just call me Ikey") MacDonald, rapped: "Concessional transport for students—by all means — preferably state-operated tumbrils."

Snapped literary, tow-headed Peter ("She'll be right") Heawood, now-he-is, now-he-isn't sports editor of Craccum: "Gimme one good poke at them guys."

**MEANWHILE, AS FEELINGS RUN HIGH BETWEEN STUDENTS AND TRAMMIES, UGLY SCENES, IN WHICH CLIPS AND PUNCHES ARE EXCHANGED, CONTINUE TO OCCUR DAILY.**

**P.3: Near Tragic Rag !**



## COMMENT ON WORLD AFFAIRS By Geopolitikon

## Russian War Propaganda Ban — What Results?

**JUST** a year ago—on March 12, 1951, the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. passed a law outlawing war propaganda in any form and providing the maximum penalty possible under Soviet criminal law for offenders—25 years imprisonment.

The law was introduced by Deputy Nikolai Tikhonov, Chairman of the Soviet Peace Committee, who in his accompanying speech said that in the United States newspapers, radio, films, literature and art, had been mobilized to make the average man believe war was inevitable. United States preparation for war had assumed "unprecedented" proportions. The United Nations had been converted into an instrument of U.S. aggression. N.A.T.O. and remilitarization of Germany and Japan were cited as evidence of America's preparations for war.

**"But," Mr. Tikhonov concluded, "it is a lie that war is inevitable — the peace-loving peoples of the world will take the situation into their own hands and prevent war."**

It would be rather interesting to know how many Russians have been gaoled under that law so far. Even more interesting would be a clear

picture of Stalin's reactions to Mr. Tikhonov's closing remarks. Or has friend Joseph changed his mind of late.

On page 66, Volume 8, of the Collected Works of Stalin, published by the Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1948, he said:

**"The existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist states for a long time is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end supervenes a series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states is inevitable."**

It is true that Mr. Shvernik, President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet sent a personal letter to Mr. Truman on August 6, couched in almost conciliatory terms, but still having the old demand for conclusion of a Five-Power Peace Pact. The American reply pointed out that there was already a 60-Power Peace Pact — the United Nations — in existence. All the Great Powers belonged to it — except Red China which the U.N. General Assembly had agreed was an aggressor.

However, it does not really seem that the Soviet attitude to the "bourgeois" states has

changed in the past years. There was no concrete attempt at reconciliation.

Mr. Gromyko's remarks during the eighth deadlocked week of the Big Four deputies' meeting Paris last May were not calculated to reduce international tension.

Remember them? Said Gromyko:

**"There will not be room enough in Korea for the white crosses over the graves of the interventionist troops . . . Churchill's statement (that the U.S. Mediterranean fleet was a deterrent to aggression) was the statement of an aggressor clanking with atomic weapons . . . Churchill's language is the language of Hitler . . . Churchill and his cannibalistic advocates, such as Davies (the Labour British delegate) would make even Cleopatra blush."**

Then in November came the U. General Assembly with its discussions on the U.S. disarmament proposals. It was here that Mr. Vyshinsky made a speech which will probably give him a permanent place in history — as one of the most cold-blooded mockers of peace the world has known.

After describing the consultations between the Western Powers, and their resultant disarmament proposals, as 'a

mountain which gave birth to a dead mouse," and saying that those proposals had "deprived him of sleep" the previous night because they had made him "shake with laughter," Mr. Vyshinsky declared that the Soviet Union had consistently striven for peace, but that the international situation had deteriorated as an outcome of the "aggressive actions" of the United States and those countries which "followed American leadership."

That's certainly more typical than Mr. Tikhonov.

### • FALSE CRISIS Breakdown of Order in French Government

**THE** fact that the French crisis is a false one does not make it less serious. The French economy is now inherently strong enough to carry the rearmament and financial burdens which M. Faure's late government sought to lay upon it.

But as the result of purely inter-party squabbles and the lack of a sense of responsibility in the Chamber, the French Treasury has nearly reached the end of its funds, speculation has undermined the franc, and the prestige of the Fourth Republic has sunk to its lowest point so far.

At the time of writing, M. Pinay has formed a government, but the disruptive forces still remain in the field. The Socialists, who are at the root of the present trouble, refuse to accept the need for retrenchment, and the right-wing parties are bitterly opposed to the minimum needs of taxation. Neither seems willing to make possible the normal give-and-take of compromise between parties inside the coalition.

The fact is that the blockage of the parliamentary machine has led to the breakdown of Government in France. This is a matter of real danger to France's N.A.T.O. allies as well as to the French people.

The Gaullists still do not feel that the time is ripe for them to come to power in a coalition and the Socialists are quite unwilling to lead a government on their own account.

But unless an end can soon be put to the tendency of France to shrug their shoulders at the perpetual impasse in their government, the cumulative effect of this situation may yet wreck the system itself.

Perhaps the best hope is that the shock of a further devaluation of the franc, and the economic results which must follow from it, may change the mood of the Chamber before the false crisis becomes irretrievably real.

## Christian Baiting In Red China

**IT** is a long time now since it was Communist policy to make a frontal attack on the Christian religion. Although the Communist creed remains dogmatically atheist and any totalitarian ideology must strive through its educational system to eliminate all other world concepts than its own, Communism in practice recognizes that religious beliefs are strongly rooted among the masses and that it is well to walk warily in dealing with them.

Thus in Eastern Europe the policy is to concentrate on destroying all links of the Catholic and Protestant churches with Western Europe and America and to encourage "reformed" religious bodies which denounce American imperialism, support the Communist "peace" campaign and otherwise make themselves politically useful.

A similar policy has been followed by the Chinese Communists, but in China Christianity is a religion which has been introduced from the West, was only tolerated in the 19th century under the protection of treaties forcibly imposed on China, and has been largely dependent on foreign missionaries and money for its propagation and educational and philanthropic work.

Christianity in China has therefore always been under the reproach of being a "foreign" religion, and was formerly a target for reactionary anti-foreign outbursts of

which the worst was the "Boxer" rising of 1900.

For a long time, however, before the Communists came to power, such persecutions had ceased, and it is only now that active and violent interference with the work of the churches has been renewed.

This time it is being carefully emphasized that the persecution is not being directed against Christians as such, but only against "imperialist" foreign agents and their Chinese accomplices. Committees of Chinese Christians are formed to endorse (or at least the Communist radio, which no one can contradict, alleges that they endorse) the charges made against foreign missionaries.

The Communists, who usually have nothing but contempt for the ways of "feudal" China, have for the purpose of discrediting Catholicism (which has numerically the largest following of any Christian body in China) revived the popular prejudices against Catholic orphanages which were the causes of the Tientsin massacres of 1870.

Catholic orphanages have always done a great work of charity in China, but they incurred suspicion among the masses by a practice of paying small premiums for mortally sick children to be brought to them so that they might be baptized in **articulo mortis**.

The report was spread abroad that their aim was to obtain Chinese children in

order to kill them and make magic portions from their hearts.

Recently the Communist press has been full of accounts of the wholesale "deliberate" killing of Chinese children in Catholic orphanages, and a number of priests and nuns have been given prison sentences after mass "accusation meetings" in the Communist manner.

In some cases nuns who had devoted the greater part of their lives to the welfare of the Chinese poor were compelled to dig up the decomposed bodies of dead children from Christian cemeteries to used as "evidence" of their "murderous crimes."

## CANNIBALISM

The Communist courts have even charged nuns with cannibalism. In this revolting way the Communists repay their benefaction.

The only difference between 1870 and 1952 is that the Communists do not publicly admit the nature of the popular belief which they have been exploiting, because to do so would imply the prevalence of faith in witchcraft among the Chinese proletariat.

So these terrible crimes of the foreign "imperialists" are left without any motive except sheer malice. One wonders what Chinese intellectuals, who went over to the Communists as the party of progress and enlightenment, think now of the kind of sickening barbarism and propaganda which they have to endorse.

## EDITORIAL

## "Fare Slash Query Snarl" Explained for the Innocent

You may be wondering what the large type heading on the front page means.

It's really quite simple. All it says is: "Mess On Question of Cutting Fares (For Students)."

Now that the headline's been explained, let's look at the story.

(For the benefit of those freshers who may not yet have developed their critical faculties, we must explain that it's not meant to be taken too seriously.)

People had been saying to me for a long time: "Why not have a humorous story in the paper occasionally, as a relief from so much politics, sport and culchur."

"Fare slash query snarl" is the result.

It raises the question: are there enough "humorous" (or would-be-humorous) stories appearing in this newspaper? It all depends on our readers.

If YOU want more stories of this type in Craccum, let us know. Tell any member of the staff of Craccum, or write a note and put it in the box in the caf., or the box on the executive room door.

We'd be pleased to have your opinion.

The response to Craccum's offer of £1 for the best story submitted in a short story competition has been very poor. There is no short story published in this issue because we do not consider the one entry we have received is of high enough quality.

It's a pity that the literary talent around the University does not show itself by entering for the competition — it is generally very obvious everywhere else.

**Remember: We pay £1 for the winner of the Short Story Competition. A new competition in every issue.**

## STAFF OF CRACCUM

**Editor:** Gerald Utting.  
**Arts Page:** J. McNeish (Ed.)  
K. Piddington.  
D. McArthur.  
J. Commons.  
**Literary Editor:** Ann Scott.  
**News Editor:** M. Martinac.  
**Sports Editor:** P. Heawood.  
**Reporters:** Rae Catt, Jenny Cooke, Dixon Reilley, Peter Flynn.

**The World University Service is an amalgamation of several non-political International Students' organisations which aims to foster international understanding through Congresses, correspondence and material relief. New Zealand, one of the more prosperous countries, is mainly a benefactor and committees at each of the University and Teachers' Colleges collect funds, books and medical supplies.**

**The A.U.C. Committee consists of club representatives, members of the staff, and individual students. It will hold a workday later in the year, and the staff will give a benefit performance of play or poetry.**

**If you would like to take a share in the organisation of these and other plans, Rosalie Goodyear in Exec. Room will be delighted to see you.**

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## Scandal Follows O.U. Meds' Frolics

Near death of an Auckland student in a wild fracas during sadistic initiation ritual at Otago University has once again thrown New Zealand student practices at the mercy of the nation's sensationalist Press. BUT . . . little they write can add to the horror of this brutal mauling of 19-year-old Remuera lad, Ralph Coulam. Nor can they estimate the damage this attack may have caused on the life of a young man embarking on a career in medicine.

Similar brutality in Australia last year resulted in death, court charges and heavy sentences on equally heavy-handed initiators. Apparently, several "joy-boys" in Dunedin can thank the sturdy constitution of their victim as the only factor that has kept them from the dock.

The fact that no lives were lost—reports show that at some stages after that rowdy Thursday even that fact was in doubt—in no way detracts from the seriousness of the circumstances.

Certain facts must go unquestioned. Before his hostel quarters were invaded by older, but far less responsible members of the student community, Ralph Coulam was in good health. After being bound in filthy coal sacks and tossed about, he lay semi-conscious for most of three days.

His parents, summoned urgently from the north, flew to his bedside.

Only after three days' battling for his life was he declared out of danger.

It will take longer for New Zealand student life to regain prestige. Otago claims senior university status, yet from the south has come the worst varsity scandal in living memory. Only full public enquiry can clear the issue. Student and public opinion may force this action.

To the average student, Exec. is something for which one does not bother to vote once a year. In actual fact, Exec. is the very nucleus of the student body and all its activities, so that we feel that all students should have some idea of the proceedings of this glorified committee, if for nothing more constructive purpose than that of knowing something about what you may want to do, and have a perfect right to criticise. We publish here a report, by no means exhaustive, of the March 5 Exec. meeting. Here's what happens when . . .

# The EXEC. MEETS

In connection with the S.G.M. to be called by Norman Thomson, of which our readers already know, Rod Smith made the suggestion that instead of the proposed half-annual General Meeting a special General Meeting be held. His motive, as always, was somewhat obscure, at least until an explanation of the half-annual G.M. was given; it must be held within one month of the commencement of the College year, and freshers are not allowed to vote at it.

Thomson insisted that foreign affairs form an important subject for discussion within the university, and he did not mind, as long as they were discussed. Smith then pointed out that there may be some difficulty in obtaining a quorum, and that: "Freshers at least make a quorum."

Alan Gordon was in most communicative mood, and emerged as someone whose principal occupation is getting round having chats. In one chat he was informed that, "Varsity suppers are no good." In another he obtained a quote for Capping Book, which last Carnival Controller, John Buckland, in a chat—considered to be "quite fair."

Lack of chat with the producer of "Purple Dust," the Revue Play, was taken to indicate that that party had thrown in the towel, leaving the production and Purple Dust in the air, as it were.

A chat concerning 'Varsity dances, all same balls, brought forth the information that the police were to search the 'Varsity grounds one hour after the finishing time of any such function: this being in response to numerous agitations on the part of our compunctious custodian.

Gordon made it quite clear that this placed no limit to the actual finishing time—the constabulary were just as happy to come round after breakfast.

On the subject of a censor for Capping Book, Elizabeth Charlston struck form. As it was recognised that a certain amount of "risqué" humour lent flavour, to a limited degree desirable, to any publication (Laughs), Thomson ventured:

"We have to guard against choosing a staff member who is too puritanical . . ."

Miss Charlston: "That would be rather difficult."

Miss Spence, from the chair: "You are liable to be quoted, Miss Charlston."

She was.

Etiquette was the issue at stake when Exec. discussed inviting the executive of a "brother student body" to Commencement Ball; as the Brethren concerned had invited A.U.C.S.A. Exec. to one

of their functions. Gordon did not chat about the bush, but said: "I intend to go."

More persp, Thomson and Butcher were against extending the invitation on the mundane grounds of cramping and finance respectively. Miss Solly, bright and distinctly perky, being freshly returned from a trip across the Nullarbor Plain on a camel, came out with some fine sentiment at this stage. "If I were asked to someone's wedding, then I should feel obliged to ask them along to mine," she explained. The Nullarbor Plain must have some attraction after all!

Craccum does not wish to do any rumourmongering, so we take pleasure in awaiting an official announcement—and an invitation.

The Chairman of Cafeteria Committee, Miss Jocelyn Green, came down to everybody's level when she confessed that: "Prices, ah yes, they are a constant mystery to me."

Gordon, referring to a rather noisy "Field Club" meeting above: "What time's supper?"

Another moan came from Miss Solly and concerned the excessive use of the notice boards in the Student Block by certain clubs. Butcher announced that they would be requested to abide by the regulation governing notices, size thereof, and the necessity of initialling them.

This is fortunately not a notice . . .

The meeting was over . . . the time: 10.5 p.m. Craccum stretched its legs and went home, nursing several grievances not unconnected with one of Smith's interminable points-of-order.

## RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

Undergraduates at Cambridge (Massachusetts) exploded a sodium bomb near their college President's house because they were not permitted to see the film "Extase," which shows Hedy Lamarr in the nude. About two hundred Massachusetts Institute of Technology students paraded on the campus, waving a red flag, after two policemen had told them the film could not be shown because it was "immoral."

## LIVE WIRE

A graduate, now a refugee in the United States, has told the "Harvard Crimson" that he was "tied to a table and tortured with live electric wires" by the Argentinian police after being accused of "conspiring to plot President Peron's death." He has written to the United Nations Commission of Human Rights.

## The People's Flag Is Deepest Pink

By the merest accident, and certainly not by invitation, Craccum found itself at the initial meeting for this year of the Socialist (ne Labour) Club. Unarmed—i.e., no notebook—it sat abait a sofa for upwards of an hour, while Jim Gale waffled on in the rather futile effort to reconcile his aim for Peace, with a big P, and that of the Club "to work for Socialism in N.Z."

Pointed, if hackneyed, comments by Comrade Gale on the general uselessness of the capitalist press, with a little p, struck Craccum to the very leader, and it writhed in its fortunately commodious seat at each mention of "over-influential magnates," "bourgeois scribes," and so on, till it became evident that in journalistic knowledge the speaker had never got beyond reading a newspaper.

Since then, Craccum, in its never-ending concern for human, and even Mr. Gale's welfare, has been relentlessly combing the columns of the "Daily Worker" in search of suitable employment for the party in question.

### SOFA

As the resources of the sofa and of the speaker showed signs of impending exhaustion, the reactionary Press—we like it big—turned to contemplate the congregation assembled for worship. There was the familiar partisan, momentarily silent, the immature follower, caught and

entranced by Mr. Gale's turn of phrase, but we still maintain that Craccum translated into Russian makes more sense than Pravda translated into Mr. Gale's vernacular.

Three or so people in the room—Craccum, as a branch of a capitalist network, did not count—were not lapping up everything that Mr. Gale had to say, and did not believe that Russia had never done anything against the general theme of Peace; Craccum, for one, is not willing to admit that the shock sustained last year by the Heidelberg seismograph was caused by the eruption of some new volcano, as one woolly Russian suggested.

### AFTER BULL

After the bull was over, the meeting was opened to discussion of varying nature, and Craccum was becoming distinctly alarmed at the lack of objectivity manifested by those present, when a ray of light shone through.

The ray was George C. Titman, partisan of World Federalists, and obviously a long-standing thorn in the side of the Fox faction. Craccum sat up, and took sufficient notice to be able to remember what was said:

"You talk on about being conscientious students, and seeing both sides of the question," said Titman, "but does it ever occur to you that there may be other sides as well?"

He continued to point out the significance of a major

third side, and sounded as if he might be thinking about what he was saying. This thesis, coming from an American, interested Craccum, by now right on the edge of its sofa, which was relieved when it was all over.

So was Craccum. Thirteen freedom loving proletarians attended the Socialist Club meetings.

but, says Gale, this is what really happened

## Capitalist Distortion of Truth

by Jim Gale.

"Towards World War—or World Socialism?" was the topic of a Socialist Club meeting held in the Women's Common Room on February 29. The speaker, Jim Gale, gave as his opinion the view that socialism, being more efficient and more beneficial than capitalism, would replace it if peaceful competition were permitted.

However, he pointed out that those who regarded capitalism as the better system should feel confident that in a long period of peace it would demonstrate superiority.

"War must not be regarded as an insoluble problem," said Gale. "Surely all problems which concern only men can be solved by men?"

Lively discussion centred on the importance of working for world disarmament. It was agreed that the term "preventive war" must not be allowed to become a cloak for future aggression.

(Mr. Gale supplied us with a report of his meeting, so we decided to give an impartial version by running two reports. It is interesting to note the difference of emphasis.—Ed.)

### EDITOR SACKED

New York—Alan Kimmel, editor of Maroon, Chicago University's student paper, was dismissed from his post last year because he attended the Berlin Peace Festival. Action was taken against him while he was still abroad.

## ROOT OUT FRESHER MENACE: UNDERGRAD

To the Editor:

Sir,

One notes with alarm and dependency the growing incidence of tuberculosis and allied diseases which to outward appearances afflicts the fresher body this year.

If anything, this year's pallid specimens assume an even more ghastly aspect than heretofore. As one grown old in university life and mores, I am distressed to find that no solution has yet been found to the mounting problem that fronts those who wish to quell or eliminate such an unseemly eyesore as do these invertebrate wretches present.

Mere contempt has run its course. The time has come for the more thinking members of the undergraduate body to

formulate some scheme which can eradicate, once and for all, this grim menace.

To hope that these callow youngsters might assume an appearance of respectability proves, has proved, useless. One awaits suggestions from the more sentient in our midst.

Hoping that some action will be taken in this small matter of rodent operation, I am, etc.

### PRO BONO PUBLICO

(Craccum applauds Pro Bono's public spirit, gratefully accepts his generous contribution towards establishing a branch cyanide gas chamber within the College's grey walls. If any freshers or fresherettes can yet write, they are invited to plead any extenuating circumstances before the bar of public opinion.)

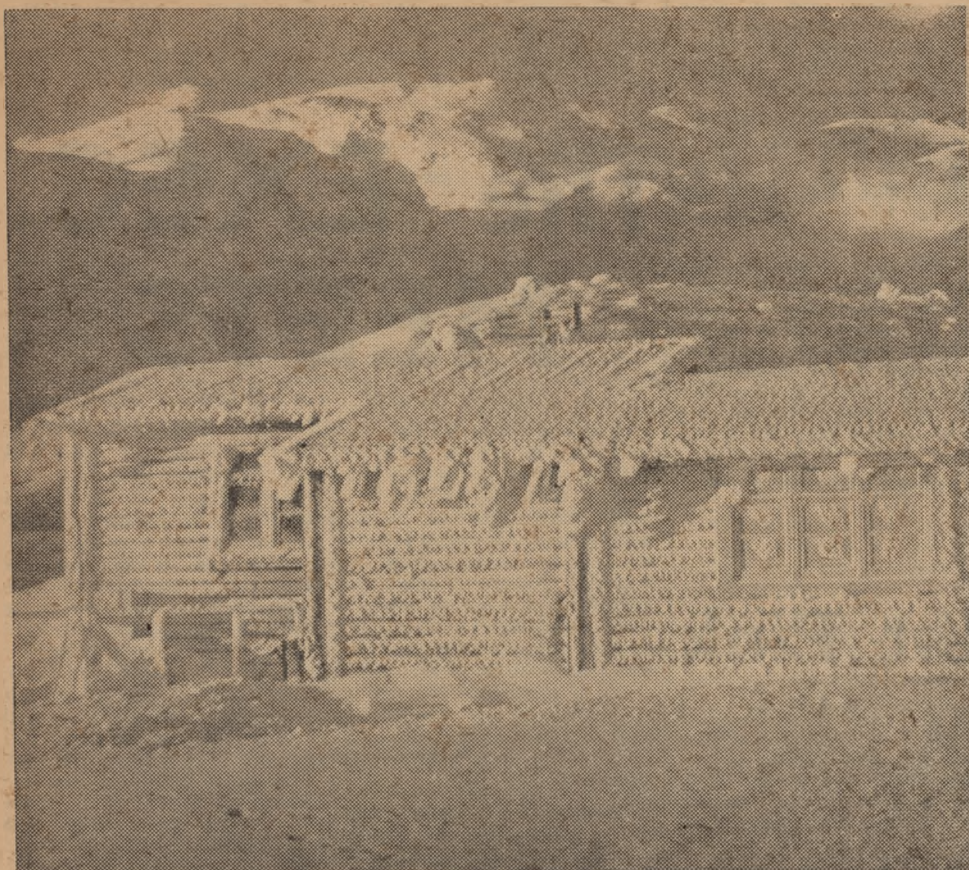


# Why On Earth Go Skiing . . . In Summer ?

*asks Jim McNeish*

or

## Round Ruapehu's Ridges The Rugged Rascals Ran



Our chalet had every home comfort. And Ruapehu threw in a free refrigerator for extra measure. The only hitch was that we were inside it.

THERE'S no snow, no ski-tow, weather's -al ways iffy and, anyway, who wants to get up at 6 a.m. to catch what snow there is before the darn stuff melts. Yes, that is what they all say, those who are fortunate enough (or confident enough with degree looming up) to get away in August. Yet, despite all this, despite the second-class 200-mile rail trip, the hanging round first at the station and then at the Chateau, on a breakfast of cold ham-and-egg-pie, despite the

grind up to the hut plus 45 lb. pack, plus skis; every year a little band sets off after degree to do just that — and strangely enough enjoys itself!

May I take you with one such group who made the trip last November and whose members (all six of them), though at times reduced to the depths of despair, cursing the day Ruapehu was ever invented, will certainly not be laggard in signing up for the trip again this year.



Down the slope they go, phantoms of the snow, bathed in the early summer sunshine.

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It took a day or two to find out that it is wise counsel not to ski in dense mist and rain; even the rocks wear a misty cloak and do not show themselves until one is almost upon them. But, apart from the skiing aspect, we lacked for nothing, unless it was more snow, and, behold, on the third day it did snow!

We really were a cheerful bunch—after 20 of the original 26 had departed into the mist for Auckland (I hope they made their way a little more surely than we were to a week later) and we lit the lamps to prepare for a cheery evening round our little wooden table playing patience, I think we all silently contemplated our lot, inwardly and outwardly pitying ourselves and heaping imprecations on the weather man.

But ain't snow wunnerful! That's what we all thought as we came out of our reverie of poker the

**Good fun this—if you're wearing gloves!**

next night to gaze silently at the seemingly endless flow of oversized white confetti. And so we celebrated . . . on chocolate biscuits, ovaltine and innumerable jackpots!

We were not to glimpse the sun till two days later, when, just to show our paces, we climbed to the top — the sun, not to be outdone, came out with a vengeance (oh! woe to those who forgot Wilson's Sun Lotion). We spent the next day watching and feeling the blisters appear, overjoyed that the mist had once more descended. That night our chalet wore the appearance of a home for convalescents — swathed in rugs and sleeping bags we massaged our swollen limbs (three of us by now having come to grief) and midnight saw the poker just getting under way.

Our stay was not without tasty menus, however. All manner of goodly things emerged from our oven . . . baked scones, baked puddings, baked (rather burnt) biscuits, and, oh yes, baked boots! as a result of one sopping sojourn in the snow. The head cook, who went by many names according to the success or failure of the dish liked to claim that,

if an oven can cook boots, it certainly cannot be held responsible for a chocolate pudding. I shuddered then, and I still do, to imagine what went into that first effort—I know there was cocoa inside because it was a dark, dirty colour, and who was to complain of rolled oats (it may have been Vi-Max) if there was no flour. The pud., as may be imagined, was an unlovely one. Efforts at rejuvenation made it no less so. It was finally brought to life, in a practical sense, in the form of rock cakes, and thereafter we had no need to deplete Ruapehu when seeking ammunition for the rats.

What with one thing and another, hot water in the cold taps and the lamps refusing periodically to light (some obliging person left beetroot juice in the meths container), the week came and went, as did we, and as surely as will another party this year — why I can't imagine. It must be because the air is so very bracing. You should come down some time and see how fit the flies are!

**Don't try this if you've weak ankles.**





# What's on in the Arts...

## FILMS...

### THE OLD AND THE NEW

It was suggested that Craacum, just to be different, should review the **worst** films of 1951, but on due reflection this was found to be impossible and we regret that none of our staff saw other than good films last year.

The other night I was inveigled into seeing **Father of the Bride** — a film which I had gone out of my way not to see last year. In my superior disdain for American films (and one which I am constantly being told is unfounded) I had imagined a brow-battered, party-sated and pocket-emptied father-in-law-to-be patrolling his home in ever decreasing circles as it took on the appearance first of a reception room for lost presents and later as a reception room for lost souls (for want of a better name for those bores who prop themselves round wedding breakfasts). And, unfortunately, I was not disappointed.

You may gather that I did not add to the audience's inane titters every time Spencer Tracy inflicted a new drool to his domestic worries. Mind you, I would not be so brazen as to list "Father of the Bride" among the worst films of 1951, but I would emphatically oppose any suggestion that it was one of the best. Who said it was one of the best, anyway? Nobody did, but from the way people have raved about it you would certainly think it was.

By now you are probably more than ever convinced that "Father of the Bride" was a good comedy and will stick to your guns **because you enjoyed it!** Yet surely a good film presupposes good acting and the fact remains that, Spencer Tracy excepted, the acting was hammy.

But that is not the chief objection. When a film pivots on the rotten (at bottom, that is) assumption that daughter's wedding will lead father to the bankruptcy court because they are only simple folk with a modest income, whereas their house (with a little imagination it could be favourably compared to the White House) immediately belies this stupid contention, the whole pivot becomes a very teetering means of support.

I told someone recently that I emitted only one good guffaw throughout the whole proceedings and I honestly think he thought I was joking.

### CARMEN AND LES ENFANTS

Carmen came to the Oxford and lasted a week; Les Enfants du Paradis had a long run several years ago and returned to two theatres in the holidays. Carmen was certainly good; Les Enfants better, much better — why? One could see Carmen perhaps twice, but the second time you may be tempted to walk out. Les Enfants could be seen several times (over a period) and little short of force would persuade you to leave the theatre. And again one asks why?

Both films depend largely for success on the perfor-

mances of the protagonists—Vivienne Romance and Jean Marais in Carmen — Arletty and Jean-Louis Barrault in Les Enfants: it is hard to criticise perfect performances. And only niggles would be critical of the characters who made up the background for these two fruity melodramas. Grotesques such as Le Borgne (Carmen) and Old sleep-alone (Les Enfants) are not mere "flash-in-the-pans." The respective directors, too, revelled in their material. Well what then? With atmosphere, dialogue and character-portrayal second to none, why was one film good and the other great?

The only feasible solution lies in the story, or rather in the superior "enchevêtrement" of Les Enfants — a masterful diversity of life, plot and subplots dovetailing so inextricably that it might have been a coinage from Dickens were it not for the fact that Les Enfants was a little truer to life. To take but one example, that of the Frenchman's natural reaction to the brutalities of Shakespeare.

Two very different films; or are they? Reflect: both tell of unrequited love, of the feckless led astray; both give more than a glimpse of the grotesque. Vivienne Romance and Arletty are poles apart as regards personality, granted; but how far would you have to seek to find vamping the equal of theirs?

Fanfare.

### DE MILLE v. ZANUCK

Twice lately we have seen how Hollywood regurgitates the Bible. In **Samson and Delilah** de Mille twists a few verses from Judges into a Gable-cum-Superman-cum Wild West form; Zanuck's **David and Bathsheba** is far worthier.

De Mille has a great tradition of splendour behind him and the result is only natural. He captures the box-office by sensationalism and his use of the Bikini effect — woman seduces man. Curious is the way in which de Mille reinterprets the story of Delilah's treachery: she was really quite a nice girl and only cut Samson's hair that he might remain with her. According to de Mille (but not according to my Bible) she is justified in the end by showing Samson how to redeem himself. She leads him to those delicate pillars. Samson is then reconciled to Delilah: de Mille has always been. In a word the religious side is only an aid to thrill the audience. Take Samson's history of the hair or his hard work with the ass-bone. Spectacle wins the day; de Mille has the dollars if no one else has. Technicolour, gaudiness, "a cast of thousands"—of such is the kingdom of de Mille.

Zanuck has more clues artistically — and he knows restraint. The religious theme remains dominant and the wooing is kept in perspective. David's mental conflict is the major interest and Peck's execution of the role is admirable. Susan Hayward, etc., are mere accessories, though capable.

As for technical achievements look at the settings and costumes, look at the lighting and the camera-angle, especially when David goes hill-climbing. And finally, listen now and then to the incident-

tal music. It will help your sciatica, whatever effect it may have on Sir Thomas Beecham's.

M.A.C.

### Coming soon—

#### TALES OF HOFFMANN

When the movie camera first came into being, those who used it saw in the contemporary craze, melodrama, the obvious subject for their new medium. In later years, Hollywood added the sound track, Ealing initiated the representation of drama on the screen, and the Continental producers tried out artistic techniques, which occasionally survive the sub-titles. More recently we have seen opera in the cinema, and perhaps the latest art to be translated into celluloid is that of the ballet, as seen in the celebrated "Red Shoes."

In the Tales of Hoffmann—with the same stars dancing the leads—all the beauty of the ballet is blended with the arts of the motion picture: singing, spectacle and glorious technicolour. If you are a good escapist, don't miss it!

K.W.I.P.

## POETRY...

### ON

#### BALLADMONGERING

Casting our minds back to the all too few College-sponsored functions of last session, we will remember the Poetry Reading in the College Hall, where, in true bard-like style, six Enzed poets rendered their own compositions to a capacity house.

Prior to the night itself, one had the impression that the organisers had undertaken the project with some apprehension as to the outcome; indeed, they many even have feared a flop. Off the record was Prof. Musgrove's involuntary appellation on the Deity as, turning round the bend into the straight, he found the entrance and the Hall itself a swarming mass of humanity, "all eager for the treat." He paused, entranced.

Then there was the scramble for seats. "There won't be many there, so it'll be alright if we go in about eight," must have been on quite a few tongues that afternoon, if one can go by the astonishment rife among the sardines at 8.5 p.m.

As one sat, waiting for the start, one's mind was being unwittingly primed for the Muse, whose mediums soon came into the lists. One felt, just then, that one could enjoy the beauty of the spoken word all the more if the hall lights were out, for poetry, unlike poetic drama and small boys, is to be heard and not seen. At that moment, the lights went down.

We do not claim that the entire evening was faultless; nor was it consistent, for the tenor and the quality rose and fell like the bidding at an auction sale, but such variety, after all, is the essence of an evening of this nature.

What we do feel is that the Poetry Reading was a good thing, and we hope that the organisers will take the infallible cue of public response, and organise a similar evening at least once during the coming session.

K.W.I.P.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD...

### NATIONAL ORCHESTRA COMES TO TOWN and Three Students comment on the Concerts

#### FIRST CONCERT:—

The choice of programmes was commendable including, as it did, a first half of lesser-known works.

**Griffe's White Peacock** brought out delicate touches from flute, clarinet and strings but the adventure came with the Swedish **Dag Wirén's Symphony** — the concluding work of the first half. The swift transitions from lightness to exuberance showed a composer as clever as Ravel in orchestration and the strings, working overtime in the finale, did some excellent work.

The main interest of the evening came with **Keith Field's** playing of the **Grieg Piano Concerto**. Mr. Field, a student at the University, is young and talented, as his record shows. After slight nervousness he settled down with confidence and vigour, displaying crisp fingerwork. The slow movement had expression and in the country dance section we can only agree with Grieg. The pianist's ability was seen to full advantage in the cadenzas of the finale. One complaint — Mr. Bowles did not check his brass, which often swallowed up the soloist.

M.A.C.

#### LUNCH-TIME CONCERT:—

The absurd tempo of the first movement of **Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony** was perhaps understandable considering the pace of modern living. We can only conclude, if the conductor's interpretation is any criterion, that Felix's trip through Italy must have been in top gear all the way, the detail of the countryside making only a fleeting impression. Happily,

Mr. Bowles applied the brakes after the first movement, and was not adverse to changing down for the sticky bits.

As for the remaining old favourites, I was left with a brassy taste in my mouth which spoilt my lunch.

Rigoletto.

#### THIRD CONCERT:—

To those who went to the above two concerts, but skipped the third (as some undoubtedly did) one could truthfully remark: "Well, you missed something." Those last-minute arrivals nearly did too, for Mr. Bowles was on the dot with that reprimanding gaze of his, waiting to punch into the genial opening chords of **Mozart's Symphony in C, No. 34**.

Concise and balanced string playing resulted in a sprightliness that the composer gets all too seldom from the National Orchestra and the work spun along happily, imaginatively.

The excerpts from **Don Giovanni** were no unqualified success. One would like to wage war again the accoustics, but that would be stale, flat and untrue. The singers, Sybil Phillips excluded, failed badly when clarity and sturdiness (particularly in the lower registers) were most vital; and this with a skeleton accompaniment, let it be added, that was little short of a triumph. Throughout the seven arias the reduced orchestra was fluent and polished — Oh, that future concertos will be treated as sympathetically.

**Sheherezade** made an opulent second half. Repeated applause brought no encore; Mr. Bowles went home to bed.

J. McN.

## So you buy Classical Records...

### Recent Releases.

**BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto, No. 1... Gieseking and Philharmonia Orchestra.**

You need entertain no qualms about buying this. The recording is tip-top and Gieseking proves himself the ideal early Beethoven interpreter. He trips along gaily, every note as clear as a bell. And if anyone mentions that Beethoven is dull, just propel said person to the nearest armchair and put on the last movement of this concerto.

**Symphony No. 7... Philharmonia Orchestra (Galliera).**

If you know the Toscanini recording and are irked by the annoying wait at the opening of each disc, then buy this set. If, furthermore, you have been deluded by the purists into thinking his recording is as poor as all that, then 'by all means' buy this set. It's cheaper too.

The interpretation itself is at once jovial and full-blooded and not dissimilar from Toscanini's in broad outline.

**BRAHMS: String Quartet in B flat, Op. 67... Busch Quartet.**

Brahms' Chamber Music is all too frequently considered dull and melodically unappealing... usually by people who never dream of playing a

work more than once to really get inside its mood.

This is a sprightly work through and through, and, as far as I know, the first and only recording. Recording is a bit patchy, but compensated somewhat by some glorious fragments. The viola has a great time in the last two movements, but makes heavy weather of one little technical run. Incidentally, the complex syncopations of this final movement would cause many a jazz expert to sit up and rub his eyes, if any ever condescended to listen to a Brahms quartet.

**MOZART: Violin Concerto in G, K. 216... Gioconda de Vito and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (Beecham.)**

What a "bee-yutiful" tone, or, as the American critics would say, "... a tone so luscious you could wrap it up and take it home with you." Agreed, but Miss de Vito's approach is semi-romantic; very sweet, but not true Mozart.

And surely Mozart did not mean the slow movement to crawl so. At times I almost thought it was going to stop. Performance not as thrilling as the earlier Menuhin set, but the violinist here is backed by a much livelier orchestral accompaniment. —J. McN.

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## THEATRE . . .

## "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Brian Brimer's interpretation of the role of Shylock stands out as the dominant feature of the CAS production "The Merchant of Venice," which ran last week at the Concert Chamber. For this character so often spurned, he creates sympathy: he brings out with full force the wrongs suffered by the Jews at the hands of society, and he shows that however brutal and inhuman his insatiable desire for revenge may be, it is only the moral attitude of a so-called Christian society that has driven him to it.

To achieve his portrayal, Brimer emphasises skilfully certain aspects of the part. We see him dwelling on the idea of money, his only thought apart from revenge. Throughout the play we hear echoing the words: "Ten thousand ducats." This makes the fact that even money has no influence on his thirst for revenge all the more telling.

Portia, though graceful, had neither the dignity nor the strong personality which is usually associated with the character. In the trial scene a general lack of sympathy with the play was evident, in most of the actors. Bassanio standing close to Antonio when he is about to die for him, showing no more than polite interest in his fate, was artless, as was the non-existence of facial expression.

Rod Stewart deserves praise for his performance as Gratiano and also as the Duke of Arragon. In the former role he made a personality and authentic dandy, and as the

Duke he was superbly ridiculous. Every word, gesture and facial expression, even to his exit, was delightful.

The general production and the staging were satisfying, but it is the individual performances which emerge above all.

—D.H.

## FILMS . . .

## "HIGHWAY 301"

This is yet another example of the American film cashing in on moral disapprobation. It exploits what it ostensibly exposes.

It is a tale of violence and only spasmodically exciting in its series of bank robberies.

The fact that these are supposed to be common in the U.S. does not necessarily make a film convincing, and this one convinces not at all.

Steve Cochran, Virginia Grey and Gaby Andre are meant to be the principal persuaders, but in the intervals between gunfire there is not much chance for them to build up plausible characters.

## "STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"

The plot of Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train" is well suited to the remarkably efficient technique he has evolved to create and sustain an atmosphere of suspense. It also provides him with several comic incidents of the kind which he knows how to introduce neatly and exploit to the full without making them seem in any way disgressive.

Up to a point it is a situation of farce, but it is not treated as such. The late

Robert Walker's extraordinary power of suggesting by minute indications an unbalanced mind is too terrifying to allow epigram to prevail over emotion.

The film contains some of Hitchcock's most brilliant experiments in time. If his timing has a fault, it is that he is sometimes so conscious of his own talent for nourishing suspense that he keeps it alive a little too long. An instance is the final scene where the murderer is pursued on the roundabout which is made to whirl far too many times before he is caught.

—V.T.C.

## FOR SALE—

RADIO SET, 5 valve, built-in aerial (A.C.). Scarcely used; 1950 model. Reply Radio Advt., C/o Craccum Box.

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Contributions to these pages should be initialled or a nom-de-plume given. Copy must be left in "Craccum" box (in caf. or outside exec. room) no later than one week after each issue.

During the recent murder trial, the police alleged that accused had said in a statement: "I shot them to get the pay packet." Evidently the Crown was arguing a *fiori*.

## Gray's Elegy For The Masses

How long will it be before some enthusiast for the New English decides that Mr. Gray's immortal elegy was a reactionary piece of word-spinning that did less than justice to the Churchyard at Stoke Poges?

When that stage is reached his lines will be dismissed as a niggardly string of poor monosyllables, and youngsters will be taught a new official version, approved, of course, by several Ministries, and a child psycho-something-or-other.

The revised version will undoubtedly begin:

*Under the Time (Co-ordinated) (Non-unrestricted De-control) Zonal, Divisional, Regional and Area Regulations (Amendment) Bill, Section IV., para. iii, the time signal emits an audible air-vibration to indicate the finalization of the day;*

*The registered group of basic milk producers circulates, lowering (see explanatory note and historical appendix), at a controlled speed over the scheduled grazing acreage;*

*The mechanical - furrowing - implement - executive - operator, suffering from occupational physical attrition, pedestrianises towards his family accommodation unit.*

*And multi-laterally leaves the world (excepting Russia) to non-daylight and to — BUA/5965/787.*

\* What a grand ring there is about something like that, argue the architects of the New English, compared with Mr. Gray's bald, bucolic effort.

No namby-pamby concessions here to people who like decadent rime and rhythm and plain speaking.

If anybody objects, it can always be explained that "darkness" has for years needed a bigger and better definition, that "me" is now a mean anti-social word compared with a resounding identity number.

—M.T.C.

## CALLING STAGE I. LANGUAGE STUDENTS

Maybe you don't know it, but the Modern Languages Club and the Goethe Society, were formed primarily for your benefit, to improve your French (or whatever language you are talking) and to give you a closer insight into the language itself. Speaking in a foreign language is always encouraged, but by no means enforced, and there's no need to feel downhearted because you can only say "oui" or "merci buttercups." Few of us can say much more; we make some hilarious howlers trying to, though.

The club holds about ten meetings. The programmes are of interest, chiefly, not exclusively though, to language students, and now German and Italian have caught on so well, the Club's activities have increased immensely.

This year has seen a good start already. A play-reading has been held (only just) and officers of the French ship Philippe L.D. came along for coffee at the invitation of the students. The event of the year — *Molière's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, starring Prof Keys and Dr West—will be coming off towards the end of June.

Student Chairman: Charmian Paterson. Secretary: Treasurer: Beth Shaw. Committee: Anne Morris, Valerie Mossman, Marietta Stratton, David Atkins, Keith Fraser, David Geary, Murray Gronwall, Douglas MacArthur.

## ... and Ye Apathetic Music Lovers Too!

Lunch-time recitals have begun again in the College Hall and are open to all and sundry, free of charge. Attendances were so poor in 1950 (average audience about seven) that the music department cried off last year; and no wonder. It takes time and thought to arrange programmes week by week.

The number of students who profess a love of music round the college is amazing. Were that their voiced enthusiasm was carried out in practice. Is it that the hall is so bleak and unexciting? ... no wonder Mr Bowles liver gets upset when he comes to our fair queen city—the unmusical ulcer of the Antipodes.

Anyway, come along on Thursdays at one; bring your lunch, hide in a corner if you will. You needn't turn back half-heartedly because the door is shut either. Walk in, grab a programme, and don't groan too loudly if Tchakovsky's *Pathétique* isn't featured ... you might cause the poor bloke following the score to lose his place.

J.A.C.

## Tisdalls

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## Varsity Cricketers Had Unhappy Day

Varsity cricketers did not have a very happy day on March 8 when they clashed with Suburbs.

In the first innings on an uncertain wicket they fared none too well. Dave Napier was the only one to make a score of any consequence. It was a very sound innings.

Peter Iles and Jack Burton reached double figures . . . so did the extras. Butch Halligan seems to have slipped off his early season form and could only muster two runs.

Napier and Iles handled the bowling very successfully. After an early let-off, Napier hit the ball forcefully, collecting seven boundaries in an attractive knock.

Vic Belsham and Ashton were the main destructors of 'Varsity's' innings. Belsham took five for 21 of 20 overs. 'Varsity' suffered further setbacks when they took the field. Jones and Lewis started Suburbs' innings off well with a half century partnership.

The score moved along merrily and Suburbs had soon overhauled 'Varsity's' 121. Then they really set about 'Varsity's' recently weakened attack and had a seventy lead by stumps and still four wickets in hand.

Jack Laker, mainstay of the 'Varsity' attack this season, has left for England and that has meant a hole in 'Varsity's' defences.

Next blow to 'Varsity's' bowling prestige was the retirement, for the season, of Russ Young who now works Saturdays. Russ celebrated his last game of the season recently by taking four wickets.

But the team is struggling on and is up amongst the top teams in the competition.

## These Blues are Not St. Louis

N.Z.U.S.A. has at last got to the bottom of the matter of Blues awards. Rigid standards have been set for athletics and swimming and those who pass these standards will automatically get a Blue.

Until recently there was no prescribed standard and anyone who won an inter-varsity contest or played for N.Z.U. against a province or an overseas team was awarded a Blue.

The new standard system will be more satisfactory.

Initial nominations in all sports are made by a selector or selection committee in each sport. All Colleges have the right to suggest who shall be the selectors in the various sports, but few colleges have in the past exercised their right to send in names to the host college.

There is also a right of appeal against the non-award of a Blue and this right is more widely known. A number of appeals are made each year, and a certain number have been successful usually in cases where a club has been able to give the Panel more information. This should have been available at Tournament.

Many College clubs neglect to send to the Panel, before Tournament, details of how their outstanding members have performed during the season.

More co-operation in this matter plus the new system of awards will make Blue's selection simpler and render it fairer to all.

## Varsity Water Polo Not So Hot

The University water polo team, after a promising start at the beginning of the year, seems to have slipped back into its low standard of previous years.

In the first game against the Eastern Suburbs Dutchmen, it won six goals to four, but only a week later it was severely trounced by Waitemata 12 goals to two.

In this last game, the team never looked like playing good

## Wanna Make A Blue . . .

If you are going to Easter Tournament and want a Blue then all you have to do is beat these standards. But NZUSA Blues Panel says they're tough.

### ATHLETICS:

	Men	Women
75 yds.		8.8 sec.
100 yds.	10.1 sec.	11.6 sec.
220 yds.	22.6 sec.	26.2 sec.
440 yds.		50.2 sec.
880 yds.	1 min. 57 sec.	
1 Mile	4 min. 25 sec.	
3 Mile	14 min. 55 sec.	
Hurdles		12.3 sec.
80 mts.		
120 yds.	15.4 sec.	
220 yds.	25.8 sec.	
440 yds.	56.2 sec.	
Walk	6 min. 50 sec.	
High Jump	6ft.	4ft. 11in.
Broad. Jmp	22ft. 3in.	17ft. 6in.
Hop, Step and Jump	46ft.	
Pole Vault	11ft. 6in.	
Shot Put	42ft.	
Hammer	136ft.	
Javelin	173ft.	110ft.
Discus	130ft.	105ft.

### SWIMMING:

	Men	Women
Freestyle		
50 yds.		30.5 sec.
100 yds.		68.4 sec.
220 yds.	2 min. 28 sec.	
440 yds.	5 min. 25 sec.	
Backstroke		
100 yds.	1 min. 9 sec.	79.0 sec.
Butterfly		
100 yds.	1 min. 10 sec.	
Breaststroke		
100 yds.	1 min. 15 sec.	88.0 sec.
Breaststroke		
220 yds.	3 min. 5 sec.	
Medley		
100 yds.	1 min. 10 sec.	83.0 sec.

water polo, and when a team is beaten in such a manner, there should be an immediate relegation to the lower grade.

But even then, 'Varsity' would still be well below the standard of the leading teams in that grade, judging from their performances so far this year.

The only two players to shine out so far are Ged. Gardner and Trev. Eagle. The rest of the players looked as though they had never played before. In fact, to some of them the water appeared to be a novelty.

If the team's play does not improve, it would perhaps do a lot of good to see the side at the bottom of the B grade ladder next season.

## JEFF ROBSON'S N.Z. TENNIS WIN HAS BEEN OVERPLAYED

By LEON ANTHONY

Is top Varsity tennis player, national champion Jeff Robson as good as the experts say?

When he won the New Zealand singles title in January, they said it "was the greatest achievement by a Dominion player for many years." And the national radio announcer who described the final, said: "Jeff Robson is the man of the hour."

Yet only three weeks after he was beaten by stocky L. P. Roach, Waikato's second-string singles player, in a Wilding Shield challenge match at Stanley Street. They battled for over two hours.

What did the experts say then? "Robson is tired; he has had a full season of tennis."

But they did not say that Roach rallied desperately and came from behind to beat Robson, who certainly was giving nothing away.

### FINAL SET

In the final set of their match Roach led 4-3 and then trailed 4-5. Roach won his next service to equalize, and then broke Robson's at the crucial stage of the game to hold the advantage at 6-5. He took the next on his own service.

Robson won the New Zealand Championship from a particularly strong field. But it must be remembered that his opponents in the later rounds were not at their best.

### CROCKS

Former national champion Ron McKenzie, Robson's conqueror on past occasions, had an "iffy" shoulder in the quarter-finals; Australian George Worthington suffered cramp in the hand in the hand in the semi-final, and his fellow countryman Billy Sidwell injured his ankle in the final.

This rubs a little of the gilt off Robson's performance. He won the championship and, granted, he deserved his win—he is the best player in New Zealand to-day, but his win is not worth all the ballyhoo it received.

Robson beat Worthington in the semi-final. The experts said: "Worthington is ranked fifth in Australia, and when he settles in New Zealand it can be expected that he will give

Robson some worthwhile opposition."

### KING —

And they added: "Robson should now reign in the New Zealand tennis world for an appreciable period."

Apart from John Barry, there is no one in sight to trouble him for a good many years.

So let's acknowledge his win, but let's not sink to the depths of American ballyhoo experts in blowing these things up out of proportion.

## Two Varsity Men In Classic Race

### Jap. Uni. Teams for Games

Japan's leading educational institute, Keio University, will be represented at the Helsinki Olympics by two teams. The teams are a rowing eight and a male volley ball side.

Keio's rowing eight was chosen to go to Helsinki following its brilliant victory in the All Japan regatta over a 2000 metre course.

Keio fought out the championship with Tokyo University. And there was little between the two boats at the finish. Keio won by a third of a length.

The time . . . 6 minutes 39 seconds flat.

Superior tactics won the race for Keio. They saved their strength for a determined spurt for the finish.

## Wot . . . No Cricket at Jap Unis?

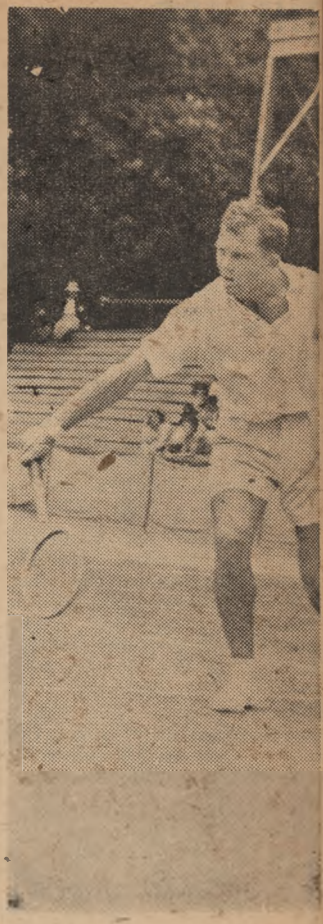
Sport is bigtime in Japanese Unis. "The Mita Campus," Keio Uni's English newspaper, devotes a page and a half to sport. Most of it is baseball.

All sport is controlled by one body — the Athletic Association.

The Association has supplied Japan with many athletic representatives to the Los Angeles and Berlin Olympics.

Japanese students play Baseball, tennis, soccer, American football, track athletics, swimming, yachting, rowing, wrestling, Japanese wrestling, boxing and even rugby.

Wot . . . no cricket.



Auckland is to have a star-spangled version of America's famous Wanamaker Mile—run over half the distance in about twice the time.

Local athletic enthusiasts believe it may match greatest track contests in history. It will bring together for the first—and probably the last time—two of the greatest names in contemporary varsity athletics.

They are:—Malcolm ("Gluc-pot") Lovegrove; noted weight thrower, first came into prominence in January, 1948, retiring prematurely in Jan., 1948. At that time his best performances were:—one mile in a tram, half mile in a hurry and 100 yards in a fit.

His winter sport is chesterfield Rugby.

Interviewed at his training camp at Oneroa—on-fong this week, Mr Lovegrove said: "I'll moirder the bum." Hospital reports say his condition is now satisfactory, a fact to be mourned by all true lovers of the great amateur game.

His rival, Noel ("Stay-put") McDonald has been running longer and to less purpose than any other athlete in living memory. He said that most girls in Auckland could/had beaten him over sprint distances. His alternative event is the pole-vault. He was the first to feature the synthetic pole.

His trainer, "hustle-along" Heawood muttered that his protege is now coming along nicely.

Better known as a back and breast-stroker (swimmer), Pel Mel Taylor has temporarily dropped both his domestic interests (married, one child) and an anthropology marks (failed, one reason), to begin strict training for the event.

**POMP AND CIRCUMFERENCE**  
The editor of Craccum, Mr. Gerald Utting, will attend.