

CRACCUM

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AUC. STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER.

Tuesday, 10th June, 1952.

SPENDING IN THE DARK

BUDGET BOGGLE

Every student who passes through A.U.C. must pay that annual levy — or keep on passing. You need a really solid case to get exempted from the fee. Three thousand students pay it.

What do we see for this money, which amounts to some thousands of pounds every year?

The Treasurer's statement of accounts at the Association's A.G.M. shows what money has been spent on Tournament, Carnival, Revue, Balls, Cafeteria, administration, etc. But unanalysed balance sheets and lists of figures mean very little to the average undergrad, who may feel that 32/6 is being "soaked" from him.

In a later article I want to explain how student money is being used and how the use of it is controlled. But just now — at the time of writing — the facts and figures necessary for such a treatise are not available. Why? Because Exec. Treasurer John Wigglesworth is doing a thorough job of overhauling the finances. It is a job which has been passed on as a growing burden from year to year, until finally it cannot be passed on any longer. By the time Craccum comes out again John's report should have been tabled and we will know the worst.

accounts give the final figures for the year, but what I and others fear is that a time may come when these figures — always a long way behind events — will do no more than mutely indicate the folly of our habit of spending in the dark, i.e., they will tell a story of debts, deficits and losses. It is to avoid such disaster that the present administration is being reorganised while our finances are still reasonably strong.

The past practice of approval and payment has been confused and at times chaotic, except for once a year at the A.G.M. At the best, it is suited only to a domestic set-up — where father pays out on his wife's or son's say-so, and checks only once a year to see how far he is in the red. For us, a body of approximately three thousand students, domestic financial systems are obviously ridiculous.

We must model our organisation on lines like those of our Parliament and Treasury. We want an overall Budget incorporating the smaller Budgets of

"DOMESTIC FINANCIAL SYSTEMS . . . RIDICULOUS."



"Harry, please remember our budget."

Under the old system (if it can be called a system), Exec. controlled its finances simply by approving, whittling down or rejecting motions of appropriation which were brought forward from time to time by various holders of portfolios. All debts incurred by, or attributed to the Association were presented to the Secretary together with a memo from an Exec. member stating that payment of the account had been "authorized." A cheque was eventually written, a creditor stopped sending, "To a/c rendered," and some body was eventually paid.

To the present Treasurer, most other Exec. members, and myself, this procedure is quite unsatisfactory.

So far as I can see, there is no stage at which any one of us can know what expendable balance remains in the coffers; nor can we do anything but guess at how much has been spent on capital improvements at any stage in any one year. Certainly, the annual

such sub-groups as House Committees, etc. We want maximum levels of authorised expenditure for each sub-group of the Association. Anything above that can be specially submitted to the Finance Committee who should continually know the unexpended balance available. Some departments, e.g., Craccum, already function in this way after a fashion, but the system must be developed and expanded.

I would like money to be spent on making the Men's Common Room at least equal in comfort to the Women's, and in making it a place that provides some measure of service and convenience for the students, who are paying fees for these things. Together with the Men's House Committee, I would like to provide these comforts and services, but it will cost a pound or two of the Association's money. So far we have not been able to do it because nobody can tell me whether or not we can afford it, and I have no doubt that

FESTERS



" . . . Ye Crystal Spheres."

there are other departments in similar difficulties.

The most important item of expenditure, in my opinion, is the sum made up of the two House Committees' various expenses. It represents service to the students, and the outlay will have to be increased if the service is to receive the improvement it badly needs. It is this consideration which prompts my interest in the state of association finances.

Grants to clubs are very well looked after by Grants Committee. I intend to say more about this very important part of Exec. expenditure in the next article.

There was a time when profits were made by the Association. Remember the revues six years ago, or more? Alan Gordon seems to be on the way to restoring that happy state of affairs, but so far we can report no other substantial income apart from the Stud. Ass. fees.

—Kevin Lynch.

So much for a general introduction to the question of Exec. finances. What will John Wigglesworth find out about our cash and credit systems? What will be the effect of his investigations?

Read all about it in the next issue of

CRACCUM

The Resigned:
Don't get panicky—
About Tamaki
Everything comes
If we twiddle our thumbs.

Pundit's Protest:
Disregard that fella
With the umbrella
It's a thing he
Didn't ought of
Thought of

The Sublime:
Ring out ye crystal spheres
While I block up my ears.

The Pure:
Honi soit.
Qui mal y pense—
Off with your clothes
And on with the dance.

The Knowledgeable:
If it rains
I've got my brains
To keep me warm.

The Pertinent:
Please, Mr. Lecturer
May I correcturer?

The Fashionable:
At a tutorial
Standards sartorial
Hardly approach
The Waldorf-Astorial.

The Junior Lecturer:
It's the Principal of the thing
I don't like.

—Sceptic Finger.

Exe-Cutie Cuts Capers -Almost

MEETING — 14th MAY

The recently-formed tradition of starting almost on time received a set-back; but business was being discussed by about six-thirty.

Accommodation

During the Carnival period dozens of waifs and strays, all members of busy sub-committees, flocked to the Exec. Room, and the work of SOOSA (Supreme Organisation of Student Affairs) suffered in consequence. Therefore, at last month's Exec. meeting, it was suggested that the Revue cast might rehearse in the Men's reading room and the editor of Craccum write in the Men's House Committee Room. Alternative proposals envisaged the erection of yet another wooden hut, this time behind the cafeteria (or rather neatly tucked in on the flower bed behind the chimney of the M.C.R.). The matter is still under discussion. Someone has suggested putting another roof above the cloisters; that is, using the present roof as the floor of a new storey.

Possibly Burwood could provide the recreational facilities desired with the main lounge serving as a gymnasium ("while the professors and so on" diligently study in the smaller rooms). A private hotel near O'Rorke Hall was recently offered to the College Council; but the prospect of having another place like O'Rorke was sufficient to make the City Fathers and the College Council decline the offer. There were financial considerations also.

Grants to Clubs

It was decided to subsidise those sporting clubs that played on City Council grounds, in spite of Rod Smith's suggestion that because he had to pay for his skiing holiday at National Park the Cricket Club ought to pay for its fun in the domain, a suggestion that produced, "Hear, hear."

MISS EXECUTIVE — A STUDENT BODY.



"She's had twelve proposals so far this autumn — all indecent."

Burwood

Just then, Mr. Keith Piper, a practising architect who is the Student Representative on the College Council, mentioned the slight possibility of Burwood being used by the University. Burwood is, apparently, an accommodation house. It might already be owned by the College, but the College does not receive the rents. The present occupant rents the property from a lessee who has a ninety-nine years' lease. The legal position is complicated. Even Peter was momentarily non-plussed. Even if the College obtains the use of the premises, it is not very likely at the moment that the Students' Association will be given direct control of any floor space. The claims of professors and other members of the staff seem to outweigh our own and at present the Burwood toilet arrangements do not measure up to the City Council's requirements:

"But professors and so on would have no use for the baths, would they?"

Student Health

All over the world university authorities are seeking to promote student health schemes which usually include, on the one hand, sporting facilities such as playing fields and gymnasiums and, on the other, preventive examinations and medicine.

Dr. Douglas Robb, of the College Council, has been much impressed by the findings of a group working at the University of Edinburgh. They plotted the standards of health in students in the successive years of their courses, and found that in the vast majority of cases there was a steep and constant curve downwards from whatever the standard on entrance to the university.

from the more ancient members of the Exec. The resolution was carried unanimously, although it was decided to place a limit of £100 on the sum to be disbursed in one year, the whole matter then to come up for review. Ski Club's application for about £100 for the purchase of five sets of skis and sticks was turned down for the time being on the grounds that the Exec. could not see the point in spending so much money for the benefit of so few persons when skis and sticks were readily obtainable at the Chateau. It was argued that the Ski Club would be better advised to press on with its plans for a club hut on the mountain, and not to weaken its case for financial assistance by buying skis which, until the hut is built, would have to be stored in Auckland and taken to and from Mt. Ruapehu.

Peter Butcher Resigns

Towards the end of the evening Peter Butcher's resignation was accepted. Frances pointed out that Peter had served the Association long and well. He had held many portfolios and had reorganised each one for the better. He well deserved the honour of life membership of the Students' Association, which was then conferred on him with applause.

—N.

SEE PAGE 4 RE
Rugby Blues

BURSARIES, BLUES AND BACK...

No progress has been made toward obtaining increases in bursaries and scholarships.

General 15 per cent.

Since May, 1950, the resident executive of the New Zealand University Students' Association has pressed for a 15 per cent. increase on the grounds that the Arbitration Court decision to increase award wages by that amount should, in equity, be applied also to student bursaries and scholarships.

The Minister of Education has acknowledged that he knows of these representations and till now has found himself unable to make arrangements to meet a deputation from N.Z.U.S.A.

Particular Increases

At the same time as it claims a general 15 per cent. increase N.Z.U.S.A. has been investigating the possibility of preparing a case for increasing both the number and value of bursaries and scholarships.

This question was first raised at the Student Congress of 1950 and at its Easter meeting N.Z.U.S.A. accepted the offer of the Student Labour Federation to act as a sub-committee for carrying out the necessary investigations and for preparing a detailed case to submit to the Minister.

Late in 1950 the S.L.F. circulated throughout all Colleges a questionnaire seeking information from students about their expenses, accommodation, standard of living and sources of income.

In Auckland many of these questionnaires were completed. The answers contained in these questionnaires may have provided the basis for the type of report we would have to submit to the Minister to establish a case for a general increase.

The S.L.F. however, has mislaid these questionnaires and in their place has submitted to the Easter council meeting of N.Z.U.S.A. a series of bursary proposals which would alter the whole basis of the award of bursaries, tying them all to the University Entrance Examination. They propose to abolish the accrediting system.

suggested that an amount equal to that which they themselves received would be regarded as reasonable. In addition all future recipients of bursaries should take them on the understanding that they are under a moral obligation to contribute later to the fund. At the same time, the Government would be asked not to reduce its total expenditure on bursaries.

Blues Panel

Colin Kay, a prominent Auckland University athlete, has been appointed to the N.Z.U.S.A. Blues Panel.

The vacancy was caused by the resignation of Dave Neal. Dave, who is at present Auckland's hockey selector, will remain a member of the Auckland Blues Panel.

Rugby Blues

The New Zealand University Rugby Council did not resolve to disaffiliate from N.Z.U.S.A.

The dispute arose when N.Z.U.S.A. decided that Rugby Blues should be awarded by the Blues Panel and not, as previously, on the recommendation of the Rugby Council.

University "Blues" were instituted in 1936 and until 1948 they were awarded on the recommendations of the various sporting Councils. In 1948 a "Blues Panel" was instituted to make the awards. Aim of the panel was to achieve some uniformity of standard award.

The Rugby Council was the only sporting body to withhold its support, and in 1949 and 1950 it refused to allow its selector to discuss nominations with the Blues Panel. Blues in these years were awarded to Rugby players on the Rugby Council's recommendations.

After protracted negotiations with the Rugby Council failed to achieve any workable agreement consistent with constitutional procedure N.Z.U.S.A. decided, on the unanimous vote of all Colleges, that it would not award University Blues to Rugby players.

The resident executive of the Rugby Council countered this decision with

... AND BACK AND BACK ...



"And just as Dr. Smith pronounced them man and wife the old family lace began to crack up."

The S.L.F. proposals claim that an increase in both the number and value of bursaries is justified, but they do not present any supporting evidence of the type necessary to convince the Minister that bursary increases are justified.

The N.Z.U.S.A. has established a sub-committee to consider all bursary proposals and the question will be considered again at the August meeting of N.Z.U.S.A.

Also to be considered then is an Auckland Executive member's proposal that, because students feel that more bursary increases are needed than governments have felt inclined to grant in the past, a Bursary Fund should be established. Contributions would be invited from all ex-bursary holders who feel they can help financially and it is

move to disaffiliate from N.Z.U.S.A. and make its own "Blues" awards, proposed to issue its own blazer.

The Auckland club at first resolved to support the suggestion but, following discussions with a sub-committee of the Students Association executive, asked its representative on the Rugby Council to seek deferment of the suggestion while it gave the matter further consideration.

No Blues have yet been awarded to Rugby players for the 1951 season. N.Z.U.S.A. has told the Rugby Council that it will make these awards as soon as the Rugby Council arranges for a selector to meet the Blues Panel and discuss the Rugby Council's nominations with them.

—R.S.

THE THING

I have seen a few A.U.C. processions better than this year's, and a large number much poorer. There was a higher proportion of really amusing floats than there has been for a few years past, and about five or six which showed the careful working out of a good initial idea.

BUDDING POETS

It seems to me that what matters most in a procession is workman-like construction, a certain elaborateness and care in making the "models," "units," or whatever the technical term is. The chief weakness this year was the slap-dash character of many of the floats, with badly-scrawled and hurriedly painted slogans, full of esoteric gibes and obscure puns rendered even more difficult of interpretation by poor lettering, and rickety structures which looked lethal. I feel that the procession would have been better had there been fewer floats and those included had been more carefully made and more plainly labelled. I am still trying to interpret three or four allusions which seemed to me at the time to conceal some extremely private joke. (Were some of our budding poets responsible for these?)

In sum, the 1952 procession appeared to contain a fair number of exhibits which had been flung together in a fit of absent-mindedness by a one-armed paper-hanger with a genius for obscurity. The last-minute character of many floats gave a slovenly effect to parts of the train. Just as important, I feel, as a censorship of content is a censorship of quality.

I got a good deal of enjoyment out of the individually camp-followers, male and female, who had contrived to attire themselves in the most extraordinary range of "things" (the word "clothes" seems somehow inappropriate). It looked as if the Students' Association had purchased cheap the year's finding of a not very fussy tosher.

The individual cavorters certainly illustrated the many unexpected shapes the human form can be made to assume. The student who had attired himself as a russet caveman, the ingenious youth who had donned what appeared, to my inexpert eye, to be three corsets and a handkerchief, the man with the football shirt where more orthodox mortals wear their trousers, the fledgling in a baby's napkin, the ferociously bearded professor, and such-like were entertaining oddities. This is a case in which sloppiness can be a virtue, whereas the floats, I feel, should show attention to detail.

The girls were, as usual, self-conscious in their "costumes," and in

most cases had made more elaborate attempts to avoid identification than the men. Those dressed formally and selling capping-books tried hard to adopt an air as if they didn't, strictly speaking, belong to the procession or

ABOMINABLE ERUPTIONS



as if those taking part in it were lunatic cousins having a day's outing.

Among the best floats I noted were the *Destination Moon* one, with its well-built rocket-ship, the delightful touch of the washing on the line, and the appropriately garbed space-men; the *Abominable Snowman* device, the excellent *Kon-Tiki* structure, the *O'Rourke ship*, the extremely diminished mountains and *Tau-Po*, and the *Rhubarb* cat. The incredible jalopy, surely the very one which carried the Joads on their odyssey, was a bright idea, and the Socialist Club washing-line—some-what fatiguing to manipulate, I should imagine—was good for a laugh or two, especially "the biggest bloomer in New Zealand." But I think the palm must go to the *Engineers with their skit on the Comics controversy*. The grisly wit of

the gory guillotine, the electric chair and the torture implements, capped by the coffin and the protruding skeleton's hand appealed to me as Adam's cartoon's do. I like my humour delicate and subtle.

A special mention should be given to the Band. The costume was, I take it, patterned on that of the West Canton Football Club, and had the merit of near uniformity. But the incredibly

ingenious way in which the band contrived to play its two (or was it three) tunes consistently just slightly off tune, never striking the correct note (at least not all at once) was an excruciating tribute to careful rehearsal.

On the whole, I thought this year's procession a good, enthusiastic effort, a tribute to keenness and organisation. Perhaps in future however, a shade more planning on and care over individual floats would pay dividends and some of the humour might be less adolescently scatological?

—J. C. Reid.

GRADUATION CEREMONY

"— a fitful sea of intellectual flotsam."

On May 9th the degrees and diplomas gained this year were conferred by Sir David Smith, L.L.M., Hon. D.C.L., Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, in the Town Hall.

Mr. Douglas Robb, in his opening speech on behalf of the President, stressed the fact that Auckland was the only place in the British Commonwealth, outside Britain, to have a post-graduate course in medicine. In Auckland's case, the course is in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

The Principal, who spoke next, commented on the everpressing problem of overcrowding at lectures and the need for the early approval of the Tamaki plans. His remarks on the increased number of students were, we regret to say, drowned by certain ad. lib. comments from the back of the Hall.

Sir David Smith expressed his views on separate Colleges. He held that it was unlikely that they would develop or be successful in New Zealand. He also commented on the fact that the proportion of first-year failures in N.Z. Universities was 30-50 per cent., as against 10 per cent. in Great Britain. He raised the question that there should perhaps be separate provision made for these to train as skilled technicians if they were not up to a degree course. He then spoke especially to the Graduates and stressed the desirability of a feeling of "warm personal association" with their Colleges in later life.

Miss Frances Spence, President of Stud. Ass., speaking on behalf of the students, drew special attention to the fact that sports grounds are needed now, not merely when the College is built at Tamaki. Miss Spence gave an outline of the progress and expansion of the University tournaments and what they stood for. She commented on the fact, apparently overlooked by previous speakers, that this year the first group of Fine Arts students would receive their diplomas from A.U.C.

During most of the speeches, newspapers, alarm-clocks and paper darts were wielded by a group whose anonymity disappeared in the reception accorded Professor Dalton when he stepped forward to present the Graduates from his Faculty. Only when Miss Spence gave her speech did these activities cease. Mechanization has not killed the flower of chivalry. —E.C.

The Critic and Art

"I deter representation
Orthodoxy is banality—
I am always for creation,
For hymns of abnormality.
I adore symbolic stuff,
I'm in love with humbug, bluff—
Give me something that is sordid,
Something that is truly morbid,
Something that has no relation
To the act of meditation.
[For, in true artistic vision
There's no place for a decision.]
Dimensions must be disregarded,
Space and time must be discarded,
Meanings forced to take to heels,
Reason squashed beyond appeals!"
Thus at the artistic level
The world goes smoothly to the devil.
For art, without a false pretence
Tolerates no human sense.
Knowing this to be the rule
I know too that every fool
Which is clear as frosty hell—
As a critic must excel.

—K.B.P.



ERUPTING ABOMINATIONS

BUTTONS and BEAUX

Review of a Stratagem

Rakes' Ingress

That this College is unable to produce the script of its own capping play is something which we may regret; for that is the only way you will get the topical crack and the family joke which somehow go with capping. But with the capping play in the state it has been in for the past few years, it seems better to put it out of its misery, at least for a while, and do something else.

The choice of Farquhar's 250-year-old *Beaux Stratagem* was a happy one. It is not unlike a highly superior capping play, both in the rather heavy weather it makes in explaining the situation and getting started, and in the well-prepared comic ideas by which it achieves its big scenes. Unlike the Restoration comedies which Congreve had been perfecting only a few years previously, it is no longer "pure" comedy. It already has broader elements of fun, a rougher surface, less polished, but less brittle. It begins to look forward to the drama of the later eighteenth century, in which wit, farce, melodrama and sentiment are all mixed up together.

All this makes it a better and safer choice for amateurs. Farquhar does not demand the same hair's-breadth perfection of style as, say, *The Way of the World*; and the whole comedy can be done in with bolder strokes.

It would be interesting to know how much the production we saw owed to Mr. Austin. There was certainly no sign of any hiatus caused by his resignation. Mr. Gordon had taken the foundations and built solidly onto them.

The resulting production had two important virtues — speed and consistency. A fast, even pace was maintained over what is (even with cuts) a longish play. The result was that the best things in the play — the scene of Aimwell's fainting his way into Lady Bountiful's house, and the capital business of encounters and mock-heroics in Mrs. Sullen's bedchamber — these came off without any sense of strain. Helped by a "warm" audience, the play got its laughs right through.

The cast, somewhat uneven in places, had also been pulled into place in this uniform production. Mr. Venning's Archer was outstanding; it held the stage and our attention. Mr. Smith, as Aimwell, was a very able second, in spite of a certain tendency to drop out of the picture when he had nothing to do.

Among the ladies of the piece, Miss Paterson's Mrs. Sullen made up in looks what she sometimes lacked in voice; the simpler parts of Dorinda and Cherry were well within the grasp of Miss Pritchard and Miss Evans. Without running through the whole cast list, it could be said that each of the minor parts was done understandably. I'm not sure that Father Foigard (Mr. Piddington), Lady Bountiful (Miss Davidson) and Gibbet, the highwayman (Mr. Stone) couldn't have been made a bit louder and funnier. As it was, they seemed rather toned down into the piece; and perhaps that was right. I particularly enjoyed Mr. Butler's Count Bellair, with the sub-Boyer accent, as well as the idiot rustic mumble that Mr. Drury contrived for Scrub. The producer also appeared, with zest, as innkeeper Boniface.

The costumes were pleasant to look at, and at least suggested the period. I'm not so sure about the sets. The inn-scene was roomy and practical, with plenty of levels. But the gallery at Lady Bountiful's looked narrow; it restricted the action at some points, and a similar cramping in the bedroom was avoided only by a minor triumph of ingenuity. Given the limitations of the Concert Chamber stage, it may have been necessary to sacrifice one set to the other. But the scenes at

Lady Bountiful's are, after all, the climatic ones, and I felt that I would rather see less room at the inn, and more at the mansion.

Taken as a whole, the play would compare more than favourably with other student productions. The high standard which it maintained was a reflected credit to this year's capping, and indirectly to us all. Until some new genius of the capping review appears, I suggest that we have here the beginning of a very respectable new tradition, an annual production to look forward to. May I propose, to future capping committees, the merits of *Maria Martin* or *The Murder in the Red Barn*, *Sweeney Todd the Demon Barber*, and *Round the World in Ninety Days*?

—M.K.J.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Players have begun the season enthusiastically and four teams have been entered in the competition. Numerically the club is up to strength again, but in individual playing ability, has suffered by the loss of one or two outstanding players: Both Merv Robbins and Graham Buxton have gone overseas, and Dick Coldham is playing in Whangarei. On the other hand, we welcome the return of Ron Mayhill from England, and the arrival of Peter Munroe and Ralph Jordan from Massey Agricultural College.

In the senior team the presence of the two Auckland representative wingers, Graeme Stainton and Graham Swift has helped the team considerably. This team should develop into a strong combination as the season progresses.

The second team under the leadership of Brian Kennedy has settled down to a fine combination, and, with most of last year's players, should do well in the competition. Alex Moorhead, as full-back, has been a definite "find" and Sealey Wood and Peter Crawley assist in both playing an advisory capacity.

Rex Millar, captain of the third team, is an able and an enthusiastic leader. He is capably assisted by a keen and willing side, playing and enjoying hockey in the real spirit of the game.

Several new players have joined the club; from their ranks the nucleus of our senior teams in later years will be formed. Finally, to Noel Dickie, Club-Secretary, we are deeply grateful for efficient, capable and willing work.

RUGBY BLUES

As we were going to press, news came from the N.Z.U.A. of the disaffiliation of the N.Z.U.R.F.C., whose Secretary writes as follows:

I have to advise that at our Annual Meeting held on Thursday, 6th May, 1952, the following motion was passed: "That as the N.Z.U.A. has persisted in its refusal to grant 1951 Rugby Blues on the recommendation of this Council contrary to the arrangement agreed to in its letter of 18th July, 1934, and confirmed in its letter of 2nd December, 1948, and thereby committing a breach of the agreement under which this Council affiliated with the Association, the affiliation be withdrawn forthwith, and the Secretary be directed to notify the Association accordingly."

CAPPING PHOTOS

Photos of Procession are available at "students' rates" at a firm in town.

Post-card size, 1/6.

Full Plate size, 2/6.

Orders taken by Mrs. Chisholm or Dixon Reiley.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



"Over To You."

REPLY TO MR. KENNEDY

Sir, We apologise humbly for the infrequent changing of the cafeteria pictures. At the beginning of this year, all the best work done by students in 1950 and 1951 was put aside for the school exhibition which takes place in a few weeks time. This term there has been very little work available for hanging and we have done the best we could under the circumstances. After the vacation, there will be more variety, we assure you.

We have read Mr. Kennedy's criticism with interest. We accept it for what it's worth—that is, as the opinion of one person. It's worth we judge in the light of the author's own ability in art. By this flickering candle, we perceive that Mr. Kennedy is poorly qualified to criticise the work of Elam, or any other school of art. The success or failure of such painting may be said to lie in the degree to which it achieves or falls short of the principles and theories upheld by the school. Our critic has shown that he knows very little about the elements of sound draughtsmanship, which we believe to be the basis of good art.

Mr. Kennedy strikes a faintly derogatory note when he refers to students' work. Whether the power behind the palette is termed a student or a painter, has little bearing on the quality of work produced. Certain it is that a genuine artist never ceases to be a student (as several of the great masters have recorded). Many of our contemporary "artists" are merely one-time students who could not or would not go through the essential ground work of learning to draw — who were unable to maintain an alert mind and an enquiring approach to the study of art. It is interesting to note that there are artists who, although they have long since achieved recognition, still attend study classes at school.

Perhaps our critic will appreciate this snippet of publicity — it is about all he has to fall back on.

—Joycelyn Chapple.

MOTOR-CYCLISTS

Dear Sir,

May I ask the publicity of your columns for a request — that students (and others) who ride motor-cycles will refrain from running their machines in the alley-way between the Physics Department and the old Engineering building. There are working rooms all along this alley on both sides and the noise of machines makes an annoying interruption. There is, of course, a College rule on this matter, but it is one for co-operation rather than fine, and I am sure that students who offend do not realise the nuisance they create. It is fairly easy to wheel the machines in from Alfred Street and this would also avoid the element of danger that at present exists to students and staff using this passage.

—P. W. Burbidge.

TOURNAMENT MATTERS

Dear Sir,

At the Easter Meeting of N.Z.U.A. several important decisions were made concerning Winter Tournament. One was that Women's Indoor Basketball (a team of seven) should be included in Winter Tournament, and that Golf be given a three years' trial in 1952-53-54. The word "trial" means that:

1. The Host College will be expected, but not required to provide billets and to give entertainment privileges.

2. The sport is not to count for Tournament points.

3. The Host College is expected, but not required to include the sport.

A general motion was passed that sports should be staggered at Winter Tournament so that competitors may see sports other than their own.

The following alterations were made to team numbers:

1. Women's Hockey and Men's Basketball: Reserves reduced by one.

2. Table Tennis: Increased to four men and two women.

3. Small Bore Rifles: Increased from four to five.

Winter Tournament this year is to be held at Christchurch in the third or fourth week of August. As you can see, C.U.C. will have the hard task of finding some fifty more billets than have been necessary in the past. I therefore ask you, whether you are likely to be a Tournament competitor or not, if you have friends in Christchurch write to them now and ask them to billet a student in August.

—Marion Solly,
Sports' Rep.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY De Cane Dormiente

Sir,

The mysterious perambulating — rather somnambulating — Craccum, that occasionally registers its somnolent susurrations in this journal puts me in mind of a famous retort of Dryden's: "It is easier to be a laugher than a critic." The crude cynicism that is meant to pass as the subtle sallies of that lady's (I cannot conceive that a male could be responsible for such feline effusions) wit, provided nothing in the way of genuine criticism of Mr. Harris's recent oratio to the Classical Society apart from: (1) She didn't understand it; (2) The boy next door practices his saxophone at night; (3) Some of the girls knitted. Any information that might be welcomed by the cultured reader — e.g., what the girls were knitting — was superciliously ignored by this Maecenas.

—"Crocker-Harris."

★ DEBATING CLUB

Tuesday, June 10—Fresher's Mug.

Tuesday, June 17—"Betting Shops."

Tuesday, June 24—Licensing Forum.

Tuesday, July 8—Senior and Junior Oratory.

★

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STUDENTS ON SHOW

The Current Exhibition At City Gallery

The critic who is normally concerned with the work of adult, if not necessarily mature, artists must readjust his critical apparatus when confronted with the work of students from a school of art.

This does not mean that he should lower his standards or adopt a condescending or sentimentally protective attitude, but rather that he should pay greater attention to the intentions behind the work although, of course, the results must not be neglected.

at all, and in closing his ears he is really refusing to follow the difficult path of finding his own personality. In undertaking the role of St. Anthony it is never easy to decide if the motive comes from strength or weakness.

It would hardly be denied, I think, that the Elam School is primarily a school of drawing, and therefore drawings rightly occupy an important place in the exhibition. In concentrating on these, many observations which are made can be regarded as applying also to the paintings and sculptures which are built upon this foundation. The

same weight of form through the medium of line.

From the drawings also emerges another factor which is, I think, worthy of consideration. In most of them the figure is isolated from any surroundings so that often it appears to be suspended without any visible means of support. In most spectators this produces some visual discomfort, but even if the viewer ignored, it is to be questioned whether the student is doing himself full justice by this fanatical concentration on the isolated figure. Most of the movement poses taken by the human figure are the result of pressures exerted upon it and it would surely be of value if the masses which exert these pressures — floors, chairs, walls and so on — were at least indicated. **In addition it is presumably the aim of the student eventually to make pictures and one wonders if he is right, at this fundamental stage in the training of his eye and his sensibilities, in ignoring the exciting relationships both psychological and formal between the figure and its surroundings.**

If models were sometimes posed in their clothes and related to the objects of common experience — chairs, tables, beds and windows — the student would in addition to his search for form be also exercising his strength in pictorial design and training his observation of the complex accords and discords in the visible world. In making this point one is reminded of the method suggested by Walter Richard Sickert — himself a great teacher — that anyone looking at a drawing should feel that he could walk about inside it.

Most of these criticisms would also seem to apply to the paintings. In these there is the same concentration on weight and mass, but here the steady application of more and more and more black pencil is replaced by a tendency to disregard local colour or subdue it in making the forms turn. There is also the tendency (although this is fortunately defeated by the nature of the medium) to isolate objects and thereby lose opportunities of making a decoration as well as a statement of forms. There are however two other groups of paintings outside the figure studies which are of considerable interest. Most wisely the School has presented a number of compositions which were made by students taking examinations. Each composition is shown in three stages, an initial

sketch, a larger and more detailed working-out of the subject and a section of the whole design carried to a fairly high degree of finish. The subjects were provided for the candidates and therefore it is not to be expected that they can show more than an ingenious accommodation of their ideas to an imposed theme, but it is of value to see that in each case the first sketch has much greater vitality than its fellows, but also that, to revert to an earlier point, the relation of figures to background is so often forced and artificial because the student is faced with a new situation which he might have explored in his studies in the life-room.

The other group of pictures is the landscapes, which in contrast to the overriding importance attached to these in adult exhibiting groups are here in a very small minority. But it is in these works alone that the colour sense which so many of the painters obviously possess is given its true freedom, and the results in producing a rich sonority of colour are most satisfying. It is hoped that this search for satisfying and exciting colour can at some time be carried on indoors, alongside that into form.

In all the work here there is little sign of the influence of recent movements in the visual arts and at times it seems as though Picasso or Gainsborough and Goya have never existed for the painters or Maillol or Moore for the sculptors. But on consideration perhaps the students are wise in avoiding these, for on the one hand few of them have had the experience of direct contact with original works by these masters, and on the other it is as well that the vast mass of uninformed pastiche is not added to in Auckland.

This is, all in all, a most interesting and encouraging exhibition for which we must be grateful to the staff and students of the school. It is possible to see here the foundations of something very positive in the future, perhaps a strong and recognisable approach to painting and sculpture which will be seen by the future as possible only in Auckland. This must naturally depend on a host of other factors, economic and even political, but at least the training which the students receive at the Elam School should stand them and the arts in N.Z. in good stead whatever the future may be.

—E. Westbrook



"How did you find your way in here?"

In the case of some school exhibitions it means that he is confronted with a terrible blankness, but it is a tribute to the present show that the intention behind most of the work is so strong, clear-minded and honest that it demands a serious effort at critical analysis comparable, if this is possible, to itself.

In some exhibitions of student work every effort is made to present the apprentices as masters emphasising their little oddities of approach and claiming that these are evidence of creative individuality. No attempt of this kind is made by the Elam School, for the bulk of the work comes direct from the classrooms and shows the student concentrating on his job with no thought of catching the eye of the critic or potential buyer, and for this reason the critic at least is grateful.

It is obvious that at Elam the little oddities, if not discouraged, are not blown up to a size they can hardly bear, but rather that Mr. Fisher and his colleagues aim to give the student a basic training in honest technique (using the word in its widest sense) so that when he comes to develop his talent, if he has any, he will not be hampered by a lack of means with which to do it.

In the face of so many demands for individual expression in contemporary art this is not only a difficult, but a most courageous aim and reflects credit on those who lead and those who follow it. But the question which must be asked is whether this devotion to basic training does not, in the strength of its convictions, go too far in the opposite direction. The danger is that true personality may be suppressed and the student led to believe that a grinding application to technique is a virtue in itself and that any urgings from within himself to rise beyond it and to attempt something which is not in the syllabus are the voice of the Devil. But having said that one can go no further and must leave it to each student to decide for himself whether in denying the voice he is making himself strong or a greater effort in the future, or whether indeed it is the Devil speaking

word "drawing" can imply a thousand things from a breath of wash on a Chinese scroll through the elaborations of a Schongauer to a café doodle made with burnt match-ends and lipstick by Picasso, but while these various manifestations are obviously known at Elam the direction along which the student is urged to go is rather that of the great Italian masters of the High Renaissance — this is drawing as research rather than expression, as an intellectual rather than an emotional pursuit. In these School drawings which are mainly of the nude figure we can see a continual effort made to express solid three-dimensional forms, to relate these forms logically to each other and to the whole mass. Many of the draughtsmen show an admirable grasp of these facts and can express them in a satisfying way, but as the spectator moves round the exhibition a certain family likeness becomes evident and the suspicion grows that often the individual character of the model has been lost, that many a thin girl has been fattened to provide a draughtsman's holiday, and that, for example, every standing leg could hardly have followed so conveniently the rhythms and directions of force which it exhibits.

To the insistence on weight in these drawings, and obviously as part of the effort to create the illusion of it, is added an insistence on blackness of tone. The most common medium in use is the "lead" pencil, a convenient and useful tool, but one whose use in this way may be questioned. The pencil is essentially an instrument for tracing a line and if it is used to create tone it tends to plough into the paper and produce a shiny unpleasant surface which destroys the precise effect of turning forms at which the draughtsman aims. It would perhaps be better if occasionally the student was encouraged to use another medium such as charcoal, soft chalk or pen and wash, all of which express tone more naturally. Leading from this it would also be interesting if sometimes one could encounter a drawing in which all tone was shunned and an attempt made to express the

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What's on in the Arts ...

Oh, No John, No John . . .

— In a letter to the Editor, Miss Barbara R. Lee comments:—

In a recent copy of "The Auckland Star" I noticed with something verging on horror that a production of "The Cocktail Party," by T. S. Eliot, is to be presented in the Music Festival by John Thomson. Mr. Thomson comments: "The play is verse, but the verse does not obtrude itself . . ."

There are two outstanding errors in this statement — Eliot's play is not in verse, as such, but poetry, and this poetry does most emphatically "obtrude" just as much and no more than a poetic tragedy of the highest calibre should do. Eliot thought in poetry, his play is in poetry, and in order to start to interpret it, it must be unconditionally accepted as such. Put "Lear" in prose and you have the same effect as "The Cocktail Party" when Mr. Thomson carefully smooths the poetic rhythm into that of prose.

This will be the first New Zealand performance of this play, and as such it is more than ever important that the producer should have sufficient sound literary and theological background to understand it—at least as far as "The Cocktail Party" can be understood. The play which may represent the consummation of Eliot's theology is not to be lightly handled, nor to be wrecked by misinterpretation. Mr. Thomson may be, technically, a very able producer, but this is a scholar's play of rather esoteric quality, and must be treated as such. Please, Mr. Thomson, do some hard study of Eliot, the metaphysical philosophy of all ages, and poetic drama from "Prometheus" upwards, before attempting this challenging production.

My remarks do not arise from a complete ignorance of Eliot's works, nor of poetic drama, nor do I tackle the production without awareness of some of the difficulties confronting me. Whether I overcome them remains to be seen. I have the greatest respect for Eliot and his play, and tackle no production lightly or with the intention to misinterpret.

—John N. Thomson.

Mr. Thomson's statement seems to be supported by Mr. Eliot himself. In his recent book, *Poetry and Drama*, he says of *The Cocktail Party*: "I laid down for myself the ascetic rule to avoid poetry which could not stand the test of strict dramatic utility: with such success, indeed, that it is perhaps an open question whether there is any poetry in the play at all."

FILM SOCIETY

The Auckland Film Society has monthly meetings at which many first-class films not commercially exhibited, are shown. You don't need to pay a year's subscription. Just roll up to any meeting (they are advertised in the papers) and pay for that evening only.

Things To Come



A.U.C. DRAMA SOCIETY

"I can resist everything except temptation."

Oscar Wilde's popular comedy, "Lady Windemere's Fan" is the choice of the Drama Society for its main production this year. The play will be staged in a stylish, elegant fashion, and we hope the costuming will be something to remember. You must not miss seeing this scintillating comedy. It is a University production and deserves and needs your support.

Dates: Wednesday, July 9th to Saturday, July 12th, Town Hall Concert Chamber.



A.U.C. CLASSICAL SOCIETY

At Mr. Crawley's rooms at O'Rorke Hall at 8.15 p.m., Thursday, June 12th, Mr. Marshall, B. Arch., A.R.I.B.A., A.N.Z.I.A., Senior Lecturer in Architecture at the College, will talk about his recent trip through Greece and possibly will illustrate his talk with slides and souvenirs of Ancient Greece.

MUSIC CLUB . . .

Committee for this year:

President and Chairman: Professor Hollinrake.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. Nalden, Mr. Rive, Mr. Segedin.

Secretary: Miss Hadcroft.

Treasurer: Mr. Bowick.

Representatives of Choir and Orchestra: Messrs. Dreadon, Blomfield, Gare, Corban.

ANNUAL CONCERT

In August the Music Club's main work for the year, the Annual Concert, will take place. The choir, under the baton of Professor Hollinrake, and the orchestra, conducted by Dr. Nalden, are rehearsing Purcell's "The Sacrificial Scene from Circe." The choir is also presenting a Bach Church Cantata, and the orchestra a Bach Concerto for Two Pianos. To date, both the attendances and the weekly practices of these works, have been very encouraging.

Madrigals

The Madrigal group forms an important part of the Music Club, rehearsing each week under the direction of Mr. Rive. This year there are twenty singers, the maximum, who will give recitals in the College Hall. This group will also take part in a Complimentary Concert on July 17th for Mr. Leslie Thompson, a graduate of the College.

Professional Concerts

The Music Club has entered on another field of activity sponsoring concerts by professional artists. The programme for this year is an improvement on the small beginnings of last year. Two concerts have already taken place, the first in conjunction with the Guild of N.Z. Composers and the second with the Chamber Music Society. The latter was the first of a series of four piano recitals by the English pianist, Miss Jessie Hall. The College Council has recently appointed a Concerts' Committee which will co-operate with the Concerts' Section of the Music Club in future, sharing with them financial responsibilities. But the full support of Club members is still essential to ensure the success of any such concert ventures.

Comedie Francaise

Once a year, towards the end of June, a passer-by may possibly observe certain outlandishly garbed persons, furtively trying to conceal themselves under raincoats, slipping out of the front entrance of the College; they make their way northwards along Prince Street; then just before they reach the Government House boundary, they plunge into the darkness to the right, no more to be seen by casual eyes.

When next they appear before the public gaze, it is on the stage of the College Hall, their outlandish garb looking, if possible, even more outlandish than ever as they play a comedy of Molière or Beaumarchais, or it might be "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon." What is more they will be doing it in the original French and, to judge by appreciative references in "Craccum" and the "Herald," with sufficient verve and wit to satisfy even those whose knowledge of the language of Molière is imperfect.

Who are these people and why do they do it? Even more pertinently we might ask; How do they do it? The answer in a nutshell, at which we imagine the more artistically austere members of Drama Club would scarce restrain a jeer, is this: they are staff and students of the Modern Languages Department performing a play—probably a prescribed text for French I—secure in the conviction that they are handling one of the world's masterpieces of comedy, and exhilarated by the zest of playing it in the wittiest and subtlest of all languages for the stage—French.

Beginning years ago with a shortened version of "Knock" by Jules Romains, we have progressed from three-act

Molière ("Le Médecin malgré lui" through much more substantial plays ("Le Malade imaginaire") to haute comédie involving five acts in verse (Les Femmes savantes). We are convinced that Molière really comes to life on the stage—even on the amateur stage. To convince you, we invite you to a new departure in 1952 when we shall present "Le Bourgeois gentil homme," complete, we hope, with music, mamamouchis, and all other necessary "turqueries."

—Kleibes.

MIDDLING CHAMBER RECITAL

All told, the final recital of the Tancibudeck-Kriegel Trio in the Concert Chamber struck a nonechalant, unvarying note. The violinist, especially, seemed tired, the pianists often ponderous and unimaginative. By far the most finished of the four, the oboist, (Jiri Tancibudek) revealed the same joviality and spontaneity that heightened his first performance.

True, less forte from his instrument (and from the piano too), would have given the violin more say in the Handel C minor Trio—musically the result was almost unrelieved sedateness.

Adam Kriegel (violin) and Daniel Koletz (piano) caught the Mozartian spirit at the opening of the E minor sonata, but coarse violin entries plus off-hand plodding from the pianist soon upended any delicate communion between the two instruments. Mozart is not a romantic, we know; but he is not to be tossed off as one does the Sunday vegetables. Prokofiev's Five Melodies received more sympathetic handling from these two players though still discernible was a certain blatantness from the upper violin strings.

MUSIC . . .

A "Night Out" for the New Steinway

"I am not an artist, nor a pianist—just a piano player," said Isador Goodman in Auckland recently. The "Prince Charming" of the piano, the handbills would have us believe. Certainly the early part of his public concert proved him wrong and the billings right. There was rapture from this half of the programme: one always gets something from Beethoven. The second half a pot-pourri of florid philanderings—brought applause at the time, but added little of lasting value to one's musical experience.

The opening Beethoven Rondo must have been an eye-opener to those who will have to present it later at the competitions. In it and the tiddly Bagatelle following, Goodman subdued his technique to subtle utterances of great delicacy.

The Waldstein Sonata was given a resoundingly fiery performance and the caressing attention to detail was as heartfelt as the ovation which followed. Beethoven has written an outstanding work, but it needs rattling good technique and musicianship to bring it off to the complete eclipse of everything else on the programme. Outlines were as clear as daylight. The pity of it all were the annoying overtones that played havoc with the sensibility of his "piano" phrasing. Or was the sustaining pedal over-prodded? Probably one of those annoying factors peculiar to the Town Hall and the new piano.

A fetish of slick embroidery with Goodman variations thrown in followed the interval. Only in the Debussy and the Chopin "Papillons" (one of the six encores) did one really get away from the Goodman idea. No matter; Isador Goodman has given the Steinway the finest shakedown it could have wished. Technically he proved himself equal to anything—written for or against the piano.

—Fanfare.



The revelation of the night came with Vera Tancibudek's playing of Debussy's Prelude and Toccata. The ineffective accompanist took to task with astounding alacrity, unleashing a powerful technique not without liquid graduations of tone.

Torrid fireworks kept the oboist's toes in the Hindemith Sonata, both here and in the final work, Saint-Saens, fluent breath command enabled clear, faultless phrasing, ability to match a very loud forte really "piano" playing was the blemish from this mercurial artist.

—J. McN.

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Passed his June days
In the tub
Hammering a stub
Of intellect
Till he hurt it,
But was it worth it? ?

When a man
Who can
Is immersed in a dream
Wants to scream
Of a realm
Of teaming ideas

He is quite prepared
To run round bared
Shout "Eureka!"
To a theatre.
But . . .

WELLINGTON REDS INVESTIGATED GREENS and BROWNS ALSO BOTANY FIELD EXCURSIONS, MAY, 1952.

Latin names filled the cold wind of Monday morning Island Bay. "Carpophyllum! . . . Caularipa, here!" rang out as 30 students scrambled among reefs in search of seaweed. Plastic bags, cameras and notebooks lay about the rocks. Losing inhibitions about ice-cold Port Nicholson waters, the New Algologists were soon dragging up specimens for identification. University history was being made. **For the first time, two colleges—A.U.C. and V.U.C., were combining in a large-scale field expedition.** Under Professor Chapman, A.U.C. Botany Students have had several Algae expeditions to Russell. This however was the first (we hope of many), to Wellington. Professor Chapman with Dr. Rattenbury led 19 Auckland students to combine with Victoria's Professor Gordon, Vivienne Dellow, and their students.

"Why on earth go to Wellington just to look at seaweed?" you may ask. Not only does Wellington Harbour prove a good hunting-ground, but also the chance for the two Colleges to share their authorities, and for students to combine in work, are quite sufficient reasons — and anyway the opportunity for work in other directions is enough for most.

The programme was full: to give students training in identifying the algae, to teach where and how they lived, and how to collect and study them. From the first morning's trip to Island Bay, to the final salt-marsh forays, heaps of seaweed gathered in the lab—many to be dried and pressed, some to go under microscopes, most to go straight into the dustbin. Within a day or two, the commoner types were all named and known, and by this time too, the projects were started. In small groups, the Algologists attacked a variety of seaweed questions. In a most valuable "symposium" on the last morning the papers were read, and subjected to teachers' and students' criticism.

Bad weather can easily kill field work, but Wellington gave a pleasant week of clear skys and sun with, of course, a cold wind. The chill in the wind drove most home from the Titahi Saltmarshes on Thursday, but that afternoon another piece of history was made. Saturday trains don't run on Thursdays. Unprecedented result: **Two Botany Professors hitchhiked back to Wellington.**

Algae started after breakfast, but didn't stop at teatime. Four evening lectures—three by Professor Chapman, and one by Miss L. B. Moore, of Botany Division D.S.I.R., gave a theoretical background to the week's work. All the intensive work—the soaking up of seaweed secrets, trips, lectures, arguments, questions and answers—finished on Friday afternoon. The evening saw an Algological social.

To summarise the results of the trip is difficult, because of their size and variety. Firstly there are the names learnt, and the collections made. More important is the knowledge gained on the life of the algae — their ecology, which can only be studied in the field. But most important is the benefit of working with another College, sharing knowledge, comparing ideas and methods. The trip was a success due to the organisation that worked smoothly and gave optimum enjoyment from work and leisure.

When V.U.C. comes to Auckland next year, highlights will be remembered — the long awaited lunch at Island Bay, the Professors hitchhiking. Perhaps most will remember a peculiar endemic species, *Carpophyllum suctoriorhiza* when they have forgotten most else.

—J.E.

It's a question
Worthy of mention
Whether the populace
Watched the sage's race
In glee
Or asked the sixty-four dollar question
"What DOES it mean to ME?"
—McSweeney.



Carpophyllum Suctoriorhiza var. *infanta* (rare and local)

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

It was the angle at which he smoked his cigarette that first attracted me. I strolled across the lounge and dropped elegantly into the couch beside him. "Excuse me," I said, "but do you come from Auckland, New Zealand?"

"Why, yes, I do," he said, surprised.

"I thought so," I said. "I could tell it; your attitude of savoir faire — the glassy look in your eye — to one who knows, like myself — perhaps you lived in Devonport, Smithfield Street?"

"Astounding! Unbelievable!" he cried. "Have you psychic powers? Or is this the result of reading James Joyce?"

"Oh, tut, tut," I deprecated. "James Joyce — vulgar. For really sophisticated writing, take Peter Cheyney. Concerned with the ultimate problems of good and bad. What more fundamental could you want?"

"Fundamental!" he cried. "That's the word!" He squirmed in his seat and sucked in a really porcine manner upon his cigarette. "Get's to the bottom of things."

"Bottom," I said, "that's the word. That's Cheyney all right." And I added

casually: "I'm thinking of writing a novel myself."

"Are you?" he said ecstatically. "What are you going to call it?"

"Mmmm, I don't know. 'Sweet Fanny,' perhaps."

"'Sweet Fanny.'" He meditated. "It strikes a chord somewhere."

"The name of a girl you once knew?" I hinted.

"No, I don't think so. Is it a quotation?"

"Hemingway Heppenstall," I said.

"Ah, I have it. How brilliant to have thought of it."

"Not really," I murmured. "Nothing at all. Mind you, few will see its true significance."

He sighed, "The world is like that."

"Yes," I got up. "I must be going."

"But, stop! You haven't told me how you knew who I was."

"Oh, that." I quietly slipped his cigarette case into my pocket. "I used to live next door to you."

—Hemingway Heppenstall.



Residents of One Tree Hill are advised that during the coming week the rubbish usually UPLIFTED on the Friday will be collected on the previous Thursday.—(Herald Advt.)

SWEET THAMES ! RUN SOFTLY—

Geography Field Week

On Saturday, May 10th, 35 Stage III. students of the Department of Geography arrived in Thames for 10 days of practical field work.

The project was a rural and an urban study. The first day was spent in a general reconnaissance of the area followed by three days of detailed field-by-field land-use mapping of an area from Ngatea through Wharepau Road to the eastern-upland in the south and to Puru in the north. Base maps were prepared from existing surveys together with aerial photographs. As part of the rural study, students mapped particulars of the specific use to which every paddock and land division was put and questioned farmers on the economy of their farms.

Relations with the community in general were very good — standing invitations to dinner were extended to all — even to the more disreputable.

The primary aim of the study was to give experience in field-mapping techniques, to let members of the party learn more about the land and its problems and to gather information for the compiling of a detailed land-utilisation map.

On the 5th and 6th days we surveyed urban land use to try and assess the part being played by the borough within the wider rural area (7 pubs, 13 churches) as well as to give an indication of the changing function of the town. Students chatted to housewives, business-men and other people, in all walks of life, over gates and bars. The Thames district was chosen because of its variety; a necessary element for such a field study. The field session was brought to a successful close with a dinner for several of the leading citizens who had co-operated in such a fine manner. Later the guests formed a panel and took part in a lively discussion with the students.

During their stay in Thames the party lived in the Thames High School. The party was split into seven groups, each of which, at some time or other, was responsible for cooking arrangements and the smooth running of domestic affairs. Comment by one:



... One midnight activity was broken up ...

"Don't you dare tell my wife that I swept and cleaned this place."

At 10.30 p.m. when the lights blacked out over Thames, the staff retired for the night, while the students emerged to stir up the night life.

Unfortunately one midnight activity (see sketch) was broken up by the arrival of local authorities—12 scorched lines marked the direction of the departing students. Gus's bus was claimed later. (Blunderbuss? — Ed.).

On the last night, as a final gesture of appreciation to Thames, the flag-masts on the local P.O. were tastefully decorated. A pity there was no tower. In pouring rain, with approved yachting knots, Treacy's shirt, Jake's pyjamas and —'s petticoat were rigged by two sou'wester-clad figures. Next day, in spite of the removal of the "flags," a march-past was held and the garments were returned by the chief post-master. Singing various ditties, the parade then called on the local mayor who staged an impromptu party for the by-then hoarse students (staff regretfully in the background). With much horn-blowing, the students drove down

LITERARY CLUB EVENING CAKES, ALE AND LINKLATER.

"I just rang up Robin McFarland and said I wanted to give a talk on Eric Linklater."

Which explains why thirteen or so members of the Lit Club assembled at Adrienne Dowd's place on Tuesday, 20th, last month to eat cakes, drink ale and hear about Linklater. Dick Denant quickly revealed that he was a Linklater fan; his tone throughout was one of subdued enthusiasm. He talked for an unnoticeable hour and a half on Linklater's life, what Linklater had written and how he had written it. Linklater's merits, it seemed, were sheer verve and gusto; his demerits, an inability to portray young women characters, an exuberant verbiage, and a reserve — oddly enough — that forbade him being serious in the right places. It was probable that he would write even better novels in the future.

the main street with petticoat floating behind.

A most successful trip.

Violently the swing doors of the "Silver Dollar" Saloon were flung open and a long man in black duck-sloped in. The Saloon hushed; you coulda heard a house fall — Jesse Dames it was, the quickest, shootinest gunfighter in the West. A lonely terrible man, he loved nobody in the world except Mopsie, a big brown thing with a face and other things like a horse.

"Set 'em up, barkeep."

He tossed off the amber liquid and felt its power deliciously flooding his Nectar. That's what it was — nectar with a dash. It excited, quickened, inflated. He had three more Ginger Beers in quick succession. Then, benignly surveying the bar, the thought he saw his long-lost brother, Louey. Childhood memories pricked the conscience of this hard-bitten killer, and, drawing his rod, he shot Louey between the eyes. Then it was drinks all round. And again; while a posse of sinister characters (remember them) slipped unnoticed into the bar.

"Fella, when I'm sober I'm a human whirlwind, an earthquake, I'm six brass bands, I'm a herd of buffalo ... Fella, was he tight!"

... tighter and tighter!

In a flash the whole scene changed. The sinister characters (remember them?) drew the Winchester Ninety. Three's they'd been hiding up the Plus Fours, sixty Indians (on ponies) rushed in and pointed their arrows at him, a panel in the wall slid back to reveal in an unlikely part of a mural painting the barrel of a Lewis gun. Three flame throwers materialised from nowhere and steel shutters closed across the doors and windows. Jesse was in trouble.

When he had got out of the "Silver Dollar," Jessie went into the "Buckin' Bronc" for a drink.

Next morning Jessie awoke to find that the milk hadn't come and that the hoss had been stolen. He looked for them everywhere, but they weren't. He was found in the "Buckin' Bronc" current year. However he had fun looking. And then given sheriff wasn't ... He wasn't in his office. The for one thing, for the customary not. The was on the door: "Gone to Lynch." For another thing he wasn't a very funny sheriff.

Jessie entered the office and began to write: Warning (he wrote), Warning Tomorrow after opening-time I gonna shoot every coyote of youse sight. My magnificent hoss, Mopsie, which I left outside the "Silver Dollar" has been stolen. (Or else, of course, left her in Kansas City, Missouri.)

Jessie Dames.

Born to the saddle, he had let shape his ends. Now desperate with his hoss he did something he had never done before.

He went into the "Big Little-Square" and drank fire-water out of the among the red pails. Meanwhile the Vigilant were having a noisy meeting, all shouting, "We gotta rid ourselves of this menace. Dames is too much trouble. And with this admirable sentiment the moved on to the "Big Little-Square" those.

Jessie heard them coming. He rushed out into the street and faced them, hands swinging menacingly at the handles of his six-shooters. The crowd stopped twenty yards away from him. A deadly silence fell on that terrible street.

Then a noise like coconut-shells drumming on a table-top was heard. A Jessie alone stood his ground as a sorrel hoss came galloping furiously down the street. It was Mopsie. There was a tall masked rider on his back. On and on, madly, recklessly it struck down Jessie to the ground where he lay white and motionless. A red stain gradually suffusing his shirt as Mopsie disappeared in the prairie distance.

Will the driver of this horse or one having any evidence, please get in touch with the Editor of this magazine, who's had enough ...

—G. U.

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