

CRAGGUM

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AUSTRALIA DOMINATE A.U. TEAM

"That it is better to fail than to compromise". Australia and New Zealand showed no compromise in debating this point last Friday. Auckland failed narrowly to convince the crowd (130) in the Upper Lecture Theatre.

Professor Blacklock from the chair outlined the ties and (more vaguely) the differences with our Australian "kin" — Ian Lawry (22), Terry Coulthard (20) and Richard Walsh (18).

Opening for the affirmative, David Wright examined Mankind's stimulated development. With sparkling rhetoric and without notes, he showed quite conclusively that Ultimate Value, Truth and Perfection have no truck with Compromise. Surely a universal proposition!

But is it universal? mooted Ian Lawry. Ultimate value, truth and perfection come not at once but in stages — black into white via grey. Happiness in social life is the common man's perfection. Mr Lawry forsook generalities in the ninth minute, to instance the suffragettes.

Yet, claimed Jim McClay, a compromise is a negative step. The artist of integrity seeks accuracy in every detail, or he starts again. Beethoven was an uncompromising failure, and Mozart, and Pasternak.

Terry Coulthard rose for the opposition. Artists, he decreed dramatically, are but ceaseless compromisers both spatially and temporally—with their vision, their medium, their capabilities. Like the Perfect Man, perfection is always approaching and never reached.

Aha, said John Priestly, but man's ultimate goal is worth fighting, dying and failing for. The suffragettes never compromised. (Off stage: "Surely

any acceptance was but compromise on their part?") Mr Priestly rushed on, to Churchill and the Lone Cry.

But surely both Churchill and the suffragettes compromised in action if not in aim, demanded Richard Walsh. In gaining a bakery, he reflected, a half-loaf of bread is not imperfection, but a stepping-stone.

Churchill did in fact compromise, Mr Lawry told us in reply. Not only, in fact, with the United States, but with his whole aim for peace. And the artist is but a prime compromiser.

However, his goal, and that of the suffragettes, remained a constant, concluded Our Man Wright. The ultimate aim of great artistry is in mastering the limits of paint, words and music. And the Perfect Man, the forsaken Christ, did indeed never compromise.

From his covert, the judge (or adjudicator) was now drawn. Professor Davies made wise noises on the use of notes, disclosed his interest in the teams, and with a suitable flourish awarded the first debate of their tour to the Aussies.

From the floor, David Williams proffered a form of thanks, and the crowd left happily at 9.30.

Student International Fiesta

— BIG SUCCESS

Students International "Fiesta" presented early this month was a big success, and was enthusiastically received on each of the four nights of its presentation. "Fiesta" comprised a widely varied selection of traditional music and dancing from almost everywhere in the world. The countries represented were: Indonesia, Germany, Israel, China, Hungary, Africa, Hawaii, Switzerland, Spain, New Zealand, Burma, Tahiti, Vietnam, Tonga, Japan, Thailand, Latvia and Malaya. Altogether a most impressive display and making a memorable evening's entertainment.

The individual items were of all of such a uniformly high standard that it is virtually unjust to pick out any one for special mention. One might select the African Talking Drums, and the Indones-



ian dances as being the most striking of European eyes, but all the performers showed in their presentations evidence of rehearsal and enthusiasm for the whole show. The staging was good, and congratu-

lations are due to Mr D. Heke for his set designs and backdrops which created pleasing effects throughout the performance.

It is a pity that the show suffered from a lack of polish in production. "Fiesta" fell prey to a number of the faults which detracted from its overall success. Trouble with the sound system lead to trouble, as when the Japanese dancers were forced to dance without music when the tape recorder failed. The presentation of songs from Switzerland was marred by the partial obscuring of the singer behind the curtain. Also, the stage manager neglected to have the stage swept at Seddon Tech., which had dusty results during some of the more vigorous dancing.

But it is easy to be an arm-chair critic. These flaws were only details, and could not obscure the general high standard of the show. "Fiesta" was a magnificent effort and



Students International is deserving of highest praise for their work in presenting this spectacular show. One would hope that "Fiesta" on this scale will be an annual event.

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B.D.L. High-Handed

Eyebrows have been raised recently in Drama circles at the disqualification of two competitors from the British Drama League competitions. The plays were both contenders for further honours, one being "Something Unspoken" presented by the University Drama Society, and the other "Suddenly Last Summer" produced by Gil Cornwall for the Bailey Academy.

"Something Unspoken" was disqualified, after being presented, on the grounds that it did not meet the requirement that all plays must be of at least three speaking parts. The third part in "Something Unspoken" is taken by a tele-

phone conversation, which is, after all, a speaking part by definition, and Drama Soc. have further grounds for annoyance in that some years ago this same play was done for the BDL competition by Ray Stoop and was accepted as fitting the requirements.

"Suddenly Last Summer" was disqualified on the grounds that it had been cut without the author's (Tennessee Williams') permission. Strange, because it is quite common to cut plays to suit one's own requirements. Does BDL have a rule as to how many lines may be cut from any play? Or are they copyright agent for Tennessee Williams?

Problematical Puzzle Solved

Across: 1, Education. 2, Onion. 9, Inelegant. 10, Gee. 12, Toes. 13, Pearce. 15, Wasted. 16, Bottom. 19, Staples. 20, Roe. 22, Can. 23, Profumo. 25, Uwane. 26, Keeler.

Down: 1, Evict. 2, Useless. 3, Apes. 4, Irate. 5, Notorious. 6, Siege. 7, In. 11, Elam. 14, Decapped. 15, Wreccum. 17, Torso. 18, Blood. 19, Sneak. 21, Error. 24, Une.

Sailing Club Folds

The attempt to start a sailing club realised just 35 names. It seems impractical to continue with this limited response. However, I will keep the list for any future effort. My thanks to all those people who did sign the list.

—P. A. Metcalf

"The culture of ideas has only been able to survive in America in the unfavourable atmosphere of the university".

—T. S. Eliot in "Sacred Wood" (1920).

CONCERT WELL-BALANCED

Sincerely Presented

The Music Society's annual concert, held in the Hall last Thursday, was distinguished by some good playing, the inclusion in the well balanced programme of two rarely heard works, and a general sincerity of presentation.

The Madrigal Choir performed inoffensively enough, the tendency to drag down the pitch by the sopranos and basses never really becoming a serious threat to enjoyable listening. Mr Thomas Rives' baton seemed to overstate most of the time at the expense of detail. He gave little "space" for the singers, most of whom were untrained, and often clipped his phrasing alarmingly closely.

In spite of these things, or maybe because of them, Mr Rives' personality and presence gave one the feeling that "here is a nice, conscientious musician obligingly stepping in for the occasion; his heart not really in the work". This came over very strongly.

Neville Baird played Brahms' E Flat Rhapsody. I don't think there is anything more discomforting than listening to an artist whose nervousness almost, but not quite, brings his performance to grief. Mr Baird occasionally managed to jolt his mind away from the perpetual horror of "what comes next", and then the music came through strong and clear. But he will really have to play more often in public to friends, RSA meets, no matter where, in order to overcome his serious handicap.

Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp Major, Bk II, was given a sound and extremely thoughtful performance by Bryan Sayer. He managed the slippery technique of the fugue very comfortably, though the Prelude would have sounded better just a trifle faster, with the last chords a little less perfunctory. The approach to Bach's keyboard style was ideal in the playing of Mr Sayer, and later on in the programme Mr David Bollard. They avoided all the usual mistakes by availing themselves of the piano's natural resources and stating their interpretations in pianistic terms.

The magnificent Sonata for Horn and Piano by Hindemith was given by John Rimmer and Warren Drake. This work is extremely demanding for both instruments, and really, if I had been unfamiliar with the work I don't think I would have been able to enjoy it. As it was, I had to do a good deal of aural "sifting" in order to hear what was going on. The work is actually quite simple in design and texture, the only problem being that of balance. A pity, but this was the very thing

that had not been worked on. (This does not mean that they should have mercilessly hammered out the principal theme at every opportunity.)

Twentieth century music of all styles needs to be better rehearsed ensemble-wise, than, say, a Haydn String Quartet. Perhaps I am being a little unfair to Mr Rimmer, who was very unsettled throughout the performance, but I do feel strongly that one of the most important reasons for public indifference to 20th Century music is casual interpretation. Warren Drake had worked hard at the piano part and, considering that he is not really a pianist, did very well. A very far cry from the Wagner shambles.

The Three Pieces from the "Musikalische Exequien" left me ice-cold. The reasons do not matter. They were presented quite adequately and with restrained enthusiasm by Mr Drake, but I'm afraid that I just did not like the music.

BOLLARD — ACCURATE, SENSITIVE

The two most enjoyable items on the programme were the first movement of Bach's D Minor Piano Concerto and the Handel Concerto Grosso in G Minor. David Bollard, the soloist on the Bach, laboured under great difficulties. After only fourteen days' preparation and two short rehearsals, he had then to contend with a stolid and unwieldy partnership from the orchestra. The reasons for this were obvious: so much so that they need no mention. David Bollard is a pianist of formidable potential. He was always accurate and sensitive, but he seems to have acquired a new enthusiasm in his playing over the last twelve months. His feeling is projected much more strongly and his playing has lost that self-conscious striving for artistry. He has all the pianistic qualities I most admire.

This review would not be complete without reference to the work of Michael Weick, Marie Vanderwart and Winifred Styles. Theirs must be a difficult and often frustrating job. The students seemed to hold them in the highest esteem and affection and this shows in their playing. These musicians are not just the mainstay of the chamber orchestra; they are the chamber orchestra; and the students privileged to play with them must count themselves very lucky.

—Patrick Flynn

POSTSCRIPT

Dr Nalden's achievements as conductor of several works in the two recent MUSOC concerts are questionable. Professional orchestras can "carry" an inferior conductor. They often do. But it is vital that developing musicians get the very best available if all the hard work done by their tutors is to be of any value.

Dr Nalden's work as head of his Department has made heavy demands both academically and administratively and under such circumstances it would be too much to expect him to have developed fully his interpretative powers. He has been directly responsible for raising the Music Department to its present status, and he must have had to overcome much opposition and criticism in order to do this.

It is therefore all the more unpleasant to have to point to his inadequacy as a conductor.

In view of Dr Nalden's many accomplishments, it was disappointing and rather sad to see him ineffectively directing a talented group of musicians and students who were bursting with an enthusiasm which was in danger of being dampened. For the sake of the students, it is a matter of real urgency that consideration be given to employing a professional conductor. This would make Dr Nalden's task easier and more dignified.

—Patrick Flynn

EDITORIAL

LECTURES

— A WASTE OF TIME ?

I have noticed over the last couple of years a growing dissatisfaction with lectures. We have all had doubts, most likely, but for me the question was crystallised the other day when talking to a friend of mine who did Classics at Oxford. He mentioned that at Oxford it is not compulsory for students to attend lectures. Yet in general students do attend, because they feel that they can get some value from them.

This led me to wonder about lectures at AU, and I thought back to third term last year when I settled down at last to do some serious swot. I carefully gathered all my year's notes together and arranged them in order, read them through, and at the end of an hour realised that these piles of notes were almost useless to me. They were scrappy, disjointed, and mainly dealing with topics which had little apparent relevance to stuff that I needed to know for finals. I never looked at them again. From things seen and heard I would say that large numbers of students pass finals by a similar system.

We are, however, forced to spend the first and second terms concentrating on a process known as "keeping terms," which consists chiefly of signing the role a certain minimum of times. As a prerequisite for signing the role, you have to listen to a lecture which is almost always presented in such a way as to make it quite impossible to take coherent notes from it. Many lecturers deliver too fast; many submerge facts in ponds of verbiage which effectively conceal any real information; one I remember from last year invariably began each sentence with a string of subordinate clauses, while

you waited patiently for the main clause and crux of the whole sentence. When it finally turned up, you would frantically scribble it down and then try to remember the qualifying clauses already gone, while at the same time listening to the next sentence. The result was chaos.

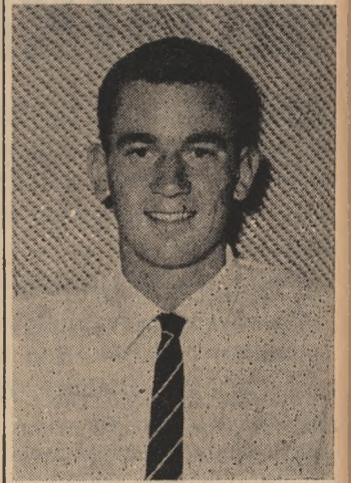
Here is the problem. Far too many of the lectures we are forced to attend are a complete waste of time. Either the number of lectures should be cut down or else the standard of lectures improved considerably. The purpose of lectures is to inform students, not just to supply jobs for lecturers. The onus ought to be on the lecturer to make his lectures attractive instead of being allowed to deliver any old guff to an unwilling captive audience.

What makes this whole thing really infuriating is that it is possible for a lecture to be interesting and informative. There are lecturers, rather rare, who make a subject become alive and vital, and at the same time present it so that one can take copious notes that make sense. I've seen this done, for example, with the topic "Causes of Population Expansion in Mediaeval Europe." It was a moving experience.

It is unlikely that the num-

THE NEW PRO

Peter Quennell lived in post-war Transjordan, and later in Tanganyika. At the time of the Mau-mau outbreak in 1954, Peter was sent away to Gordonstoun School in Scotland. Son of a geologist, he flew home for long vacations; the others were spent in England and on the Continent.



Rugby, hockey, sailing and climbing were normal school activities; Peter also did art, architecture and pottery, served in school orchestra, assault-course team and mountain rescue.

Peter returned to Auckland via USA and joined Broadcasting as a programme producer four years ago. He is advancing in Political Science, plays squash, sails an Olympic Finn, and is on Ski Club Committee — winner of last year's award "Most Improved Skier".

Peter found, as Controller of the successful but unfunny Capping Book this year, that his interest in student affairs was only whetted.

ber of lectures will ever be reduced. But there is no reason why the quality of lectures could not be raised. A course for lecturers on how to give lectures would be an idea.

Craccum will be very interested to hear opinions from both staff and students on this problem, which is a very real one. What can be done to get lectures which are alive and useful to the students who attend them.

The system is screwy. We have to pay vast sums for lectures which are, by and large, no use. We are forced to attend these lectures, because we wouldn't go, otherwise, the time could probably be better spent. If it weren't for the role system, a lecturer would soon find out how good a lecturer he was, after he'd played for a few empty houses.

I am convinced that if the number of lectures were vastly reduced, the standard of remaining lectures vastly increased, and the emphasis put on written work, the standard of education would increase noticeably. Don't many of us look forward to the short holidays as a chance to do some uninterrupted studying.

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MISTAKES MINT MONEY

The error in a sheet of new Tongan stamps issued in February is the latest example of how faulty stamps can fetch a fortune — the £12 face value of the Tongan sheet has rocketed to £10,000! No error is too absurd to turn a stamp into a treasure (the discovery that a peasant on an Austrian stamp had his ears back to front sent its price soaring), and design inversions are famous. In Britain, careful printing and checking make faults all the more valuable: a block of current 3d. stamps with some imperforate on three sides sold for £180 . . . recently a 6d stamp with a missing colour made its lucky purchaser £525 richer.

By DAVID ENGLAND

Mistakes on stamps can be worth thousands of pounds to philatelists, and they are never happier than when they spot a designer or printer nodding.

At the time of the 1953 Coronation one of the most popular personalities in Britain was the Queen of the little Pacific island State of Tonga. Today the island's name is on the lips of philatelists everywhere, because an error in a sheet of a new issue of Tonga emancipation stamps has been discovered by a London stamp dealer. The stamp of this sheet is one of a series of eight issued early in February, with an overprint reading "1862 — Tau'atana — Emancipation — 1962". It celebrates the centenary of the passing of the laws which gave Tongans a British-style constitution. The sheet of 60 5/- stamps was sold in the post office at the Tongan capital, Nuka'alofa, at face value — but the keen-eyed dealer quickly detected that the overprint was inverted. In a moment that £12 sheet rocketed to thousands. Its estimated value now is £10,000. It will not be sold as a whole, but broken into convenient blocks to satisfy the demand from collectors.

Only 18,600 of the 5/- stamps were issued in Tonga,

and they were all sold on the first day of issue. Even without the error they now have a market value of 50/- each. As no further supplies are available the misprinted stamp is likely to become one of the most sought-after stamp rarities of this century.

It is certainly worth while keeping one's eyes open for errors of this kind, though so far I have not been lucky! Modern British stamps are so well printed and so carefully checked before being distributed that faults seldom get into circulation. That is why faulty stamps are so valuable. Faults in perforation may be worth anything from £5 to £500, according to the issues on which they are found. So keep looking, as you never know what may turn up. Not long ago a customer bought some stamps in the Old Kent Road Post Office, London. There were two blocks of 3d stamps, some of which were imperforate on three sides. One block sold for £180 and the other, not quite so perfect in condition, fetched £135.

Stamp booklet errors have more than once brought some useful hundreds to the lucky purchasers. One booklet, bought at Alva Post Office, Clackmannanshire, and found

to contain an extra 2d red stamp upside down, was sold for £205. Another booklet, purchased at Llandudno and, though partly used, still containing a similar error on the panel of the 2d brown stamps, also fetched a good sum.

A notable rarity was sold recently. It was discovered at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and is a specimen of the 6d stamp issued last September to mark the seventh Parliamentary conference of Commonwealth countries. The background colour of such a normal stamp is purple, with a gold design representing the hammer-beam roof of Westminster Hall. In the faulty stamp the gold was completely missing. At an auction it fetched £525.

It should not be imagined that high prices are confined to British stamps. Just a year ago an envelope bearing a cancelled 1959 Canadian stamp commemorating the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, with an inverted centre, fetched £1,000 at a New York sale.

A few days earlier a misprinted ten-pfennig stamp dating from the German colonial era in China early this century brought a record price for its kind — £1980. The letters "pf" (for pfennig) appeared as "fp". Only four other examples are known to exist.

About four years ago a nine-kreutzer 1851 Baden stamp, printed in error on green paper instead of rose, went for 20,000 dollars at an American sale. At that time the one-cent British Guiana stamp lost its title as the costliest stamp in the world. This was when the unique Swedish 3 skilling-banco error of colour, 1857, was bought by a Toronto collector for £12,720.

Natural history seems to have given stamp designers a few headaches. Once, Newfoundland brought out a five-cent stamp portraying a seal with claws instead of flippers. Another time Sarawak issued stamp errors are those known as "inversions". Of British Colonials, the best known is the "Inverted Swan" of the 1854 Western Australian 4d. An error in printing resulted in the stamp's centre being upside down in relation to the eater without a tail. The government scrapped this and replaced the animal with a map of the country.

Among the most famous a stamp showing the scaly ant-frame. Only about ten of these are known to exist, and a few years back one was sold for £1,000.

Another inversion fetched £500. It was the 24-cent USA stamp, issued for the New York-Washington 1918 air mail

service. One hundred copies of this stamp were printed with the centre showing the plane flying upside down.

An Italian stamp of 1924 depicted the Pope shutting the Holy Door on his head. Only four of the stamps got into circulation. The remainder were destroyed.

Historical anachronisms on stamps are not unknown. An American stamp of 1907, commemorating the tercentary of the founding of Jamestown, showed Captain John Smith marching ashore with the Union Jack, a flag unknown until 1801. A few years earlier a stamp of the colony of St. Kitts-Nevis, in the Caribbean, showed Columbus peering through a telescope. The great navigator continued to do so for 20 years before the issue was changed — though the telescope was not known until some 60 years after he discovered America.

No slip is too absurd to turn a stamp into a treasure. Some years ago the discovery that the then current six-groschen Austrian stamp represented a peasant "with his ears back to front" sent prices soaring. Five years ago a block of 60 Australian penny stamps was sold for 500 guineas, because two of the stamps had a slight flaw. A rat gnawed the plate from which they were printed.

—P.A. Features

"H C J B"

Radio Station HCJB, "The Voice of the Andes", is the pioneer missionary broadcaster. The call letters stand for the phrase "Heralding Christ Jesus Blessings". The station is located in the heart of the majestic Andean mountains of Ecuador, just ten miles south of the line of the equator, at the nation's capital city of Quito.

The first broadcast was presented over HCJB on Christmas Day of 1931. Now, over thirty years later, this station probably has the most ambitious programme schedule of any radio station in the world in that we transmit around the clock, 24 hours a day. But this is augmented by the fact that from seven to ten hours a day two broadcasts go forth from our studios simultaneously, serving two language groups at the same time. Currently we present programmes in Spanish, English, Russian, German, Swedish, French, Quechua, Portuguese and Ukranian.

Across the mountains, across the international boundaries, the oceans, and behind the Iron Curtains and all other obstacles that man would erect to prevent the entrance of the Gospel message, goes the powerful signal that eman-

ates from our seven transmitters. Our two largest short wave transmitters operate on 40,000 and 30,000 watts respectively. Our long wave transmitter operates on 20,000 watts; this is soon to be boosted to 50,000.

Ours is a missionary organisation. For financial support we are dependent on friends of all denominations who share with us the burden and the challenge of reaching the regions beyond via radio. Such friends send in their gifts large and small as investments in this tremendous enterprise that produces dividends for time and eternity.

The official name of our mission is the World Radio Missionary Fellowship. In addition to Radio Station HCJB, this mission sponsors many other ministries, including:

The Rimmer Memorial Hospital, the first evangelical hospital in Ecuador, located adjacent to the compound of HCJB, serving the rich and the poor, Ecuadorians and missionaries. It is one of the best equipped hospitals in the entire country.

The Epp Memorial Hospital, located at the gateway of the jungle in the town of Shell Mera, serving the vast jungle area in the Amazon

headwaters. The pilots and planes of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship co-operate with our hospital in this area, bringing in sick people by air from the most remote jungle areas.

Radio Station HOXO, "The Voice of the Isthmus", at Panama. This work is carried on as a united effort with the Latin America Mission. HOXO broadcasts on 760 Kc, with a power of 5,000 watts.

The Bible Institute of the Air, which has provided Bible correspondence courses for thousands of national workers and others who wish to study material in Spanish. These courses serve as textbooks at 33 Bible Institutes and Seminaries. Courses have been translated into five other languages.

The Radio Circle, which constructs and distributes electric, battery and transistor receivers that are fix-tuned to HCJB. Not only in the Quito area, but in many isolated spots where missionaries can seldom visit, these sets are bringing the Gospel into homes of every type.

Donations may be sent to "HCJB, Casilla 691, Quito, Ecuador, South America".

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ON MAGNETIX

No-one will deny that the magnetic field of the earth has been of importance to man; we have only to think of the compass, and the discoveries that its use has led to. Nevertheless, few people will believe that measurements made by the many magnetic observatories scattered over the surface of the earth (there is even one in New Zealand — at Amberly, in the South Island) have ever told us much about space. They will say, correctly, that the magnetic field is predominantly generated inside the earth, and that therefore it can only tell us things about the earth itself. While this view was widespread until well into the present century, it is now clear that the earth's magnetism is sensitive to conditions outside the planet and can give the astrophysicist much valuable information not previously available.

A magnetic observatory contains a number of delicate instruments set up to monitor variations in the earth's magnetic field. These instruments record disturbances ranging in period from 20 seconds to a year or more and when specially designed can record periods down to about one second. Very little of the information recorded is understood, but there are a number of well-known extra-terrestrial effects. Of these the "magnetic storm" must be the most spectacular.

SUNSPOTS

The occurrence of sunspots is another feature of the sun leading to an increase in the solar wind. In this case the effect on the earth's magnetic field recurs every 27 days, as do effects due to any other semi-permanent active regions on the sun. It is obvious in this case that the period of recurrence must coincide with the period of solar rotation which has a mean value of 27 days. At present we are approaching the time of minimum sunspot activity, and will have to wait some years for the 11-year sunspot cycle to reach its maximum again. However, small sunspots can

still regularly be seen on the sun.

Apart from the slow tidal effect of the sun and moon on the earth's magnetic field, the only other item of immediate interest to us is the discovery of the waves known, because of their tiny amplitude, as micro-pulsations. These waves were first detected by the instruments set up in magnetic observatories, and among the large number of waves and variations recorded by the instruments the micro-pulsations appear as small fluctuations in disturbances of longer period. They are now usually classified into four bands, but a characteristic micro-pulsation period would be one in the range of from one second to 100 seconds.

Intense magnetic storms are caused by flares on the surface of the sun facing the earth. As soon as a flare is seen to commence there is often an immediate positive jump in the magnetic field at observatories on the day-side of the earth. Following this jump, or "crotchet", there is a period of normal magnetic activity lasting perhaps 30 hours. Then the storm begins with a phenomenon known as the "sudden commencement". Practically

everywhere on earth the magnetic field shows a very rapid increase; some of the measuring instruments may even be put out of adjustment. The field now increases more slowly to a maximum, drops to a point well below its original value, and then very slowly increases back to normal. The whole storm may take two to three days and is characterised by difficulties in short wave radio communication. The storm's crotchet is caused by a rapid increase in the flow of electro-magnetic radiation from the sun to the earth. This radiation, part of which does happen to be visible light, travels at the velocity of light (the fastest velocity possible for energy) and takes just eight minutes to reach the earth. Radiation is also responsible for the remainder of the storm, including the sudden commencement, but in this case it is radiation of a material particle nature: an enhancement of the solar wind.

SOLAR WIND

Not very much is known about the solar wind, but it appears that the earth is moving in a continual outgoing flux of particles from the sun. Since the outer part of the sun is roughly 99 per cent hydrogen, it is not surprising that the solar wind is also mainly of a hydrogen nature. The presence of this hydrogen wind would seem to contradict a recent theory in which a continual ingoing stream of hydrogen into the sun is postulated.

At first it was thought that the micro-pulsations were just some unknown type of variation peculiar to the earth's field. However, further inves-

tigation indicated that some of the variations were caused by electro-magnetic waves, with periods of one to 100 seconds, originating above the earth's surface. In fact, they appeared to approach the earth from a nearly vertical direction. This indicated an origin in the earth's outer atmosphere, probably in the important layer of ionised air known as the ionosphere. But then came something even more exciting — calculations indicated that electro-magnetic waves of the micro-pulsation type could pass right through the atmosphere of the earth from outer space! We now believe that micro-pulsations reaching the earth can come both from the ionosphere or from space, but much more research is needed to make the difference clear.

Those who read an article "Space Age Astronomy", by Professor Burbidge, published in June 1962, will remember his description of the two major windows through which electro-magnetic waves reach us from outside the atmosphere: the radio window and the optical window.

If we take a micro-pulsation period of one second, the wavelength of the radiation will be 3×10^{10} cm: just the distance light will travel in one second. This enormous wavelength raises some questions as to the use of such radiation in astronomy.

LIMITATION

The most important question to an astronomer would be one regarding the detail that could be seen through the "micro-pulsation window", and it is here that the waves show their major limitation. The resolving power of a telescope, or its ability to see detail, is

always inversely proportional to the wavelength of the radiation used. In other words, the longer the wavelength the bigger the instrument required; radio telescopes must be made very large if they are to reveal any detail at all. Because of the huge micro-pulsation wavelength a telescope using these waves would be impossibly large, much bigger than the earth, and this means that we cannot see the origin of the waves. Other methods of detecting the origin are possible, but very difficult to carry out in an atmosphere.

FOR GEOLOGY

One interesting use of the longer period micro-pulsations is in the study of the outer structure of the earth. The waves can penetrate very deeply down into the earth, perhaps 800 to 900 miles, depending on the nature of the material through which they must pass. Shorter period micro-pulsations do not penetrate so deeply and would be more use in investigating the thin continental crust, or even the local geology of a region.

No doubt satellite observations will lead to a greater understanding of micro-pulsations, at the very least the absence of atmosphere would help in solving the question concerning the origin of the waves. But, of course, when the use of satellites (or space stations) becomes common, the importance of micro-pulsations in providing a "window" will no longer matter: the whole of the electro-magnetic spectrum will be available.

(A short article by A. C. Fraser-Smith for the Journal of the Auckland Astronomical Society.)

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AN - ARCHY

Administrative difficulties... been to an Association general meeting recently? Latest SGM, you remember, was abruptly concluded because meeting had exceeded time limit (10.15 p.m.) by half an hour; at two SGM's before this there was inadequate standing room for the number of members who wished to attend. Last AGM shifted halfway through meeting (again time-limit problem) to another room; and the one previous laboured under peculiar difficulties: members of Engineering School holding an informal function in the same lecture theatre at the same time as the meeting.

President Romaniuk not over-dynamic as meeting chairman. Admittedly it is rather early in his term of office to have to handle a general meeting. We hope that our Herb will add to his other talents before the year is out the ability to maintain strict procedure at GM's.

Over the Coffee Cups

It seems a pity that our Coffee Bar must be littered with lunch papers and half-chewed sandwiches — for someone to clean up. There is a nice big red wastepaper basket sitting under the till waiting to be used if students will oblige. No trouble to pop your papers in as you pass. It would be an even greater pity if a big ugly notice had to be stuck up on our nice cream walls, or more red wastepaper baskets scattered around to catch attention.

More tables for the Coffee Bar are in the process of being purchased, as well as records.

Cups are rapidly disappearing again — of six trayloads, only two left. Surely we don't need spying policemen to "catch" careless students — but Men's House Committee, our "disciplinary" body, does have the power to fine offenders.

—Chairman, Caf Committee

Paradoxical flying saucer. The trouble saying: "is continuing early 1950s Saucer-R straight George A attitude"

It is a p much atten man's expl ports these saucers gai The who identified laden with and the e human indi being from ever landed square and your leader pened, then be solved. A of flying going on nothing co pened. If things as f almost as i nothing to However, people wh interest sin early 1950' UFO's were every day. Recently ney Girvan four years Flying Sa magazine v 1955. The some thous lished six Review co reports articles pr hypotheses possible ex craft.

Mr Girv he came view: "At managing Laurie, th and we Adamski's Saucers ha thousands over the v a good pl view. In t late throu Mr Girv his opinio of flying s tic. "Ther when you standing, a moving fil is the mo the world often the Service P pilots". One of coveries h a pattern cerned fro

"In 195 there wa ings in F Amie Mich a map. At was a m meant r Cocteau, wright, su sightings

FLYING SAUCERERS STILL HAVE FAITH

Paradoxically, while man's exploits in space get world headlines, reports of flying saucers gain very little notice. People have lost interest in the mystery. The trouble is that no saucer has landed in a city square, with its captain saying: "Take me to your leaders". However, a determined group of believers is continuing the investigations that began with the wave of sightings in the early 1950's. Peter Norman speaks to Waveney Girvan, editor of the "Flying Saucer Review", and learns of the research which shows that saucers travel in straight lines . . . of how astronaut John Glenn's findings corroborate George Adamski's claim to have travelled in a flying saucer . . . and of the attitude of the authorities.

By PETER NORMAN

It is a paradox that while much attention is riveted on man's exploits in space, reports these days of flying saucers gain very little notice.

The whole subject of Unidentified Flying Objects is laden with "ifs" and "buts", and the essential reason for human indifference is that no being from another world has ever landed on earth in a city square and said: "Take me to your leaders". If that happened, then the mystery would be solved. As it is, the subject of flying saucers has been going on for too long and nothing concrete has happened. If there are such things as flying saucers, it is almost as if the crews wanted nothing to do with us.

However, there are many people who have never lost interest since the days of the early 1950's, when reports of UFO's were coming in almost every day.

Recently I spoke to Waveney Girvan, who for the past four years has been editing Flying Saucer Review, a magazine which he founded in 1955. The circulation runs to some thousands and it is published six times a year. The Review contains the latest reports of sightings and articles presenting varied hypotheses on the origins of possible extra-terrestrial space craft.

Mr Girvan explained how he came to publish the Review: "At the time I was managing director of Werner Laurie, the publishing house, and we put out George Adamski's book, 'Flying Saucers have Landed'. We got thousands of letters from all over the world and it seemed a good plan to publish a review. In turn, we now circulate throughout the world."

Mr Girvan told me that in his opinion most of the reports of flying saucers were authentic. "There can be no doubt when you have witnesses of standing, and photographs and moving film in colour, which is the most difficult thing in the world to fabricate. Very often the witnesses have been Service people and airline pilots".

One of the biggest discoveries has been the fact that a pattern can now be discerned from reports of UFO's: "In 1954", said Mr Girvan, "there was a wave of sightings in France. An engineer, Amie Michel, plotted these on a map. At first the only result was a maze of dots. These meant nothing till Jean Cocteau, the poet and playwright, suggested that these sightings should be plotted on

a time basis during the course of 24 hours.

"Immediately a significant pattern emerged. It was found that four, five, six and even seven of the dots occurred in a straight line.

"In the face of this, all the official explanations must collapse. 'Stray weather balloons' do not travel in straight lines: neither do 'mad' nor 'hysterical' people live along straight lines.

"One object was seen on the ground in the morning in Italy



An "object" photographed by Radio Officer T. Fogl on board the British ship Ramsey in December, 1957. It was silver-black in colour and not more than a mile away. There was a pulsating red light under the disc. It stayed in position for a few moments, then shot away towards the coast of California.

near the French border by at least 20 people. It took off and left a crater 20 feet across. Trees were damaged. The area was immediately sealed off by the military".

The object was later seen over France and finally on the ground outside a park at Southend. Starting in Italy, those places are on a straight line.

"Michel's discovery has been largely ignored by the authorities. But we have co-ordinated observers all over the world—in Brazil, Spain, Portugal, North Africa, America and other countries — and their reports show that these straight lines go right around the globe".

I asked where the saucers came from.

"We don't know", said Mr Girvan.

He agreed that governments know more than the laymen about flying saucers: "I think their attitude is quite simple. Until they know more, you cannot expect them to make any pronouncement. In a way, the subject has nothing to do with governments — it is out of their control".

Much abuse was directed at George Adamski when he wrote his book.

"Many people who believe in flying saucers", said Mr Girvan, "do not believe in Adamski's reports of contact with other-world beings.

"But there is a point to remember here. In one of his books Adamski wrote about going for a space flight in a saucer and seeing through a porthole a phenomenon he described as 'fireflies'. This was years before John Glenn reported the same thing when he circled the globe in a man-made space craft".

Mr Girvan told me of his own flying saucer experience. "It was in Hampshire", he said, "in the summer of 1951. I saw it from my car. It was low, a gleaming copper colour, and was travelling from east to west, too slowly to be airborne by normal means.

"Its size was difficult to estimate, but it seemed about twice the size of a football pitch. I didn't believe the evidence of my own eyes. I tried to 'domesticate' the incident. I wrote it off as a secret weapon. Some time later I realised I had seen the real thing".

For Mr Girvan, the thought of the future is tremendously exciting: "I am waiting for something to happen. The great world circle lines are baffling. But some time in the future some stupendous information is going to be realised about this".

Though Mr Girvan believes in flying saucers, his Review is happy to publish reasoned articles against their existence. But he is rightly angry at official explanations which do not stand up to investigation.

He told me of a boy in Sheffield who took a photograph of five domed objects in the sky, which the Air Ministry termed "ice particles".

The Ministry also recently stated that another sighting which came up on radar screens was a "weather balloon" released by a specific university. On checking, Mr Girvan found that no balloons had been released by the university.

It is an odd point, but the Ministry statements seem to fall into line with the pronouncements of the United States Air Force. Recently, correspondents were shown photographs humorously titled "Ford hub-cap. Mark I" and "Ford hub-cap. Mark II".

This is known as discrediting by imputation: by disparaging one case history, the authorities imply all the sightings are the work of cranks.

MORE POISON

Sir, I am not amused by Katipo's Column. It is surprising that, in a newspaper that is supposed to be among the foremost intellectual periodicals in the country, one finds such puerile and corny effeminacy.

The printing of Kati's blurb while serialising Fr. Sheerin's article on the late Pope was shocking. The article on the Pope was interesting and informative, besides being a tribute to a great man. Yet it was stated that it was necessary to cut it in half because of lack of space! As an agnostic, I am annoyed. To a Roman Catholic, this action of the editorial staff of Craccum was a slap in the face. And I shudder to think of how Father Sheerin must have felt.

I feel that Kati has had his day and that Katipo's column should be reserved for more worthwhile literature. Even an advertisement or two would be better than Kati's sugary sweetness.

If you do decide to take this advice, don't worry about hurting the little darling's feelings. Kati will get over it. Who knows? Maybe he (?)

will get a job writing for "Vogue" or "Woman's Journal".—Yours.

—W. McF.

Dear Sir, During the Degree examinations, students are issued with a small folder of low quality paper, of too few pages, and with erratic line printing and poor binding. In these they must record their attempt at the examination. Perhaps they are convenient for the examiner; from the student's point of view they leave much to be desired.

I suggest that the Students' Association press for the adoption of a folder, of the quality foolscap to which we are accustomed, which would meet the preference of most students, and be an improvement on the present system we are forced to use.

Yours sincerely, —I. R. E.

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Has it well designed suspension with hydraulic shock absorbers on both wheels?	✓		✓		✓	✓
Has it 12" wheels or larger, for safety under all conditions?	✓				✓	
Is weight distribution symmetrical for safe handling?	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Does its shape offer some protection in case of a head-on crash?	✓					
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Pioneering Human Relationship

Pioneering is always a difficult process, and for the Waiwera Ashram Foundation Incorporated, a body of enthusiasts who are attempting to break down prejudices, intolerance and misunderstandings in the field of human relationships, this has been no exception. Over the years these people have maintained their ideal and today are established and claim the attention of all who have the spiritual and cultural life of New Zealand at heart.

At Waiwera, some 28 miles north of Auckland, this enthusiastic band of workers have purchased a substantial piece of land upon which preliminary activity is already being undertaken with a view to establishing a quite unusual and remarkable centre. The constitution of the Foundation is extremely liberal and unrestricted, providing for the control and use of this thermal area as an up-to-date hot mineral spa and relaxation centre to which is added some unusual features.

Here will be a residential centre with varying accommodation to suit all demands. Hot mineral water and bathing facilities private to members and their guests; sun bathing; a community type of kitchen and laundry; a large modern lounge giving glorious views of the Pacific; a reference library containing authentic works on every known religion and philosophy and subjects covering modern psychology, astronomy, cosmic radiation and energy as affecting human existence, and so on.

In addition, lecture rooms are provided for the use of visiting authorities on any of these subjects, enabling members to listen to authoritative statements on the experiences and conclusions of those engaged in any particular line of expression and enquiry. There will be no proselytism; no arguments or debate; the environment being one for relaxation, study or holidaying and the opportunity to listen with tolerance to the opinions and experience of our fellows — truly a university of philosophy, religion and all forms of art in the ideal atmosphere of universal friendship. We have beautiful Waiwera, with its lovely safe beach, facilities for bathing, boating, fishing, tramping; a natural bush adjoining a State bird sanctuary; an ideal setting to establish essential foundations and enjoy a universal sense of co-operation and relationship.

The main feature of the establishment will be its chapel, designed to present no particular emblem or suggestion restricting the mind to any particular religion or philosophy. Yet an inspiring atmosphere in which members of different races, cultures and

creeds may sit alongside each other; pay allegiance to the individual sense of the Universal Ideal, God, and in quiet, silent meditation aspire to the One Universal Reality. No sermon or lecture will ever be heard within these walls — each individual element as a part of the Universal Whole in his or her own way acknowledging the One Supreme Factor.

Many business and professional people have aligned themselves with this project. Membership already includes ministers and leaders; members of various religious and philosophical institutions; Roman Catholic, Protestant, and he who would call himself an independent thinker. These all constitute a growing membership, each one claiming to be merely a student in the University of Life, seeking knowledge and universal co-operation to establish peace and goodwill on earth and in this Divine universal family.

Undoubtedly this movement will do much to strengthen the desired basic spirit in many organisations; foster such movements as Church Union, as well as breaking down barriers of ignorance and intolerance. This Foundation calls for serious thought and some active support from members of all sections of the community, especially those who are vitally connected with the cultural and artistic development of our people.

At the present time engineers are conducting surveys to provide our architects with necessary data to prepare plans. There are camping facilities available on the property at the moment, temporary hot mineral water, drinking water and drainage, power points, etc. It is expected to have the buildings under way so that some portion of them will be available to members and friends next summer.

Naturally the movement is attracting world-wide attention and now that the Foundation is in a position to foster publicity and attention, members welcome enquiry and encourage the open door ever available to anyone with kindred vision and spirit.

—Reginald Howan.
President, Waiwera Ashram Foundation Inc., C.P.O. Box 904, Auckland, C.1; phone 44-710.

NEW ZEALAND LITERATURE

I was very interested to read Mr Arvidson's precis of the substance of the panel discussion, "Aspects of New Zealand Literature". Since "En Zed Lit" will soon be enshrined as a Stage I subject I think it important to scrutinise very carefully some of the directions proposed by the panel.

Firstly, Dr C. K. Stead stated in no uncertain terms that Louis Johnson is a poetaster and that "rigorous" criticism is needed to winnow the wheat from the chaff. To the casual observer this seemed ominous. Before us were two learned gentlemen who have written general histories of New Zealand literature in which they make value judgments, and Dr Stead was ardently advocating following up their work with close textual criticism. Most of us would agree that we need some exegetical criticism. However, the analysis of what T. S. Eliot calls the "lemon-squeezer school" ("Frontiers of Criticism") is only of limited application. An analysis along Empsonian lines is a delicate tool and should not be used to cut out great sores when the merest prick or squeeze will release the virulence within. I mean that only a few poets in New Zealand have written sufficient work of sufficient quality to make such criticism profitable (notably Curnow and Smithyman).

As Dr Pearson said, in a country the size of New Zealand there is always the possibility that one will meet the disgruntled writer in Queen Street! Such criticism is nearly always taken personally.

The point was made well but the fact remains that it was Campbell's first collection of poems (or rather a rescension of it, but still his only volume).

Hatred can only develop between schools of poets when such remarks as "You don't have to be a postie to learn about life", are made. Whatever one might think of the subject matter of James K. Baxter's works, whatever one might think of Johnson's technical accomplishments, one cannot deny that they are on the side of life.

I cannot recall Dr Pearson calling Katherine Mansfield's a "dichotomous vision", and I am fairly certain he did not bundle Katherine Mansfield and J. A. Lee into the same category. As for Mr Arvidson's remarks about satire: "taking the word satire in its true meaning as a criticism of society related to positive moral standards" (Gilbert Phelps), then we need all the satire we can get. Finally, it was Dr Pearson who used the apt term "Crumpery" (not the feeble term, "Crumpese").

—"Wills"

HEARTBREAKS

Closely following in the footsteps of "Little Me", that best seller and epic memoir of the well-known screen personality Belle Poitrine (thrice reduced to the gutter, and the only woman ever to have signed her name with a breast-print), "Heartbreaks of Hollywood" presents a major breakthrough in the New Zealand cinematographical industry.

Previously, crestfallen N.Z. film addicts were forced to change the subject, when the

"Twenties feeling). Scenes are apt to be crowded — the large number of extras employed is important in any epic. Rumour has it that Auckland will never be the same again. Friday night street - corner - standers will be on the alert for talent scouts disguised as late night shoppers.

As all good producers should Margaret appears (reading a commercial) The script was written.

But seriously, Miss Cheong deserves to be congratulated. She has spent a great deal of time and money on this film. The first showing was at the Trades Hall on Tuesday 6th. The audience was appreciative and a "Live Narration"



topic of locally produced films was raised, or mention the Film Units experiments with birds. Now they can say, with justifiable pride, "Heartbreaks for Hollywood" Yes, I remember what a classic that was

It could not fail, with such a glittering array of talent in the cast. These were the names which excite the imagination and stir the sensibilities. Rhubarb Vaseline, Greta Garbage, Anna Mee Wrong, Tyrant Power were just a few.

The film took for its theme the eternal story. Young starlet arrives in Hollywood, makes films, becomes popular, is disillusioned, leaves for home and Mum.

Margaret Cheong's first Magnum Opus is, of course, in glorious technical colour and screened . . . on the narrow screen (to catch that mad

was given, somewhat inaudibly, by Clyde Scott.

"Heartbreaks of Hollywood" may be screened at Varsity in the near future. Students would do well to attend. Proceeds of this showing will go to the Building Fund.

MHC NOTES

Since the Committee last appeared in Craccum, three new members have joined their forces. They are—

Neville Dickson, Lockers Steward. Nev is part-time law student interested in yachting, military science and many other activities. Helping Nev to get the lockers in working order is Noel Archer, who hopes they will be ready by the end of the month.

Tony Ivanyshyn is keen on yacting and jazz. He is a second-year law student and is Students' Facilities Officer on the Committee. He is interested to hear from anyone with complaints about the student building.

David Silich is a first year student from Whangarei. He lives at Newman Hall and is a practising fisdick. On the Committee he is Sales and Publicity Officer.

LIFE MEMBER

Peter Curson joins John Strevens as a life member of the Committee. Peter was chairman of the Committee for two years before retiring from office this year.

MARRIAGE

By the time this goes to press the chairman of MHC, **Ray Offen**, will be wed. Ray is marrying Ann Hamilton, of Women's House Committee. Good luck, Ray and Ann.

LOST PROPERTY

A huge amount of lost property is at present reposing in MHC Room. Last year someone lost five pounds and did not claim it. The Building Fund benefited, however. If you have lost anything, try MHC Room. They might have it. Times of business: Mon-Fri, 1 pm - 2 pm; 5 pb - 6 pb.

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SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT . . .

CRACCUM 7
THURSDAY AUG. 15 1963

Mid-term break, as everyone knows, is "a period of intensive study uninterrupted by lectures". Who am I to argue with Pope? I hit the road to study not physics and chem., but mankind.

My parents' coming home from Wellington a day early and relieving me of babysitting for my repulsive siblings meant that in the gathering gloom of early evening I found myself on the Motorway heading South. First lift, a battered Bedford, took me to the end of the £180 per foot autobahn, perched uncomfortably on bricks and old glass.

I legged it toward Papa-ra. Now I had on my back, emblazoned across my rucksack in AA yellow and black, the legend

"ROTORUA?"

of a small supply which ranged from Kaitaia to Bluff. Of course, the first car to pick me up was going to Tauranga. "Just — umph — a minute, young fellow, umph — while I clear off this seat — damn!" "Allow me to be of assistance, sir", I said, wrenching open the door and helping him pick up several reams of order forms. "Most unfortunate — did you have them in any particular order?"

"No, shove the ★★ things to the back with your pack, and hop in here".

"I'm much obliged to you for picking me up, sir", I said, after we had moved off, offering him a cigarette.

"I'm pretty sure I've given you a lift before, too. You and

By KEN

another chap. Your voice, your face, even that weapon you're carrying . . ."

This was most gratifying, but I couldn't place him. I offered him my name, a light for his cigarette, a short description of my companions on the rare occasions over the last year or so when I had not been travelling alone, helpful suggestions such as "Were we carrying ice-axes?", and a plausible reason — which I forget — for carrying a 30-inch machete. It was pretty obvious that I was me, but for the life of me I can't say who he was! Look out for a blue '57 Velox, next time you're on the Tauranga road. He does the run regularly.

He dropped me at the Route 2 turn-off, almost halfway to Hamilton. It was pitch dark (the moon wasn't due up for another couple of hours),

so I filled the carbide lamp and strolled on.

Now these carbide lamps are really great — far brighter than almost any electric torch, and they cost only about one-third of a penny per back is that unless one possesses the gift of foresight, they tend to stink out the occupants of any car unfortunate enough to pick you up. One is faced with the alternatives of keeping it going (and the flame, although not technically an oxy-acetylene flame, is remarkably hot and dirty) or of facing five or ten minutes of embarrassed apologies as the subtle perfume of stale garbage is wafted towards the driver and his wife.

Getting a lift at night is hard enough as it is — I must apologise to any future hitchhikers whose chances I have spoiled. However, I eventually got to Hamilton.

A short lift to Cambridge in a very small car driven by a large Dutch policeman and his even larger dog restored my faith in human nature: he laughingly declined my apologies and pointed out that the stench of Dog overpowered that of impure acetylene. I found myself on the bridge at the bottom of the gully or

valley, watching lots of no cars.

In fact, not a single car stopped. A schweinehund Englander in a large lorry hurtled past, throwing me into the ditch; however, he stopped, reversed, and took me — an Englishman, splendid chap, the driver was — to Rotorua.

Via the Kaimais!

The best excuse I can think of is that he and I were both half asleep. We must have missed the turn at Karapiro, and the only reason that we ever saw Tirau glowing on the horizon instead of Tauranga was that, grinding up a range of hills, he thought he recognised, he almost ran into some earthmoving machinery he did recognise. It belonged to him! There we stopped and had a closer look at our map. Hmmm. Oh well, back we go. And back we went. Quote, after ten miles of thoughtful silence:

"Y'know, that bulldozer's damn lucky it's not an ox-drozer. That's a flamin' stupid place to park it!"

"You'd better send a rude telegram to your employees in the morning — they'll be reckoning you're a pretty good boss if you can check up on them when you're in Te Kuiti!"

"Yeah. Have a fag — oh, yer rolling one. This twelve-hour day brasses me off. No Eaton, and the empty truck bounces around so's your fillings fall out. She's governed at 45 — hear it?"

We eventually found Rotorua, absorbed some pies —

unless you're absolutely desperate, keep clear of the all-night piecart by the South turn-off — and parted, he to the Albion Hotel, and I towards the Lakes and Kawerau.

The time was just 11 p.m. (the date, Sunday, 7th) when I shouldered my lightweight pack, now with

"KAWEARAU?"

embannered thereover, and to the strains (quite a strain, to judge from the expressions of the local peasants) of "Green-sleeves" on a mouth organ, wandered coastwards.

I ran into a mob of Maori boys going home from a dance. They lived a couple of miles up the road, and we set a brisk pace along the flat tarseal. One of the boys offered me half a loaf of bread, which I shared with him — it was crisp-crusted, hot, newly-baked sweet white milk bread, and tasted remarkably good. I can imagine the feelings of the Colditz prisoners when the Americans relieved the castle — Bader says ". . . the army bread looked snow-white and tasted sweet, like cake".

Just before they left me, there were four long, slow, searing flashes somewhere up ahead in the fog, a hollow, tinny rumble, and sudden darkness from the street lights. Police, ambulance and power-board vehicles, about ten of them, whined through the fog, and I hurried along to where I could see the pale thin spotlights probing vertically.

To be continued

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MORE MAIL

The Church and World Peace

Dear Sir,

Your correspondent J. Priestley asserts that "World Law can only come when the existing sources of discord are removed. Racial distrust, imperialistic ambitions, economic deficiencies, illiteracy, starvation, over-population, diversity of background — these are the problems that the world faces. Only when these are removed can we hope for anything approaching World Federation . . . To work blindly for World Federation completely ignores these realities. It is useless to set up a system before the foundations are laid. The foundations are our task". Sir, these foundations are laid, and these problems will be removed when we choose to start building. "The foundation is laid already, and no one can lay another, for it is Jesus Christ Himself" — I Corin. 3:11.

What is the aim of World Federation? What is it that it can offer that we are lacking now? Peace! We have found indeed that "the peace of God passeth all understanding", but our intellectual pride has forbidden the acceptance of realities beyond the range of scientific assessment. Yet the fact remains that the Gospel of Christ brought peace to Anglo-Saxon England (as it has to thousands of individual lives since) when the nation as a whole was prepared to submit to the Law of God. Our rejection of these laws has meant that once again the "sources of discord" may breed fear unchecked. The article in *Craccum VIII* reads that the "only change from the present-day situation is that all nations would yield sovereignty to the ruling body of the World Federation". Is it too much to ask all nations to yield to the sovereignty of God? The system of world federation is already established; it dispels fear and apprehension with love. But like any system of world law its operation can only be truly effective when the majority of nations, communities and individuals subscribe to its demands. The system your correspondents call for might well precipitate a form of peace, but the very basis of its authority would be the reality for the disposal of which the Federation was first established: fear and its twin, Force. G. C. Titman claims that "we will free the world from the fear of nuclear weapons and war when force in our world community is supra-nationalised". Why plump for second best? Can force dispel fear as effectively as love?

—Robert Jensen

Exam Papers

Dear Sir,

The question of old exam papers being available to students was considered by Education Sub-committee at its last meeting. This was held before O'Deran's letter in the last issue of *Craccum* was published.

It was recommended to the Executive that a letter be written to the administration requesting that this service to students be continued, and indicating the urgency of student demand. It was also suggested that papers be sold in the Students' Association office if it was not possible to store them at Mt. Pleasant. This motion will be considered by the Executive at the next meeting and no doubt immediate action will be taken.

The Education Sub-committee welcomes suggestions from students on educational matters; it would be quicker, however, if future letters could be sent directly to the committee, although in O'Deran's case the matter had already been dealt with.

—Education Sub-committee

Nosebags ?

Dear Sir,

May I ask the purpose of those bags bracketed to the wall in the Caf.? After eating a meal (?) there I should say that they serve a similar purpose to the bags that are discreetly handed to you on an aircraft. But wouldn't individual bags be more hygienic.

Yours,

Stricken in the gastric

Exit Fortune-Tellers

Sir,

If the people concerned find it absolutely necessary to empty tea-leaves into the basins in the women's toilets, could they not make sure that the plug holes are not blocked in the process, leaving half a basin of cold tea. I'm sick of coming in there in the morning and finding this situation.—Yours faithfully,

—Plug-hole

★ ★ ★

Goals 'n' Souls

Dear Sir,

What's wrong with that worshipped trinity of "Beer, Horse Racing and Rugby" of which a front-page correspondent of *Craccum IX* complains? At least the people who indulge in these pastimes pay for them and don't sap our overseas funds. Why doesn't the writer acknowledge that they also pay at the rate of £2,000 a year for the city's art purchases on which he seems to eat, drink and sleep. If the writer had to pay as much towards these purchases as those he criticises pay for their pastimes, he would be screaming louder than one of our more esteemed civic art critics. There are pastimes and sports the writer does not like. Why does the writer have to relegate himself to the position of an uninformed man in the street by making meaningless remarks about pastimes more popular than his own? To say we "afford £50,000,000 a year on horses" is to lie. The gross national investment may be £50,000,000 but the dividend paid back is 83 per cent of that invested — that, is we "afford £8,000,000 a year on horses", less than half of that spent a year on smoking. Further on the writer moans about "brutality in sport". I also feel for the crushed worms, but let us keep *Craccum* for relevant student opinion, not the complaints of elderly women.

We have the writer's pre-occupation with "things of little value — football, gambling, backbiting, boozing". What about *Craccum* cross-words, bridge, chess and ping-pong. That waste of more than one-third of a square foot of what should be student letter space should have been expressed as one sentence: "We live in a society of mediocrity — let's do something about it!"

Yours faithfully,

—Mark Firth

In the Fold ?

Sir,

As two of the few student participants in the **Hiroshima Day March** on Sunday, 28th July, we would like to know where all the other 4834 were.

All that could be seen of the 'Varsity representation was one lecturer, one chaplain, one Exec member and about 16 of SCM. Must we leave public demonstrations to our religious groups?

Having gone to the extent of holding an SGM to do something about the present nuclear situation — surely we could have continued by adding our support to that of the public.

Where were you all, dears? Finals are not here yet — and you certainly weren't at Myers Park — not this Sunday, anyway. Were you all at church, maybe! Frankly, the student turn-out was feeble.

We know — we were there.

—S. B. Moscaip
—J. R. Newall

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ld? "What we need most, is not so much to realise the ideal is to idealise the real". - Hedge

HELP STUDASS TO HELP YOU!

The lack of portfolio elections this year seems to have sparked off a number of aspirations to reform student politics and infuse more life (whatever that means) into the Association generally.

In point of fact, the majority of students, now as always, find that there is already too much potential activity, too many functions, for them to become seriously engaged in anything. This majority, of course, is heavily weighted with Law and Commerce part-timers, school teachers doing extra units, and in rather a similar way, members of the Faculty of Science (where the curricula are not only large but tightly organised) — they are, as you can guess, politically equal to zero, though they heavily subsidise the Full Life of the University, for others, with their subscriptions.

Looking at the needs, however, of the thousand-odd students who are aware of what the Association is and does, it is clear that the existing machinery is going to have to continue as is, only better. Law, Architecture, Engineering may hold together as faculties, but the strength of the Association as we know it lies in the Faculty of Arts, and its representatives tend to look upon a "retreat" away from "open" societies into faculty activities as essentially dis-associative and not to be over-encouraged. The Arts Faculty itself simply does not act as a body, and doesn't really want other groups linked by study and profession rather than religious, cultural and sporting interests to have too much independence. Although a reorganisation on faculty lines seems to be an answer to the 'apathy problem' it is a very incomplete answer, would do more harm than good, and will not get any real consideration since it does not naturally appeal to those active in the Association at present (who are deciding policy).

Committees

In the last few years we have seen the setting up of several Association sub-committees. One reason for this was deliberately to "de-centralise" the administration, and this effort has succeeded to some extent, in that more people are now available to do

the work, more people make decisions, more are able to take a considerable interest in Exec business through their closer contact with it, more are trained to be able to take up Exec duties. There is a greater opportunity for people with limited time and experience to participate in administration.

This de-centralisation has, however, had unforeseen effects which tend to work the opposite way.

Portfolio-holders should, ideally, have been on the committees they are going to chair—they are in fact, selected out of the committee group of people (most members are on more than one committee) they are nominated and seconded by retiring Exec members and fellow committee members, and voted for, if there is any opposition, according to the stature of their nominators, since their own names are virtually unknown.

Balance of Power

Because the machinery of General Meetings is clumsy, is a big and infrequent stick to brandish over "recalcitrant" Execs, or ratify their planning; because the average Association member couldn't understand the Annual Accounts even if he had the courage to plough through them (among the many things that aren't discussed at AGM's is money) the balance between the meeting vote and the Exec decision, if there is sup-

posed to be such a balance, is strained to say the least. AGM's are virtually meaningless, so nobody attends, so they become more meaningless. Exec's duties are so widespread and the desired standard of competence so high that portfolio elections are virtually meaningless also.

If you, gentle reader, are feeling frustrated and left out of the Association, make your presence felt, and get into a committee. Most of them will be filled by the time you read this, but a card to fill in at enrolling next year will give you inspiration. Some vague, unprofessional niche awaits YOU. You'll do something and help stem the tide of disgruntled dissatisfaction with the Association.

A. E. Thomson

Home Thoughts From Abroad

Oh, to be in England
Now that Christine's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the osteopathic Ward
and landlord Pete
Earn money from exploits of
the Keeler fleet,
While John Profumo hides
with wrinkled brow,
In England — now!
(With apologies to Robert Browning)

—Anon

P.S.—Sorry no second verse, but my bottle of inspiration is empty.

★ ★ ★

COMMONWEALTH REPUBLICS

An overwhelming majority — nearly 600 million out of 700 million when Nigeria (40 million) becomes a republic in October on the third anniversary of her independence — of Commonwealth citizens live in republics, although numerically (nine out of 16) the non-republics are the stronger.

Malaya is in a unique position. Like the republics, she recognises the Queen only as Head of the Commonwealth. Her own Head of State is a King, elected every five years.

RADIO CLUB

CRACCUM 9
THURSDAY AUG. 15 1963

BLEEP BLEEP

The old Physics Lecture Theatre was crowded with interested Science — and a few Arts — students on Thursday, July 18, as, during the lunch hour, the vigorous new University Radio Club held its second Annual General Meeting.

Films made available by the Post Office and the United Kingdom Information Office were shown. The prize-winning "20,000 Circuits under the Sea" was unfortunately not available, but a most interesting programme was presented, and there are hopes of future film showings including this film on the Compac cable.

In the gaps between films, the minutes of the first AGM were taken as read and confirmed, the accounts accepted

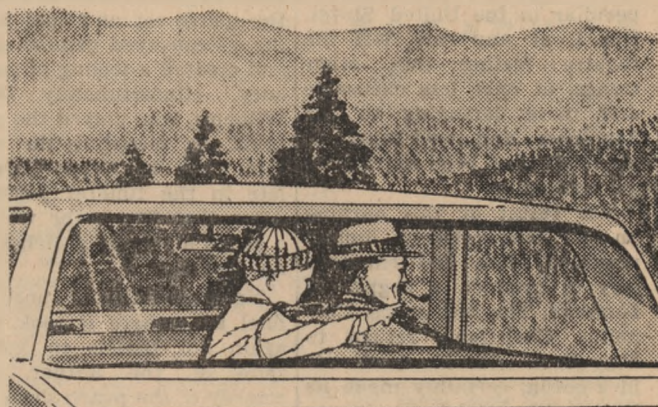
as correct, the outgoing committee reshuffled and elected as the incoming committee, and apologies made to Professor Kreielsheimer, the Patron of the Club, for his not having been informed of the meeting until twenty minutes after the start.

The report of the chairman showed that the AU Radio Club is proving itself to be one of the keenest and most active in the University. Meetings are held on Wednesday nights at 7 pm in rooms behind No. 3 Grafton Road, the Psychology Department.

"Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man may answer".

—C. Colton, 1780-1832

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Crit.-

"FAIRY TALES OF NEW YORK"

The University Drama Society can pride itself on an enterprising year so far, both varied and bold in its choice of plays. In view of the outcry caused by the submission of the "Fairy Tales" for the Festival of the Arts, it was essential to bring the piece before the public so that those who take an interest in drama might judge it for themselves.

After seeing it I don't think anyone could have any doubts. Though it's far from being a great play, it would have been a better choice than the one that replaced it. By contrast with that banal, sentimental and dated comedy, here, at least, is something pungent and actual. The criticism of contemporary American life — and for that matter of current life wherever American values are accepted as a standard — that forms the substance of the "Fairy Tales" is apt and salutary. It is not hard to see why there were strong objections to the play in certain circles. But to assert that it is licentious or indecent is ludicrous.

The play's chief shortcoming, to my mind, is that its satire is too circumscribed. Donleavy has certainly lashed out — and to very good effect — against false sentimentality, snobbery, toadyism, shallowness and a few other human frailties by no means, for that matter, peculiar to the United States. But I, at any rate, left the theatre feeling that other things, at once less excusable and more damaging to the happiness and well-being of mankind, had been allowed to go unscathed.

The result of this harping on a comparatively limited range of ideas and emotions was to produce a degree of boredom. The first scene, Cornelius Christian's return to New York with his dead wife in a coffin, certainly made its impact, in part because it was commendably short. But the subsequent episodes of his adventures grew increasingly wearisome. One felt that the author "did go on so", worrying at the same ideas, prolonging and even repeating jokes (for instance, the one about pregnancy and bath-water) too thin the first place to stand being drawn out.

The truth is that satire, even when it is brilliant, which Donleavy's is not, is poor fare which before long begins to pall. We need something more substantial in the

theatre as was so well shown by this production's best moments. They were outstandingly successful. They came at the opening and, mercifully, at the close of the play.

Everything in the first scene — Christian's motionless, stricken pose, his terse replies, the sparse set and cold lighting — conveyed genuine grief and created a feeling of poignancy. (Unfortunately David Williams, who played the part, could not recapture the emotion when he became articulate in the funeral parlour.) After that first scene we had a series of clever sketches but no drama.

No drama, that is, until the final act, where it took over again not thanks to but in spite of the author. The comedy of the peach shoes and the disdain of the waiters for the restaurant guest who wears them was exceedingly funny, easily the best in the play, and excellently sustained by the actors. But it was Louise Pajo's acting of Charlotte, Christian's boyhood friend whom he is taking out for the first time, that made the scene memorable. The feeling first of exasperation, then of desolation at her lover's departure and finally of exultation at his return, that she created from the merest crumbs of dialogue brought the performance to a triumphant end.

David Williams' playing of Christian suffered from too much uncertainty as to what

sort of a character he was trying to portray. Perhaps the producer, Dick Johnstone, was unable to make up his mind. Perhaps he deliberately aimed at something amorphous, a nondescript to represent some kind of anonymous "man-in-the-street". If so, he was only too successful. There were good moments in the performance but no consistency.

Murray Alford, on the other hand, notably as a business typist and again as a head waiter, effectively created a number of distinct and solid personages. His playing was always smooth and assured; his accents varied and unfaltering. Philip Thwaites, variously a stevedore, a minor business executive and a boxing room attendant, was inclined to over-act, lapsing into caricature. His agitated restlessness in the end grew painful to watch.

Apart from the superb scene I have already mentioned, Louise Pajo had little scope. What she did gave the impression of considerable versatility.

Faced with enormous difficulties, Dick Johnstone can't be said to have overcome them altogether. Could more skilful production have held these loosely-strung episodes more tightly together? Could some judicious pruning have relieved the occasional tedium? Possibly; but I doubt whether "Fairy Tales of New York" is more than a jeu d'esprit with only ephemeral interest.

—Robert Goodman

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BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS

Working Party

I was with them, but not of them,
for I worked for myself, and They
were volunteer Labour.
As, nominally, was I:
but my dunedigging inronsand
Scooter had blown a fuse,
and while they knees mud stumbled swore
I traced a circuit.
Taking Vincent from his work.

He came,

he probed. The scooter went.
He, honest, said he did not know.
I, ignorant, glibly talked
Of capacitors, points, armature.
I and the scooter carried cement
Slowly. The scooter stopped
They passed, too tired to spit.

Dave Gauld gasping, sucking air.
Ninety-two-and-one-third pounds
Forty-two point three two kilogrammes
Is quite a lot of cement.
Especially the fourth.
His temple pulsed and he leaned
forward under his yoke,
black blood foaming, oozing
down the Roman Arab nostril
flaring into the air.

Half a mile from the beach it is
Up to Muirs Cottage
high in the swampy valley.
The sand was wet —
the landrover sank.
O well, another quarter-mile to carry
Timber, iron, sacks of builders' mix
(is the architect mad?)

Possibly, but so were we. "Working party!"
(They were, I should say,
being with them, not of them.)

—KEN



A LATTER-DAY NURSERY RHYME

If all the brains were one brain,
What a great brain that would be.
If all the bombs were one bomb,
What a great bomb that would be.
If all the wars were one war,
What a great war that would be.
And if the great brain made the great bomb
And dropped it on the great war,
What a great mushroom that would be!

—S. W. McG.

REVUE AT HAMILTON

Sir,
With reference to your correspondent Y. F. Roxborough's reply to Allan Jones' article in Craccum VIII — whilst it is felt that an effort has been made to produce a fair criticism, I feel that it should be pointed out to him/her that it is not possible to do so without complete knowledge of the facts.

The first point I would like to make is that not at any time during the Hamilton tour did any of the cast or stage crew arrive at a performance drunk.

I cannot, without being accused of unethical practice, publish one of the reasons for the bad lighting. If the correspondent cares to contact me I will explain fully. Another very good reason is that the power available was approximately one-third of that available at His Majesty's in Auckland. Also there were insufficient positions in the auditorium from which lights could be hung. It is also worth while remembering that the man who lit "Dad, Poor Dad" also lit Revue.

Regarding sound reproduction: it was impossible to obtain in Hamilton on the Friday afternoon, plug adapters suitable to our needs.

From my knowledge of sound reproduction and acoustics, as an electrical engineer, I would say that lowering the sound would not have had the desired effect. This, any way, was not possible because at that time the Founders allowed the pit floor to be Theatre authorities would not move.

I am inclined to agree that changing the words of the songs at the last moment to refer to something about which the audience is completely ignorant is bad practice.

I feel that there has been too much unconstructive criticism of 1963 Revue, which is both unfounded and completely inaccurate. Let us, for a little while at least, make use of the brains God gave us and look before we leap".

Yours faithfully,

—R. F. Clayton

Dear Sir,
Y. J. Roxborough is, of course, quite right. At Hamilton Revue, there were imbalances between band and voice, too many of the cast had had too much too late, the lighting was atrocious (it was bad enough at Auckland) and there were hesitations over portions of the script.

The simple explanation for all this — the explanation that any of the May Nuts, from Director down, would give, is that we lacked time to do anything about it. And critics like Y. J. Roxborough are perfectly entitled to ask "Why?" At which point Revuers must scratch their heads and ponder.

On paper it looked simple. All we had to do was strike at His Majesty's on Thursday night, get things on the road to Hamilton, and we would have all Friday to set up. A whole day! Well, almost. Less, say, an hour for lunch, a few minutes for a quick grog, a certain amount of efficiency lost through tiredness, a certain lack of last detail organisation; nevertheless, almost a whole day. It should have been easy.

We had sets of collapsible rostra which collapsed on cue, acres of backcloth which folded very nicely when the machinist at His Majesty's showed us how, and we got these on the truck with no trouble at all. Of course, there were one or two odd-shaped things like cauldrons and lavatory doors, which managed to find their way down somehow, and naturally had to be stored somewhere. Somewhere. Somehow.

Flying sets is no easy matter at the best of times. We were told that the HM flies were fuller for Revue than they had been for any other show since Fair Lady. We were using 42 lines. Or was it 33? Not important. But there were only 22 lines at Founders. Or was it 28? Once again, not important. Just say there weren't enough. However, thanks to Ingenuity Unlimited, i.e., the crew, we managed.

Lighting. I take issue with your correspondent over what he calls "the primary object of stage lighting". The primary object of stage lighting is to serve the needs of the show. There is a difference between this and mere visibility. However, this is not the place to discuss that. Lighting facilities at Founders are poor. There is next to no FOH light, the No. 1 bar is no better than the antediluvian batten, and the perches are inaccessible.

The show was bad in Hamilton. No two ways. The reasons... Lack of time, lack of organisation. Y. J. Roxborough sits, smiles, asks "Why?" Revuers sit, scratch heads, look abashed, promise to think hard — before next year.

Everyone happy now?—Ed.

Von Meier may have been barking up the wrong tree, but A. E. Thomson (Craccum VII) has gone off the track in traversing the long sweeping drives at Elam. I am sure Mr von Meier would have preferred to save the native trees, if he could have, rather than the oak with its annual autumn splendour.

While I can agree with a few of Mr Thomson's points, in general he appears to have allowed himself to be led astray. If Mr Thomson could put the frontage of the Elam building on Wynyard Street he is welcome to the land ownership and structural problems involved. The long, sweeping drives are necessary for the site and "... the bush ..." is better than stark concrete.

Does Mr Thomson not appreciate a little rural foliage or does he prefer a series of of steel and glass towering above us, shutting out the sun, with rolled asphalt or concrete between them? Perhaps he would rather have one large box-like building covering the whole of the limited area he mentions. O'Rourke, Symonds, Princes Streets and Government House as the boundaries. A regular rabbit warren affair.

This is the sort of impersonal office block he envisages, with no open spaces for relaxation whatsoever. If Mr Thomson wishes to receive lectures in "... the impersonality of an office block ...", he is welcome to transfer to the new Polytechnic. However, if he had taken the slightest interest in architectural trends he would have found that "... large and rectangular ..." buildings are no longer the obligatory shape for office blocks — or any other type of building either.

The University is not helping to kill off the whole city by buying up more land than it should have. If Mr Thomson would spend a little time examining the preliminary site plan of the new university, he would discover that a lot of time and thought has gone into the distribution of buildings in the University area. Far from killing off the city the University is helping it in its development. A new, modern, well designed University to the east of Queen Street will be one result. Long overdue development of the area around Vincent Street, Hobson Street and Nelson Street will be another. This is not a bad thing and should be encouraged. Auckland itself, especially these areas, has too many old and decrepit buildings.

As Professor Mathew himself has said: "I cannot help feeling that the fear expressed in some quarters that the use of so many acres in a central area may adversely affect commercial development does

not sufficiently take into account the fact that many parts of the central area are themselves underdeveloped and might therefore be available for commercial expansion if and when required".*

*NZ Herald, August 25, 1959.

After all, the University site only occupies a tenth of the inner city area and ten acres of this are in use as roads. Professor Mathew continued: "I think, too, that it is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated that a well laid out university in the heart of the city can be one of its greatest assets, in a real civic sense". Mr Thomson seems to have ignored this fact.

Mr Thomson states that "... the new Science Block looks as if it is going to be petty and wasteful ...". I would be interested to know on what authority he bases this statement.

So it "... takes a quarter of an hour to traverse the length of the establishment on foot ...". May I enquire, Mr Thomson, did you crawl, go via Queen Street, or perhaps a short stop at the Kiwi was the cause of the delay.

I fail to see why the student flat in Grafton Road should become a thing of the past. The majority of Grafton Road does not enter into the University site whatsoever.

So Mr Thomson would like to see the new Student Union Building erected as "... a wing or floor of someone else's establishment ...". Would he mind informing us just which University building is going to be big enough to have a floor or wing of sufficient capacity to provide facilities for 10,000 students (i.e., approximately 70,000 sq. ft.).

As far as I can ascertain, Mt. Pleasant will not be demolished in the foreseeable future. As for elevators, I am reliably informed that the new library building will have four

15-passenger and one service lift; the new science building will, if over three floors, have lifts capable of carrying 80 passengers simultaneously plus two service lifts. The new Student Building (of three floors) does not require any passenger lifts. I do agree that it is regrettable that the new Elam building has no lifts. However, Mr Thomson should check these and other facts before rushing into print.

Does Mr Thomson envisage a University of 15,000 students or more. I sincerely hope he is the only one. It is my belief that when the role passes 10,000 it is time to start looking to somewhere like Hobson Bay, North Shore, Henderson, Churchill (?), etc., for a site on which to provide a second University in Auckland.

I disagree with Mr Thomson in that I feel that the planners of our University have tended to show commendable courage and vision in their task. It is Mr Thomson who has shown a miserable lack of vision.

—N. E. Archer

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CATIPO'S COLUMN



Did you know that the balcony (top) floor in the library is going to be filled in after finals? Isn't that marvellous? Kati's dying to see how long it will take our mercurial construction people to do this job.

★ ★ ★
Popped into the special meeting for the protests against all those hilarious wee bangs they're making in the Pacific. Just loved the motion that Stud. Assn. should buy a little boat and send representatives over the Gambier Archipelago to object all over the place. What a fabulous idea, Kati thought. Why not send a big boat over, simply crammed with Stud. Assn. representatives?

★ ★ ★
Just loved that photograph of Abida Janif in the newspaper. You know, that one of her sitting swotting in a chair squeezed between lockers in the Ladies' Loo. Must say, Kati's never seen anyone working there before, but one lives and learns, I always say.

★ ★ ★
Now this bit will really kill you. Apparently, John Wilcox's band, *The Bridge City Jazzmen*, is charging Exec for fees for their cancelled appearance at the Revue Reunion. Kati's heard there was an awful mix-up and that the band received the cancellation too late to book any other engagements for that night. Really, angels, somebody has made an unforgivable boo-boo, haven't they?

★ ★ ★
Exec, the pets, threw a cocktail party for outside people who have "done things" for Stud. Assn. (Or rather some of the people.) Now please don't think I'm being Kati just because I wasn't asked, but apparently the dry sherry ran out rather early. How humiliating.

I've been asking myself "when is a society not a society?" Debating Soc. was supposed to be playing host to the touring Australian team. But, my dears, and you probably won't believe this, not one member of the Society would give one of the visitors a bed. In the end, two darling non-members had to put them up — and what's more — neither of these lovely kiddies live at home. Well, I ask you!

★ ★ ★
You know ex vice-pres Neil Wilson and ex-buildings officer and ladies' vice Brenda Bracewell? Well darlings, they're actually getting married on Saturday week. May the bells peal out loud and clear for you, my pets.

★ ★ ★
More joyous news. Ray Offen, chairman of Men's House, and Anne Hamilton exchanged vows last Wednesday. Good luck. Yes, sweeties, Spring really is here.

★ ★ ★
Kati's most sincere congrats to new Elam pres., John Perry. Hope you enjoy your illustrious post, Johnny dear. By the way, is the new president representing the Elam School at Tournament? Just thought I'd ask.

The Elam dance last week, you know, the one with that fabulous "thingy" name that's slipped my mind for the moment, was just wonderful — and apparently it made lots of lovely lolly. Honestly, these arty eager-beavers really show the rest of the Varsity up, don't they?

Just one complaint, though. Kati thought the firecrackers were decidedly off. I mean, one can never tell just where a jumping-jack might land, can one?

JOHN HENRY BILL

When the earth was flat and the stars stood still
There lived a man, John Henry Bill:
A preacher then, a preacher still,
A fine upstanding man,
John Henry Bill.

With a coat of sack and a broad black hat,
Wearing halo polished, smug as a cat:
A hypocrite then, a hypocrite still,
A fine upstanding man,
John Henry Bill.

With Bible handy and hidden whisky flask,
He'd stop each man his sins to ask:
A nuisance then, a nuisance still,
A fine upstanding man,
John Henry Bill.

Published by the Auckland University Students' Association, and printed by Takapuna Printers Ltd., Barry's Point Road, N.2.

★ ★ ★
A nuisance then, a nuisance still,
A fine upstanding man,
John Henry Bill.

★ ★ ★
A nuisance then, a nuisance still,
A fine upstanding man,
John Henry Bill.

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