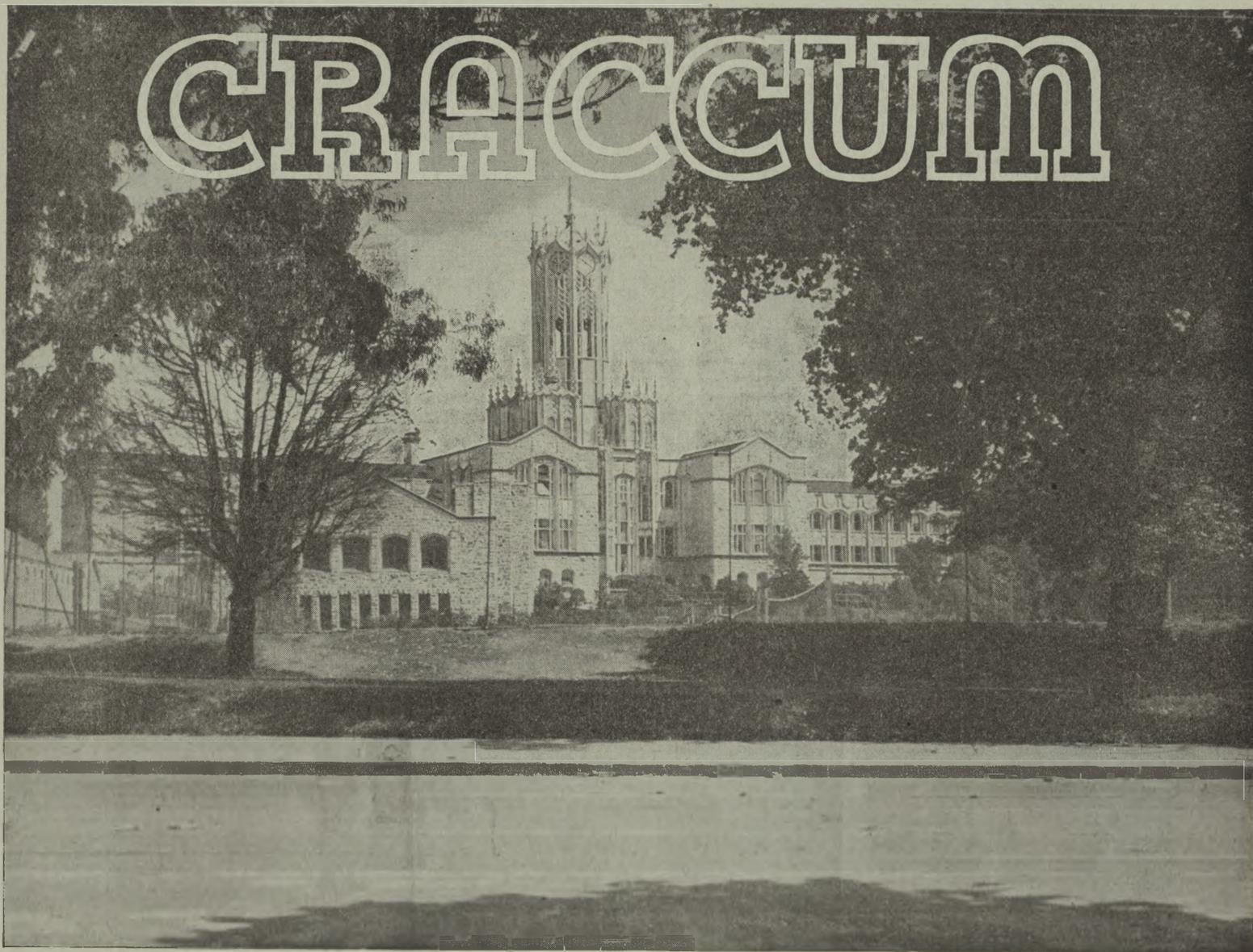


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Special Hockey Issue



Vol. 12—No. 8.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1938.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

Some people have the habit of emphasizing every other word.

A bachelor is a man who never has any children to speak of.

Overheard in the cafe: "This coffee tastes like tea."

"That's a fine way to talk about our cocoa."

Bernie Cox's moustache just goes to show that a joke can have whiskers on it and still be funny.

And then there's the tale about the Colonel who was rotten to the corps.

The dimmer the porch light, the greater its scandal power.

A Pretty woman is better than a tonic. Ask the chemist who makes them up.

A reader wonders where historic international agreements are kept. Hardly anywhere nowadays, we fear.

An expert says that the average cricket needs only one bat—and generally only one ball.

"The Italian armies," says a correspondent in Abyssinia, "are determined to put down brigandage." This sounds very much like mutiny.

"Although shorts are becoming very popular, trousers will always have the supporters," writes a dress reformer. We sincerely hope so.

In answer to a correspondent, we beg to point out that "Shorts from the Courts" do not refer to barrister's briefs.

Arabia claims that she has no lunatic asylums. The explanation is believed to be that she has nomad people there.

Cold coffee is now said to be a cure for rheumatism—as well as for having dinner at the cafe just on 7 p.m.

Professor Sewell at an English lecture said, "I am not going on until this room settles down." Why not go home and sleep it off?

The average N.Z. girl's face shows signs of determination, says a psychologist. In many cases her eyebrows show signs of pluck.

There are indications that the N.B.S. is about to try the experiment of giving listeners what they themselves think they think they want, instead of what the N.B.S. thinks they think they think they want.

Owing to the sudden spell of dry weather, the science students have had to abandon the diving contest they were going to have in their private swimming pool. The pool, you will remember, is situated in the path between the biology block and the old science building.

Research has established the following characteristics of the family tree:—

The older it goes the shadier it gets. Many an old family tree bears a fine crop of nuts.

There was a young lady of Wilts, Who walked across Scotland on stilts,

When they said, "Oh, how shocking To show so much stocking," She replied, "Then what about Kilts?"

Advertisement inserted by sophomores of Princeton University, U.S.A., in neighbouring Women's College paper—

"Hundreds of men are lonely at Princeton. Are you lonely too? Find your post-box lover by writing to the Lonely Hearts Club, Princeton. No fee. Everything confidential."

Craccum

THE OFFICIAL FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION OF THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ISSUED ON THURSDAYS DURING TERM.

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VOL. 12—No. 8.

JULY 14, 1938.

Gramophone Recitals

The fact that the College possesses a valuable electric gramophone, and a large number of the very best recordings is not known to many students. "Craccum" can say unhesitatingly that the entertainment provided by Professor Hollinrake at the half-hour gramophone recitals is one of the most welcome features of our College activities.

About one year ago we had occasion to mention the Music Club and the gramophone recitals in this column, but in view of their excellence and the fact that few people seem to realise that they are open to all and sundry, we feel justified in bringing the matter before the public notice once more.

With few exceptions, the recordings used are well worth hearing, the programmes are admirably balanced, and what is perhaps more important—the whole show is free.

Hockey Tournament

The recent Hockey Tournament in Dunedin has proved that Auckland University College can still field very strong teams. Despite the fact that we were unable to send our strongest teams away, the results may allow us a certain pride. In both the men's and women's sections, A.U.C. came second only to the home teams, Otago.

Moreover, one of our representatives, Miss Shona Paterson, has been elected President of the Women's Hockey Council; and Mr. G. L. Hogben captained the N.Z. University team which played so well against the touring Indians.

"Craccum" congratulates our hockey representatives on a worthy performance and is delighted that Auckland once more has so many N.Z.U. Hockey Blues.

Vice-President Departs

With the departure of Mr. D. M. Kenrick, M.Com., the University loses a loyal and enthusiastic supporter. He has been associated with Auckland University College for several years, and at the time of his departure for England, was Vice-President of the Students' Association and Chairman of the Men's House Committee. It is understood that he intends to seek employment in England, and we feel sure that we speak for all the students when we wish him well in his venture.

POINTS OF VIEW

It is amazing how little literature there is in the world.—Dr. Johnson.

The only reward of virtue is virtue, the only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

It is more to one's credit to go straight than to move in the best of circles.—C. J. Bennett.

The gods we worship write their names on our faces.—Elliot O'Donnell.

"I am afraid, sir," said Father Malachy, "that you are not a Christian."

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and to remove all doubt.—Abraham Lincoln.

Dictatorship is only a device by which an air of permanence is lent to temporary retrogressions — (Philip Guedella in "The Hundred Years.")

True civilisation is not a matter of gas or steam or table-turning. It consists in the lessening of the effects of original sin—Beaudelaire.

Peace is better than war because in peace sons bury their fathers but in war fathers bury their sons—Francis Bacon.

"Not as you interpret the word, perhaps, replied the Rev. Humphrey Hamilton. "But if by being a Christian is meant serving others and not self, I think I may humbly claim that distinction."

"The rude, illiterate men-at-arms, burghers and villeins of the Middle Ages thought that the moon took its light from God, whereas as we know its light is simply a function of pi divided by the square of its distance."—Stephen Leacock.

Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over thirty-five—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life.—(Professor Jung in "Modern Man in Search of a Soul.")

"I have always noticed," said Father Malachy "that heretics and unbelievers are the first to take credit for observing a Commandment so difficult that even the saints of God boggled over it."—(Bruce Marshall in "Father Malachy's Miracle.")

We do not need more national development; we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power; we need more spiritual power. We do not need more knowledge; we need more character. We do not need more law; we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen; we need more of the things that are unseen.—Calvin Coolidge.

Is there any guess which comes within whooping distance of the tricks and shifts by which the primordial slime clothed itself in diffraction gratings to give the birds the colours they need in a tropical forest?—(Sir William Bate Hardy in "Collected Scientific Papers.")

When I was demobilised I had to face a serious situation. I had developed the exercise habit during the war. I knew that exercise was not essential to my health, and that it took time which might have been devoted to work or to enjoying life. But to forego one's daily exercise is almost as hard as to give up one's daily injection of cocaine or morphine. For six miserable months I struggled with the craving till I had mastered it. Now I know that I can keep fit on nothing more than a daily cycle ride to and from my work for eleven months, and then go off for three weeks of mountaineering without any danger of falling back into my former vice when I return.—(J. B. S. Haldane in "The Story of My Health.")

Dunedin Hockey Tournament

Touring Team Does Well

Seddon Stick Stays South

The A.U.C. Hockey Club is to be congratulated on its fine performance in the University Hockey Tournament held last week in Dunedin. True they did not win and the Seddon Stick now reposes in Dunedin, but they made a great effort and were just beaten into second place by Otago. Following are the results:—

v. Otago B	won	5—0
v. Canterbury	won	3—1
v. Victoria	drew	3—3
v. Otago A	lost	0—1
v. Massey	won	6—0

The most remarkable feature of the team's play was its combination. This, too, is more commendable when it is remembered that there were included six players from junior teams. Right from the start the team mixed and played as a unit displaying a fine team spirit which contributed greatly to its success.

Unfortunately Dunedin weather was not kind. Every match was played in a bog—mud, ankle deep was something new to our boys and at first their play was naturally affected by the strange conditions. However, after three days of rain and slush A.U.C. found their mud-legs and on the final day turned on great hockey, especially against Massey whom they beat 6—0; also against Otago A, the match which decided the tourney. A.U.C. played very well and was most unlucky to lose 1—0. Even the Otago papers doubted whether Otago did score a goal, but that is past history. Still A.U.C. did not deserve to win. They took their defeat graciously and were full of congratulations to the Otago boys whose success in the Tournament was certainly very popular with everyone. Otago would certainly have been very unlucky not to win the Stick after their fine play in every match and above all after providing such a great time for their visitors. The Tournament was the best ever—Otago spared no effort to ensure the success of the tournament and deserve all praise and thanks for their efforts. Congratulations Otago.

Congratulations are also due to the three A.U.C. players who gained their N.Z.U. Blues—G. L. Hogben (captain), R. B. Herriott, R. J. Walton, and to D. K. Neal, selected as emergency.

Consolation must be offered to two others who, we feel, were most unfortunate not to get their blues. G. M. Yule (right wing) and R. W. Moir were the two outstanding players in the Auckland side. No one who saw the matches can deny this. Yule was the outstanding forward at the Tournament and it is a mystery to all the A.U.C. team how he was overlooked. It would seem that the team to play the Indians was selected to a large extent on reputation. Of course, it is admitted that with play under such conditions it was very difficult to judge players' merits but Yule's play was outstanding. All we can do is to offer consolation and wish him better luck in the future.

INDIVIDUAL COMMENT

R. W. Moir (full back) played outstanding hockey in every match and looks to have a bright future in hockey. The N.Z.U. Blue should not escape him long.

R. Henderson (goal keeper) played right up to his high Auckland form and was always safe. Only five goals were scored against the team in five matches—a fine record—which shows how well Henderson played.

W. Hanson (right half) a second-grader, played outstanding hockey in Dunedin and was the most improved A.U.C. player at the Tournament. If he continues to show such improvement he should soon gain higher honours. Keep it up, Bill.

R. B. Herriott (centre half) who recently broke a bone in his hand, also played exceedingly well and fully deserved his "Blue."

G. L. Hogben (full back) who prefers a dry ground, was not so effective as usual but the selector apparently considered he would be an asset against the Indians and we all know how good Lawrence usually is.

M. W. Speight (left half) was unfortunate enough to develop flu and at no time during the Tournament did he display his recent Auckland form. Better luck next time, Murray.

R. J. Walton (left wing) played consistently well throughout and fully deserved his Blue.

His dashes up the left wing were always dangerous.

J. R. Devereaux (inside left) played solid hockey at all times, scoring some good goals from following up. When his stick work improves with experience he will be a great asset to Varsity hockey.

D. K. Neal (centre) played solidly without being brilliant up to the last match. In this match, however, against Massey, won 6—0, he scored all six goals, playing brilliantly. This game undoubtedly brought him into the N.Z.U. team emergency, an honour he fully deserved.

S. W. Perry (inside right) another second-grader was, like Hanson, another find of the tour. He always impressed with solid penetrating hockey, very dangerous in the circle. He only needs experience in higher grade hockey to develop into a top notcher.

G. M. Yule (right wing). We have already mentioned his outstanding play and his really bad luck in being omitted from the N.Z.U. team.

But, the team's success lay not in the brilliance of its individual members but rather in the combination displayed. There was not one argument or bit of ill-feeling from the time the team left Auckland which made the jobs of Speight (captain) and Hogben (manager) exceptionally pleasant.

THE MATCHES

The team showed its best form in the last game against Massey whom it beat 6—0. The ground was still very muddy but by this time the team had got used to conditions and Neal at centre-forward finished off great combining moves with good crisp goals.

The worst form was shown against Victoria on Tuesday afternoon. On this occasion there was slimy mud inches deep on the ground which made it impossible to hit the ball more than a few yards at a time. With only 15 minutes to go A.U.C. was leading 3—0 and prospects looked bright for the retaining of the Stick. But Victoria rallied and Auckland lapsed sufficiently to allow the Greens to get three quick goals. It was very disheartening to see Victoria put their last goal in right on the nick of time. This draw ruined A.U.C.'s prospects as it was now necessary to beat O.U. outright and the opposition was too solid. In the Victoria game, Moir was outstanding. Against Otago, on Wednesday morning, a very close match was witnessed. Walton and Yule were outstanding for A.U.C., but the Otago defence was too strong and the Auckland forwards could not break through.

THE WOMEN

The women's hockey team which travelled with the men also had a most successful tour, being runners-up to Otago, who thus won both the men's and women's trophies.

Women's hockey is of a very standard in Otago and the Auckland team did very well to hold such a strong team in the final to the low score of 0—2.

Misses J. Bilkey, S. Paterson and P. Shirtcliffe were successful in getting N.Z.U. Blues.

Naturally the presence of the girls added considerably to the success of the tour, both on the trip and at Dunedin. The teams mixed well and there was a total absence of shyness which has in the past been too noticeable on

ENTHUSIASTIC JUNIORS

For the first time for many years a Third Intermediate team was entered. Ten men turned out to the first game. Since then the numbers have increased to something like twenty. Every one of them is very keen; but it doesn't seem to make much difference to the results. So far, they can boast one win, 11—10, over Training College.

However, the team is quickly improving and great hopes are held for the future. The principal weakness, just now, is that the other side persists in putting on 10-20 points in the last fifteen minutes. We suggest that a spot of training now and then might fix this—and a whole lot more, too.

The backbone of the team, and its stars, are J. Bartrum (captain), A. Deoki (vice-captain, an individualist who scores), Thorburn, Salas, Alexander, Aikin (a star), Lees, Easterman and Whelan.

Later additions who are showing considerable promise are McManemin (a hooker of class—when he's fit), Maxwell, Sharma, Kembel and Wilson. Of the rest, Lowe, Beroft, Barrat, Carrol deserve more games than they get.

Bob Wallace has ably coached the team so far, but, unfortunately for Varsity, is soon to leave New Zealand. The team takes this opportunity of thanking him and wishing him all the best for the future—Good luck, Bob. Angus Stuart, assistant coach, now takes over the boys who welcome him. Jimmy Kirkland, of the seniors, has kindly offered to assist in getting the backs into shape.

University tours.

All members of both teams made new friendships and will long remember the great time they had in Dunedin. Thank you Dunedin—we enjoyed ourselves immensely and hope to be able to return the hospitality in the future.

On the trip south some of the men's team left the train at Palmerston North and spent the day at Massey College. They had a wonderful time, thanks to the kindness of Massey and we should here like to thank the students of Massey College for giving up their time, greeting us at the station at 4.15 a.m. and entertaining us so well. Thank you Massey!

THINGS WE WILL REMEMBER

Lawrence and his stolen pillow—searching the carriage high and low for some hours—he and Murray Speight staging a fight about the ownership of the pillow on which the latter was lying—finally Lawrence being forcibly ejected and returned to his seat for the rest of the journey—pillowless.

Bill Hanson and that black rug of his—it certainly had plenty of usage—ask Betty, the lass from Victoria.

Taupiri—in the middle of a haka all suddenly making a dash for the train which was moving off regardless of haka parties.

Palmerston North—five early risers stumbling over prostrate cursing forms at 4.15 a.m. in the cold to get off at Palmerston.

The pontoon school which wanted to have an all night sitting and stripped all passengers to secure boxes of matches. The pontoon "mugs" fed for the slaughter turned the tables and skinned the old hands.

Murray's suggestion that in view of the nature of the grounds our full back's name should be not HOGBEN, but BOGHEN.

Are those viaducts still there, Murray?

Stewart Perry looking rather seedy on the boat, but Doctor Dick Walton coming to light with that well known bedside manner did the trick and all arrived at Lyttelton whole, hale and hearty.

Why and where did Dave Neal change his plus-fours at Frankton? Didn't Peggy Nickle get on there?

£2 reward is offered to anyone who can explain how Roy Henderson lost those notes from his pocket up Maori Hill. Perhaps Pat Shirtcliffe will give you a clue.

We notice that Maori Song did not win at Trentham. Well Owen, it may have had a hang-over. Don't give any more hot tips in your sleep, please!

Ask Dave Neal where he got that newspaper tie. Perhaps there is a story behind the headlines. We hope it wasn't in that bathroom at Barnett's.

ACCOUNT OF THE GAMES HOCKEY IN DUNEDIN

Press Bureau Report of Tourney

Dunedin did not look its best for the N.Z.U. Hockey Tournament, the weather being cold and wet on the first two days, hence the games were played in most cases in liquid mud.

In Men's Games.—1st Round: Otago A 4, C.U.C. 0. A fast match, but Otago did not have things as much its own way as score would indicate. B. Fyeburn and A. Alldred were outstanding. Buchanan, right half, and Walter, centre half, were best of Canterbury side.

V.U.C. 8, Massey College 3. Massey put up a hard fight and ground was very slushy and their goal-keeper was weak. Good combination by V.U.C., Shaw and Eggleton being prominent.

A.U.C. 5, O.U. B's 0.

Second Round: O.U. A's 7, V.U.C. 3. Otago had the better of the play; Baird playing well; B. & I. Ryeburn together scoring 5 goals and Alldred and Geering the other two for Otago. Shaw and Cole scored for V.U.C. and Shaw got the third after a penalty bully awarded against Moore for holding.

A.U.C. 3, C.U.C. 1. A very hard game on bad ground. A.U.C.'s forwards worked together and broke through Canterbury's stray defence. Perry Walton and Devereaux scoring.

M.A.C. 1, O.U. B's 0. Begg scored a beautiful shot for Massey. This game was characteristic by hard hitting owing to the state of the ground.

Third Round: O.U. A 5, Massey 2. The ground was in a very bad state and gave little scope for polished play and in the first half Massey got two scores. With reversal of ends O.U. scored. Aldred (2), Hubbard (2), B. Ryeburn (1).

C.U.C. 4, O.U. B 1. C.U.C. had superiority to push through the good combination shown by Otago.

A.U.C. 3, V.U.C. 3. The best game of the day and A.U.C. had the lead up to the last few minutes. Neil getting three scores by brilliant play. The final score for V.U.C. was doubtful and just on time.

Fourth and Fifth Rounds: O.U. A 1, A.U.C. 0. The deciding match of the tourney played on a bad field and so ball control was impossible. O.U. had slightly the better advantage. For a time in the second half A.U.C. kept the ball in O.U.'s half but O.U.'s defence was good. Hubbard sent in to B. Ryeburn who scored for O.U.; some doubt about this score.

Massey 4, C.U.C. 3. Good playing by Massey but otherwise game was mediocre.

O.U. B 3, V.U.C. 2.

Fifth Round: A.U.C. 6, Massey 0. Ground was firmer and weather fine, and A.U.C. had a chance to play improved hockey. Walton and Hogben showed more neat work. Quite a fast game and Neill scored six scores for A.U.C.

V.U.C. 2, C.U.C. 2. Fought out on a well cut up field and it became very keen towards the finish, V.U.C. making decided attacks. Buchanan shot a beautiful goal for C.U.C. Shaw and Pitt scored for V.U.C.

Otago A 5, Otago B 1.

	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
Otago A	5	—	—	22	6	10
A.U.C.	3	1	1	17	5	7
Victoria	1	2	2	18	18	4
Massey	2	3	—	5	19	4
C.U.C.	1	3	1	10	16	3
O.U. B	1	4	—	5	17	2

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

1st Round: O.U. 8, C.U.C. 3. This was the best of the games, and forwards showed excellent combination. A. Marshall and B. Andrews showing solid work as full-backs. C. Aldridge scored two goals for C.U.C.

A.U.C. 6, V.U.C. 2. N. McLeod on the left wing showed particularly brilliant stick work. B. Hooton and G. McGeechie scored 2 goals each, N. McLeod and P. Shirtcliffe 1 each.

Second Round: O.U. 15, V.U.C. 0. O.U. showed general superiority and forward line was even better than the day before, giving V.U.C. little chance.

A.U.C. 4, C.U.C. 3. Good combination and shooting by both sides. G. Bilky scored 2 goals for A.U.C., while L. Aldridge and C. Aldridge again did good work for C.U.C.

Third Round: Games were hampered by mud and wet weather. C.U.C. 4, V.U.C. 0.

Conditions were so bad that the game was abandoned.

O.U. 3, A.U.C. 0. Auckland's defence was very good and held back the opponents, and this game was the hardest of any.

	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
O.U.	3	—	—	26	3	6
A.U.C.	2	1	—	10	7	4
C.U.C.	2	1	—	10	12	2
V.U.C.	—	3	—	1	25	—

N.Z.U. WOMEN'S TEAM.

Goal: S. Paterson (A.U.C.)

Full-backs:

A. Marshall (O.U.), M. Wagner (C.U.C.)

Halves:

J. Bilkey (A.U.C.), B. Andrews (O.U.), Capt. M. Rohan (O.U.)

Forwards:

P. Shirtcliffe (A.U.C.), N. Stewart (O.U.)
C. Aldridge (C.U.C.), B. Morgan (C.U.C.)

Emergencies:

J. Brian (V.U.C.), B. Hooton (A.U.C.)

N.Z.U. 1 v. Otago 1. N.Z.U. did not put up as good a display as expected but lack of practice as a team allowed for lack of combination shown. Both teams attacked well, but the defence was too strong. N. Cannon was prominent in attacks, but her shooting was inaccurate. She scored for N.Z.U. by a high shot.

MEN'S HOCKEY DINNER.

C. Hubbard proposed the toast of the visitors and hoped they had enjoyed their stay and made some fine alliances with the fair sex. Replied to in general style by G. L. Hogben. Mr. Seddon, the donor of the Seddon Stick, related how he started the tournament in 1922. It was at first between A.U.C. and V.U.C., the first match being played at Feilding, and he presented a piece of bedroom crockery suitably painted to the winners of A.U.C., promising a more stable trophy for the next and succeeding years.

This was his first tournament and since then a keener hockey spectator could not be found. Mr. Boyd, captain of O.U. B's, received the wooden spoon with ceremony.

The selectors, Dr. N. L. Edson and Mr. Brown, announced the N.Z.U. team:—

Goal: L. R. Herens (O.U.)

Full-backs:

G. L. Hogben (A.U.C.), Capt., E. H. Denham (C.U.C.)
R. B. Herriott (A.U.C.),
F. C. Newcombe (V.U.C.)
W. F. Johnston (V.U.C.)

Forwards:

R. G. Walton (A.U.C.),
S. M. Braithwaite (V.U.C.)
H. B. Lawry (M.A.C.)

Halves:

A. G. Aldred (O.U.)
C. E. Hubbard, Vice-Capt. (O.U.)

Emergencies:

G. B. Warren (O.U.), D. K. Neill (A.U.C.)

They expressed regret that C. H. Baird (O.U.) was unavailable owing to an injury, but recommended him for a N.Z. Blue, as he was the most outstanding and brilliant of the right halves. The forwards were so outstanding in the teams that many good men had to be passed over. They were confident that the N.Z.U. team would put up a strong showing against India and would be stronger in attack than defence. They were also confident that Mr. Hogben would make an excellent captain, as some silvery-tongued expressions had been overheard during his playing.

OUTSTANDING PLAYERS.

M.A.C.: Kelly as centre half, G. Grevatt and G. Blake as halves.

V.U.C.: Left wing Pitt, Eggleton outstanding as right half, also left back Christie.

A.U.C.: D. K. Neill was brilliant in all his games, while for a young player the right half Hanson and right full-back Moir were good performers; the two wings, Yule and Walton, were spectacular.

India 2, N.Z.U. 1. Seven thousand people watched this game at Carisbrook. The ground after a heavy frost, became heavy and hampered spectacular play. The Indians' stick work was very clever and in positional play they were much the superior side, but in pace and

INDIANS AT HOCKEY

WHY THEY EXCEL

(PER PRESS BUREAU)

Professor Jagan Nath, manager of the Indian hockey team at present in New Zealand, advanced three reasons when asked by "Salient" why Indians excel at hockey.

"In the first place," said the Professor, "the climate of India enables hockey to be played for practically the whole year round. Secondly, Indians start playing the game when they go to school, receiving a thorough grounding in elementary principles from competent coaches. And, thirdly, they specialise, many playing hockey to the complete exclusion of other games."

The Professor is one of the most colourful figures to visit New Zealand in the capacity of manager of a touring team. He teaches at one of the fifty-four colleges that constitute the University of the Punjab, his particular college being in Lahore, capital of the province. He has already given several talks over the air from New Zealand stations. Local hockey umpires who watched the Indians in action at the Basin Reserve probably learnt something in the way of interpreting the rules from him, for he was one of the two men in charge of that game and is to officiate in all the games played by his team in the Dominion. An umpire of international standing, he has Olympic Games experience behind him and is acknowledged to be the leading man with the whistle in India.

"After the Indians what nation has the highest standard of hockey, judging on form shown at the last Olympic Games?" asked "Salient."

"The Germans come next," Jagan Nath replied; "then the Dutch. The Germans have made great progress. Since the war, and particularly since the beginning of the Hitler regime, they have largely given up their old methods of physical training by means of gymnastics, and have turned their attention to such games as soccer and hockey. To the mastering of games they are now bringing the same degree of dogged determination and persistency that have made them great in other spheres."

The Professor is a busy man, but "Salient" just had time to put a question about co-education in India.

"Co-education? Yes, it has been started at some Indian Universities, particularly in the more progressive towns like Calcutta and Bombay. There are, in fact, a few women's colleges, although, generally speaking, parents consider that better education is obtainable at the colleges that are open to both men and women, like yours. But there are comparatively few women students. At my College in Lahore there are only 35 girls on the roll of 1300 students."

That afternoon "Salient" watched the Professor's Invincible Indians trounce Wellington by 12 goals to nil. There seemed to be an insufficient number of reasons to account for their superiority.

—L.B.S.

determination, the Universities had the better of it. Herens, for N.Z.U., in spite of an injury to the head, played a great game, turning back the attackers repeatedly. Hogben, Lawry and Walton and Aldred were outstanding for 'Varsity. Intermittent attacks by N.Z.U. in the first half went little further than the Indians' 25. Lawry sent one shot over the cross bar. There were numerous penalty corners and the Indians shot out from the line to interrupt the hits.

N.Z.U. scored first when in a scramble in front of the goal Hubbard put the ball into the net after India's goalee had been drawn out of position. India scored by particularly fast work just before half time.

In the second half repeated Indian attacks were met by ragged but effective defence. Play became fast and interesting with University putting up formidable attacks and defence. Sultan Khan scored again for India, smashing in the ball from an angle close to the net. Braithwaite put in some good work at this stage. Another forward rush by India ended in Sultan Khan having a smack at goal, but the ball hit the upright. Herens staved off further attempts by India to score.

See the happy moron.

He doesn't care a damn,

I wish I were a moron,—

My God, perhaps I am.

—On Dit.

AUSTRALIAN INTER-VARSITY ATHLETICS

RECORDS GO IN HIGH-CLASS CONTEST

SYDNEY WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

News is just to hand of the results of the Australian Universities' Athletic meeting, held this year at Sydney. In view of a suggestion which has been put forward that an N.Z.U. athletic team should tour Australia, and also on account of its general interest the results are reprinted here. Melbourne was defeated for the first time in ten years by Sydney, with Brisbane and Adelaide well back. The other Universities did not compete. The standard was very high, four records being broken and one equalled on a heavy track.

RECORDS

The outstanding performer of the carnival was P. F. Magee (S.), Empire Games representative, who set new figures for both the 120 yds. and 440 yds. hurdles. The only other competitor to win a double, R. E. Seal (M.), 17 or 18 years old, scored firsts in the 100 and 220 yds. In the latter he equalled the existing record of 22 secs., held by Davidson (M.).

Metcalf, Sydney Olympic Games rep., broke his own record of last year by jumping 23 feet 4 inches at his last effort. Previous to this jump V. G. Batros (M.) had broken the record and was leading with a jump of 22 feet 11 inches. To understand just how high was the broad jumping standard we have only to realise that 22 feet 10 inches gained fourth place. Shades of New Zealand broad jumping!

Eighteen-year-old, sixteen stone, Jack Tregoning, of Adelaide, broke the shot putt easily. Just to make no bones about the matter he broke it four times. His best throw was 41 feet 1 inch.

Metcalf, who is well known in this country, was well out of form in the high jump, clearing only 5ft. 11in. But he cleared 23 feet in the broad jump and was third in the shot putt—a good enough day's work. The winners are shown in the table below:—

RESULTS

100 Yards: R. E. Seal (M.), 10 1-5s.
220 Yards: R. E. Seal (M.), 22s. (equals record).
440 Yards: G. H. Nicholson (M.), 50 4-5s.
880 Yards: W. Arrowsmith (G.), 1m. 57 2-5s.
One Mile: C. G. Parsin (M.), 4m. 30 2-5s.
120 Yards Hurdles: P. F. Magee (S.), 15 3-10 s. (record).
440 Yards Hurdles: P. F. Magee (S.), 54½s. (record).
Broad Jump: J. P. Metcalfe (S.), 23ft. 4¼in. (record).
High Jump: R. J. Heffernan (M.), 6ft.
Pole Vault: G. Read (S.) and W. Killingworth (S.), tied; 10ft. 6in.
Shot Putt: J. Tregoning (A.), 41ft. 1in. (record).
Mile Medley Relay: (880 x 220 x 220 x 440), Melbourne, 3m. 42 2-5s.

COMPARISON WITH N.Z.U.

It will be seen that the performances at the last New Zealand University tournament compare only moderately with those over the Tasman.

Event	N.Z.U.	Aus.
100 yards	10 2-5s.	10 1-5s.
220 yards	22 4-5s.	22s.
440 yards	51s.	50 4-5s.
880 yards	1m. 53s.	1m. 57 2-5s.
One mile	4m. 25 4-5s.*	4m. 30 2-5s.
120yds. hurdles	16 4-5s.	15 3-10s.*
440 yds. hurdles	58 3-5s.	54½s. *
Broad jump	22ft. 4¼in.	23ft. 4¼*
High jump	5ft. 7in.	6ft.
Pole vault	9ft. 6in.	10ft. 6in.
Shot putt	37ft. 4¼in.	41ft. 1in.*
Relay	3m. 41 2-5s.	3m. 42 2-5s.

* Record.

When a man picks on someone his own size he generally becomes extremely modest in his own estimation of himself.

I suppose you've heard of the man who had a lewd joke tattooed on his forehead—and was his face read!

HARRIERS GREAT SEASON COLLINS and KOEFOED RUN WELL

As the season proceeds more convincing evidence as to the increasing talent in the club is brought forward. The placing in the team races, namely, the Pakuranga road race and the Onehunga-Auckland road race, of the 'Varsity Club proclaims the new height to which our men have advanced and as a result of the road season Craccum is proud to announce that there is only one club in Auckland with a stronger membership.

The Pakuranga road race was typical in the way the 'Varsity men, Collins, Tyson, A. Ball, Barker, Green and de Lisle ran as a team without great distribution over the major portion of the race. Although places were changed during the running, the boys finished strongly and merited second position in the teams' event. As regards individual members, Ted Collins is to be congratulated on the fine performance for which he was rewarded with the medal for second place in the handicap event. Joe Tyson ate up many places in the last mile while A. Ball didn't loaf either. For members not competing in the Ellerslie race a club run was held from King's College where road and country work was covered.

CLUB RACES

The novice championship run from St. John's College was the first opportunity to judge the value over a short distance (three and a half miles) of Graham Kofoed, who acquitted himself very well in leading home, not only the novices, but the old stagers, and much speculation exists as to how he will go against our crack man for several seasons past, Ted Stephenson, who laid the "trail" on that particular day. The two next men home were Coombes and Nelson, both novices, who ran exceedingly well to finish with 7 and 12 seconds of Kofoed. Kinsella led the seniors home to fill fourth place. Nelson won the sealed handicap run in connection with the novice championship, with Bill Harden second.

A most enjoyable run from our secretary's residence was good training for the Onehunga-Auckland race and members "en masse" with a haka and, individually, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Harden for the fine way they were received. The opportunity was taken to tender farewell to Mr. Doug. Kenrick who is an enthusiastic

supporter of harrier racing and has done much to encourage the sport in the college. Clem. Green paid tribute to Doug's sporting spirit and his service rendered to the club and on behalf of the members presented him with an engraved tie clip. As to the run itself which was road work over Grey Lynn and Point Chevalier districts, three packs was the order of the day. Bill Butcher, Lynds and Dunlevey went well in the slow while Lang was the pacemaker of the medium, ably supported by Green and Harden. Les Barker, Coombes and Koefoed went well in the fast, while Les Tweedie wasn't far out of the picture.

THE ONEHUNGA ROAD RACE

An event which attracts much attention from the public is the Onehunga-Auckland race from the Town Hall, Onehunga, following the tram line to top of St. Stephen's Ave., Parnell, and thence to Quay Street via Gladstone Road, with the finish opposite the Central Wharf. This race was prominent for the magnificent "come-back" of the veteran New Zealand runner, J. W. Savidan, whose time, though slower than Jimmy Neil's last year was meritorious for the weather and the fact that he raced Neil home by 100 yards. As regards our men they deserve highest praise, especially the A team, who ran into third place against the very strong opposition put up by Lynndale and the small but few "strong" men of the Auckland Club. The B team did well but were unfortunate not to beat Lynndale in the B teams' race. As in the Novice Championship Graham Koefoed admirably justified our hopes in running a magnificent race to finish in sixth position in such a large field of 150 entrants and with such opposition as Savidan who is in world class. Graham went ahead with the leaders and maintained his place throughout. He should be a valuable asset to the College for many years and with more experience may make the Auckland Provincial team of six—Good luck, Graham! Ted Collins is also due for much praise on an outstanding effort which began at the Epsom tram barn from where he passed runner after runner to finish in tenth place. Other A men running well were Les Barker (20th), Les Tweedie (22nd), Alan Ball (24th), all improving on their last year's placings. Terrance Nelson (26th) led in the B team, followed by Green (32nd), Kinsella and de Lisle. Nelson ran exceedingly well and was rewarded with a trophy for second in the handicap event.

INTER-FACULTY FOOTBALL ENG.-ARCH. BEAT SCIENCE A

Another chapter in the annals of Inter-Faculty football was enacted on Wednesday, when Science A met Engineers-Architects in what was virtually the game which decided the domicile of that historic and valuable trophy, the inter-faculty football cup.

At the toss of the coin Evans called correctly and elected to play downhill with the wind, in the vain hope that a missing forward might appear ere long to make up a full scrum. (However he wasn't needed).

Science set the ball in motion and play settled down in midfield. It was early apparent that the Eng.-Arch. forwards would be fighting a continuous uphill battle as, owing to lack of weight, they were unable to obtain the ball either in scrums of line-outs. Served with plenty of the ball Brundell began setting his backs into action with his spectacular miniature dive pass, and the Eng.-Arch. backs were called on to defend hotly for a while until a long kick by Hardy deep down into Science territory put Eng.-Arch. on the attack. Good work by Jenkins and Deoki had Science guessing and Eng.-Arch. were twice within an ace of scoring. Finally Koefoed collected a wild kick on the left wing and kicking through followed up fast to cross wide out. Evans' kick sailed straight between the posts making the score: Eng.-Arch. 5, Science 0.

Science returned strongly to the attack. Tait secured and booted right through, ending up somewhere in the Inner Domain. Half time was called with the score: Eng.-Arch. 5, Science 0.

THE SECOND HALF

After the interval Science, with the wind behind them, set up a whirlwind series of attacks, but in spite of every effort by Tait and

Carroll the defence of Jenkins and Deoki was too good. A free kick gave Science their chance and Prendergast goaled, making the scores: Science 3, Eng.-Arch. 5.

Science returned hotly to the attack with a feast of the ball, but the defence of the opposing backs was a revelation, and could well be an object lesson to most regular 'Varsity players.

Eng.-Arch. took a turn on attack and carried play well into Science territory, where from a loose rush Clem Green, who had been playing both on defence and attack like an All Black, robbed the opposition of the ball and forced his way over under a press of players for a very determined try. Evans' kick from well out just grazed the posts. Returning to the attack Johnny Carroll secured in an unmarked position and with a determined run shook off his pursuers and scored wide out. The kick missed. Science 6, Eng.-Arch. 8.

Eng.-Arch. fought their way doggedly back to the Science line, but an infringement saved Science. It was now nearly the end and Science with victory eluding them, made a last desperate effort to save the day, Cox with an elusive side-step going dangerously near scoring until floored by Evans. Time came with the final score:

Engineers-Architects 8
Science A 5

Special thanks are due to Dr. Briggs for an impartial and unobtrusive exhibition of whistle-blowing.

The present position of the teams in the Inter-Faculty football competition is as follows:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Eng.-Arch.	2	2	—	1	3
Science B	2	—	—	2	2
Arts	2	—	—	2	2
Science A	2	—	1	1	1

Pearls & Pebbles

(By CALIBAN)

GOD BLESS THE PRESS

Oh, hail the wisdom of the Press,
That e'er has trifling things eschewed,
The fearless friend of Causes Frail,
The Bible of the Multitude.

The Oracle of Modern Times,
That speaks but facts, in very sooth,
Great voice of democratic hearths,
That brings the yearning masses truth.

Such matchless pearls it widely casts,
On such dark places sheds its light,
It is the warden of our creed,
Our armour-clad crusading knight.

See how its pages, wholesome, clean,
With stirring headlines shake the world
From moral ruin, as day by day,
Its boundless knowledge is unfurled.

"Ex-King Divorced for Seventh Time;
Shop-lifting Charges Faced by Earl;
Young Parson's Shocking Life of Crime;
Disfigured Corpse of Little Girl!

"Put Pep in Church," says Bishop Blah;
Grave Charge in Crew Abduction Case;
"There is no God," says Movie Star;
New Bathing-suits of Net and Lace!

Man Pushes Prune for Thirty Miles;
New Bill for Liquor-Selling Passed;
Girls, See the Latest Summer Styles;
Free Milk for Homeless Cats at Last!

Man Shoots Three Boys and Cuts His Throat;
Hot Baby Wins the Thirty-Two;
"I Stabbed Him 'Cause He Got My Goat";
Nazi on Trial for Striking Jew!

Mad Millionaire Buys Isle of Man;
Pyjamas Worn at Court Last Week;
New Harbour Bridge Has Largest Span;
Great Dancer's Body Found in Creek!

Freak Nudist Cult on Desert Isle;
Strange Loves of Famous Men of Art;
Screen Star at Length Consents to Smile;
Doctor Says Smoking Hurts the Heart.

All Hail, Great Press, with bended knee,
We morons kiss your feet to-day,
Be always thus, such is our plea,
And never into nonsense stray.

ROADS OF GREY

I see you always,
Roads of grey,
That wind among
The hills of day.

Dear roads of grey,
And white, where sleep
Along your side,
In slumber deep—

Small towns of red
And green. A church
Stands here and there
Straight as a birch.

And tombstones guard
The mortal clay
Of men who trod you,
Roads of grey.

AFTER 2300 YEARS

Legislation against private property may have a specious appearance of benevolence; men readily listen to it and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everyone will become everyone's friend, especially when someone is heard denouncing the evils, which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, are due to a very different cause: the wickedness of human nature. — Aristotle—Politics (350 B.C.)

"Consomme, bouillon, hors d'ouvres, fricasse poulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demitasse, des glaces, and tell dat mug in de corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see?"

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS"

THE SOCIAL ROUND

By "GIPSY"

Dr. Anschutz doesn't really mind if people talk in his lectures; nor does he care if they eat in them; but he feels that he may begin to object when they both talk and eat in them. (For further information see W.W. Nelson, Esq., Psychology I lecture).

Meg Matangi had considerable trouble the other day over a pig and a car—or rather a car over a pig. She drove happily over a porkie and stalled on him, whereupon porkie arose wafting both Meggie and baby car sedately into a hedge and incidentally a ditch; thereby wrecking the innards of the car and not damaging the bacon at all.

Jack Dempsey is GONE... (Actually, I think he is still here, but he soon will be gone, so it doesn't really matter). The chief result of this bereavement is that Trevor Daniell is now secretary of the Tramping Club and a very fine secretary too—But, I guess we all know that it won't be Frans, who does the tramping posters now—I'll give you three guesses who will take over the job.

Lin Mair (Horsey, to the boys) is now a "finished product," i.e., he has done his architectural thesis and is packing his traps and departing for Australia. Margaret McLean, who goes places with him is languishing in the country somewhere, which all goes to show that we will be missing another jolly 'Varsity couple all too soon.

Nessie Macfarlane caused a minor sensation in a psychology lecture recently. Having just bought a blue transparent umbrella, she was sitting under it waiting patiently for the lecturer to arrive—hoping I 'spose that he would see thro' it! I'm sorry about this Nessie, but the "truth will out," and at any rate I'm very short of news this week.

Murielle Smeed and Joyce Bell are moving from Alfred Street to Lower Symonds Street. This bit of gossip is calculated to cause consternation among the ranks of the Bell-Smeed admirers. Never mind chaps, Liberty 'All in

Anzac Avenue is just as near the back entrance of 'Varsity as Alfred Street is to the front.

Paddy Fenton spells Mystery, and also, although quite by the way, Misogynist. A few years ago Paddy loved dancing and all the jolly frivolous things in life. Now, he is the University's Beautiful Blonde Adonis and his heart throb of many a maiden, but he doesn't like girls and remains the most exclusive and elusive young man among the law students. What is the explanation?

Ronald Bell is feeling the call of Higher things, in short, he is about to do a little work, and therefore thinks the best way to go about it is to cut out coffee evenings. What will WE do now? Things aren't quite as bad as they might be though; after a terrific amount of persuading he said he would be along to the Science one. We are preparing for a terrific attendance of those wishing to see Ron make his last public appearance before being incarcerated.

If you wanted a study of a Harrassed Woman you should have had a good gaze at Jean Morton-Smith last week. She was making the card party for the Chinese students. They weren't invited 'cos they were too busy scrapping, but the party was for them all the same—it was held last Saturday night and was a great success. But was the success worth the loss of Jean's twinkle and saucy smile for a week? Incidentally Jean has got a tantalising Tam-o-shanta with a Robin Hood feather—Maid Marian what!!

Our old friend Doug. Kendrick stepped onto the "Remuera" the other day—an M.Com. in one hand and a piece of oily waste in the other. He is "greasing" his way to England to seek his fortune. The corridors and trying places round A.U.C. will be lonely deserted ones soon. We understand that Lawrence Hogben and Sidney Gascoigne will soon be gone, too!

A SIMPLE STORY—II

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a wild young man named Hilary Hamlet Brown who spent all his time in Smoking and Drinking and driving Fast Young Women about in a shiny sports model car that cost goodness knows how much (and even then it wasn't all paid for) and he never bothered to swot for his exams or anything and his Aunt Matilda used to say he would be the death of her but he never was which was rather a pity in one way because she had a good deal of money. Well one day while he was carelessly tossing off jelly and cream after jelly and cream in the College Cafe his eye fell upon the gentle features of Mildred Bloggs and he knew right away that she was the Only Woman in the world for him and it made him feel quite queer in the stomach for a bit so that he had to hurry away and drink some brandy. Well of course he came straight back and proposed but Mildred whose mother was a life member of the Temperance Union said lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine so then he made a solemn promise to give up all his godless ways if she would only consent and after a bit she gave in and said all right she would and he was as good as his word because from that day he became a Changed Man. Well of course Hilary was all for getting married on the spot but Mildred said no not until we've got some furniture and things and then it came to Hilary with a pang of shame that practically all his money was spent on account of his riotous living and probably they wouldn't have been able to get married for months and months if it hadn't been for Mildred remembering about GEORGE COURT'S WINTER SALE and being able to buy carpets and curtains and table cloths and satin for undies and things all at about HALF THE AMOUNT she'd expected. So in the end it all turned out for the best and they furnished a flat quite cheaply and whenever their friends admired their Suzy Cooper tea set or their real Irish linen supper cloths they always said yes we got that at GEORGE COURT'S SALE IN KARANGAIAPE ROAD and they got to feeling quite sentimental about the whole thing.

THE RISE OF AUSTRALIAN NATIONALISM

(From "Farrago," Melbourne)

People little realize the triangular conflict which faces the Australian thinker. The three corners of the triangle represent Imperialism, Internationalism and Nationalism.

Imperialism in Australian affairs means that we are to look upon Australia as an integral part of the British Empire, and an outpost of British thought and culture; where, therefore, we propagate British ideas and British interests, we best serve this conception of a British Australia.

Internationalism is a term applied to many widely varying ideas. In Australia it is usually applied to people who wish to see Australia actively supporting such international instruments as the League of Nations in doing what they consider best for this unhappy world. It is also applied to "contra-nationalism"—the decrying of the nationalities and the nations; these people who would do without nations (and therefore, authority) would better be called "super-nationalists," or more simply, the Left Wing.

TRUE INTERNATIONALISM

The true internationalist, however, is not opposed to nationalism, for his very attitude, that of friendship with, sympathy towards, and study of, other nations, in itself implies the existence and need of nations. Just as the true internationalist will recognize the necessity for nationalism, so also will the true nationalist, for he renders his country a great disservice who ignores other countries. True nationalism and true internationalism are not, as many people would state, opposing forces, but are allied factors working in harmony. This I state at the risk of being told that I have a "Power Politics" mentality.

In Australia the three-cornered conflict is then between Imperialism and Nationalism (that is, British Australia versus Australian Australia) with the Left Wing Super-Nationalism chafing at both. With the latter struggle we are not here concerned.

Australian nationalism probably first revealed itself in the nineteenth century political movements towards State and then national self-government. Strong among those politicians of the State-forming era was the Reverend J. D. Lang, a Presbyterian clergyman who took an active part in New South Wales politics. In 1870, he published a book, "The

GRAMOPHONE RECITALS PROGRAMME FOR COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, 15th JULY, 5.30—6: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin.

MONDAY, 18th JULY at 12 Noon: Modern Orchestral Works, including Rio Grande, by Constant Lambert.

WEDNESDAY, 20th JULY at 12 Noon: String Quartet, Smetana.

FRIDAY, 22nd JULY: Berlioz, Lidzt, Weber.

MONDAY, 25th JULY at 12 Noon: String Quintet with two cellos, Schubert.

WEDNESDAY, 27th JULY at 12 Noon: String Quartet, Borodin.

Coming Event, or the Freedom and Independence of Australia," which dealt at great length with the need for Australian Federation (consummated thirty years later) and for the independence of Australia with regard to the political and economic domination of London (not yet consummated). This then sounds the keynote of Australian nationalism, and Dr. John Lang is regarded as one of the earliest of its prophets.

GROWTH OF NATIONALISM

The Federation movement of the 'nineties was typically an Australian one, and the theme of nationalism ran high in those days, particularly among our writers. With the coming of the World War, however, there was a decided swing back to the Imperialism as the Old Country showed signs of "going under," and once more we became aggressively pro-British. Indeed, one might say that we lost our nationhood in the "Great" War, rather than gained it, as the British have patronizingly stated.

To-day there are signs of a return to the growth of nationalism, and a few small voices like Edgar Crampton (comparatively unknown here) have once more uttered the cry of "Australia First," which has been so long silent, and they are in continuity with the earlier nationalists, ranging from William Wentworth (of Blue Mountains fame) to Lang of the 'seventies and the Federationists of the 'nineties.

—Percival.

"VICEROY SARAH" DRAMATIC CLUB SUCCESS

The increasing popularity of the Drama Club's fortnightly play-readings was well evidenced on Thursday, 7th July, when a reading of Norman Ginsbury's "Viceroy Sarah," convened by Miss Edna de Marr, was presented in the Women's Common Room to a large and appreciative audience.

The play is an historically accurate account of events in the reign of Queen Anne, when that very remarkable woman, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, together with her husband, the famous soldier, virtually ruled England for some twenty-five years, only to fall, from the Queen's favour at the last through the machinations of a younger rival. The play was long, but interest was well sustained, and humour was not lacking; one delightful scene being that in which the Duchess and Vanbrugh fail to agree on the question of the architecture of Blenheim Palace. The large cast necessitated a certain amount of doubling, but this, which in a reading given without action or props might easily have caused confusion, was competently and effectively handled.

June Grevatt was well cast as the masterful, plain-speaking, but very likeable Sarah, first a despot, ruling the Court, appointing and dismissing ministers of the Crown at will; later, rejected and forced to leave England, an exile; while Avenal Holcombe made the weak, easily-swayed Queen, completely at the mercy of intriguing sycophants, a pathetic figure; and Marie Best made the most of the scheming Abigail, who displaces the Duchess in the Queen's favour. Norman Stace did an excellent piece of work as Prince George of Denmark, in which he sustained a pronounced accent very well, and also as the Duke of Marlborough; John Reid differentiated very successfully between his two roles of the fawning Harley and the dilettante architect-playwright-soldier, Vanbrugh. Others taking part were Ivan Hodder, Bill Stride, Denis Gully, Joyce Burnet, Joan Fleming, Marie Carroll and Beverley Williamson.

The next reading, the date of which is not yet fixed, will be an original mystery play, "Murder Without Motive," by our own John Reid. All students are invited to attend this reading, which promises to be exceptionally entertaining.

Sensation of the Year

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY LAW STUDENTS'
SOCIETY

presents

A MOCK COURT

BONNET *v.* BUNG

(Breach of Promise)

THE COLLEGE HALL AT 8 P.M.
THE COLLEGE HALL AT 8 P.M.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JULY 25th and 26th
MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JULY 25th and 26th

Written by Mr. J. E. Moodie
Music by Mr. T. Sparling
Produced by Mr. John Reid

and a Talented Cast (including one Angel)

Tickets may be purchased at the College Library or Cafeteria
after July 18th or at the door on the nights.

Admission 1/6

Students' Concession 1/-

NO RESERVES

The Genius of the Law in Genial Guise

THE MACHINE
OF JUSTICE
PORTRAYED
IN A MANNER
UNIQUE IN THE
ANNALS OF
THE LAW

THE C.I.E. ITS WORK AND PROGRESS

BY DENIS FOLLOWS.
(Copyright, N.U.S.-N.Z.-U.S.A.)

It is to Strasbourg that the C.I.E. owes its origin. Little could those students who were present at the opening meeting have visualised the progress since those early days. The ideals which inspired the pioneers of student collaboration quickly spread and many National Unions owe their origin, in part or in whole, to the C.I.E. It would, doubtless, be easy to overestimate the part played by the C.I.E. in international relationships, to assume that it has done more than it really has. There are many international organisations which exist for the promotion of understanding between nations and a number of them have achieved little more than elaborately headed notepaper. The C.I.E., however, in its twenty years of existence can point to, a very real measure of practical achievement.

STUDENT CONGRESS

Every year since 1919 it has organised a congress, and in later years a council meeting in addition. A C.I.E. congress provides the opportunity for students from most of the European countries to meet each other and to live some ten days together under favourable conditions. It is impossible to live some ten days with people of another race without learning something of their thoughts and outlook, and it is impossible to leave such a congress without making at least one friend. We may safely assume then that there have been a minimum of four thousand students at C.I.E. congress in the past who have been provided with the opportunity—an opportunity which would not have arisen if the C.I.E. had not been in existence—of meeting students from countries other than their own. There is, then, scattered throughout Europe, a nucleus of young people, leaders or potential leaders, who through the C.I.E. have a deeper knowledge of international affairs, a truer appreciation of national outlook, a keener insight into human nature than they might have had without the C.I.E. This is surely no mean achievement. It is well that the students' leaders learn to know each other whilst they are young. Too often have we found that people have come to play a part in international affairs when their ideas have been fixed and their conceptions based on an outworn principle. The C.I.E. plays a great part in educating the youth of the world to a closer co-operation. The student leaders are united in a common aim and a universal purpose, that of promoting the welfare of an organisation which is their own and in whose future they feel a mutual interest.

STUDENT TRAVEL

One can point with pride also to the success of the Third Commission, that office of the C.I.E. which organises student travel. During its first ten years of existence (1925-35), the Commission has recorded that some sixty thousand students have travelled either directly or indirectly under its auspices. Doubtless sixty thousand students form but a small proportion of the total number of students who have attended Universities during those ten years, but it is not an insignificant number for the C.I.E. to have handled. In 1926 it was felt that it was essential to provide a means of identification which would establish the bona fides of the holder as a registered student at a University. For this purpose the Commission devised the International Student Identity Card which received the approval of the League of Nations Committee for Intellectual Co-operation. This card serves as a proof of student status, as a letter of introduction to student organisations and University authorities, and as a basis for special reductions and facilities. Hundreds of thousands of these Identity Cards have been issued since 1926. These figures show that by its travel organisations alone the C.I.E. has more than justified its existence.

INTELLECTUAL CO-OPERATION.

In recent years the officers of the C.I.E. have felt that a great opportunity for development in the practical work of the C.I.E. lies in the field of intellectual co-operation, and to this end the C.I.E. has arranged conferences of students interested in a particular branch of academic study or of student activity. The result of this activity has been the establishment of offices of students in law, medicine, engineering, and agriculture, and of the press, and interesting and valuable conferences have been held

COMING MOCK COURT ENERGETIC LAW STUDENTS

An advertisement appears in this issue announcing to one and all that the Law Students' Society is to hold a Mock Court on July 25th and 26th. "Craccum" staff has been given an opportunity of reading the script of this original semi-musical-comedy, and can state without exaggeration that rarely has such a well-conceived and witty farce been presented at the College. If the students can rise to the standard of the play itself, the Mock Court should prove an exceedingly popular and worthy innovation.

Mr. Trevor Sparling has written the music and the setting will be complete with Judge, Counsel, reporters and pretty witnesses!

PIPE-SMOKING IN WOMEN'S COMMON-ROOM

PHILOSOPHY AND FUMES

No, this article is not a report of the latest craze. It is merely a few sidelights on a meeting held in the Women's Common Room on Tuesday, July 5th.

The rumour was in the air that a certain august body was to hold a gathering on that evening and, prompted by my innate propensity to attend free entertainment, I found myself in the Common Room at that time. Looking around, I found that the Auckland branch of the Australasian Philosophical Society was getting down to things in a business-like manner. I recognized among the many faces members of the Stage III Philosophy Class, and at the table sat Mr. Charles Wrigley, delivering a well-thought-out discourse on "Mills' Doctrine of Liberty."

The other students listened attentively, nodding gravely now and then to signify that they were following carefully. Judging by their furrowed brows, however, I have a suspicion that they will have to do a little more reading before those nods can be taken very seriously.

Nevertheless, the paper was obviously appreciated by the more senior members of the Society, and I began to feel that if only I could have learned to smoke a pipe and to puff at it as thoughtfully as did 16 2/3 % of the members, I too might have been able to discuss matters as imposingly as they when Mr. Wrigley concluded his paper.

As I sat gazing at the speaker, I became aware of a little tableau being enacted behind him, and with something akin to awe, saw an eminent member of the staff on his knees before Miss Holcombe, gazing up into her eyes. Of course, by the time I had realized that the professor was merely stoking the fire and asking Averal's advice about the fuel, I had quite lost the thread of Mr. Wrigley's thesis.

But seriously, I think that many more students should take advantage of these opportunities of philosophical education; especially those students who intend to advance the subject in degree. I cannot guarantee that Professor Anderson will grant you your terms after one appearance; but I am sure he would be very pleased to see you there. It is to be hoped that all the budding Kants in the College will be present in the Common Room when the Philosophical Society holds its next meeting on the 19th of July, when it is to be addressed by Professor Sewell.

"SOCRISTOLLE."

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what the girls have been thinking about all the winter."

Dr. Clifford Kirkpatrick, Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota: "In a Utopian University there would be no degrees and no examinations, but students wanting to know how they were progressing would consult a special testing bureau. That, however, would be Utopian."

under the auspices of these various offices.

It is clear then, that the C.I.E. has made a large contribution to the development of student self government in the post-war period. During these years it has existed on the barest minimum of financial support and the greater part of the officers have been purely honorary. That the C.I.E. has produced so much that is concrete and worth while is something in the nature of a miracle when one recalls the conflicting interests of its members. As the one representative student organisation in the world, there will always be a place for the C.I.E.

ANNUAL CHURCH SERVICE ATTENDANCE OF STUDENTS

In spite of adverse criticism the venture of the Students' Association last year to inaugurate an Annual Student Church Service has been more than justified. The service for this year held on July 3rd in St. David's Presbyterian Church was attended by over two hundred students who occupied a block reserved for them.

At the request of the Minister the ushering was taken over by students and the opinion was expressed from various quarters that Mr. Kenrick was born for a Church deacon rather than an oil greaser. The Scripture lessons were read by the president of the Students' Association, Mr. Halstead, and the president of the S.C.M., Mr. Haymen. During the service the Rev. W. Bower Black, in welcoming the students to his church, stated that he believed that the vital questions the student of to-day had to face was not the international one, serious as it may appear to-day, but the question of personal relationships, as on this relationship rested all other questions. The church, he stated, was offering a solution to this question. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. J. Ryburn, who gave the final of the series of address in connection with the University Mission. The subject was "God in Action," and the preacher endeavoured to explain the working of the Holy Spirit in human lives.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GRADUATES AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE

The Editor,

Sir,—I cannot agree that the N.Z.U.S.A. should rest content with the promise Mr. Savage gave to its delegates in April last. Three months have passed since then, and so far as I can gather, the Committee of Enquiry has not yet held its first meeting. If this is really the state of affairs, I doubt if the committee will meet at all this year. Suppose, then, that it does meet in 1939—a year of deliberation will then follow, it appears, and sometime in 1940 the N.Z.U.S.A. will receive the reward of its efforts—a comprehensive report on the whole situation!

But have we any guarantee that this famous committee of inquiry will ever meet at all? The next election is drawing very near now, and the Prime Minister is no doubt taking stock of the promises he has made. Yet nothing whatever has been done about the "personal assurance" that he gave to the N.Z.U.S.A. Is it likely, then, that anything will be done about it if the election results in his being returned to power?

I am not suggesting that the N.Z.U.S.A. should take sides in the coming political conflict. I am merely stressing the fact that politicians require to be frequently reminded of their promises, and that an election year is the best time for jogging their memories.

GRADUATE.

JUDGMENT DAY

Dear Sir,—

If Thespian is one of the masses, who, according to him, found the finale of "Judgment Day" so hilarious, I echo his prayer of "God Help the Masses." I can understand his amusement at certain parts of the play; e.g., Dan Flood's portrayal of the stuttering restaurant proprietor which stood out in refreshingly comic relief from the background of grim realism. But I cannot understand how anyone of even limited intelligence could experience anything but enthusiasm for the marvellous climax which heralded the final curtain.

Thespian refers to "Judgment Day" as a childish phantasy. I admit that to us in New Zealand the theme may seem melodramatic and unreal—but would it seem unreal to the average German or Italian? Certainly not. Thespian objects to the study of the dictator. I do not think the dictator was much more objectionable than Hitler or Mussolini are in real life. But supposing he was exaggerated for the purpose of dramatic effect? Did not Shakespeare do the same with Shylock?

"Thespian" apparently can find no fault with the presentation of the play. The acting was of a very high standard throughout. The single stage setting was remarkably effective. The whole production reached a standard to which our lesser repertory societies (of which I am sure Thespian is a member) would do well to aspire.

MARIE BEST.

TOURNAMENT REVIEW

DELEGATES' OFFICIAL REPORT

Your delegates have pleasure in submitting their Report on the 1938 Easter Tournament.

The team was a large one, due to the fact that the Tournament was held in Auckland. Care was taken, however, that representatives of low standard of performance were not selected.

Auckland unexpectedly retained the Wooden Spoon and Victoria University College won the Shield. A.U.C.'s main weaknesses were in Tennis, Shooting and Rowing, and particular attention should be paid to their standard by the Clubs concerned.

Details of individual sports follow:—

ATHLETICS:

The team was, taken all round, slightly stronger than for the last few years.

Congratulations are due to the Blues, J. G. Cutler, B. T. Robertson, K. V. Gillespie, H. K. Brainsby and also to the members of the relay team, A. L. Arkinstall and H. Mills who came good seconds in their events.

TENNIS:

The team did not win a match and was the weakest team which has represented the college for some years, although it was a young team and contained some promising material. Any fault probably lay in the method of selection. We recommend a thorough system of trials as employed by Victoria and Otago. W. Butcher and Miss J. Howie were the only players up to standard.

ROWING:

Our team was unfortunate in losing one of their best oarsmen on the eve of the race—B. Monckton—and this upset the crew which came last. Another factor which contributed towards their ultimate defeat was the bad state of their boat. It is a credit to their ingenuity that it held together. We consider that a new eight-oar boat is necessary if our oarsmen are to achieve any success at Tournaments. Credit is due to A. Godfrey, New Zealand Blue winner for his fine rowing and E. Henderson for his unflagging optimism and keenness. D. Algie stroked the crew in an able manner.

BASKETBALL:

The basketball team was unlucky not to win the competition. The girls played well, only a weakness in defence making possible their defeat by Wellington. Credit is due to Miss Matangi for her leadership of the team and to the winners of Blues, Misses J. Howie, B. Campbell and M. Matangi.

BOXING:

The standard of boxing at A.U.C. is high this year. Our team was a credit to the college. H. Turner was unlucky in not winning his final bout. He fought well and was beaten by a man with a very good record. M. McHugh, heavy-weight and J. Barry, light-weight, are to be congratulated in winning their titles. We would recommend that in future, boxers not be asked to reduce more than 6lbs. Excessive weight reduction weakened a fine boxer like H. Willis who would have done better if he had fought in his own weight. In points for the boxing shield our team was mainly defeated by the well-trained Otago team.

SWIMMING:

This team was the best we have had for some time. We were fortunate in having the services of C. R. Buchanan and I. Webster who are experienced swimmers. The other men performed creditably. The ladies gave creditable performances, but there is still weakness here. They were beaten by Canterbury for the Shield.

SHOOTING:

The shooting team did not do well although it won a practice. They could probably have done with more practice. Credit is due to Mr. T. Boulton for his fine work in organising the shooting tournament.

TOURNAMENT DELEGATES.

Of course, the people could go and mine their own coal, and we suppose an elephant might raise his own peanuts.—Don Marquis.

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The Bookshelf

REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

(By Malvolio)

When a man trained by years of observation as a newspaper correspondent sets down the fruits of his experience, the result is nearly always readable. When, however, that observer has been in intimate contact with most of the major events of a quarter of a century and is possessed of a keen intelligence, the resulting book will be not only readable but worthy of study and close attention. Such a book is Sir Philip Gibbs' "Across the Frontiers." As usual, his style is easy, suggesting that the facts come readily and not with labour, and he is impartial even to the extent of a stinging attack on the methods of modern Fleet Street. Throughout this important book he bemoans the failure of the League of Nations whose high ideals he had enthusiastically embraced and energetically supported. This support, he tells us, was nullified by the machinations of professional politicians who continually obstructed those aims they were supposed to be assisting. The League has failed, Sir Philip says, because their service was never more than lip service. The professional politician is also the cancer that gnaws at the breast of France, with the result that twenty years of foreign policy have been a failure, and at home "that bug of Communism still bites."

The chapter on Russia is perhaps the most striking in the book, principally, perhaps, because, when dealing with the Russian Revolution, Sir Philip speaks with the authority of an eye-witness. "I saw famine on the Volga where twenty-five million people were waiting for death by hunger . . . I saw a parade of the Red Army in the Red Square of Moscow. Trotsky came forth and made a speech . . . I saw the generals and leaders of Soviet Russia in the time of Lenin." In the chapters on Fascism and Nazism, the keen brain of this distinguished contemporary historian throws new light on many problems. Italy, he claims, has always wanted the friendship of England. In Italy, the people cannot understand England's attitude, although since the departure of Eden a more cordial relationship is fast developing between the two countries.

In Germany, the Jews still flourish despite their insecurity. Hitler has gripped the public imagination principally because he has restored Germany to its nationhood. Hitler is no puppet, "he has a simple, direct mind, touched by mysticism."

It is impossible in a short space to give even a sketchy account of the wealth of shrewd comment and valuable contemporary data contained in this well-informed survey of Europe to-day. Sir Philip Gibbs has travelled everywhere and talked with people of all classes. His trained mind makes his comments of deep value and as a study of present-day history, it would be difficult to surpass the impartiality and common sense of "Across the Frontiers."

"Across the Frontiers" by Sir Philip Gibbs—Michael Joseph.

Professor Alison Peers, who knows perhaps more about Spain than any other Englishman has been responsible for the two scholarly works in connection with the present civil war yet published—"The Spanish Tragedy" and "Catalonia Infelix." Dr. Peers has followed the progress of the war with careful eyes and makes no secret of his sympathies with the Nationalist cause. Now, in "Our Debt to Spain," he gives the reasons for his support of Franco. In Franco he sees the salvation of the Spain of tradition, the Spain to which England and indeed Europe owes such a profound debt in the realms of culture, of progress, and of the intellect. He discusses briefly the glorious history of Old Spain, the rise of New Spain, the culture of this great nation, her multitudes of great scholars, artists, mystics and saints and her power for good under the leadership of a revitalized National Government. In the present struggle he sees the spirit of Spain assailed by disruptive forces and his hope is for a Spain that will be the Spain of tradition but purged and renewed.

"Our Debt to Spain" by Dr. Allison Peers—Burns, Oates and Wasbourne.

In the Student Mind

VIEWS FROM OTHER COLLEGES

ANTI-PACIFIST

Is not all self-preservation the first law of life? In the world to which we have become the heirs nothing remains which does not fight for itself? "The survival of the fittest" is an elemental fact. Therefore, and not merely for selfish ends, we must preserve ourselves, our race, our civilization — otherwise sink back into the mire, vanish from the scheme of things . . .

It would seem, therefore, that only by force can we preserve ourselves. But who shall be the trustee of this force. Neither the present League of Nations nor any conceivable League will fill the bill. In my opinion, the disarmament of nations is just as impracticable as the abolition of the police force in any one nation; but a limitation of armaments is no more impracticable than a minimum police force has proved to be. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" is not a very modern maxim, but it is hard to gainsay. Idealism must go hand in hand with realism if the world is to go forward, if mankind is to reach the heights. —(R. D. Bell in "Canta," Canterbury University College.)

CRACKS FROM "CRITIC."

"I'm engaged to a girl with a wooden leg."
"Why don't you break it off?"

He is not drunk
Who, from the floor,
Can rise again
And drink some more.
But drunk he is
Who prostrate lies,
And can neither
Drink nor rise.

Baby Ear of Corn: Mama, where did I come from.

Mama Ear of Corn: Hush, dear, the stalk brought you.

A new student was being shown over a laboratory. "Yes," said his guide, "we had a nasty explosion here some time ago."

"Those splashes on the ceiling are the chemicals, then, I suppose," said the visitor.

"No," came the mournful answer. "That's the professor."

—(Rifled from "The Critic," Official organ of the University of Otago.)

THE STATE AND THE CHRISTIAN

The power of the State is greatly increased to-day because we delegate to it many functions which we ought normally to perform for ourselves. Taxes are one convenient form of transferring power. For the Christian the delegation of such power can only be justified if the organisation still allows freedom to the individual. It is therefore the Christian's duty to prevent the erection of any obstacles to freedom. In order to do this he must actively exercise his rights as a citizen, making full use of his representation in Parliament. Membership of a political party appears to be a Christian duty. —("Semper Floreat," University of Queensland.)

STEREOTYPED LECTURES

What our Universities lack is good lecturing, the intimacy of staff and students, and good spontaneous student activities. A lecturer, he said, must genuinely convince a student that the theme is of first-rate importance — it must, that is to say, drive him into personal investigation of its substance. Or it must contain genuinely new knowledge or a new point of view not obtainable in the obvious books. Thirdly, the lecture must raise problems upon old material which force the student to think out for himself the way and the nature of their solution. Lecturers in Australia would probably be better if professors and lecturers had more time for individual research. —("On Dit," University of Adelaide.)

WOMAN STUDENTS IN GERMANY

The German woman who wishes to register for study at any University of the Reich finds her course no simple one. Before she can commence her studies, a law of 1935 delays her, and dictates six months' service in a labour camp. In theory, this service is compulsory for all German women between the ages of 17 and 25. The scheme is, however, still in the experimental stage, and compulsion is applied only in the case of candidates for University education. Women are not encouraged to enter professional life in competition with men, and besides the utilitarian purpose of this labour system there may have been another idea behind its establishment — that of deterring women from entering academic life. —("Honi Soit," University of Sydney.)

LIP-SERVICE TO DEMOCRACY

We have our toys, let us play with them. But are these ideal conditions in which to play? To pursue the muses we must have peace, an absolute peace and not the precarious peace that exists to-day. It is foolish of us to spend the best years of our youth in pursuit of education when we are well aware that one diplomatic blunder will plunge us back into a state of primeval chaos and that, blunder or no blunder, the forces of aggression will eventually descend on us.

We give lip-service to democracy, but do everything in our power to oppose its ultimate victory. We believe the menace of international Communism must be crushed even at the risk of the ultimate triumph of international Fascism. In the meantime we console ourselves with the fond hope that the forces of aggression may encounter opposition greater than they anticipated. Thus we sit on the powder-dump consoling ourselves with the hope that it will never blow up. —("U.C. Tattle," University of Cape Town.)

STUDENTS IN THE STRUGGLE

"One of the reasons the Japanese have had no major successes recently may be attributed to the work of Chinese students," said Mr. K. Wong She, when I asked him to comment on the aspects of the present Sino-Japanese "incident" that concern the student class in China. "You see," he added, "the Chinese Government has recognised the great value of the students to the community and has engaged them to work amongst the illiterate behind the lines."

—"Salient," Victoria University College.

SONNET

A great car sped down the darkened road,
Burning with flaming eyes the velvet night,
While you and I watched streaming past our sight,

The trees and darkened houses—dim abode
Of countless human thousands. Though we rode,

Within their midst, we only saw the white
And stabbing beam of our all-seeking light,
As, at our passing, windows sudden glowed.
We were a little travelling world, we said,
That hurtled through a vast and darkened space.

A light gave us some power to see ahead,
But far ahead we knew not what might face
Our world. As in life, careless of disaster,
We laughed and through the darkness drove
on faster.

P.W.D.

Medical aptitude tests are given to pre-medical students in many American Universities. Why not here? So many must be failed in the annual med. exams that quite a number have no hope of ever getting their degree. Let fewer into the Faculty, pass more in the exams. Weed out the unfit in the beginning, not after they have wasted years of their life.

ON THE CURRENT SCREEN

What—And What Not—To See

(Conducted by "Manfil.")

July and August give every indication of providing the best film fare of the year. Following "A Yank at Oxford" at St. James, will come "Test Pilot," one of the best pictures of its kind ever made. The film gives Mr. Clark Gable the first opportunity for acting he has had since "Mutiny on the Bounty," but, as in "San Francisco," it is Mr. Spencer Tracy who takes the honours.

"Arsene Lupin Returns," the new show for the Regent, is passable, a better production is "Of Human Hearts," due at the Embassy. The film is directed by Clarence Brown, who has never made a bad picture.

I regret I had received no word before the last issue went to press that a film called "Owd Bob" was to be released at the Strand. Its season ended last week and I don't suppose many saw it. I can only exhort everybody to make a note of it here and now, for it was the finest picture—judged as an artistic success—to be shown in Auckland this year. A simple and sincere production, it bore in its comedy, excitement and photographic beauty, the unmistakable marks of merit. The stars of the production were Will Fyffe, two dogs and the camera and so deftly did Robert Stevenson (maker of "Tudor Rose") contrive the finished product, that I should not care to state which shines most brightly.

It will be noted that the following reviews include comment on films whose season has ended. I don't think I need apologise, for the reasons for reprinting the reviews are, I fancy, obvious.

"TEST PILOT" (St James, coming)

One filmgoer, whose opinion I respect, found "Test Pilot" noisy and over emotional; and I well can imagine any one with sensitive nerves being harassed by the shrill din of the engines, the bouts of hysteria developed by (of all people) Clark Gable, and crash after shattering crash.

The vast majority, however, will find "Test Pilot" exciting, even absorbing, entertainment. I did myself. There were moments that embarrassed me, as when the stunt flier started raving about his wife's rival, the girl in blue up in the sky, and the stern tussles he had with her, and how she had to smack or be smacked. And it didn't help when Myrna Loy took up the theme with a suggestion that she could wear blue, too. All, as you perceive, very pathetic, in a J. M. Barrie way.

These whimsies apart, "Test Pilot" is slashing entertainment, fit to rank with such outstanding air pictures as "Wing" and "Hell's Angels." It tells a good story with pace and punch, there is any amount of effective comedy, the acting is first-rate, and the flying sequences are terrific.

Credit for the special camera work is given to Slavko Vorkapich—a name to conjure with if you happen to be a good conjuror. Nothing more technically brilliant has ever been seen on the screen. In one sequence the test pilot does a terrific power dive, deliberately tears the wings off his plane, and at the last second jumps free with his parachute.

On another flight the jamming of a stabiliser causes the plane to spin like a top, the ballast tears away and pins the mechanic in his seat, and there follow seconds of agonising suspense, that seems like hours, as the pilot tosses bag after bag overboard and the plane whirls giddily nearer the earth. Compared with this the little matter of finishing the last 15 miles of a race with the plane on fire seems all in the day's work.

Clark Gable makes a convincing figure of the pilot, outwardly tough and happy-go-lucky,

inwardly living on his nerves and finding relief in wild sprees. For versatility and depth it is easily the best performance of his career.

The same might be said of Myrna Loy. She, too, has a chance to portray a human being for a change, and her dramatic ability will surprise many people who know her only as a wise-cracker.

Best of all, though, is Spencer Tracy. His character study of the mechanic, laconic, faithful and lovable, is the most magnificent bit of acting ever given us by the greatest actor on the screen—considerably better, because more in character, than his Portuguese fisherman in "Captain Courageous," which won him last year's Academy Award.

—Cambell Dixon in The Daily Telegraph, London.

"ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS" (Regent, coming)

Although there is supposed to be a kinship between the Gaels and the Gauls, we must confess a certain qualm over the realization that one James Kevin McGuinness has been writing the new adventures of Maurice Le Blanc's Arsene Lupin. James K. McGuinness would have been blunt enough, but James Kevin McGuinness! Now, what would a name like that be doing with M. Le Blanc's M. Lupin? Mr McGuinness is revealed to have done plenty, all with literary license and a glib appreciation of thief-meets-thief melodrama.

What with the script and the casting department, Melvyn Douglas's Lupin is considerably less and considerably more than M. Le Blanc might have desired. Time has worked a change or two and Mr. McGuinness has worked several. Arsene is blond this year, reformed, retired to country estate where he raises pigs and terriers, more English than French (it might have been Mr. McG's revenge) and just a wee fraction more alert than Warren William's American detective. In uncovering the culprit who stole the De Grissac emeralds, the two submerge their rivalry in a glorious burst of Franco-American teamwork. Only the Prefect of police and the audience are discomfited. Who'd have guessed that—stole the baubles?

As a combination who-dun-it and who-got-the-jools enterprise, it is fairer than most in its presentation of clues—the significant ones always excepted—and more fortunate than most in its cast. Mr. Douglas may not be the Lupin we used to read about, but he is a nice chap. Virginia Bruce seems to enjoy having him as a leading man and he does a few card and coin tricks passably well. Mr. William, of course, remains Mr. William, with sideburns, a brisk stride and a long, equine jaw. And scattered about, decoratively and otherwise, are such people as John Halliday, Nat Pendleton, E. E. Clive, George Zucco, Tully Marshall and Vladimir Sokoloff. —New York Times

"OF HUMAN HEARTS" (Embassy, coming)

Fine acting by Walter Huston, Benlah Bondi and James Stewart in an effective story about an American backwoods pastor and his family. Marred by a bad ending, but still worth seeing.

"THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES" (Civic, coming)

There has never been a film of this type yet which was an unqualified success. Mr. Goldwyn's attempt to shatter the rule strikes a few hefty blows, and then collapses under its own weight.

"THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER" (Civic, coming)

"Hollywood has always been wildly extravagant in its use of talent, and largely because of this no surprise need be registered at finding Mr. William Powell in a comedy scarcely worth the telling. It is true that in "My Man Godfrey," Mr. Powell exhibited great skill in a part which took him permanently from the servants' hall to the drawing-room, but it is equally true that there were many well contrived situations in the comedy itself to help him. In this film, however, the situations serve only to obscure the one original idea—namely which the plot laboriously swings—the election of Johann Porok (Mr. Powell) as leader of the

opposition in a Parliament presided over by Porok's master, at least his master in the home. A neat situation and one which might well have justified the presence of Mr. Powell had it been considered ripe for elaboration. Mr. Powell, of course, marries the daughter of his master (Mlle. Annabella) and so brings discord to both the political bench and the domestic fireplace." —The Times, London

"THE JOY OF LIVING" (Civic, showing)

Some time ago, when "The Awful Truth" was enjoying its initial success and when "The Joy of Living" was in production, Miss Irene Dunne told an interviewer she did not want to appear in any more comedies. I can now understand why.

"SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT" (Majestic, season ended)

"Because James Cagney is in it, "Something to Sing About" has something to sing about.

Cagney, in my opinion, is one of the few, perhaps half a dozen, real screen artists of America. He will never, I am sure, be a popular darling. He has no striking charms. He has grace, but it is invested in a short, stocky figure. He has humour, but his face is square and homely. He has a curious delicacy, almost a refinement, of gesture, but his parts call mainly for fighting and slugging. He is too small for authority, too tough for sympathy, and too honest for heroics. He's just an actor. Like Spencer Tracy and Gary Cooper, and few other men that I know on the American screen, he can incarnate a human being straight, without "character," without make-up, and without mugging.

In the present film he plays a dance-band leader who goes to Hollywood to become a film star. He doesn't like it. Who, with wit, would? He flies back to New York, and takes up his old job as band leader. That, oddly enough, seems to satisfy him. The film suffers from an underplus of Cagney. What Cagney there is, is fine." —The Observer, London.

"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY" (Roxy, season ended)

Since Miss Mae West insists on writing her own stories for the screen, and since somebody, presumably the Hays office, is equally insistent on taking the characteristic quality of Miss Mae West out of them, there is really little left in a Mae West picture these days but a series of undulations.

Firmly upholstered in some good furnishing material, and flanked by three eminent comedians and a leading man, Miss West, as Peaches O'Day, actress of the Nineties, curves from north to south of the picture, and again from west to east, taking in all the intermediate points of the compass.

Sometimes as a blonde, sometimes as a brunette, lips slightly apart to show those magnificent teeth, hips swaying just enough to suggest business but not to pain the censor, she billows from pose to pose, leaving a trail of slapstick chaos behind her.

A graph, really, is the only review."

—C. A. Lejeune, in The Observer.

"ANGEL" (Mayfair, showing)

"The first moment that Miss Marlene Dietrich sweeps up to the reception desk of a Paris hotel in "Angel," you feel sure that you are looking at a mystery woman. It is something about the highlight on her lip-rouge, or the way her eyes peek from side to side, or simply the dashing way in which she tosses off the signature 'Mrs. Brown' in the register. You know, of course, that she isn't Mrs. Brown. Nobody could be. But beyond that she has you diddled. You've no idea who in the world she might be this time, except Miss Marlene Dietrich, the film star. A Scarlet Empress perhaps, or a Blonde Venus, an international spy or just an honest little American girl working her way through college. As a matter of fact, she is the wife of an English Cabinet Minister, currently engaged in representing his country at Geneva.

"It is Mr. Melvyn Douglas, whom she meets in Paris at a gaming-house, who thinks up the cosy name of 'Angel' for Miss Dietrich. As an upper class Englishman recently returned from Government service in India, he would have these bright thoughts, naturally. Quite naturally, too, and with a well-bred charm that robs the idea of any crudeness, he suggests that they should 'get together for the evening.' A perambulating violinist plays for them, tenderly, suggestively, right in the ear-drum. Under his influence Miss Dietrich inclines

(Continued on Page 13.)

PALE, HITLER!

Bishop Galen was preaching in his Münster Cathedral about the necessity of the Church taking part in the education of the young. A uniformed Nazi in the Church rose and shouted an objection.

"What do you know of the young; you people who have no wife and children?"

The bishop calmed replied, "I will not stand for derogatory remarks about Fuehrer Hitler in this house."—The *Liguorian*.

(Continued from Page 12.)

cates that they might meet again, and elope, next Wednesday, at five-thirty. It is Paris, mon dieu, and cinema, and spring.

"The next day, in England, Sir Frederick Barker, brilliant statesman, fresh from his round-table conquest of twenty-one nations, arrives home from Geneva. The papers are full of it. There is nothing else in the evening editions. Crowned with a weary charm that only Mr. Herbert Marshall can achieve, he returns to his country seat just outside London. A real regular English home it is, just like yours or mine, or Mr. Anthony Eden's, with a Great Dane on the hearthrug, yards of mullion round the windows, and Miss Marlene Dietrich sleeping in the best bedroom. Only, just to remind you that this is an important picture, Miss Dietrich, in swansdown, presently tiptoes in to her husband with a telegram. He reads it, and frowns, looking frightfully political. "What's worrying you, darling?" asks Miss Dietrich. "Is it France?" "No," says Mr. Marshall briefly, "Jugo-Slavia." "Oh," replies Miss Dietrich, with a whole leading article in the inflection, "I see."

"The problem of Jugo-Slavia being settled, presumably, by breakfast time, life at Barker Hall resumes its proper serenity. The Cabinet is quiescent.

"Since it is essential, by this time, that Mr. Melynn Douglas should come back into the story, Mr. Marshall meets him, quite by accident, at Lord Davington's place after luncheon. Finding that one was called Snooky and the other Poochy by the same Paris sempstress during the war, they just naturally get together. Mr. Marshall asks Mr. Douglas to luncheon next day at Barker Hall. That's natural, too, and Etonian.

"They have veal for lunch that day, at the great reunion. Angel, Lady Barker, doesn't eat veal, but she carries off the reunion superbly. No tan eyelash flickers when she is left alone with Mr. Douglas. 'Angel,' he murmurs. 'I don't understand you,' she replies, with that savoir faire that is only learnt in Downing-street and Hollywood. 'The lampshade may be blue,' he whispers, wildly and irrelevantly, 'but when you light it up, it's the greenest green in the world. I'll be waiting for you in Paris at 5.30 on Wednesday.' 'I shall not be there,' says Miss Dietrich firmly. Meanwhile, Mr. Marshall is on the telephone to the Foreign Office. His face is again grimly political. 'Anderson?' he listens. 'Dear, dear, what's the trouble? Oh, t-t-t-t.'

"'I'm afraid,' says Mr. Marshall, sadly, to his wife over the whisky, 'that I shall have to go back to Geneva.' 'Can't Anderson do it?' 'He could, of course, but—' Miss Dietrich is huffed at this. She has been counting, God knows why, on a second honeymoon in a little place in Vienna, up six flights of stairs and no elevator. That seems heaven to her, after the Barker place, and somehow terribly, psychologically important. 'O, very well,' she says in a pique. 'If we can't go to Vienna, take me with you as far as Paris. I haven't bought any clothes in ages.' 'I'll do a bit of shopping,' she seems to hint, like any suburban housewife. Just drop me off at the Rue de la Paix and I'll make my own way home.

"In the end it's the manager of Croydon Airport who tips Mr. Marshall off to the domestic situation. In a scene that is all English and stiff upper lip, the three meet in the gaming-house in Paris. Nothing is said that can be regretted. Nothing is said that can even be remembered. Angel, Lady Barker, and Sir Frederick Barker entrain for their inadequate hotel in Vienna, leaving Mr. Douglas repentant and the English Cabinet to go to the devil.

"This film was directed and produced by Ernst Lubitsch, who, in all his long career in Germany and America, has only made two bad pictures. One of them was 'Eternal Love,' a mountain melodrama of the silent days, with John Barrymore in a funny hat, and property rocks the size of elephants."

—C. A. Lejeune, in *The Observer*, London.

THE OPEN FORUM

CURRENT STUDENT OPINION

(CONDUCTED BY DON JOHN.)

(Students are cordially invited to air their views on each and every subject in "The Open Forum." All points of view will be accepted, but must not be taken by readers to be the opinion of "Craccum" or of the University, but of individuals. Articles should be as brief as possible, and addressed to "Don John.")

WILL JAPAN SUCCEED?

THE FUTURE OF THE WAR

The undeclared war in China is entering its second year. Announced as merely a punitive expedition, it has become the Japanese nation's main task and possibly may develop into a struggle for Japan's very existence. Putting aside moral considerations of whether the war was a result of Japanese wickedness or Chinese insults we may here examine objectively the course and possible outcome of the struggle.

Japan has won nearly every important battle while not herself suffering crippling casualties. So far she has been able to keep her armies up to strength without withdrawing man power from her vital industries. Popular discontent has not been at all widespread in spite of higher taxation and a lowered standard of living. But the ominous financial position and the economic weakness due to an unfavourable trade balance, heavy debt burden and excessive taxation detract from Japan's power.

OPPOSITION FROM THE WEST

Besides these difficulties Japan finds herself faced by a "Front" of Powers more united than during any of her previous pushes in China. England and America fear that, as in Manchuria, the "Open Door" would serve to squeeze their interests out. Dangers in Europe prevented any radical action, but made it all the more necessary for the sake of prestige not to submit silently. Japan's claim to be protector of the Far East against future Bolshevik dangers remains unheeded in other countries or is heard with polite disbelief. The attitude of China towards Western Powers, in spite of their refusals of direct assistance in her struggle, seems to have changed sufficiently to make prospects of future co-operation considerably brighter. In addition, American and European capital investments in China depend almost entirely upon the continued existence of China as a separate nation. It is believed in Japan to-day that from the end of 1939, when England's rearmament programme will be to a certain extent completed, she will give considerably more drastic expression to her points of difference with Japan. The United States appear now to have abandoned their former intention of withdrawing from the Philippines. While the fortification, in agreement with England, of the Dutch East Indies have made it clear that Japan will have a potential opponent in Holland.

TRADE CONSIDERATIONS

So much for future fears. No one believes that economic sanctions would be adopted against Japan, but the fact that such measures have been even discussed shows that there is a tide of feeling rising, hostile to Japan. To-day Japan's rivals in trade have new weapons in their hands in the form of increased political opposition to the present extent and future expansion of Japanese trade. Many American and English merchants hesitate to order Japanese goods that are clearly recognisable as such. It is a debated point whether in the past British finance has been Japan's greatest ally or not. To-day, however, reports from London show that the discount market, which formerly financed the greater part of Japan's exports, is showing a certain reluctance in discounting bills, even if only on account of the market's opinion of Japan's financial position.

Never before has Japan penetrated so far into Britain's sphere of influence. To-day she supervises with her warships all sea traffic off the coast of South China. She has occupied the island of Pratas, near Hongkong, a British Crown Colony, and she has bombarded the island of Hainan, lying between the two British naval bases of Hong Kong and Singapore. Britain and France have protested against any

occupation of Hainan Island, while France has herself occupied the Paracel Islands to forestall any possible Japanese attempt.

OBSTACLES TO JAPANESE VICTORY

Any victory for Japan is dependent on the continued non-intervention in active warfare of the other powers interested in China. It is possible that if affairs in Europe were settled that Russia would intervene. Since, however, European appeasement seems so far off as ever, this may be regarded as remote. Japan's recent activities in South China indicate that she is determined to prevent munitions reaching the Chinese armies from that direction. If she were successful in this she would have gone a long way towards achieving a decisive military result.

But the very fact that China is not a highly organised nation in the European sense makes Japan's task more difficult. She may detach provinces and defeat Chinese armies without effecting any final destruction of the central Chinese Government or of the deep-seated opposition to her ambitions. China's disunity is both her curse and her strength. From time to time the Japanese Government announces that it does not wish to fight against China, that it is not carrying on a war, but that it wishes rather to pursue a policy of moderation with the sole aim of destroying Communism and collaborating with China and, in a general way, with the people of the Far East. Such declarations have made little impression on the Chinese who believe that time is on their side, and that the longer the war lasts the smaller become the chances of a victory for the Japanese. China will not be much worse off if she is defeated, Japan must be victorious or collapse. —D.J.F.

THE MIDDLE COURSE

"I laugh hugely," Salazar once said to an interviewer, "when I heard talk of the 'Right' and the 'Left.' In fact, I think those words mean nothing at all. For my part, if you tell me that the Right stands for social discipline, for authority, for unity of direction—then I am of the Right. But if you tell me that the Left means an attempt to improve conditions of the life of the people, to admit them to the cares of government, to raise their standard of comfort and education—then gladly am I of the Left. But the truth is, in my opinion, at least, that there are no rights and lefts to-day; there are only plans of government, more or less practicable, that are either tried out or not. If they are carried out for the greatest good of the country, then a national work is done, and all the rights and lefts that there may be are put aside."—(Michael Derrick in "The Portugal of Salazar.")

THE MAN IN THE STREET

The characteristic trait of the Mediocre Man in his deference to current opinion. He never speaks, he repeats. He judges a man according to social and economic position, his success, his wealth. He has the highest respect for those who are widely known, regardless of what they are known for; his idols are those currently in the public prints. He would pay court to his most cruel enemy if this enemy were suddenly to become celebrated; but he does not care much about even his closest friends as long as they remain uneulogized by anyone. It is not possible for him to believe that a man might very well be a genius and yet obscure, poor and unknown. — Ernest Hello in "The Light of the East."



Dear Aunt Alice,

When Samuel P. chose to ridicule the Field Club Camp I judged that the Field Club could take it. Our membership lists are always so full that we could always do without Samuel P. without any financial, social, and, need I say it, academic loss to the Club.

When, however, Old Thor chose to champion our Club's cause he did so in a way which I must officially deplore. The lack of taste shown in his reference to the camp of our kindred society demands from me a statement that he is, I trust and believe, far from typical of our members in his attitude, and an indication of my shame that anyone should stoop so low in defence of the Club.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES FLEMING,
Student Chairman A.U.C. Field Club.

In reply Aunt Alice would say, firstly, that while preserving very strictly the anonymity of her correspondents she takes full responsibility for all letters published in her columns; secondly, that if she thought that anything which appeared there had hurt anyone's feelings she would be the first to apologise. But she feels it only fair to state that no complaint at all has been received from the S.C.M., who are after all the more interested body.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

I would fain seek your advice concerning a certain rather delightful damsel who has been taking more than usual notice of me lately during English lectures—obviously taken by the unusual excellence of my manly qualities (also I suspect, by my rather snappy taste in ties which has been remarked upon more than once).

At any rate, Aunt A., the problem is this: How to engineer a sort of accidental meeting in some quiet place so as I can get to know her. That may not sound very hard, but you see she is rather retiring, doesn't come to coffee evenings, at least I've never seen her there—and she might shy at anything in the way of direct advances. But still she looks rather a nice child—small, dark, lovely hair, mouth—sorry. I'd better stop and leave it to you Auntie. I only hope the old firm will be equal to the occasion.

Yours,
DAVID.

Reply: If I wasn't equal to an occasion like this I think I would crawl backwards from the basement up to the clock tower. Study the lady, my boy, study the lady. If she goes to the Classical Society, you go too; if she's in

the Music Club, join to-morrow. Get to know as many of her friends as possible and just wait all the time for your chance. But if you haven't the patience for this I would resort to deeper strategy. Some time when she is not looking extract a book from her bag. Then return it at a suitable place and time saying that you found it lying around in the library. I think this will be all the opening you want.

Aunt Alice.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

I know it's dreadful of me only being a fresher and everything, but could you please spare me a little room to answer a problem of mine. There is a boy in the English class who spends most of the lectures looking at me—at least I think it's me—and I'd rather like to know what he's like; he seems quite a nice boy except that he wears the most horrid ties and I know it sounds dreadful of me but you'll understand, being a woman and probably much more experienced than I am. Do you think you could suggest a way I could meet him, sort of by accident, somewhere away from the others because I'd so like to know what he's like.

Yours in anticipation,

LIANA.

Reply: I have answered quite a few queries of this sort before and I really feel quite justified in referring you to one or two of those previous masterpieces. However, I know how difficult the old numbers often are to get hold of. I feel that the following combination of ingenuity, simplicity and daring should be more than adequate for your purposes. Arrange matters so that the next time he is in the safe you are there too. Wait till he is sitting down, then walk behind his chair, trip over it and tip a pot of coffee down his neck, or better over one of his ties. The next few minutes you will find will take care of themselves. I would, however, reserve the real apology for a quieter moment, when it could be accompanied by a new and suitably chosen tie. If you lack the nerve for this, some time when he is not locking I would extract a book from his bag. Then return it at a convenient occasion, saying that you found it lying around in the library. And if you can't make an impression one way or another, then my name's not

Aunt Alice.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

Rather a difficult problem, mine, but I have complete confidence in your ability to solve it. You know the shelters the Stud. Ass. are at last putting up along our cloisters? Well, one of the workmen has got the loveliest brown eyes and is altogether charming. He seems to quite like me, too. But unfortunately we can't seem able to get to the speaking stage. It's easy enough to manufacture excuses, to go along the cloisters, and he always smiles at me when I pass, but I can't keep on indefinitely like a dancing jack or whatever those things are. And there's always someone else around and we never get a moment alone. I

feel sure that if we could only manage that, the rest will be hunky-dory.

Now, Aunt Alice, what is the answer to this one?

JOAN.

Reply: Seems easy enough to me. All you have to do is to be up here around 8 a.m. when the workmen start. You can bet your bottom dollar that there will be no Varsity students about at that hour, always provided that there hasn't been a coffee evening the night before, or the Hongis haven't been having their meeting, or that no one's been getting over a heavy night.

Aunt Alice.

CLASSICAL SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

LITERARY CLUB MEETING

Another successful Lit. Club meeting was held on Tuesday, 14th June, in the Women's Common Room. Professor Cooper read a paper on the classical spirit in literature and with copious quotation pointed out how maligned the spirit of the ancients has been; how widely Pope and his satellites missed the mark in what we are pleased to call the classical period of English literature. His attitude can be felt, if not understood, when you contemplate his statement that Milton and Shakespeare are the two English writers who have come nearest to the classical spirit; of which, in drama, Aeschylus is more typical than Seneca who just happened to be accessible to the shallow scholars of the seventeenth century. Some keen discussion followed the paper, during which Professor Cooper had some interesting comments to make on the literature of our times. We are very grateful to him for his enlightening revelations—particularly as the ages of Pope and Johnson are the period set this year.

King George the Third

Ought never to have occurred.

One can only wonder

At such a grotesque blunder.

—E. C. Bentley.

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"Art who?"

"Artesian."

"Yes, I know Artesian well."

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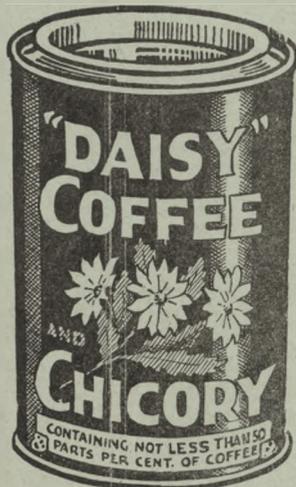
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