

CRACCUM

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The Salient Case

ONE UP TO FASCISM?

"Salient," "Craccum's" counterpart at Victoria University College, has been banned by the College authorities. A.U.C. students who may be even remotely interested in the preservation of democratic freedom in this country should sit up and take notice.

"Salient" was first published in 1938, and since that time has been the recognized student paper at V.U.C. Control over it by the Students' Association executive is exercised through the publications committee, and the appointment of the editor is regarded as one of the most responsible and important duties of the Association.

Due to the fact that at V.U.C. the most vocal and active group of students is the left-wing group, under the leadership of the Socialist Club, the political outlook of Salient has been, for the most part, left-wing. This is not to say that students of other views have no opportunity of publishing their opinion; Salient is a paper run by students for students, and all who wish to make use of its pages have the opportunity to do so. Take, for example, the articles "Student Opinion or Red Blanket," or "Pithy," in the issue of March 16, or "Inspecting a Spectre" in issue of August 10 of this year.

Political articles are only a small part of the writing that appears in Salient. The greater part is made up of such contributions as comments on world events, articles on student activities, reviews, letters to the Editor, interviews with people of interest, and so on. For example, the paper has recently been running a series of articles on the position of negro students in American Universities. The issue of August 10 published an interview with a Jewish citizen who is returning to Israel to help rebuild his homeland. Several articles have appeared on such issues as the Lysenko controversy.

As far as politics goes, however, Salient has, over a number of years, given space to left-wing material. This has resulted in the paper's being dubbed a "red rag" by numbers of unthinking people, including, I am sorry to say, some A.U.C. students. Others have taken the attitude that a University students' paper should not associate itself with "communist views." An ironical comment is provided by a writer in an early issue of this year:—

"Some people disapprove of Salient showing an interest in the affairs of the world. The great ideological struggle that is raging outside the walls of our

brick tower is of no conceivable interest to us. We can afford to ignore it, and retire into our absolute standards of philosophical truth, our fossils of classical literature, and our life-cycles of periwinkles—but we must not allow anything so vital as Socialism to intrude."

Last issue Craccum published a short article on the Salient case, which found Salient in the wrong. Here is an answer presenting the other side of the position.

On more than one occasion in the past Salient has been "put on the mat" by the College authorities for the publication of views on controversial matters of which they did not approve. On all such occasions the Students' Association has stood firmly behind the paper. General meetings of the Association have been called, and in every case to date the actions of Salient have been upheld by the meeting. (Here it is interesting to note that a few years ago when Craccum was suspended for making derogatory remarks in connection with Professor Fitt, V.U.C. Students' Association held a special meeting and offered to support Craccum by printing it at V.U.C.)

Salient has always backed up student activities and campaigns. Apart from the publicity given to such regular events as Tournament and (now) Congress, considerable space has been diverted to such matters as the Building Fund for the proposed new students' building, improvements of facilities for the Library and so on. The latest example of this was an editorial criticising the management of Weir House (the men's hostel) where conditions have been extremely unsatisfactory for some time. This article, entitled "Belly Rumbles in Weir," was one of those which provoked the wrath of the Professorial Board in the present dispute.

The other article, which finally decided the Board to ban Salient, was one which appeared in the issue of July 27, entitled "Our Heritage Reviewed." It is a review of, and commentary on, the history of V.U.C., written by Dr. Beaglehole. According to the V.U.C. Professorial Board, this article will "bring the college

into disrepute." I quote part of the offending remarks:

"The College Council gave him a difficult assignment. He could have very well produced a kind of academic 'Social Cocktails' on the one hand, or a paraphrase of the College Calendar on the other. He chose instead to give us a true history, balanced, philosophical, and amusing. Consider the difficulties. Just what is Victoria College to be proud of after 50 years? Is it to be congratulated or blamed for Sir David Smith, Sir Bernard Freyberg, and Mr. Will Appleton? . . . Sir Bernard tells the people that anyone in N.Z. who doesn't agree with the social opinions of himself and his lady is a foreigner, while in his ten thousand speeches his Worship has never given cause for the slightest suspicion that he has ever come in contact with an institution of higher learning. . . As Dr. Beaglehole says truly 'There is nothing in the College's record of which its men and women have the right to feel proud?'"

These remarks, and the fact that Salient has dared to criticise conditions at the students' hostel, have resulted in the banning of the paper on the grounds that "it will bring the College into disrepute." Can the authorities not stand up to a little honest criticism? Will they not admit that conditions at Weir House should be improved? Are they so dependent upon the good opinion of the Governor-General and a politician that they feel obliged to defend these gentlemen from any adverse remarks that may be made by students? Or is it that the College authorities are disturbed by Salient's policy of expressing left-wing views, and of backing up the Students' Association in such matters as affiliation to the World Federation of Democratic Truth, and of giving space to controversial matters such as conscription? Are the authorities upset by such activities of the students as taking part in peace demonstrations, and is Salient being used as a scape-goat?

What must be realised is that the banning of Salient is not an isolated incident. It must be viewed against the general background of events in N.Z. today. To those who studied the rise of fascism in Germany and Italy, such events as a one-sided referendum, the prohibition of street meetings, the dismissal of public servants for political reasons, the hamstringing of the trade-union movement by the State, and the banning of a newspaper, fall into a familiar pattern.

—F. H. BAKER.

LET US NOT BE GLOOMY

This is your last issue of *Craccum* for 1949. Come to think of it, the exams are not such a long way away either. The last week or so of really hot weather has given promise of an early, scorching summer. Most of us will be through with degree by the middle of November; what then? Some will take up their permanent jobs right away, or after a brief rest, anyway. Then again others will be seeking employment in wool stores, on wharves, and in factories for the duration of the vacation, to earn enough potatoes to see them through the next year; and there are still others who are merely looking forward to getting over degree so they can "go on the bash" or go away to National Park or something like that. Those who are leaving this year do not feel sad. With the finals coming up they haven't the time. But you can be sure they are not as happy as they used to think they would be. Some of us may remember, if we like to be honest, saying perhaps in our second year, "I'll be glad when I get out of this joint. No more worries." Some of us too, may remember the term we left school, and some well-meaning old man told us that we must not think we had finished our education because our school days were over. Now, preparing to leave University, those of us who are leaving are

forced to admit that at College we lead a relatively secluded life; to a considerable extent we are out of touch with the world. It is none the less true for us that our education, regardless of academic qualifications, begins only when we go down the front steps of the main entrance for the last time, than it is for self-conscious sixth-formers regretfully leaving secondary school.

All this has not got us very far. We can only agree that life begins at 40. In the meantime "let us not be gloomy because we are not older; time enough to be gloomy that we are not younger."

FREEDOM

Talking of younger things, I spent a profitable half-hour in the Art Gallery to-day. In case you did not know about it, there is an exhibition of children's art on. If you want to relax for a few minutes it might be an idea to whip in and have a look around. There are some truly remarkable exhibits down there, but the best feature of all is the general freedom of everything. There are horses at a race meeting with muscles rippling, there are finger-dabbled waves leaping at you from the walls, there are strangely concrete abstractions like Fear and Anger. There has been no restraint either in the selection of themes — though in fact a good many are highly con-

ventional—nor in the treatment. But you can get in there and lose yourself in astonishment that such general talent should exist, and when you come out you might even feel happier.

ORIENTATION

When you first came to University did you wander around in a daze for two or three weeks, wondering what it was all about? So did I. I bet you got pretty well fed up with everything and thought people were a pain in the neck. I bet they thought you were a pain in the neck too. If you were like me, you did not know much about how about a University ran, what made the wheels go round. This year there was an Orientation Week, by means of which Freshers were broken in gradually, so that when the term proper started they knew more or less exactly what they were doing and where they were going. In 1950 a similar week is going to be held, only more so. There will, we hope, be even less confusion than ever; but the settling down of the freshers is largely in your hands. Perhaps this is a bit early to be speaking of Term 1, 1950, but it is worth bearing in mind over the vacation that you were once a fresher yourself, and would have been grateful for help and advice in college matters.

... EDITOR

DID YOU KNOW:—

- * That we had 119 students, one warden, 10 staff and Owen Lewis?
- * That Mr. Crowley, Croley, Croly, Crawley mentioned in the daily papers is our Warden?
- * That slacks do not suit 99% of the women at O'Rorke?
- * That most of our girls were bonny babies (babes) before they came to O'Rorke?
- * That we had 19 bashers and one pianist in the House?
- * That three O'Rorkians were selected for Junior rep. trials?
- * That our youthful team won at least six games this football season?
- * That one of our lassies doesn't wear make-up?
- * That no derogatory remarks have been made about O'Rorke in the Press—yet.

ORORKODDITIES

- * That "Miss New Zealand" was one of our products and won nomination after a close contest from many O'Rorke girls?
- * That "Bobbie" still has a good reason for writing to the House?
- * That the children of O'Rorke have been adopted by several Rotary Clubs?
- * That although one of our number comes from Invercargill he assures us that his people are in business there?
- * That the "Wynyard Arms" and the "Globe" have enlarged their bars?
- * That 50% of O'Rorkians go to church on Sunday?
- * That the little boy running around our grounds does not come from O'Rorke or Alameda?

- * That one of the finest views of Auckland Harbour can be seen across our washing lines?
 - * That we have yet to break our tenth window?
 - * That the Hostel canteen is not yet wet despite Clare's efforts?
 - * That the Symonds Street flats now lock the roof door at nights?
 - * That the noise of one hundred and twenty students eating at the top of their voices has to be heard to be believed?
 - * That A. R. D. Fairburn suggested for our motto "Per ardua ad aspro"?
 - * That Mr. J. Reid told us of his education in a jam factory?
 - * If Lillian's Gracey or Lesley Black?
- C.P.W.

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THE U.S. TODAY

Notes from an Address given by Mr. R. M. Chapman, to I.R.C.

THE Truman election was the only surprising presidential election since the 1840's. The Press, the public opinion pollsters and the political forecasters all predicted defeat for Mr. Truman. The election was also the first for some time to be fought on a programme. Saying what you will do when you get in is not usual in U.S. presidential elections. Mr. Truman's programme, the Fair Deal, seems to have appealed to three groups of people, the trade unionists, the negroes and the farmers.

The Fair Deal is basically the same as the New Deal, a little pragmatic humanitarianism, but mainly the belief that the U.S. is a mature economy and that State investment is needed to increase purchasing power in order that the internal market can absorb more of the mounting output of U.S. producers. The problem is best attacked by helping the poor, by housing loans and by anti-inflation measures.

The Fair Deal had a bad start. Congress met while Truman was on holiday. Civil rights came up first, and there was certain to be stiff opposition. "The Administration thought, perhaps, that it could get the worst over first." There was a filibuster. Senators have the right to speak for as long as they like unless the Senate votes the closure. In this case not only was the closure not applied, but also the Senate amended the laws of filibustering so that it is now twice as hard as formerly to have a debate cut short. Thus the Civil Rights Bill was talked out of existence. Mr. Wherry, the "Merry Mortician"—so called because he is a burier of bills—managed to put up a harmless compromise that ended the filibuster.

The next victim was the Rent Control Bill that was passed in a mutilated form. A 15% increase in rents was allowed in all states except the District of Columbia (where the Senators live while Congress is in session). The deflationary Regulation "W" that Mr. Truman wanted kept in force was then dropped.

The President, back from holiday and rather worried over the fate of his election programme, attacked the "little group of ruthless men" who opposed his housing programme and distorted his housing cost estimates. Low rent encourage indolence and shiftlessness, howled the opposition. That's a "hoary old chestnut," replied the President. Senator Cox and an octogenarian exchanged abuse and blows. In the House of Representatives an amendment to kill all reference to low rent housing was defeated by only five votes in 413. Finally a housing bill was passed. It is hoped that 110,000 houses will be built each year for seven years. Of 24 major Fair Deal measures this was the only one that came through Congress in a healthy state. Most of them were killed during the perilous passage.

Reviewing the sectional interests that either pull the Senate hither and thither, or else, through the balance of forces, immobilise it, Mr. Chapman mentioned the farmers and the real estate men. The

last-named almost prevented the passage of the low rent housing programme, while the farmers have been able to maintain a state of affairs in which the consumer pays the farmer both in high prices and in government subsidies.

Mr. Truman wanted the Taft-Hartley Bill drastically altered. This was the measure that, by banning the closed shop and political spending by unions, and by making unions liable for condemned practices, had aroused so much anti-Republican feeling in 1948. One hundred and three of the Congressmen who had voted for the bill had been defeated in the elections. There was still a majority of the bill's supporters in both houses, however. Senator Taft predicted that the new bill to which Mr. Truman was committed, would be altered until it embodied two-thirds of the Taft-Hartley provisions. It was so. A proposal to re-enact the Wagner Act (a New Deal measure relatively favourable to "labour") was decisively defeated in the House. Taft then had the Senate adopt an amendment that was the Taft-Hartley Bill with 27 minor amendments.

There is no dominant group in the Senate. The four main groups are the Tory Republicans, the Moderate Republicans, the Dixiecrats and the Fair Dealers. The Senate has refused to pass bills the President had promised his supporters. The President can veto legislation he dislikes.

Because of this deadlock, labour is endeavouring to get a "piecemeal Fair Deal" by negotiation. The trade unions, more particularly the C.I.O. ones, are demanding wage increases from employers who can afford to give them. "Labour is always better prepared with facts and figures than management."

So far labour's demands have been moderate. The officials of a C.I.O. textile union were told not to ask for wage increases because the industry could not afford them. On the other hand the steel and automobile industries could afford them. C.I.O. statisticians decided that the auto industry could raise wages by 70 cents a day and still pay an 8% dividend. The auto workers' union therefore demanded a 42 cents' increase. Even so, the demand was not for a single-figure increase but for an increase to meet cost of living, health insurance, and pension payments." Such a demand is harder to refuse than a simple we-want-more-wages one.

The trade union leaders in the U.S. seem to feel it is their interest to help preserve industrial and commercial

prosperity. A slump would put millions out of work.

How is the economy? Is a slump likely? The U.S. economy is a prosperous one and seems fairly stable. The prices of stocks were down at the end of June; but they have risen since. Production indices have shown a tendency to fall since the peak month of November, 1948; but prices are a little lower also. Although there are four million unemployed there are far more jobs filled than ever before (nearly sixty million); and some Americans think there will be 7½ million new jobs to be filled in the next seven years. We must not forget that the population of the U.S.A. is about 140,000,000 and that some of the unemployed are practically unemployable, while many more are temporarily out of work either voluntarily or because they are seasonal workers. Savings amount to \$200,000,000,000. The "productivity" of a worker in the U.S. is four times that of one in Great Britain. (See Mr. Chapman). The economy does not show evidence of the speculation and the hire-purchase mania it exhibited in 1929.

U.S. foreign policy continues to be concerned with helping "free peoples"; and Congress is willing to vote considerable sums that this may be done. The U.S. leaders pursue a policy that has two aspects, combating the spread of Communism and helping American businessmen to control raw materials and export markets.

In Asia the combating of Communism is probably the major aim. According to "Time"—often an accurate indicator of official policy—it is no use squandering money on aid to the kind of anti-communists who cannot make the aid effective.

If the U.S. goes into Asia, "it has to go in with both feet, with money and authority, with the will a help Asians build their own free societies and with the responsibility of preventing them from committing national suicide under the strains of that painful process." (Sic!) The Chinese Nationalist Government has been committing national suicide. "Its absurd raids on Shanghai by a poltroonish air force can only have the effect of making more and more Chinese turn towards the Communists."

In Italy the economic considerations are probably the most important ones. "Time" quotes from Ignacio Salone's "Fontamara," an anti-Fascist novel: "At the head of it all is God, Lord of Heaven.

Then comes Prince Torlonia, lord of earth;
Then comes the armed guard of Prince Torlonia;
Then come the hounds of the armed guard of Prince Torlonia;
Then nobody else . . .
And still nobody else . . .
And still again nobody else;
Then come the farmers."

"Time" adds that now in Italy the prince still comes first, and after him the guard, and after the guard the hounds, and after the hounds the jeeps, "which circle Fricino day and night."

—N.M.T.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE AND BELINDA

IT is not often that Hollywood has the courage to satirize itself, and when it is done as effectively as Preston Sturges has done it in *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* commendation is called for. Preston Sturges is now generally recognised as the Hollywood master of slapstick which has come a long way since the custard pie throwing sequences of Chaplin.

The B.B. from B.B. has all the elements of the real two-fisted, straight-shooting, hard-drinking, gun-fighting, wild-western that motion picture advertisements in our daily papers have led us to expect. Never before in the history of film-making has there been a gal with a better eye and steadier hand than beautiful eye-filling Betty Grable. Except of course when she is shooting at some impossibly-named judge of the Federal Circuit Court. She always hits him in the wrong place. The ease with which she literally shoots down her two lovers is a joy to behold. The opening scenes in the saloon and in its salons would have delighted the heart of Mae West herself.

Sturges, however, has been a little more subtle than merely to satirize the western. In the church scene, when Betty gangs up with Rudy Vallee to give a tear-jerking rendition of "Roaming in the Gloaming," there is a satire upon satire. Those who saw *Cluny Brown* will probably be able to recall the sequence when the chemist plays the organ for Cluny. Here we see the same kind of drip making himself foolish in the same kind of way, and getting away with it. Well at least he possesses a gold mine, which helps to bring the tender love-light into Miss Gable's calculating eye. The big gun-battle is the real highlight. This is a real bang-on smack-up where the same man gets killed four or five times and then crawls back to where he came from to continue the fight. The final hilarious court scene, in putting us back at the beginning of the film merely serves to show that the old westerns will

be back whether we like it or not. If Preston Sturges backs it we will like it very much.

The "N.Z. Listener" of February 25th, contained a review of a notable Russian colour film, *The Stone Flower*. This film was described as being but "little short of perfection." It is a delightful fairy-tale which in its transference to the screen has retained its charming freshness. The most attractive aspect of this film, however, lies not in the story, but in the colour photography. A new colour process has been used, producing soft lustrous tones which harmonise subtly with the delicate atmosphere of the fable. *The Stone Flower* was awarded the first prize in colour photography at the Cannes Film Festival in 1946. When this film was screened privately in Wellington the theatre was not large enough to seat all those desiring admission, while in Christchurch it was screened three times to satisfy the public demand. The Auckland Film Society has arranged a private screening of the film on the night of October 9th at 7.30 p.m. It will be held at the Berkeley Theatre, Mission Bay. University students and their friends are cordially invited to this screening. Since seating accommodation will be limited admission will be only by invitation. Anyone desiring an invitation may obtain one through the Craccum film critic, or from Mr. J. C. Reid, A.U.C.; Mr. Colgan, Reference Dept., Public Library; Minerva Bookshop, Queen Street; Progressive Books, Derby Street.

P.S.—Please excuse the hyphens but this was a super-colossal show.

On the other hand, *The Three Musketeers*, despite the fact that it too, was in glorious technicolour, was a flop. The first scenes showed great promise. When D'Artagnan left home with his father's sword held in his hand and riding the

baker's dray-horse it seemed that we were about to be entertained with a glorious satire on those films which pirate the classics of literature and release them in the sentimental mood. At times this was refreshingly the case, as when the captain of the Cardinal's guard has his braces cut and loses his self-respect in consequence.

With the arrival of June Allyson, however, the film degenerates. As the passions become more complicated the film becomes more boring. Even the antics of Gene Kelly fail to revitalize the dull love-making which mars many hundred feet of otherwise quite good celluloid. The film failed because it tried to give everyone their full money's worth. It attempts to be humorous, amorous, thrilling and entertaining, but sinks into the category of pot-boilers on the way. If this film had been just a little more inspired in its direction it could have been a first-class piece of entertainment, but it drags heavily from sequence to sequence towards its blood-red finale. In fact, towards the end it became quite ghastly. The emotional demands made on the audience by the execution of the beautiful Miss Turner was just too much and made one person at least laugh at the absurdity of the whole film.

Johnny Belinda contained sufficient matter of intrinsic interest besides a beautifully subtle portrayal of a deaf and dumb girl by Jane Wyman, to retain the attention of the onlookers. The film as a whole, trembles throughout on the verge of the sentimental. It tends to degenerate into an overwrought exhibition of backblocks histrionics. This is particularly noticeable in the storm scene in which Belinda's father is so brutally murdered. However, Jane Wyman by her delicately-restrained performance gives the film a tenderness it hardly deserves.

Mourning becomes the critic who has endured the film version of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*.

—P.D.



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RED FOR SORROW

THE old man's dark, lined face was thoughtful as he watched the gathering shadows lengthen. Presently his ears caught a sound, and without turning his head he asked, "Well, my child? You seek my advice on some grave matter that concerns your happiness? Sit down on the dry bracken there."

The young Maori girl was beautiful. Her shiny black hair formed a halo for her finely-cut features that portrayed all the magnificence of her ancestry; a faint flush of colour was on her cheeks from the exertion of climbing. Her eyes were mirrored pools set in a dusky tranquility, and seemed to speak of wild bush country, battle, courage; of grassy slopes glistening in the morning dew; of scrub-covered swamps, and manuka growing in wild abundance on a mountain-side. When she spoke her voice had a haunting, husky quality not easily forgotten.

"Yes, I am in trouble."

The old man said nothing. He stared out over the wide territory he knew and loved.

She went on, "You are aware that Rangi, the hunter came to our settlement at this time last year. He desired then to marry me and I am sure that he loves me. He is looked upon by all with admiration, for he is handsome and vigorous. If I married him I would do well, for he would lavish upon me every care and consideration. He would give me fine things, for he is clever with his hands, and I would become the envy of all maidens. But soon my family, whom I love dearly, are moving north to the home of my dead father. Should I go with them, or marry my lover?"

She turned to the old man. His eyes were as untroubled as ever, and his wrinkled face gave no indication of his thoughts. For some time he remained silent, and then pulling his cloak over his frail shoulders, for the air was getting cooler as the day drew to a close, he spoke.

"My child," he said, "long have I waited for you to bring this problem to me. I have for some time perceived your trouble. You will have to make your own decision, but first I will relate to you an old story told to me by my mother. It is the story of the wise Rata tree.

"Long ago (the old man said) there lived together in a secluded part of the bush two beautiful trees. They had lived there for ever, and they loved their beautiful surroundings. Soft ferns grew beside a bubbling brook that wandered through the trees, and birds of beautiful plumage were there in plenty. The trees

were not lonely, but as day after day went past in unending procession, they began to think that life in that part of the bush was tedious. Above the green of the Kahikatea foliage could be seen a misty range of mountains, grey in the mornings, indefinite blue in the evenings. One night the trees decided to go over this range, for it was as if a secret voice was calling them, bidding them to adventure. The vision of the mountains wooed them and won them; and the following morning the trees said good-bye to their friends and strode off, following the stream. By evening they had not even reached the outskirts of the bush, but they were content, and they made camp and rested for the night. The next morning they again started early, and saw many delighting and enchanting things. They saw water springing from the side of a rock; they saw dark and fearsome caverns where the evil spirits lived; they saw cascades of water thundering down from gaunt slopes, and the grassy clearings in the forest where the faires played. These things they saw, and many others, but they are told of in another story.

"Soon they came to a high plateau and they knew that the end of their journey was not far distant, for they could see the vague blue haze that was the impassable sea. That far they would go they said, and no more.

"On the morning of the fourth day they stood on the slope of the far side of the range, and gazed with wondering eyes at the sight that spread before them.

"A broad plain cut up by rivers terminated in a fringe of thinly-distributed trees. Beyond that they could see the mad white surf sweeping the shore with methodical strokes. So the trees hurried forward with a new strength born of desire within them.

"They passed across the plain and they waded the rivers, and stalked easily through the coastline bush. Soon they felt softer soil beneath their feet, and upon crossing the sandhills they came gladly to the bubbling sea. Their feet were stiff and swollen, the waves were friendly and cool, and it was not long before they were induced to wade into the water that dashed happily around them; but one, the more observant tree was careful and immediately away to dry land. His companion wanted to linger and feel the sand caressing his tired feet. His more careful companion waited patiently for him on the beach offering remonstrations. But his silly friend laughed and spoke to him contemptuously, for there was no apparent danger. But when at last he became weary of the sport, and wished to join his lifelong companion, who meant peace of

mind, security, happiness and all the things that we only find with our true friends, he found that he could not move if he wanted to; the sand was packed tightly about him. So his companion remained on the beach until the tide receded, and attempted to dig the sand away, but it was no use. So the wise but sorrowing tree went away, as far away from the sea as he could, for he did not wish to be reminded of his loss. He became known as the Rata, and his blooms every year are bright for unfailing strength of character and sorrow. His lost friend blooms at the same time of the year, but the Pohutukawa, as he is known, are blood-red, for shame at his own folly; for he can never move far from the sea."

Daylight was nearly gone and the maiden's face was a sombre shadow. She arose from her bracken couch to go. She started down the path vaguely hesitant, her shoulders hunched a little. She half-turned her head to the old man, and smiled reassuringly.

"Thank you, Tane," she said breathlessly. "My mind is clear," and with her dark hair billowing behind her she sped away into the dusk.

—Joyce Wren.

TWELVE O'CLOCK IN MERTON STREET, OXFORD

*What greedy ghostliness
Swallows the cobbles?
It is the gourmand midnight;
How he gobbles
Leaving but shaggy crusts of things,
so drastic
His jagged, jaws' in-draw!
And as he wobbles
Sparse lamps make him seem even
more fantastic.*

—Terence Heywood.



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NEW EXEC: MANNERS MAKETH MA

The new Executive are remarkably polite to each other. No doubt this will wear off in time but Craccum reporter was duly impressed at recent meeting of the A.U.C.S.A. Executive, which was held in crypt below the stairs at 6.30 p.m., 7th September.

Present were Mr Tanner (Chair), Miss Brown, and Messrs. Brittain, Butcher, Commons, Grace, Horne, Smith and Thorpe.

The meeting opened by resolving (Butcher and Horne) to go into committee. The Secretary, Miss Esson, arrived at 6.45 p.m. About 7 p.m. it was resolved by Horne and Commons that the meeting come out of committee.

The minutes of the last meeting having been disposed of by having been taken as read and confirmed, the Inwards Correspondence was then dealt with—at length. Highlight of this was the letter from the Town Clerk re restoring lighting in Albert Park. Mr. Senior, with no show or reluctance, offered to be Lamp-Lighter-in-Chief.

The matter of the Correspondence having been disposed of at 8 p.m. approximately, the meeting then went into committee emerging at 8.40 p.m. Much of the serious business being then disposed of, Miss Brown left at 8.41 p.m.

Compulsory Military Training again cropped up when Messrs. Butcher and Brittain moved a motion to the effect that the corresponding member should write to the Deans of the Faculties asking them in what manner, if any, the Faculty members would be affected by this. Mr. Butcher followed this motion with a request that the correspondence member also write to N.Z.U.S.A. stating that steps are being taken to ascertain what particular group of students will be affected by C.M.T.

It was then moved from the Chair that the President's action in writing to the Editor of the "Star" replying to criticism re N.Z.U.S.A.'s recent voting of C.M.T. should be ratified. This was finally passed, Messrs. Brittain and Senior dissenting on the grounds that the matter did not require ratification. About this stage the atmosphere in the Exec. room became noticeably heated—due no doubt to the amount of smoke which permeated the room.

Messrs. Brittain and Senior then took the floor again by moving that Mr. Cape's resignation from the Editorship of Craccum be accepted and it was further resolved by Cape and Brittain that Mr. Temm should be appointed Editor.

Miss Esson came to light with a motion re Fresher's Fortnight. This was lost, however. The remaining motions till about 10.30 p.m. were strictly spade-work, but Mr. Smith worked hard to enliven the gathering with his usual wit.

At 10.31 p.m. Messrs. Smith and Brittain resolved that Miss Holland should be requested to investigate the removal of the coffee urns in the caf from the awkward position they had hitherto occu-

iped near the sinks to the relatively accessible position they now occupy. The Executive did not consider the expense of £30 justified despite the time and trouble, which as someone pointed out was now saved.

Messrs. Horne and Smith in evidence collaboration, then moved (1) "That the property officer be authorized to investigate the acquisition of one power globe and light shade for the Executive room," and (2) "That the Association headed paper be placed within reach of those members of the Executive representing same."

The meeting concluded with the ratification of the following Social sub-committee:—

Chairman: Mr. John Commons; Secretary: Miss Cynthia Green; Decorations: Mr. Gibb Pinfold; Doorkeeper: Mr. Inskip; Clearing: Mr. Peter Martin; Advertising: Mr. Tony Greenhough.

There being no further business the meeting closed at 11.10 p.m.
—Shirley Eyr

SONG:

"IT'S NICE TO BE DRUNK"

FIRST VERSE BLOTTO VOICE

Only a sot'll
Hit the bottle
Only thinkin'
To get stinkin'
Hic!! Hic!! It's nice to be drunk.

SECOND VERSE NON STOPPING

Shome will dandle
Half an handle
Nishe and bright
Jusht gettin' tight
Hic!! Hic!! It'sh nishe to be drunk.

THIRD VERSE .. DIMINTHE-END

Show it forrows
As I'm Hollow
In the leg
I'll gringke a keg

HIC!!!! HIC!!!! Ishnistabegrunk.
—PIC.

The way! R place th ground forthco activities. The fo undoubte versity t ently in represent

champion middle-d Wilson, Varsity A.U.C. v who wil Empire Ashby a Rowing also set

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SUMMER SPORTS

The new season is getting under way! Rugby enthusiasts can now place the All Blacks in the background and turn their attention to forthcoming summer sporting activities.

The focal point of these activities will undoubtedly be the Empire Games. University athletes should figure prominently in a number of sports. Olympic representative John Holland, sprint



JOHN HOLLAND

champion Dave Batten, and the two middle-distance stars Grierson and Neil Wilson, should uphold the interests of Varsity enthusiasts. Nearer home at the A.U.C. we have a number of sportsmen who will be knocking at the door for Empire Games selection. Genial Kerry Ashby and his friends of the West End Rowing Club should make the grade, and also set the opposition a merry dance.

Johnny Miles, Bulov, Carpenter, Rawn-sley and Kay are all capable of turning on brilliant performances, which may earn them Games selection. These chaps may have to specialise a little, however, as some of them tend to spread their activities over too wide a field.

The event to which trackmen are looking forward with most interest is the Wilson-Grierson clash. It is to be hoped that this struggle is not marred by them meeting in a handicap race full of interested track spectators. If they both decide to wait until the Auckland Championships early in December a certain amount of the glamour will be lost, for it seems likely that Olympic rep. Doug Harris will be on hand for that event. So what about it, boys, let us have this classic 880 before the brilliant Harris returns.

TENNIS

Varsity tennis enthusiasts will soon be opening their summer activities and the courts promise to be in good shape for the new season. Several of the leading players have been seen limbering up lately and if present form is any indication A.U.C. teams should do well in the inter-club competition. Twenty-one-year-old Graham Johns promises to do well this season. A heady player, Graham should make a few of the leading Auckland players sit up this season.

If the A.U.C. tennis officials could persuade some of the top-grade players to join the club then we would stand a show against such teams as Otago when tournament comes round. Jeff Robson contents himself with Otago Varsity tennis, so why not some of our toplineers?

This doesn't only apply to the men; there are also a few top-grade ladies eligible for selection.

TABLE TENNIS

In the table tennis world A.U.C. representatives have been doing things in fine style. Mackenzie and Braithwaite carried their reputations to still greater heights. One can't help feeling, however, that the A.U.C. team could have been selected on more democratic lines. This would have put an end to the wrangling associated with table-tennis selections. Let us hope that in future the underdog at least gets a chance. The Barna-Bergman tour has served to illustrate the weaknesses in our table tennis. Their amazing agility and complete command of all strokes gives them a tremendous superiority over their opponents. New Zealanders in general tend to favour one shot at the expense of another and stand flat-roofed. The new surface in the A.U.C. table tennis room should make for increased agility and as a result, a faster game.

ATHLETICS

A great many Varsity students tend to hide their athletic ability while at the college. Hard work during term and even harder work in the vacation tends to leave little time for sport. However, the Empire Games may have stimulated some of these athletes to try their skill against more experienced men and women. At the individual provincial championships new material may be unearthed as a result. Yes, the new season promises to be a truly inspiring one.

RELAX AT THE RACES

For those Varsity students who frequent the race tracks, the A.R.C. Xmas meeting should provide ample opportunities for them to part with their money. Any new systems they may have evolved will be tested to the full. It may pay to keep it in mind that Quick March comes to hand quickly and the Mitchelson Cup may be his mission. The clash between Lord Moss and Gold Script should provide plenty of pre-examination relaxation. They both averaged 12.4 seconds per furlong in their last cutings and the next one should beat that. Lord Moss appeals as a future Xmas handicap winner.

—R.K.D.

Mother told her small son the Bible story of creation; how Eve was made from one of Adam's ribs. He was intensely interested.

A few days later Harry felt a pain in his side and began to cry.

Mother: "What's the trouble, Harry?"
Harry, whimpering: "My side hurts."
I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."

Bettina

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SPICE

The Editor,
"Craccum."

Dear Sir,

Amid a spate of advertisements, none of which will, of course, offend the business community, your latest issue contained some slight reference to the banning of Salient. As Secretary of the N.Z. Student Labour Federation, I would like to comment upon that article.

J.S.S. apparently does not regard this latest case as an attack on the rights of students to express themselves freely; yet that is what it is. Craccum's treatment of the question savours too much of half-heartedness on an issue which to-day is confronting students all over the world. The suppression of national student organisations in India; the sacking of professors in the U.S. for association with Henry Wallace's party; the threatened expulsion of a student in Western Australia for political club activities—all of these demand a clear statement of where we stand in the matter of academic freedom. But this, Craccum fails to give.

If J.S.S. casts his mind back two or three years, he will remember that, when Craccum was banned for statements "offensive" to those in high places—and incidentally much less defensible than those in Salient—V.U.C. students did not turn their faces away in horror and suggest that apologies should be made. Instead, a large general meeting of the V.U.C. Students' Association offered to publish Craccum for the Auckland students. But J.S.S. perhaps considers that V.U.C. offended then also.

It could be suggested, with justice, that, instead of refusing to defend students' rights, Craccum should set about improving its own pages as an organ of student opinion. The last 12 page issue contains almost three pages of advertising. To anyone acquainted with Salient, it is clear that that paper offers a very much wider variety of student news

and views. A genuine student paper will never be afraid of airing controversial matters, but will welcome them—and it will jealously guard those academic liberties which are an integral part of university life, but which are being increasingly threatened to-day.

Yours faithfully,
J. F. Ewen.

The sub-editor was very tempted to chop this obviously well-meaning letter down; Mr. Ewen neither appreciates newspaper business nor the difficulty of obtaining copy from students over a holiday period. However, beneath the veneer of the crusader there evidently beats a heart of more or less pure gold, so the letter has been printed in its entirety.—Ed.

The Editor,
"Craccum."

Dear Sir,

Students asked for the Library to be open on Saturday afternoons and Sunday afternoons. They now grumble that reserved text books are not lent over the week-end. The whole idea behind "texts" is that these books—regarded as essential reading—should be available in the Library during the hours it is open.

Even students, capable as they are of such feats as burning the candle at both ends, cannot expect to have their cake and eat it.

Yours, etc.,
F. A. Sandall.

BEYOND WORDS

The Editor,
"Craccum."

Dear Sir,

In his letter regarding unspeakably bad films, I feel sure Mr. Stewart would make an exception of Field Club's recent epic, the film beyond words—"Gone to the Pack," starring the well-known Professor V. J. Chapman, Dr. E. G. Godley, etc., etc.—I am,

Yours etc.,
A Clueless Collector.

The Editor,
"Craccum."

Dear Sir,

I noted with some surprise a paragraph in the "Star" recently under "Man of the Day." It appears that the room has become infested with rats and that there are noticeable signs that a large rat family are using the room for dining, etc. It would seem unlikely that this family might soon become a colony. From what I know of rats their power of reproduction has no limitations.

Apparently, one of the prominent members of the Exec. had recommended that the purchase of a weazel would be the best method to deal with these persistent nuisances.

This seems an excellent idea. May I enquire if the Exec. has endorsed this? If so, where is the weazel?

(S)totally yours,
Sam the Stout

BROMIDE

The Editor,
"Craccum,"

Dear Sir,

If Fairburn's bromide competition is not through I would like to enter this. Let's have a Bromide competition.

—O. E. Middleton.

A friend found John Dewey, the philosopher, standing with his small son in a puddle. The boy was ankle deep in a puddle of water. Dewey was looking perplexed. "John," said the friend, "you'd better get the boy out of that puddle or he'll catch cold."

"I know, I know," said Dewey, "but it won't do any good to get him out of the puddle. I've got to get him to get out of the puddle, and I'm trying to figure out how." — Milton May, Negro Digest.



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THE ROMANCE OF INIGO LIVERWORT

ONCE upon a time there was a student called Inigo Liverwort who had romantic ideals. One day he was late for an English lecture and instead of sitting with his usual clutch of fidgety inattentive youths by the heaters, he had to slip into a bench near the back beside a girl who he noticed was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. When the roll reached him he saw that her name was Gloria Rudge. Gloria Rudge, he thought, what a beautiful name.

When the lecture was over he said boldly to her, "By jove, some of these lecturers know their stuff, don't they?" Instead of slapping his face and sweeping out in queenly disdain, the girl actually answered him. "Yes, she said, "some of them do. Shakespeare is wonderful, isn't he?"

"Especially Hamlet," said Inigo, who was a keen movie-goer. "Suppose you know quite a lot of his plays."

"Yes, I love reading," said Gloria, "I adore dancing too; are you going to Freshers' Ball?" she added.

"No," said Inigo, "are you?"

"Funnily enough I'm not either," said Gloria, "shall we go to it together?"

Inigo was almost too delighted for speech.

All the way home he thought to himself Gloria Rudge, Gloria Rudge and the tram wheels seemed to echo his thought, Gloria Rudge, Gloria Rudge. When Inigo reached home he rushed inside shouting, "Gloria Rudge! Gloria Rudge!"

"What, dear?" said his mother.

"She is the girl I love," said Inigo, "she is the most wonderful girl in the world, and very intellectual too."

"Fancy, dear," said his mother, "that must be very nice."

Gloria proved to be even more intellectual than Inigo had realised. She used to read to him poetry by a man called Donne and another man called Eliot, and when Inigo said what did it all mean, she explained that by trying to put them into plain language you lost all the beauty of them.

She had a poor opinion of Tarzan and murders which were Inigo's favourite reading and lent him a whole lot of rather cultural books by people called James Joyce and Gertrude Stein and Dostoevsky and Peguy and Claudel, the last three in translations which she thought he would enjoy. Inigo thought otherwise, but such is the sweet influence of love that he thanked her and took them home and on wet Sundays he would look at their titles and think that he really must get round to them soon. In this way he assimilated what is often described as a smattering of culture.

One day they went to the Art Gallery and looked at a lot of pictures of triangles and squiggles and women with pentagonal bosoms and scarlet stomachs, which Inigo thought were all a little peculiar. But Gloria told him about the integrated values and rhythms and orchestrations of the pictures and Inigo thought what a clever girl she is.

When they went into another room full of pictures of Highland cattle and fish-

ing boats in sunsets, Inigo felt more at his ease, but Gloria was very superior and scornful.

"Look, Gloria, this one has some good integrated values," said Inigo, singling out a picture of two stags, one the female or doe, drinking from a creek, the other holding his head in a stiff attitude, but Gloria said, "Fool, outmoded of course; if you like that sort of thing," and Inigo felt quite ashamed.

He was at first afraid to ask her to the pictures but when at last he plucked up courage, to his surprise she seemed quite keen, so they went to a Tarzan film together. During the interval Inigo bought ice-creams, but Gloria said that she never ate in picture-theatres; it was vulgar, so he had to eat them both himself. Later he tried to hold her hand in a moment of over-confidence but she said, "Inigo, please," and he, full of shame, took his hand away and said, "Oh, sorry, was that your hand?" as if he had expected to find someone else's hand at the end of her arm. Luckily she did not stop going out with him, but as he let her choose the films they saw, he had to sit through a lot of cultural films in foreign languages with subtitles and one very long and dull one called "Mourning Becomes Electra," which Inigo found rather queer, but Gloria said had great cultural value.

Once they went to a symphony concert together and Inigo produced a bag of toffees, but Gloria said, "Toffees at a symphony concert? Inigo, how can you be so low," with a look of withering scorn and sat reading her programme in silence till the concert began.

Inigo thought the music quite good; it would make good background music to a film. When it stopped he clapped hard but no one else did and Gloria said, "Are you going to clap after every movement?" and he realised dimly that he had done the wrong thing. After this he remembered to wait till everyone else clapped, which was not often. After every symphony, Gloria discussed it with, or rather at him, and when he got home and looked at his programme he found that the man who had written it held the same views, indeed used some of the same phrases as Gloria had, which proved that she must be pretty good. What an intellectual girl she is, he thought, his heart and ears burning with love.

As Spring tripped south and Inigo collected his bursary, he decided to buy some new ties so as not to shame Gloria. He bought some with red and yellow birds and tropical flora and some with

the stripes very tastefully arranged so that when it was tied the stripes on the knot were horizontal and those on the bit that hang down were vertical. This he wore on the day he took Gloria to lunch, but Gloria took one look and said, "Where did you get that awful tie, it looks so vulgar." She thought that his sports coat was too loud and hair-oil common. They did not have milk-shakes together when they had been to the pictures, but made up for this with many a refined cup of coffee in the college caf.

The third term broke fine and clear. Professor Musgrove elucidated Eliot's poetry, thus lightening Inigo's mind and Gloria had a new perm, which made Inigo love her more than ever. One night they went to a gramophone recital together and listened to some records belonging to a man with thick spectacles and a thick accent; some sort of foreigner he must be, thought Inigo. The music was very loud and queer, and set Inigo's teeth on edge; then they played some records from an opera called "The Rape of Lucretia." "Do you think your parents would like you to listen to this?" whispered Inigo to Gloria while the records were being changed, feeling a little shocked at the extreme freedom of expression in some of the lines. "Sh!" said Gloria, for the next record was beginning its cultural importance is enormous. So Inigo preserved a blushing silence.

Afterwards while Gloria was, with most of the rest of the audience, milling enthusiastically round the man in spectacles, Inigo turned to the girl on his other side and said, "My word, what enormous cultural importance these sort of things have; it's terrific, isn't it? "I didn't like it very much," said the girl, "it's a bit deep for me. "To tell you the truth," said Inigo frankly, "I prefer something with a bit of a tune in it myself like, say," he added, "Beethoven's Fifth" or the "Woody Woodpecker."

"I don't really know what's good," said the girl, with, it must be confessed, a sort of inverted pride, "but I do know what I like."

"I suppose this sort of thing is all right if you're used to it," said Inigo largely. "Look here," he added, "are you doing anything on Saturday night?"

The upshot of this conversation was that on the following Saturday Inigo resuscitated his bright ties, put on the brightest and took the girl whose name was Evadne Mulligan to see a Bob Hope. During the interval he bought two pixie-bars which oozed delightfully, and after he had licked the chocolate from his fingers and wiped them on his trousers, he reached over and took Evadne Mulligan's hand in a masterful and sticky grasp; altogether they had a most cosy and enjoyable evening.

Gloria, on the other hand, spent the evening at home reading a very cultural work called "Landfall," full of pointless short stories.—M.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Archaeologists intend looking for the Ark on the dark room walls soon. One of our brightest members left the whip-lash tap on too hard recently, then wandered off in search of a subject. The tragedy was discovered by the next visitors.

The final meeting for the year was held on July 27th. Mr. Beck, of the Auckland Camera Club, judged the prints for this final competition. He mentioned the difficulty of making a satisfactory judgment of such a variety of prints and suggested more specialised competitions. The winner of the Barfoot Cup was Roy Sinclair, with Harry Locker runner-up. The cup, awarded by Mr. Barfoot, was for the highest aggregate marks for six prints submitted to the competitions during the year. The outstanding print of the competition was a landscape by Roy Sinclair. This striking print also secured for him the Gevaert Medal for 1949. This medal, awarded by the Gevaert Company, of Belgium, is to be contested each year. The award is made for the best print submitted on Gevaert paper, and was presented this year by Mr. Wilde, of New Zealand Distributors.

Brian Rushton was runner-up with a cleverly executed bas-relief of what Mr. Beck described as "that architectural mess—er—mass," the University tower.

Mr. Beck spoke also on "Table Top Photography." This branch of photography is one which requires little equipment and plenty of imagination. The beauty of it is that the subject material, the lighting, and the exposure is entirely under the control of the photographer. Small ornaments, tumblers, flowers, can be arranged in an infinitely varied manner.

The best lighting is a spotlight. The sun, with its crisp hard shadows, is the best spotlight. Similar textural detail can, however, be obtained with a simple spotlight made from an electric light bulb and a cocoa-tin.

—G.C.S.

All clubs are reminded that this is the last issue of Craccum for 1949. Next year the first issue will concentrate on assisting the orientation of freshers. Club officials can help by seeing that informative gen about their clubs is prepared for publication. Freshers are keen to join clubs, so this will help you to get new, and possibly lively, members.

Craccum will appear on the first or second day of the first term, 1950—that is, about March 2nd. Copy, then, should be in the Craccum box by Friday, February 17, 1950. We want to make that issue of Craccum a good one, so bear the date in mind and have your copy in on time.

This applies to all contributors, including story-writers, versifiers, filler-writers, re-hashers and reporters.

EUSTACE SAYS

The Editor:

Sir,
Although I have been attending for nigh on 40 years, this is the first time I have written anything for Craccum. I am moved to do so to help you—and better—men than me.

Sir, women should be prevented from attending this college. They are a reason why I still need four more years for my B.A. in spite of my long stay here.

Now my parents are dead and I have no one left to sponge on. I will have to go out and work and I am not qualified. All this misery in an honest man's life because of the distracting influence of women.

Let us seek a ban on women.

Yours etc.,

Eustace McGavin

* * *

FASHIONS: We can't help thinking of thoughts when we see lab smocks of young girls. Hear their technical name is "Blue Event."

* * *

Film Fun: We hear from an E member that a film unit from the National Film Studios is going to move to Newsreel is to be made of the college including the activities of average students at work and at play.

Now we know why Varsity women have like that.

* * *

RESURRECTION: Although Peter has retired from Craccum editorship, he can't get away from it. Chairman of Publications Committee, he is still busy. If you don't like the Cape verse, don't read the stuff by PIC in this issue.

* * *

Brittain Bags Bottles? What happened to the tuppences for the six dozen or so bottles collected from Exec. Room after Tournament? Eustace suggests: all the bottles found round the College were sold by Stud Ass there'd be no need for the annual 25 bob bite.

* * *

ROMANCE: Congratulations to History lecturer Margaret Thompson (we think that's right). She was probably better known as Margaret Hargreaves until her vacation marriage. We're told the big engagement ring she used to sport in lectures was liable to blind impressionable freshmen.

* * *

Athletic Miss: Heard a sad story of a college hop. Seems a sweet young visiting thing wanted to "powder her nose." So her partner politely showed her where. When she was away a quarter of an hour he got worried. Half an hour—frantic. She appeared after about 40 minutes, very ruffled. Said she'd got locked inside and had to climb out over the top.

—EUSTACE MCGAVIN.

DEMOCRATIC COMMUNISTS

ON Sunday, September 5, after welcoming the growing strength of youth, Gh. Florescu, leader of the delegation from the youth of the People's Republic of Rumania, spoke of the successes achieved by the Rumanian youth in the fight for unity.

"By the creation of the Union of Working Youth—the single revolutionary, Marxist-Leninist organisation of the youth in the cities and in the countryside—the youth movement in our country has leapt forward in a way such as we have not hitherto seen," declared Florescu.

He told of the achievements of the youth and people of Rumania in reconstruction and the generous help given them by the Soviet Union.

In the name of the youth of the Rumanian People's Republic the speaker greeted those Yugoslav youth "who are struggling for the freedom of their country against Tito's gang of traitors."

Finally Florescu made a number of proposals for extending and improving the work of the Federation.

Second speaker was the leader of the Iran delegation, who spoke on the situation in his country and the struggle of the youth there.

Enrico Berlinguer spoke in the name of the Italian delegation. He greeted the great successes of W.F.D.Y. and described how the Italian youth are fighting for peace. With concrete examples he showed how each day more and more youth are involved in this struggle.

Touching on the question of the unity of youth he attacked in particular the reactionary leaders of Catholic Action, who are trying to deceive the youth and to lead them into fascist adventures. In conclusion he made several suggestions on the future work of W.F.D.Y.

After the speech of a representative of the democratic youth of Switzerland, Erick Honeter, leader of the delegation from the Free Youth of Germany, expressed the thanks of the democratic German youth for the support that W.F.D.Y. has given it in its struggle against the remnants of fascism.

He denounced the actions of the American, English and French Governments in installing a reactionary regime in West Germany, in violation of the Potsdam agreement and in converting it into a base for their aggressive imperialist designs.

He spoke of the progress which has been accomplished by millions of young Germans, thanks to the help of the Soviet Union.

"For the first time in the history of Germany," he said, "the youth is working happily because it knows that the youth and people of Germany will gain from that work . . ."

"We are thankful and happy that the great Soviet Union and its leader of genius, Generalissimo Stalin, is helping us to carry through successfully the fight for the democratisation of Germany."

Presiding over the session held on Monday, September 6, was a member of the Italian delegation, Vollen. The session was opened by a report by a dele-

gate from the youth of Madagascar Razafimbelo, who said the population of Madagascar was deprived of fundamental social and political rights.

His report was filled with examples throwing light on the vicious policy of the colonial authorities. During the 50 years of colonial rule in Madagascar its population had not increased, but decreased.

Razafimbelo spoke about the growing struggle of the youth of Madagascar for peace and national independence.

AMERICAN MONOPOLISTS

Next speaker was the leader of the Chinese delegation, Hsaio Hua. The appearance on the tribune of a representative of the Chinese youth heroically fighting for national independence of their country, for peace and democracy, was met by a storm of applause and slogans in honour of the Chinese people and their leader, Mao Tse Tung.

In his report, Hsaio Hua exposed the infamous policy of the American monopolists in China, who were trying to do their best to save the corrupt reactionary Kuomintang government.

"But events in China display the utter weakness of imperialism," said Hsaio Hua. "Imperialism is doomed; anticipating its approaching death it is resorting to the most desperate ventures."

Hsaio Hua went on to speak about the tremendous significance of the Soviet Union in the common fight of the peoples for peace and democracy.

"The existence of the Soviet Union, the wonderful land of Socialism, inspires the peoples of the globe to struggle for a better future."

"The Chinese people and its youth have been and will continue to be faithful fighters in the camp of peace and democracy, headed by the Soviet Union and the great Stalin."

Hsaio Hua gave details about the youth movement in China and about the great dimensions it assumed as result of the victorious fight of the Soviet Union.

After Hsaio Hua's report the Chinese delegation presented gifts to the delegates of the fighting youth of Spain and Greece.

For fifteen minutes the delegates stood and clapped continuously in honour of the heroic Chinese people and its wonderful youth. They shouted slogans in many languages in honour of the great Stalin and the leader of the Chinese people, Mao Tse Tung.

THE GLORIOUS SOVIET

Next spoke a representative of the youth of Venezuela, Guillermo Garcia

It is interesting to note that this "News" bulletin has been sent out from H.Q. in Budapest to University journals throughout the world. The tone and content of the article make its intentions clear enough; we will be glad to hear your comments.

Ponee, who told the delegates about the difficulties which his delegation had to overcome to get to the Congress; about the manoeuvres of the American imperialists in Venezuela; about the corruptness of the government of his country; about the terror and persecutions against the democratic leaders and the democratic press.

The Venezuelan youth were determined to continue their fight for their rights, for peace and a better future.

"The progressive youth of Venezuela," he said, "has undoubtedly joined the camp of peace-loving peoples, led by the glorious and beloved Soviet Union."

"The youth of Venezuela have pledged themselves never to become involved in war with the Soviet Union. From this tribune we confirm that pledge."

On behalf of the International Union of Students, the president of the Union, Joseph Grohman, spoke about the path traversed by the I.U.S.; about the identity of aims of the students and the working youth; about the common fight of I.U.S. and W.F.D.Y. for peace, democracy and a better future for the young generation.

Zdenek Hfizlar, leader of the Czechoslovak delegation, spoke about the happy life of the youth of his country; about the remarkable achievements gained in the building of the new democratic Czechoslovakia.

Zazar, a representative of the young Kurds staying in Europe, spoke in his report of the cruel exploitation reigning in his country.

A representative of the young Austrian Left-Wing Socialists, Hans Lichtenegger, spoke about the fight of his organisation for peace and against the warmongers.

In a speech filled with denunciation of imperialism, Sapia, a delegate of the Arab youth, described the fight of the Arab youth against Anglo-American imperialism.

Last speaker in this session was the leader of the Canadian delegation, Norman Penner, who spoke in detail about the policy of the imperialist instigators of war and about their ideological preparation of the youth in capitalist countries for new aggressive wars.

The Imperialists were pursuing a policy of undermining youth morally. They were trying to educate them in the spirit of hatred for everything progressive.

Penner drew a contrast between the education of the young people in the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies on the one side and in the capitalist world on the other side.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

IT was the Compte de Vogue who said of "The Seagull" that "the inaction takes place on Sorin's estate in the country," and indeed in many Russian plays the atmosphere is more powerful than the plot. "The Cherry Orchard," which was the subject of a reading in the Hall on August 5th, is no exception; in it Chekov shows a variety of subconscious motives working upon a ruined aristocratic family, and upon the peasants who supplant it. Such a play is not easy of presentation even for professional actors, and every member of this cast was making a first appearance in College productions, whilst the producer was equally a novice. Nevertheless, despite faults and bad moments, the story of "The Cherry Orchard" came clearly across the footlights, and the atmosphere of a crumbling world, of Russian (and indeed human) inadequacy, was palpably evoked.

Madame Ranevsky, the central figure in the tragedy, as played by Barbara Hill, both moved and spoke well, and adequately conveyed an air of distracted responsibility and dignified helpfulness. Norman Thompson, as the upstart peasant, also spoke clearly, but somewhat mechanically; I had the impression that he was nervous of giving full rein to Lopakhin's involved emotions. Peter Trophimof's was, I think, too ruthlessly cut. In this truncated role, Howard Patterson deserves praise for suggesting the student's immature, sanguine character, without the help of many of his most revealing speeches. Iris Park as the Governess, and John Badham as the Tramp, made the most of tiny parts; the former's voice, though clear, lacks volume, whilst the latter could perhaps have been made to look a little more like a tramp. In this connection it is worth noting that over-emphasis is a rare fault among beginners on the stage; their difficulty is usually—as here—to enlarge their portrait of reality so that it seems, to the audience, life-size. Considering the difficulties of the script (which bristles with stage directions such as, "He cries with joy"; or lines of which, "My darling old cupboard! My dear little table!" are typical) the cast and producer generally rose most creditably to the occasion. Some scenes and characters were remarkably effective. Gordon Keys as the aged Firs, though unsure of the technique for portraying old age, made a pathetic figure of the old family servant. Gayef, by Brian Crimp, was good in his vacuous optimism; Des Leisner's Epikhodof, the clumsy clerk, was effective; and Chris Barfoot successfully enacted the part of Simonof, their hand-to-mouth neighbour. Both Nancy Fawcett and Phoebe Suckling, as Madame Ranevsky's contrasted daughters, were usually adequate and sometimes much more than this—especially in Anya's scene at the end of Act III., or Barbara's thwarted proposal in Act IV. Yasha and Dunyasha I liked best of all; perhaps the fact that these two characters are intrinsically more comprehensible to Western audiences than the others was a help, but I shall be surprised if John Mich-

aels and Cecily Salmon do not become familiar in bigger parts next year.

The whole play gripped my imagination; there were times when a phrase or an action, poorly executed, jolted me back to five minutes' reality, but there were times too, when I was not conscious that the actors were holding scripts—surely a tribute to the production. The properties and lighting were good enough to be forgotten, which is probably the highest compliment one can pay them in any play. In addition to his part, Howard Patterson managed the stage; Bert Primmer produced, and both are to be congratulated on their work, as is Peter Cape, who assisted at the performance and at most of the rehearsals. Let us hope that such readings, from being iso-

lated events in College life, become of its regular features. This production deserved a bigger audience than it had and would have obtained one with publicity. —R.A.

N.Z.U. POLITICAL CLUBS

Meeting at Auckland University College over tournament, representation of three University Political Clubs—Victoria Charter Society, Canterbury Junior National Club and Auckland Political Club—formed a Federation of New Zealand University Political Clubs.

The following statement was issued at the conclusion of their conference:

"That this initial conference of the Federation of New Zealand University Political Clubs affirms its faith in private competitive ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange."

"It states its belief that when we are free from rigid regimentation our personal efforts produce an astonishing growth in all fields of activity giving us all a greater degree of material comfort, security and personal independence."

Until the next meeting of the Federation at Christchurch next Easter the Victoria Charter Society will carry out the duties of a Federal executive and consideration will be given by them to the possibility of publishing a magazine which will discuss the problems of the Free Enterprise society.

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THE WORST NOVELIST IN THE WORLD

Irish Spinster Shocks Critics

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—R.L.A.

“Speak! Irene! Wife! Woman!
Do not sit in silence and allow the
blood that now boils in my veins to
seep through cavities of unre-
strained passion and trickle down
to drench me in its crimson hue.
Was I duped to ascend the ladder
of liberty, the hill of harmony, the
tree of triumph and the rock of
regard, and when wildly manifest-
ing my act of ascension, was I to
be informed of treading still in the
valley of defeat? Speak! Stir!
Send a searing sword of words
sweeping from the caves of your
lips to sever the cord that cruelly
binds me to the rack of ruthless
remorse, the cradle of tortured and
tormented turbulence!”

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“There is something rare and exciting
about badness; it is something to be
treasured. It is, in its way, the reverse
of genius. Mediocrity is what anyone
can produce, but badness is reserved to
a blessed few. . . In writing, it is a deli-
cate, exotic flower, touch it with medio-
crity, and the bloom is gone.”

These were the opening words in Mr.
John Reid's enlightening talk, “The
Worst Novelist in the World,” given at
the Literary Club's annual general meet-
ing.

ER

In summing up the characteristics of
past writing as “sublime language, a
revelation of a new experience, bathos,
intensity and a subtle flavour of flatness
comparable with that of rank cheese,”
Mr. Reid then proceeded to acclaim and
justify as “high priestess of badness,”
Amanda McKittrick Ros, an Irish spin-
ster, who died in the thirties of this
century.

Amanda Ros wrote two novels, “Irene
Iddesleigh,” from which the above ex-
tract is taken, and “Delina Delaney,”
both of which were hailed by eminent
critics of the day as monuments of fic-
tional illiteracy.

Mark Twain referred to “Irene Iddes-
leigh” as “a really extraordinary work”;
James Agate: “The rarest book in the
English language; while Aldous Huxley
described the second novel as “a very
rare and precious work, the masterpiece
of its kind.”

Y
SHAPE

It was Samuel Butler who stated that
“the most perfect humour and irony is
generally quite unconscious.” And it was
for this reason that the novels of
Amanda Ros so attracted the attention
of the critics, her elaborate, highly-arti-
ficial style combined with her complete
lack of humour being unique in litera-
ture, and providing a laugh in every
paragraph.

One humorist, Barry Pain, summed up
“Irene of Iddesleigh” as “absolutely
priceless.” “I won't comment,” he said

in his review, “I can't—nobody could . . .
There is no one above it, and no one
beside it, and it sits alone as the night-
ingale sings. Every page of it is a pure
joy.”

For these rash words Barry Pain was
to pay dearly. For his thoughtless scorn-
ing of her novel, Amanda Ros never for-
gave him. In her preface to “Delina De-
laney,” published in 1901, she flayed the
offender with a storm of fiery eloquence,
referring to “the babbling brays of a
b— donkey-headed mite, that helps to
swell the rotten retinue of a magotty
throng who endeavour to fester the
heart with their verminy outbursts of
wordy blackguardism and infuse a
scabby halo around the minds of a clearly
master-race.” (Presumably the Irish).

Amanda Ros wrote no further novels.
However, passing from strength to
strength, she now took up the writing
of verse. In this sphere, although not
able to surpass her novel badness, she
nevertheless more than succeeded in
holding her own, as illustrated by the
following lines, inspired by a visit to
Westminster Abbey:

Holy Moses! Have a look—
Flesh decayed in every nook;
Some rare bits of brain lie here,
Mortal loads of beef and beer!

Her first collected volume was entitled
“Poems of Puncture” in the preface of
which appeared: “This book is only ob-
tainable from the author. Postal orders
only. Cheques and stamps not accepted.
Librarians must pay the author the sum
of £5 before stocking this work.”

A second collection, “Fumes of For-
mation,” was published in 1933, and in

this introduction, Amanda Ros admits
that “this inventive production was
hatched with a mind fringed with the
fumes of formation, the ingenious issu-
ings of inspiration, and the thorny tinc-
ture of thought.”

Her inveterate antipathy to the unfor-
tunate Barry Pain—by now 20 years
deceased—again found voice, this time
in a stanza entitled, “The End of Pain”:
That Pain has ceased to mork or mar
Those gems he picked up near and far;
Is evident. His prickly pen
Reclaim it ne'er shall he again.
O mighty maggot, he thought he,
A slavey now to Mister D.

Again, in the following “Epitaph Suit-
able for a Critic's Tomb, Amanda Ros
believed that she was writing devastating
satire:

My! what a bubbly, vapoury box of
vanity,
A little of worms, a relic of humanity;
Once a plaster cast of mud, a puff of
breath as well,
Before you chance to wonder, remarked,
there's a —;

So here lies an honest critic, and I'll tell
you what

'Tis a thing for all the world to stare
and wonder at.

Mr. Reid concluded his talk by express-
ing certainly that English literature had
not said its last about Amanda McKit-
trick Ros—“the literary flower of North-
ern Ireland,” and by requesting on her
behalf, “a special tin-lined niche in the
annexe to the Hall of Fame,” or at least
the titular distinction of “Patron Saint
of Journalists.”

—R.L.A.

KIWI

It is usual for a member of the staff, reviewing the annual maga-
zine, to approach it in a judicial spirit, equipped with an apparatus of
praise and blame. This process has been accomplished, at least sum-
marily, by those who judged the prizes; and I would prefer to consider
what this Kiwi is saying, rather than its various ways of saying it.

The editor has, I think wisely, reversed
last year's policy, and restricted contri-
butions to students only, thus producing
a magazine smaller in bulk but not not-
iceably lower in quality. And he dis-
arms criticism with a sensible and mod-
est plea for regarding student writing
as a tentative “work in progress.” Which
suggests the query: “Progress towards
what?”

The direction is maintained with sur-
prising constancy. Take fiction as the
first example. None of the three stories
here is in the orthodox manner of local
idiom and reportage. Starting with
Duon's story of a crisis of conscience,
and proceeding through Miss Park's
story of split personality to Mr. Middle-

ton's neat conjuring trick with time—
we find ourselves getting deeper and
deeper into the Kafka-country. External
are observed, but have no particular im-
portance. These stories are frankly in-
terested in states of feeling rather than
in “social realism.”

The verse tells much the same tale.
At least, Mr. Johnson's farmers and
Italian refugees, though seen clearly
enough, are quite consciously universal-
ised. And Mr. Martin's “Metaphysical
Verses” control what might have been a
chaotic personal experience by binding it
tightly in a form suggesting George
Herbert. About shorter lyrics, it is of
necessity harder to be certain, yet Miss
Trowern's “Blind Monks Before Buddha,”

(Continued next page)

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SUCH A NICE PROGRAMME

By HARVEY BLANKS

"N.Z. Herald" highbrow, Blanks, who returned this year from London, has done a number of drama and musical criticisms for his paper. As "H.R.L.B." he writes the new "Herald" radio column.

The best thing about the Ardmore Teachers' Collège recent production of Henry IV, Part I., was its beautifully-designed and printed programme. It aroused expectations of high delight which never came within a mile of being realised.

Complete lack of any attempt at production was mainly to blame. Geoffrey Ryan was billed as producer, but seemed so carried away with his antics as Falstaff that he apparently overlooked the necessity to guide and restrain the rest of the cast.

Mr. Ryan enjoyed himself immensely as the fat knight. Surrounded by yards of stuffing and pounds of cushions, he capered and rolled about the stage with a gusto better suited to the circus ring than to Shakespeare.

The rest of the cast, if ever they even began to breathe as characters, were promptly suffocated by Mr. Ryan's soap-opera buffoonery.

This was a pity, for underneath it all, one could detect now and again that the material was present for a production of

KIWI—Continued.

Mr. Urlich's "Lucretian Doom," Miss Hogan on Dante or Mr. Dennant on Shakespeare, all point rather the same way.

All this finds support in the critical writing, headed by Mr. Wells, with a paper which sees a revival of drama as rooted in life, and life itself as a matter of "striving and accepting." "Student" writes of the possibility of an architecture, again related to life, which shall be "intrinsicly good and noble." And Mr. Cape's "dramatic essay" ("essay" is the operative word) states the case for the "true and universal reason."

It is all rather different from what students were saying and thinking ten or fifteen years ago, and seems to mark a return to a way of life at once more diffident and more searching. Mr. Eliot once remarked that some people were delighted with him for revealing the Waste Land of our time, but exasperated when he tried to lead them out of it. Since then, many have followed him out of the desert. As usual, we in this country have preferred to move slowly in the matter. Especially in regions south of here, there are still a number of philosophic jerboas and political dingoes and positivist gophers gambolling happily amid the sand and the scrub. *Kiwi*, 1949, gives cause for some modest satisfaction because it seems to show young people lifting up their heads and snuffing the scent of water, far off, on the breeze.

—M.K.J.

reasonably high amateur standard. Why more help from the producer, Frank Munroe would have made as good a spur as one could expect to find anywhere in New Zealand. The cast failed to play up to his moods, and his performance, promising though it was, constantly fell apart.

As the young prince, Ronald Simons seemed both nervous and unhappy. He spoke his lines occasionally as though he were doubtful of their meaning, and tried to cover up his nervousness by frequent mirthless cackles of laughter which became acutely irritating as the evening wore on.

Settings were moderately effective although any real imaginative touches were lacking; costumes were colourful although they appeared to rely heavily upon dyed long woollen underpants.

The acoustics of the fine new hall where the play was presented are very good—too good, in fact, for the tread of late-comers and the whispered comments of the audience between scenes echoed and boomed up and down the hall so effectively that the incidental music composed and conducted by Mr. Carrick Thompson, was largely lost. It was possible to sympathise heartily with the malevolent glares that he repeatedly shot over the brass rail of the orchestra pit.

Suggested improvements for further productions by Ardmore's Drama Club are: A producer who confines himself to producing and leaves acting to his associates—the role of producer is exacting enough without adding additional burdens on his shoulders, however willing they may be; more attention paid to the smaller roles, where players are sometimes on stage for long intervals with little to say (and, in Henry IV., with little to occupy themselves).

Greater ruthlessness on the part of ushers, who should keep late-comers out of the hall while scenes are in progress; the provision of some form of floor covering, at least in the main aisle, to deaden the clatter of shoes on bare wooden flooring.

The Ardmore teachers have a first-rate little theatre, with facilities better than those of any in Auckland city. It is up to them now to make the most of their opportunities.

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