

Coming Events!

Sept. 26th.

SPRING
MEETING
TENNIS CLUB
OPENING
BOB-HOP

CANTA

The Official Organ of the Students Association
Canterbury University College

Coming Events!

Oct. 6th.

RELAX BALL

Nov. 20th.

POPEYE'S
PARTY

VOL. VII. No. 12.

CANTERBURY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Wednesday, September 23, 1936.

1937 TOURNAMENT PROSPECTS

CUC HOSTS NEXT EASTER

Owing to the fact that next year, the first Sunday after the full moon following the vernal equinox is unpleasantly close to the Thursday before the ninth Monday from January 1st, Mr Steeds is wearing a worried look. So is Miss Collins, so also are sixteen Comptrollers, so am I (and so, probably are you by now). But whereas your worried look is merely caused by wondering what this has to do with the subject and mine was acquired from delving into the Encyclopaedia Britannica and the College Calendar, the aforementioned worried looks belonging to Mr Steeds, Miss Collins and the sixteen Comptrollers respectively, are occasioned by the fact that (shades of Tom Easterfield, what an endless sentence!) to them it means that Easter is within one month of the commencement of the first term next year. (A pause for breath and I'll elucidate further—in short sentences). Easter is early. Tournament is at Easter. Tournament is in Christchurch. That's Why Mr S., Miss C., sixteen Comps. and I (from the Sublime to the ridiculous—or vice versa) are now coming into action. Now you may not be very interested in Tournament at this stage, but,—“Owing to the fact that (see opening sentences?), it is your duty to help your College in whatever way you can so that the next Tournament will be a memorable event. The least you can do is to read what Mr Steeds, Miss Collins and the sixteen Comptrollers have to say.

The chairman, N.Z.U. Tournament Committee—Mr Steeds, we felt sure, would be able to say a lot about next Easter. But we were disappointed. “See the Advertising Comptroller,” said Johnny “it's his job.” That was tantamount to his saying, “Go and chase yourself.”

ATHLETICS.

We found Mr Oldfield in the Stud. Ass. Hall where he was adopting his usual disguise of a poster. He raised his —, wrinkled his —, braced himself up and let himself go.

POSITION OUTLINED.

It seems we face next Tournament, with only two title-holders—Carmichael should have no difficulty in holding the sprints, and we can rely on Robinson to bring back the three miles to CUC for the xth successive time; but here our boast must end. At least eight of our team have left or retired. Going through the events in detail, firstly, we are badly lacking in middle-distance men. With Boot ineligible, the mile and half mile should be anyone's races at Tournament, but we are badly in need of two strings for each. J. M. Watt, of Otago, is a discouragement for anyone contemplating the quarter flat, but a second place is always useful. Of the hurdlers, Benham remains and on a suitable day we can expect good work from him in the 120 and 220 yards hurdles. Together with Lee, formerly of Hawke's Bay, we should have a good pair for both these events. Our winning the 440 yards hurdles will no longer be an institution. In each of his five years we have seen Arnold Anderson lower his record in this event, not to mention his two wins in the 220 hurdles, also the 440 flat in Auckland. Arnold held the national title in the 440 hurdles in 1933 and three times since has been a most unlucky runner-up. O'Brien and Oldfield may try this event, though neither have had any experience over hurdles. In the field events, Tiffen will no longer be on hand to collect a title or his three or four second places. Rawstrom and Corich should have improved in the discus and javelin, respectively, and both performed creditably last Easter. New Zealand champion, M. V. Blake, for the pole vault is just another of our losses. However, Fieldes has cleared 10 feet in practice, and should be a good man later on. Our titles in long jump and hop, step and jump appear to go to Otago in the shape of Pilling, giving our strongest rivals just a little extra help.

Facilities and Training.

The season opens about the middle of November in the form of Saturday afternoon meetings, scratch events in A, B, C and under 19 grades being provided. Trainer and masseur Geo. Thomas will be at Lancaster Park from 5.30 to 7 p.m. and at a very reasonable rate will give massage and words of advice. All local men should, if possible, train at Lancaster Park where this massage may be obtained; also there are plenty of critics and experienced men who will be glad to be of assistance in coaching, etc. Those not living in Christchurch over the long vac., should get as much racing as possible also, and should start training after Christmas at the latest. It is quite absurd anyone coming back next March and then commencing to train, as a month's training is worse than useless.

The Hon. Sec-Treas., N.Z.U.T.C.—Miss Collins—waffled sweet nothings about Bob-Hops, Popeye's Party and sundry other delightful ways of making money. You know about those surely, or you surely will.

BASKETBALL.

Whilst making preparations for Relax, i.e., getting supplies of Eno's and aspirin, we came across Miss Weenink buying vast quantities of honey. “But the Steeplechase is over,” we exclaimed. “Spring meeting, Saturday,” replied Win determinedly, “and moreover, though—”

It seems early to be talking of 1937 Tournament, and yet, in view of Canterbury's display on the basketball field in Wellington, it is apparently never too early to begin.

There is plenty of scope for young enthusiastic players in the team for 1937. Two of last year's team have been laid low with injuries this season and whether they will be fit to take their places again is yet to be seen. The indefatigable Rosa White, having served her five years faithfully, will no longer be available for Tournaments. There is always room for improvement in the goal-line and a really reliable goalie would be welcomed. In the centre, the combination has suffered several upsets this year and good players are assured of trials.

No present player's place in the team is guaranteed, no matter how many years she has already represented the College. The best players must be selected if Canterbury is to have a change of winning that shield which has so persistently avoided us. Watch the notice board during the first week of next term for announcements re practices, etc.

BOXING.

“Prospects rather gloomy at the moment,” murmured Mr Pemberton. “You should, however, see me tomorrow. It's my bath-night, so that then all things, self included, will be bright and beautiful and my soul will be full of hope.”

For Boxing at Easter, each College usually sends a full team of seven, although sometimes a full team is not entered by a college.

The team is chosen at the college trials held two or three weeks before Easter.

Training for boxing consists chiefly of practice in punching, skipping and running, practice on punchball and bag, sparring in the ring, and training in ringcraft.

The Boxing Club will be practising this term on Monday and Friday nights from 8 o'clock.

Next year, however, until after Easter, training will be on Wednesday nights as well.

Any student, not yet a member of the CUC Boxing Club, who is thinking of competing for Tournament, would be advised to come to training this term. If unable to do so, he should get in touch with the secretary so that he will be notified next year as soon as training starts.

Owing to Easter being early, the boxing training will start in January.

ROWING.

We hunted high and low for Mr Hunter and eventually ran him to earth in the Stud. Ass. He blushed and stammered—

As it is necessary to have an early selection of the Eight next year, those who wish to have a chance of selection must put in an early appearance at the boatsheds in order to undergo some preliminary training.

The race will probably be rowed on the Waimakariri River, starting near Brooklands and finishing at the railway bridge at Stewart's Gully.

It is more than likely that the interprovincial eight-oar championship will be held on the same day and at the same place, and the prospect of combining the two events is a pleasing one from every point of view.

SHOOTING.

Mr H. C. (Davy) Jones was not naturally unearthened in the Hydraulics Lab. Reluctantly he took his eyes off Mr Calvert—who was giving his celebrated imitation of a plumber about to mend a leak—and began—

For the past few years the College Defence Rifle Club has been steadily building-up its strength, reaching a climax this year by winning the Haslam Shield during the inter-Varsity Easter Tournament. Naturally, the club is anxious to retain the shield in Canterbury for 1937, at least. Unfortunately, some of the older and more experienced members of the club will be leaving the College this year; consequently new blood will be required in the form of keen shots, if our hopes are to be realised.

There will not be sufficient time next year to carry out the practice required to produce a team worthy of our object it will, therefore, be the duty of all interested to train seriously during the summer vacation. Such training may even include a few minutes each day on the face of an alarm clock at suitable range. It is no mean feat to send away ten steady shots in forty seconds going through the motions of loading and unloading, with dummies or even with ranges.

Detailed information can be obtained from the club captain, H. C. Jones, 'phone 37-106; or the Hon. sec., N. Wilde, 'phone 31-420.

SWIMMING.

Mr Herrick concealed himself under the billiard table but we spotted him there and he ran to Miss Hanna who gave him a piece of blue paper (and some maternal advice). He wrote—

Owing to the early date of Tournament it is necessary that training should be commenced immediately. Five months' training is essential, three months light work, with concentration on developing stroke, and two months' harder swimming to acquire stamina and gradually work to top form. Participation in any competition available is advisable.

Those intending to compete are asked to get in touch with N. Herrick, Comptroller of Swimming, who will give you any advice required as regards training, based on a swimmer's ability for any particular distance, and the requirements of the team.

TENNIS.

“I am the long and this is the short of it,” announced Mr Walls.

As there will be no time to hold trials next year for the Tournament team, the tennis club has decided to draw up a ladder for men and women, to be used as a guide in the selection of its team. This ladder will be open to challenge; the rules governing challenges will be posted with the ladder.

Individual performances in the club championships and in the inter-club competitions will also be taken into account.

The club will have representatives in each of the following events:—Men's singles, men's doubles, women's singles, women's doubles, combined doubles; there being two contestants in men's and women's singles and two pairs in each of the doubles events.

Every player who wishes to be considered for selection must be a member of the tennis club, otherwise he (or she) is not eligible.

Those who wish to be considered should not leave their training until next year.

ADVERTISING

Mr F. N. Stace was decidedly hard to interview but he gave us the impression that he wasn't particularly pleased with his job. As a matter of fact he wasn't pleased with anything except his hat and we hardly liked to say what we thought about that.

When asked what he was doing about advertising, he said that first he had had to persuade the news editor of this paper to give him a front page. That had been particularly difficult.

“And what else,” we queried, “does your job include?”

He went into a deep trance and was heard to murmur.

“Compilation of history of Tournament suitable for publication in your city contemporaries. Arranging of two talks over the air (if possible). The expenditure of a fabulous sum of money on general advertising in newspapers and theatres, posters on trams, in shop windows, on sandwichmen—and—and talking about food, how about some tea?”

BILLETING.

“To be young was very heaven,” quoted Mr R. M. Young, mirthlessly.

As the Tournament is being held in Christchurch, CUC have the honour to act as hosts to the visiting teams. A natural duty devolving on us is the provision of between 180 and 200 billets for a period of about five days. The magnitude of this task need hardly be stressed and the co-operation of all students is earnestly sought. We don't want to have to spoil our newly sown green sward by erecting tents thereon and it behoves every student to get busy to prevent such a calamity happening.

You can help in the following ways (1) By advising the Billeting Officer, if able to provide billets. (2) By intimating to parents, friends, relations and old students our urgent need of support in this direction. (3) By notifying the Billeting Officer of any persons who would or possibly might be prepared to help in this direction so that he may approach them.

BALL.

Miss Yvonne Levvey communicated with (unfortunately) over the phone had to confess that beyond tentative arrangements for a whoop starting at the Caledonian Hall and finishing with the milk at the Frascati, little had been done. “Fritz,” she added, “would of course, be somewhere about.”

As a matter of fact we consider those few words quite enough to guarantee that Tournament Ball will be something to remember (or shall we say try to remember) for months afterwards.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Miss Billens was scampering home to tea. We arrested her flight with difficulty. “Tell them,” she said—

As yet a definite programme has not been decided upon for the entertainment of the Tournament visitors. The official welcome will take place on Good Friday in the College Hall. On the Sunday afternoon a motor drive will be arranged to display the “scenic” beauties of our Garden City. The Common Rooms of the Union Buildings will be converted into reading and writing rooms and the kitchen staff will be appealed to in the name of the Alma Mater to excel itself in the preparation of hitherto unsurpassed menus.

HAKA PARTY.

Mr Hilgendorf interviewed in a place not far from here, said, “Can you lend me a couple of bob?” When we had firmly refused to oblige he sighed and continued—

An attempt will be made to organise a keen and representative haka party at the beginning of next term. Members will be entitled to extensive privileges and are assured of enjoying themselves, but absolute regularity at rehearsals is essential. Prospective members would assist the organiser by giving their names to Miss Hanna Now

RENDEZ-VOUS.

“I'm thinking of having it set to music so that I couldn't sing it,” announced John R. Mills.

Naturally we have preparations well in hand for the Rendezvous. These functions are going to be some of the highlights of the Tourney. We intend, and feel very confident on the point, to make them even grander than in 1934. (Well, after all!) I would like to advise your readers that if they appreciate something in the way of stupendous entertainment, to be at the College Hall on Easter Saturday and Monday of 1937. So confident are we of unprecedented success in this direction that I am already negotiating with College Council and City Council to extend College Hall and include part of the Botanical Gardens for the occasion. However . . . but dammit, sir, I haven't time to tell you more at the moment.

[Continued on page four, where the reports of the Comptrollers of INFORMATION, RECORDS and POSTERS will be found.]

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CANTA

News Editor F. N. STACE
Literary Editor N. H. BUCHANAN
Business Manager B. W. COLLINS

ANOTHER YEAR.

"Canta" has suffered during 1936 from a lack of organisation. In order that such a journal should be a pleasure and not a burden to those who work for it, an efficient and willing staff is the first essential. At the beginning of the year, a large body of reporters representing all classes of students, was recruited, but the great majority have proved useless, and with a generally apathetic attitude throughout the University towards contributing to "Canta," far too much work has devolved upon the Editors; hence the frequent and justified resignations. The object of "Canta" is to provide a mouthpiece for student opinion; that it has, as we believe, adequately fulfilled that object, may be mere coincidence, but is more probably due to the sympathetic way in which the various Editors have been able to keep in touch with, and respond to, the fluctuations of that opinion. We take this opportunity of thanking them for their work.

"Canta" should be the product of co-operation by students and co-ordination by Editors. Has the absence of co-ordination been due to laziness or inability, or is it an illustration of the proposition, often put forward, that student opinion, once a vigorous force, is now on the wane? No doubt it has been due, in part, to all three, but it must be admitted that efficient methods have not been applied in the collection or arrangement of material. We are confident that next year will see an improvement in our organisation.

It is not hinted that students have failed to support their magazine financially. On the contrary, steady sales have resulted in a financial position which will give gratification to the Executive. Full of pessimism after last year's deficit, they were prepared to make a substantial loss on this year's workings. But an energetic policy pursued by those responsible for distribution and business management will leave the students' Association very little, if any, out of pocket.

Cantavaria

If Professor Tocker
Is reading a "shocker,"
Then you may be bound
It's economically sound.

:: :: ::

Can you beat this?
The fowls at Paparoa have, we understand, been laying bad eggs. Presumably those at Sunnyside are cracked.

:: :: ::

Spring in the Air.
There are n plus 1 entries in the Pole Vault.

:: :: ::

Panestaking Golf by Pothunter.
Last Thursday, our C.H. correspondent reports, Yo-Yo holed out in one through Pot's study window.

:: :: ::

Thirst for Knowledge.
We hear that a student asked Dr. Macleod what made the froth on beer white.



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GRIMMER'S

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ROUTINE THINKING.

The average university student uniform—brown coat, brown hat (if any), brown shoes, brown socks, and grey trousers which seem only to emphasise the monotony instead of relieving it—and the uniformity of the hard-boiled expressionless university student face, are only the outward manifestations of his inward lack of intelligence. Why is it that, though superior in knowledge, the university student is no more capable of thinking than all the other sheep in this world? He, like they, is gripped by Routine thinking, the stereotyped result of habit.

We are taught a trade, or a profession, or a code of ethics, and, unless we take the utmost care, they narrow our mode of thinking throughout life. We then drift along, repeating in vague echoes the teachings of our youth. Religious, moral, economic ideas are embodied in phrases which we use like rubber stamps.

Now this might be adequate if no new situations ever arose. But as these naturally and normally do come, so there are new possibilities of experience, and intelligent adjustment to these new circumstances requires mental flexibility, and the readiness and capacity to think along original lines. Thinking the new is difficult, not because the new is inconceivable, but because it is difficult for fresh ideas to be adopted by the single-tracked minds of the masses, and the prejudiced attitude of those in whose hands power lies. Even the respectable umbrella had to fight a hard battle for its existence against the bias of conservative minds.

Problem solving is thinking proper. It is the real use of human intelligence, that does the world's work. Scientific use of intellect means the elimination of all personal considerations, hopes, fears, and an honest scrutiny of the facts. The trouble is that no one will face them squarely, being led in one direction by his own interests. But the facts must be faced, disentangled, analysed and re-synthesised. Only so can we arrive at the true solution of our problems.

Now who can give a better lead to the world in breaking down prejudice than University students? Tests show that our intelligence is 120 per cent. of the world's average; let us use it. To us, in our privileged position as students, is given the opportunity of doing the world a favour; one the world will hate, mistrust and fear as it does all innovations, but one we will be blessed for eventually. Let us try thinking, just for a change.

This refers to men only, as every-one knows women will not think anyway.

HATS OFF—

To Dr. Saddler—even dogs attend his Calculus lectures (at the rate of two a week).

// // //

To Susan. She gave her all, viz. one tube, in the service of this paper.

// // //

To all the other bicycles commanded by the staff throughout the year.

// // //

To the Candid Canon who said: "There is such a noise that we can't hear ourselves eat."

// // //

To the Two Dogs who attend Dr. Saddler's Calculus lectures.

// // //

To our contributors, our reporters, and our Readers.

D.C.L. Gold Label SCOTCH

THE WHISKY OF DISTINCTION

CANTERBURY AGENTS:
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Contentions

THAT WE NEED A PROFESSIONAL THEATRE.

(By J. Maclean)

The fact that the Government never lacks advisers to tell them how to spend money does not prevent me from joining the ranks. For, in my opinion, a country which can raise millions of pounds in the twinkling of an eye for a system of national "defence," would do well to devote a few hundreds to something of far greater importance, namely art. Practically no official encouragement of any sort is given to the artist in New Zealand. The Government makes no attempt to encourage either the presentation of old and valued works of art, (I do not refer only to painting) or the creation of new. Nor is there any attempt, except perhaps with regard to literature, to lead people to appreciate art, or to make them realise that it is not merely a namby-pamby hobby. And the Universities accept this state of affairs complacently. Whether art in its many forms is or is not the most vital thing in life, I will not pause to discuss. I fully believe that it is, and that it is our duty to make the approach to and the appreciation of art open to everyone.

The art of the theatre is an example. Although English literature includes many of the greatest plays ever written, and although we look upon Shakespeare's works as among our greatest possessions, yet in New Zealand we have no permanent professional theatres of our own, and good performances of good plays by visiting companies are few and far between. In fact we have allowed the cinema—which is not an adequate substitute—to usurp the stage's rightful position in New Zealand. Even in the Universities the dramatist Shakespeare is studied almost exclusively as a poet. Yet do not the tremendous growth of amateur drama societies in the country, the great interest in the British Drama League, and the packed houses at many of its festivals, show that there is a public ready and willing to support serious dramatic ventures? The festivals, to say the least, reveal clearly enough that there is any amount of real talent, and real keenness to learn amongst the actors, which needs only the touch of the professional producer to fit it for any stage.

But amateur societies unavoidably have certain limitations, and are not often capable of reaching and sustaining the professional's level of acting and production. Nor have they individually, an extensive public. That is to say, if we want a wider, more capable and more effective expression of the dramatic art in New Zealand, we cannot look to the amateur for it, beyond a certain point. No. Acting and production are full-time jobs, and are best done by professionals on the professional stage. And what the Universities and the public should demand is a permanent professional stage of our own. We cannot expect London actors to make frequent trips across the globe to our corner of the world, when it means a loss to them of countless more attractive openings in Europe. But if the Government were to finance the founding of a national theatre of our own, bringing experienced producers and stage-managers from England, then we might establish a concern which would surely pay its own way after a few years. This company could tour the main towns, and eventually would be able to present with professional ability a large repertoire of plays each year, from the world's best dramatists. (This sounds too Utopian to be true, but I feel that a practicable scheme could be worked out on these lines). Theatrically, it would link us more with Europe, and bring us into closer contact with an art of which few of us are really conscious. Possibly such a company could be placed under the auspices of the N.Z. University.

Admittedly, a state-aided theatre has its drawbacks, but would it not be better than nothing, or next to nothing? The most serious disadvantage is that people would be too apt to think it merely an educational trick to foist "culture" on to them, a conception which always drives the mass of people away to musical comedies or the films. But if the work were well done, people could be brought to realise that the dramatic art is not just Art for its own sake with a capital A, or merely so much intellectual "uplift," but an invigorating entertainment as well, whether the play be by Marlowe or Shakespeare or Shaw or Ibsen or anyone else. If once this undertaking were boldly set on foot in the right manner, the response would be only too eager.

Correspondence

THE N.S.L.

Liberalism is a lost art in the Universities. Though it is a matter for congratulation we can still produce radicals, socialists, communists and pacifists, in a country whose excitement began and ended apparently when Abel Tasman discovered it in 1642, the Colleges have produced very few men who ride anything but their own little hobby-horse and ride it anywhere but on their home-track. Particularism has run a good second to apathy in preventing this University from becoming what it ought to be; the centre of the country's radical opinion and practical thinking. In the past the University Colleges have been carefully insulated from one another by the N.Z.U.S.A., the function of which is apparently to conduct mutual-admiration meetings during Tournament, instead of performing what should be its legitimate function, the exchange of radical ideas and opinions, and the consolidation of students into a politically-conscious body anxious to assert its rights and to place the specialised knowledge which is acquired more outside the syllabus than inside it at the disposal of the community. The N.Z.U.S.A. is essentially a Federation of Executives and not a body representative of student opinion and to supply the deficiency in national organisation, the Independent Radical Club of Otago has called into existence the National Students' League. (The N.S.L. propaganda can be obtained per rack from any of the committee, McLroy, Ager or Gardner. The tentative programme of the League as outlined by the I.R.C. was outlined in "Canta" No. 10, so there is no necessity for me to outline it here). The University of New Zealand is indebted to the I.R.A. for a truly liberal scheme embodying all the radical ideas current in the Colleges, but giving them a definite basis of organisation. The N.S.L. is not only prepared to advocate peace, freedom and progress but it is prepared to lead the way itself, full value being given not only to the rights of students to express opinions but also to their responsibility for carrying them into effect. So much has been prated about the rights of students that I think we are greatly indebted to the I.R.C. for sounding a more responsible note. The N.S.L. will seek to draw the attention of students to the fact that they are not merely "preparing" themselves to give specialised service to the community after their sojourn in the Colleges is ended, but that they are, while at Varsity, members of a definite body which ought, but does not at present, to exert a full measure of political and social influence. The various Student Associations meet once yearly I think for the solemn purpose of hurling garbage at those whom they have just elected to repress their interests, but on the other hand the N.S.L. will endeavour to exert a continuous influence in student affairs and maintain a continuous integral connection between the Colleges. It is also hoped that students from the four centres will be brought together in annual conferences, a connection such as is only supplied at present by Tournament and the S.C.M. summer conferences. I think it is to be regretted that Doug. Kennedy, that super-liberal who broached the schemes of the I.R.C. in the Stud. Ass. on the first night of the term was unable to choose a better time for the purpose. The meeting was not a success and it is to be hoped that it will fade into oblivion and that it will not damn the chances of a fresh start for the N.S.L. at the beginning of next year.

W. J. GARDNER.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

Sir,—Is the Photographic Society extinct? I have found a dark room but no society. I think it is about time that those interested should hold a meeting and revive the society.

SHUTTER.

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THIS I.R.C.

Sir,—Whilst reading "Canta" Vol VII, No. 10, I noticed a report on a meeting of the Independent Radical Club of Otago, represented by Douglas P. Kennedy. Apparently a committee was elected, and a programme set up by Mr. K. and his 20 disciples, which was to commit to the world, peace, freedom and progress. It is rather interesting to examine the tentative programme set up by these presumably adult persons.

Firstly, they say, "For Peace."
I am afraid they are not even original in their idea. Here, again, the same old cries, "We won't fight," "Stop all military or patriotic speeches and ideas," "Prevent research purposes," etc, etc.

If Mr Douglas P. Kennedy could end wars in the world, we would gladly make him the hero he would like to be; but surely he must realise, and so should any normal person, that this display of bold and proud refusal to fight when it is one's duty, and refusing to face facts in a proper way is utterly futile and selfish. It would be a good idea to remind people that if Britain had been well armed 12 months ago, the War of Brutality from which everyone human must have recoiled, would never have begun. No sane person can possibly want war, but no one will ever stop it by holding meetings of 20 or so, who declare loudly and publicly that they are not going to fight for King and Country.

(2) "For Freedom."
I have not much to say here, except that people outside the Universities are usually rather scornful of student free speech and ask what experience students have had in the world, when most of them are not earning enough to keep themselves.

(3) "For Progress."
Here again, I say little, but if Mr Kennedy and his disciples could restore business, and get the fees and cost of text books reduced, they would gain much popularity, at any rate, from the inmates of N.Z.U. Colleges.

THE COLONEL.

["M.L.N."—Lack of space prevented the inclusion of your letter on "Lockers," which has been forwarded to the Executive.—Ed.]

["BACON and EGGS,"—your diverting letter on "Gowns and All That," held over till next issue.—Ha! Ha!—Ed.]

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Mr Halibut and Popeye's Party

"I have been to the Persian Picnic, to the Ethiopian Orgy, and as Mr Gladstone," said Mr Halibut, "I attended the Naughty Nineties Party. I remember," my old friend went on, "that I rendered a vocal item."

"You sang, Mr Halibut?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, placing his bowler hat firmly on my Calculus book, "I remember it perfectly. It reminded me of the days when I walked into Edinburgh to see Miss Matilda Murphy, who was afterwards to become Mrs Halibut. Mr O'Malley was there, too, I remember."

"He'll be at Popeye's Party this year, Mr Halibut," I ventured.

"Indeed," replied Mr Halibut, deeply interested. "I will make every endeavour to be present. My son Oswald has a friend who is a sailor, and perhaps he—"

"Yes, indeed, Mr Halibut," I replied, "I'm sure he'd lend you a costume."

"I had not," my friend informed me, deeply incensed, "the remotest idea of borrowing his clothing. I was merely going to remark that he might like to be present. This party, I presume, is in aid of a worthy fund?"

"Oh, yes, Mr Halibut," I replied, "a very worthy fund. Hundreds of people would have to sleep in Cranmer Square, there would be no beer—"

"Tut, tut," my old friend was deeply moved; "What fund did you say it was?"

"Tournament fund," I informed him.

"Ah, Tournament," Mr Halibut beamed upon me, "I remember that when the last Tournament was held in the Garden City, we billeted two young men from Dunedin. They were very kind to my daughter, Harriet. Very kind, indeed. One of them took her to Tournament Ball, and the other gave her his photograph. And this dance is in aid of Tournament funds? A very worthy cause. Very worthy, indeed," he repeated. "Where is it to be held?"

"In the Students' Union, Mr Halibut," I replied, "on the last day of the examinations."

"And the supper?" he queried.

"Not," he hastened to add, "that I am interested in such worldly affairs, but Oswald might like to be informed on the subject."

"The supper," I said, "will be excellent. A supper, I am assured, that will rival, nay, excel, those of the other parties which you have attended. Indeed, a supper such as Popeye himself would bring the Girl Friend to. Indeed, I have on the most reliable information that with the exception of spinach there will be everything that mother makes, and doesn't. All tastes," I replied in my best showroom style, "will be catered for."

Mr Halibut was deeply pleased. "I will bring Harriet," he said, "and Oswald, I am sure, will bring his fiancée, Miss Magenta Pringle. On the last day of the examinations in the Students' Union," he repeated, carefully.

Then he leaned over and whispered loudly in my ear, "I should esteem it a great privilege if I were asked to sing Popeye's song. As Mr Gladstone I sang—"

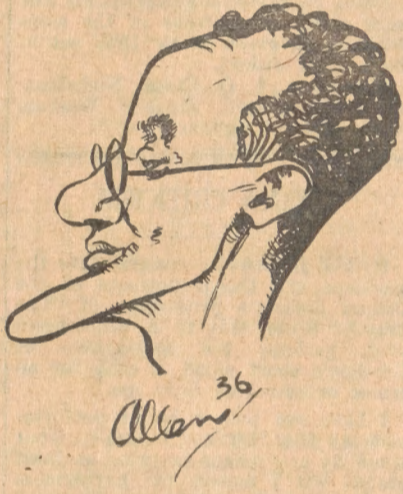
"Indeed, Mr Halibut," I assured him, "we would be delighted to hear you sing it."

Mr Halibut replaced his bowler hat and swinging his stick, he departed and having cleared his throat, he sang a few notes in preparation for the great event.

YOU'RE THE PEAK.

You're an ace, You're a Stud. Ass. jelly,
You're the face of Professor Shelley,
You're a conee stall that's open all the night,
You're a Regent oyster, You're a College cloister, You're Doctor Hight,
You're the Pass, You're a Norma Shearer,
You're first-class on the "Rangatira,"
You're the sheer delight of the first night of a 'deb',
You're the winning chukka, You're an all-day sucker, You're Leicester Webb,
You're "The Bear," You're Revue Committee,
You're the air of a "Nut Stew" ditty,
I'm the lesser half of a broken shafted cleek,
But, if baby, I'm the gully, you're the peak.

You're the peak, You're a Service shandy,
You're the peak, You're Miss Alice Candy,
You're the voice of doom that's heard in Room Fifteen,
You're the Stud. Ass. lobby, You're Mae West's hobby, You're gasolene,
You're dry gin, You're the river Avon,
You're a chin that is newly shaven,
You're the cash to buy a fleet of Riley Nines,
You're an electric toaster, You're an Arts Ball poster, You're Ballantyne's,
You're Doc. Farr, You're a National winner,
You're a Nga-Toa Club dinner,
I'm a fish beside a newly dried-up creek,
But, if baby, I'm the gully, you're the peak.



CLIFF. O'MALLEY.

OPENING OF THE RIVER.

During the silly season this is usually done in various ways. We understand that a birthday party at Bish was the cause of the first aquatic carnival this spring. Messrs Eaton and Weston of College House took a hand in the proceedings and brought back so favourable a report to the House that it is considered likely that one hot day in the near future, C.H. will take to the water. But they won't drink it except by accident.

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Chichelian Championships

Canon's Consternation. Pot's Premonitions.

On Thursday, September 18, the following were outside the Chichele Club House—Prox, Bo, Tickle, Turf, Buck, Wogs, Dock, Bung and Badger—all with caddies and telescopic sights. On the first tee (i.e. Chichele Lawn) an official photo was taken and then Turf teed off.

The course was defined as over the Chichele building, then over the Stanford Block and into the waste paper basket. Well, Turf went over Chichele with a beautiful shot. Badger was next. Badger's first shot just missed the billiard-room window and rebounded on to Wogs. Prox then took careful aim and with a glorious slice soared gracefully on to the Principal's lawn and knocked a canon off his cushion. Bung was just about to hit off when along came the Canon and put a stopper to him.

The Canon pointed out that owing to the fact that golf balls were straying on to his property he would have to make that part of the course out of bounds as damage might be done to stock, etc. Meanwhile the redoubtable Prox, with great trepidity, had managed to sneak round and retrieve his ball. The Canon then left and Mr Sanders came round from behind.

A new course was then used—over to the avenue and thence to the waste paper basket. Dock thought he would like to tee off a Watts-Russell table but the motion was lost very definitely on voices. Badger then hit off and timed a perfect canon on the School of Art. Tickle did a bit of ball-work on Mr Wallwork's car.

If an unenlightened reader had chanced to be along the avenue at this time he would have seen about seven or eight people engrossed with something in a gutter and playing around it with a stick. "Guttersnipes," he might have said, but had he noticed figures lurking behind tree trunks and hedges he might have realised the gravity of the situation.

CRICKET CLUB.

There was only a fair attendance at the annual meeting of the Cricket Club, but those present proved so generous with subscriptions for the coming year that the secretary is hopeful of a good season.

Mr O. P. Gabites was in the chair, and Mr W. J. Gardner read the annual report and balance sheet, in place of Mr I. O. Stace, who had been out of town during the Christmas holidays. Although the grant to the club for the previous year had been halved, there was a credit of 10/1 on the year's workings; but the reduction in the grant was responsible for a serious lack of material, which had caused the club to rely too much on the philanthropy of other clubs.

A proposal from the New Zealand University Cricket Council to inaugurate a North v. South Island Universities game was approved, but no financial support was promised. A more favourable hearing was given to a suggestion that a match against Victoria University College should be held in Wellington at the end of November.

The question of a club cap was discussed and referred to the incoming committee.

When the chairman called for nominations for the twentieth time, someone took some notice of him, and the following officers were elected:—

President, Professor W. Saddler; vice-presidents, Messrs L. C. Webb, T. W. C. Tothill, H. S. Baverstock, H. M. Chrystall, Dr. H. N. Parton and Canon S. Parr; club captain, Mr I. O. Stace; secretary, Mr W. J. Gardner; treasurer, Mr W. R. Baillie; committee, Messrs O. P. Gabites, P. J. Byrne, E. M. Hay, R. Williams and N. H. Buchanan.

A WARNING TO WOULD-BE COMMUNISTS.

There is a communistic state conceived by men the ideal fate for all but those conservative. They, sore oppressed, must needs still live

As I, who do not starve for food, But find so little suits my mood Since my false teeth have gone the way

Of goods beneath communal sway. Lament! My trousers, Sunday best, Fulfil no more my high behest. I find a toothbrush, mine before Is used by all within the law.

So, too, my razor, deadly blunt Now it has borne the common brunt. And, as I cannot shave of late, My chin is in a barb'rous state! Take heed my warning or you'll die Communistically plagued as I!

C.M.M.

Swish! went Bung as he got out of his hole and cannoned off the mud-guard of a P. & T. bicycle out of bounds in the Bossman's garden. Eventually the competitors found themselves on the 'Tom' Quad with the exception of Tickle, who seemed to stray in the direction of the Royal. The greens were in poor order and putting caused many people anxious moments. Eventually, however, all had holed out except Buck who was crawling round in the dining-room somewhere. Cards were then produced and best results were Bo 11, Wogs 12, Dock 54, while Prox, owing to a bit of skilful play on the green, broke 80.

The return journey was a direct route over Chichele. This Buck did in one, at which all the spectators shouted for Buck to shout but he wasn't having any.

Bo, encouraged by his success decided to hole out, if he could, in Pot's study. After some good efforts he decided that his follow-through was not sufficient to give him accuracy. After a couple of swings, there was a crash. Pot's window had done it again. He had another shot which collected another part of his window, to the same sweet music as before. Then we heard another funny noise—it was Pot tearing along to see what all the row was about. As he looked up his chubby cheeks sank and moaning, he murmured that his premonitions had been fulfilled.

Note: To assist the uninitiated, the more usual appellations of the competitors are given below (but not in the correct order).

Monaghan, I. O. Stace, Nicholson, Maclean, Burnard, Straker, Weston, White and Gillingham.]

DRAMA CRITICISM.

It is a pleasure to congratulate the producer and the performers of the Drama Society's production of "The Bear." Since this is a well-known play, perhaps the best-known of Tchekov's short plays, it calls for no praise or comment from me.

I have not seen a better performance at the "Little Theatre." That is not by any means intended as faint praise, but I expect the performers would rather I used "Little Theatre" productions as a standard. In Miss Molly Wilson I have always recognised an actress of the most unusual ability; the quality of her performance was the result of rare sensibility and a unique talent. One felt the scope of her ability to be unlimited. C. J. Wheeler has shown at last that with a part that comes within his range he is as competent as the most critical could wish for. Altogether I have not come away from a theatre before more satisfied. One can only hope that perhaps "The Seagull" will be produced next year. There is also a part for Miss Wilson in "The Way of the World."

I am disappointed that I cannot carry my enthusiasm over to "Love in the Ape-House," for even acting of the highest order could hardly have made its vulgarity less painful or apparent.

G. L. GABITES.

RESEARCH IN KISSING.

Viscount Castlerosse remarks in the "Sunday Express" that he has noticed that when ladies of the Hollywood films give "one of those long loving kisses" they close their eyes. To show that eye-closing is not universal he quotes Mr Alexander McQueen "who once kissed 100 girls in the interests of science!" Lord Castlerosse says that Mr McQueen has now disclosed the fact that only 72 per cent. of women close their eyes during the whole period of kissing. Three per cent. close one eye; four per cent start with both eyes open but close them after the first impact, and 21 per cent. keep both eyes open during the whole performance. Interested in this variation, Mr McQueen sought reasons, and recorded the following:—One girl said she closed her eyes because her gentleman friend was not very good-looking. Another closed her eyes because her husband's moustache tickled her. A third closed her eyes because she liked to imagine that she is being kissed by Clark Gable, and a fourth closed them particularly tight because with her a kiss is a very serious matter, and she liked to concentrate on it.

1937 Tournament Prospects

(Cont.)

INFORMATION.

We found Mr Prins busy explaining to Canon Parr that coke-throwing was beneficial to the figure.

"How many hours a day will your bureau be open?" we enquired. "All day; 24-hour service," he replied.

"Where?" "Our hive of industry will be in the Stud. Ass. meeting room. Telephones and all. The room will be specially furnished.—[Mr Prins we could guess, needs special furniture].

"At night College House is my headquarters, and members of the staff may also be communicated with there. Just ring; someone will answer."

"What sort of questions will you be prepared to answer?" we enquired. "All sorts," came the reply.

"Of any description?"

"Of any description" (firmly) At this stage, his secretary, the tall, fair and handsome Mr Perkins came in.

"But supposing an embarrassed young lady came to you and wanted to know—" we asked as delicately as possibly.

The prodigy was quite unperturbed. "I shall have female assistants to deal with such cases," he said without a blush.

We looked at Mr Perkins for confirmation of this daring move, but he would have put a freshly cooked beetroot to shame.

We deemed it expedient to withdraw and did so, impressed.

RECORDS.

Knowing the evil habits of Mr B. W. Collins, we searched the "Canta" room and found him trying to hide behind his moustache. Realising he was caught, he snarled and said—

The idea is to get other people to do all the work. Hence each sport has been asked to appoint one of its members to keep records of all events concerned. The job of the Records Comptroller is thereby reduced to manageable proportions. These results will be collected, co-ordinated and preserved for the delectation of future generations. They will be forwarded to 3YA for broadcasting at the earliest opportunity. And they will be telephoned as soon after the events as possible to the Information Bureau in the Union. Little matters of engaging numerous cups, trophies and medals also have to be attended to.

Those who have been appointed so far to relieve the Records Comptroller of the onerous responsibility of being in two or three places at one and the same time are:—B. Stinear (rowing and athletics), R. C. Gibbons (swimming), N. Blake (boxing) and N. W. Collins (whatever he's told). Other sports are again hereby requested to make appointments. By this means it is expected that the work of keeping full results and making them public without delay will be done as efficiently as possible.

POSTERS.

"Anything to say, Cliff?" we enquired of Mr O'Malley. "Rather, I'm not at all like an oyster," chuckled that worthy. And when the echoes had died away he was found to be saying—

My job is to see that visitors go away with nothing but good impressions of Christchurch. Miss Hanna is going to be my right-hand man. She will hold the paint pot, cut the cardboard, and perhaps even guide the brush should my hand become unsteady through weariness. It will be most comforting to have her to lean on in my hours of need.

"Go away," said Miss Hanna and threw one of the Tournament cups at us. "I'm busy." Knowing that she was, and would be even more so, we did.

Unfortunately we failed to locate the Executive member of the Committee, Mr Heenan, but we feel sure he would have maintained the usual discreet "executive" silence.



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