

S. P. Andrew,
photo.



CLYDE CARR

—**Supercharged**

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One of his form masters, and one of the best of them, in spite of the "Latinised Johnsonian polysyllables" which he used to practice on his pupils, and still parades, was Frank ("Cocky") Milner, now Rector of Waitaki. Indeed, most of the masters who served under "Porky," as he was called, became principals of secondary schools. They were a good team and it was with their help and encouragement that Carr matriculated. Another untimely move took him into four years' penal servitude with the Bank of New South Wales. The work was hard, the routine uncongenial, and the hours were long. Indeed, the local institution was popularly known as "the lighthouse."

After a year of "baching" with a dozen boon companions, the family having again moved on, he rejoined the domestic circle, taking a position as cashier, ledger-keeper and confidential clerk in a soft goods store. Thus a year of more long hours and dreary routine, and Carr was offered the position of a "home missionary." Eighteen months of this as the white-haired boy of the dear old ladies of the congregation, and then away to the theological college and the university for three years. But even though he spent a further two years at other of our university colleges he was usually more congenially and perhaps more profitably employed sketching his class-mates, making odes to the sunset or sonnets to his mistress' eyebrow than listening to the drip, drip of dreary lectures. "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring." But languages and literature were never dreary to him. He is a 'varsity prizeman in English composition.

Three years as a "probationer" followed. He was then, a year ahead of his time, ordained and sent to missionary work among the sixty thousand Indians in Fiji. Becoming ineligible for a promised two-year period of further training in India, he returned to New Zealand and joined the Congregationalists. Over a term of years he ministered in three pastorates, holding high office in his denomination. Then he joined the Labour movement and began in his preaching to apply Christian principles to problems of life and labour, so much to the chagrin of his church committee that they resigned in a body.

Six years he served on the Christchurch City Council and the North Canterbury Hospital Board, being chairman of several important committees. Then he was nominated to stand for Parliament in Timaru. A month's campaign and the seat was won from the Hon. F. J. Rolleston, Attorney-General. Carr has retained the seat with doubling majorities each time. Between the period of active service in the church and his Parliamentary career, he was assistant editor for Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited, writing or revising many educational and other publica-

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"**A**LL things by turns and nothing long"—that has been the record of the subject of this sketch. But one does see life. Sticking to one's last needs only a bit of cobbler's wax anyway and is a monotonous occupation for a man who loves change and variety. The Rev. Clyde Carr was a minister for 20 years, but during that period took a turn at various side-lines, including free-lance journalism, literary hack-work and radio announcing. His conduct of the first children's song service over the air in New Zealand, as "Uncle Sam" from 3YA, had to take the place of ordinary evening worship for him in those days, but he supplied a regular pulpit in the mornings.

The son of a veteran Methodist minister of honoured memory, the Rev. T. G. Carr, Clyde had an early and long experience of what is known as the "itinerant system." Our friend has known the doubtful joys of gipsy life, and wanderlust is in his bones. Perhaps it is the constant exercise, combined with great nervous energy that keeps the six feet of him lean and fit as a fiddle.

After several primary schools came four years at Nelson College under the principalship of the late redoubtable W. S. Littlejohn, later Dr. Littlejohn, for many years head of Scots College, Melbourne. The doctor's ex-pupil called upon him during one of several visits there, and reminded him of his parting word at Nelson: "Carr, be your best self." "I did not say that," growled the doctor; "I said, 'Be yourself.'" To one who, though not really a bad boy, as Littlejohn once remarked, gave his master such a bad time this was generous, and perhaps discerning.

Next week's character sketch will be of the Hon. Mark Fagan, Leader of the Legislative Council.